

Remembrance Sunday falls this year on November 11th. This will please the British Legion, who incline to the idea that the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, whether it be a Sunday or not, is the proper time to do homage to the dead of the two world wars. Some people hold that a Remembrance on any day is a mistake. They think that it only harrows the feelings of those who lost their dearest and their best. There may be ground for this opinion, but the size of the congregation that attends the Loders Armistice service shews it is not generally held here. On the contrary, relatives of our Loders dead say it is comforting to be caught up in a great national act of sympathy and homage on November 11th. Muffled bells are rung, dead marches played, and poppy wreaths laid, not in glorification of war, but in recognition of the awesome fact that true progress is only got the hard way, through self-sacrifice. Civilisation will indeed be rotting when it cannot see the splendour in men laying down their lives to prevent an evil thing from overtaking their kin and their posterity. Of the dead in the world wars it has been truly said "They loved what is decent more than they feared death".

Armistice Arrangements are as follows:- At Loders Church the main service will begin at 10.45 instead of 11 a.m. so that it may include the two minutes silence. It is customary for a Service man to give an address on this occasion. Last year Col. Scott obliged us, and this year we hope it will be Commander Streatfield. Ex-Service men are specially welcome and they need not be shy of wearing their medals. The collection will be for Earl Haig's Fund. At Dottery the Remembrance Service will be at 3.30 p.m., and the collection will be for the same object.

Differences in the Weather distinguished Dottery harvest festival from Loders. At Loders the sun of a perfect autumn day streamed through the windows for matins, and the hunter's moon shone full through the east window for evensong. At Dottery it was a day of thunder, lightning and rain. Loders had almost a full church at matins, and a very full church at evensong. But Loders had the advantage of enticing weather. Dottery literally went through fire and water to prove its devotion to harvest. The weather could scarcely have been worse, and yet there were few vacant seats when the congregation rose to sing "Come, ye thankful people". The preacher was hard put to compete with the rattle of rain on the tin roof, but a hearty "We plough the fields and scatter" by the congregation quite subdued it. Both churches were beautifully decorated. At Loders a preponderance of sheaves seemed to have brought a cornfield right into church, and the Dottery dahlias made a florist's window of its baptistry. Those who guessed where the cigarettes came from that were among the Dottery gifts guessed right.

G.O.M. of Loders. May we tender our congratulations to Captain Welstead, whose birthday is on Guy Fawkes Day? Being a man, he will not sue us for disclosing that it is his eightieth. We think he is the oldest member of Loders congregation (but there is always the chance that a lady member may be saying "And you can go on thinking that"). Certainly he is one of the most regular attenders. On the rare occasions when his seat is empty there is a good reason. Our wish that there could be more like him will be echoed for the further reason that he is the most popular man in the parish.

The Late Mrs. Whitaker. Much sympathy will be felt for Mr. Whitaker, of Callington, in the sudden loss of his mother, who died in a Weymouth nursing home. She was the widow of the Rev. R.M.A. Whitaker, some time Rector of Lydlinch, Sturminster Newton. The burial was at Lydlinch.

Coming and Going. Mr. & Mrs. R. Matthews, of Martinstown, have lately settled in the parish. Both work at Yonderover Farm. They have a small daughter. The farm that they come from was near Hardy's Monument, and was so isolated that Yonderover, by comparison, seems like "the thick of civilisation". Mr. & Mrs. E.J. Pavey are leaving Church Farm, after six years in Loders, and taking a smaller one near Taunton. Their daughter Cynthia is loth to go with them, because it will spoil her record of unbroken attendance at Sunday School this year.

Autumn Weddings. Loders Church was the scene of pretty weddings on two succeeding Saturdays in October. First came that of Mr. W. Rogers and Miss Georgina Day, of Pymore. It was the eve of harvest festival, and the decorators speeded up their work so that it might embellish the

wedding as well as the harvest. Doubtless Mr. Day was pleased to be well enough, after his long bouts of illness, to attend church and give his daughter away...

The wedding of Miss Jean Neave, of Boarsbarrow, and Mr. K.G. Day, came the Saturday after harvest, but some of the harvest decorations had survived and been added to, so that the church looked equally beautiful, in another style. There was a large congregation to sing the hymns. A pleasant feature of the wedding was that it was home made, and good. Between them the bride, her sister, and her mother, had made the dresses, the bouquets, the three-tiered cake, and the banquet. Of the banquet it may be said that the Forster Institute can never have housed an ampler or a jollier feast. It was a touch of old times.

When Bees make Mistakes. One gentleman in Loders who could raise no enthusiasm for harvest festival was Mr. Brake, of New Road. His principal crop is tobacco. He grows and cures enough to keep his own pipe going the whole year round, and usually there is enough over to test the stomachs of his best friends. But this year his crop is nil. He swears by all his household gods that he put in tobacco seed, and that tobacco plants came up, but that the bees muddled the process of pollination, and turned them into foxgloves. Mr. Brake thinks that the bees behaved scurvily. If they had to meddle with his tobacco plants, they might at least have turned them into Canterbury bells, as they are reported to have done for another tobacco grower up-country. Mr. Brake was taken aback to learn that he might have manufactured digitalis from his foxgloves, and cured all the bad hearts in New Road. Bees are knowing creatures. The foxgloves may have been intended as an antidote to Mr. Brake's tobacco. He, having smoked the tobacco for several years, the bees, in their wisdom, might have considered that a little digitalis was called for.

The Winter Activities of the parish organisations are getting into stride. All the efforts of the Young Farmers are directed towards their harvest supper; the Women's Institute faces its annual general election this month; and the Agricultural Discussion Club has gone into action with a membership of 70, and with the genial Mr. Wells as chairman. The Club wishes whist players to make a note of Wednesday, December 12th., when the grand Christmas whist drive will be held in the Hut. In mentioning the Hut, we are reminded that dances and entertainments are going to be much harder to arrange there than in the past. It seems that the Musician's Union are in a position to insist, and are insisting, that dance music in the Hut shall in future be supplied by members of their union, or by gramophone records under licence. This will greatly increase the cost of music.

The Children of Loders School held their own harvest festival this year. They went in procession from school to church early on a Monday morning, carrying offerings for the Battlecomb orphanage. As they entered church with these, and laid them on the chancel steps, they chanted a hymn beginning "Our offering is but small".

Parish Registers

Holy Baptism. 29th. Sept. Monica Winifred Foot (privately)
14th. Oct. Kenneth Michael Joy.
Holy Matrimony 13th. Oct. William Rogers & Jessie Georgina Day.
20th. Oct. Kenneth Gordon Day & Jean Annis Neave.

Services for November

Loders 4th. HC 8 & 11.45. Matins 11, Children 2.
11th. HC 8, Remembrance Service 10.45, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.
18th. HC 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
25th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.
Dottery 4th. HC 9.30.
11th. Remembrance Service 3.30.
18th. Evensong 6.30.
25th. Evensong 3.30.

Loders and Dottery Notes (December, 1951)

Christmas Arrangements. These Notes are being written in November, when Christmas lies in the dim and distant future. But by the time our readers have them, there will be nothing dim and distant about Christmas, for the children, at any rate, or for the mothers, on whose plotting and planning the delight of Christmas depends - or for father, who only does the paying. The spirit of Christmas will doubtless be taking possession of every home in the parish, but its presence will be most evident in church, which is the one home common to all parishioners. We hope to have the midnight communion on Christmas Eve, perhaps with carols. At matins on Christmas Day the children will sing round the Christmas tree in the chancel, and will receive from it the packets of sweets which the Mothers' Union puts there. We are sure that this homely touch to the service, is something that God likes on His birthday. What we are not so sure about at the moment is where the Christmas tree will come from. Sir Edward's estate has been so drawn on for Christmas trees that there are no more available. Has anybody any suggestions to offer, or, better still, a tree?

The Remembrance Day Collection for Earl Haig's Fund amounted to £9.12.1d. (Loders £8.3s., Dottery £1.9s.1d.). This is a record. It is pleasing to note that Dottery made more of the Remembrance than it generally does, there being a sizeable congregation for the afternoon service. At Loders the morning service was impressive. Commander Streatfield's address touched exactly the right note; and the Dead March from "Saul", as performed by the organist, made a fitting finale. A word of congratulation to the ringers who rang eleven o'clock on the tenor bell! To do this successfully he had to set the tenor at back stroke. Those who know the reluctance of tenors to be set at back stroke were prepared to hear it strike twelve, or even thirteen, which it did not.

Given reasonable luck, we should begin the Church's new year on Advent Sunday with the electrical heating apparatus functioning for the first time. The men have been working at it for nearly a month.

November was a month of bereavements for four Loders families. Mrs. Ada Legg died after a long spell of bad health. Much sympathy will be felt for her daughter, Miss Vera Legg, who cared for her so faithfully. Mr. Thomas Bartlett, a native of Loders, who died in Salisbury, was brought here for burial on the same day as Mrs. Legg's funeral, with the result, unusual for a little place like Loders, that there were two coffins in the chancel at the same time. Mrs. Legg's coffin had been brought to church the night previous, and laid in the Eastern Sepulchre in the north wall of the chancel. The other two obituries were of the fathers of Mrs. Randall and Mrs. Rice-Oxley. For Mrs. Randall has ended a long bedside vigil at Monkton Wyld.

All Dottery was perturbed by the sudden removal to hospital of Miss Jean Harris. She underwent a critical operation, from which, we are happy to say, she is making excellent recovery. Another member of the Dottery congregation, Mr. Frank Powell, is also in hospital, and he, too, is making good recovery from an operation.

Our Oldest Inhabitant, Mrs. Pitcher, of the Loders Arms, celebrated her 91st. birthday last month. She has to spend most of her time in bed, but otherwise she is in full possession of her faculties.

The children's annual sale for the church overseas will be held in the schoolroom on Saturday, 15th. December, at 2.30 p.m. They have made, or got others to make, articles of the kind that found a ready sale last Christmas, and there will be a jumble sale as well. Tea will be available, and for those who like to see children act, there will be a nativity play.

Our own film star is Mrs. Harry Legg. As winner of the net making competition in the Bath and West Show, she was invited to London to show her art in a talking film, her interrogator being Mr. Richard Dimbleby. Mrs. Legg confirms what others have said who have heard records of their voices, that one does not recognise one's own voice. "The voice said what I had been saying", said Mrs. Legg, "So I suppose it was mine, but I should never have thought it".

The Women's Institute have shown good spirit in holding a sale for St. Dunstan's and the Cancer Research Fund. They raised about £14 for these worthy objects, and in doing so gave the village children a real treat. Youthful arms dipped deep into the bran tub and extracted amazing bargains at tuppence a time. To crown the excitement, Father Christmas arrived with a packet of sweets and an orange for each child. There were the gift of Madam President and her Consort (Mrs. & Mr. F. Taylor).

Another bit of good spirit has been shewn by Mr. Bill Tiltman. On a recent Saturday afternoon he could be seen in the church, at the top of a long ladder, replacing a piece of glass that had blown out of a window of the Lady Chapel. The labourer, who stood on the bottom rung and kept the ladder from slipping, was none other than his lady wife. But to nobility of spirit like her husband's she made no claim. She agreed with him that she was only there to save herself from becoming a widow.

The Choir will sing carols through Loders and Uploaders, probably on the Thursday and the Friday before Christmas. As usual, their twin objects will be to raise funds for the Children's Society, and to enjoy themselves. They long to be allowed to explain to their auditors, that if they were to give a performance special to each habitation, they would take two weeks, and not two nights, to get round the parish. Their policy is to sing from positions whence the performance may reach the maximum number of ears.

Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Harry Crabb on their entry into the noble army of grandparents. A son has been born to their daughter, Ann, in London. Happily, mother and infant are now making better progress than they did at first.

Guests at our Young Farmer's harvest supper could not help thinking what a good thing these young farmer's clubs are, not just because they give the guests most satisfying meal of the year, but because it is so good for young people to be active instead of passive in their leisure, making their own meal, their own plays and their own speeches. One agreed with Farmer White's admirable homily on punctuality - and was left wondering to what extent he had secured it in meetings of his own Farmers' Union. Any one who had seen the beautiful old farm smocks that had appeared on the stage that evening would ask, with Mr. Rolf Gardiner, why, at the County Harvest Festival in Salisbury Cathedral, the farmers who processed to the altar with their gifts had to be wearing dentist's coats. Surely the point that we are living in the Health Service Age need not be pressed thus far?

We Welcome to Loders, (and, what is still more pleasing, to our regular congregation) Mrs. Henderson and her daughter, who have taken the house vacated by Mrs. Burrell. They come from Wimbledon. Mrs. Henderson has a doctor son, and a son who is a veterinary surgeon, and they are both in practice not many miles away.

It is conceivable that a whole family might go to the Discussion Club Whist Drive in the Hut on December 12th. and win a complete Christmas dinner. The prizes include geese, chicken, whisky, port, and Christmas pudding.

The Mothers' Union held its last meeting at Loders Court, where it was addressed by Mrs. Milward, of Bothenhampton, and entertained to a right royal tea by Lady Le Breton.

Parish Registers

Holy Baptism. 18th. November, Ingrid Margaret Burrell.
Burials. 17th. November. Ada Jessie Mavel Legg, aged 61.
17th. November. Thomas Bartlett, aged 82.

Services for December

Loders. 2nd. HC.8. & 11.45, Matins 11. Children 2.
9th. HC.8. Matins, 11. Children 2, Evensong 6.30.
16th. HC.8. & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
23rd. HC.8. Matins 11, Children 2.
Christmas Day, Midnight Cummunion, HC.8. & 11.45, Matins 11.
30th. HC.8. Matins 11, Children 2, Carol Service 6.30.
Dottery 2nd. HC.9.30. 9th. Evensong 3.30.
16th. Evensong 6.30. 23rd. Evensong 3.30.