

Before some of us have got used to writing 1977 on cheques and letters it is 1978. We offer the warmest seasonal greetings to our readers, especially those who regularly send us Christmas cards and never get one in return.

When parishioner encounters parson in the pre-Christmas rush, parishioner only has time to say whether he will be going to his family for Christmas, or they will be joining him. Our crowded church services, dotted with the bright faces of former parishioners, make us think that more came here for Christmas than went away. A former gardener of Loders Court, Mr. Elston Paul, and his wife Elsie, succeeded in in being at the Loders midnight service after twenty five abortive attempts at getting back to Loders for Christmas. When parson reached Dottery at three minutes to nine on Christmas morning the prospect of a really festive service was not bright. Only one bike and a van were parked outside the church. But inside were several rows of farming families, sitting still as mice, and including many now living far from the parish. At Askerswell the difficulty of finding a parking place among all the cars put the size of the congregation beyond doubt. The family service at Loders was enlivened by a little lady in the congregation whose "Away in a manger" went into orbit round the rest and held the limelight. The vocal loop-the-loop she did in the Creed was unintentional - she had touched a hot pipe under the seat.

Our appetite for Christmas carols is insatiable. At the very beginning of December it was whetted for a full house at the Uploders chapel. The service was conducted by the reverend and very versatile Norman Skinner, who gave his musical talent free rein. At the kind invitation of Mrs. Rosemary Shaw, many of the congregation rounded off the service with seasonal refreshments at The Croft. The marvel of the candlelight carol service at Askerswell was that eyes accustomed to the glare of electricity could see to read the lessons, and to read them so well; and to make sense of the small print of the carol sheets. It was all very picturesque, right down to the surreptitious shafts from electric torches. The school carol service at Loders church was in mellow afternoon sunlight. No problem here of children not being able to read. The organ was pleasingly augmented by the school band. A collection was taken for the families of soldiers killed in Ulster. It topped £18. Over £51 was collected for the C of E Children's Society by the carollers in Uploders and Loders. Their number - they ranged around three dozen in all - did not defeat the dispensers of hospitality at Uploders House, the Court, Raikes, and the Vicarage, neither did the atrocious weather on the second night drown the singers' ardour. Indeed, it supported ringer Harry Crabb's thesis that you can stand any amount of wet outside as long as you are wet inside.

A musical version of "The tinder box" and a Nativity play were the choice of Loders school for their end of term concert. It was attended by a packed assembly of parents and friends who enjoyed every minute. Mrs. Willmot voiced their thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Price, the staff and children. The mission sale which followed, and was over in an hour, made £126 for the church overseas. This was over half as much again as the previous year.

The comic hockey match on the morning of Boxing Day came up to the best expectations of the promoters. At the time appointed to begin, two sets of beansticks suggesting goalposts, and an odd assembly of people seemingly sleepwalking the morning after the night before, were the only indications of the fun and fury that were shortly to splash all the water out of the playing field at Well Plot, and bring the law-abiding residents of the council estate to the chinks in their bedroom curtains. As the morning wore on, more and more players arrived and took up the game, but the signal for it to become riotous was the arrival of the three Miss Laskeys, in football shorts, bearing a jeroboom or two of cider with a petrol flavour. One of the more respectable of the male players (known to his admirers as "Cuddles") said that until then he had thought the Girls of St. Trinian's were a figment of somebody's hypertension. On the business principle that what you cannot beat you join, he switched to the female side. He had his own whistle, with which he deftly countermanded the blasts of the referee's. The females say they won five four, but nobody else does. As the tattered remnants of the battle moved off to The Crown, to the steaming hot punch of their imaginations, the Cattistock Hunt came into view, making for Hillway Copse nearby. The laudable object of the hockey match, the incentive to get the players out of bed before sundown on Boxing Day, had been to raise money for the village hall. But collecting boxes were not much in evidence, and had they been, most of the spectators were keeping out of reach behind curtained windows.

The much postponed parish social in Loders village hall had to compete with a number of pre-Christmas functions, but was none the worse for that. All the young life of the village were there, finding the amiable but firm direction of Mr. Nick Prideaux, the M C, and Mr. Hurst's one-man-band, much to their liking. The Bradpole Girl Guides (who are mostly Loders) mimed Mr. Leonard Clark's "Pettigrew's harvest festival". A performance by the Symondsburry Mummers was also received with acclamation. Mr. Harold Brown confessed to no regrets at having let the latter in free, adding, as an afterthought, that they were not charging for their services either. The profit

on the social was £45 for hall funds.

Captain Michael Lumby has resigned the Askerswell operation of the Yeovil football competition to Mr. George Bryan. He deserves the gratitude of the village; for in his eight and a half years' service he has raised over £800 for the hall by this means. At present the hall is well used, thanks to neighbouring table tennis teams who use it as many as four evenings a week.

Mr. Dudley Frost, also of Askerswell, is one of the artists whose works have been on exhibition in Dorchester. Askerswell had long been aware of his competence; views of the village by him grace several homes, and his etching of the church is still a best seller for church funds. But it was the exhibition that opened the eyes of the neighbours to the fact that they have a landscape artist of more than local standing in their midst.

The death of Mr. Sidney Hansford, of Uploders, at the age of 76, reduced the "old originals" of the parish of Loders to eight, according to the Vicar's reckoning, but fourteen according to Mrs. Lizzie Crabb's. Let us hope she is right; for the "old originals" had qualities that the new world is not producing. The Hansfords go back to the church register of Charles the First's reign. After a sung service in Loders church Sidney was buried in the grave of his late wife at the cemetery. By the time these Notes are in readers' hands Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Brill will have exchanged the public life of the Loders Arms for the seclusion of a bungalow at Chideock, and Loders parish council will have lost a useful member. Under their rule the tone of the pub was pleasant to quite a variety of tastes, perhaps because the landlord had learnt public relations in the police force. We are sorry that Mr. & Mrs. Brill's three year stay in Loders coincided with the accidental death of their naval son.

A welcome herewith to Mr. Nicholas Holmes, his wife Christine, and their four year old daughter Michelle, who are installed in the cottage near Loders church lately vacated by the Gibbs family. Mr. Holmes is helping our Mr. Corbin and our Mr. Kick in the making of cheese at Denhay.

After failing time and time again to fix the Loders organ blower when they promised to, the firm just managed to get it in for Christmas. The church was saved the expense of an electrician, for Maurice Lawson was at hand to begin the fitting and "Chuck" Willmott to complete it. Our organist is pleased with the machine. Can as much be said of Lieutenant Christopher Hill, who extracted weekend leaves from a sympathetic Royal Navy to work the handle?

A light moving on the side of a hill overlooking Loders school on a dark night would not excite the curiosity of a local passer by unduly. He would say to himself "Dear old Raymond Crabb steering in a newly calved cow". But a light that stays put for a long time is mysterious. Had anybody climbed Waddon the other night to investigate they would have found a resident retired captain of industry, Mr. Nick Balfour, camped beside a badger hole. It was not a passion for badger ham, or a belief in the healing power of badger grease, or a preference for the badger bristle shaving brush that kept him there. He was waiting for his dachschund Apple, who had gone down, to come up. This Apple did after a couple of hours, none the worse. It seems that this badger hound enjoys the company of badgers. He likes to go down every hole he meets.

Services in January

Loders.	8th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	15th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	22nd. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	29th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	8th. Matins 11,
	15th. Family Service 10.
	22nd. HC 10.
	29th. Matins 10.
Dottery.	All at 3.

Loders School. In 1974 the Secretary of State approved the proposed closure of Powerstock school, and the building of a new school for a hundred pupils at Loders. Nothing more was heard of this during the economic blizzard. But now that North Sea oil is calming the troubled waters, the proposal has surfaced again. The Assistant Education Officer in charge of planning and development has informed the Loders managers that the Education Committee has received from the Premises and Support Services Sub-Committee "a recommendation that consideration should be given to the inclusion of a replacement school for Loders in the 1979-80 building programme". But the Assistant Education Officer is not giving a guarantee that any concrete achievement will emerge from this welter of inter-committee activity. He ends his letter thus: "If the proposal is approved, it will still be some time before the project is firmly accepted by the Department of Education and Science, but I felt that you would wish to know that the school's replacement is again actively considered." The Assistants' mention of the school's replacement being "actively considered" confirms our long standing suspicion that some matters are "inactively considered" at County Hall. Finding a site for the new school will be quite a problem. The site at Uploders is now mostly covered by Furbeck Close, and the owners of the best site in Loders have said "Only over our dead bodies."

Candidates for the Bishop of Sherborne's confirmation in Loders church on Palm Sunday are meeting as a whole at the vicarage on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m. There are other arrangements for those who find this time unsuitable. It is still not too late to enrol. Family continuity is a nice feature of Loders confirmations. Some mothers who were themselves confirmed here and now live away are taking the trouble to bring their children to the classes. One is bringing her son from Ferndown!

Complaints against the ringing of bells erupt from time to time in towns, and are suppressed in the countryside, which is more sympathetic, even when the bells are a cause of discomfort. Messages of appreciation of ringing are few and far between. So Askerswell ringers were delighted to receive a letter from a family fairly new to the parish saying how much they enjoyed the ringing at the passage of new year's eve into new year's day. And this year several villagers came to church to watch the ceremony.

Uploders has lost one of its few remaining colourful characters by the death of Mr. Harold Westendarp, of Watercleaves, at the age of 85. His tiny cottage was notable for three things ! a fire which made the place as warm as a bread oven; a picture above it of a plane with the red white and blue rings, in flight; and the certainty of an open-armed welcome from him and his wife. As the name suggests, Mr. Westendarp was of South African Dutch extraction, though born in Bolton. He was a pilot officer of the Royal Flying Corps in the Great War, and earned the nickname "Jerry" from some exploit against German planes whose details got lost in a blaze of glory. Running a pub was his idea of bliss after the war. He took the Queen's Head at Byfleet, Surrey, famous for its old fireplaces and inglenooks. It was the haunt of the test pilots of Weybridge, and Jerry was in his element with them. Eventually he moved to a less demanding job at the Grosvenor Hotel, Stockbridge, and from there to Uploders, nineteen years ago. Up to the age of 83 he cycled into Bridport for the shopping. One hesitated to greet him; for the excitement of meeting a friend could land him in the ditch. When cycling got beyond him, he was still to be seen, walking at a spanking pace to the hostelry at Spyway, his pendulous arms swinging with the clockwise precision of the parade ground. He died at Bridport Hospital, adored by the nurses - but only after he had "taken the hell out of them." His funeral was at Yeovil crematorium, conducted by the Vicar.

The repair fund of Loders church has received a further £38.50 in memory of the late Mr. Sidney Tilley, making £78.50 in all. The choir are about to receive some music books from members of his family, which will be most welcome. Mr. Robert Ward has also kindly contributed some choir music. We can now do with a bit more choir to employ it fully.

The new year party at Askerswell had about it the bewitching feeling of one big family at play. The Psalmist's "young men and maidens, old men and children" were all of an age. As always, the "eats" were equal to the demands of the keenest and choicest appetites. A new set of seniors ran the games, showing how lucky the village is in having so many people capable of doing a stint, and ready to do it.

Mr. J.F.Morris tells us that the Loders Youth Club had a pleasant January party in the village hall. The games, devised and run by Tina Wykes, kept the young people amused almost non-stop for three hours. Refreshments were provided by Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Wykes and Mrs. Morris.

The late Mr. "Wilf" Fryer will be sorely missed from his corner seat in the Ladye Chapel of Loders church. He considered it to command the best view of the church, and over the years the congregation had come to regard it as his plot.

The church was well filled for his funeral. As district surveyor for West Dorset until his retirement he was known and liked over a big area. In the funeral oration the Vicar said that Mr. Fryer had chosen a mundane and yet highly responsible job - and done it well - when he might have done any one of several different jobs equally well, being a man of many talents. He had the makings of a cathedral organist. He could draw, and might have taken up painting. His service with his beloved Durham Light Infantry in the Great War shewed how well he would have done in the regular Army. In his little estate at Innsacre his skill in grafting fruit trees, and in the green house, suggested that he could have run a fruit farm or a nursery. His hobby was game fishing, and the ease with which he could initiate others into the art indicated another profession he might have followed, that of teacher. Perhaps the best tribute paid him was by one of his old workmen who said "You always knew where you were with Mr. Fryer." One knew where one was with him because he knew where he was. How much better it would be for Church and State if the present leaders knew where they were !

The Easter Vestry and annual meeting of Askerswell church will be held in the village hall on Monday, Feb. 28th, at 8 p.m. Its main business is to receive the church accounts and appoint officers. Every parishioner may attend, and those who do are assured of a welcome.

The Lodgers Arms seems to have settled contentedly under the wing of its new landlord, Mr. John Millard, who had been managing a hostelry in Weymouth, and his wife Margaret, who is a German with winning English ways. Mrs. Waitt, an aunt, lives with them.

Goings and comings. Mr and Mrs. Rodney Parr (nee Dulcie Newberry) and son have left 33 Lodgers for Bradpole, but consider their connection with us is strong as ever. Mr. & Mrs. Overton have arrived at Upton Peep: they have links with the Crutchley estate. High Acres has acquired three new families (a) Mr. & Mrs. Alan Jones who will be permanent when he has retired from his job with the forestry commission in Berkshire; (b) Mr. and Mrs. John Gully, of Bridport, he being a Building Society manager; and (c) Mr. & Mrs. John Grundell and their son Andrew aged ten. They operate two kiosks at West Bay.

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, falls on February 8th. The ancient communion service will be said at Lodgers at ten, and at Askerswell at 11. It takes us back into an unfamiliar world. But it is the authentic world of the bible, and shows how deviant modern life is from the straight and narrow way.

Lodgers church is proud to have in its congregation an Apostle, perhaps THE Apostle - of Golf. He is Mr. George Houghton, internationally known for his books on, and illustrations of, this subject. With his wife Kay he has lately returned from a global mission in the service of golf. Its highlight was the reception of him by the city fathers of Shanghai and their promise to consider the revival of golf in China. Westward Television did him the honour of coming to his eyrie on Mount Coneygar, and filming an interview to be shown after the evening news. By all accounts George came over splendidly. We at the vicarage missed it. We were watching at the appointed time, but it came under sport, when we had switched off. It had never occurred to us that golf was a sport. It had always seemed a sort of therapy.

Quite by accident Canon Rowley discovered that there is a scheme afoot to turn the parishes of Bridport into a team ministry, with the Rector of Bridport as team rector living in the present rectory, and the vicars of Bothenhampton, Bradpole and Allington as team vicars living in their present vicarages. When the present incumbents of Symondsburry, Powerstock and Lodgers vacated their livings they would not be replaced. Their houses would be sold and their parishes run by the Bridport team. The Pastoral Committee have confirmed the existence of this scheme. The Bishop of Sherborne, the Archdeacon of Sherborne and the Rural Dean of Lyme Bay have agreed to meet the church councils of Powerstock, Lodgers and Askerswell and hear their objections on St. Valentine's Day, Feb. 14th, at Powerstock village hall, at SIX P.M.

STOP PRESS. Mrs. Westendarp writes : "Would you please say how very much I have appreciated the kind and generous help my friends and neighbours gave me in my late husband's illness, especially in getting me to the hospital every day ?"

SERVICE IN FEBRUARY

Lodgers.	5th.	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	8th.	Ash Wednesday, Children 9.15, Communion 10.
	12th.	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	19th.	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	26th.	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	5th.	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	8th.	Ash Wednesday, Communion 11.
	12th.	Matins 10.
	19th.	Family Service 10.
	26th.	HC 10.
Dottery.	5th.	HC 9.30. All Others at 3.

Under a microscope a snowflake is delicate and beautiful. Left to itself, it falls beautifully to the ground, waltzing down as from some celestial eiderdown whose casing has burst and set it free. But whipped by the wind, it becomes blizzard, bringing death and destruction, and paralysing our mechanistic civilisation. Which is awesome to contemplate. The media described the blizzard which hit the west country the week ending February the eighteenth as the worst for thirty years: the "old originals" of Askerswell, Loders and Dottery say they remember nothing like it. Loders was not cut off for long, but with Askerswell under twenty foot drifts it was otherwise. As Colonel Grigg tunnelled his way out of Hembury bottom he said he had not done so much digging since '39, in Mersa Matru. The emergency produced a spirit of co-operation reminiscent of the war. People dug each other out and farmers dispensed milk that they would have had to pour away. And everybody was amazingly cheerful, even the farmers, the feeding of whose stock was for some a desperate problem. On Sunday the nineteenth Askerswell and Dottery churches were inaccessible. Loders vicarage was like an igloo, but the Vicar and Mrs. Willmott managed to get through the garden into the church, where they were joined by Jack McDowall, who had only just negotiated the proper route. So the eight o'clock service of praise and thanksgiving did not fail to be offered, though the chimes that announced it were muted; for the bells were covered with snow, and the floor beneath them was under a white blanket. The shaped yew bushes in the churchyard were a refuge for all sorts of birds. Beneath one bush was a robin, dead. Had he resisted to the utmost an invasion of his territory? In the afternoon the blizzard revved up again. But boys and girls were still tobogganing down Boarsbarrow, some only on blue plastic fertilizer sacks, which must have given their seats a cruel massaging. The most thrilling experience was to be had on top of the church tower. The old beech tree and the old lime which overlook the tower were exerting all their strength to engage the gale from whichever angle it attacked. Had the lime fallen, and away from the tower, it might have catapulted the curbed grave at its foot into The Court. Nobody else looking at the lime and the beech today would know what a battle they had to survive.

Captain Lumby's steer was one of a bunch which he keeps well away from home. When he finally succeeded in fighting his way through to their habitat in Broadwater, he counted the bunch and found one missing. How he located the missing steer is still the wonder of Askerswell. A submariner's instinct perhaps? The snow was higher than the hedge. The steer had walked over the hedge and sank nine foot into the ditch beneath the hedge. The snow had closed over him. When the captain uncovered his head, he was alive, but seemingly only just, having been there a day and a half. The captain extricated himself, got through the drifts into the village, raised the alarm, and ere long a dozen anxious faces were looking down on the steer in its snowy grave. Then they got to work. With help, the steer, who was a plucky one, was on his feet, albeit unsteadily. Like Uncle Tom Cobby's mare, he was pulled from the head and pushed at the tail to safety. Quite soon he was eating heartily, and now seems none the worse for his adventure. Saved from the snow - for the butcher eventually.

Sir Denis and Lady Laskey, of Loders Mill, were unlucky in the timing of their February trip to India to escape the rigours of the English winter. They returned on the day of the blizzard, and found refuge for a few days with friends near Dorchester.

Mrs. Danny Green, nee Jule Smith, of New Close, Dottery, brought forth her first born, James Paul, on Feb. 9th, well before the blizzard. For this she must be thanking her lucky star, knowing that one young Bridport mother was delivered in a snow bound ambulance en route for Dorchester.

In the light of our recent experience of snowflake power we say that, God willing, the Bishop of Sherborne will administer Confirmation at 11 a.m. on Palm Sunday in Loders church. As Askerswell people in general like to attend, there will be no service there that day. The candidates are twenty-four in number. The weather has made attendance at classes difficult, but it has been good, for which much of the credit is due to mums and dads who have seen to the transport.

Whether Easter, the Queen of Seasons, will come clothed in the vesture of Spring, remains to be seen. She will be welcome, even in the mantle of winter, as the guarantor of the triumph of life over death and good over evil. The service of Holy Communion is pre-eminently the one in which to meet the risen Christ. How lovely ours would be if the newly confirmed were joined by those who were confirmed last time, and indeed by all parishioners who are confirmed. The Easter Day programme is : 8 a.m. Holy Communion Loders; 9 a.m. HC Dottery; 10 a.m. HC Askerswell; 11 a.m. Matins Loders; 12 noon HC Loders; 2 p.m. Children Loders; 3 p.m. Holy Baptism Askerswell; 6.30 p.m. Evensong Askerswell.

Mr & Mrs. Frank Garrard gave a party at their home for the children of Askerswell.

Sunday School. They are past masters of the art of entertaining as well as instructing children, and for the latter, at least, the occasion is now a happy memory. The competition to recognise the taped voices of adults they know was highly exciting.

Mr and Mrs. Peter Marsh brought their daughter Sarah Louise all the way from Berwick, Nova Scotia, where they farm, to be christened at Askerswell in the font where her father was christened before her. Her paternal grandmother, lately recovered from a bad illness, was among the crowd of relatives at the service.

Mr. John Spiller has done a highly satisfactory job of redecorating the chancel of Askerswell church, touching up the nave to match, and repairing the roof, all for a surprisingly modest sum. In this he is a chip of the old block. His late father served the church for many years as organist and churchwarden; and his mother as church cleaner and prodigious maker of desirable articles for church sales.

Mrs. Jill Evans of Askerswell gave up being Leader of the 1st Bradpole Girl Guides at Christmas and is succeeded by her second in command, Mrs. Muriel Dunham, who will be helped by Mrs. Margaret Stone. The Guides are very reluctant to lose Mrs. Evans and are grateful for her years of devoted service. They will soon be gathering jumble, cakes, and anything else saleable for their coffee morning at the United Reformed Hall in Bridport on Saturday, March 18th, at 10 a.m. They want to buy a new tent.

The home, it is said, is the place where most accidents happen. Mrs. Jill McDowall, of Loders, and her husband are ruefully aware of this. She had the misfortune to spill a jug of boiling water over her leg. Getting her to and from hospital for dressings was not made easier by the snow. It is in keeping with her dogged spirit that she should still be on her feet with the help of a stick. A few yards from her, on the new High Acres estate, there was another domestic accident with less painful consequences. The grill pan in Mrs. Williams' electric cooker burst into flames. Within minutes four firemen who happened to be out on practice were there, and they subdued the fire with a foam extinguisher which saved damage to the kitchen.

March the Fifth is mothering Sunday. The special service for the day will be at 2 p.m. in Loders church. There is no prospect of the children finding flowers enough to distribute after the service, but they will be round with a substitute.

We are all feeling deeply for the widow and five sons of the fifty-one year old Vicar of Broadwindsor, who died after clearing snow. Rumour first had it that the victim of this fatal heart attack was Canon Rowley, of Powerstock, and that the cause was not clearing snow, but his spirited verbal duel with the Archdeacon at the recent meeting when the latter heard local objections to the plan for putting the parishes of Powerstock, Loders and Askerswell, deprived of their resident parsons, under a Bridport team ministry. The meeting was unedifying in all respects. Only the Church Commissioners seem to know what the plan is. When the aggrieved parishes are let into the secret they will be able to appeal.

Loders Easter vestry and annual church meeting will be held in the school on Friday, March 31st, at 7.30 p.m.

Services in March

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| Loders. | 5th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| | 12th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| | 19th. HC 8, Confirmation 11, Children 2. |
| | Maundy Thursday, HC 8. Good Friday, Litany 9. Devotional 11. |
| | Easter Day HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. |
| Askerswell. | 5th. Children 10, Evensong 6.30 |
| | 12th. Matins 10. |
| | 19th. Confirmation at Loders. |
| | Good Friday Devotional 10. |
| | Easter Day HC 10, Baptism 3, Evensong 6.30. |
| Dottery. | 5th. HC 9.30 |
| | Easter Day 9. |
| | All others at 3. |

The Vicar writes : "The natural shortage of teenagers in my parishes makes the confirmation service an infrequent and red-letter occasion. If the one conducted in Loders church on Palm Sunday by the Bishop of Sherborne should chance to be my last, then my recollection of it would be fond indeed. There is sadness in being pastor of one flock for thirty-one years besides that of having to bury so many old friends - that of seeing children you baptised, taught in day school and Sunday school and presented for confirmation fading out of church life after confirmation. The heart warming thing about this occasion was that several of the boys and girls I had prepared for confirmation, and married, had brought their children - one from afar - for me to present to the Bishop, and come with them to Easter communion. There are always the faithful remnant who see their duty to the past and the future, and do not fail to pass on the torch. The new and very young Bishop of Sherborne was splendid and promising as successor of our beloved Victor Pike. He got on to the candidates' wavelength right away by presenting Jesus as the real Top of the Pops. When I was instituted to the parish of Loders the Bishop, himself a son of the parsonage, was eleven years old. It moved him somewhat to be father in God of a son so much older than himself, and unbelovved of bishops generally." it

The management committee of Loders village hall wish to be known that they are holding a Dorset Evening in aid of hall funds on Thursday 13th April at 7.30 p.m., but only for people of eighteen and upwards. Dorset food will be available from 9 p.m. and a licensed bar all the evening. The entertainment will have a Dorset flavour, and there will be a bring and buy stall, and raffles.

Group Captain Deric Newall was re-elected chairman at a well attended meeting of the Askerwell parish assembly. The planting of a tree to the memory of a former chairman, Captain Aylmer, near the village hall, was fixed for Easter, as the tree, languishing in the Group Captain's shed, could wait no longer. The new notice board marking the Queen's Silver Jubilee had cost £36 and would soon replace the old one in The Square, with Mr. Jack Stevens putting the finishing touches gratis. General bills were £51.16. There was only £38.20 in the kitty to meet them, so it was agreed to have a coffee morning in the hall on Saturday, 29th April, at 10.30 a.m. The chairman's suggestion that a little fund nourished by a third of a penny precept on the rate, producing nearly £50, would solve the bill problem, was received cautiously, as rates are fast growers, but a small committee was set up to investigate.

Mr. Graham Foot was warmly thanked for unblocking the main arteries of the village after the recent phenomenal snowfall. The president of the Women's Institute waxed indignant over the unsurfaced car park round the village hall, and the tribulations of a speaker who had to leave a meeting early and found her car hemmed in by others. Somebody pointed out that this was more a matter of imprudent parking than bad surface; and somebody else that to provide goloshes to get into the hall would be cheaper than putting down a hard surface.

"Seeing things" was what the Vicar thought he was doing when passing Lower Ash farm, Dottery, on a recent dark night. There, in a patch of bright light on the hillside, was a gaggle of men, roped together and swaying about like slave workers at their last gasp in a Russian labour camp. But Mrs. Sylvia Johnston, the farmer's wife, was not at all perturbed it was only the Marshwood Vale Young Farmers' tug-o-war team practising. Incidentally, the people who put on that hilarious hockey match at Yondover on Boxing Day are switching their talent to a male versus female tug-o-war across the River Asker on Saturday July 1st.

The hedgerows that harbour the primroses and violets that Loders Sunday School take round the parish on Mothering Sunday were piled high with snow drifts when the flowers were needed, so the children took greeting cards instead. But the snow did not defeat little Angela Johnston, of the said Lower Ash Farm. She knew where these harbingers of spring were hiding and each worshipper at Dottery had a small bunch of them, with a very professional greetings card of her own making. Membership of a small church has its advantages.

Our Girl Guides made a profit of £107.35 on their money raising effort in Bridport towards a new tent. Mrs. Hazel Crabb and family were on form again, and the skills in which they specialise produced no less than £40 of the profit. She wishes to thank her faithful supporters, and warn them that she will be after them again for the Guides' general fund ere long.

Our Brownies celebrated the end of Easter term with the customary egg rolling down Boarsbarrow. The eggs are hard-boiled and decorated. The two best decorated that reach the bottom in tolerably good shape win chocolate egg prizes for their owners. These were given out by Mrs. Willmott, and smaller cream eggs to all the other Brownies. Guider Pauline Crabb was M.C. The pack felt honoured to be under the eye of Mrs. Barrow, the District Commissioner of Guides, and her consort, Mrs. Price and Mrs. Barbara Hyde, who run the pack, had done the arranging.

One of the older members of Loders congregation, Mr. William Sanways, kept his ninetieth birthday in Port Bredy on March 4th. He is now back in his room at the Convent. His active life was spent in the local net industry and he was a director of Haverhill.

Every Easter is different. The outstanding features of this one were (a) that it was colder than Christmas; (b) that despite this congregations were handsomely large; and (c) that the beautiful church decorations gave no hint that wild flowers were in short supply, with the others very expensive. At Askerswell Major Burnham played with panache for the Communion, kindly relieving Mrs. Pulman, the organist, of one attendance. At Loders, where the matins congregation were packed too tightly for comfort, Mr. Reg Bell raised their thoughts to the Easter level by his choice tenor solo. Communicants numbered 229 (Loders 151, Askerswell 58 and Dottery 20) Easter collections, which form part of the incumbent's stipend, were £175.98 (Loders £105.07, Dottery £16.45, Askerswell £54.46). The Vicar thanks all the kind contributors to the Easter offering.

There were Easter christenings at Askerswell, that of Christopher William the first-born Francis and Jennifer Hemmings; and at Dottery that of James Paul, the first-born of Danny and Julia Green. Both babes were supported by a full muster of their respective families.

A daughter, Jillian, was born to Mr & Mrs. Douglas Boston, at Dorchester, on Feb. 27th, to the delight and relief of grandparents Mr. and Mrs. David Smith, who had nightmarish thoughts of what might happen between Bridport and Dorchester in a blizzard. Fortunately all was well. The Smith family are pillars of the Loders congregations.

The Askerswell Easter vestry and annual church meeting was very well attended. The accounts showed receipts of £1536.63, expenditure of £1348.99 and a credit balance of £167.64. The revised electoral roll is 73. The Rector warmly thanked all the church officers and workers and the congregation. Captain Michael Lumby was re-appointed Rector's warden and Mr. Jack Stevens People's Warden. Mrs. Bellis, the secretary, and Mrs. Bryan, the treasurer (for fifteen years) did not seek re-election for domestic reasons and were specially thanked. Mrs. Barrow was elected secretary and Major Gordon-Hall treasurer. Mr. Martyn Evans and Mrs. Brook were elected "sidespersons". The elected members of the P.C.C. are now Mr. Barrow, Miss Fooks, Major Gordon Hall, Mrs. Lumby, Mrs. Savage, Mr. Frost, Mrs. Brook and Mrs. Mabb.

Obituary. Mrs. Gale, a Bradpole widow, who died at East Hembury farm, Askerswell, where she was being cared for by her niece, Mrs. Marsh, was cremated at Weymouth. The service was conducted by the Rector. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends. Mrs. Jessie Hughes, of the Loders congregation, died at Portland hospital, and was buried in her husband's grave at Loders. They had come to Bridport from Canada, and were drawn to Loders by the Prayer Book services. Mrs. Annabel Hammond, of the Old Mill, Loders, died at the age of 83, and was cremated privately at Weymouth. In her younger days she had been energetic in the suffragette movement, but in old age her interests narrowed down to her garden. Her husband, the Brigadier, was a model of devotion, and much sympathy will be felt for him. Miss Jessie Brown, a fervent reader of these Notes, died at Colston, Surrey, at 88. She was the middle daughter of William Brown, carpenter, for many years churchwarden of Loders. She was matron of the British and American Hospital, Cairo, for 27 years, and was awarded the O.B.E.

Services in April

- | | | |
|-------------|-------|-----------------------------------|
| 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. |
| | 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. |
| Dottery. | 2nd. | HC 9.30 |
| | | All others at 3. |

The new May Day holiday has done something to The Crown, Uploders, that might well un-nerve the steadfast malt worms who enjoy a jar of ale there. Posters placed at strategic points in the parish proclaimed that The Crown would be serving coffee on May Day morn. Apprehensive patrons who pursued the poster carefully noted with relief that the coffee would not impinge unduly on drinking time, and it was all in a good cause, to stimulate the repair fund of the village hall. The parishioners of Askerswell are nicely sensitive to the natural nervous reactions of their maltworms. They held a coffee morning to replenish the parochial exchequer not in Spyway, nor even in The Travellers Rest, where they could not be accused of perverting the parish of Askerswell, but, in The Village Hall.

Nothing like this can jeopardise the Loders School May Fair. The Maypole dancing always takes place on the school green, and the sale that follows, on the school premises; and the object is always to replenish the school fund, and keep it abreast of inflation. The date is Saturday, May 20th, and the time 2.30 p.m.

Two other good causes appealing to our generosity in May are Christian Aid, which will be doing a house to house collection; and Help the Aged. The latter will be on the 23rd and 24th, when garments for needy people overseas may be brought to Askerswell church or Loders vicarage.

Our friends in Walditch bid us look beyond May to Saturday June 3rd, when from 2.30 pm the Ladies' Guild of St. Mary will be holding a street fair in aid of the church. Cream teas will be served.

The business of Loders Easter Vestry was performed to everybody's satisfaction in little over half an hour. The bracing atmosphere of a school without its oil heaters concentrated attention wonderfully. So did the thought of getting back to the vicarage where a distant daughter was on a short visit expedite the vicar. Loders accounts, audited by Mr. William Groves, and presented by Miss Muriel Randall, showed general receipts of £2520.48, general expenses £2355.13 and a credit balance of £165.35. During the year £2499.40 had been added to the repair fund, which is now paying for various restoration projects. Dottery accounts, prepared by Mr. Cecil Marsh, showed receipts at £287.29, expenses £95.88, and a credit balance of £191.41. Officers for the new church year are:-Vicar's wardens, Messrs. I. Roberts (Loders) and C. Marsh (Dottery); People's wardens, Messrs. M. McDowell (Loders) and J. Marsh (Dottery); Sidesmen, Messrs. R. Price, R. Thomas, M. Lawson, and F. Young; Deanery Synod Miss Male, Mrs. Shirley, Miss Roberts and Mr. Lawson; Church Council, The Hon. A. Hood and Lady Laskey (ex officio), Colonel R. Stack, Mr. N. Prideaux, Mrs. D. Strachan, Mr. Harcombe, Miss S. Rowe, Mr. N. Balfour & Mr. L. Welch. It was deeply regretted that Mr. Harry Crabb had felt obliged to resign from sidesman, through eye trouble, and that Mr. Prideaux had badly injured his left eye. Miss Muriel Randall continues as Secretary and Treasurer. The offer of the Hon. Alexander Hood of Loders Court for the fete on August 5th was gratefully accepted.

There was snow remaining on Knowle Hill, Loders, in mid April, two months after the February blizzard had put it there. Farmer Maurice Crabb swears to this with his hand on his heart, and his wife Pam risked her life behind a young farmer on a motor bike to bring a bag of the said snow to the vicarage. There it was put in a cool corner of the garden, but soon melted in the wasted heat radiating from the vicarage.

The "Dorset Evening" in Loders village hall added £42 to the hall funds and greatly pleased the discriminating souls who attended. One never tires of Mrs. Netta Taylor's Dorset dialogues (these are becoming faintly naughty now that she thinks she knows the vicar better), and her Dorset snock, a treasure of the Wells family, made them utterly convincing. Mr. George Hyde's discerning, and often quite beautiful, colour slides of his favourite haunts in Dorset usually had the audience guessing, and revealed unexpected traits of his character. Who, for instance, knew that George was the sort of chap to be out of bed at sunrise taking pictures? Had he gone to bed?

Old friends departing, and new potential friends arriving, seems to be the way of life in Loders at present, with Purbeck Close the vortex of change. Four houses next to each other have lost, or are about to lose us, valued parishioners. Lieutenant Christopher Hill has been posted to Notholt where his wife Jennie has joined him, but they are keeping their Purbeck base. David and Delia Tredwyn and those adorable little boys have moved to Instow, near Bideford, where he is the new manager of their Barclays bank. Sad for us that this parish should have been only in the suburbs of their affections! Leslie and Doris Strachan are moving back to Beaminstor whence they came, but are not thereby lost; for Doris acquiesced in re-election to Loders church council. As for Mrs. Quayle and her mother, we have not the heart to ask where they are going. At High Acres there is also some going. The Lees and the Haskins have gone and others are ready to take off, but new ones, and nice ones at that, are coming in. At number Two are Michael and Debbie Cooter from Maiden Newton, he a design engineer and an exponent of folk and pop music, and she a student teacher at Beaminstor school. At Number Twenty-two are Richard and Sally Batten, who were out when we called. There seems to be a demand for houses on this estate. All have been sold, and four more are being built. Michael Malyon and his wife Tessa, newly married, and he ex the Army and now a farm student, are at Court cottages. They replace the Trebbicks, who leave in the summer, and who again were exceedingly nice neighbours whom we shall miss.

Mrs. Jennie Glyde packed over forty people into her home at High Acres for the first social event on the new estate, and served them with refreshments. The meeting was to interest parents in forming a club for children between four and nine. Its base would be the Arts Centre in Bridport, where any talent they might have for music, poetry, acting, painting, fossils, photographs, etc. could be encouraged. A steering committee was formed, and operations begin Sept. 9th.

Tara Louise Furinage, daughter of Victor and Vivien (nee Legg, of Well Plot) was christened at Loders on April 9th in the presence of a good muster of relatives. Victor is gratefully remembered for resuscitating the lights of Loders church when once they failed, half way through harvest evensong.

Several friends from Askerswell attended the funeral of Mr. Norman Penfold at Weymouth crematorium, the rector officiating. He had spent most of his business life in the Middle East. He was interesting to listen to. People liked dropping into Spyway and finding him there.

Mrs. Ann Wykes died at Uploders House at the age of sixty-nine. There was a large attendance at her funeral in Loders church, where her ashes were subsequently buried. The familiar tune Pentecost to which the hymn "Fight the good fight" was sung, had been composed by her grandfather, the Rev. W. Boyd. It is customary to sing this hymn at the funerals of his descendants. The Vicar suggested in his address that none of these could have matched the spirit of that hymn better than Ann. She had met "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with fortitude and a wry sense of humour. What she herself had to endure deepened her concern for other sufferers, and reminded her that she was servant of a God who knew better than any the meaning of suffering. Like St. Paul she had "fought the good fight, finished the course and kept the faith".

A child's Easter prayer. An Askerswell grandma was attending her four year old grand-daughter's bedtime prayers. At the end of them the little girl looked up and said "Granny, I want to say something special, 'cause its Easter". Granny agreed. Shutting her eyes tight she shouted "God" at the top of her voice. In an aside she whispered to Granny "Do you think he heard?" The startled Granny nodded. She continued "I want to tell you something special for Easter. I am so very happy that you were made all better again on Easter Day. That's all. O.K. ? Amen".

A retired Eton classic's master gave a lecture to an open meeting of Loders Women's Institute, drew an audience very large by their standards, held their attention for an hour and a quarter, and received a dignified ovation at the end. He was Mr. Nigel Wykes, giving the fruits of his researches into the history of Uploders House, his home. There was more in this meeting than met the eye. The audience contained some older people who had had long connections with Uploders House. They, the repository of oral tradition, were out to see whether the academic with his book learning would trip up. They were out of their depth in the seventeenth, eighteenth centuries, but when he got to the nineteenth and Dr. Wilson, a good old country doctor known to them by repute, they accepted unreservedly all he had told them.

Mrs. Dora Boyd, of Uploders House, is famous for having celebrated her ninety-second birthday by flying to Washington in Concord. Now, in her ninety-fourth year, she is famous for having broken her hip and got it mended. She was "the life and soul" of Weymouth hospital. On Grand National Day she ran a sweepstake, with a pound note as The Boyd Trophy. She got the house surgeon to draw the horses "to prevent any suspicion of fiddling".

Services in May

Loders	7th.	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11
	14th.	Whit Sunday HC8 & 12, Matins 11
	21st.	Trinity Sunday, HC8, Matins 11
	28th.	HC 8, Matins 11
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

We did not know until a recent letter from Mr. J.F. Morris enlightened us that a big effort is being made this year to repair the roof of Loders village hall. The coffee morning at The Crown on May Day was highly successful and raised nearly £70 for this purpose. It is to be followed by another in the United Church hall, Bridport, on Saturday, June 10th, from ten till twelve, with jumble and bring and buy stalls. The village youth club have taken it on themselves to run a bazaar for the same object in the Loders hall on Saturday, June 24th, at 2.30 p.m. Their attractive little poster on the school door mentions cakes, home-made articles, and the inevitable jumble. The hall is the headquarters of the youth club, and they use it more than anybody else, so it is fitting that they as a club should be helping to keep a roof over their heads. The welfare state encourages youth to expect everything to be done for them; it is splendid to see ours sticking to the old virtue of self help.

Jumble, it seems, will be as greatly in demand in June as it was in May. It is a wonderful commodity, and, unlike money, the root of much good. May Fair at school has a big appetite for jumble, yet Help the Aged, coming only a day or two afterwards, got eight sacks of good quality stuff. One of our best givers gave generously of cash this time. She said jumble sales had left her nothing to wear. "Nothing" in the context of clothes has a male and female meaning. The lady of the vicarage says she also has nothing to wear, but the sight of "nothing" in her wardrobe is awesome.

Africa looks at present to be the battleground of eastern and western ideologies, and a place for people who value their own skin to keep out of. Yet the work of Christian healing of soul and body goes on regardless, in an atmosphere of peace which the world cannot give. The people's churchwarden of Askerswell and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stevens, have their son, the Reverend John, and his wife Betty, based at a mission hospital in Zululand. John and Betty have five lovely daughters, from one to seventeen years old. Like his father, John is a good technician. He pilots the mission plane, delivering the Word over an area that other means of transport could not cover, and bringing back to hospital emergency cases that need smoothness of transport as well as speed. The plane has already complete six hundred hours' flying with patients suffering from internal bleeding, brain abscesses, maternity complications, crocodile bites, snake bites, two-cent pieces stuck in the esophagus, or any other conceivable complaint. All this while not so very far away the savagery in unregenerate human nature is doing the terrible things of which television only gives us a glimpse. John's newsletter is too full of that fruit of the Spirit, joy, even to mention these things. Their baby daughter was named Joy, and that speaks volumes.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Cook, of Loders, have a son, Duncan James, born on May 9th. Mr. Cook is the local representative of our big brother, the Western Gazette. So the congratulations we offer are seasoned with becoming deference.

Two hundred and ten adults paid for admission to the annual Maypole dancing on the school field at Loders. Many of these brought children who were not required to pay, so, with the pupils, they made a large company that the surrounding little hills of Dorset embraced with tenderness. In his speech of welcome to the crowner (and her consort) of the May Queen, the headmaster was apprehensive of a black cloud in the background, which only joined in the applause with a low growl of thunder, and, mercifully, shed no tears. An amiable business executive, looking up at the thunder, saw six of the local bird of prey, the buzzard, hovering overhead, and feared they were a sign of the premature promotion to glory of his kind. Luckily he has faith in the vicar, who was standing next him, and who convinced him that it was the vicar they were orbiting. The May Queen is chosen by the children. This year she was Dionne Stone, and her attendants were Lucy Holloway, Catherine Norton and Hannah Sartin. Stephen Foot was the page. Mrs. Starkey did the crowning. She is well known as a teacher at Colfox, and her husband as headmaster of Burton. Both are now retired. The proceeds of the fair were for the school fund, and were £310 gross, some ten per cent up on last year.

The marksmanship of Askerswell coffee morning addicts is superb. They held one in the village hall to raise the sum needed to fuel the activities of the parish assembly, an object uninspiring to nice healthy people (which Loders raises by a precept on the rate). The event raised £32, just about the parish requirement, and no more.

The minutes of Loders ringers' annual meeting were so well written and feelingly read by the secretary and treasurer, Frank Good, that he was re-elected to the joint office before anybody could say Jack Robinson. Harry Crabb's seventy-six years were considered an advantage rather than the opposite which he pleaded, so he was re-elected captain. But he was allowed to pass the wardenship of the tower to David Gill, who was made vice captain. The president regretted the loss of Alfred Crabb, who had joined the police force; the temporary loss of the former vice captain, Cynthia Mudford, Valerie Brown and Dulcie Parr; the partial loss of Michelle Laskey and Keven Tiffin. He was grateful for the dependable and increasingly expert services of The Three Graces - Linda Newberry, Teresa Newberry and Ann Hobbs, and for the now regular help of Fred House.

Askerswell ringers rub along nicely like a jelly fish without the backbone of officers that Loders have never been without. Leonard Wicker takes the tenor. Jill Evans the

the rector the treble, and Robert Bryan is ready to stand in when he is home. A couple of additional ringers would be useful, and the rector is very willing to show any volunteers the ropes.

What the churchwarden said. Mr. Cecil Marsh, the eighty-five year old vicar's warden of Dottery, has been in Dorchester hospital for another blood top-up. The amiable consultant, doing his morning round, asked Mr. Marsh why he wanted more blood. "Well doctor", said Mr. Marsh, "I had a Turk of a cold back along, and that took it out of me," "And pray, what is a Turk of a cold?" queried the consultant. When Mr. Marsh told him the consultant went into convulsions of unprofessional laughter. "Put that down, put that down" said he to his assistant standing by with notebook. But we dare not put it down.

Air Vice-Marshal Alexander Adams has been elected chairman of Loders Parish Council, and Mr. Anthony Shaw re-elected vice-chairman. The retiring chairman, Mr. Ronald Price, did not seek re-election, and was warmly thanked for his conscientious service.

Captain Michael Lunby must have been gratified to be presiding over such a well attended meeting of Askerswell village hall on such a lovely evening. Mr. Donald Marsh's statement of accounts showed receipts at £519.06, payments at £345.60, and a credit balance of £173.46. There was £737.31 in the deposit account. The three committee representatives, Mrs. Stevens (secretary), Mrs. Foot and Mrs. Neville, were re-elected. Mr. G. Bryan is in charge of the football competition, and Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Vickery of the bingo. Mrs. Foot is running a treasure hunt on Wednesday, June 7th. It meets at her house at 6.45 p.m. and ends with "a good pub supper" at £1.10 per head. Mrs. Neville will be running a barbecue and cricket match in August. The hall is to be re-decorated professionally by Mr. John Spiller and some repairs done to the exterior.

It was seven years ago, on May 30th, that the Tiffins took over the leather works at The Olde Forge, Uploders, and now they are leaving, to everybody's regret, for the much bigger premises of the former Bridport Light Industries. Their business has flourished beyond their wildest dreams, and they cannot produce all they could sell. We must be grateful to them for not expanding their Uploders premises and spoiling its residential character. Indeed, they are improving it by bringing in two families who will be full time residents, one in their own house, and one who will turn the factory into a home. We shall always think of the Tiffins as having The Freedom of Loders.

Mr. & Mrs. Howarth have left Askerswell to be near their son in Plymouth, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, of Wanderwell, will be replacing them. The Granary nearby has been taken by Mr. Ian Slocock and his wife Penelope, of Basingstoke. They have three children, Jason aged eight, Oliver six, and Lucinda four. Mr. Slocock says that his breed always contrive to have an Oliver in the family because a Slocock was second in command to Oliver Cronwell at the battle of Newbury. He is obviously a man of faith not have called the elder son Oliver.

Colonel Lewis, of the old rectory, Askerswell, will be missing many Sundays from his pew. He has gone on a two year posting to Bangladesh. We wish him all the best, and a safe return.

May 28th was a great day for Mr. & Mrs. David Smith and for their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Boston. The latter's first child and the former's first grandchild was baptised Jill Helen at a full family gathering in Loders church.

Congratulations to Doctor and Mrs. Young on the birth of their first child, a daughter, which they hope to have baptised in Loders church in September. Mrs. Young is also a doctor. They have the cottage where Mr. & Miss Glover lived in Uploders.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith have put Askerswell on the ecclesiastical map. Last month they were hosts at their home to the chapter of the Beaminster deanery, and in April they entertained the lay readers of the district. On each occasion they had an episcopal presence!

The Christian Aid collection's were : house to house, Loders £20.3, Uploders £6.06, Askerswell not yet notified, Churches: Loders £43.35, Askerswell £14.41, Dottery £5.

Services in June

Loders.	4th	HC 8 & 12. Matins 11.
	11th	HC 8, Matins 11.
	18th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11.
	25th	HC 8, Matins 11.
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