

Mutual Feeling. When the Bishop of Sherborne got back to Salisbury from preaching at Loders he told one of the cathedral clergy that he had set out hoping to do Loders good, and instead Loders had done him good. What we did to the Bishop only he knows: what he did to us is affirmed by everybody who heard him. The only adverse criticism raised against him is that he did not speak longer. People say they could have listened for hours. The Bishop is Irish, and when the Irish get talking they are irresistible. It was a service that will be long remembered. The church was packed, and the chancel seats had to be used. The last hymn was "Onward Christian soldiers". When the congregation took this old favourite into their own hands, and found it running away with them, Mr Tiltman brought them under control with all the power of the organ, and the resolute volume of music was something the Bishop had never heard in a village church before. On leaving the chancel the Bishop went straight to the south porch, where he stood, a fine figure in full canonicals, shaking hands with the people as they filed out. A point about the church that he afterwards said captured his fancy was the flowers, on window-sills, pulpit, lectern and font, and the magnificent banks of roses on the altar. The Vicar would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the kind people with cars who gave lifts to the unmounted parishioners of Askerswell and Dottery.

Loders Fete is on Saturday, Aug 3rd. Carrying on the kind tradition of Sir Edward & Lady Le Breton, the Hon. Alexander Hood has again invited it to the Court, and Mrs. Hood has agreed to do the opening at two o'clock. Everybody is dying to see the inside of the Court now that it has a new set of entrails. If the builder's progress between now and then allows it, Mr Hood is agreeable to this curiosity being gratified at a shilling a head for the church repair fund. He adds, with a twinkle that next year the curious can pay another shilling to see the furniture St. Swithun's Band is not available to play for us this year, but our old friends the Beaminster Band are, so all is well. The object of the fete is to make provision against the dilapidation of the church building, which on one so large and old works out at a considerable yearly figure. Because nearly everybody uses the church for christenings weddings and funerals, it has a claim on everybody's generosity, which there will be a chance to discharge when Mrs. Legg and Mrs Osborne come round collecting for the tea, and the vicar follows (they always beat him to it) gathering things to be sold on the stalls. Mrs. Randall has again undertaken to organise the stalls, and Miss Ruth Willmott the sideshows. Mr Sanders and Mr Thomas will be in charge of the gate. Dottery always run a stall at the fete for their own funds, and Mrs Cecil Marsh has again offered to go round collecting for it.

A Whitsun Wedding Miss Sheila Smith's choice of the Saturday before Whitsun for her wedding to Mr Andrew John Samways of Beaminster, was a happy one; for the overdose of rain that has followed seems to indicate that she hit on the day that constitutes this years summer. The skies were clear and the sun was hot as the bridal party arrived at Loders Church from Dottery, and found the church full of friends, and looking festive in it's Whitsun decorations. In Bridport the Woman's Institute Hall was only just big enough to contain all the guests at the wedding feast. The newly-weds are now living at Beaminster, but New Close Farm still sees a lot of them, and it was good to have them helping in the taxi-service when the Bishop came to Loders.

On the evening of Trinity Sunday Askerswell Church seemed populous for the christening of the infant daughter of Mr & Mrs Norman Marsh. She was named Linda Ann. Many cameras clicked in the sunshine afterwards.

A quarter-peal of Grandsire Doubles was rung at Askerswell in honour of the enthronement of Dr. Joseph Fison as Bishop of Salisbury. The team were:-Mrs.J.Davis treble; Mrs.J.Mead second; Rev.O.L.Willmott third; Mr J.Mead fourth; Mr.J.Davis fifth; and MR.H.Crabb tenor. Mr Davis was the conductor.

A jumble sale at Loders School in aid of the school fund had the misfortune to be on an atrociously wet Saturday afternoon. But it made the useful sum of nearly £13.

Loders people will be sorry to hear of the death at Rye of a former parishioner, Mrs. Burrell, who used to live at Waddon Farm. She was 69. Her death followed an operation, and a painful illness. Another casualty is Mr. Backhouse, who for many years tuned, and when necessary repaired Loders organ. He was a craftsman of the old order, who cared for his

organs as for his own children. Throughout his retirement he kept in touch with our parish clerk, with whom he used to break bread when he was here for the tuning.

As St. Mary Magdalene's Day, July 22nd, falls on a Monday, Loders Church will keep it's Dedication Festival on the day previous. There will be an evensong at 7.p.m. in addition to the usual services.

The building of a new residence at Askerswell is still rare enough to be something of an event. A bungalow has gone up in a hollow between Mr. Marsh's farm and Mr. Samways cottage, and with a speed which must have made the mushrooms sit up. The foundation seemed to be laid in no time, a chimney stack shot up in the midst of them, then the walls and roof came from nowhere to cover it, and before one could say Jack Robinson, Askerswell had got a new home quite in keeping with it's character, with a family living happily behind all the glass, and a Jaguar snugly kenneled in the garage. The newcomers are friends of Miss Thwaites - Mr & Mrs Alexander, of Bracknell.

The Wolf Cub pack, defunct at the departure of Miss Mc Combie, has been resuscitated by Mrs. Patricia Brunt. At present it only has a nucleus of four boys, but doubtless it will grow. It meets in Loders School on Friday at seven. The new cubs would be glad of any bits of uniform that former cubs have no use for. It could be left at the vicarage.

With heavy hearts the Managers of Askerswell School were summoned recently to a meeting with two Dorset county officials to "discuss the future of Askerswell School". As they feared, the "future" seems to mean it's eventual closure. To give the officials their due, they were as unhappy as the managers. They know what a school means to a village, and they have a high opinion of the work being done at Askerswell by Miss Grig. But two hard facts have to be faced. First, the tiny schools of Dorset are a waste of public money (only one of many wastes, though); and two, they have become inefficient in that neither the teacher nor the taught gets a square deal when the teacher has at one and the same time to teach babes of five who know nothing, and children of eleven about to do their eleven-plus. The County Education Committee had been aware of these facts for years, and had drawn up a scheme to rectify it. The scheme has now come out of the pigeon hole with a view to action, and the officials who saw the Askerswell managers are interviewing managers of similar small schools throughout the County. The proposed scheme for Askerswell is to make Loders a two-teacher school and give Askerswell children transport to Loders. It is admitted that Askerswell has the better site, but Loders has what is more important, a better and bigger building, with new cloakrooms lately built at a cost of £2000. If an increase of population were to warrant it, a new school would ultimately be built somewhere between Loders and Askerswell. The managers were somewhat mollified to learn that many and lengthy formalities have to be gone through before Askerswell can be closed, but they decided not to oppose the closure, for the present, at any rate.

Services in July

LODERS 7th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
14th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
21st. (Dedication) HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 7
28th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

DOTTERY 7th. HC 9.30. 14th. Evensong 3.
21st. Evensong 3 28th. Evensong 3.

ASKERSWELL 7th. Evensong 6.30. 14th. Matins 10.
21st. HC 10. 28th. Matins 10.

The Fete: by the Vicar. I like the fete best when it is over. To look back on a happy gathering of the clans at the manor house is better than to wonder whether the rain will wash it out. To have the kitty replenished against the next batch of builder's and architects bills is better than to hope that it may be. Above all, it is good to have the begging over. I hate begging. Mrs. Legg, Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. Marsh love it. The chances are that they have already been round. I postpone mine till the last minute, which will be the Monday before the fete. Then I shall get out the van, and beginning at Uploders, work down to the open arms and mug of cider awaiting me at Mr. Jack Dare's. The ladies will be collecting the ingredients of the tea (Mrs. Marsh for the Dottery stall) I shall be gathering goods to stock the stalls. The biggest money spinner is the bottle tombola. So bottles of anything please, but not too much sauce and ink. Another fat source of revenue is the "new" stall. This affords honourable disposal to unwanted wedding, Christmas and birthday presents. The cake stall is one of the first that people make for: Loders cookery is well thought of by our visitors, and they never leave any Loders eggs or honey. The produce stall embraces not only vegetables and fruits from the garden, but tinned edibles of all kinds. It will be interesting to see whether this year it attracts as many packets of sugar. There is always a demand for glass and china. In a countryside so flush with flowers one would expect a flower stall to wilt, but ours has been known to net ten pounds and more. The childrens stall is always popular with young people looking for bargains in toys: it is not always as popular with grown-ups, those at the vicarage, for instance, who once cleared out the nursery surplus and then found next morning that the son and heir had bought it all back. Bradpole people (speaking generally, of course) like the jumble stall. They once absorbed a suite of furniture to which the worm also was partial. But the prevailing affluence is making them choosier. May I ask my clients only to bestow on me what is saleable? This would save work. Jumble is usually bulky. It fills the van, then it fills Mrs. Gladys Newbury's front parlour for pricing, then it fills about four tables at the fete, then the unsold portion fills the vicarage loft, then the inevitable bonfire fills somebody with indignation; for even Sunday may be somebody's washing day. Sporting people might care to offer a prize for the sideshows, which are in need of many. People who cannot keep the ecclesiastical beggar off their doorstep as forthrightly as Mr & Mrs. Ian Forbes, who sent word that they had presented the ice-cream stall can yet secure his prompt and respectful departure by an offering in cash. What would turn him quite nasty is a request to call again, this year of all years because with the road up, ten yards as the crow flies could mean a two-mile trip round Stony Head.

Opening time has been restored to the original two o'clock. The later hour gave the stallholders a breather after their morning preparations, but it did not dissuade the customers from arriving well before two. So the customers win. This year we are to have a formal opening. When we knew that the new lady of the manor might be at hand, we besought her kind offices, and she readily agreed. So the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood will declare the fete open at 2.p.m. Thereafter the reconstructed interior of Loders Court will be open to inspection. When the interior is finished, it will more than match up to the now handsome exterior.

Askerswell Organ is now dismantled. Parts of it are stacked in the aisle, and the rest is at Messrs. Osman's works in Taunton. Our present musical accompaniment stems from a very good harmonium, lent by the organ firm. Its position at the chancel step gives the congregation the pleasure of seeing, as well as hearing, the organist at work, although the visual pleasure is confined to a back view. Captain and Mrs. Aylmer are kindly running a coffee evening at their home to raise the remainder of the £300 which the organ repairs will cost. They are away at the time of writing, so we cannot be sure we are correct, but the date was tentatively fixed for Thursday. August 8th.

Three young ladies have lately arrived to swell our population - a daughter born to Mr. & Mrs. Pym of South Eggardon, another to Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Crabb of Yondover, and another to Mr. & Mrs. Harry Newberry, of Loders. Mrs. Newberry gave rise to some anxiety. She was whisked off to Portway Hospital, Weymouth, then brought back to Bridport Hospital. Both she and the babe are now doing well.

A letter from Mrs. Sidgwick, of Felixstowe, gave us the sad news that Mrs. Rice-Oxley, formerly of Knowle Farm, Uploders, had died in an Ipswich nursing home on July 6th. This was a great blow to her sister, who had hoped to have her as a neighbour. Mrs. Rice-Oxley left pleasant memories here, especially of fete time, when she always ran the "new" stall.

A question often asked by parents of boys and girls ripening for Confirmation is when will our next Confirmation be? The answer has just arrived - Wednesday, Sept. 23rd, 1964, at 7.p.m. Which gives possible candidates a year to think it over and hand in their names to the vicarage. In a large diocese like Salisbury, the Bishop can only come to a village when a sufficiency of candidates has accumulated. We are not very flush with young people, but by next year there should be enough.

A surprise awaited the congregation of Dottery when they got to church on July 21st. They found Mrs. Gale back at her old job of pulling the bell, and her husband functioning as sidesman and taking the collection. This was their first appearance since the snow laid them low in their remote cottage, seven months ago. They were warmly welcomed, and not least by Mrs. Rhenish, who had been "holding the fort" for them. Now that they are both octagenarians it will be the weather and annodomin that will decide how often this welcome performance can be repeated; for the bucket Mrs. Gale retrieved from the vestry and boldly carried home cannot be a motive for another expedition.

Our outing season has not been marred by the inanspicious weather. The Mother's Union chose one of the few fine afternoons for a coach trip to Sidmouth, and were pleased to have the company of two former parishioners now at Bradpole, Mrs. Fooks and Mrs. Eveleigh. Askerswell and Ioders schools combined on a coach trip to Bath, where, after exploring the botanical gardens near Rode, they visited the Roman baths and the Abbey. Bath was also the focal point of the ringers outing. They chose the wettest day of the year - which is saying something - but they paid this misfortune at the door of their vice-captain, Mr. George Hyde, whose lack of faith in bringing gum boots as well as sun glasses was only too obvious to the clerk of the weather. Those boots were roundly cursed at Netheravon, when the ringing section of the party had to debus and walk some way through a deluge to the tower which had been the scene of Mr. & Mrs. Mead's early ringing. But the rain was forgotten when they beheld the long and almost vertical ladder which had to be braved before they could get into the belfry. Having got in, and sampled a very pleasing ring, they were thankful that the getting out was before their visit to The Gun and Dog. They felt that Providence had smiled on their captain, to whose combination of a full-size capacity for Mackeson's with half vision, that ladder might otherwise have been fatal. On the way home they called at the thirteenth century George at Norton St. Philip. There the landlord made amends for the weather by giving a welcome he does not usually extend to coaches. He let them see the wool market in the vast attic, and the Duke of Monmouth's room, free of charge.

Askerswell Ringers, who are mostly young ladies, are cheered by the acquisition of a recruit in the person of eleven year old Diane Greening who has taken to this difficult art like the proverbial duck. With a team at full strength, they hope to spread their wings.

Services in August.

LODERS. 4th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
11th. HC 8, Matins 11; Children 2.
18th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
25th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL. 4th. Evensong 6.30. 11th. Matins 10.
18th. Matins 10. 25th. HC. 10.

DOTTERY 4th. HC 9.30. 11th. Evensong 3.
18th. Evensong 3. 25th. Evensong 3.

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Loders Fete, This added another happy chapter to our book of fetes. The collecting of goods for the stalls beforehand turned out to be pleasanter than the Vicar had anticipated. People had their offerings ready, and many were solicitous for the welfare of his inner man, plying him with beverages, cordials and syrups of varying potency. Letters of good wishes came in from former parishioners who were with us in spirit. The weather ran true to form - frowning and threatening up till opening time, then smiling till everything had been cleared away. General Rome (Vicar's warden) introduced the opener, the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood, so eloquently on behalf of the church repair fund that a stranger pressed a ten shilling note into his hand right away. Mr. Hood's idea of opening the reconstructed interior of the Court to inspection was a profitable one; for 180 people paid £9 to go in. Judging by the gate money, the fete must have been attended by about 500 people, the most ever. As it always lacks spectacles and stunts, the draw must be the prospect of meeting old friends in gracious surroundings, to the music of the band. It was like old times to see Miss Marjorie Randall going round with a book and a toothsome cake she had made, as if there had been no long African interlude; and Mrs. Heather Pavey now of Poole, going round with another book. But these are only two of a splendid band of workers whom the Vicar is thankful to have among his flock.

The accounts. We will try to make these readable. Total receipts were £272.7.3. Of these the stalls accounted for £126.5.1; the sideshows £45.8.6; the competitions £21. 2 ; the teas £33. 6. 4; inspection of the house £9. 1. 9; the gate £18. 1. 3; and cash gifts £19. 2. 4. Expenses were £29. 12. (Band £10, prizes £11, teas £5. 18, printing £2. 14), so the profit was £242. 15. 3. The cake stall took £15. 16. 8; the jumble £7. 13. 7; the new stall £15. 12. 6; the children's £7. 2; the produce £11; the china £8. 15. 6; the flowers £8. 4. 4; the Dottery stall (for Dottery church funds) £23. 14; the ices £5. 0. 6; the bottle tombola £23. 6. In the sideshows the bell made £1. 8; clock golf 13. 6; hidden treasures £1. 2. 6; pennies in bath 17. 6; roll-a-ball £2. 7. 9; pony rides £2. 0. 10; roulette £24. 6; penny-in-mouth £2. 6. 8; swinging can 16. 9; fortunes £3.10.0, lawn skittles £5. In the competitions the kitchen set made £3. 2.0.; the cake £5.8.6; the chocolates £3. 19.6; the quilt £7. 12. 10; and the rabbits £1.

Dottery congregation will know who sent the Vicar a "success card" on the eve of the fete, inscribed "Sorry we are unable to join you all - two not so naughty ladies in London."

Askerswell people, who were strong in their support of Loders fete, were pleased to have a return visit from well wishers in Loders when they held a coffee evening at Askerswell House, at the kind invitation of Captain and Mrs. Aylmer. The coffee succeeded in its objective of raising the £30 needed to bring up the organ repair fund to the necessary £300. Work on the organ is now in the final stages, and there is talk of celebrating its restoration with a special service.

August Sunday saw the christening of the people's warden's grandson at Askerswell. He was brought by his parents, Mr. & Mrs. John Spiller, from their home at Forde Abbey, and named Christopher Mark.

The death of Captain Mason at Chideock was heard of with sorrow at Askerswell, where he had formerly lived, and much sympathy was felt for his widow. Bad health rarely prevented Captain Mason from attending Askerswell Church. There his fine tenor voice was a help to the singing, greatly missed when he moved to Chideock.

The Rector was invited to take the service at Weymouth crematorium, and regrets that his absence in Scotland prevented this.

Our harvest festival times are now fixed by long usage. To alter them would cause inconvenience in many quarters, and everybody knows when they are. So, for the record, Dottery on Thursday, Sept 26th at 7.30 p.m. and continuing at 3 p.m. the following Sunday; Askerswell at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. on Oct 6th; and Loders at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. on Oct 13th.

A new family have taken the house in Uploders formerly occupied by Dr. & Mrs. Morgan. They are Mr. & Mrs. W.S. Harrison. He is a semi-retired London solicitor. They have changed the name of the house to Brook Barton to avoid confusion with the other Brook House in Yondover. We think Mr. & Mrs. Harrison have already found our parish a friendly place in which to live, and we hope it may come up to their best expectations.

Skye Adventure. The Vicar writes:-"As news for this month's Notes is scarce, I may be forgiven for describing from our angle the holiday adventure which befell me and my two sons. My wife was the chief sufferer, but her angle has already been given by the B.B.C. news, the Scottish Daily Express, the Scotsman and the Bridport News. We males have only the Parish Notes for our mouthpiece. But they are adequate to what we wish to say. We set off from Broadford, Isle of Skye, in a rowing boat, on an evening fishing expedition, promising to be back about eight. The sea was calm. We had no luck, so we rowed further out than was wise in search of it. We thought a distant gaggle of seagulls might be a sign offish, and pulling towards them, found we were right. Chuck hauled in a mackerel of one and a quarter pounds. But before we could get down to business, one of those notorious Skye squalls, which come and go without warning, was upon us. The sea had got rumbustious. Wind, waves and current were bearing us further away from Broadford. Providing the supply of wood for the vicarage fire ensures that my muscles are always on form, and Mickey's also were surprisingly powerful, but vigorous application to the oars made no impression on those seas, so we did the obvious thing, and went with the wind to the isle of Pabay, three miles out from Broadford. Crofters living on the island had been watching us through a telescope. They beckoned us from the shore, waded into the water to prevent the boat being thrown on the rocks, and dragged it on to a bit of shingle. In their house they bustled to and gave us refreshment. (Being apt to be cut off from the mainland for days, their larder was well stocked). To our dismay, they had no telephone, and no means of contact with Skye but a small motor boat which could not be put out in that sea. We hoped the squall would subside as quickly as it arose, and that we might row back before nightfall, but it got worse. The crofters put us to bed in blankets in the workroom where they made woollens. We listened to the rain against the window, feeling guilty about the anguish we were causing at Broadford. We guessed that a search would be made, but not the scale of it. As we lay there we were unaware that a lifeboat, a hundred ships, and later a helicopter, were hunting for us, and that telephone wires were buzzing, and conferences being held, all night. We fell asleep. At eight next morning our host told us that a lobster fisherman, who had suspected our whereabouts the previous night, but had not ventured out because visibility was bad and he had no compass, had come over at dawn when the sea was calm, and had hurried back to Broadford with the news that we were safe. After breakfast the crofters decided that the sea was negotiable, so we rowed back, and were welcomed on the pier by a bog-eyed wife and mother so pleased to have us back that she neither nagged her husband nor spanked her sons. We had not known, as she did, that two boats had capsized in squalls with loss of life the previous week, on her fear that we had completed the trio. Later that day we were somewhat surprised to see the pound and a quarter mackerel served up, nicely grilled, for Chuck's luncheon. The crofters do not like mackerel, believing that they feed on dead men, and had cast Chuck's into the sea. They do not know Chuck. After this escapade Mickey raised another scare by getting badly stung by jellyfish, but then events took a turn for the better. The weather became glorious, the fishing prospered, and Chuck was to be seen lugging buckets of three-pounders round Broadford, giving them to all who wanted them (and to many who did not).

Services in September.

LODERS. 1st. H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
 8th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
 15th. H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
 22nd. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2. Evensong 7.
 29th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL.
 1st. Evensong 6.30. 8th. Matins 10.
 15th. Matins 10. 22nd H.C. 10. 29th. Matins. 10.

DOTTERY. 1st. H.C. 9.30. 8th. Evensong 3. 15th. Evensong 3.
 22nd. Evensong. 3. 26th. Harvest 7.30. 29th. Harvest 3.

Harvest Festival has got off to a good start at Dottery. An overcast and wet day for the decorating girded the ladies into making the church a sharply contrasting place of mellow fruitfulness. Autumn was in the decoration, but Spring was in the congregation. Every child in the hamlet seemed to be present, and how well they all behaved! The sun was shining as the festival continued on the following Sunday. It brought out those veteran vergers, Mr & Mrs George Gale, which pleased the congregation, but not the bell, which got the good shaking from Mrs. Gale that Mrs. Rhenish hasn't the heart for. Miss. Osman was there from Dorchester, to get tips for trimming her own church. Askerswell will take up the harvest theme on Sunday Oct. 6th, when there will be Holy Communion at 10.a.m., and evensong at 6.30.p.m. Loders Choir have again kindly promised to attend the evensong and do an anthem. This will give them the opportunity of testing the £300 worth of work lately done on the organ. On Monday afternoon (Oct. 7th) the offerings will be on sale in the church, for church funds. Loders will complete the harvest thanksgiving on Sunday, Oct. 13th. Services will be at the usual times, with the addition of evensong at - please note the time - 7.p.m.

An apology is due to the church in Uploders. Very few church people attended the chapel harvest this year, which ill accords with the prevailing mood of unity between Christian denominations. There is nothing sinister in the explanation. The Methodist Minister always sends a written invitation for the Vicar to read out in church. This year the invitation was not forthcoming, probably because there is a new Minister who has not had time to learn the ropes. We were disappointed when we heard that chapel harvest had come and gone. But next year we will try to make amends.

September was an active month in church recruiting. Three young ladies enlisted in the women's section. At Loders, on Sept. 1st, the infant daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Horace Read, and Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Crabb, were christened Alison and Marianne respectively. At Askerswell on Sept. 22nd. the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. B.M. James, of Lower Combe, was christened Julia May.

Loders people has been uncharacteristically wedding - minded of late, interest focussed first on Mr. David Crabb Junior, who married Miss. Patricia Tuck in St. Mary's Bridport. David has left his old home in Vicarage Lane for a brand new bungalow in Bridport. If he does not already know it, the wedding reception won full approval of Uncle Harry Crabb, but not of Mr. Reg. Dennett, who suffered more than usual when Harry put the ringers through their paces next morning. Miss. Anne Frapple, of Lower Pymore, shewed that a church wedding may be as quiet and inexpensive as any other if the parties so wish. She married Trooper Brian Jackson by licence in Loders Church. She met the bridegroom in Benghazi, where she was nanny to an officer's family. The wedding's reached their climax on the eve of Michaelmas. A large congregation saw Mr. Hamilton Barnes, of Loders Mill, lead the last of his four daughters - Janet Mary - to the altar, and the significance of, the last hymn, "Now thank we all our God," was not lost on them. Gone are the days when daughters commanded a dowry. Father now has to give the bridegroom a banquet to take her away. Fathers with marriageable daughters, being fathers still at the "Lead us heavenly father" stage, marvelled that Mr. Barnes could give all his daughters such a splendid send - off and remain solvent. At the reception in the Greyhound the guests were moved to stand and sing "For they are jolly good fellows" in Mr. & Mrs. Barnes' honour, and Mr. Barnes, who has never been known to make a speech - of this sort - unfurled a typed manuscript, and most suitably replied. The authorship of the speech will long remain one of the mysteries of literature. The lucky bridegroom was Mr. Tom Billen, of Barton Farm, Toller, whose brother married the former Miss. Thelma Cleal, one-time organist of Dottery.

The other wedding at Loders on Michaelmas Eve was an event of national interest. It drew a swarm of cameramen to the south porch of the church, and made Tommy Dennett and David Gill rush up the tower to hoist the flag. The bridegroom was none other than the Queen's representative in one of Britain's oldest colonies, His Excellency the Governor of Gibraltar, General Sir. Dudley Ward and the bride was Miss. Joan Scott, eldest child of Colonel and the late Mrs. Scott, whose family let down roots here in 1948, roots which seem to go deeper as the family gets further away from Loders. We were pleased and proud to have this great event celebrated here; for few people have done more than the Scotts, by way of gymkhanas and fetes and socials, to restore the church to its present state of

repair. A perfect autumn day shewed the church and its flowers at their best, and enabled the small family reception to be held on the Vicarage lawn. In his short time here Sir. Dudley won the hearts of all who met him. The box he and Lady Ward left on the study table for the Vicar betrayed a nice appreciation of the nature of vicars. His Excellency's name should be added to the church roll immediately. Loders Sunday School outing was less fortunate in its weather than the weddings, but the party of children and parents enjoyed themselves all the same. Indeed, they had more than the usual fun when a shower caused a drain near to where they were sitting to shoot water over them - a situation soon remedied by the budding engineers in the Sunday School. The trip was by coach to Swanage. This year there was no collection to defray expences. If any of those kind people who like to contribute to the Christmas prizes wish to do so again, they will find Mrs. Willmott glad to receive. Some donations have already come in.

A course of ten weekly lectures (illustrated by slides) on archaeology in Egypt began at Askerswell School on Oct. 1st. The lecturer is Mr. R.N. Peers, Curator of the Dorset County Museum, and the course promises to be exceptionally interesting. Anybody who would like to attend has only to turn up, and then settle with Mrs. Aylmes, who levies 12/6d a head for the course.

Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Cross, and their sons Andrew and Bruce, have come all the way from Cumberland to take the bungalow in Uploders vacated by Mr. & Mrs. Brett. Mr. Cross is one of those articles that can scarcely be had for love or money - a maths master - and he has joined the staff at Colfox School. He got to like this neighbourhood when on holiday last year, and Mrs. Cross assures us that so far he is not disillusioned.

Mr. & Mrs. Ted Richards (nee Alice Rogers), plus their daughter Wendy and her husband, arrived in Yondover in a London taxi to celebrate the silver wedding of Mr & Mrs. Richards. The two men are London taxi - drivers, and for a week their cab was parked outside Mrs. Rogers, where the celebration took place. It was rare excitement for local motorists to miss a collision with a London taxicab on a Lodors corner. It was also a secret comfort to the said motorists to discover that London taxicabs are not so different from other cars after all, in that they sometimes have to be pushed, and parked on a hill for starting.

A welcome home to Mrs. Spencer, Miss. Myers, and Mr. H.S. Darby after long spells in hospital, and to Mrs. Paul, Mr. Tucker and Mr. Evans, after shorter spells. Miss Hayward makes good progress at Port Bredy after an operation, and Mrs. D'Alcorn slowly improves at Stoke Water.

Services in October.

LODERS. 6th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
13th. Harvest. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 7.
20th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
27th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL. 6th. Harvest. HC 10 Evensong 6.30.
13th, 20th & 27th, Matins 10.

DOTTERY. 6th. HC 9. 13th, 20th, 27th, Evensong 3.

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The weather did not help the harvest celebration at Askerswell. It was murky for the morning service, and positively repelling for the evening, but nobody was willing to be put off by it. Congregations at both services were excellent. The profusion of flowers and garden produce within the church banished all thought of the fog and drizzle outside, and the lead of Loders Choir, who kindly came over for the purpose, soon had the most inarticulate members of the congregation making a happy noise. More and more the harvest festival seems to sublimate a local instinct for a flower show. The decorations become increasingly competitive. This year some monstrous new carrots from Captain Aylmer made Mr. Adams' pride and joy look like Pharaoh's lean kine. Mr. Sidney Fry was also in the field with a handsome cucumber whose length and weight had been widely published beforehand. At the sale next day Mrs. Aylmer, who presided, gathered in £9 odd for Church funds. How she does so well is easy to see. Mrs. Sidney Fry bought back her lord's cucumber for two shillings. When she heard the Rector asking for it she said he could have it for half-a-crown. Mrs. Aylmer agreed. Having already taken Mrs. Fry's florin, she took the Rector's half crown, and gave Mrs. Fry sixpence. The latter, minus her cucumber, and minus her two shillings, and with sixpence compensation, looked dubious, but was too well-bred to question the mechanics of any transaction in so good a cause. If the matter has since been sorted out, then our abject apologies to Mrs. Aylmer; if it has not, then congratulations on her salesmanship. After the harvest service there was a rival to the attractions of the decorations. When the congregation had finished inspecting the flowers and fruits, they gathered at the floor of the tower, and watched the young ringers ending the festival with a flourish.

Loders harvest was blessed by traditional Loders weather. An autumn sun suffused the windows and touched the labours of the decorators with harvest gold. Choir and organist were in fine form, and there were the usual large congregations morning and evening, including visitors who make a point of coming every year. The ringers rang touches after evening service, until the demise of the fifth bells' slider brought their efforts to a sudden conclusion. The slider was full of woodworm, which raises anxious queries as to whether the little beasts are anywhere else in the belfry. The report of the tower warden, Mr. Reg Dennett, will be awaited with crossed fingers. Wood worm in a belfry can be mighty costly. Fortunately the bell frame itself is of steel, and that has been well and truly covered with red lead by Mr. Spillman and Mr. Bradshaw.

The school's harvest festivals were carefully and tastefully arranged, and each drew an appreciative congregation of parents and friends. Loders sent their gifts to a children's home and Askerswell theirs to the church. Askerswell also took a collection of £1.7.6d for the R.S.P.C.A. Dottery harvest gifts fetched £2.10.0d for church funds.

October saw three more christenings. On Oct. 6th the infant daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Harry Newberry was baptised Teresa Jane at Loders; and the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J.H. Pym Elizabeth Ann at Askerswell. On the eve of Loders harvest Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Crabb's daughter was baptised Yvonne Mary.

Mr. M.G.R. Foot, of Traveller's Rest, was married to Miss Patricia Ann Smith at St. Leonard's Church, Heston, Middlesex, on Oct. 12th.

Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Bryan made their last appearance at Askerswell harvest as occupants of Stancombe, which has been bought by the Sapsworth sausage people. Mr. Bryan is renting the manor at Piddlehinton for a year. There he is among old friends.

Mr. & Mrs. Denzil Paul have moved into Court Cottages, Loders, from West Camel. Mr. Paul works at Loders Mill. Mrs. Paul has two children, Edmund and Susan Wych, by her former husband who was killed in a road accident; and a third, Denise, by Mr. Paul.

The local secretary of Earl Haig's Fund, Mr. J.C. Shoobridge, has sent us a pamphlet setting out the wonderful work that the Fund is still doing for the disabled and their dependants of the two world wars. As the wars recede into the dim past, the obligation to help those to whom we owe so much grows bigger and more urgent. Church collections on Nov. 10th Remembrance Sunday, will all go to the Fund. Remembrance services will be at the usual times, Askerswell 10 a.m., Loders 11 a.m. and Dottery 6.30 p.m.

Mother's Union Activities. The winter session began with an admission service in which Mrs. Hine and Mrs. Lambert were enrolled as members. This was followed up by an illustrated lecture on missions, given on behalf of the C.M.S. by Miss Thea Dancy.

The Church Children's Society would be grateful if one of the members would fill the post of representative, vacated by Miss Newbury when she left the parish.

Future of Askerswell School. This is inevitably a burning topic in Askerswell, where the school has been the hub of the village for a century, and is the focus of strong sentiment. One or two points need to be made clear. If the school is to be closed, it will be the Ministry of Education who will do it. Dorset County Council can only recommend - as they have done. If the school closes, the building will be at the disposal of the Salisbury Diocesan Council of Education, who are sure to be sympathetic to the needs of the parish. The rumour that a speculative builder is acquiring it need cause no sleepless nights. A public meeting of parishioners discussed the County Council's proposal last month, and decided to ask the Education Committee to send two members to hear local objections to the proposed closure. By ordinary standards the meeting was large; twenty five people attended. The school managers came in for a drubbing. They were accused of selling the pass. But all they had done was give the County an honest opinion when required to. Loving the school as they do, still they could not deny that when you have two little one teacher schools two miles from each other, where pupils and teachers are at a disadvantage because of the wide age-range, and where maintenance costs are duplicated to the tax payer's disadvantage, the sensible thing is to put them together and make one good two teacher school, neither could they deny that Lodors was the school that ought to be retained. It lacks the fine site and the playing field of Askerswell, but it has an extra class room and new cloak rooms, and serves four times the population of Askerswell. The managers felt it was better to keep one of the village schools than have both closed and all the children sent to town. They also thought that by keeping one school in the two parishes there is always a hope that any future replacement of Lodors school might be put on the excellent site at Askerswell. Some of the Askerswell opposition is motivated by concern at losing what is virtually a village hall run mostly at the education authority's expense. Askerswell has no village hall. The school is the only equivalent, and Women's Institute and Lectures get for a nominal sum the use of a well-cared for meeting place which the parish hasn't to maintain. If the school ceases to be such, and becomes a parish hall, the parish will have to pay much more than they do at present; and the problem whether so small a community with so little social life can afford a parish hall is a very real one. In 1950, when the parish were first told of the possibility of the school closing, they formed a society to raise money against the evil day to provide some kind of meeting place. The sum in hand has now grown to about £500. That was a fine achievement for a village of 120 people, and makes the future hopeful, whatever may happen. But how could the poor managers deny it when the County representatives affirmed that it was not the business of the education authority to maintain a village hall for Askerswell or any other parish?

Miss Peggy Pitcher was married to Mr. Reg Kenway, of Bridport, in Lodors Church on Oct. 26th. A perfect autumn sun shewed the beauty of the floral decorations, which were almost on a harvest festival scale; and all the choir turned out to lead the singing for their fellow member. They are relieved to know they will not be losing Peggy, and may even enlist her husband.

Services in November.

LODERS.

- 3rd. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
- 10th. HC 8, Remembrance 11, Children 2.
- 17th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
- 24th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL.

- 3rd. Evensong 6.30, 10th Remembrance 10.
- 17th. HC 10, 24th, Matins 10.

DOTTERY.

- 3rd. HC 9.30, 10th, Remembrance 6.30.
- 17th. Evensong 3. 24th. Evensong 3.

In memory of Sir Edward Le Breton, Lady Le Breton who, we are pleased to say, is keeping well, and living with her sister, Miss Audrey Sawbridge, in the latter's home at Goring-on-Thames, has been corresponding with the Vicar about the form of the memorial she wishes to give to Loders Church to mark Sir Edward's long lay rectorship. He was Lay Rector of Loders for no less than forty-two years. This is an office which goes back for four hundred years, and one of the duties that used to be attached to it was the keeping of the chancel in repair. To compensate him for his outlay on the chancel, the Lay Rector received the rectorial tithe, which at Loders is the princely sum of five pounds per annum. So the Lay Rectors were never much in pocket. But ours never complained of their hard lot, as some in other parts of the country did, and there was never any need for Loders churchwardens to put Sir Edward in County Court; for he rather treasured his obligations to the chancel. In 1936 a benign government became aware of this small depressed class, the lay rectors of England, and came to their rescue. An Act of Parliament relieved all lay rectors of chancel repairs, and placed these squarely on the shoulders of the church councils. It also relieved the lay rectors of the rectorial tithes, and vested these in Diocesan Boards of Finance for the benefit of the chancel concerned. The Loders chancel fund now produces just about enough per annum to pay the chancel insurance. Although Sir Edward had been under no financial obligation to the chancel from 1936 till his death, Lady Le Breton felt that something connected with the chancel would be the most fitting memorial, and at first suggested the renewal of the chancel roof, which the architect's report says must be undertaken not many years hence. The snags in this scheme were that there is wear in the roof yet, and that prices when the job needs to be done are unpredictable now. The plan she has now adopted is this: she has vested the sum of £500 in the Salisbury Diocesan Board of Finance. It will be known as the Sir Edward Le Breton chancel fund. Loders Church Council may not touch the capital, but the profits arising therefrom will always be at their command for chancel repairs. The beauty of this scheme is that instead of the donation being put to one item of repair and exhausted, it is put to grow, and will assist all chancel repairs down through the centuries, with luck engendering thousands of pounds in the process. A small tablet recording Sir Edward's lay rectorship is to be put in the church. As the people of Loders read this, they will doubtless recollect that it was Lady Le Breton who gave them the electrical heating apparatus in the church. She might well have retired from the parish content with having more than "done her bit". Now from Berkshire comes this further proof of her love of Loders Church, and her desire to help the parish bear the cost of its repair. Everybody will be deeply touched. This will be her memorial, too; for, come wind, come weather, at the eight o'clock she was rarely absent from the altar rail.

Our Remembrance Sunday services were well attended, considering the civic parade in Bridport siphons off some of our congregation. Our collections for Earl Haig's Fund totalled about £23 (Loders £14 odd, Askerswell £5 odd and Dottery £3). At Askerswell the lesson was read by Capt. Aylmer and at Loders by the Hon. Alexander Hood. The prayers at Loders were read by Maj. General Rome. At both churches the organists gave impressive renderings of the Dead March in "Saul", and at Loders the bells were rung half-muffled before and after service.

Loders Mission Sale has managed this year to avoid a collision with the Women's Institute sale. The W.I. sale is in the Hut on Saturday Nov. 30th. The Mission sale will be in the school on Friday Dec. 13th at 5.30p.m. It will begin with a children's nativity play, kindly put on by Mrs. Scott. At the moment Mrs. Willmott wonders whether she will have anything to sell, but her husband comforts her along the lines that she always works herself to the brink of a breakdown unnecessarily - her friends never fail, whatever his may do.

Askerswell children are giving their nativity play on Friday, Dec. 13th at 2.30p.m. Their carol service will be in the church on Monday, Dec. 16th, also at 2.30p.m. Parishioners, and indeed anybody, are warmly welcomed to both.

Other Christmas Arrangements. Loders Choir will make their usual carol-singing tour of the parish shortly before Christmas, collecting for the Children's Society (A film shown recently in Bridport of the work done by this Society for thousands of orphans inspired all who saw it with a new sense of purpose) At midnight on Christmas Eve there will be the usual service with carols, followed by Holy Communion at 8a.m.; and matins with children's singing at the Christmas tree at 11a.m. At Dottery the Christmas Day service will be at 9a.m., and at Askerswell at 10a.m.

Dottery Church was only just big enough to contain all who came to pay tribute to the late Mr. Edward John Gudge, of Pymore. He had been ill for some time, but his death was entirely unexpected. His widow, who had once been a regular worshipper at Dottery was the focus of great sympathy. On the following Sunday Dottery Church in its exposed position was feeling the force of a gale, and rain was getting through all the cracks, but the mourners attended service in strength.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Miles, of Loders, on the birth of a daughter and to Mr. and Mrs. Samways (formerly Sheila Smith) of Dottery likewise.

A stormy night reduced to fifteen the protest meeting at Askerswell against the threatened closure of the school. Canon Maples shied away from the 110 mile return trip from Salisbury on such a night, and Mr. Easton, of the County, was laid low with lumbago. Which left only the gentle, courteous Mr. Davidson, of the County, to face the music. With the sling and pebble of a plea for the best interest of the child, the teacher and the taxpayer he met Mr. Tom Foot's giant wrath against all government departments and their crackheaded ways, but it was not the argument, but rather the Davidson charm that laid this Goliath low. The innate gentleman in Tom could not resist the other, and sheer pity for so nice a man having to earn his bread at so nasty a job laid Tom low. Everybody was relieved to hear from Mr. Davidson that if the closure was decided on by the Ministry of Education, it might not happen before 1965.

At their recent meeting in Askerswell House, Askerswell Church Council thanked the initiators and supporters of efforts for the organ fund, and reported that the organ firm's bill had been paid. Church finances were healthy enough for the first stint of work ordered by the architect for the exterior of the church to be put in hand. After the meeting, which was guillotined to that end, Mrs. Aylmer invited the councillors into the drawing room, and filled their mouths with refreshments while their eyes feasted on the televised choosing of Miss World, if the councillors arrived home cross-eyed, it was because one eye had been fixed on the screen, and the other on the Rector.

Saturday morning well spent. The gravel path leading to Loders Church kept Mr. Tilley, Mr. Spillman, the Vicar, and a handful of boys out of mischief the other Saturday morning. The Church Council bought a load of gravel, and these spread and rolled it, saving church funds several pounds. Mr. David Crabb had previously planted the borders on either side with wall-flowers, which made the church approach smart for Remembrance Sunday. His care of the borders over the years has also saved the church many pounds. Police-Constable George Miller is promoted from Loders to Dorchester, and leaves early in December. He and his family will be sorely missed, and none more than Mrs. Miller, who has been a tower of strength in the parish. She was caretaker of the hut, it was she who did the wonderful scheme of decoration in the church porch at festivals, and she never failed to get her large family to Sunday School by two o'clock. Our gratitude and best wishes.

Services in December.

LODERS.

1st HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
8th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
15th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
22nd HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Christmas Day. 12a.m. 8a.m. 11a.m.
29th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL

1st, Evensong 6.30. 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, Matins 10.
Christmas Day, HC 10.

DOTTERY

1st HC 9.30. 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, Evensong 3.
Christmas Day, HC 9.
