

We would like to wish our readers a Happy New Year. They continue to grow in numbers. Sometimes we try to visualise them en masse. They could fill a cathedral. Paper may be a fragile thing, but it does us good service. Some copies of the notes get read by one family, re-folded, posted, read by another family and then posted to another. They meet their end, some of them, in distant parts of the world. It would never surprise us to hear from that amiable peripatetic Bill Budden that he had had fish and chips served up to him in an old copy in Baghdad.

Christmas began for us with the annual Nativity play at the Uploders Chapel. The producer, Mrs. Stubbings, had licked her little performers into good shape. They were at their most delightful when they gave their own notions of what they should be saying or doing. A quartet of The Elizabethan Singers were nicely professional by contrast, and so, surprisingly, was the reciter of Leonard Clark's poem "Singing in the streets." The little building was crowded. Redecoration has transformed its interior. It is startlingly white in its fluorescent lighting, and warm. The old rostrum has vanished, but the ghost of the pennon bidding the worshippers "Look unto me and be saved" is lurking under the new paint on the wall behind the varnished rostrum. A cross that may be illuminated dominates the said wall. Beneath is a more spacious platform that greatly helped the play. Presumably a communion table is put beneath the cross when needed. And so the little house of God that for a century and a half was so decisively a chapel now tastes of church. The Mayor of Bridport left the service looking pleased. The collection was for that enterprise dear to her heart, the day centre for the elderly in Bridport and it came to £18.

The Children's Christmas concert at Loders school clashed with a play at Colfox school, which slightly reduced the crowd at the former, but that was no comfort to the people who still had to stand. An arctic wind was blowing outside, but the puppet show Aladdin within set us under the blue sky and palm trees of the Middle East, in the agreeable company of the genie of the lamp. We could have stayed there all night, enjoying the antics of the puppets, the chanting of the children and the eastern music. The profane, however, had to lead on to the sacred, a Bethlehem scene as reverent as Aladdin had been boisterous. In thanking the performers Mrs. Willmott had the happy idea of getting the audience to sing Merry Christmas to them. Then all the seats and trappings of a theatre were spirited away, and the schoolroom became The Mission Sale. No working party makes things for this sale, and nobody collects. The faithful bring their offerings, and this year the profit soared to £85. Four days after the concert the children and their parents gathered in the more spacious church for their service of carols and lessons. This had been well rehearsed and was much enjoyed. The £12 collection was sent to the Army Benevolent Fund. Term ended with tea, games and a visit from Father Christmas. At this the children really "let their hair down," as they deserved to. Only the abundance of cakes and savories sent for their tea by adoring parents defeated them.

The Ladies of Askerswell had to be full of the Christmas spirit well before the time to get the church looking seasonal for the evening service of nine lessons and carols. Red candles placed where light was most needed and where they looked prettiest were the dominant motif of the decorations. Thanks to the electric heaters being high on the walls (and not under the pews as at Loders) the candles burned without a flicker. Some of the congregation had brought torches to shine on their carol sheets. One who had plucked a candle from the holly to help the singing looked especially picturesque. It was obvious from the quality of the lessons that the readers had no difficulty with the dim religious light. They were most accomplished, and the vocal solos by the organist were so good that the connoisseurs in the congregation would prefer them next time without a taped accompaniment. Most of the village were at this service and the church was full.

As a slight relief from carols, which are to continue in the next paragraph, we record two christenings in December. On the 13th at Askerswell the first born of Paul and Susan Clark was baptised Timothy Paul; and at Dottery on the 14th the first born of Raymond and Christine Johnston was baptised Andrew Raymond. On each occasion a large assembly of relatives and friends was in attendance.

Loders choir, augmented almost beyond recognition by eager volunteers, had the most enjoyable carolling that they remember. It was certainly the most fruitful in that it gathered £36.30p for the C of E Children's Society. In Uploders most people stood in their open doorways to listen. At Watercleaves it was no use opening doors as the carollers were singing at the foot of a cliff that the cottage stood on the edge of the top of. Its occupant, a nautical gentleman, threw open all the windows to the arctic wind. The carollers took this as a compliment to them, but the nautical gentleman, who likes to hide his light under a bushel, held that he was only letting out his Christmas fug. The hot soup, sauces and potions provided by the three families at Uploders House were dispatched with alacrity, the marvel being that such hospitality could suffice such a multitude. For the Loders expedition the weather was mild. Beginning at The Court, the carollers sang in the hall to the assembled family and fortified by libations of seasonal cheer, pressed on to the mincepies and punch which were their reward for singing to the party gathered at Raikes. The end of a happy session came at the big fireplace in the vicarage where a company of twenty eight showed that they had ample room left for further refreshment.



A shadow was cast over the Christmas of the Symes family by the sudden death at Vinney Cross early in December of Mrs. Florence Gale, the widow of the last of the Loders blacksmiths. She had known little illness in her long life and was a keen gardener to the end. Her hospitality was a byword and her open house an institution greatly prized by her family. On a typical Sunday night she was watching in her daughter Pearls cottage (next door) a film show of the family made by her grandson Terence, when she settled into the back of her chair and peacefully died. A large company of relatives and friends attended the funeral at Weymouth Crematorium conducted by the Vicar. The short time allotted to the service precluded his paying tribute to her memory there, so he did it at Loders the following Sunday when the family attended matins.

Christmas in our three churches is now but a pleasant memory. Our decorations had made them beautiful and enticing. For "the midnight" Loders was full and it was full again within a few hours for the family service on Christmas morning. At Dottery the "old boys and girls" who make a point of coming back for festivals were much in evidence and at Askerswell the full church of a few nights previous had not reduced the Christmas morning congregation. Members of the Sunday School, in one of the gestures characteristic of them, had put an envelope with a five pound note in it on the vestry table for the collection.

A busman's holiday was what the Christmas stay at Loders of the Vicar's soldier son "Chuck" turned out to be. First, word was passed to him from Captain of the Ringers Harry Crabb that the flagpole on the tower needed taking down and repairing that it might show the flag for Christmas. This was a tall order, but Chuck did it and the Union Jack was proudly riding the breeze on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day the electric organ blower broke down just before the family service. A churchwarden bravely operated the handle for ten minutes. Chuck helped by his brother Michael took over from him for the rest of the service. The lack of a lead weight on a string showing the amount of wind in the bellows sometimes caused sounds to emerge that frightened the organist, but we marched out of church to the Hallelujah Chorus, Chuck blowing triumphantly. He spent the whole of the next day taking the motor apart and making it work for the following Sunday. Then the strain of an influx of fifteen visitors on the vicarage water supply caused a malfunctioning of the pump that moves the water from the well to the tank in the roof. "Where's Chuck?" was again the cry, and not in vain. The influx of visitors had come in cars of dubious performance. These developed ailments which kept Chuck engaged for many another hour. And the moral of it all? Sappers have their uses.

That there is also virtue in sheer stamina was well illustrated by the doyen of the Loders congregation, Mrs. Dora Boyd, now in her ninety-second year and still a regular communicant. She had returned from London to Dorchester by train and stepped out of it where the platform was not, falling heavily on to the line. Everybody feared the worst but she got up and armed by two gentlemen, walked to her son-in-law's waiting car. She declined all the offers of sedatives and stimulants and appears only to have been slightly bruised. The first account we heard of this alarming episode illustrates the maxim that a poor story needs embellishment and a rich one deserves it. We were told that she was brought to the station door on a stretcher and insisted on getting off it to go home rather than to hospital.

The evening chosen for the carols and mincepies at Loders village hall was full of other events but these seemed not greatly to affect the carols and mincepies. There was a good attendance, which enjoyed every sort of fare provided, notably that by the Linden Ringers. A useful profit of £42.43p was made for the redecoration of the Uploders Chapel.

#### SERVICES IN JANUARY

LODERS 4th - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
11th - HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
18th - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
25th - HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL 4th - Children 10, Evensong 6.30.  
11th - Matins 10.  
18th - Family Service 10.  
25th - HC 10.

DOTTERY 4th - HC 9.30, All others at 3.



Winds that reached hurricane force down in the Channel did not reduce the attendance at Askerswell's new year party. The valley of the Asker is sheltered, and we were spared the trail of destruction that the winds left in the less fortunate parts of the country. In the warmth and conviviality of the village hall, with Mr. Hurst's band going full blast, we were oblivious of the blasts outside, absorbed, perhaps, in the rare spectacle of a reverend churchwarden and a sedate synodsmen refereeing a fight between blindfold teams to pin garments in the appropriate place on cardboard ladies, and the rector scoring a bull's-eye with the pants. Games and dances, be it perceived, were nicely assorted to every taste. After much excitation of our bodies it was good to sit and be served with delectable refreshments by those who still had strength enough to bring them round. When eventually the weather outside had to be faced again, it was in the conviction that 1976 had begun splendidly.

The Loders Brownies celebrated the new year exactly to their own taste by going to a pantomime at Weymouth. They went in a coach with any of their parents and friends who were able to accompany them. There are pantomimes and pantomimes, some not at all fit for children. This one, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, was so exactly what they wanted that Brown Owl might have vetted it for the occasion.

The number of children on the roll of Loders School this term is sixty-seven, a post-war record. Illness is at present easing the resultant crowding. Not all the pupils are local. Some are brought from outside by their parents because the school is so good, and the parents want the best for their children. Obviously the selective instinct is not peculiar to any one kind of parent.

The bells of both Loders and Askerswell rang the old year out and the new year in. A few people trickled into Askerswell church to watch the ringers at work, and some were standing outside. A pale reflection, perhaps, of parishioners joining arms round the church and singing "Should old acquaintance", which was formerly a custom?

Mr. Reg Matthews died at Bridport Hospital in the middle of January. He was only forty-nine. He had been dairyman at Bearsbarrow. For two years before he died, when he was off work, his friends and neighbours were inspired by his cheerfulness in adversity. He had been on the land from a boy, was knowing in his work and loved it. To ease the tedium of his long illness he would go over to Bearsbarrow to watch the cows, or help at Denhay with the office work. When the end came at Bridport Hospital it was immediately preceded by a resurgence of his ancient strength, so that his wife's last memory was of him sitting beside his bed, his voice normal, and he "full of beans". Loders church was well filled for the funeral. He was one of a family of eleven. More mourners emerged from his cottage near the church than a place of that size would seem capable of holding. In the funeral address the vicar bade the mourners remember that it is the quality of life that matters and not length of days. Here was a life of highest quality lived in a lowly station. His dying was triumph, not tragedy. The vicar wondered whether Reg's peculiar choice of songs that he whistled as he went down Vicarage Lane to work was a clue to the secret of his serenity? At five on a summer morning he could be whistling "Good King Wenceslas". At five on the blackest morning just before Christmas he could be whistling "Cherry Ripe". Was he reminding himself in summer, when everything in the garden seemed lovely, that life is not all honey; and in winter that the blackest cloud has a silver lining? After cremation at Weymouth his ashes were buried in Loders churchyard.

The death of Mr. Ted Peck in Uploders was a complete contrast to that of Mr. Matthews. It came unexpectedly, when he was in good health, and doing his household chores, and had just kept his eighty-second birthday. He had been part of the village scene for twenty-seven years. But like Mr. Matthews he was known for his cheerfulness and strength of character. He was one of nine children, and the most delicate, and the one who lived longest! He joined the Navy at sixteen and was invalided out. Like God, the Services move in a mysterious way. When he volunteered for the Great War the Army passed him A1, and he emerged none the worse from the trenches of France. Without knowing it, he was fighting close to the late Mr. Charlie Spillman, who was to become his near neighbour in Uploders, and the two of them were to join in a pilgrimage to the battlefields. By profession Mr. Peck was a chauffeur, with the British-American Tobacco Company. He was a keen observer of human nature, a good raconteur, and never lacked a good story for a willing ear. His death must have been stunning for his wife. He had gone to an outhouse to fetch a bucket of coal before settling to watch the maiden passenger flight of Concord on television. When he did not return, his wife found him, dead, in the outhouse. She had good neighbours to help her and keep her company till her daughter from Egham arrived. The funeral was conducted by the vicar at Weymouth crematorium.

The retired talent to have settled happily in Askerswell has been enhanced by the arrival at the Medway site of Mr. Stanley Charles Earrow, his wife Olive, and sixteen year old daughter Marion. As a retired officer of Scotland Yard now engaged in a similar job at Winfrith he will be unconsciously giving his neighbours a sense of



security. He has a married daughter living in London, and his wife's mother, Mrs. Dawson, living here with his family. They are finding Askerswell quite up to expectation. Before the rector knew they were in the parish they were attending church, and are obviously "regulars". Nice to have the likes of them about in these days!

Dottery heard with something approaching relief that the long illness of Mr. Leonard Plumb, and his wife's arduous spell of nursing him at home, had ended in his passing peacefully on Jan. 23rd. He was sixty-three. His wife and he had been valuable members of the Dottery community for the past ten years, their cottage a magnet for all collectors for good causes and they generous givers. By nature Mr. Plumb was athletic, but a climbing accident had subjected him to a crutch for nearly a quarter of a century. He endured this, as he did his long illness, with no complaints, and continued until recently to manage his civil engineering business in north London. The funeral was conducted at Weymouth crematorium by the vicar.

Sir Dennis Laskey, just retired as Her Majesty's Ambassador and Plenipotentiary in Vienna, had the misfortune to fall and break his ankle there at Christmas. He was on his way to attend a concert by the Vienna Boys' Choir, and the road was icy. He and Lady Laskey (nee Peronnelle Le Breton) reckon to take up residence with their eldest daughter Michelle at Lodders Mill around Easter.

Bad news travels fast, so Lodders is likely to know already that its parish council clerk for fifty years, Mr. Harold Brown, has asked to retire with effect from 31st March, 1977. He was appointed on Nov. 11th, 1926, at the tender age of twenty-one. Ill health is the reason for the resignation. He says playfully his doctor tells him he is suffering from Four A's - Arthritis, Angina, Anaemia and Anno Domini. The thought of Lodders parish council minus Harold seems preposterous. He is the parish council. Where will it be without his truly professional management of its affairs, he a mountain of a man at a mouse of a salary? We hope in next month's Notes to be free enough from funeral reports to return to the subject of Harold.

As many people expected, the late Mr. Norman Adams was not long in returning to his beloved Askerswell to be buried with his wife, in spite of settling comfortably in the home of his devoted daughter which overlooks the harbour at Poole. A large congregation attended the funeral in Askerswell church, and the PCC is grateful to those who gave donations to the repair fund in lieu of flowers. The rector extolled the constancy of Mr. Adams' long life - in his home, as a neighbour, and as an officer of the church in every capacity open to a layman. The rector recalled Mr. Adams' early days at Folly, on the edge of the parish, where he once answered the door and was confronted by the then Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Anderson, asking the way to Powerstock. This was another meeting of Stanley and Livingstone; for years earlier the Bishop and he had served in King Edward's House together, and well remembered each other. Then the rector recalled the final days of his ninetieth year, when he could sometimes be seen negotiating The Square with his zimmer at a snail's pace, followed by his two cats.

The sympathy of Askerswell also went out to Mr. Penfold, whose wife died in Bridport Hospital at the age of seventy-nine and was cremated at Weymouth. They had spent their active lives in the Persian Gulf and found in Askerswell the peace and seclusion they craved.

#### SERVICES IN FEBRUARY

|            |   |
|------------|---|
| LODDERS    | 1st H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2  |
|            | 8th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2       |
|            | 15th H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2 |
|            | 22nd H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2      |
|            | 29th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2      |
| ASKERSWELL | 1st Children 10, Evensong 6.30          |
|            | 8th Matins 10                           |
|            | 15th Family Service 10                  |
|            | 22nd H.C. 10                            |
|            | 29th Matins 10                          |
| DOTTERY    | 1st H.C. 9.30                           |
|            | All others at 3                         |



When these Notes reach readers' hands Ash Wednesday will have come and gone, and we shall be in the season of Lent. This is properly the time when we force ourselves to face the reality of the human situation. The lives of all of us, whether our health be good or bad, or we be young or old, are precarious, and it is not morbid, but sensible, to keep aware of this. The winters' unusual spate of deaths illustrates the fact. It is not only the ninety year olds and eighties that have flitted from this life to the next, but the thirties and forties. Why are we here is the question of all questions, and Jesus of Nazareth alone has the answer. The blind beggar in the gospel for the Sunday before Lent shows us what to do. Hearing a noise coming along the street, he asked what it meant, and was told "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by". But the beggar did not let Him pass by. He shouted, and begged what money could not buy, his sight, and got it. Lent can be thought of as Jesus of Nazareth passing by. Spiritual blindness is a deadlier affliction than physical blindness and we all suffer from it in varying degrees. There can be no better Lenten exercise than to keep shouting until Easter "Lord, that I may receive my sight".

Askerswell is early with its Easter Vestry and annual church meeting. This was held in late February and there was a good attendance, which concluded the business by standing to the memory of that great stalwart of the church, the late Norman Adams. Items of general interest arising from the meeting are (a) that the roll of church electors now numbers sixty-eight; (b) that thanks largely to the good offices of Mr. Jack Stevens, the new flagstaff was raised to the memory of the late Captain Aylmer at a fraction of the estimate obtained from a builder; (c) that the fund raising committee made a gratifying profit of £162.47 on their activities and are setting this year's target higher to cover repairs to the church recommended by the architect; (d) that receipts at £1187.05 and expenses at £1005.58 for the year under review were comfortably up on the previous year and left a balance in hand of £171.47; (e) that the offer of Miss Rosemary Adams was gratefully accepted to give an altar frontal in memory of her late parents; (f) that one of the two altar cloths kept so beautifully laundered - and gratis - by Mrs. Spiller had been eaten by a winter invasion of mice, who in their turn had been dispatched by the rodent officers' new bait which kills at a whiff; (g) that the gesture of the local Women's Institute in making and giving the church new kneelers was prized as a symbol of the parish's essential unity.

The officers of Askerswell church for the current year are: churchwardens - Captain M. Lumby and Mr. J. Stevens; Deanery Synod - Mrs. M. Evans and Mr. Bellis; Sidesmen - Messrs. Evans, Bellis, Bryan and Barrow; Church Council - Mesdames Savage, Howarth, Mabb, Bryan and Lumby; Group Captain Newall, Messrs. Bryan, Frost and Barrow plus the ex officio members; Secretary - Mrs. Bellis; Treasurer - Mrs. Bryan; Electoral Roll - Mr. Garrard; Fund Raising Committee - Mrs. Mabb, Mrs. Gordon-Hall, Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Newall with power to co-opt.

The late Mrs. Sarah Read, who died soon after her ninety-first birthday, was regarded by "the old originals" of Uploders as their corner stone. She seemed to personify the peasantry at their best, with her innate refinement of character, and a serenity the more remarkable for her having had to work to bring up a sizeable family in the hard times. A pupil at Loders school under the famous Mr. Fooks, she stayed on for a while when she reached fourteen to teach the infants. For many years she sang in the church choir. The hymn "Fight the good fight", which she often sang about the house, and was regarded by her daughters as her "signature tune", was sung at her funeral. The daughters' devoted care of her in her declining years was a byword in the parish. They regret not having had a tape machine handy shortly before she died; for her mind cleared and she reminisced so engagingly about long dead village worthies she had known that it would have made a delightful little book.

The bell turret on Dottery church had its roof blown away by a gale, leaving the bell and its wheel and entrails horribly exposed. The churchwardens are going to re-roof it. We shall see whether they induce the bell to ring again. It had much bad temper for so small a bell and made an interesting sight of the lady at ropes' end trying to coax a note out of it.

Since Mr. Nigel Wykes, of Uploders House, lectured an open meeting of Loders Women's Institute on the River Asker, it is being apprehended by the many, what was known to the few, that we have genius in our midst. The Dorset County Museum is staging an exhibition of his pictures and collection of flowers and insects until March 28th. He is a retired master of Eton College and probably working harder in Uploders than he did at Eton.

Mrs. Elliott, of New Road, Uploders needed all the attention bestowed on her by kind neighbours when her husband Percy died unexpectedly, having been out walking only the day before. He was a retired farmer from old farming stock, who began his married life at Vinney Cross. He might have made an acrobat as well as a farmer, for when he started his milk round the only vehicle he could afford was a push bike. He balanced two cans of milk on the handlebars and ladled it into the jugs that awaited him at cottage doors. When he was wealthier he acquired a pony and trap, which made a memorable escape to Bridport in true wild west style. Many old friends attended his funeral in Loders church. He was buried at the cemetery.



We would like to offer our sympathy to the relatives of former parishioners of Loders who have died lately - Mr. Charles Lucas, once chairman of the parish council, died shortly after moving to the Midlands; Mrs. Billen (nee Janet Barnes) of Toller, once of Loders Mill; and Mr. Keith Saunders of Puncknowle, once of Uploders.

It was a welcome change from funerals to have one aisle of Loders church filled with cheerful faces of the Samways clan of West Milton for the christening of John and Beryl's daughter Katie Philippa. Some of the company had come from South Devon and had to get home for milking, which they were not allowed to do before leaving their mark on a christening feast in the best tradition of Dorset hospitality.

Local Girl Guides are cock-a-hoop to have filled the post of District Commissioner with a worthy successor to Mrs. Cross. She is a new acquisition of Askerswell, Mrs. Olive Barrow and she has done the job before.

A good pub, presided over by a congenial landlord with a nice wife is an asset to a parish. We here are blest with several such. Yet we could ill afford to lose Reg Small, the landlord of The Crown, who was buried in Loders churchyard on St. Valentine's Day. He was only sixty-one. He graced this rural scene so well that it is easy to be oblivious of our debt to the great metropolis which fashioned him, and of the fact that his reign here was a short one of six years. Small by name, but big in every other way; calling himself "only a humble innkeeper" but relishing the title of "Your Altitude" bestowed on him by one of his more cultured customers, he has left us ruefully aware that there can be more to a pint of Palmer's than the mere downing of it. The exceptional busyness of the undertakers dictated an awkward time for the funeral - twelve noon on a Saturday. It said much for the affection in which he was held that the church was full. And right to the fore, in a wheel chair, was his predecessor at The Crown, the valiant and legless Jack Verrinder.

Help the Aged have undertaken to raise £5000 before Mrs. Shirley's term of office as Mayor of Bridport expires. This will be the cost of clinching an opportunity greatly to improve the Old Peoples' Day Care Centre at Chancery House, which has been Mrs. Shirley's great love since the death of her husband, who founded it. There will be house to house collections of cash and saleable odds and ends this month, arranged in Loders by Mr. Maurice Lawson. Colonel Shirley was a churchwarden of Loders and Loders Church has sent £100 to the fund in grateful memory of him.

Some people have wondered how Mr. Harold Brown, for fifty years the clerk of Loders Parish Council, came to fill a job usually held by a village elder, at so tender an age. He tells us that it was a consequence of the rehanging of Loders bell on a new metal frame. He was secretary of the jollifications which raised the then prodigious sum of £300 for the bell fund, and the clerkship being vacant at the time, the Parish Council snapped him into it.

The council house, vacated by the Priors, of Legg's Mead, Askerswell, is now occupied by Mr. Geoffrey Cousins, a native of Bradpole; his wife Viola, a native of Toller; and their two small children.

Conversation in an Uploders cottage. Wife: "The doctor's been, and says I should wear trousers to help the circulation in me legs". Husband: "The doctor can say what he likes, I'm the only one who wears trousers in this house". No prize for guessing which cottage.

#### SERVICES IN MARCH

LODERS  
7th - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
14th - HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
21st - HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
28th - HC 8, Matins 11, Mothering Service 2.

ASKERSWELL  
7th - Children 10, Evensong 6.30.  
14th - Matins 10.  
21st - Family Service 10.  
28th - HC 10.

DOTTERY  
7th - HC 9.30. All others at 3.



The sight of a young lady up a ladder working at the windows of the south chapel of Loders Church might have made an intelligent observer think that the building tade was taking seriously the Sex Discrimination Act. In fact, she was an agent of the British Academy, photographing for the record the five panels of fifteenth century glass, and preparing a report on their condition. She says they need re-fixing. The panels depict a mitred abbot, St. Barbara holding a tower, St. Dorothy with a basket of flowers, St. Leonard with a manacle in his right hand, and a man with a bag and staff. Lovers of the Victorian stained glass over the high altar will like to know that this agent of the British Academy is not one of those whose artistic sense is offended by it. She thinks it functions well, and is pleasing. And she is an expert.

It is a relief to have only one funeral to record this month, and one which brought back memories of the time when Upton Manor Farm under the late Mr. Eli Lenthall was renowned through West Dorset for its husbandry. He had under him a band of workers second to none in skill and dedication to the land, and this was the funeral at Loders church of the widow of one of them. He was Elias William Peach, who died in 1965, and she was Frances Eliza Peach, aged 87. In their married life at Watercleaves Elias and Eliza were as harmonious as their names. Doubtless his spirit supported her sturdy independence in living alone in Bridport for the last nine years when the home of a devoted daughter was open to her. Surviving members of the Upton Manor team were at her funeral. She was buried in her husband's grave at the cemetery.

Weddings at Askerswell average one in two years. It was a happy coincidence that that of Miss Doreen Miller and Mr. Richard Stephens should herald the spring equinox, on a sunny day, after a long winter of sickness and dying. Miss Miller is one of the family who used to live at Spyway, and, like the Normans, enjoy coming back to Askerswell to services. Her bridegroom is a company director living at North Perrott. The church was well filled with friends, the bells pealed, and Mr. Christopher Miles deputised for the organist. A bocage of exuberant spring flowers marked the place of plighting of troth. Probably this wedding made history in Askerswell, Women's Lib is not only in the air. It was in the church. The bride came up the nave on the arm of her mother, who gave her away. Her father is long deceased. Up till now it has been the custom for a male relative to perform the part of the deceased father. But Mrs. Miller was clearly the right person. The reception was at the village hall.

Mr. J.F. Morris, steward of the Uploders Chapel, writes: "With the completion of the necessary work to our little Uploders Church, we have a debt to liquidate, we are therefore having two coffee mornings with bring and buy stalls etc, one in April and one in May. The first will be on Thursday, April 22nd, from ten till twelve, run by Mrs. Rosemary Shaw at The Croft, New Road, Uploders, formerly the home of the Randalls..... I will give you details of the May coffee morning in due course".

Our readers will be glad to be brought up to date with the history of the late Mrs. Osborne's family, of Uploders, living now in Bournemouth. Her daughter Heather Pavey writes: "Christopher (her son) was married on March 20th. His bride is Elizabeth Anne Lumby of Mount Pleasant Drive, about a hundred yards from our house. She is twenty, and a second year student nurse at Poole Hospital. Teresa (Heather's daughter) was one of the two maids of honour, and we are hoping to get to Loders to put the flowers on Mum's grave. Christopher came out of Reading University with second class honours in Mechanical Engineering, and a pass in Mathematics. He has been fortunate in obtaining a job as a trainee with Hamworthy Engineering to do his two years practical training for the M.I. Mech E. Teresa lives in Romsey and is a Health Visitor there. My father has settled well in his bungalow, but looks forward to visitors from the Bridport area and to the Parish Notes. We were all sad to hear of the passing of Sarah Road. Mrs. Grace Hyde is now our oldest remaining link. It was lovely that her daughter Rosemary and her husband were able to join us at Chris's wedding."

The fund raising committee of Askerswell church has arranged several functions for the summer. So far, only one of them will be in Askerswell, and that the open gardens, which draws visitors, and makes money as well as a pleasant afternoon. Experience has shown that when Askerswell has anything to sell, this is best done in Bridport, where there are plenty of buyers. Details of these events will be given nearer the time.

The Youth Club which meets on Monday nights in Loders village hall is flourishing, and Mr. Reginald Brill, landlord of the Loders Arms, has done it a good turn. He suggested to the ladies' section of the local innkeepers' association that the club was deserving of a grant from the fund that the ladies raise annually for charity, and the ladies agreed. The fund was disbursed at a party in the Greyhound, Bridport. Mr. Morris, the "father" of the club, was unwell, so the headmaster, Mr. Price, attended for him, to receive a cheque for £25, and to render thanks. He raised the laugh of the evening by revealing that this highly successful youth club is run by four old age pensioners. The cheque will help to buy a record player.

Loders Fete will be held at Loders Court on the first Saturday in August at the kind invitation of the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hood.



Mothering Sunday this year had the twin blessings of a sunny day for attending church, and flowers enough for the children to bring with them. At Askerswell two of the Sunday School bore a pyramid of flowers to the altar at the start of the service, and gave them to an appreciative congregation at the end. In Dottery church little Angela Johnston was waiting for the congregation as they trooped out, and gave each a paper basket she had made, containing a bunch of primroses on a bed of moss. At Lodders the children processed to the altar, laid the flowers there, and took them afterwards to the senior citizens all over the parish. Their party included three yellow labradors on leads. Complications with the black labrador that guards Mr. Tiffin's leather manufactory in Uploders were avoided by sending a warning to Mr. Tiffin of the yellows' approach. A specially pleasing feature of this year's service was that it included the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Field's infant daughter Annette Louise. They are newcomers to The Hollies in Uploders.

Fifty-seven years a ringer. It came out at the annual meeting of Lodders' ringers that this is the record of Captain Harry Crabb. Not surprisingly, he was re-elected captain, with Cynthia Newberry as vice-captain and Frank Good as secretary and treasurer. The Vicar said he was a lucky parson to have two peals of bells in his charge (Askerswell being the other), and to have them fully manned - and womanned - every Sunday.

A lay reader and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith, have come to live in Askerswell in the bungalow next to Mr. and Mrs. Barrow. They are from Lambourn, Berkshire, where Mr. Smith took services for the vicar, Mr. Howell, who has a cottage in Lodders, and is no stranger to us. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were missionaries in Nigeria for nine years. Domestic matters brought them back to England. Mr. Smith is now a semi-retired agent in the toy trade, for which he finds Askerswell a convenient base. In Askerswell he will miss the twenty-strong choir of Lambourn church. Scope here for him to raise a choir as our dear Miss Wilkinson did some years ago !

Askerswell House, vacant since the death of Captain Aylmer, will soon be the home of another Services family. It consists of Lieut.Col. SEBERT Lewis, his wife, his daughters Julia aged 18, Victoria aged 16, and son Jason aged 8. Julia is at St. James' College in Bradpole and goes to Exeter University in October, Victoria is at Sherborne, and Jason at St. Ronan's. They will be joined by Col. Lewis' mother from Kenya, which was the reason for the move from their smaller home in Nettlocombe. They were attracted also by the accommodation for their ponies, and a hypothetical house cow. Col. Lewis works in the Ministry of Defence, and was a sidesman at Powerstock.

Mr. Swaffield's former bungalow off The Square, Askerswell, has been taken by Mr. Heming, a young architect, and his wife, who work in Dorchester.

Trossachs, formerly the home in Uploders of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, is now that of Mr. Christopher Hill, his wife Sharon, their daughter Sara, and son Cairbury. Mr. Hill is a lecturer in sociology at Hatfield Polytechnic.

The Rt. Rev. Victor Pike paid his last visit to the clergy of this deanery as Bishop of Sherborne when they met at Litton. He retires in October. The flag flew from the church tower in his honour, and he celebrated Holy Communion in cope and mitre. The Rural Dean well expressed the feelings of the clergy when they drank his health at the rectory that they were losing their sheet anchor. But the Church will not be losing his services. He goes to live in Wilton, and to be curate to the vicar there who has four churches and a considerable population.

The last thought we leave with our readers is the Easter services. Study the list below, and show the flag for Jesus Christ by attending one. It is His triumph day.

#### SERVICES IN APRIL

##### LODERS

4th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
11th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
Maundy Thursday HC 8. Good Friday Litany 9, Devotional 11.  
Easter Day HC 7, 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
25th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

##### ASKERSWELL

4th Children 10, Evensong 6.30.  
11th Matins. Good Friday Devotional 10.  
Easter Day. Family HC 10, Evensong 6.30.  
25th Matins 10.

##### DOTTERY

4th. HC 9.30. Easter Day HC 9. All others at 3.



The first of May has been decreed a Bank Holiday from next year onward. But if we are any judges of local sentiment, the high day of May will continue here to be the Saturday of the maypole dancing and fair at Loders school, this year the 22nd. Year after year people have come to watch the rites of spring on the school playing field, so perfectly positioned under Boarsbarrow. What the children do is very old fashioned, taking parents, grandparents and great grandparents back into the dream world of their own childhood, and probably the latter enjoy it even more than the children. Year after year the money raised for the school fund increases handsomely, showing the common awareness that entertainment is not the only object of the exercise. We trust that this year may be no exception, and that saleable things for the stalls and cash donations will come cascading in. The school fund pays for amenities not covered by public funds, and the may fair is its only source of supply.

The third of April was a high day for Dottery, being that of the wedding of Miss Heather Marsh, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh, and Mr. Roland Bugler, a young farmer of Bettiscombe. As Dottery is only a chapel of ease, the service was in Loders, where the traditional ingredients were available, bells, organ, enough space to hold a large congregation, and elbow room for the archway of pitchforks. Flowers were everywhere, rightly robbing the church of its Lenten austerity. The reception was at Colfox School. A bountiful feast was matched afterwards by one of oratory. Known hitherto as a man of action despising word spinning, the brides father surprised and delighted the company with a racey speech that had cost him nights of agony to concoct. The fact that the day was the anniversary of his own wedding helped the inspiration. Bride and Groom were grateful to Mr. George Mears of Melplash, for dropping everything else and welding the clapper of the tenor bell which fractured a few hours before the wedding. They were not grateful to the education authority for summoning the bride to an interview for a teaching post while they were honeymooning in Austria, giving only a day's notice. Which will mildly amuse our readers who are teachers. Some things in the world do not change.

On Easter morning it was thrilling to approach Askerswell and see the flag of St. George pulling vigorously at the top of the new flagpole on the church tower. In the church it was still more heartening to find the largest communicant congregation for years, including several entire families. What the church lacks in light was amply compensated for by the glory of the flowers. These presented some pleasing new featurers, but the base of the font as of yore proclaimed "Christ is risen" in primroses on a bed of moss. The bells ushered in evensong as they had done the morning service, and again there was a good congregation. Roles got reversed in this service. The Rector and his lady joined the singing in the pews, while the lay reader from Lambourn, Mr. Leslie Smith, preached, and the churchwardens read the lessons.

The perfect Easter weather seemed to entice everybody to Loders matins, and that indeed after good attendance at the early communions. Pews got packed tighter and tighter as more and more people arrived. Eventually there was nothing for it but to fetch chairs from the vicarage for the people left standing. The choir were in fine fettle for their anthem. In the canticles and hymns the congregation let it be known that they had voices too. Flowers were in plentiful supply, from hedgerow and garden, and with them the decorators exploited every vantage point to pleasing effect.

Cows have to be milked on Easter day as on any other, and the bulk of the little community at Dottery are working farmers, but they "made it" to church for the nine o'clock communion. What they thought of the decorations was on their faces as they looked wonderingly about them at a bevy of flowers ranging from the humble primrose to the lordly lily. To them, fairies were more likely than their substantial wives to have contrived it all.

Our Easter day communicants were 216 in all, and the collections which are part of the Vicar's stipend, were £144.79 (Loders £98.29, Dottery £6 and Askerswell £40.50).

The coffee morning at The Croft, Uploders, gave the curious the opportunity to see the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw (which they entirely approved of), and raised the highly satisfactory sum of £80, with possibly more to come, for the chapel re-decoration fund. The cooler weather confined most of the happy chattering folk to the house, where the Brownies beguiled them with competitions. Mr. J.F. Morris rightly guessed, How many lentils? and Mrs. Chainey, The length of the string? Mr. Revett of Maiden Newton found the answer to Where did the puppy bury his bone? One stallholder was heard to say: "Isn't this a typically English scene - everybody talking and nobody listening?" Yet it was not a sherry party. There remain £180 still to be raised. Hopes are fixed on another coffee morning at the United Church Hall, Bridport, 10-12 noon, on Saturday 29th May. Gifts of anything saleable, including jumble, may be left with Mrs. Stebbings or Mr. Morris, of New Road. They would collect if asked.

Miss May Samways, of Shatcombe, died in the Bridport General Hospital a few hours before she was due to move to the residential wind of the Convent. She was within a few weeks of her ninetieth birthday. Few of her generation are left in Loders, but they, and the neighbours who had looked after her so graciously, joined the small company of family mourners at the funeral in church. Crenation followed at Weymouth, but the ashes were buried in the family grave in the churchyard. The Vicar hinged his funeral address on a dictum of George Eliot, "The happy woman, like the happy country, has no history," and



traced her uneventful but useful, serene and honourable life, from her birth at Church farm, Loders, her progression to Knowle farm, Uploders, to her retirement at Shatcombe. That tiny sphere was the world of her experience, but her interests were universal. Re-organisation, like re-form, is reckoned to be improvement, but improvement is not inevitably their concomitant. Look at Loders Parish Council. Four of the old council did not seek re-election. Only six people were nominated for the seven seats on the new council, and these included for the first time two ladies. Under the old system the six councillors could have filled the vacancy by co-opting a seventh. Under the new system co-option is disallowed, and the vacancy has to be filled by an election, which in Loders would cost the ratepayers around £70. So if the vacancy is filled strictly by the new method, we could have an Alice-in-Wonderland situation - six of the councillors there only in virtue of having been proposed and seconded by a parochial elector, and one elected by the parish at a cost of £70.

The Easter vestry and annual church meeting of Loders was well attended. The church electoral roll is now 230, 20 names having been deleted and 35 added. Income on the ordinary account was £1902.15, expenses £1755.40, and the credit balance £146.75. The repair fund stood at £2627.15, but this will soon be reduced. Over the year church collections had increased to £1217 from £1047. Dottery accounts showed income £265, expenses £214.67 and a credit balance of £50.33, with a balance of £114.08 in the repair fund.

Officers were appointed as follows : Vicar's warden Loders Mr. I. Roberts; Vicar's warden Dottery Mr. C. Marsh; People's warden Loders Mr. M. McDowall; People's warden Dottery Mr. J. Marsh; Sidesmen Messrs. H. Crabb, R. Price, R. Thomas, M. Lawson & P. Young; Deanery Synod Miss Male, Mrs. Shirley, Miss Roberts and Miss Glover, Church Council, The Hon. Alexander Hood and Lady Laskey ( ex officio), Mrs. Wilkins, Col. Stack, Mrs. Strachan, Mr. Prideaux, Mr. Harcombe, Miss Rowe and Miss M. Laskey; Secretary and treasurer Miss Muriel Randall.

Two gifts were announced at the annual church meeting, and the donors warmly thanked. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crabb had contributed £50 towards the cost of a new set of bell ropes to mark their golden wedding, and Miss Male had offered to present new altar hangings for Dottery for use only at festivals. Since the meeting a contribution of £25 in memory of the late Miss May Samways has cleared the cost of the bell ropes. She had a soft spot for the bells, and used to listen for them when she was housebound at Shatcombe.

Quick work. Within two days of it being said at the annual church meeting that the bell turret at Dottery needed a new roof, it had one. This was thanks to a local handyman, Mr. Alan Morris, who with the help of Mr. John Marsh did the work gratis, and saved the church a bill.

The exhibition at Dorchester of the water colours of flowers and insects by Mr. Nigel Wykes, of Uploders House, was so successful that there is to be another in Salisbury in September. So many of the picturers were acquired by viewers that he is having to work furiously to replace them.

We risk the wrath of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Marsh, of Lea Lane, by offering our congratulations on their golden wedding, which was 24th April. They are allergic to publicity, and their admiration for the present Mayor of Bridport, who calls on "goldeners", just failed to quell the allergy.

#### Services in May

|            |   |
|------------|---|
| Loders     | 2nd. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  |
|            | 9th. HC 8 Matins 11, Children 2.        |
|            | 16th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. |
|            | 23rd. HC 8 Matins 11, Children 2.       |
|            | Ascension Day, HC 8, Children 9.15.     |
|            | 30th. HC 8 Matins 11, Children 2.       |
| Askerswell | 2nd. Children 10, Evensong 6.30.        |
|            | 9th. Matins 10, 16th Family Service 10. |
|            | 23rd. HC 10, Ascension Day HC 10.       |
|            | 30th. Matins 10.                        |
| Dottery    | 2nd. HC 9.30. All others at 3.          |



June is the month for Lupins. Those that border the approach to Loders Church are coming into their glory. We are not alone in thinking that they grace an already beautiful church. The Blandford Press has lately published "The parish churches of England in colour," by Mervyn Blatch, and it includes a fine picture of Loders church at lupin time. According to the author there are ten thousand medieval churches in England. He chooses only one hundred and five of them to illustrate the beauty characteristic of the various styles, and Loders is one of the hundred and five. Winterbourne Tomson is the only other Dorset church to be shown. There are two in Cornwall, five in Devon, three in Somerset and one in Wiltshire.

The villagers of Askerwell are opening their gardens to the public on Sunday 18th July. Last year when they did this visitors came from far and near, and enjoyed the cream teas on offer as well as the gardens. The present lack of rain is hindering the working up of the gardens to a July peak of perfection. Some gardeners are irrigating theirs from the River Asker if they happen to be near it. The not so fortunate are enlisting the bath water, and even the washing up water.

Askerwell church had a christening on 16th May. It was that of the infant daughter of two newcomers to the parish, Mr and Mrs. Geoffrey Cousins, of Legg's Mead. She was named Nicola Joy.

The May Fair at Loders school had an ideal afternoon for the outdoor events, and made a record profit of £225 for the school fund. In recognition of Mr. Harold Brown's fifty years of service to Loders as clerk of the parish council, he was invited to crown the May Queen. Maintaining that this was a lady's job (with all deference to the Archbishop of Canterbury) he delegated it to his wife Margaret, who performed to perfection. By a happy coincidence this year's May Queen, as elected by the other children, was none other than Janice Crabb. She is a granddaughter of Mr. Wilfred Crabb, second only to Mr. Brown in service to Loders, having been a parish councillor for forty-six years, from which he has just retired. Sarah Jane Crabb, Jackie Fugh and Victoria George were maids of honour, and Luke Daniel was the page. The fancy dress competition produced creations original and topical enough to put any judge in a dither. Fortunately there was an able and impartial one to hand in the person of a visitor, Mr. Leonard Clark, the educationist and poet. His awards won universal approval. So did the kindness of the Colfox school gymnastic team in filling out the programme with a display. But the thing most admirable about this year's May fair was the way in which the headmaster and his family ran it despite a deluge of domestic difficulties. In the week leading up to the fair Mrs. Price and the children were ill. So was their pony Dandy, and gravely so. Just before the fair poor Dandy had to be put down.

Mr. David Johnston, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston, of Dottery, has found a wife in Honiton. He was married to Miss Peta Hartnell in the parish church there on 29th April. The Marshwood Vale Young Farmers were present in strength with their arch of pitchforks, proud to be associated with a family which holds the ploughing championship year after year against all comers. The newlyweds are making their home at Lower Monkwood Farm Cottage, near Pilsdon, which is not far enough away to stop David being a pillar of Dottery church. If his brother Raymond's example is anything to go by, the church may acquire a new pillar in the wife.

Our contribution to Christian Aid was £83.40. The collecting boxes got £5.65 from Askerwell, £9.15 from Uploders and £17.95 from Loders. Dottery church collection was £3, Askerwell £7.65, and Loders £40. The Lent boxes from Loders produced £16.31 for the church overseas. The nature trail in Loders run by the 1st Bridport Cub Scouts raised £16 for the World Wild Life Fund. The coffee morning held in the Bridport United Church schoolroom made, with donations, £91.41 for the interior decoration of the Uploders chapel. What was raised for Help the Aged is well known; what for the mentally handicapped, the Scouts' minibus, and the Loders ringers we do not know, but seldom in local history can it have seemed that so much was owing to so many by so few. Our Loders friend Mr. Aldridge is a spontaneous and cheerful giver to good causes, but even he seemed to have lost his sprightliness of step on his dogwalk after a fortnights' bombardment by good causes. It should not be beyond the wit of man to stagger the good causes. Like manure, they are tolerable when well spread, but offensive in a heap.

A good muster of the annual parish assembly of Askerwell re-elected Group Captain Derek Newall to the chair. The invited presence of Major Golding, who is the Enoch Powell of the world of water conservation, showed where the interest of the meeting was focussed. Because it was he and nobody else saying that the sustained drought and the failure of other sources made it imperative to take water from Askerwell, the meeting acquiesced, and he was emphatic that the water would be taken from a depth that would not affect the present streams and wells, which were all that some houses had to rely on. The meeting learnt with dismay that the eruption of a new spring which had been hailed with such rapture was actually a leak in the mains. Mrs. Bellis informed the meeting in a crescendo of indignation that the Women's Institute had protested to the County Council that juggernauts were defiling Parson's Lane and Gipsy Hill, and the Clerk had not the



decency even to acknowledge receipt of the letter. Mrs. Bellis quickly subsided when her sense of audience told her she expected of County Council clerks what nobody else did. The meeting agreed that the increased traffic in The Square made halt lines necessary on the four roads converging there if accidents were to be prevented. Somebody complained that the bus was in the habit of leaving a nasty mess of oil where it stabled in The Square. The chairman ruled that it was natural for a bus to do this sort of thing and might suffer if impeded. A churchwarden who knows the transport world inside out said it was the responsibility of the bus company to clean up the mess even if the bus could not help it. And so with a chuckle the annual parish assembly dispersed, having lacked none of its annual entertainment value.

The Crown Inn at Uploders is now presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robin Upton, who have a daughter, Amber, who has quickly found her niche in Lodders school. Their interests are not confined to the sale of malt and spiritous luquors, and the serving of snacks. They keep goats and poultry. Mr. Upton is a jobbing builder. Anything he needs to know about pubs his wife should be able to tell him; for she is a daughter of the landlord of the Fisherman's Arms, Bridport.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foot, of Purbeck Close, Uploders, on a son, Johnathan, born in Bridport Hospital on 10th May. They have preserved the Close's character as a men-only sort of place. This is their forth boy, and the Close's eleventh. It has no girls. But it bids well to become a girl's paradise when the boys grow up.

Nothing can better illustrate the dryness of these parts than something that happened in the orchard of Knowle Farm, Uploders. It borders the River Asker. It is perilous to mow at any time, but deadly in time of drought. Frantic from the heat - obviously - the motor mower that Mr. Maurice Lawson was driving plunged into the river and submerged. It is not his nature to let go of anything, so he didn't. He hung on and submerged with it. When it decided to come out, he, still hanging on, came out too, and it mowed all the better for its bath. Possibly his natural modesty prevented Mr. Lawson from telling us, Parochial Information Officer though he be. The intelligence was communicated by his friend and admirer Mr. Harry Crabb.

The new Lodders parish council consists of Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Spafford, Mr. Price, Mr. Brill, Mr. G. Hyde and Air Vice Marshal Adams. This is one below strength, and an election to fill the vacancy is fixed for mid June. Having got thus far without the expense of a poll, the general hope of the parish is that the gap may be filled without one. Mr. Price was elected chairman. Mr. Hyde declined nominations as vice chairman because his work now takes him to Yeovil, and Mr. Brill was elected. To date there is no successor to Mr. Harold Brown in sight. It seems to be the hope of everybody that he may relent, and withdraw his resignation as council clerk, which is like a death sentence on the village in whose essential nature he is so embedded.

A presentation fund is now open to mark the resignation of Dr. Victor Pike from the suffragan bishopric of Sherborne in September. He has many friends in this area, and doubtless they would like to subscribe. Contributions may be sent to Colonel Lang, at Church House, Crane Street, Salisbury, Wilts.

Bishop Tiarks, formerly chaplain to Archbishop Ramsey, and at present suffragan Bishop of Maidstone, is to be installed as Rural Dean of the Lyme Bay Deanery at Powerstock Church on Friday 1st October, for a period of three years. He will be living at Primrose Cottage, Netherbury, which was the home Colonel Donald Scott a churchwarden of Lodders, went to on leaving the Old Mill. Bishop Tiarks was well known and liked by many of us when he was vicar of Lyme Regis. Incidentally, with him there will be nine retired bishops and two hundred and seventy retired clergy living in this diocese. Bishop Tiarks will have the care of fifty five retired priests in this archdeaconry.

"Chuck" Willmott the Vicar's younger son, and his wife Christine brought their youngest son from Aldershot, where he was born, to be christened Simon James in Lodders on May 8th. If godparents are a help he should be well set on "the straight and narrow."

#### SERVICES IN JUNE

|            |      |   |
|------------|------|---|
| Lodders    | 6th  | Whitsunday. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. |
|            | 13th | Trinity Sunday. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.  |
|            | 20th | HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.             |
|            | 27th | HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.                  |
| Askerswell | 6th  | Children 10, Evensong 6.30. 13th Matins 10.   |
|            | 20th | Family Service 10. 27th. HC 10.               |
| Dottery    | 6th  | HC 9.30.                                      |
|            |      | All others at 3.                              |