

Village fetes in this area have had the advantage of a long spell of glorious weather to do famously and make heaps of money for their good causes. Loders fete will be at Loders Court on Saturday August 2nd at the kind invitation of the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hood. At the time of writing no rain worth speaking of has fallen here for six weeks, and the farms are in a bad way. We hope rain may not choose to fall on Loders fete, but there is more in the continuing success of the fete than the weather. And this is the splendid giving of the parish in cash and kind beforehand. Our attendance is nowhere near that of parishes swollen by summer caravan camps, but because of generous giving our takings per head easily exceeds that of our neighbours. The Loders share of the takings goes entirely to the maintenance of the church fabric. Being so old and beautiful, Loders church inspires generous giving. The Dottery share is for Dottery church, and the Askerswell share for Askerswell church. Being modern and not in the best style, these churches have not the same aesthetic appeal, but as the places where the divine and human meet, and where the dead are garnered, they have their sentimental appeal. As usual, the collecting in Loders will be done by the Vicar, and in Dottery by Mrs. Cecil Marsh. The Vicar calls from house to house, beginning in Uploders on the Monday immediately before the fete. Askerswell will be having a stand at the fete for their draw for a mammoth bottle of whisky.

A dance will be held in the Village Hall on the evening of Loders fete. The profit on it will be for the hall fund. The dance is in place of the stall at the fete, by desire of the hall committee.

The coffee evening on the lawn of Loders vicarage turned out to be a pleasant exercise in church unity in spite of the midges, and produced a useful £110.50 for the redecoration of the interior of the Uploders Methodist Chapel. It was a way chosen by Askerswell and Loders churches to celebrate the ninth centenary of the diocese of Salisbury, and had the backing of the chapel members and some of their friends in Bridport. Loders Brownies lent a hand by making packets of fudge to sell and by circulating notices of the event. To their delight, the Rev. Norman Skinner, who ministers to the Uploders Chapel, fished an accordion out of his car and paraded the lawn playing ditties they could sing. The Vicar and Mrs. Willmott have since received letters of thanks from Mr. Skinner, and from Mr. Morris, the steward of the Uploders Chapel. Mr. Skinner says: "I write to thank you and your wife and the friends in the parishes concerned for their kindness in organising and supporting the coffee evening in aid of our little Uploders Methodist Church. The result was quite staggering and we are grateful not only for this practical support but also for the very fine ecumenical spirit which prompted it. This has given local meaning to the Spearhead campaign and I would like to express our gratitude for this outward going Christian love and fellowship. Please thank all concerned. This kindness has meant a great deal to us". Mr. Morris says that the estimated cost of the work on the chapel is £255. There was to be a coffee morning and stalls at the Bridport United Reformed Church to raise the rest of the money needed.

In her will, the late Mrs. Olive Legg, of Well Plot, left money to take Loders Womens' Institute on an outing. They joined with Powerstock W.I. in filling a large coach, and enjoyed the delights of Powderham Castle and grounds on a superb summer afternoon. For evening refreshment they called on the former keepers of The Marquis of Lorne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Williams, at their new establishment The Halfway House, Aylesbeare, and noted that there are no halfmeasures about the hospitality dispensed by the Williams. Mrs. Olive Legg had been the essence of the W.I. personified. As the coach made homewards in the fading light the Loders members felt her to be very much with them, and blessed her convivial spirit.

Dottery congregation have been saddened by the loss to Mrs. Cecil Marsh's family of her sister, Miss "Tommy" Osmond, who, over the years was a regular assistant at the services in Dottery church when she was staying at Higher Pymore Farm. The organist, Mrs. Sylvia Johnston, has had her venerable father, Mr. Huxter, in Dorchester hospital for a major operation, but happily he has made a good recovery and is home again.

We regret that a 43% rise in the cost of producing these Notes has put up the price to 25 pence per annum. We are grateful that there have been no complaints so far. Indeed, some readers were expecting the rise to be steeper.

The summer supper at South Eggardon House fell on midsummer day. For once South Eggardon House came into its own. The weather was all that could be desired, showing the grounds of Group Captain and Mrs. Newall's lovely old home to perfection. The company was a cross section of the community, whose enjoyment at being together was written all over their faces. Dyed-in-the-wool natives like Sam and Sidney Fry and Nora Greening were to be seen feeding the local lore of Eggardon to voracious newcomers, only piping down when the elegant and abundant meal served inside the house became the counter attraction. The guests got such value for their money that it was surprising that there was any profit for Askerswell church. Our treasurer says, though, that she has received £58.21, which is most acceptable.

A welcome to Mr. and Mrs. George Hewett Caines, who are settling into the thatched cottage near the vicarage vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gale and family. The new arrivals have no family living with them: their daughter has two children, but they live at Gosport. Mr. Hewett Caines is the new dairyman at Boarsbarrow. His unusual name derives from his wife, a Hewett, whose great grandfather and great uncle were successively rectors of Norton Fitzwarren, near Taunton. She and her husband aim to make a pilgrimage to that church once a year. A slight whiff of Hardy and Tess of the Durbervilles here!

The marriage of David and Judy Kenway was blessed by the Church and lovely weather at Loders on June 6th. David is the son of Mr. Reg Kenway and his late wife, and stepson of the present Mrs. Kenway, formerly Peggy Pitcher, who is no stranger to Loders church.

Mr. Roy Taylor, son of the late Mr. Fred Taylor and Mrs. Taylor of Uploders, had established such a reputation as a lone-wolf globe-trotter that the congregation of Loders church were pleasantly startled to hear his banns called when for all they knew he might be on the moon. And what made the surprise nicer still was that he had found a bride in a widow of Uploders, Mrs. Myrtle Evelyn Mary Wise. (On second thoughts some of the ladies of the congregation wished Roy had chosen somebody other than the hair-dresser who kept them beautiful). For the wedding on blazing midsummer day the church had been "trimmed" by the lady decorators and looked its best. With Mr. Bill Tiltman, an old acquaintance of the bridegroom, at the organ, it sounded its best. There was a sizeable congregation to sing the hymns. The reception was at Roy's home. Those who marvel that Mrs. Taylor should be able to get the guests in are obviously forgetting how she used to entertain hordes of cyclists when her family were the pivot of the cycling club. She is an excellent cook, and by all accounts the feast was fabulous. The happy couple flew later to Gibraltar, where Roy is construction supervisor for Taylor Woodrow (no family connection) on a seven million pound job.

A triple christening at Loders on June 4th made Anthony Raymond Gale and his two sisters, Amanda Louise and Donna Angela members of the Church before they left the parish with their parents for pastures new. They left a gap in the nursery Sunday School.

Loders Parish Council bade their chairman Mr. Charles Lucas and his wife farewell at the council meeting on June 27th. He was warmly thanked for his services to the parish on the old rural district council as well. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas will shortly be returning to Leicester, of which he is a native, to Market Bosworth. Mr. Wilfred Crabb sagely observed that it was rare for anybody in the south to want to go north.

Tailpiece. The ringers of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, much enjoyed having Mr. Harry Crabb, the Loders captain, as their guest, first in the tower for ringing practice, and then in their snuggerly at The Hand and Shears. We hear, incidentally, that Harry had teething troubles with his new colour television. The programmes kept changing of their own accord, which displeased him. It transpired that the set is hypersensitive, and flies walking over it were the culprits. So Rose Cottage now has a super fly paper!

SERVICES IN JULY

<u>LODERS</u>	6th	H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	13th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	20th	H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	22nd	St. Mary Magdalene, H.C. 8
	27th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
<u>ASKERSWELL</u>	6th	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	13th	Matins 10
	20th	Family Service 10
	27th	H.C. 10
<u>DOTTERY</u>	6th	H.C. 9.30
	All others at 3	

The issue of the Notes comes out on the eve of Loders Fete, which is tantalising, for July is notoriously a month short of things to write about, and had the fete been a few days sooner there would have been plenty. All there is to be said now of the fete is that it offers the fare that its patrons have always found appetising - a meeting up of old friends in a very congenial place, with plenty of tea to mull over, and a good chance of a bargain on the stalls or a prize on the games of chance. The gymnasts of Portland are kindly coming again to put on a display, and Mr. Punch will be there to provoke the children to frenzied booing and cheering. The Loders Youth Centre hope to bring fete day to a fitting end with a Disco Dance in the village hall, beginning at 8pm.

Thursday August 21st is hoped to be a red letter day in the annals of Askerswell Sunday School. With the goodwill of their friends, the children aim to raise nine hundred old shillings, i.e. £45, to send to the mother church at Salisbury to make the ninth centenary of the diocese. So the annual gathering at Orchards will, for this special object, become a miniature fete. In addition to the play and show of local pictures there will be stalls for cakes and anything saleable. The children are hopeful that many of our army of readers may be moved to give them "the necessary". And by the way, the family service in August will be on the fourth Sunday, the 24th. It was good to have the July family service reinforced by the Burton Bradstock Brownies, who were camping in the village. A competitive spirit between the local children and the visitors produced answering which humbled the elders of the congregation.

Mr. Ronald Price, headmaster of Loders School, was unanimously elected chairman of the Parish Council in place of Mr. Charles Lucas, who is leaving Loders. Mr. George Hyde was elected Vice Chairman, and Mr. Reginald Brill, landlord of the Loders Arms, was co-opted to the vacant seat. The life of the present Council ends next spring, and the new Council will last for five years instead of three. Some of the present Council will be retiring for various reasons, and this should invite an influx of new blood. If the blood group of the new members fails to match the old, then council meetings could be as convulsive and controversial as the Commons, and more amusing. Meanwhile the council has a pretty problem on its hands. It flexed its municipal muscles and bought the waste land at the bottom of Well Plot to turn into a village playing field. Building projects round about were extruding oceans of unwanted soil which the council channeled on to the site at Well Plot. But just as the playing field had attained the size of a football pitch, and become the council's pride and joy, it found it had incurred the wrath of the River Board. The playing field borders the River Askor, and the River Board insists that the council has built the bank so high as to render properties lower down liable to flooding and the council to claims for compensation. How to remove the offending soil at the expense of somebody other than local ratepayers is the council's problem.

The congregation at Loders Sunday School was swollen by christenings on two occasions in July. On the 13th Mr. and Mrs. David Dear, now of Skilling, brought their infant daughter to be christened Naomi. Afterwards the great concourse of relatives and friends went to the babe's grandparents at Upton Manor Farm to tea. The 20th was a notable date for Mr. and Mrs. Ronal Cornish, of Well Plot. They made their first appearance in church as grandparents for the christening of Rachel Lee, who was in turn the first child of their daughter Susan and her husband Mr. Paul Hallett, now of Bradpole. Again there was a pleasing turn out of relatives and friends.

The people of Askerswell shared fervently in the relief of the Bellis and Clifford families that the heads of those should have emerged with only minor injuries from a motor accident which might have been fatal. Mr. Clifford was returning from golf in the dimpley light with Mr. Bellis in the latter's car, when at the bend in the road near Uploders Farm they met a car with trailer coming at them on their side. Mr. Bellis stopped and the other car, driven by a Dutchman on holiday with his family, ploughed into him. Both cars were a write-off. Amazingly, Mr. Bellis and Mr. Clifford escaped with injuries to face and head from which they have now nearly recovered, and the Dutchman with a broken forearm. The Dutchman had been inquiring about overnight accommodation at Meons Farm, which could not take him. Mr. Bellis thinks he was overtired by much driving, a condition in which he forgot that the right side of the road is wrong in England.

The bungalow in Uploders rejoicing in the name of Rustic Glen (one has to see the back regions to know why) has become the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lowle, who are fond of these parts and glad to be here. Mrs. Lowle is a Hinc, and a niece of Mrs. Netta Taylor, with whom she has often stayed. Mr. Lowle is retired. He was with builders' merchants at Corfe Mullen. He has been a ringer since the age of fourteen, having been taught the art by a nephew of Stuart Hibberd, but he reckons his ringing days are over. The Lowles have a daughter who teaches at Fordingbridge. They prefer the kind of service they know, as in Loders church, to the experimental services in Corfe Mullen which they found confusing.

Mr. Brian Thomas, elder son of our master thatcher and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Ron Thomas) was married in Chideock in the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady Queen of Martyrs and Saint Ignatius. His bride was Miss Meira Neville, daughter of the late Mr. Lawrence Neville and Mrs. Neville, of Chalfont St. Peter. Our Loders organist Mr. Bill Tiltman was imported for the playing. The old saying that like things repel each other appears to be untrue of this wedding; for both bride and groom are mathematicians, she a graduate of Exeter University, and he a Master of Science in maths, and a lecturer at Yeovil College. Neither of them is merely an academic. The bride made the wedding cake, a three-tier affair as good to eat as pretty to look at. She also made the bridesmaids' dresses and her own. This is expected of an Irish lass. We cannot pinpoint Brian's practicality at the moment but we have a vague recollection of a workshop at the Old Mill where he seemed to dissect and resurrect musical instruments. We may be mixing him up with somebody else, though, for Brian could be in the parish yet not of it.

Mr. Christopher Miles, of Loders, was one of the organists who gave a recital during the recent festival of flowers at St. Swithun's, Allington, and well he performed. To view works of floral art to music was a congenial exercise for some. To those who had comments on the flowers to make to their friends, competition with the organ might not have been congenial. When somebody suggested that Loders Church should hold a festival of flowers, somebody else said it would be superfluous, for such is the talent of the church's own team of decorators that every Sunday is a festival of flowers.

The new Mayor of Bridport, Mrs "Kit" Shirley, is now thoroughly immersed in the multitudinous duties of her office. She does not let them encroach, however, on what she considers her duty as a member of the Loders congregation. By awkward mischance, Molplash fete falls on the same afternoon as Loders fete. More surprising, Mrs. Shirley will be opening Molplash fete and running - in person - her usual stall at Loders! A confession from her, though, that in her woman's body does not beat the kingly heart claimed by the first Queen Elizabeth. This year she feels unequal to making doughnuts all night for her stall. The stall has surprises in store.

How refreshing to be reminded by our perspicacious Mr. Robert Ward that inflation is not our only nightmare! There are dandelions, too, but he has devised a way of putting paid to them. In a letter to the Vicar dated "Monday, 1.30 a.m., in bed," he writes: "Dandelions in Loders churchyard: I noticed how very thick these are after matins yesterday, and would gladly supply half a dozen Touchweeder which is/are like a shaving stick, though dark brown, inside a green plastic case, with a red lid. They are held in one's hand, and you dab the end on to the centre of the dandelion plant, and in due course the same withers, rots and disappears. Marvellous! I wondered whether gentlemen and maybe ladies from the matins congregation might volunteer to spend fifteen to thirty minutes after service to commence the elimination? Small sections of the turf could be marked out with the aid of tow neat skewers (apply Robin Wells) joined together by say three yards of string, each line spaced about one foot parallel to the other, beginning, say, opposite the porch path and gradually working eastwards. If volunteers increase, the grass next the south aisle could be set upon. I believe there are some ancient disused kneelers below the back pew in the south aisle. These could be used to speed up the process and lessen the wear on the men's trouser-knees, especially if the turf becomes damp again. Though I daresay you are fully occupied with the fete, perhaps the idea could be mulled upon... The elimination may take a year or more, as seeding continuously takes place, but I have succeeded here in my small rear garden." All volunteers to contact Mr. Ward direct. And they had better screw their courage to the sticking place. He is a perfectionist. After the dandelions the plantains. After the plantains the buttercups.

SERVICES IN AUGUST

LODERS 3rd H.C. 8 & 12; Matins 11; Children 2
 10th H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2
 17th H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2
 24th H.C. 8 & 12; Matins 11; Children 2
 31st H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.

ASKERSWELL 3rd Children 10; Evensong 6.30
 10th) Matins 10
 17th)
 24th Family Service 10
 31st H.C. 10

DOTTERY 3rd H.C. 9.30
 10th) No service
 17th)
 Others at 3

The £1200 taken at Loders Fete evoked gasps of surprise and raised many an eyebrow. But should it have? The substantial increase over last year was only keeping up with the horrid rate of inflation. When the £1000 accruing to the church repair fund has to measure up to builders' bills it will look less impressive. Nevertheless, the celebration party for the fete helpers given by the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood had plenty to celebrate - a perfect summer day for a perfect setting, attendance up, takings up, people working like trojans and enjoying it for the good of the cause. We never tire of pointing out that the strength of Loders fete is in the giving of cash and things to sell in the week leading up to it. The church is fortunate in having many old friends who give heroically and blush at the thought of their generosity becoming known.

The attendance at Loders Fete is never large by some standards. This year 665 adults paid for admission, and there were a lot of children. The adults included 80 members of the Wimborne Horticultural Society who came in two coaches primarily to see the house and grounds of Loders Court but also gave the fete a useful fillip. They expressed their delight at everything as they mingled with the locals, and when they got home their entertainment secretary wrote Mrs. Willmott as follows: "At our recent committee meeting I was asked to send you a letter of thanks on behalf of our members who attended at Loders on 2nd August last. We all agreed that it was a most enjoyable outing, and the fete so admirably organised, especially the catering side, and found the House extremely interesting. Although we did not meet up with Mr. Reed again in view of all the people there, we all thought that the floral displays were beautiful and the gardens were a delight to all us gardeners. Would you please thank Mr. Brill on our behalf for granting us permission to use his car park? Thanking you all once again." (The secretary seemed unaware that it is the Hon. Alexander Hood himself who arranges the flowers that his gardener Mr. Horace Read produces.)

The gross takings of the fete were £1202, and expenses £62.93. Loders church receives £1043.47, Dottery Church £76.40, and Askerswell church £19.20 from the sale of draw tickets. Receipts were as follows: Stalls, cakes £34.52; jumble £20.60; gifts £53.57; household £69.03; groceries £22.95; flowers £26.40; toys and books £23.46; tomraff £22; Dottery £76.40; Sideshows, house tours £31.20; bottle tombola £91.46; pony rides £4.30; skittles £7.61; roulette £14.51; fishing £7.48; Aunt Sally £3.50; coins in the bath £6.27; kill the rat £4.75; darts £9.65; Refreshments, teas and soft drinks £84.71; less £34.12; Raffles, whisky £15; Dundee cake £23.15; Gate £66.50. Cash donations £429.66. Expenses were: Advertising £5.32; Posters £4.15; Punch and Judy £5.50; Pete Drew's Disco £7; Tent hire £10; Gymnast's expenses £12.54; Table and chairs hire £1.70; Prizes £8.50; Teas £8.22.

Fete day ended this time with a dance at the village hall, run by the youth club. A surprising number of very young people had energy enough left from the fete to partake with gusto. More surprising still, adults who had worked hard at the fete had stamina enough to keep a paternal eye on the proceedings till near midnight.

Later in the month Askerswell Sunday School triumphantly turned its annual summer party into a miniature fete aimed at raising nine hundred fivepences for Salisbury Cathedral to mark the ninth centenary of the diocese. It made £65 in all - £45 for the Cathedral and £20 for the Sunday School. The weather caused some anxiety beforehand. The tropical sequence of bright hot days seemed to be broken, but the organisers had faith enough not to make alternative arrangements. A gorgeous day rewarded them, and a crowd big enough to overtax the capacity of Orchards. The highlight of the afternoon was an enactment of the Book of Ruth to the pre-recorded voices of the children. Our Askerswell correspondent remarks that actions and words did not always synchronise, but nobody minded. The clothes and scenery were really charming. For the harvest scene straw was strewn around, there was a stook of real sheaves, and a real sack of corn, and the gleaners in their gay costumes looked so pretty. But the skill of the organiser at adaptation really shone when the winner of the bottle of wine was found to be an ardent tee-totaller. The bottle obligingly turned into a writing compendium!

The cornfields on the top of Eggardon are newly shorn of their crops, and lorries from afar have been delivering baled straw in Loders to supplement the meagre hay harvest. All of which are a reminder that harvest festival is upon us once again. The Uploders Chapel will, as usual, start us off with a service at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday September 21st, followed by a sale of gifts the next evening. Dottery will be on Thursday, September 25th, at 7.30 p.m. and continue the following Sunday at 3 p.m. Askerswell will be on the first Sunday in October and Loders on the second Sunday.

It was rather poignant that the friends of Mrs. Amy Helsdon should be assisting at her funeral in Loders church on the eve of the fete. She had always been a keen fete helper, and had been booked for the gift stall before she fell ill. It was not known beyond her immediate circle of neighbours how unwell she was. Mrs. Tiffin, who had been looking after her from next door, was shocked to find her sitting in a chair, dead - perhaps a mode of departure congenial to so sociable a character. She had been

interested in all village activities, church, chapel, village hall and W.I. She was buried in the grave of her late husband, in the churchyard. Her nephew has kindly sent the Vicar £25 in memory of her, to be used at his discretion in connection with the church.

Return of a Native. A lady who had not been in Loders church for fifty-one years attended matins the other Sunday and enjoyed it, although she could not sit in her customary pew because it has been annexed by the choir. She was Mrs. Potter, a cousin of Messrs. Alf Young and Harry Crabb, and perhaps of half Uploders if the truth were known. Australia has been her home for half a century: she was only here on holiday.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brill, who run The Loders Arms, was married in London on a perfect afternoon in August. She is Margaret Jane, a nurse, and her groom was Mr. Eric Martin Stones, formerly a Royal Marine, and now a director of a company operating in Bridport. He is a son of Major and Mrs. Stones of Chagford, Devon. The ladies who keep Loders church so beautifully beflowered need only hear a whisper of a wedding and they are all eagerness to time their decorating with the happy event, hence on this occasion a setting to match a charming bride. A reception confined to family friends was held at Bell, where the newly weds will be making their home for a while.

When faced with the problem of what kind of an outing to have, Loders Sunday School decided that as multitudes of holiday makers take the trouble to come long distances to Dorset, they themselves would be foolish to go away, so, with the kind consent of Mr. Steve Newberry, they had a picnic on the Bell hills, and enjoyed every minute of it. The Vicar was commissioned to choose a site and get a fire going. On a plateau near the top of the hills he collected dead wood from a line of gnarled hawthorns bent the way of the prevailing winds, and made the fire. At something past three o'clock he saw far below a gaggle of the older children hurrying along Yellow Lane towards Bell. Soon afterwards a couple of puffing boys' heads appeared on the rim of the plateau, and the fire was soon swarming with boys and girls. Mrs. Willmott followed at a steadier pace with the infants and the baggage train, plus an odd mother or two, and the business of getting fried sausages on to buttered rolls began in earnest. To the delight of Rover and Beano, the vicarage Labradors, who finished the sausages, the general fancy switched to Mars bars, apples and bananas, washed down by much Corona. The children have already earmarked the Bell hills for next year's outing.

Askerswell church tower is at last crowned with a flagpole and weather vane. It was bought from subscriptions in memory of the late Captain Edward Aylmer, and hoisted up the side of the tower and fixed by Jack Stevens, George Bryan, Robert Bryan and Mark Shurey. A Union Jack has kindly, and appropriately, been presented by Vice-Admiral Ivan Raikes, who is Flag Officer Submarines and a nephew of Captain Aylmer. The latter was a notable submariner.

The best wishes of many of our readers will go with Dr. Martin Thornton and family to Truro where he is about to be installed as Canon residentiary and Chancellor of the Cathedral. His work will be to train parish priests and supervise religious education in the diocese. It is seven years since he was married in Loders Church, and Trinity Cottage first became his base.

A welcome to the family now installed at Brook House, Yondover, in place of Mr. Charles Lucas! The head of it, Mr. Chris Anderson, and his wife, are no strangers to Loders. He is a builder, and was living at Bradpole. They have three children, aged 14, 12 and 1, and two cats and a dog. All nice families have cats and dogs.

<u>SERVICES IN SEPTEMBER</u>	<u>LODERS</u>	7th H.C.8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2 14th H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2 21st H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2, Chapel harvest 6.30 28th H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	<u>ASKERSWELL</u>	7th Children 10, Evensong 6.30 14th Matins 10 21st Family Service 10 28th H.C.10
	<u>DOTTERY</u>	7th H.C.9.30 All other Sundays at 3 Harvest, Thursday, 25th, at 7.30 p.m.

On a lovely summer evening in late September it seemed as if the Uploders Chapel had become the hub of the universe. Cars from both directions were trying to park outside. Cheerful pedestrians were braving a barrage of welcoming handshakes to get inside, where the flower bedecked windows, and groceries both natural and processed, piled against the rostrum, left no room for doubt that the occasion was harvest festival. The chapel stewards, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who have done so much to keep the little place alive, beamed on a congregation packed upstairs and downstairs. It included the Mayor of Bridport, who was there as a member of Loders church, and a full parade of the Bridport branch of the Loyal Order of Moose. High and lifted up above the babel of conversation, the veteran Miss Daisy Boxall and her harmonium seemed lost in the tunes of harvests past. The Reverend Norman Skinner welcomed the company. They and the harmonium were soon at one in "We plough the fields", and he and the children in the front row were thereafter absorbed in the variety of God's handiwork as illustrated by the Island of Shells in Wales, and a cucumber from the manse garden that looked like an anaemic apple, whose identity nobody could guess. Mr. Skinner's address to the adults was about man's continuing dependence on God for daily bread. But what everybody likes most about Mr. Skinner is his talent for moving among a congregation with his rolls-royce of an accordion, and getting them really to sing. When the company streamed out of the chapel into the twilight they wore the fulfilled look of the thoroughly entertained.

By the time our readers have these Notes, Dottery harvest will be just over; with Askerswell (at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.) on the horizon for the first Sunday in October; and Loders bowing harvest out on the second Sunday with services at 8 and 11 a.m. and 2 and 6.30 p.m. Please note the 6.30 p.m. for Loders, which is earlier than usual with a view to a possible saving of electricity.

Askerswell ringers, a flourishing team very conscientious in their service of the church, will be losing in term time their tenor man, Robert Bryan, who proceeds with academic distinction from Colfox to Southampton polytechnic. To fill the gap, Leonard Vicary and Andrew Savage have taken up ringing, and are very promising.

What Vicar Edersheim used to call "the iron church at Dottery" has lately been sprayed with a grey substance reputed to keep it weatherproof for some time to come. Our thrifty treasurer, Mr. Cecil Marsh, has contrived this for no more than £75, which is quite remarkable for these days, seeing how thoroughly the job was done. What the Victorians lacked in taste they atoned for in craftsmanship. The wood and corrugated iron of Dottery church has stood against the weather, high on the skyline, with little ill effect, for nearly a century. Would a similar structure of today do likewise?

Two Loders worthies, Mrs. Raymond Crabb and Granny Newberry, lost a father and a brother respectively by the death of Mr. Harold Walke, who was buried at Chideock in the grave of his late wife after a sung service in Loders church. He was 82, and one of that fast diminishing band to have spent the whole of their long lives on the land, to have loved it, and to have flourished in their work. Mr. Walke was proof that this could be done without becoming blinkered and narrowly parochial. His interests were national and international in scope, his views forthright. If you "got him going" on your way home to tea, the tea would be cold on arrival, or perhaps cleared away.

Askerswell lost its oldest inhabitant by the death of Mrs. Jessie May Webb. She was 96, the matriarch of the Webb family, one of those which has fitted so happily into the Askerswell scheme of things since the new bungalows went up. She was a native of Hampshire, who lived in London, Bournemouth and Charmouth before becoming one of us. Her husband died in 1940. There is little to record of so long a life. She seems to have had no adventures, and no recipes for longevity to offer. She liked people, adored English village churches, and rejoiced in the love she elicited from her family. After a sung service in Askerswell church, which many parishioners attended, she was cremated at Weymouth.

We offer a welcome to two families newly settled in Loders. At Trinity Cottage, lately occupied by Dr. Thornton, are Brian and Suzanne Cook, with their children Torben and Gillan. She is the daughter of a former landlord of the Shaves Cross Inn, and he an accountant-turned-journalist, on the Western Gazette, an incentive to us to see that anything we do to arouse his professional interest shall be only creditable. The names of the children are Nordic and Celtic. Their sole significance is that they were all that were left that Mr. and Mrs. Cook found when they had worked through a long list of possible names. At Yonderover farmhouse, and still in process of restoring it, are Howard Christopher and Sara Vivien Shapland, and their two infants, one of whom is about to be christened at Loders. Mr. Shapland is a chartered surveyor. Both he and his wife are keen Roundtablers. For a long time the partnership between the occupants of Yonderover Farm and Loders Church has been an active and pleasant one, and not a sleeping. Its character seems likely to be preserved under the new regime.

The fact that time flies has been impressed anew on the congregation of Dottery. The

organist, Mrs. Sylvia Johnston, and her husband Henry, have become grandparents for the first time by the birth of a son to their son Raymond and his wife. It will take the youthful and vivacious Sylvia some time to settle to the idea that she is now a granny. Michael, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powell, has also produced a son, grand-maternally his mother who seemed only yesterday as Dorothy Cleal to be one of the belles of Dottery. Philip Smith and his wife have also come up with a son. This scarcely registered with Philip's parents at New Close for making grandparents of them, as they are already that several times over. What thrilled them was that this grandson arrived just in time to save his parents adopting one.

A Wine and Cheese Party, with bring and buy stall, will begin at Loders Village Hall at 8 p.m. on Thursday October 2nd. The last wine and cheese party there was very pleasant, and a credit to the organisers. But the participants were not numerous enough, possibly because of poor publicity, which has been remedied.

Rose Cottage, the tiny thatched home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crabb that looks like something out of Grimm's Fairy Tales, was the pulsating heart of Loders as well as Uploders on September 17th, their golden wedding day; for Harry may be captain of the Loders ringers, but Lizzie his wife is the wise woman of Uploders whose kind heart and capacious medicine cupboard are the first resort of anybody in trouble, physical or spiritual. The first of the many callers on the great day were Post Office engineers who connected the cottage to the telephone, this being the gift of the children and grandchildren whose intuition was a sound one that nothing could please more than to improve her means of communication. As the family gathered to celebrate in the evening, the bell chamber of Loders tower filled with ringers who sounded the bells in praise of Harry's fifty-odd years of devotion to campanology. It was the ringers' turn to be royally entertained at Rose Cottage the following night. And then Mrs. Harry opened her heart a little. She said she had made no preparations for the anniversary in case it didn't occur. She was the eleventh of eleven children, and she had not forgotten how her sister had died only three days before her golden wedding. Neither had she forgotten old Granny Hyde at the village shop, who got so excited about hers that she was in bed with a heart attack when the rest were eating her lovely ham and pickles in the Uploders Room. These fine sentiments are not shared by Harry. When his other Odd Fellows emerging from their monthly meeting in the Chapel two days before the golden wedding took him round the corner to The Crown to celebrate, he hadn't to be dragged. "A bird in the hand . . ." is his motto. As hostess talked and ringers listened, a bell tinkled, and there was dead silence. "It's the telephone" said Harry, as he climbed over the ringers to answer it. In that snuggerly of home made wine and burnished horse brasses a telephone seemed incongruous. "It's Wilfred for you, Missus. Wants to know how bist." Putting down the phone, Harry clambered back to his place. As Lizzie picked up the phone, he cautioned her, "Mind thee speaks into the right 'ole".

It rained off and on all day for Dottery harvest festival. One of the decorators got so wet that she had to change her clothes. But the decorations did not suffer. They were as attractive as ever. And the rain appeared to have kept nobody from service; indeed, the normally housebound Mrs. Barnes of Belshay was there, to a great welcome. Old boys and girls from afar were present with their families, renewing their ties with Dottery.

Services in October

Loders	5th H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	12th Harvest. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30
	19th H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	26th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
Askerswell	5th Harvest. H.C. 10, Evensong 6.30
	12th Matins 10
	19th Family Service 10
	26th Matins 10
Dottery	5th H.C. 9
	All others at 3 p.m.

Our last issue of the Notes began with a description of harvest festival at the Uploders Chapel and at Dottery; this paragraph aims to conclude the story. There was a full turnout of parents for the harvest service at Loders School. It was taken entirely, and creditably, by the children who afterwards distributed the display of flowers and food to the senior citizens of the parish. Puzzled as to what to do properly with a bottle of elderflower wine, they sent it to the Vicar to mark his attainment of seniority this year. Askerswell decorates its church to an overall design. This was much admired by the ringers of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, who had opportunity to study it in the course of their ringing weekend here. Most of the village came to evensong, filling the church well, and with them several former parishoners who were warmly welcomed. Loders had a glorious morning for matins. The sun shining through the many clear windows showed off the lavish decorations to perfection, and the evening sun gave them quite another lighting effect. The church was full morning and evening, the singing terrific, and the congregation glad to sit and take a breather while the choir showed its superior art in the anthem. There were lots of young people at both services. At evensong two little farmers' daughters amused their neighbours. The church was filling fast, and they shoo'd people away from the seats of their father and mother, which they had marked with two hymn books, because work on the farm was delaying them. At matins a mother had given her small son five pennies for the collection. When the plate had passed, she noted that he was still clutching two pennies. "Here, what's the meaning of these?" she demanded. "This os the change" came the reply. Obviously that eagle-eyed sidesman, Mr. Maurice Lawson had not been operating in this aisle.

The marvellous thing about the harvest supper in Askerswell Village Hall was what you got for eighty pence - cold beef and all the etceteras, a choice of sherry trifle or apple tart with icecream, delectable cheeses and the meal beginning with hot soup and ending with coffee. To all appearances beer and cider were ad lib. Obviously much had been given. A highly enjoyable evening concluded with amusement from Mr. Paul Clark. Anybody thinking this could be "a must" for next year should note that it is confined to locals, as the hall cannot seat above eighty.

Coming Events: Tuesday, Nov.4th, a coffee morning at Rustic Glen, Uploders, from 10.30 - 12, including a sale of Christmas goods. This is in aid of the Dorset Naturalists Trust. Wednesday, Nov.5th, Bonfire night at Askerswell Village Hall and the draw for the mammoth bottle of whisky. Thursday, Nov.6th, social in Loders Village Hall.

Obviously the organist of Dottery, Mrs. Sylvia Johnston, continues to mother her family well; for her husband and sons continue to hold their own in trials of agricultural skill. At the Melplash Agricultural Society's annual competitions her husband Henry was champion hedger; her son David champion ploughman for the second year running and another son Brian was a member of the club which won the Young Farmers' section. It was no picnic. They were high above the sea at Stancombe Farm, Askerswell and swirling fog swelled the discomfort of driving rain.

The late Mrs. Pamela Lyttleton, mother of the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood, was a well liked and familiar sight in Loders village and at church when she was staying at Loders Court. Something of the esteem in which her family held her was evident in the attendance at her funeral in Suffolk of no less than nineteen of her twenty-three grandchildren.

In a letter to Askerswell Church Council Mrs. Bellis, the President of Askerswell Womens' Institute, reported that the enthusiasm of her members for "Project Kneelers" had been great and at least twenty-two canvases would soon be ready for making up, with enough material remaining for anybody so disposed to continue the good work. The Rector remarked that the W.I.'s kind enterprise would bring the number of serviceable kneelers quite up to strength for the need of ordinary occasions and his proposal that the W.I. be warmly thanked was carried with acclamation. Incidentally, the W.I. took £72 at its recent jumble sale in Bridport and the President's husband, one of the salesmen, felt he had not lived in vain when he fitted out a tramp to the latters' entire satisfaction and got the money for it.

The Loders Brownies' sale in the village hall exceeded their highest expectations. They took £85 for their funds and more may still be trickling in. They certainly worked hard for it. The jumble they had collected adorned the hall for its whole length, making you feel, once you had got past the moon shots just inside the door, that you were in a Persian market. What that amount of jumble might have fetched in Bridport is anybody's guess.

The noble order of grandparents is enriched by the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Ron Thomas of Loders and Mr. and Mrs. Savage of Askerswell. The former's son Andrew and wife have produced a son and the latter's daughter Susan and husband Paul another son. Susan and Paul live in Furbeck Close, Uploders. The Close goes in for boys in a big way. There are now ten and no girls. The neighbours say they are all nice little boys. What their mothers think we have not heard. To break the masculine monotony, our Mr. and Mrs. John Sanways of West Milton have had a daughter.

Last month saw three christenings. Neville and Judi Welch had Loders church in all its harvest glory for their daughter Claire Judi. The grandparents entrusted the care of the Travellers Rest to a kind neighbour and got to church by 2 p.m. for the service. Mr. Leon Wonstall had a field day with his camera. Much of the harvest decoration remained for the christening the following Sunday of Christopher and Sara Shaplands' son Julian Christopher. Adoring relatives, many with their own babes in arms, nearly filled one side of the nave. The huge potential for a dawn chorus of yells was not realised. The babes were good and the service peaceful. On the same Sunday Dottery was well filled by what seemed a complete muster of the Smiths of New Close for the christening of Justin Craig, the son of Philip and Marion Smith, now of Crowkerne. It was pleasant to renew acquaintance with the young members of the family now living away.

The oldest member of Askerswell congregation, Mr. Norman Adams, has gone to live with his daughter Rosemary at 25, Springfield Crescent, Parkstone, Poole, to the regret of the whole parish, tempered by the acknowledgement that the move was inevitable and by a promise of Rosemary that she hoped occasionally to bring him back. He served the church as an official and as a member of the congregation with exemplary faithfulness for forty years. On his 89th birthday he was delighted to receive a card signed by most of the parish and to read the verses one of them had composed - "From friends and neighbours Ye Askerswell Clan, Our greetings go to our Grand Old Man. May your ninetieth year never press too hard is the wish sent out with this simple card. Our church whose pivot you were for so long, will not forget you, its ties are strong. May you and dear Rosemary find haven fair in Poole which will still give you Dorset air. And if you should wish for an Askerswell tea, there'll be friends here aplenty who'll give you one free. May God bless you dear Norman give you his peace of mind Is the prayer of your friends who remain here behind",

It must be rare for two graves to be dug for one person, but this occurred for the late Miss Ruth Elliman, housekeeper for the late Miss Taylor of Matravers Cottage. Her next of kin ordered a grave for her in Loders churchyard. This was duly opened up. Then it was discovered that Miss Elliman, in her will, had expressed a wish to be buried near Miss Taylor in the cemetery and her executor, who was not the next of kin, saw this was done. All our grave diggers' expertise was needed to get the second grave dug in time for the funeral. Several old friends of the deceased attended the service, which was sung.

The flag presented to Askerswell church in memory of the late Captain Aylmer flew from the new flagpole for the first time at Michaelmas and again at Harvest, imparting a finished look to the handsome tower. A plaque recording that the flagstaff is a memorial to Captain Aylmer will be put on the tower door. At the recent church council meeting Mr. Jack Stevens one of the churchwardens and now on a visit to Canada, was thanked for doing the work for the cost of materials only, which reduced the estimated cost of the whole job more than half.

The wine and cheese party in aid of Loders Village Hall was better supported than its predecessor, but not nearly enough, in spite of kind young people putting notices in all the houses beforehand. Here excellent value for money went begging, but the organisers could not be other than bucked by their patrons' paeans of appreciation.

The discontinuing of Remembrance Sunday observance at St. Albans' will not tempt any right-minded church to follow suit. The observance falls on Nov. 9th and will be at 10 a.m. at Askerswell, 11 a.m. at Loders and 3 p.m. at Dottery. Collections will be for Earl Haig's Fund.

The Fund Raising Committee of Askerswell PCC were thanked for making a profit this year of over £160 for church funds. It was noted with gratitude that Group Captain and Mrs. Newall had been the pivot of the Committee's efforts.

The Barts the Great ringers enjoyed their recent tour of towers in this locality and said that Jean Small, hostess of the Crown, excelled herself in the lunch which experience has taught them to regard as the highlight of the visit.

SERVICES IN NOVEMBER

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| <u>LODERS</u> | 2nd - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| | 9th - Remembrance HC8, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| | 16th - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| | 23rd - HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| | 30th - HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| <u>ASKERSWELL</u> | 2nd - Children 10, Evensong 6.30. |
| | 9th - Remembrance 10, 16th - Family Service 10. |
| | 23rd - HC 10. 30th - Matins 10. |
| <u>DOTTERY</u> | 2nd - HC 9.30. All others at 3. |

The evening of November the Fifth was at first lacking signs that this was bonfire night. As we passed through Loders and Uploders a fire here and there was blazing merrily with children prancing round it. But the sky over Askerswell was strangely dark, making us wonder what might have happened to the communal bonfire. It was there all right, near the village hall, and so were a crowd of villagers. A drenching of rain earlier in the day had made the bonfire reluctant to light up. This was good for the hot soup stall, which did such a roaring trade as to be defeated finally by the demand. With that and hot dogs the multitude were quite content to watch the firework display, which this year showed the advantage of collecting money round the village and buying, with it, a good selection of fireworks. The crowning event of the evening was the draw for the gallon bottle of whisky which had made a profit of £100 for the church fund raising committee. Mr. Elliot Andrews, chief executive officer of the West Dorset Council, pulled out the winning ticket, and the bonfire, already gorged with paraffin, saw there was nothing left for it but to burst into flame when Mrs. Bellis made off with the whisky. It delighted everybody that her public spirit (for she is full of good works) should be capped by the other kind.

The Dorset Naturalists' Trust are doubtless very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Lowl for the coffee morning they gave at their home, Rustic Glen in Uploders; Admission tickets and the sale of Christmas cards and calendars produced no less than £93. The profit will be for the Trust fund. About fifty people got into the bungalow for coffee and the cards and then enjoyed the surprisingly spacious garden in the balmy air and sunshine of an untypical November morning. This was a good launching on the social round for Mr. and Mrs. Lowl, who have only lately come to live in the parish.

Dottery congregation are lamenting the departure of their faithful Mrs. Bagwell to a home she hopes to find more convenient, in Bradpole. She is emphatic that she remains of Dottery, if not in it. Alone of our three parishes, Dottery has lost a big percentage of its population, which was only tiny to begin with. At present three houses are unoccupied and three others have been demolished and turned into a car park. Fortunately for the church, some of the re-housed inhabitants are tenacious of their connection with it and still attend service. Some of the remaining population, notably the farming families, are also zealous in attendance, in spite of farming being a seven day occupation. So, reduced though the congregation is, if its size proportionate to the population were uniform throughout England, the churches would not be able to contain all the worshippers.

A ploughman's supper, we thought, was ideally fat bacon and beans. But Loders Womens Institute has other thoughts. At the village hall on Thursday December 4th, it is offering a ploughman's supper of cheese, cider, pickled onions and Dorset applecake, with the option of tea or coffee for the squeamish. What's in a name? This will doubtless taste as good and swell W.I. funds, as intended.

The November parish social in Loders village hall gave a complete cross section of the parish as pleasant an evening as ever, and the very young people, who seemed to pre-dominate, a super evening. As the headmaster was there, he knew what to expect in class after the late night. Mr. Hursts' accordion band supplied the music, the Bernard Gale school of dancing put on a show and Mrs. Thelma Pullman, accompanied at the piano by Mr. Bill Tiltman, gave the audience their money's worth in songs alone. Excellent refreshments and a Grand Draw completed the bill of fare. The profit of £55.92 was for hall funds (receipts £77.05 and expenses £21.13). The secretary Mr. Harold Brown, who was on the door, remarked on the number of young people who put down five pound notes for their admission ticket. He may still be pondering whether this is evidence of prosperity or galloping consumption in the currency.

A sizeable congregation gathered in Loders church to pay their respects at the funeral of the late Mr. Charlie Symes of Well Plot. He was 80 and was buried at the cemetery in the grave of his wife, who had died long before, in 1942. He was a native of Misterton. After working on farms in that area and serving in the Great War, he came to Loders where successive employers, Mr. Harold Bishop, Mr. Raymond Crabb and Mr. Newberry, soon discovered his sterling qualities. In the funeral oration the Vicar regretted that the conservation of the environment and characteristic buildings of villages like Loders could not include "old timers" like Charlie Symes; for they were irreplaceable. He was a true son of the soil, who loved it and served it and when he was at work on the Bell hills, seemed to grow out of it as naturally as the hedge he was laying. Like the others of his kind, leisure was no problem to him, for most of his pleasure arose from the consciousness of congenial work well done. A capacity for hard work went with an impish sense of fun and the little hills of Dorset gave him a clear view of world affairs and what should be done to put them right. He was fortunate to have children who gave him a happy home life to the end.

Mrs. Evelyn Galer, a nurse and health visitor who used to live at Matravers and removed to Sherborne, died in St. Thomas Hospital, London after a painful illness endured with characteristic sang-froid and with no diminution of her concern for others. After cremation in London, the ashes were buried near those of her late husband in Loders churchyard, after a service attended by her son Paul, her daughter Sarah and a few close friends. There is to be a memorial service in Sherborne Abbey.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean have left The Hollies in Uploders for Eype. They were communicants and Mrs. Dean was a great one for helping out at the fete. We hear they are happy in their new abode. We shall miss them. In the new occupants we seem to have a good replacement, a young couple, Mr. Graham Field and his wife Deirdre, with their son Simon aged two and daughter Annette aged four months. Mr. Field is manager of the Bridport branch of Dibbens. They came to this area four years ago and used to ride through Uploders. To have their home there now is a dream realised. They are keen Round Tablers.

Miss Dorothy Fooks kindly gave up an afternoon of her months' holiday from Labrador to tell our Prayer Group about her work there and the problems peculiar to it. For their December meeting the Group attend the school carol service and adjourn to the Vicarage after it.

The Mission Sale is so well and affectionately established in the scheme of things that articles to sell have arrived already at the vicarage and people are asking the date. This is Friday December 12th and the sale is immediately preceded by the children's Christmas concert, beginning at 5.45 p.m. In Loders, this year, the children and their leaders have run several highly successful ventures for their own benefit. The concert and the mission sale are to help far less fortunate children overseas, and in that respect will show how concerned we are for others. This is one occasion when we wish the school were more commodious. Yet we have come to associate the overcrowding and good humoured jostling with the mission sale and may miss it when ultimately the new school building eliminates it.

Mrs. Daphne Stubbings has been working hard on the annual nativity play for the Uploders Chapel. It will be given on Sunday December 14th at 6.30 p.m. and, by then, the re-decoration of the Chapel should be completed. Workmen's cars and vans outside the Chapel of late are signs that the work has been proceeding apace. A familiar piece of furniture languishing outside in the rain indicates that on December 14th we shall find the inside of the Chapel not only re-furnished but changed.

The School carol service will be in Loders Church on Tuesday December 16th at 2.45 p.m. Nothing is more satisfying than to see the church full of children, their parents and friends. The children read the lessons and accompany some of the carols. By their wish the collection goes to the Army Benevolent Fund, earmarked for the children whose fathers have been killed in Ulster.

The Church choir will be doing their usual carol singing round the parish to help the Children's Society and the host of orphans in their care. The choir will be in Uploders on Friday December 19th, beginning at Shatcombe at 6.30 p.m. and in Loders on Monday the 22nd, beginning at Loders Court at 7.0 p.m.

A mince pie and coffee evening is to be held in the Uploders Chapel on Saturday December 20th from 7.0 p.m. onwards. This will be an interesting new venture.

The Askerswell carol service begins at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday December 21st. We are fortunate in still having the wooden candlesticks used before electric light was installed and they make it possible for the service to be in soft candle light; whatever the weight of the congregation, it will not sink the floor this time.

The midnight communion with carols at Loders on Christmas Eve is perhaps the most appealing service of the year. Atomic and space age this may be and the world vastly changed and yet, towards midnight, a multitude of feet will be making for the ancient place where the people of Loders have knelt in spirit before the Babe of Bethlehem for more than a thousand years. The service begins at 11.45 p.m. The family service at eleven on Christmas morning has another delectable flavour. Instead of a sermon the Sunday School sing carols at the tree on the chancel step and relieve the tree of its sweets. Dottery will have its communion as usual at nine on Christmas morning and Askerswell at ten.

SERVICES IN DECEMBER

Loders - 7th - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
14th - HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
21st - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
Christmas Eve - "Midnight" 11.45 p.m.
Christmas Day - HC 8, Family Service 11.
28th - HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell - 7th - Children 10, Evensong 6.30
14th - Matins 10.
21st - Carol Service 6.30.
Christmas Day - HC 10.
28th - Matins 10.

Dottery - 7th - HC 9.30.
Christmas Day - HC 9.
All others at 3.