

The New Year will be a few days old when these Notes reach our readers. But they are being written on New Year's Eve, and we are wishing all our readers the best for 1977.

The Christmas weather was a mixture of dull rainy days, of crisp sunny ones when you had to watch your step on the slippery roads, and of stormy nights. Yet it was always more or less right, and often quite benign, when there was a service. The night of the Christmas service in the Uploders Chapel was cold, but the dear little place was packed, and because hot breath rises, the canny folk who chose the balcony were the warmest. Mrs. Daphne Stobbings had turned most of the children of Uploders into shepherds and angels and wise men, who sang beautifully, and recited, and took part with the elders in reading the story of Christmas. At the end came the customary giving of presents to the performers. The veteran Miss Daisy Boxall's was not bottle shaped this time, but no shadow of disappointment touched her homely face. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were radiant: the collection had topped £20, and some of it was to go to the aged at Chancery House.

When it comes to decorating Askerswell church for the carol service, the ladies annually thank providence that the wooden candlesticks which lighted the pews in pre-electric days were consigned to the parish chest instead of the bonfire. For the service is by candle light, and what candles lack in power they make up for in beauty when dotted among the holly and the ivy. Their flickering played tricks with the faces of the congregation (which filled the church), so that the native farmers could be looking like urban pansies and the former urban panies like buttercups. Any doubts as to who was who were dispelled when some of each came up to read the lessons. They were a delightful blend of Dorset and Standard English. The eight songsters of the local Women's Institute who came to the fore and sang a carol had about them a touch of television efficiency that was not at all out of place. They woke up the Rector to the fact that here under his wing he had an embryonic church choir, and what was he doing about it?

The children of Loders School gave the Lord Jesus a Christmas present after His own heart. Their concert and mission sale made £83, and the collection at their carol service in church for the children of soldiers killed in Ulster brought the total of their offering to nearly £100. Had the Prime Minister heard their reading of the lessons in church, he would have known that he had no need to be worried about the standard of education in Loders school. The concert at the mission sale had been a delight to the parents. The Vicar is grateful to Mr. Price and his staff for the work they had cheerfully and skillfully put into it, and to Mrs. Willmott for arranging the sale, the profit on which was a record.

At the school party the tea table had been so abundantly furnished with food by loving parents that enough for another good tea remained after the children had eaten to their hearts' content. "What do you do with what's over?" Mr. Price was asked. "We put it in bags and send it home again" said he. This year's party had the good fortune to have Mr. Leonard Clark, children's writer, poet, etcetera, as a guest. He told them a Forest of Dean ghost story, which reduced the noisy assembly to tense silence, then sang them a song-of-Christmas. He had to refuse demands for another story because of the imminent arrival of Father Christmas.

And now here are our "commercials":— The annual church meeting of Askerswell will be held in the village hall on Tuesday 18th Jan., at 7.30 p.m. A service will be held in the Uploders Chapel on Wednesday, 19th Jan., at 7.30 p.m. as part of the Bridport District week of prayer for Christian Unity. On Thursday, 20th Jan., at 7.30 p.m. there will be a meeting of parish organisations, and anybody interested in Loders village hall to discuss plans for celebrating the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

Askerswell Sunday School gave their mother church a Christmas present of £10 towards church expenses.

The Loders carollers collected a record £47.50 for the C of E Children's Society. There were about thirty of them, enough to daunt any ordinary dispenser of hospitality, but ours was not ordinary. At Uploders House the Sanctuaries, the Wykes, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Rust and Lady Laskey regaled them with hot soup, seasonal food and home made wine. At Raikes Miss Mona Edwards continued the good work with mulled wine and mince pies; and the Vicarage ended it with rum punch, ham sandwiches and hot dogs. The venture had got off to a good start at Loders Court, where the family heartily reinforced the singing and dispensed sherry. One member had succeeded in arriving in time for the carols against the odds.

From parson's viewpoint the Christmas services were splendid. At the Loders "midnight", when the church was thronged, the kindly help of the Askerswell lay reader, Mr. Leslie Smith, in administering the chalice, kept the queue between pew and altar moving nicely. Another kindly soul had put a tilley lamp to light the churchyard path and arranged with certain worshippers to pump it up as they passed. There was a surprisingly large number of communicants at the eight o'clock on Christmas morning, but not enough to prevent the Vicar getting a glimpse before he went on to Dottery of the

magnificent I.T.V. carol service by his son-in-law Richard Lloyd at Durham Cathedral. At Dottery the faithful were in force for nine o'clock communion; and for the ten o'clock at Askerswell the nave was full. The day's services ended nicely with another full church at Loders at eleven, when the Sunday School sang beautifully four carols from the chancel step. Communicants altogether were 250.

Mr. and Mrs. Stobblings have disposed of their bungalow in New Road, Uploders, to Miss Elizabeth Sykes of Toller, and gone to live at St. Andrew's Well, Bridport, where they have become neighbours of our faithful Miss Bowyer. It is good news that they hope their connection with Loders, which we value, will not cease.

The Patriarch of Dottery, Mr. Cecil Marsh, is agog with the experience of his first visit to hospital. Hard work on the farm had given him no time for doctors and hospitals, so a natural fear of the unknown made him wary of going in. But they made such a fuss of him and the nurses were so nice that he would not mind going back. And aren't the surgeons wonderful. They dug a nasty looking termagant out of the back of his hand and filled up the hole with a bit of his leg, and here "leg" is not a euphemism for another part of the anatomy.

With their advantage of camera and weekly publication, the local press have "beaten us to it" in acclaiming the golden wedding of Mr. Fred Marsh and his wife Minnie, of Askerswell. But when the Rector did call to offer the homage of the parish, he had the advantage of finding them relaxed and reminiscent after all the excitement. Fred is 84, and Minnie 76, and they live in a little bungalow in the farm of their son, East Hembury, home of a famous Hereford Hord. Fred left school at twelve. When work was slack on his father's farm, he used to put in some time at the Bothenhampton Brick Potteries, leaving Shatcombe at 5 a.m. to walk to Bothenhampton to begin at 6 a.m. He had a quarter hour for lunch, three quarters of an hour dinner, and left work at 6 p.m. The week finished at 2 p.m. on Saturday. The pay was 12/-, but then, beer was 2d pint, Woodbines 2d packet, and "the butcher would chuck the innards of a pig at thee for nothing". Farming on their own account showed the real extent of the Marsh capacity for work, Minnie would be making butter and Fred scything corn both at 3 a.m. He recollected getting up one morning and telling his horse Punchy they had a hard day before them ("You must tell the horse first"). They cut four acres of grass in the morning, carted coke in the afternoon, then with a pitchfork he put up six acres of hay and finished at 10 p.m. "Work don't hurt 'ee. I could earn pounds while others were earning shillings as there is nothing like a family farm, and nothing like sons to work it, he was careful to sire five - "and no daughters, mark you". Eventually work got a bit the better of him. He could not do it justice. So he sold out, and came to live near Tom, "a good lad, who likes to keep an eye on us and pops out each day."

Well Plot, Loderr has lost Mrs. Flossie Good, who died unexpectedly in Bridport hospital, and was buried in her late husband's grave in Bridport cemetery, after service in Bridport Parish Church. For many years she lived in the defunct and dilapidated Bell Inn, as a tenant of Yonderover Farm. People marvelled that she could live alone and in such conditions on the outskirts of the parish, but she loved it and regretted being moved by the authorities to Well Plot. Incidentally, passers-by who might well have marvelled at the array of empty bottles outside her front door did not know that they were there for a kind neighbour to fill with water. Her well was full of old bedsteads.

Dr. Ian Findlay died peacefully at Askers House the day before Christmas Eve. He was 68. He had been working up till September. A new comer to Askerswell, he soon got to love it, and to share wholeheartedly, if unobtrusively, in its life. His illness was a trying one, requiring constant attention, but his wife and family, with the help of neighbours, contrived to keep him well looked after in the home he loved. The osteon in which the village held him was shown by a well filled church for his funeral. Burial was in the churchyard. Contributions were made to Cancer Research in his memory.

It was the Vicar's privilege to be guest preacher at the famous City church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, at the Advent Sunday evensong. In that pulpit where the Heavy Ordnance of the Church are wont to fire their rockets, he felt a mere sparkler. But he also sensed the niceness of the Rector and congregation, which included London members of his family and friends, and he will always remember that evening with pleasure. After the customary coffee with the congregation in the cloister, he and his wife adjourned to a sumptuous supper in the Barbican, given in their honour.

Services in January

Loders.	2nd	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	9th	HC 8, Matins 11, Childrer 2.
	16th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	23rd	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	30th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell	2nd	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	9th	Matins 10, 16th Family Service 10.23rd HC 10. 30th Matins 10.

A coming event. Our new Rural Dean, Bishop Geoffrey Tiarks, is busy getting to know the parishes in his deanery. He has arranged to preach at a 6.30 p.m. evensong at Askerswell on Sunday 13th March, and at 11 a.m. matins at Loders on Sunday 27th March. Bishop Tiarks will be remembered by some as Vicar of Lyme Regis, and as a former naval chaplain. From Lyme he took off as Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight, then went into orbit as senior chaplain to Archbishop Ramsay of Canterbury, and then Bishop of Maidstone. It is good for us that he should have splashed down close to where he took off, and, for ample measure, should be living in the cottage of a former Loders churchwarden, Colonel Donald Scott, at Netherbury. He should have a wealth of experience to weave into his sermons.

Loders has beaten Askerswell to it in having a meeting about the Queen's silver jubilee. Mr. Ronald Price, chairman of the parish council, presided over a meeting of twenty parishioners, which for Loders is a large number. They hammered out a tentative programme for the afternoon of 7th June. It will begin with a fancy dress procession for children and adults, continue with children's sports, a ladies versus gents cricket match, and a free-for-all tea; and end with a barbecue and bonfire. There is to be, of course, a special religious service, a competition for the best decorated house, and souvenirs for couples married in the parish in Coronation Year (1952) and still living in it, most of the events to be paid for by a house to house collection and money raising functions, although the main financial object will be the Queen's Jubilee Fund. A perusal of the church marriage register for 1952 has shown that there were five - Chater - Scott; Churchill-Read; Jones-Tucker; Gill-Greening; and Hansford-Peckham. But none of these couples lives in the parish now.

The Askerswell annual church meeting was well attended. There are now seventy adults on the church roll; and the statement of accounts for the year ending 31st Dec. 1976 showed a balance in hand of £148.98. Collections had increased by £150 to £477.98. Receipts from all sources came to £1385.86 and payments to £1408.35. Thanks were accorded the church officers for their devotion to duty, to the congregation for their regular attendance, and to the donors of furnishings. Mrs. Garrard, who has been succeeded by Miss Marion Barrow as leader of the Sunday School, was specially thanked for her years of exemplary service.

Captain Michael Lumby and Mr. Jack Stevens were re-appointed churchwardens of Askerswell. Mrs. G. Bellis was re-elected secretary and Mrs. G. Bryan treasurer. Elected to the church council were Messrs. N. Frost, S. Barrow, N. Marsh, Group Captain Newall and Major Gordon Hall; Mesdames Mabb, Savage, and Bryan. Sidesmen Messrs. G. Bryan, M. Evans, S. Barrow and Group Captain Newall. Fund raising committee Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Evans, with power to co-opt.

A writer of "The Guardian" says "A pub is the social and convivial centre of a community. The closing of its only pub can kill a village and turn it into an unorganic huddle of dwellings". Whether this will be true of Dottery remains to be seen. Its only pub, The Blue Ball, has closed, and will be for sale. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hill, the last incumbents, took only fourteen months to discover that it is not a viable pursuit, as it seems to have been when the old thatched pub was burnt down in 1951 and the present one built. The good old malt worms who used to patronise it have gone the way of all flesh or to new dwellings in Bridport, and one of its best ornaments, Mr. Stanley Smith, is permanently "on the shelf" at his home in New Close, lucky to have survived an illness that would have extinguished ten teetotallers. We suspect that a feeling that it was he who punctured The Blue Ball is now soothing the frustration of his enforced inactivity.

A suggestion. A public spirited parent attending the Christmas play at Loders School observed that it needs interior redecoration. The money supply to the County Council is, according to them, down to a trickle, and they must use it only for essential repairs for the foreseeable future. The parent aforesaid offered to do the decoration if other parents, or volunteers, would lend a hand. This spirit is admirable, but the difficulties are great, and the job itself a big one. There would be the clearing of the rooms, the preliminary cleaning of the walls, the erection of scaffolding, and the pinpointing of times that would suit the volunteers and the school. Insurance would also have to be arranged. The cost of materials would be the least of the problems. A counter suggestion is that parents and friends of the school might set about raising the money to have the job done by a professional, preferably a nice local with a personal interest in the school who would not "sting them". The headmaster and the vicar would be pleased to hear what people think. The school now has sixty-three children and three full time teachers (no unwieldy classes here). At Well Plot the new playing field has been sown, and should be in use this year, which will be a great boon. The County have agreed to mow the part used by the school.

The older residents of Askerswell will like to know that we have heard from Miss Wilkinson (now living at Hove), one of the four retired teachers who used to live in Mrs. Findlay's house in The Square, known to the peasantry as "The Ladies". She writes:

"Exactly twenty years this very month have passed since we left Askerswell. Much has happened in that time. Both Miss Croxson and Miss Webb have passed on. Miss Norah Croxson is now living in Heathfield Priory. In those twenty years the Parish Notes have never missed coming to me each month, and I do enjoy reading the activities of the village, although, naturally, the names of some residents are now to me ... In the new year I shall often be turning my thoughts to Dorset. My best wishes to you all". We wonder if Miss Wilkinson can recall that general election when The Ladies had a picture of their candidate inside their front window, and somebody fitted a picture of a rival candidate exactly over it on the outside of the window. Thus did the posters remain for some days until somebody congratulated one of The Ladies on "having seen the light at last".

The church unity service comfortably filled the Uploders chapel on a weeknight. It was conducted by the Reverend Norman Skinner, of the Bridport United Reformed Church, who said the chapel was one hundred and fifty years old this year. The vicar gave the address. Almost certainly he was the first vicar of Lodors or of anywhere to have done this. Seven different Christian denominations were represented at the service. At the kind invitation of Mrs. Netta Taylor many of the congregation crowded into nearby Pine Cottage for refreshments afterwards, and learned most pleasurably why Mr. Skinner had urged people, or some at any rate, to come to the service fasting. It was not that he was getting superbly ecumenical with Lent in mind, for Ash Wednesday is not before 23rd February.

Some of our small boys are members of the Bridport Cub Scouts, which are led by our Mrs. Diana Wrixon, of Boarsbarrow. They have lately won a shield for raising £101 in two years for the World Wildlife Fund. Their moneymaking schemes included a nature trail at Lodors, and a "sponsored silence," which sounds a good thing in this noisy world. Farmers' wives generally are renowned for their thriftiness, and Diana is no exception. She has her twenty-four boys collecting ring tops of cans towards a kidney machine for Bridport hospital, and selling jam jars at a penny each for their own funds.

Lodors Sunday School had an evening round the vicarage fire which by all accounts was to their liking. Mrs. Price ran the games, and Mrs. Willmott saw to the provender. A four-hour session ended with the ritual dismantling of the Christmas decorations.

The late Mrs. Mary Northover was buried in the grave of her late husband at Dottery after a simple service in the church. He died ten years ago. The family then lived at Atrin. They are now in St. Andrew's Road. Mrs. Northover was 65.

The seemingly unbreakable sequence of boys in Uploders was maintained when Christopher Kynon was born to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hill, of Trossachs, on 14th Jan. at Dorchester. Another boy, James Andrews, had been born there to Mr. and Mrs. Draper, of Well Plot, on 7th Jan. In keeping with Lodors' tradition, the first born of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Willmott at St. Alban's hospital on 23rd Jan. was a daughter, Joanna Clare.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Symes, of Vinney Cross, on the fortieth anniversary of their wedding. They were at early service on 23rd Jan. at Lodors, and our beloved in-the-Lord, Jack McDowall, put two and two together - rightly! Their daughter Janet, of Ferndown, and son Terence, of Salwayash, joined them with their spouses, and three each of children, and a convivial time was had by all.

Lieut. Commander Christopher Clay, his wife Janet, their six month old child Simon, and their friend Miss Ruth Hardwick, have taken up residence in the newest of Askerswell's houses, next to the Barrows. Lt. Commander Clay is a helicopter pilot, doing home study for a course at Greenwich. He has worked with, and is an admirer of, our Lieut. Christopher Hill, of Furbeck Close. Miss Hardwick is a retired pharmacist. She is 92, and considered herself a phenomenon until she was told of the supersonic Mrs. Dora Boyd of Uploders, who indulged herself on her 92nd birthday by flying in Concord to Washington.

We have left ourselves little room for the Askerswell new year party. But it has already been well reported, with a good picture, and was a great success.

Services in February

Lodors.	6th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	13th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	20th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	Ash Wednesday, Children 9.15. Communion 10.
	27th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	6th. Children 10. Evensong 6.30
	13th. Matins 10, 20th Family Service 10.
	Ash Wednesday, Communion 11. 27th. HC 10.
Dottery.	6th HC 9.30. All others at 3.

The visit of Bishop Geoffrey Tiarks to Askerswell church for 6.30 evensong on Sunday 13th March requires an alteration in the usual order of services. On March 6th the service will be matins at 10 with nothing in the evening, and the Sunday School service will be moved to Sunday the 13th at 10 a.m. Dottery will have no service on Sunday the 6th. The communion will be on Sunday the 13th at 9.30 a.m. The Bishop's visit to Loders for 11 a.m. matins on Passion Sunday, the 27th, will need no adjustments. We trust that the response to the Bishop's initiative in coming to us will be a full muster of the faithful on each occasion.

The christening of Daniel Raymond Anthony Clark at Askerswell on 2nd January passed un-noted in last month's Notes, and so robbed that issue of its main interest for the parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles of the young gentleman concerned. We cannot account for the lapse, although the date - the day after New Year's Day - may have had some bearing on it, and we apologise. Daniel may have had a premonition, we hear that the loving smiles he bestowed on the Rector at the font he made the christening party pay for afterwards.

Askerswell's plan for celebrating the Queen's silver jubilee was formulated at a well attended meeting presided over by Group Captain Newall. On Saturday 19th March, at 10.30 a.m., a red horse-chestnut tree is to be planted in place of the elm commemorating Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which has died and is in process of cremation. The planting will be done by Linda and Diana Marsh, of West Hombury Farm, who are the youngest members of the oldest family in the parish. There will be coffee afterwards at Court Farm at 25p a head, the proceeds going to the Queen's Jubilee Fund. On Jubilee Day, 6th June, when the Queen lights her bonfire, the parish will do likewise at a barbecue near Group Captain Newall's Dutch barn at Twogates, east of Eggardon, the celebrants bringing their own food and drink. The bonfire will have the honour to be supervised by Mr. Stanley Barrow, security officer of the Winfrith atomic power station. If fine, there will be games, and the Dutch barn will take care of what happens if wet. There are reckoned to be 21 young people in the village under 18, and they are to receive coronation mugs. At church there will be a jubilee evensong on the first Sunday in June.

The regular Sunday morning congregation at a village church may, and certainly does at Loders, contain members distinguished in their various vocations. But, oddly, it is sometimes a dear little old lady exuding the air of Cranford's Miss Matty who has done the valorous things and had the hair raising adventures. Miss Mary Bowyer, who has long attended Loders church with her friend Miss Hannah Hancock, is one such. The Great War impelled her to do what we thought only boys did; she put up her age and became a nurse on the hospital ship Britannic. On its way through the mine infested waters of the Aegean to pick up wounded from the beaches of Gallipoli the Britannic was sunk with the loss of 21 lives. Miss Bowyer was fished out of the sea by a destroyer. In Athens some benign British official gave her £1 for a refit, and she spent the rest of her war helping with the appalling casualties at a base hospital in France. But she had not finished with the Britannic. Last summer the French underwater explorer Commander Jacques Cousteau examined the Britannic and found that it had been torpedoed in the hull. He made a film of it. Later he advertised in the Times for any survivors of the Britannic to contact him. Sixty years had elapsed since the ship sank, but the former Miss Shicla Macbeth, now the 84 yr old Mrs. Mitchell (whose husband is 91) responded, and was taken down to the Britannic by Cousteau in his famous diving bell. It turned out that there are now only nine survivors of a crew and nursing staff of 1000. Cousteau laid on a dinner for them the other day at the Russell Hotel, Bloomsbury, and our Miss Bowyer was one of the nine. The dinner was sumptuous, she said, but she could not satisfy Miss Hannah's curiosity as to what exactly it consisted of. Carlyle should be turning in his grave and repenting his reference to "ancient virginity tripping lightly to matins".

The Dottery congregation learnt with regret and many affectionate thoughts of the death of Miss Ann Gibbs, a former member. Like Uploders, Dottery has its Rose Cottage, and here Miss Gibbs would take leave of her spinning wheel, her loom and her dog, to attend service, to visit sick friends, or to swell the ranks of the women's Institute. At present her little thatched cottage looks forlorn. The would-be developer is finding it as difficult to modernise as he would have its former owner.

"Rookhams," on the Dorchester road below The Travellers' Rest, is by contrast a red brick bungalow, quite urban looking until you catch sight of the Rhode Island hens enjoying their free range at the side. Until recently it housed a domestic establishment that Thomas Hardy would have appreciated the savour of. Two farmers, brothers, Joe and Jack Osborne (Joe retired with a weak heart), and Joe's wife Bonita, a former nurse, were the establishment. Appreciating Bonita's superior intelligence, and her Cassius - like genius for looking quite through the deeds of men, the brothers were content to let her do all their thinking and most of their speaking, and the smooth running of the establishment that ensued was proof of their wisdom. Now that death has deprived the trinity of its senior member Joe, the Vicar regrets his failure to enjoy their company more often. They were people of their word. At fete time their generous

donation was usually accompanied by a promise to leave garden produce for the stalls in the vicarage yard, and the promise never failed to be kept. The funeral was at Beaminster church, in whose parish the Osbornes farmed before coming to Uploders thirteen years ago. Before that they farmed at West Camel, and before that at Horfield, Bristol. Cannon Galloway conducted the church service, and the Vicar the committal. Donations in lieu of flowers were divided between Beaminster and Loders church repair funds, for which many thanks. A similar kindness was done by the relatives of the late Mrs. Ada Bunnell, of Allington, who gave the donations to Loders church.

The paragraph in our last issue telling of the intention of Loders Jubilee committee to give presents to couples married in the Jubilee year and still living in the parish, has drawn a letter from Mrs. Robin Chater (nee Alison Scott) who would have qualified had she been living here and not near Matlock. She playfully suggests that constant reading of the Parish Notes ought to be an alternative qualification. She says "Robin and I were so thrilled to see our names in the Parish Notes, and meant to write earlier to tell you how much we thought of you on our silver wedding day. We had a lovely party at Donalds' house in Hampton to which we asked all our brothers and sisters and their children, 25 in all. Ian (her doctor brother) came over from America, which was a great treat. Robin and I started the day by going to Holy Communion at Hampton Court Chapel, which was really lovely, so peaceful and such beauty all round us ... Angus (her son) is enjoying his job in the timber firm and has developed tremendous shoulder muscles. Judy (her daughter) excels at games, history, geography and riding... My Sunday School is such a good group this year" (here follows something about the vicar there). Alison is fondly remembered by Loders choir. They did for her what they would have done for no body else. They were coming up the church path from choir practise one night when they met her coming to it from the grooming of her horse Rocket. They went back with her to church and did it all again.

The wine and cheese party run by the hall committee in Loders village hall was easily their best effort yet, and the best supported, thanks no doubt to the zeal of whoever did a house to house distribution of bills about it beforehand. Flags festooned the hall; it was warm; and a congenial company enjoyed the fare provided, and proved ready customers of a bring and buy stall and for raffle tickets. The profit, for hall funds, was about £30 on takings of £51.95.

The great heap of shrubbery on the public green at Well Plot looked like a provision for the Queen's Jubilee bonfire, but it was not. It was only a headache and a backache for Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Woollard, the new occupants of the late Mrs. Good's bungalow. They had to clear all this out of the garden to find the garden. They could not burn it on the garden; for that would be too near the bungalow; and they were not allowed to burn it on the green, so Mr. Woollard is taking it away, one fagot at a time, tied to the roof of his car. We thought it best to ask its destination. We hope this will not cure him and his wife Maira of their love for the Dorset countryside. Mr Woollard is no stranger to many of us. He is a social worker based on the Bridport Health Centre. His wife was teaching until ill health forced her to give up.

The new housing estate near Loders school has been named High Acres by the Men from the Ministry. The amiable Mr. Bill Buddon, considered by the disgruntled conservationists to be the villain of the piece, has doubtless discovered, and to his delight, that they call it Buddon's Folly, rendering him immortal. With only a third of the houses built, it looks on the inside like a builder's yard, but the residents we have so far found at home have eyes only for the bewitching view of Loders that the site undoubtedly commands. Those of them who are refugees from the city are inclined to call it Paradise Alley. At Number Six are Mr. Richard Plow and his wife Rainey. He is a retired engineer from Ford's, a Londoner who thinks London should be the centre of the world and does not want to go back till it is. They have a son and daughter and three grand-daughters. A portrait of their youngest daughter who died at thirteen is THE feature of the living room. At Number Three are Mr. Sidney Nash and his wife Valerie. They were in South Wales with I.C.I. He retired early, "fed up with the rat race," and has retired to his old haunts, to fish for prawns at West Bay and play golf. His wife and he were at the old Bridport Grammar School together. His father, who died twenty five years ago, used to be manager of Whitmore's. At Number Two are Mr. George Haskins, his wife Pauline, and two children Stuart and Lisa. The children are now quite at home in Loders school. Mr. Haskins is a fireman at Westland Aircraft. Number Seven is the off duty home of Mr. and Mrs. Child, of the Nettlecombe Marquis of Lorne. As would be expected, the developer, Mr. George Lee, and Mrs. are at Number One.

Services in March

Loders.	6th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	13th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	20th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Mothering Service 2.
	27th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	6th. Matins 10. 13th. Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	20th. Family Service 10. 27th HC 10.
Dottery.	13th. HC 9.30. 20th Evensong 3. 27th Evensong 3.

The stump of the dead Victorian jubilee elm was a magnet that drew the patriots of Askerswell on a March Saturday morning to the point where the road from Dorchester divides towards the church and The Square. Beside the stump was a young horse chestnut to commemorate the jubilee of the second Queen Elizabeth, which Mr. Geoffrey Bellis had begun the planting of, and the youngest members of the oldest family in the parish, Linda and Diane Marsh, were to complete. The chairman of the parish assembly, Group Captain Newall, told the company what they were there for, and then gently directed the filling in of the hole with a silvery spade, and the trowelling-in of daffodil bulbs by the little girls, who were given the trowels as a memorial of the occasion. A proud beholder of the spectacle was Mrs. Monica Bartlett, the senior of the Marsh family. The Group Captain invited the company to consider beautifying with shrubs and flowers the triangle of ground which the spreading chestnut tree will be gracing. The company then slowly filtered into the welcome warmth of the drawing room of Court Farm, where they were plied with coffee and cakes at twenty-five pence a cup, which was prodigiously cheap with coffee nearing £4 a pound. Grateful thoughts focussed on Mr and Mrs. George Bryan for their hospitality, and for giving the jubilee tree.

Loders, as yet, is showing no outward and visible sign of jubilee, but those busy little bees, the Brownies, have been doing things for it in their own superbly efficient way. One day we heard they were having a rummage sale for jubilee funds in the school. Next day we heard they had made £72. So pleased were the Brownies with this, that they got "cocky", and presented £5 to the 1st Bradpole Guides, who are mostly Loders and Askerswell girls, and who were holding a rummage sale of their own at Bradpole to raise the wherewithal for a tent. But this Brownie benevolence inspired cockiness in the Guides, and they made £117.50, which will more than cover their tent. So sockiness has its uses. Mrs. Raymond Crabb, proud mother of a gaggle of Guides and Brownies asks us to be sure to thank all who gave so generously to "the cause". Her four girls collected £38.53 by selling raffle tickets before and at the sale.

The regulars of Dottery, which is a sadly depopulating hamlet, said they would like a Johnston christening once a month at least, because it always produces a congregation of harvest festival proportions. Sunday, the 27th February, was no exception. There was a great gathering of the clan for the christening of Christopher David, the first born of David and Peta Johnston. His behaviour was exemplary like his young cousin, who often attends Communion in his cot.

The heap of shrubbery on Well Plot green, Loders, which at first sight seemed something to do with the impending jubilee bonfire, has drawn a lengthy letter from Mr. Frank Good, son of the late tenant of the bungalow out of whose curtilage the heap was extracted. He maintains that it came, not from the garden proper, but from the hedge dividing the bungalow from number fourteen which both neighbours had allowed to grow by agreement to secure their respective privacies. That "the heap had to be cleared out of the garden to find the garden" by the new tenant was untrue, because "last year, 1976, my wife and I spent most of our time there clearing and cropping the garden..... Other residents of Well Plot know very well these are the true facts of the matter and we're upset by your report." And so it will be seen that our two sources of information disagree, although they are both first hand. We make our exit in the spirit of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream -- "If we offend, it is with our good will". The heap has now gone, and not all in parcels tied to the roof of the new tenant's car. Finding the hire of a lorry too costly, he burned the rest of the heap in the garden of the bungalow, helped by a sympathetic neighbour.

Our Yoga enthusiasts may like to know of a less strenuous and more Christian way of keeping fit. Our Footpath Liaison Officer for Loders, Mrs. Jessica Dunn, is, to quote her, "very anxious that everyone should appreciate the considerable network of attractive public footpaths and bridleways within the parish boundaries". She is arranging a series of walks during the summer to which everyone is invited. The first is on May Day, beginning at The Crown, Uploders, and covering about 4 miles.

The beginning of summer time has stated a trickle of tourists to Loders church. One from the Isle of Man has written in the visitors' book "May the love of God be with you all", and another from the same place "May the Gospel of the Lord Jesus be proclaimed within these walls". The vicar is sorry he was not about to thank them for the blessing, and to assure them that the Gospel is proclaimed. The Gospel is the glad tidings that the crucified redeemer left his tomb gloriously alive on Easter day. Were this not true, there would be no church in Loders, or anywhere else. So Easter is the day when every Christian "shows the flag". There is a good choice of services in our locality:- Holy communion at 8 and 12 noon at Loders, and at 9 at Dottery and at 10 at Askerswell; natins at 11 and children at 2 at Loders: a christening at 3 and evensong at 6.30 at Askerswell.

Our three churches kept Mphthering Sunday in their own characteristic way. In Askerswell the Sunday School brought offerings of flowers to the altar at the beginning of family service, and distributed them to the congregation at the end of it. In Dottery little Angela Johnston waylaid the congregation as they left church, and gave them paper baskets of primroses. In Loders Mrs. Willmott's congregation were happily surprised to be joined by old friends from Weymouth, the Noblets and their friends, who filled two

pews. After service the children went through the village leaving their bunches of flowers at the homes of senior citizens. They did it to a background of thunder and lightning, and dodged the heavy showers.

It was blowing the proverbial half a gale when Bishop Geoffrey Tiarks came to preach in Askerswell. He was surprised to find the church comfortably full on such a night, and left in no doubt as to whether or not it was redundant. The Women's Institute informal choir functioned again, leading the sung parts of the service as to the manner born. This was the first service in Askerswell to be graced by a bishop in sixteen years.

At the annual meeting of Loders ringers Mr. Harry Crabb was re-elected captain, Mrs. Cynthia Mudford vice captain, and Mr. Frank Good secretary and treasurer. The vicar renewed Mr. Crabb's appointment as tower warden, and thanked him for all the work he put into the mechanism of the bells. The vicar thanked the other ringers, and said how proud and grateful he was to have his two towers of Loders and Askerswell manned - and manned - every Sunday without fail, when so many parishes could not keep one tower functioning properly.

Tucked away in the Close of Salisbury Cathedral is a fine old house which a nameplate proclaims to be "The Loders Canonry". At present it is occupied by the Venerable Wingfield Digby, Archdeacon of Sarum. The house was originally allotted to the Abbot of Montebourg, in Normandy, as a lodging when he came over to perform his duties as canon of the prebend of Loders, whose priory belonged to his abbey of Montebourg. At the Reformation King Henry the Eighth suspended seven of the prebends of Salisbury cathedral, including the prebend of Loders. The present Bishop, Dr. Reindorp, has revived the seven prebends, presumably because he has more clergy he wishes to honour than he has canonries for. It was announced recently that he had bestowed the canonry of the revived prebend of Loders on the Rev. K.G.W. Prior, Vicar of Longfleet, Poole. The Dean and Chapter of Salisbury have invited the Vicar of Loders to be present at Mr. Prior's installation in the cathedral on May 30th.

People do not usually whisper to each other when they are queued up for Communion, but Mrs. Flening, one of Loders senior communicants, could not contain the exciting news that at long last she had become a grandmother, bless her! Timothy George was born on March 14th to Catherine and John Flening, of Wells. He was eight and three quarter pounds. Congratulations.

A letter from the former Joy Norman, once a choir member of Askerswell, and now Mrs. Roddman, of the U.S.A., keeps the ball rolling between the expatriate "old girls" of Askerswell. She says "We still keep in close contact with Dorset and Mary my sister sends me the Notes each month. We were interested to read the item about Mrs. Wrixon and the cub scouts, as our son Richard attended one of their meetings last October, was kindly shown over Bearsbarrow by her afterwards, and now Richard and her son John write to each other frequently. I enjoyed reading news of Miss Wilkinson. How well I remember The Ladies, especially the folk dancing on Thursday evenings. I look forward to an evensong at Askerswell this summer."

A wine and cheese evening at Loders Mill, with Lady Laskey as hostess, was much enjoyed by a company numbering about forty, and made £38 for the jubilee fund.

Another nice family has come to live at High Acres, Loders. It consists of Leonard Le Masurier, his wife Anne, and their children John, aged eight, Louise five, and Philip three. The name is a Jersey one, but they came to Loders from King's Langley, Herts. John is already in Loders choir.

The Rev. Neil Howells, who is very much at home in his cottage in Loders, and in Loders church, when his duties as Rural Dean of Newbury and Rector of Wickham permits, has been appointed Vicar of Bray, a parish famous in song, and even more demanding than his present charge. He hopes to take over in November. Our best wishes will go with him and his wife Olive.

The death of Mr. Joe Legg, of Court Cottages, came as a great shock to his family, his neighbours, and the large circle of his friends. He had returned to his garage after doing a few errands, and died before he could get out of the car. He was sixty five, and his life had been remarkably free of illness. At the time of writing, his funeral was impending. More of him in our next issue.

Services in April

Loders.	3rd	HC8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	7th	Maundy Thursday HC 8.
	8th	Good Friday, Litany 9, Devotional 11.
	10th	Easter Day, HC 8 & 12 noon, Matins 11, Children 2.
	17th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	24th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell	3rd	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	8th	Good Friday, Devotional 10. 10th Easter Day, HC10 Evensong 6.30
	17th	Family Service 10, 24th Matins 10.

May, 1977

A Loders parish meeting made final arrangements for the local celebration of the Queen's silver jubilee on June 7th. Children of sixteen years and under are to be given jubilee mugs, half of which have all ready been provided by Lady Laskey. Housebound parishioners are to be given three pounds worth of groceries each. The Women's Institute are to give the village children a tea in the village hall, and cups of tea only to adults who care to join them. Householders are expected to vie with each other in the decoration of their houses, but there will be no prizes for this. A sum of £135.15 has already been raised to cover expenses. This appears to be more than sufficient. The surplus will be given to the Queen's jubilee fund, and it is hoped that this will be increased by donations put in envelopes to be delivered to each house. Whether or not there is to be a permanent jubilee memorial for the village is to be determined later. The timetable for June 7th is :- Fancy dress parade 2 p.m.; Children's sports 3; Ladies versus gents cricket match 3.30; Tea 4.30; Barbecue at Loders Court 8.30. Mr. Robin Wells was to have done the barbecue on a professional basis, but a demand for his services from Bradpole, where he lives, and Powerstock, has put this in doubt. The meeting was assured that Brownies and Guides would fill the breach if required.

People are asking the date of the May fair at Loders school. This is not only the most popular event in our year: it is the sole replenisher of the school fund, which supplies amenities that the education authority doesn't. It will be on the last Saturday in May, the 20th, at 2.30 p.m., and Lady Laskey has kindly consented to crown the May Queen.

The fear of our church decorators that the primroses and the daffodils might be over before Easter were not well founded. They were in good supply, and were used to fine effect in the company of abundant garden flowers, and those hot house beauties the madonna and arum lilies and carnations. Jubilee had imparted a red, white and blue motif to the borders leading up to Loders church, and they were in their prime on Easter day. Easter is a time for Communion. If the proportion of our population which made theirs were characteristic of the whole country, then the churches could not contain them. We had 219 communicants in all (Loders 149, Askerswell 50 and Dottery 20). At Loders matins, church and chancel were tightly packed. The churchwarden was getting eight adults into pews meant for six. Despite being packed like sardines, the choir gave an excellent account of themselves, especially in their anthem, variations on the theme of "Jesus Christ is risen today." They enjoyed the fortification of Mrs. Deacon, over from Dorchester, and of Commander Jimmy James, who had left the shadowing of the Russian fishing fleet to others. Church collections on Easter Day are, under recent legislation, an important part of parson's stipend. Ours amounted to £139.84 (Loders £92.14, Askerswell £42.30 and Dottery £5.40). The Vicar is grateful to all contributors, visible and invisible.

As the faithful trooped down the path to Loders church for the early Easter communion they were unaware of the drama that had occurred shortly before under the flag fluttering from the church tower. The Vicar's younger son, Chuck who went up the tower to run up the flag, was followed by his black Labrador Holly, who jumped the tower parapet and fell eighty feet to the Court lawn, mercifully not to the tombstone area on the south side. The impression his body made on the lawn may still be seen from the tower parapet. Mr. Cranwell, a vet, happened to be thinking of attending the Loders communion when he was telephoned and found himself tending the wounded Holly instead. Xrays showed that the injuries, amazingly, were confined to two broken front legs. The School of Veterinary Science at Bristol University warned to an enterprising dog like Holly, and operated on him. He is back at the vicarage, with his front legs in plaster, otherwise fit as a fiddle, constrained for the time being to occasional limps round the lawn. At present he is making a kennel of the study with the Vicar. As Mrs. Willmott's yellow Labradors are entrenched in the dining room, there are now two rooms in the Vicarage for tramps and tradesmen to be wary of.

Easter is traditionally a time for christenings, and we had two. At Loders the Bible class was augmented by a large muster of the Kenway clan for that of Mark David, the first-born of David and Judith Kenway. He makes the eternally youthful Mrs. Reginald Kenway a step-grandmother. She was better known in Loders as Peggy Pitcher. At Askerswell the Royal Navy and their appendages were out in strength for the christening of Simon Robert James, the first-born of Lieut. Commander Christopher, and Janice, Clay. They were greatly taken by the Easter attire of the font, and its pavement of moss, with "Christ is risen" picked out in primroses. Reverting to grandmothers - the former Heather Osborne, of Uploders, was with her father and husband in Loders churchyard trimming for Easter her late mother's grave, and we learned from her, the erstwhile belle of Uploders, that she has been made a grandmother by her daughter Teresa and husband. What are we ancients doing here? It is later than we think.

The church officers of Loders approximate so nearly to the annual church meeting's idea of perfection that they were all re-appointed, with the exception of Miss

Penelope Glover, who had indicated that life in her new abode in Allington would be easier minus the responsibility of representing Lodors on the Deanery synod. Before he could say Jack Robinson, Mr. Maurice Lawson found himself in the driving seat of the Lodors delegation to the Synod.

Lodors and Dottery church accounts were deemed satisfactory by the meeting. Lodors receipts were £2165.97, expenses £2061.66, and credit balance £104.31. A sum of £992 had gone to the church repair fund from the fete. Dottery receipts were £227.98, expenses £89.52, and credit balance £138.46. A sum of £157.72 was in the repair fund.

Lodors fete will be at The Court by kind invitation of the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hood on Saturday, Aug. 6th. The fund raising committee of Askerswell church are proposing to have a fete on Saturday, July 23rd. It would be based, medieval fashion, on The Square, with attractions of various sorts in the adjacent gardens. Mr. George Hyde, of Uploders, is offering the parish a couple of seven year old English oaks for Jubilee planting. He grew them from acorns, to his complete satisfaction.

Not so very long ago the Lord Bishop of Salisbury was finding confirmation services over the two counties of Wiltshire and Dorset so demanding that he was toying with the idea of holding them at a few centres, changing each year. Being a small unit, our three parishes were expected to ask for only one confirmation in four years. But local mothers of aspiring candidates have pointed to press pictures of bishops taking confirmations for less than a dozen candidates in neighbouring churches. So the situation seems to have changed. Retired bishops find Salisbury diocese such a magnet that we have twelve of them living here, beside our own three active ones. It is fairly safe to say we can look forward to a confirmation in Lodors next Palm Sunday.

The late Mr. Reginald Trump, who died in Allington at the age of 75, was a useful man in Dottery when he lived there a quarter century ago. Those were the days when men had their hair cut, and they went to Mr Trump in the old Gardeners Arms for the operation. It could last for hours; for like all good barbers he was an authority on every interesting subject. His funeral at Yeovil crematorium was attended by a large congregation, and the Vicar officiated. The ashes were put in his late wives' grave at Dottery. She died in 1952.

The late Mr. Albert May, who seemed indigenous to Uploders, was a native of Punccknowle, and a staunch member of the church choir there. He served his apprenticeship as a printer in Bridport, and worked towards the end of his career in Salisbury and Dorchester. Uploders remembers him for his consuming interest in sport, and Lodors for his regular taxi-ing of his wife to tend the family graves just inside the churchyard gate, where he himself is now buried. The funeral was attended by a sizeable congregation.

Her Majesty the Queen asked for a copy to be sent to her of Mr. Leonard Clark's latest book, "The Inspector Remembers." He is the first inspector of schools to have published a diary, hence the Queen's interest. Acknowledging receipt of the copy, her private secretary said it would be laid before her on her return from her Pacific tour. The hymn Mr. Clark wrote for Lodors church is to be included in a general publication.

Lodors village hall committee did something to assuage Bridport's insatiable thirst for jumble by holding a sale of that commodity and a coffee morning in the hall of the United Reformed Church. It made £60, mostly for hall funds.

Boarsbarrow Farm has lately had the melancholy experience of seeing two of its members buried with exceptional honours. First, at Lodors, Mr. Joe Legg, a skilled hodger and stockman, and a true countryman, who died in his car after a life free of illness. Four workmates carried his coffin, and the church was so full that people were standing. Then, at Symondsbury, there were more people in the churchyard than in the church for a memorial service for Commander John Streatfield. Invalided out of the Navy in 1949, he made a brilliant career in agriculture, mastered a pack of foxhounds, chaired the local magistrates, served as Deputy Lieutenant, and best of all, never lost the common touch. Throughout this time he was battling with a malignant disease, that was getting him bit by bit, though he died from heart attacks. Looking at him, who could deny that basic principle of Christianity - No cross, no crown?

Services in May

Lodors.	1st. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. 3th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2. 15th HCS & 12, Matins 11, Chrn. 2 Ascension Day, HC 8, Children 9.15. 22nd HCS, Matins 11, Children 2. 29th Whitsun, HCS & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	1st. Children 10. Evensong 6.30. 8th Matins 10. 15th. Family Service 10 Ascension Day. HC 10. 22nd Matins 10, 29th Whitsun HC 10
Dottery.	1st HC 9.30. 3th Christenings 3. Others by arrangement.

The jollifications with which Loders and Askerswell hope to mark the Queen's Silver Jubilee on Tuesday, June 7th, have been well publicised. It is left to these Notes to publicise the more important part of the celebrations, which are the thanksgiving services on Sunday, June 5th. At Dottery the thanksgiving will be Holy Communion at 9.30 a.m. Loders will do it in the form of Matins at 11 a.m. Girl Guides camping at Boarsbarrow hope to parade at this service. As the Queen is Supreme Governor of the Church of England, and Loders is now the home of her former Ambassador and Plenipotentiary in Vienna, Sir Denis Laskey, the Vicar thought good to ask him to give the address, and he has kindly consented. The Askerswell thanksgiving will be Evensong at 6.30 p.m., and, as there are no ambassadors in Askerswell, the congregation will have to make do with an address from the Rector. The collections will be for the Queen's Jubilee fund. It is her day. What we have to give away is more fittingly bestowed on a cause dear to her than on some public memorial of benefit only to ourselves. The custom of giving yourself something in gratitude for somebody else's well doing is widespread, but rather odd.

It is a good thing for Askerswell church that the aesthetic sense of some members of the congregation is well developed. When Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Rosemary Adams commissioned a splendid new altar frontal to the memory of their respective families, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garrard thought how impossibly shabby the old cocomatting in the nave would look leading up to it. They offered to replace the matting in the nave, and also in the aisle, with carpet, a costly business these days. The offer was accepted with gratitude deep and humble. Captain Lunby seems to have an eye on the old matting for his male and female cricket match on June 7th. But what will the elderly ladies of the congregation do at the next annual church meeting without the matting? Telling how they caught their heels in the holes and would have fallen and cracked their hips but for the nearness of a gallant churchwarden, spiced up the meeting no end, for then, at any rate.

The new postmaster of Bridport, Mr. Arthur Hobbs, has taken up residence in Purbeck Close, Uploders, in the house vacated by the Foote family when they moved to Burton Bradstock. A sort of umbilical cord still connects his wife Peggy and his daughter Ann with their former home, Dorchester, where the former works and the latter is remaining at school for the time being. His son David is at Colfox with a passion for farming that should take him to an agricultural college ere long. Ann is already a learner ringer in Loders tower, and a promising one. The Hobbs have fallen among old friends, for Mr. Shaw, higher up New Road, was in the Post Office with Mr. Hobbs before sociology seduced him.

Mr. Clifford Hughes has joined his wife in their Uploders cottage, and was wielding a paint brush when our representative bade him welcome. He has just extricated himself from Kenya, where he was a lecturer in mathematics at a teacher training college, and is hoping against hope to find a similar job not too far from here. Incidentally, he saw Mr. Ten Bradshaw, of Yondover, and his daughter Joan, in Kenya, and Ten was in fine fettle.

"Woodstock", known better to the old originals of Loders as "Lousey Knap", was soon re-occupied by a new owner after the sudden death of Mrs. Robinson. He is Mr. Leonard Bullen, well known in Bridport as a newsagent, with his wife Betty, who hopes that the sylvan peace of "Woodstock" will improve her health. They have a married son in the Navy and two grandchildren. Mrs. Bullen is an aunt of our Mrs. Shackles, of Well Flot. Askerswell has received a welcome infusion of young life by the arrival at South Eggardon of the Holloways, Mrs. Joanna with her daughters Sophie (9) Penny (6) and Lucy (4). The two elder children will help to make good the loss to Loders school of fifteen seniors to Colfox next term, and doubtless Miss Marion Barrow sees their potential for Askerswell Sunday School. Mr. Paul Stevenson brought them to South Eggardon. He is the new herd manager, and comes from Sturminster Newton.

A christening brought a sizable congregation to Dottery church on May 8th. It was that of Elaine, daughter of Alan and Christine Morris. If church buildings have feelings, this one must have been pleased to see Mr. Morris, for he lives in a state of constant readiness to rush to the rescue when any repair job wants doing.

It was a special pleasure to have the christening in Loders church of Mrs. Charlie Wilkins' grandson, Benjamin James. His parents James and Shirley Pride brought him all the way from Abingdon. Mr. Pride is well remembered for the help he used to give at Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins' scrumptious parties in Loders village hall.

Beneath the thatch of a roof he was rejuvenating on a cottage near the Bradpole level crossing, Mr. Ron Thomas, master thatcher of Loders, found a depositor's book of The Bridport Savings Bank. It begins in the name of George Bishop, son of John Bishop, Loders, in 1862, and ends in that of his widow Susan, in 1879. It begins with a deposit of £1.8.6, and ends with total deposits of £70.16.9. - a fortune in those days. Reference to Loders burial register indicates that George Bishop was a labourer of Upton who died aged thirty-three in 1874, and that his father was also a labourer of Upton who died aged fifty-seven in 1873. The book states that the bank was established December 16, 1817. The Earl of Ilchester was patron. There were thirteen trustees and thirty-two managers. The object of the Bank was "to receive and invest in

government securities such small sums as may be saved from the earnings of Tradesmen, Mechanics, Labourers, Servants and others, affording to such industrious persons the two fold advantage of security and interest. "Business was transacted at the office, Bridport, every Wednesday from one o'clock to two. A note says "Deposits made by married women will be paid to such women unless their husbands shall give notice in writing and require payment to be made to themselves."

The accounts of Loders village hall were presented at the annual parish meeting. They showed a credit balance of £84.19 remaining after expenditure from total receipts of £185.73. The hall improvement fund as a credit balance of £1468.50, after expenditure of £1535.89.

The accounts of Askerswell village hall showed receipts of £298.70, expenses £337.06, and a credit balance of £162.67. The deposit balance was £700.08. The chief item of expenditure was £143.85 for extra space in the shape of a railway container, which was proving very satisfactory. The hall had been fitted with a new (double) front door, and a new back door. Table tennis was proving popular on two nights a week. The Yeovil Football Club Lottery had provided the biggest item in receipts, £136. Amid the vigorous applause of the meeting the chairman, Captain Lunby, presented the first prize of £100 to the winner, the Rector, who proclaimed it an undoubted Act of God coming so soon after the disintegration of his old chain saw.

Askerswell parish assembly re-elected Group Captain Newall chairman for the ensuing year, and noted with satisfaction the granting of its request to be transferred from the Portesham electoral ward to Loders. It shared the chairman's concern that the annual audit had cost one third of the parish income, and wondered whether the auditor was as altruistic as he wished to appear in offering to do it once in three years for the same amount. Jubilee plans were still in a fluid state, and might not have crystallised when these Notes appear, so we venture no further than to say that a distributor of jubilee crowns to children, a bonfire, a barbecue and "a family village celebration" were mentioned.

There is now a glimmer of silver plate enriching the bottles-behind-the-bar as an object of contemplation at The Crown, Uploders. The glimmer is from three cups: a middling sized one which The Crown team won as runners up in Section C of the Bridport Table Skittles League; a big one for annual competition among The Crown skittlers called The Landlord's Trophy; and a small one to be kept by the winner of the Trophy. Competition for the Trophy is intense. The competitors all seem to get sixteen, whatever that may mean.

Askerswell learned with a pang of regret of the death at Shipton Gorge of the lady they had known and liked for years as Mrs. Swaffield. She was the best neighbour and the kindest soul that ever was. Her cup of tea was the unfailing consolation of the bus driver as he turned his great machine in The Square to do once again the mostly empty journey back to Bridport. Perhaps the thing about her that will linger longest in the memory is her inimitable laugh, which seemed to smother her every good turn in a harsh cacophony of Mephistopholean mockery.

Loders is feeling the void left by another good woman, the late Mrs. Winifred Robinson, of Woodstock, who had just completed her plan to retire to Madeira, and had the air ticket in her handbag, when she died giving her usual Friday morning help at a play school in Bridport. Her funeral in Loders which decked the church with flowers, was a moving occasion for everybody who attended.

So many people have been asking the progress of the Labrador Holly who fell eighty feet from the top of Loders tower that it is as well to say here that he has made an amazing recovery, and been returned to his master at Chatham. He has left his mark on the annals of veterinary surgery as well as on the sward beneath the tower.

Services in June

Loders. 5th. HC 8, Jubilee Thanksgiving 11, Children 2.
12th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
19th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
26th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell. 5th. Children 10. Jubilee Thanksgiving 6.30
12th. Matins 10.
19th. Family Service 10.
26th. HC 10.

Dottery. 5th. Jubilee Thanksgiving 9.30.
All others at 3.