

Many kind readers of these Notes sent Christmas greetings to the Vicarage. May we thank them, and wish all our readers a happy new year?

The park of Loders Court is a sorry sight at the time of writing. The giant oak that graced its centre is an upturned mass of wreckage. It may have been weakened by the Christmas storms, but it fell at 8.30 on the morning of December 28th when all was calm. It is reckoned to be from three to four hundred years old. There could hardly be a finer oak anywhere. To Horace Read, the Court's head gardener, the mountainous heap in the middle of the park is "the ruin of the noblest oak that ever lived in the tide of times". To outward appearance it was steadfast as the rock of ages, but its roots, now exposed, are emaciated by disease.

"Rover" the senior of the Vicarage Labradors, died on the afternoon of December 20th. He was so beloved of the tiny tots who used to attend the Sunday afternoon kindergarten at the Vicarage that they called it "Rover's Sunday School". For a yellow Labrador, and a gun dog, he was a great age, nearly fifteen, but perfectly healthy, and active to within an hour or so of his death. Some of us who are fond of domestic animals hope that meeting them again may be one of the surprises of the better world to come. Despite departed dogs and overturned oaks and bad weather, Christmas is a pleasant memory, especially the church services. The Uploders chapel was full on a Sunday night early in December for the first carols. They were compered by the Reverend and very versatile Norman Skinner with his accordion. The lessons, feelingly read in the King James Bible by members of the congregation, did justice to the solemn side of Christmas, as did the well contrived decorations. Twenty pounds of the collection were earmarked for the Chancery House age welfare work. At Loders church the carols began with the school service. The young performers - readers and musicians alike - acquitted themselves creditably before a congregation of adoring parents and friends. Their collection was earmarked for the children of soldiers killed in Ulster. Askerwell's carol service filled the church on Christmas Eve. It was a sight to behold; for the candle holders of the old lighting system had been retrieved from the parish chest, restored to their proper places in the pews, filled with red candles, and reinforced at the west end by a buxom tree aglow with coloured lights. A ladies' choir sang the Zither carol to an appreciative congregation (whose own singing the choir pepped up considerably). The nine lesson readers were a good blend of original and new parishioners. Attendance at the Christmas morning Communion appeared not to suffer from the full church the night before - the nave was comfortably filled again. For the Loders midnight service on Christmas Eve the church was so full that the congregation overspilled into the chancel, where a tall Christmas tree from Boarsbarrow presided over the decorations. The church was full again a few hours later for the family service, a feature of which was the very accomplished singing of five carols by a girls' choir standing on the chancel step. Loders children like the church Christmas tree because it holds sweetness for them, they having previously done their duty to orphan children and missions. At Dottery the little "iron church" had been beautifully decorated and the oak cradlesticks on the altar made to look new. The faithful were there, some of them from afar, but all were painfully aware that Mrs. Cecil Marsh was missing from her seat in the front for the first time in anybody's memory. She has been ill - and her husband. The congregation sent good wishes to them from the service by their son John.

Loders school is a power for good in helping the new families at High Acres and Purbeck. Close feel at home in the village. Many of them have children at the school, and they crowded it for what was for some their first Christmas concert. This was performed with all the staff's ancient skill at adapting to cramped conditions. Mr. Leonard Clark, who is no stranger to the school, was present from London, and thanked children and staff in a speech which was entertainment in itself. The mission sale which followed made £105, for which Mrs. Willmott thanked the contributors.

A carol party numbering about two dozen serenaded Uploders and Loders in unpleasant weather, but were well received, and collected £50 for the Children's Society. At Uploders House they received the customary hospitality from Mrs. Rust, Mr. Nigel Wykes, and Mr. & Mrs. Sanctuary. At Loders Court they had a warm send-off from the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hood and family. This well sustained them until they were replenished at Miss Mona Edwards and Mr. & Mrs. Bill Buddens. The expedition ended before a big log fire in the Vicarage dining room with eats and drinks to match. How much more of such parochial conviviality will that ancient fireplace see? The auctioneer's hammer has knocked so many old parsonages clean out of village life.

The social in Loders Village Hall in early December made a profit of £29 for Hall funds, giving boisterous enjoyment to those who attended, who were mostly children. It was kind of Bernard Gale's Majorettes and Jungle Dancers to come and give their show gratis. Nearer Christmas, the Women's Institute held their birthday party in the Hall as a change from a hostelry, and were more than satisfied.

A talk on the wild birds of West Dorset will be given in Loders Village Hall at 7.30 p.m. on January 11th, admission free, with a collection for the save the barn owl campaign. Slides illustrate the talk, and they are local and quite beautiful, as those who saw them at Askerwell will confirm.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Woods and her nonegenarian mother were delighted to have a gathering of their close-knit clan at Knowle Farm, Uploders, for the christening in Loders Church of the latest addition to the family. She is Jessica Mary, the firstborn of Judy, the only Woods' daughter, and Peter Watson, of Dorchester. Mrs. Watson senior and her husband are used to abbey worship in Sherborne, but surveying Loders church on a bright winter afternoon they were moved to say "Small is beautiful too".

The remains of Mrs. Kit Tilley, widow of Sidney,, that great and beloved stalwart of Loders Church,, were cremated at Weymouth on December 8th. There was a representative muster of the family and of Loders choir, and the Vicar officiated. Crimond and "Rock of ages" were sung. Loders Church Council are grateful to the family for a donation to the church of £20.

The Bridport and District week of prayers for Christian unity will include a service at the Uploders Chapel on Tuesday, January 23rd, at 7.30 p.m. All who believe in prayer and a united Christian witness are warmly invited to this service.

Mrs. Gill Fox, the wife of Tom,, is secretary of the committee that has resulted from Mrs. Shelley Upton's efforts to resuscitate Loders village life. Gill is only lately married to Tom,, and was returning to Birmingham for Christmas, but found time to write the Vicar the following note: "There will be a jumble sale in Loders Hall at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, January 13th, proceeds to the committee in order to provide entertainment at low cost. Jumble will be gladly received either at The Crown or The Old Police Station (Bridport 22796) or collected if necessary. Also, on Thursday, January 25th at 8.00 p.m. there will be a dance club for all ages and abilities. Posters to this effect will appear in due course".

Mr. Maurice Lawson's motive in inventing the comic hockey for Boxing Day may have been to dish the Cattistock Hunt, or to bring Uploders and Loders together in innocent amusement on the neutral ground of Yonderover, or both, but the match is bidding fair to become an institution. He began it in 1977, and this time the attendance was noticeably greater. To judge by posteriors alone, some of the ladies were playing with greater abandon. There were more goalposts, and these were of a sort that moved in to touch either side of the goalie for a penalty. A gentleman player wore buffers that made him look like a robot and updated the game. There were even much needed ablution facilities in a big puddle behind the eastern line of goalposts. To crown all, first aid was available, though confined to the kiss of life, which the organiser had only to operate once to relieve pain in a lady player's knee that made her hop. The referee was more than a referee: he was a statesman. When temperatures rose, and the match was becoming a pitched battle, he blew the final whistle with the vigour of the last trump, declared the match a draw, and disappeared in the direction of The Crown, where he was sampling the punch while the players were recovering from his decision. A pleasing feature of this second Boxing Day encounter was a sign that the natives of Well Plot - in whose domain it happens - are beginning to take interest. One of them took a bundle of sticks from his garden to his garage, which gave him a brief surreptitious view of the match. Next year one or two more may venture out.

The blizzard that hustled the old year out did not prevent our ringers getting to Askerswell and Loders towers to perform the campanological ceremonies associated with the changing of the year. New year's eve was also the Sunday after Christmas. Four people managed to get to Loders church for early Communion, and a dozen for Matins, when they sang carols unaccompanied, and even managed a descant for "The first Nowell".

SERVICES IN JANUARY

Loders	7th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2 14th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2 21st HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2 28th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
Askerswell	7th Children 10, Evensong 6.30 14th Matins 10 21st Family Service 10 28th HC 10
Dottery	7th HC 9.30. All others at 3

Snow, ice and gales were the background of last month's Notes, and so it stays as these are being written. Farmers are famous for grumbling, but those who had to get their milk to the collecting point through snowbound lanes had good reason. Nobody envied them their job. Some of them even grumbled cheerfully and resourcefully. Take Raymond Crabb for instance. Smiths Lane in Loders was the main artery for his milk and Steve Newberry's as well. It was like a skating rink. In the dusk of a nasty day he and his man were gritting it with sand they had got from somewhere. The tiniest of his four daughters, and the next up, were augmenting this with soil they were digging out of the bank on either side. "We must take life as it comes" was Raymond's remark to a sympathetic passer-by.

These winter days are a measure of the importance we attach to the worship of God. To stay in bed when the outside world is dark and freezing is tempting indeed, yet a pleasing number of last year's confirmees have got to the early Communion. When church could be got to, others have turned out well to matins, and made up missed contributions to the plate without parsonic admonition.

That cats are reliable barometers is now an article of belief at the Vicarage. Timney, who was on Christmas holiday there, went berserk on what turned out to be the night of the great blizzard. He rushed to and fro along the passages, jumped on people's beds, and was put out of doors for his pains. In the deep snow of the next morning, and through the day, he was not to be found. With pangs of conscience it was noted that the outhouses were all shut, denying him refuge. Days passed and he was given up for dead. Then the Vicarage began to be haunted. Faint mewings were to be heard, sometimes in the study, sometimes in the music room. Yet he was nowhere, not even up the chimneys. On the sixth day the lady of the house was in the music room and the mewings started beneath her feet. She prised up a floor-board. Out crawled Timney, blinking, looking amazingly well preserved. The theory is that he got into the catacombs beneath the Vicarage floors through a vent to escape the blizzard, and waxed too fat on the mice there to get out again.

The weather cancelled Askerswell's new year party - a year does not stay new for long. It also postponed the jumble sale to have been held by the newly formed Entertainment Committee in Loders village hall. The hope is that this may be held on Saturday, February 17th at 2.30 p.m. Gifts of anything saleable will be welcomed at The Crown, the former police station in Yonder, or by any committee member. On Wednesday, February 28th, the Committee will be running a whist drive in the hall, admission 20p.

The Loders Arms is under new management. Mr. Peter Davey and his wife Joan have taken over from Mr. and Mrs. Millard, who are now in Weymouth. The Daveys have a daughter Janet, 17, and a boy Robert, 15. They came from the Hare and Hounds, Waytown, because they needed more accommodation. Before Waytown they had a farm. It is a small world: Mrs. Davey turns out to be a niece of our Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who left Uploders for Kilminster, and also a niece of the late Fred White of Washington.

Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Brill who ran the Loders Arms before the Millards, have had more than enough of Chideock, and to the delight of their many friends here are back in Loders, at High Acres. Reg is no fool, though. He has learned a lesson, but there was a method in the madness.

Also in Loders Mr. and Mrs. "Ginger" Kick have moved across the road to the cottage vacated by the Holmes, and theirs is now occupied by a new employee of Boarsbarrow, Mr. Brian Huxter, his wife Caroline, and their children David 2½, and Christine 7 months. They are from Ilminster. She is a native of Funcknewle and he of Chideock, where his father farms.

Mr. Michael Stewart and his wife Ruby have come from Maiden Newton to Upton Peep. He works at Westland aircraft. She has earned a great reputation for needlework, and made the exquisite "Vine" frontal for Askerswell church. This is the more remarkable because she has long been a martyr to neuritis. When the Vicar called to welcome her she was stretched out on a pallet before the fire, in the sitting room, attended by her sister. She was knitting - furiously it seemed to one who has only done it on a cotton reel. She was also considering how she could make a British Legion banner on order, and reckoned she might have to do it recumbant.

Much sympathy was felt by the Loders congregation for Mr. Kingsley Wenlock, in the sudden loss of his wife Margaret. Theirs was one of those marriages made in heaven. She in her quiet gentle way was a great Christian. The Vicar for one felt it was he who had had his battery recharged after a pastoral visit to her. It was snowing hard for her funeral at Yeovil crematorium. The cortage took two hours to get there, and two to get back. The Vicar was glad he was not driving: he found a niche in the hearse, alongside the coffin. He reflected how the journey would have tickled Margaret's sense of honour. At East Chinnock the driver injudiciously broke from the queue of cars crawling up the hill, and took a short cut to the crematorium up a steep lane on the left. Seeing two cars skidding about ahead of him, he backed down to the main road, where the hearse gyrated about like a shying horse before it found its feet. The queue ascending and the queue descending came to a reverent halt while the hearse was being assimilated, taking a cautionary lesson perhaps from the coffin. On the way back the hearse was in another queue crawling through West Coker. It found itself halted near the turning to East Coker. As the wait was getting long, the driver switched off the

engine. When the queue moved again, it would not start. But the Lord God had caused a van to be stopped outside the village stores hard by. The funeral director, immaculate in tails and pinstripe trousers, disappeared into the shop. He emerged with the driver of the van, who raised its bonnet. The driver of the hearse raised the bonnet of the hearse, and producing a coil of wire, connected therewith the battery of the hearse and that of the van. The hearse's engine started, the funeral director thanked the van driver, and the hearse moved off at a spanking pace to catch up with the rear of the queue in front. The queue behind had been too fascinated by this unusual scene to pass and fill the gap. They might have thought they were in on some exploit of the Count Dracula.

Attendance at the week of prayer for Christian unity service in the Uploders chapel was reduced by the bad condition of the roads, but it was felt by the very representative gathering present to have been well worth while. Father Fleming, priest of the Roman Catholic churches of Beaminster and Chideock, was to have made history by being the first R.C. to preach in the Uploders chapel. But shortly before the service the chapel minister, the Rev. Norman Skinner, received notice that Father Fleming had been rendered oratorically impotent by a dentist that very day. Mr. Skinner deputised with an excellent sermon, and Mrs. Netta Taylor capped it afterwards with an excellent refection in Pine Cottage.

The residents of Loders have received a circular from the newly formed Entertainment Committee saying who the members are, and their tentative programme for this year. The Committee is well laced with new parishioners - chairman Mrs. Upton, secretary Mrs. Fox, treasurer Mrs. Good, publicity officer Mr. Plows, and other members Mrs. Clements, Mr. Good, Miss Harris, Mrs. Hill, Mr. Morris, Miss Pocket, Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Warrington - all eleven of them on the telephone. The programme envisages the formation of a toddlers' group; a country fair on the playing field followed by a dance in the hall, on June 30th; a produce show in mid August; a harvest supper; a Christmas show; and the formation of a cricket team.

Asked to comment on this enterprise, the Vicar said he welcomed this endeavour of new parishioners, young and not so young, to improve the social life of the parish, and the village hall, as long as they added nothing to his plate, which was already full. His was the chief responsibility for the keeping in good repair of three churches and fulfilling their mission to the community. The school had its May Fair aiming to raise £300 plus for essentials not provided by the County; the Brownies and the Guides needed annual financial efforts, so did the Women's Institute and the Youth Club; and last but not least there was the chapel to be maintained. Only by experiment could the Entertainment Committee discover what additional activity the parish could rise to. Time would tell.

Looking well ahead. Anthony Sanctuary has asked Loders Parish Council to support him and a small team of volunteers in carrying out a "village appraisal". This means answering questions devised by the Dorset Community Initiative Officer to find out what the people of Loders want Loders to be like in ten or twenty years time. A Dorset Structure Plan for discussion is to be published in the Spring. Anthony thinks that now is the time to decide what we want for the village. He and his team are ready to do the deciding - gratis.

A warm afternoon sun, rare these wintry days, shone on the coffins of husband and wife - Cecil and Gladys Marsh - in Dottery church. They had died within three days of each other, he at 86, and she at 82, and were buried together in the adjoining churchyard in the presence of a large congregation, an appropriate mode of entry into the next world for an intensely devoted couple. Cecil was valued in agricultural circles as a good farmer and an ardent worker for the Melplash Show, but nowhere more than at Dottery church, where he was churchwarden and treasurer for around 45 years. Gladys was in effect curate of Dottery, very rarely missing a service, visiting the sick, and doing the fete collection for the church repair fund. Her last words to the Vicar were "I love Dottery church". She and Cecil produced a son and grandchildren who inherited that love, and the daughter-in-law shared it. Much sympathy will be felt for them in their loss.

SERVICES IN FEBRUARY

Loders	4th, H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2 11th, H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2 18th, H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2 25th, H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2 Ash Wednesday, Children 9.15, Communion 10
Askerswell	4th, Children 10, Evensong 6.30 11th, Matins 10 18th, Family Service 10 25th, H.C. 10. Ash Wednesday Communion 11
Dottery	4th, H.C. 9.30. All others at 3.

Hope deferred. No sooner had Authority decreed that our dustbin emptying was to be stepped up from one a fortnight to one a week than our dustmen showed who were the real authority by striking and doing no emptying at all. Our response was more civilised than that of the cities, whose name is the root meaning of 'civilisation'. No heaps of festering garbage in our streets. Like the antennae of snails, the dustbins appeared in the hope that the dustmen might appear also, and when the latter did not, the former mostly withdrew, leaving the streets unsoiled. But not the air. The ungodly stinks issuing from some chimneys showed what was happening to some of the garbage.

The only strike that could upset the countryside would be one of the ice-cream men. The times of their arrival at the appointed halting places are engraved on some hearts like Calais on Mary Tudor's. Come wind, come weather, they failed not. Their ice-cream was deliciously warm in the sub-zero air. And their progress reminiscent of the game of musical chairs. Nice tunes like Greensleeves or Brahms Cradle Song are the modern version of the Pied Piper's pipe. They stop abruptly when a customer is being served, and resume where they left off. Hats off to the ice-cream men!

The newly formed Loders Entertainment Committee must be well pleased with the first-fruits of their labours. Despite unhelpful weather, the old time dancing has been attended fortnightly at the village hall by a nucleus of some twenty enthusiasts, and there was hope that the end of February night show a preference for whist over the mindless bingo. The jumble sale was a great success. Not much to sell had come in beforehand, and the promoters were worried, but on the morning of the sale, table after table had to be set up to cope with the incoming goods. Customers were lined up at the hall door an hour before the sale began, and it took £63 for the Committee fund. Mr. Flows is proving an efficient publicity officer. He discovered that one of his neighbours at High Acres, Mr. Sidney Nash, makes a hobby of landscape painting, and is possibly better still at painting posters. These, posted strategically about the village are attractive and even enticing. The striking reds and blues of the lettering would seem to indicate that politically Mr. Nash is neutral. But note the white background.

Nurse Dorothy Fooks, of Askerswell, left in the height of our Arctic weather for a taste of the proper stuff in Harbour Deep, Newfoundland. Not that she wanted to go. She had only lately retired from an arduous spell of duty there. But an urgent call to fill a gap was one that her nature could not refuse, so the village and the church will be conscious of her absence for six months. Her sister, Mrs. Savage, will be church caretaker in her absence, which is very kind.

Mr. Isaiah Jones had been waiting long for a telephone to be put in his bungalow on the hill up to Askerswell church. On a cold night in February he went down to the kiosk in The Square to phone his daughter in Bournemouth. As he was long in returning his wife went to look for him, knowing he had a weak heart, and found him lying in the road. Between then they managed to get home, but he died soon after the doctor's arrival. He was seventy. The telephone was installed in time for the funeral, which was conducted at Yeovil crematorium, by the Rector. Much sympathy was felt for Mrs. Jones, who is herself in poor health, and their daughter. In active life Mr. Jones had been head of the telephone exchange at Coventry. Since retirement to Askerswell seven years ago he had been the star billiards player at the Bridport Conservative Club. The explanation of the unusual combination of the sublime and the ordinary in his names is that it has been the custom in this Jones family "for generations" to call the first-born son Isaiah.

Two great grandmothers, one from as far as the Isle of Man, graced the family congregation for the christening at Loders church on February 4th of Timothy Martin, the first-born of Mr. & Mrs. Martin Stones, of Bradpole, and the first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brill, of High Acres, Loders. Kenneth Brill, who is doing well in the Army, was up from Aldershot to be one of his nephew's godfathers. Timothy Martin left the congregation in no doubt as to the soundness of his lungs. Or of his devotion to his mother; for there was a great calm as soon as the godmother handed him back to her. As a former ornament of the higher echelons of the police force, grandfather Reginald looked confident that every bit of the devil had been cried out of his grandson.

The chairman of Loders Parish Council has just informed us that during the strike of the dustmen black plastic bags for refuse may be obtained for nothing at Loders post office and the Uploders Crown. A shop in Bridport was offering them at fivepence each.

Dottery compares well with Loders and Askerswell in exemplary devotion to the duty of worship on dark mornings in exceptionally cold weather. The farming family of Johnstons has been out in strength with the Marshs for early service. In February they were joined by Doris and little Susie Commons, who had cycled all the way from Skilling and back in freezing rain.

Our readers will doubtless be pleased to know that a son was born to the Vicar's older son Michael and his wife Patsy at Shrewsbury on February 12th. Mickey cannot be sure of the babe's weight because the kitchen scales are uncertain, but he puts it between seven and eight pounds. The names are Thomas Oliver.

It is to be hoped that those of Loders congregation not "in the know" have not attributed the less frequent attendance at divine service of Mr. David Hirst Q.C., and his wife Pamela, to any diminution of divine fervour. Since his election last October to the position much esteemed by barristers all over the world - chairman of the English Bar - he has been too busy to be much in residence here. His exaltation leaves him

humble and considerate as ever. In church he sits literally at the Vicar's feet, in the pew beneath the pulpit. A mercy he does not favour where the choir sit at the west end, and where no change of facial expression goes un-noted in the pulpit. Non-sequiters and ignorant clenches from the preacher making him wince could torpedo any sermon.

Stop and Go. Loders - and Powerstock - school managers could be excused for feeling giddy at the way the Authority shunts about the date of the proposed new school in Loders. It was postponed to 80-81, then to 81-82. Now Air Vice Marshal Adams (chairman of the parish council) informs us that the County Council hope to begin this year, 79-80. The site is above High Acres, in Smiths Lane. The plan was examined and approved by the Parish Council in February. The new school will relieve the congestion in the old, where there are now sixty-nine pupils, but it will not be welcomed by Powerstock, where there are only about two dozen. It is sad when a village loses its school, and a viable one at that, and Powerstock has lately lost its resident parson as well. A question to be settled is the ecclesiastical status of the new school, whether it be aided or voluntary controlled. Aided status would require the managers to provide 15% of the building cost: voluntary controlled status would cost them nothing. Aided status would be somewhat better than voluntary controlled, but would not be worth the thousands of pounds the managers would have to produce. The Diocese and Powerstock are enthusiastic for aided status; Loders not at that price. The outcome will depend on what the Diocese can offer. Its present stance of "Say what you will raise and we will close the gap" is not acceptable to Loders managers.

At the weekly divinity class in Loders school the Vicar was talking about the season of Lent now upon us and lasting till Easter. He asked what fasting was, and to his surprise a forest of hands shot up. "Yes?" said he to one boy. "Going on hunger strike" was the answer. This was not what he expected, but it showed how strikes can become a way of life even with small children. Some hands remained up, so this time he asked a girl what fasting was. "Slimming", came the answer, and the remaining hands dropped. So to this sample of contemporary youth fasting meant either going on hunger strike or slimming. But deep down they knew the Christian meaning. "What would it be if you gave your ice creams money to help feed a starving boy or clothe an old woman in India?" "Fasting" came the answer in chorus. And there is the difference. The hunger striking of the fanatical I.R.A. prisoner and the slimming are self-centred. Fasting is self denying, something given up for others. The naked and the starving are not the only ones in need. What about God, starved of our love, and even our attention? All the time we have is His gift to us, and how little of it we are ready to give Him! Lent is a time to put this right.

Mr. Jack Verrinder has died at his home at Shoreham-by-Sea, May we offer our sympathy, and that of his many friends here, to his widow, who is still a reader of these Notes? Here, he was landlord of The Crown and an excellent mine host. It took the loss of both his legs, right to the hips, and the way he showed how difficulties were meant to be overcome, to reveal what a true Christian he was. His cheerfulness and his objective attitude to life, in a wheel chair, were awe-inspiring.

A former landlord of the Loders Arms, Mr. Frank Osborne, has given us a sheet of the Bridport News and Dorsetshire, Devonshire and Somersetshire Advertiser, dated Friday, September 5th, 1884. It was given to him by the last landlord of the neighbouring but now defunct Farmers Arms, Mr. Bill Maddison. It contains a letter by John S. Stewart, the then Vicar of Loders, appealing for funds to repair Loders bells. The letter is interesting, but so uneconomical of words that it would take more than a whole issue of these Notes to reproduce. Precisely what the money was needed for is hard to elucidate, but some quaint things are said about the bells, namely:- the treble has a beautiful shape and tone and was cast on the spot at Court Close; the ugly bell is the second and its tone is not as good as the rest; the third bell is an old friend with a new face for it had cracked and been recast; the fourth bell was recast from an old bell, in Court Close, but is too sharp in tone; the fifth bell is four feet across and more than 200 years old, the clapper being as old as the bell and having dented the side of the bell with its blows. It would seem that the bells needed rehanging. The belfry was full of jackdaws' and pigeons' nests, proof that our Harry Crabb was not captain of that outfit.

The Church Ladies' Guild of Walditch are giving a craft exhibition of work produced in the village at the Sunday School hall on Thursday, March 15th, from 2-5 p.m.

Loders Church Council are grateful to the friends of the late Mildred Moreby and the late Margaret Wenlock for contributing jointly nearly eighty pounds to the church repair fund in lieu of funeral flowers.

SERVICES IN MARCH

Loders	4th	HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, children 2
	11th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	18th	HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	25th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
Askerwell	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.

With summer time just round the corner, a goodly number of Askerswell parishioners battled through a swirling snowstorm to the village hall in the foothills of Eggardon for the Easter vestry and annual church meeting. Experience of this long and agonising winter showed that they risked being marooned in the hall, but only a disposition to let the business through without overmuch argument suggested that they might be aware of this. Everybody got home safely, we presume. The accounts for 1978, presented by Major Gordon-Hall, showed receipts at £1359.86, expenses at £1318.88, and a credit balance of £40.98. Mr. Stanley Barrow reported that the revised electoral roll was 74 (3 off and 4 on). The Rector thanked the retiring officers and church workers for their services, and the congregation for regular attendance. The officers for this year are:- Churchwardens Captain Lumby and Mr. J. Stevens; Deanery Synod Mrs. M. Evans and Mr. Nicholson; Sidespersons Mrs. Brook and Mr. M. Evans; Church Council Mrs. Lumby, Mrs. Mabb, Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Brook, Miss Fooks, Mrs. Gordon-Hall, Messrs. Barrow and Frost and the ex officios. A fund raising committee was appointed to find the necessary for a quota increased to £358 and other expenses. This consists of Mrs. Gordon-Hall, Mrs. Newall and Mrs. Bryan, with liberty to co-opt.

Askerswell Church Council are grateful to friends of the late Mrs. Nina Samways, who was buried at Eype, for £25.25, which was half of the funeral donations.

Loders Church was tightly filled for the funeral of Mrs. Ada Samways, of Lynch Farm, West Milton. The sun broke out of its black winter prison and beamed on the flower be-decked coffin in the chancel for a memorable service. In his address the Vicar said Mrs. Samways' life had been uneventful and dull by present reckoning. Nearly all of it had been lived in West Milton. A reporter of a daily paper would be hard put to write something about her that his editor would print. Yet there was that in her conduct as a wife and a mother and a neighbour and a pillar of the church that brought together this great gathering to pay their last respects. Years ago the Reverend Brian Issac had been on holiday in West Milton. Mrs. Samways was one of the first villagers he met. Her sweetness and the feel of the village decided him to retire to West Milton if he could. Well, he did, and he would be taking the burial service in the churchyard of the church she worshipped in until it met its untimely end.

Loders Church Council is grateful for donations of £50.30 to the repair fund in memory of Mrs. Ada Samways.

Our ear has not been well to the ground in Dottery of late, and the Johnstons, of Higher Ash Farm, are modest and shy by nature. We have just learned of the birth of daughters to David and Peta, and Raymond and Christine, bringing the grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston to four. This accession of young life is good for Dottery church as well as the family farm.

Congratulations to Rodney and Dulcie Parr (nee Newberry) on the birth of a son at Weymouth on March 15th.

The playgroup meeting in Loders village hall under the auspices of the Entertainment Committee is off to a good start. When our representative called, a gaggle of fourteen children and twelve mums were enjoying each other's company in a nice warm room, divided into a carpeted region for the statics, and bare boards for the mobiles. Mrs. Anne Clements, wife of the Deputy Head of Bridport St. Mary's School (and herself a teacher) is in charge. She is helped by Mrs. Buckland, Mrs. Nadin and Mrs. Spacagna. When the group qualifies to be registered, the attendance of the mothers will not be obligatory.

A lovely spring morning brought a crowd of friends to Mrs. Doris Rudd's bungalow at Mangerton Green for coffee and bring-and-buy to help the Diabetic Children's Association, which received the gratifying sum of £48.30. The snowdrops were even more stimulating than the coffee, and that was a remarkably good brew. It will interest friends of Mrs. Rudd's younger daughter, Alison, to know that The Salad House, which she took over at Chichester, has made its mark. Egon Ronay dined twice there, unknown to the management, and put it in his latest Good Food Guide. The launching of the Guide is to be at the London Savoy. Alison is one of the five chosen to present their own specialities for this occasion.

Mr. Harold Brown's generous posting of Loders and Uploders with notices only brought ten electors to join the seven parish councillors for the annual parish assembly. Air-Vice-Marshal Alexander Adams presided. Mrs. Jessica Dunn was warmly thanked for keeping the parish rights of way in use by organising village walks over them. A proposal to erect two notices saying "Loders Village Conservation Area: Please Drive Slowly" did not find favour, because already there are more signs than can be noticed, and the cost, on the rates, would be about £40 each. Mrs. Spafford reported that the increased use of the village hall by the Entertainments Committee was making a welcome addition to the revenue. Mr. Banfield's report as hon. treasurer showed hall receipts for last year at £231.90, expenses at £202.38, and a credit balance of £29.52. The hall improvement fund had a credit balance of £1446.15. Mr. Banfield regretted that it had cost £16 to refill the fire extinguishers, emptied "possibly in a display of high spirits", and £37.50 to clear the hall surrounds of weeds etc. when this might have been done by voluntary labour. Mrs. Pam Crabb reported that the annual rate of intake of pupils at Loders school had doubled, and the May Fair would be on May 19th. Mr.

Anthony Sanctuary reminded the meeting that Councyl Councils had to draw up structure plans for the future, and would depend heavily on parishes for local details. He urged the electors of Loders to fill in the questionnaires which would be delivered and collected. The chairman drew attention to April 5th, the closing date for nomination of parish councillors. The meeting seemed to hope an election might be avoided because it would add a halfpenny to the rate, but Mr. Price pointed out that there had been no election for ten years and he considered that the interest one might generate in local government would be well worth a halfpenny rate.

The oldest inhabitant of Uploders (and Loders) is a newcomer on the Home Farm housing estate, Mrs. Minnie Harvey, 93, and proud of being a Cockney, born in the Old Kent Road. She has a sister of 90, and another of 85. Mrs. Harvey's age could not be inferred from her sprightly person (she is only five feet). Children today are taller, she says, because they are better fed. She still considers herself a member of the Band of Hope, abominating smoking, but taking a little sherry now and then for the stomach's sake. She has a room with her daughter Dorothy and son-in-law David Holmes. The latter is area manager for Dalgetty Crosfield at Chard. Their son is at London University and their daughter at Weymouth College.

High Acres, Loders, has a new family, Mr. Roger Fulcher, his wife Gwen who is a teacher, and children Lloyd aged five, and Kay aged four. They come from Hockley, Essex, and Mr. Fulcher is a training officer for the social services. Lloyd brought the number of pupils in Loders school to seventy.

Memories of Loders mill in its working days were revived by the funeral at Loders church of Mrs. Hilda Barnes, widow of the last miller, Mr. Hamilton Barnes, who died in 1972. The Vicar recalled the Lammis service broadcast from the church. This service reached its climax when the late Derek Barnes, their only son, presented at the altar a loaf baked from the first wheat of that year's harvest, ground at Loders mill. Derek died at the tender age of thirty. This was followed by the death of two of his four sisters. Mrs. Barnes bore these blows with great fortitude, and also the long and very trying illness that led to her own death. She lived up to her motto that difficulties were meant to be vanquished, not surrendered to. There was a large attendance at the service and she was buried in her husband's grave.

An acute shortage of spring flowers, and bad weather, made the Mothering Sunday ritual of Loders Sunday School difficult to perform this year. But thanks to John Hyde lifting some of the distributors round the parish in his capacious car, most of the venerable parishioners and the sick received either a posy or a flower card, which were much appreciated. At Dottery, little Angela Johnston was also undefeated. She stood by the font with her basket of primroses, as she always does on this day, and gave bunches to the faithful as they left church. The bunches were small, but the marvel was that she had found any primroses in the arctic hedgerows of Dottery.

Dottery church was not built for a numerous congregation, nor the approaches to it with the parking of cars in mind. The late Mr. Stanley Smith of New Close Farm was popular, and a much loved family man, so some of his funeral congregation had to stand. The positioning of all the cars called for a marshalling genius, but the undertaker managed without losing "his cool". In the address the Vicar said that his own long tenure of office had allowed him to savour Stanley Smith's qualities to the full. A love of horses was his prevailing passion, but he also had the true contryman's respect for the things of God. He, and his family now grown up and mostly away from home, had never wavered in their affection for Dottery church. The irksome inactivity that followed his near-fatal illness eight years ago was foreign to his nature but he bore it with surprising patience. His ashes were buried in the grave of his wife's parents. The sum of the mourners' donations to Dottery church is not yet to hand. It is greatly appreciated.

Group-Captain Deric Newall was re-elected chairman of the Askerswell Parish Assembly at the annual meeting, which was well attended. He reported that the copper beech planted in memory of Captain Aylmer had died. Somebody suggested that replacement by a lime would be better for the bees, but a show of hands decided by one vote that copper beech should be given another chance. Three gentlemen agreed to erect the railings that were in store waiting to embrace the Queen's Silver Jubilee tree. Mr. Bryan was thanked for giving a new gate to the parish plot which he has long rented, and £30 was given towards churchyard upkeep from the proceeds of the penny rate. Nobody was willing to be nominated for the West Dorset County Council elections in place of the retiring Major Golding and the chairman 'didn't blame them either'. At this the meeting relaxed somewhat, and the chairman's questions on parish appraisal were parried rather playfully:- Is the parish notorious in any way? Yes, smugglers! Is the parish too big, too small or just right? Just right! Does it need more development? NO! Are there any ancient monuments in the parish? (Looking at each other) Lots! Anthony Sanctuary, the Great Mogul of Parish Appraisal in Loders, will be aghast at such irreverence. And talking of gas, the ancient monuments should have been old enough to know the futility of asking the Gas Board to tap the main that runs through the parish for the benefit thereof.

The month of May is notable this year for a general election. To the children and friends of Loders school it is always notable for their May fair, and chiefly for the maypole dancing on the school field in the typical Dorset setting of Boarsbarrow Hill. Admission fees and the sale of gifts of all kinds are the only replenishment that the school fund gets in the whole year. The fund is important because it pays for amenities that the children would not otherwise have. Saturday, 19th May, is the date of the fair, and 2.30 p.m. the time. The crowner of the May Queen will be Mrs. Kathleen Shirley, a former Mayor of Bridport, and co-founder with her late husband of the Day Care Centre in Bridport, which does so much for old people.

To mark this 'Year of the Child', Loders Women's Institute are augmenting the stalls at the May fair with one of their own, to help the school fund. Mrs. Stack and Mrs. Willmott have already marked the year by a house to house collection of £75 in Loders and Uploders for the C. of E. Children's Society. A coffee morning run by Askerswell Women's Institute at the old rectory to mark the year raised £100 + towards a kidney machine for a child in need. And talking of coffee mornings, there will be one in the Uploders Crown on bank holiday Monday, 7th May, 10 - 12 noon, in aid of Loders village hall.

On the bar counter of The Spyway Inn, Askerswell, was an outside whisky bottle, a toper's dream, inviting donations for the Cheshire home for children at Lyme Regis. When it was full, a churchwarden of Askerswell, Mr. Jack Stevens, was entrusted with the counting, and he made it £180.95p, a very worthy sum. But at night some clever bounder abstracted the bottle without letting the great weight of coins fall through the bottom. The imbibers at The Spyway are nice types. So that the bottle should not be a dead loss to the Cheshire home, they had a whip round among themselves and sent - £81.

Two gallant housewives and a gallant ex pilot of the R.A.F. are competing in the local election for the one seat on the West Dorset District Council allotted to the constituency of Askerswell, Chilcombe, Litton Cheney, Loders and Shipton Gorge. The outcome will show whether or not local patriotism, so powerful in the past, is still alive. We know from personal knowledge of them, that the two 'huzziffs' are worthy candidates, but both live outside the constituency, as candidates are allowed to now, one in Little Bredy and one in Bradpole. Will the locals allow themselves to be represented by anybody from these 'foreign parts'? The ex R.A.F. pilot is local, but not native. If he should get in, he would probably prefer to thank the commonsense father than the local patriotism of the electorate. For as chairman of the parish council of the largest village in the constituency he knows the latter's problems from the inside.

A poll will be needed (so it seems at the time of writing) to settle the composition of Loders parish council. Mrs. Spafford, Mrs. Dunn, Air Vice Marshall Adams, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Hyde and Mr. Shaw are offering for re-election, but not Mr. Price, who was top of the last poll ten years ago. There are two contenders for the vacant seat, Mr. Clements, deputy head of St. Mary's school, Bridport, and a resident of Loders, and Mr. Upton, landlord of The Crown, Uploders. Of course, both of them might get in, at the expense of a sitting councillor.

A pleasing photograph appeared recently in the Bridport News showing Dr. Michael Thompson, outgoing chairman of the Bridport Round Table, handing the chairman of Loders parish council, Air Vice Marshall Adams, a cheque for £100 towards the new playing field at Well Plot. If our own Round Tablers brought our need to light, we are grateful to them, and also to Dr. Thompson. It is fine to see a busy G.F. giving a lot of his precious spare time to charitable work.

The latest jumble sale run by the Loders entertainment committee had the misfortune to clash with one at Bradpole and another at Colfox School. But it was not altogether in vain: it made around £12. The committee are inviting ideas from any quarter for the village fair they are holding on the playing field in June. Mrs. Gill Fox, at the old police station, or Mrs. Shelly Upton, at The Crown, are the people to get in touch with.

The small but loyal congregation of Dottery church are very grateful to mourners of the late Mr. Stanley Smith for donations amounting to £67 in memory of him.

Mrs. Doris Read, a former resident of Pymore Terrace, died in Bridport hospital at the age of 60, and was buried at Dottery in the grave of her husband, and adjoining that of her 91 year old mother, who both predeceased her within a few days of each other ten years ago. She had nursed them both, and used to walk with some of her neighbours across the fields to Dottery church. There was a large attendance at the service, which was sung.

A christening at Dottery on Palm Sunday brought Mr. Huxter to church from his erstwhile sick room at Lower Ash Farm, and it was good to have him at a service again, this time in the honoured capacity of great grandfather to the neophyte, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of David and Peta Johnston, and grand-daughter of Henry and Sylvia.

Easter Eve was a happy time for Mr. & Mrs. Jack Stevens of Askerswell. Their grandchildren, who are the children of Jeffery and Jacqueline Jones, of Staines, were christened in a church resplendent for the festival. The boy was named David Hayward, and the girl Deborah Suzanne.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Roger Fulcher, of High Acres, Loders, on the birth of a daughter, Emma, at Weymouth, on 24th March. Another family is in residence at High Acres, at No. 36. They are Mr. Colin Herbert, his wife Frances, and three children, Tony (11), Darren (7) and Sharon (5). They come from Kent. Mr. Herbert is one of the unsung heroes of our late arctic winter, a milkman. The children are liking Loders school, whose number is now 74.

The new undergardener at Loders Court is Mr. Nigel James, with his wife Linda. They are newly married. They come from Bristol, and are glad to be in our lovely country. A little girl from Shrewsbury, being shown Loders church, said she liked "the chimney". Her puzzled father elucidated that she meant the tower, which does indeed spit hot air sometimes, especially when Captain Harry is telling the young ringers - and often the old ones - "Yule nivver make a hriinger".

Tuesday the 8th of May and Wednesday the 9th are the days appointed by Help the Aged for collecting in this area used clothes to be shipped overseas for people in dire need. Only garments with plenty of wear left in them are worth the cost of transport. Offerings may be left on these days in Askerswell and Loders churches, or at the vicarage. We write this with bated breath. There has been a plethora of jumble sales of late. But even those who think they have already been stripped may find something to shed. And the cause is very deserving. May is also the month of the Christian Aid collections, without which many poor people overseas would be reduced to starvation. Think of them when you find at your door a collector who will make you explode "What! Another?"

The approach of Easter evoked no enthusiasm anywhere; for the atrocious winter that had had us in its grip right through the spring seemed intent on holding on for the summer. Then for Easter and its week the weather did a somersault. It became and stayed perfectly lovely. Out of sheer relief and gratitude (it seemed) people thronged to church all over the country, and our three churches were no exception. Askerswell is a big church for so small a population, but had the morning and evening congregation come at the same time the church would have been full right up. Loders was filled twice, and at matins the pews that comfortably take five adults were holding seven or eight. The number of communicants was also good, 227 (Loders 148, Askerswell 55 and Dottery 24). It was very pleasing to have the young communicants out in strength as well as the old faithfuls, and so many complete families. But the great surprise was the interior of the churches. The winter had seemed to kill everything, yet they were shimmering in the golden fire of a host of daffodils that had captured the window sills and pillars and fonts. They and the abundance of wild daffodils more than mitigated the dearth of primroses - though the base of the Askerswell font still proclaimed "Christ is risen" in primrose words on a carpet of moss. The singing in church and the bells pealing outside were infected by the exuberance of the flowers. So acceptable was Loders' choir's "Thou hallowed chosen morn" and "This happy Easter day" that on request it was repeated the following Sunday. The Easter day collections, which are now part of the stipend, were £182.06, Loders £105.88, Dottery £6.78, Askerswell £69.40. The Vicar would like to thank all the kind contributors to what was anciently called The Easter Offering.

Easter Joy! Twin notices outside the Bridport United Reformed Church proclaimed, one, "Jesus lives", and the other, "Coffee 10p today".

Loders Easter vestry and annual church meeting passed, with thanks to the treasurer Miss Muriel Randall, and the auditor Mr. William Graves, the accounts and balance sheet for the year 1978. The accounts showed receipts at £3003.79, expenses at £2726.09 and a credit balance of £277.70. The repair fund showed £2741.10 received and £1351.76 spent. The Dottery accounts, presented by Mr. John Marsh for his late father, showed receipts at £236.55, expenditure at £119.06, and a credit balance of £117.49. The revised church roll contained 232 names. The vicar thanked all the church workers for their good offices and the congregation for their good attendance at church. He singled out for special thanks his churchwarden, Mr. Ian Roberts, who was moving to Ivybridge, and referred to the loss Dottery had suffered by the deaths of Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Marsh. Officers for the current year are: Vicar's wardens Loders Mr. Bill Budden and Dottery Mr. Henry Johnston; people's wardens Loders Mr. Jack McDowall and Dottery Mr. John Marsh; sidesmen Messrs. R. Price, R. Thomas, M. Lawson and P. Young; Deanery Synod, Messrs. C. Roberts and E. Male, Mrs. N. Balfour and Mr. P. Young; Church Council, ex officio Lady Laskey and Hon. Alexander Hood, Col. R. Stack, Mrs. Strachan, Miss S. Rowe, and Messrs. N. Pridaux, C. Harcombe, N. Balfour and L. Welch. Representative on village hall committee, Mr. F. Good. The kind invitation of the Hon. Alexander Hood to hold the fete at Loders Court on Saturday 4th August was gratefully accepted.

SERVICES IN MAY

Loders	6th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	13th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	20th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	27th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell: 6th, Children 10, Evensong 6.30. 13th Matins 10: 20th Family Service 10
27th HC 10

Dottery: 6th HC 9.30. All others at 3. Uploders Chapel; Evening service each Sunday 6.30.

PARISH NOTES: LODERS, DOTTERY & ASKERSWELL - JUNE 1979

The bad weather on the day after the Loders May Fair, getting worse on each succeeding day, made the sunshine and warmth of the day itself look miraculous, having regard also to the nasty weather that preceded it. A large crowd lined the school field, and watched with the awe that only child-play can inspire as the May Queen and her retinue processed to the throne, where Mrs. Kathleen Shirley crowned her with the grace and eloquence of a good archbishop. Sophio Kennedy-Martin was the Queen; Lucy Kinchin, Susan Cousins and Penelope Scadden her ladies-in-waiting; and William Anderson her page. Thereafter the interest switched to the maypole dancing, and finally to the fancy dress parade. In a community where blood relationship is reckoned down to cousins three or four times removed, it is imperative for the headmaster to secure judges who cannot be accused of nepotism. Sometimes this is a headache. But not this year. Opposite the school is a cottage belonging to the Vicar of the Bray of the famous song. And the two churchwardens of Bray happened to be there on holiday. They might not have enjoyed the maypole dancing had they known that they were to pick the winners of the highly competitive fancy dress. Their choice was not disputed. But they are kindly men, and they were relieved to know, that all the competitors got a prize, the head also being a kindly man and a diplomat. The stalls did a roaring trade. This year there was an extra one run by our Women's Institute as their offering to the Year of the Child. Takings were £385, which was £76 more than last year.

Loders has another fair to look forward to, the Country Fayre. It will be at the Well Plot playing field on Saturday, June 30th. The village entertainment committee, who are running it, say that there will be attractions in plenty - arts and crafts exhibition and sale, a tug-o-war between Loders and Uploders, the Beaminster fire eaters, a knock-out tournament for children, "wellie throwing", a show of agricultural byegones and vintage cars, a village crier competition and fancy dress. All this from 2.30 - 6, and then a dance at the village hall, run by the Loders Dance Club, from 8-11.30. There will be an open meeting at the village hall on June 1st at 8 p.m. to recruit helpers and exhibitors, etc.

The coffee morning at The Crown on the May Day holiday made £23.50 for Loders village hall. A jumble sale for the same object will be held in the Bridport United Church Hall 10 - 12 on June 16th. "Jumble desperately needed" says Mrs. Shelley Upton, meaning presumably by the promoters. The appetite of Bridport for jumble was never in doubt. Our Christian Aid collections produced £130.77 for that very worthy object. The village collections were Askerswell £13.92, Uploders £8.70, and Loders £32.80, making £55.42. The church collections were Askerswell £15.35, Dottery £5 and Loders £55, making £75.35.

The Help the Aged appeal for clothing gave the Vicarage the colley-wobbles this time. How on earth were we going to produce anything after the spate of local jumble sales? But "the faithful" never fail. Parcels appeared in the garage, at the door, up the stairs, in the study and so unobtrusively that we rarely saw the donors to thank them. We had seventeen sacks for the HTA ladies' truck and most of it good enough to sell in the HTA shops, which helps the cause more. But why do these appeals come in such a dollop? As the HTA ladies were in the study gathering up their sacks, the Christian Aid agent was at the door delivering the posters and collecting tin for that, and we had only just got the collection for C of E children's homes off our chest. A change is as good as a rest, so it was refreshing to be called to the door that same evening by a nice girl with a tin for the Red Cross and later by another with a tin for Cancer Research, to be invited to give instead of to collect. But the refreshment was short-lived. Ere long the church treasurer was in the study with a circular letter to all churches saying that parochial quotas were being raised by 50% to bring clergy stipends up to £3500 p.a. As the Askerswell quota is £385, and the Loders £1353, that means an extra £869 p.a. to be found on one item alone of the two churches' budget. It boils down to the parson having to beg for his keep, and to beg from a good-hearted minority of the community when the whole community has a legal right to his services. Hospital, service and prison chaplains of recognised denominations are paid by the State. The churches might have been better exercised in negotiating this privilege for all their ministers than wasting their time changing their form of government and worship.

Sunday, June 10th is the day of diocesan pilgrimage to Salisbury Cathedral. The Bishop will preach to a great gathering in the cathedral at 3 p.m. The multitude are invited to have a picnic lunch on the cathedral green beforehand, and a space has been allotted to each deanery. Our rural dean, Bishop Geoffrey Tlask, is hoping for a good turnout of the Lyme Bay Deanery. We have booked a forty seat coach for our three parishes and Powerstock. The coach aims to start from the school at 10.30 a.m. prompt. Powerstock people should have reached the school by then and it will pick up Askerswell people in their Square. Pilgrims bring their own lunch (and tea if they are that sort). The coach aims to start back at 5 p.m. Because of the demand for coaches ours had to be booked before we knew how many were using it, and will have to be paid for regardless of that. At the time of writing there is still room. Will any others please get in touch with Mrs. Barrow (Askerswell), Miss Muriel Randall (Loders & Dottery) or the Vicar? Church services at Askerswell (10 a.m.) and Loders (8 a.m. & 11 a.m.) will be as usual, but there will not be one at Dottery.

White Wedding. The wedding at Loders Church on May 5th of Miss Valerie Johnston, of

Lower Ash Farm, Dottery, and Mr. Peter House, of Lower Beerlands Farm, Whitchurch Canonicon, was white in more than one respect. As the bridal party emerged from church, they were confettied by a swirl of snowflakes, and the photography which is usual there had to be done in an interlude of repentant sunshine outside West Mead, where the reception took place. This did not dim the jollity of the occasion: after last winter, snow on midsummer day would surprise nobody, farmers least of all. At church there was a very homely touch: as the bells paused in their pealing, and the organ trumpeted "Here comes the bride," and the great congregation rose with one accord, there came instead down the central alleyway the maternal grandfather of the bride, Mr. John Huxter, aged 87, straight from sick bay at Lower Ash, and propelling himself along with a zimmer. If zoom were to be the root of zimmer, it would be surprising, for the zimmer is not suggestive of aerobatics or motor racing. Willing hands accelerated him to the front pew. With grandfather comfortably installed, the ceremony could proceed. Mr. Huxter graced the christening of his latest great granddaughter, Beverley Ann, at Dottery a week later. She is the daughter of Raymond and Christine Johnston.

Weddings are rare red letter days at Askerswell. Because the village wanted to be in on it as well as the very numerous guests, they could have done with a bigger church. The bride was Miss Faith Marsh, of East Hembury Farm, known over a wide area through the Hereford herd for which her father is famous; and the bridegroom Mr. Keith Brown, a butcher, of Wool. The little bridesmaids evoked almost as much admiration as the bride. They wore milking caps and carried bunches of cowslips. The ringers were in dual capacity. Between ringing the bride in and out of church, they stood in a bunch beneath their ropes and made a good impromptu choir. The reception was in the ballroom of the Askers hotel. An advantage of this was that all the presents could be spread out on the stage, at the feet of the bridal party, who sat feasting behind the three-tiered cake. The bride's grandmother was present, but not her grandfather, regrettably. Never at a loss for the right word, he describes himself as "allergic to transportation" (which means apt to be sick when in motion).

It is our pleasant duty to register two families of new parishioners. At 38, High Acres, Lodgers, are Chief Petty Officer Bill Hodson, his wife Elizabeth, and their daughter Fiona born on May 5th. He is stationed at Portland now, but moves to Westland shortly. He is in the Fleet Air Arm, and reckons to be going aboard in an airborne commando squadron. Frequent partings with one's family are the bane of Service life, but C.P.O. Bill and Elizabeth and their first-born can take it. In the latest bungalow to be finished at Home Farm Close, Uploders, are Mr. Edward Church and his wife Florence. They have a daughter, married, and living in Kent. They themselves come from Burgess Hill. They are much travelled, he having been a personnel manager in transport, retiring twenty-three years ago from the National Freight Corporation. They find the "true-fixed and resting quality" of Uploders enchanting after all their moves. They propose calling their bungalow "Badgers" because they find their dustbin ransacked and tipped over. A badger might well be the culprit. One seemingly injured has been active in the vicinity. The Parochial Information Officer, Mr. Maurice Lawson, has a dossier on him that reads like Tarka the Otter.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clyde (nee Bridget Newall) was baptised at Askerswell church on May 27th, while her parents were on holiday at South Eggardon from Scotland. Her names are Josephine Elisabeth.

The local elections answered the question whether local patriotism is still alive. The only local candidate in the West Dorset election, Air Vice Marshal Adams, was top of the poll; and Mr. George Hyde, the only candidate who is a native of Lodgers, topped the Lodgers poll.

A coffee morning and "plant bring and buy" at The Croft, New Road, Uploders, on Tuesday 5th June, from 10-12 noon, will be to swell a fund being raised by the Bridport United Church to entertain 45 German guests who will be here for two weeks in July. Gifts for the plant stall will be much appreciated.

SERVICES IN JUNE

Loders	3rd	HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	10th	HC 8, Matins 11, No children
	17th	HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	24th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell	3rd	Children 10, Evensong 6.30,
	10th	Matins 10
	17th	Family Service 10,
	24th	HC 10
Dottery	3rd	HC 9.30. All others at 3.
Uploders Chapel		Every Sunday 6.30.