

The Gymkhana is on Saturday, September 1st., in the park of Loders Court. Adult riders will of course be welcomed, but it promises to be largely a children's show. The "horsey" children of the neighbourhood are looking forward to it, and have even decided what events they are going to win. The same may be true of the dogs who are running in the comic dog race. Colonel and Miss Alison Scott are the organisers of the gymkhana. Their eyes are anxiously on the weather, and they have in mind the liverish attitude of the Clerk of the Weather to this season's equestrian events. It will soon be seen if he still loves Loders.

The Personnel of Loders is always changing. Old faces go, and new ones come in their place. Mr. George Ellery's cottage, smartened almost beyond recognition, is now occupied by Mrs. Edwards, a widow, lately come from Swanage. The Upton farm cottage which Mr. Lenthall has re-conditioned and made so attractive, houses a new tractor driver and his family. It is probably the first time that that cottage has been the home of somebody who is not English. Its walls now listen to unfamiliar names; for the tractor driver is a Latvian, Bruno Enerts; his wife is a German from Wilhelmshaven; and the baby rejoices in the name of Aia. Newcomers to the parish of a different sort are a baby daughter, born recently to Mr. & Mrs. Foote, of the Travellers' Rest, and a baby daughter, born some weeks ago to Mr. & Mrs. Burrell, of Gribb. Both babies are very bonny. Mr. & Mrs. A.N. Burrell reckon to be leaving Waddon Farm shortly.

The Sunday School Children went to Lyme Regis and Sidmouth for their outing, in two coaches. The day was full of thrills. At Lyme Regis they tried the roundabouts, dodgems, and swing boats, while some took to sea in a motor boat, and rode the waves like young Vikings. They left Lyme in the afternoon, and the biggest thrill was to come - the back axle of one of the coaches broke on a steep hill near Honiton. This coach carried most of the children, and they were more than delighted; for word had gone round that they would be marooned too long to start school in September. But their hope was short lived. The first coach, which had emptied its load in Sidmouth and returned, and a relief bus from Chard, arrived together. The marooned ones joined the others at tea in Sidmouth. Mrs. Willmott and the Sunday School wish to thank the parish for giving so generously to the outing, and to Miss Hinks and Mrs. G. Gale for collecting. The collection amounted to nearly £17.

Mrs. Martha Crabb's Cottage in Loders has been one of the local points of the Empire this summer. Some of her many relations and friends who live abroad have been visiting her. A niece from New Zealand met a friend from Australia in her parlour, and they were followed by a friend from South Africa and another from Canada. Mrs. Crabb has eight nephews and nieces in Australia, a nephew in Ohio and another in Cyprus.

Mrs. Laskey, daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, has had an alarming experience at her flat in Long Island, New York. In a storm at night lightning struck the roof, and set it on fire. The roof was well alight before the fire was discovered, and Mrs. Laskey had to escape barefoot, with her son Edward in her arms. She is full of praise for the local fire service, which is manned by unpaid volunteers. Within ten minutes of the call they were on the spot, bringing with them canvas shelters into which they put the salvaged furniture. Local builders replaced the roof and made the flat habitable in less than three weeks.

Local Devotees of crime literature take pleasure in the annual visit to the parish of Detective Heslin, of the C.I.D., who figured prominently in the Haigh murder. He and his family have spent a fortnight's holiday at the Loders Arms each year for many years, and this year's visit has just ended. The detective occasionally patronises the bar and proves himself an agreeable conversationalist, although on the subject of crime he refuses to be drawn. Loders agrees with him. He looks to his holiday here to add about eight pounds to his weight. Professional worries and a life of hectic activity rob him of this in due course, which is as well for the Loders Arms stairs.

The Uploders Charities. Old parochial charities are often a headache to those who are charged with the administration of them. There are two such charities in Uploders, one, called the Mellor Charity, disposing of about £2.10s. per annum, and the other, called the Poor Lot, disposing about £7.10s. When the present Vicar came to Loders he was told by the

administrators that these charities were no concern of his, and for this he was profoundly thankful. Jealousies swarm like wasps round old charities, a few administrators avoid being stung. So the Vicar was glad to be clear of it all, and to leave the charities in the hands of Mr. Gillard and the Parish Council, who satisfied everybody, and seemed wasp proof. But this happy state of affairs was not to last. In 1950 the Charity Commissioners for England, who control all charities, were doing a periodic check, and they required the Vicar to give an account of his administration of the Uploders Charities. Having had nothing to do with the charities, he was unable to comply, and he referred the Commissioners to Mr. Gillard and the Parish Council. The Commissioners objected that these were not the official trustees, whereupon the Vicar asked the Commissioners to clarify the position. This they have done, with the following result:- Each of the two charities has a separate board of trustees. The trustees of the Mellor Charity are the Vicar and the two Churchwardens; the trustees of the Poor Lot are the Vicar, the two Churchwardens, and two trustees appointed by the Parish Council. (At their last meeting the Parish Council appointed Mr. Charlie Gale and Mr. Herbert Bartlett as their trustees). Having made it clear who are the trustees, the Commissioners stated when the charities are to be distributed, and to whom. Both charities are to be distributed at Christmas time. The Mellor Charity is to be a cash distribution to certain poor persons of Uploders, and/or to poor parents with children at school. The Poor Lot is a fuel charity, to be distributed as coal or firewood to the poorest inhabitants of Uploders. The Commissioners suggest, and few would disagree with them, that the poorest people today are those receiving public assistance and old age pensions. It is a pity that the Uploders Charities are so small. Under the old system the total of £10 was divided last year among 113 persons, who received two shillings or a shilling each! When so small a charity is spread so wide and so thin, nobody really benefits, and the purpose of the charity is defeated. Under the new system a few old persons will each receive a few hundred-weights of fuel at Christmas. The people of Uploders are warm hearted, and they will readily sacrifice their shillings for the old people. And after all, this fuel is the old people's by law.

Houses. Everybody agrees that there is need for some new houses in Loders. A few families are overcrowded, and a few young couples want homes of their own. But not everybody understands the difficulties the Parish Council have to contend with in getting these houses. It seems that the Rural Council contemplates building eighteen houses in Loders. On the surface this looks grand, but it might mean that the parish would get none at all. Eighteen houses require a sizeable piece of land, and the land the Rural Council has in mind is part of a small holding whose compulsory purchase might be resisted, perhaps successfully, by the owner. Legal processes are lengthy, and while these were going on, the houses would remain unbuilt. So the Parish Council decided to ask for a first instalment of eight houses, the land for which has a prospect of being obtained. The vexatious thing is that when these houses come into being, the Parish Council will have no say in the letting of them. Having been financed and built by the Rural Council, they will be let by the Rural Council to those in the Rural District whose need for houses is greatest. The experience of Burton and Chideock suggests that Loders people will be lucky if they get half the houses built here.

Services for September

Loders. 2nd. HC.8. & 11.45. Matins 11, Children 2.15., Evensong 6.30.
9th. HC.8. Matins 11, Children 2.15.
16th. HC.8. & 11.45., Matins 11, Children 2.15., Evensong 6.30.
23rd. HC.8. Matins 11, Children 2.15.
30th. HC.8. Matins 11, Children 2.15.

Dottery. 2nd. HC.9.30.
9th. Evensong 3.30.
16th. Evensong 3.30.
23rd. Evensong. 6.30.
Harvest Festival, Thursday 27th., at 7.30 p.m. and Sunday, 30th. September at 6.30.

Question and Answer. This is the time of year when Parson's progress through village street and country lane is watched more narrowly than usual. The bolder spirits stop him, and ask "When is harvest festival?" Loders Parson was lately far from home. He had strayed into the wildest parts of neighbouring Powerstock. By the wayside he met one of the natives sharpening a billhook with terrible efficiency, and looking decidedly resentful of foreign intrusion. He with the billhook demanded, in ominous voice, "When be your harvest festival?" "Second Sunday in October" said Parson. "Good", said he with the billhook, looking less lethal, "Now we can come to our'n and your'n". A bit further on, Parson, met another of the Powerstock natives, mending a dry wall. This one looked none too friendly either, and there was a heap of stones at his elbow. The wall mender fixed Parson with an aggressive eye and said "I would very much like to know when your harvest be to Loders". "Second Sunday in October" said Parson. "That be very wise", said the wall-mwnder, letting Parson pass. Rumour has it that the United Christian Council of Bridport has pronounced the old custom of attending as many harvest festivals as you can, to be harmful to the soul, and has decreed that all the local harvest festivals shall be on the same day. Like most rumours, this one is probably untrue, but it is sufficient to imperil the lives of harmless country parsons. In an age when the liberty of the individual is becoming more and more restricted, the countryman will not readily part with his harvest perambulation from one festival to another. And is it so very unchristian to have an urge to sing the harvest with the foreigners in the next village?

The Gymkhana was good for our souls. In previous years the weather had always smiled on us, and we sometimes wondered how we would face up to it if the weather frowned. Now we know, Rain fell mercilessly most of the morning and afternoon, but the competitors turned up, some of them from a distance, and "the show must go on" became the order of the day. The entries reached the surprising number of 87, and this encourages the supposition that fine weather would have made the day eminently successful. The cosiest spot on that boggy field was Mrs. Harry Legg's tea emporium under the cedar tree. There the sweetest smiles of herself and her bevy of lady helpers atoned for the rain. The eyes of many customers turned to her warm stove, but it could not be come at for the ice-cream man, who seemed glued to it. Thanks to the handsome profit on the teas, to a few donations, and to the kindness of Mr. H.K. Barnes in doing the haulage gratis, Colonel Scott, who has not quite finished his battle with the accounts, thinks that the gymkhana may just pay for itself, which is a relief to himself more than anybody, he being chancellor of the church's exchequer.

Summer Outings have made their final spurt. The Women's Institute took member's children to West Bay for an afternoon, Mrs. P. Symes took a coach load of sightseers to the Festival of Britain in London, and the Mother's Union went to the Weymouth Ritz to see the antics of Mr. Dixon. There is how a difference of opinion among the Mothers as to whether Mr. Dixon is entirely in good taste. But surely the fact that a staunch churchwarden confesses to having seen Mr. Dixon's act no less than four times settles the question?

Miss June Roper, of Dottery, had the bad luck to choose a very wet day for her wedding to Mr. M.S. Townsend, of Allington. It was gymkhana day. However, Mr. Tiltman's artistry at the organ, the chiming of the bells, and the good spirits of a large congregation, put the rain out of mind. Mr. & Mrs. Townsend have gone to live in Weston-super-Mare, and the good wishes of Dottery have gone with them.

Loders School is now adequately staffed. Mrs. Clarke has been joined this term by Miss Wickham, fresh from college. Being a farmer's daughter, and coming from Cheddar, Miss Wickham should feel quite at home in a county school. Loders children are lucky to be taught in small, manageable classes, less than half the size of most in Bridport.

Much sympathy will be felt with Mrs. Ward, of the Forge, Dottery, in the recent loss of her brother, Mr. Isaac Welch. She nursed him through a long and trying illness. He had served in the Royal Navy, and had also put in many years as a networker.

The Electrical Heating Apparatus for Loders Church will prove more expensive than the original estimate. The electrician who has the work in hand reported to the Church Council that a four-core cable would be necessary to carry the extra current required into the church. It was a shock to the Council to learn that this length of cable, and the laying of it, would add about £110 to the bill. Fortunately, the proceeds of the recent fete were available, and these were voted into the heating fund. The South-Western Electricity Board have laid the cable, and the electrician can go ahead with the business of wiring, and fitting a tubular heater to each pew. But only the Secretary of the Church Council knows what formalities have to be dealt with, and what girding and goading has to be done, before work like this can begin. We have hope that the electric heat may be in well before Christmas. A word of appreciation of the men of the South-Western Electricity Board is not amiss here. They had great care for the appearance of the church path when they dug their long trench for the cable, and they dealt reverently with all the human remains they brought to light. They removed and replaced Mr. David Crabb's fine border of ageratum so skilfully that not one plant died, and, if anything, they left the path neater than they found it.

Family Re-Union. Mr. & Mrs. Harry Sanders, of Loders, are relieved to have their son home, safe and sound, after three years of active service in Malaya. He is Sergt. William Sanders, of the 1st. Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. He was mentioned in despatches in Malaya. Until the age of eighteen he was a gardener at Loders Court, but he likes the Army, and is now a regular. His battalion is due for Germany in the near future. By a fortunate coincidence, his sister May was home from Scotland during his leave.

Improvements to the Hut. The Young Farmers and the Women's Institute, who are the most frequent users of Loders Ex-Service Men's Hut (and therefore the main source of its revenues) suggested to the Ex-Servicemen that the Hut needed certain repairs, and to be made more comfortable. The Ex-Service Men met to consider these proposals, and made the agreeable discovery that their thrifty treasurer, Mr. Oscar Gale, had amassed a credit balance of £217. The meeting appointed a committee to recommend improvements costing not more than £90. The committee consists of Messrs. O. Gale, W. Symes, H. Legg, G. Hyde, E. Paul, C. Allsop, and the Vicar. It met immediately after the general meeting, and decided to get estimates for two sets of outdoor steps, for curtains, and for stopping draughts. The history of the Hut reads like something out of Trollope. Local Ex-Servicemen built it themselves with their share of the canteen fund of the Great War. They were not careful to elucidate the ownership of the land on which they built, and it turned out to belong to a gentleman at Chideock. As the hut was standing on his land, the law held that the hut also belonged to him. With difficulty he was persuaded to sell the land to Sir Edward Le Breton, who let it to the Ex-Service Men on a 99 year lease. The presumption is that technically the hut belongs to Sir Edward.

Parish Registers

Holy Baptism. 2nd. Sept. Alice Louise Ascott.
4th. Sept. David Lawrence Dundas.
Holy Matrimony. 1st. Sept. Maurice Stanley Townsend & Heather June Roper.
Burial. 1st. Sept. Isaac Welch, aged 83.

Services for October

Loders 7th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.
14th. Harvest Festival, HC 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.
21st. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
28th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.
Dottery 7th. HC 9.30.
14th. Evensong 3.30.
21st. Evensong 6.30.
28th. Evensong 3.30.