

This year is turning out to be one of the driest of the century. Our gardens were like powder until the thunderstorms of late June turned it back into soil. Things are growing again, and the people of Askerswell are hoping that their gardens may be at the peak of perfection for the open afternoon on Sunday, July 14th. This year the proceeds will go to the Women's Institute. The rain will also be filling out the raspberries and late strawberries for the summer supper at South Eggardon House on July 19th. We hear that the tickets for this are selling well. There is to be no entertainment other than that of eating a delicious meal in congenial surroundings on a balmy (?) summer evening. Practitioners of the art of table talk may be able to show that this is all the entertainment a good dinner needs. Ordinary mortals will relish what Mr. Sidney Fry calls a "a darned good natter".

For the benefit of newcomers to Loders who do not yet know the ways of Loders Fete (to be held on August 3rd) it should be told beforehand how the stalls come to be furnished with things to sell. To save householders being knocked up by one after another of stallholders begging goods for their stalls, only one collector does a round of the whole parish, and he passes on what he is given to the appropriate stallholder. The collector is usually the Vicar. It will be he again this year. He begins in Uploders on the Monday in the week of the fete, and finishes at Hole Farm on the eve of the fete. Loders fete holds the lead in profit per head of attendance because the giving of goods and donations is always so generous. This makes up for the lack of holiday camps in the parish to swell the gate. The financial object of this year's fete is the roof of the church tower, which has to be relaid, with lead, that has doubled in price in recent months. As in other years the Village Hall committee will be running a stall in aid of hall funds; and if we know Mrs. Cecil Marsh, she will be already collecting for the Dottery stall, whose proceeds go to Dottery Church.

It does not do to say that Askerswell is a place where the inhabitants have got out of the habit of dying. Two pillars of Askerswell society have fallen since we said something to this effect - Mrs. Emily Fry, the wife of Mr. Sam; and Miss Lucy Edwards at Parkstone. Mrs. Fry died within a few days of what would have been her golden wedding. As the Rector noted in his address at the funeral, she and her husband were such a tightly knit pair that it was difficult to think of them separately. When they moved down from the fastnesses of Nallers to live in the cottage above The Square, it meant that neighbours could look in on them, and savour the old world welcome of a country couple who seemed to personify all that is best in village life. In her last illness, which mercifully was not prolonged, Mr. Sam was a marvellous supplement to the nurse, doing the washing, the cleaning and the cooking with a zest that belied his 84 years. The Church Council are grateful indeed to the family for giving donations to the church instead of flowers.

Miss Lucy Edwards was nearly 86 when she died at Parkstone. She came to Askerswell at the outbreak of the last war, and was there for thirty years, leaving for Parkstone three years ago. Somebody once described her as "the mainspring of Askerswell". Not inaptly, for she ran the Cubs, the Brownies, and the Guides, and energised the Community Club. She was expert with her needle. During the war her working party made socks and balaclavas for the Forces, and she helped in haymaking, stooking the corn, gleaning, and pulling flax. Painting was another of her accomplishments, and she made Christmas and birthday cards to sell for the cancer campaign. Church fetes benefited by her industry. The carpet in the chancel she bought by selling things she had made. As if all this were not enough, she was very good at tennis, playing for Yorkshire when she lived in the north, and for Dorset when she came south. Nobody could have had a keener sense than she of one's duty to use one's talents for the public good. The book of Proverbs in summing up the virtuous woman could be speaking of her also when it says "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates".

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Norris brought their infant son from Bishop's Sutton in Somerset to be christened in Loders Church on June 16th. He was named William Edgar Hansford. Mr. Norris' parents have acquired and renovated Mr. Clem Poole's old cottage in Loders.

Loders Church was the setting for another delightful "village wedding" on June 8th. This time the bride was Paula, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Leigh, of New Road Farm, Uploders; and the bridegroom Dr. Sureshchandr Keatarat. Incidentally, they got to know each other when they were on the staff of Yeovil Hospital. Dr. Keatarat is now at a hospital near Peterborough. The weather was kind and sunny after a bout of uncertainty, and the lupins bordering both sides of the churchyard path, in all their glory, made a floral guard of honour. Flowers inside the church, deftly set in a few strategic places by a friend of the bride, were highly effective. The bride entered the church to the pealing of bells and Porcell's Trumpet Voluntary, and left to "The sound of music". A marquee at New Road Farm housed the reception, which was notable for friendliness and informality.



The death of Mr. Eddie Greening, of Loders, was a sad loss to the little corps of native countrymen in the village which has been much eroded of late. He was raised in all the skills of hedging, ditching, shepherding and the like, and was a good gardener, which so often a good farmer is not. Living close to nature, and taking a delight in it, he would remark to anybody who came his way on whether the ash had burgeoned before the oak, or the promise of a fine summer in the rooks nesting high. He had a reverent regard for the moon, and sowed his seeds by what he called her rise and fall. In all this he was a kindred spirit of his ancient father-in-law, Shepherd George Crabb, who could tell unerringly what the weather would be by feeling the bit of iron nearest to hand, and could tell the time of day by the sun's shadows. An instinct of machine age man is to take leave of his work when he may, and not return to it till he must, but Eddie Greening having worked in the fields of his employer all the week, would walk his daughters on Sundays to see how the fields of the other farmers were doing. He was certain that work done on Sunday never prospered. He was a ringer, and liked attending evensong till hearing and sight began to fail. He knew his good fortune in having a wife who was a ministering angel, and made bold to tell the various hospitals he made the acquaintance of that, kind as they were, he would be much better off at home.

The ringers of St. Bartholomew the Great, London's oldest church, will be ringing in towers in this neighbourhood in the first weekend of July, and because Miss Juliet Willmott is one of their band, will make the Vicarage their base. They hope to attend Loders matins on July 7th. The bells of St. Bartholomew the Great are all pre-Reformation, and the oldest in England. Shakespeare must often have heard them when he was acting at the Globe playhouse.

Mr. Leonard Clark was kept very busy signing copies of his new children's book in Hine's Bridport. It is called "Mr. Pettigrew's Harvest Festival" and is "going like a bomb", in the parlance of the proprietor of Hine's. It is about a family of mice which poetic licence has allowed Mr. Clark to transfer from Dottery Church, where they dwell beneath the altar, to Loders Church, where none is ever seen unless as an offering deposited there by Tiddles, the junior cat at the Vicarage, who is quite devout. Mr. Clark has dedicated the book to the Vicar, the latter's first ever, with an assurance that he is not Mr. Pettigrew. Parishioners evidently skip the title page, for they keep telling the Vicar that he is Mr. Pettigrew "to a tee", and that the illustration, which could be of a balding grocer, is exactly like him.

Askerswell ringers are glad to have Mrs Jill Evans functioning as one of their number again, and are thankful that she fared no worse in an accident that might have been fatal. She got herself boxed up with some lively horses that started kicking when the travelling farrier was long in coming.

"The Loders Loonies" made their first appearance in the Loders firmament at the Womens Institute birthday party in the village hall, and left such a trail of glory that we hope it may not be their last. They were Mrs Dunn (Director), Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Hampson. Mrs. Taylor, famous in the past for her Dorset monologues, was in orbit again, this time with an absorbing collection of her own reminiscences. Miss Smelt, the senior member, cut the cake made and presented by Mrs. Wells, the president, and it was washed down with sherry. An odd thing is that we ourselves are intent on modernising our village hall when the guests on this occasion from neighbouring W.I.'s were saying how refreshing it was to be in an unsophisticated, countryfied, village hall.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Mick Morgan, of Loders, on the birth of a son.

<u>SERVICES IN JULY</u>	
LODERS	7th H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2 p.m. 14th H.C. 8, Matins, 11, Children 2 p.m. 21st (E.ofS.Mary Magdalene) H.C.8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2 p.m. 28th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2 p.m.
ASKERSWELL	7th Children 10, Evensong 6.30 p.m. 14th Matins 10 a.m. 21st Family Service 10 a.m. 28th H.C. 10 a.m.
DOTTERY	7th H.C. 9.30, All others at 3 p.m.



The charge for admission to Loders Pete at Loders Court on Saturday August 3rd is tenpence for adults, and for children nothing. The present inflationary processes look to have gone into reverse here; for greater value is being offered for the same money. There will be a gymnastic display by the athletes from Portland; an entertainment by the handbell ringers; a punch and judy show; children's sports; and the other appurtenances of a country fete. Our kindly neighbour Mr. Romanes, the Dorchester eye surgeon, will again be bringing his steam traction engine for those rides beloved of the children. The Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood will declare the fete open at 2 o'clock, and her husband will be conducting tours of the house and will doubtless be explaining to an attentive company the famous naval pictures. The main financial object of the fete will be to help pay for a new lead roof on the church tower and turret, which is going to be abominably expensive, but will be costlier still if the weather is allowed to damage further the underlying woodwork. There will be the usual stall for the repair fund of Dottery church; and a stall for the repairs to Loders village hall. In keeping with ancient custom, the Vicar will begin collecting for the stalls in Uploders on the morning of Monday, July 29th, and it usually takes him till the following Friday afternoon to work through the parish. Anything saleable, or cash in lieu of that, is grist to his mill. Cakes, confectionery, groceries, garden produce, unwanted Christmas and birthday presents, white elephants and bottles (but no empties, please) will be specially welcome. He dislikes being a beggar for a week. It requires a treasure as priceless as Loders church to give him the volition.

The Prayer Group which emerged from our branch of the Mothers' Union will resume meetings, after its summer recess, at the Vicarage, on the third Thursday in September.

July this year has not been open-handed with the high summer weather that we crave. But she seems to have a soft spot for Askerswell. On the morning of the Sunday on which the village gardens were to be open for general public inspection she seemed bilious from a Saturday hangover. There was wind and rain, and the proud gardeners feared that all their titivating might have been in vain. However, by Sunday dinner time she was feeling better; in the afternoon she broke into a smile, which lasted into the evening. Next day, poor thing, she had an attack of Monday morning blues, with paroxysms of wind and rain, which made the gardeners of Askerswell glad for their good fortune rather than sorry for her. The gardens had been looking fine the previous afternoon, and had attracted some 250 visitors. This is where the esprit de corps of the Womens' Institute counts; for this year the enterprise was in aid of local W.I. funds, and a notice in the W.I. Journal had brought people from miles around. One batch came in a coach from the New Forest. Everybody liked the gardens, and the feel of the village; and the teas on offer in the village hall shared in the general appreciation. Many people visited the church as well. We hope for the benefit of their own churches they took the point when, exploring the churchyard, they found Captain Churchwarden Michael Lumby making use of his spell of guard duty by tidying up that glory hole of a tool shed. A profit of £57 took the W.I. funds with a whoosh out of the red into the blue.

The Ward family of Uploders and the Cadmans of Bradpole had a field day at Loders font when the daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cadman (nee Isobelle Ward) were christened on July 7th. The names of the girl are Rachel Sarah, and of the boy, Robert William.

The Collecting Boxes for the Church of England Children's Society, organised by Miss Muriel Randall, have yielded £19.74, for which the donors are warmly thanked by the Society.

The country weekend spent here by the ringers of St. Bartholomew the Great in the City of London would appear to have been a success, seeing that their clerical leader, the Reverend Brooke Lunn, sent a letter of thanks on behalf of them all, and then they all wrote individually. Kindly July weather filled their cup of joy to the brim as they nosed through the Dorset lanes to sample the bells of Netherbury, Stoke Abbott, Powerstock, Askerswell and Abbotsbury. At Powerstock they were welcomed by the Dean Rural. Dropping into the Crown in Uploders they savoured the royal hospitality of Landlord, Reg Small and his Lady, and were loth to leave. They would have been unable to leave Rose Cottage had not their self control been equal to the flow of Mrs. Harry Crabbs dandelion wine. On each of the two evenings the day ended pleasantly round the capacious dining table of Loders vicarage. The ringers were too full and too tired to be aware of the deficiencies of their makeshift beds, some of them in Chuck Willmott's attic workshop. At Loders their ringing began on the Saturday morning, and at Loders it ended with a farewell flourish to the congregation as they were streaming out of Matins on Sunday. The ringers had a good journey back to London. That evening they were ringing for evensong, finding perhaps that the powerful numinous atmosphere of the Norman apse of the priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great was all the more wonderful for comparison with the light and graceful chancel of the priory church of St.



Mary Magdalene.

Sunday July the Fourteenth was a notable day in the calendar of Loders church; for on it the senior member of the congregation, Mrs. Dora Boyd, of Uploders House, reached the age of ninety. Admiring and excited friends heaped their congratulations upon her, and she accepted them with the usual Olympian calm. She attended the early communion, as she does every Sunday. If anything about her betrayed the greatness of the occasion, it was her slightly less intolerant contempt for the antics of the contemporary world. July the fourteenth was also the eighty-fourth anniversary of Miss Muriel Smelt, of Loders, who, by a few months beats Mrs. Grace Hyde to the matriarchate of the Women's Institute. Miss Smelt, an exemplary parishioner, full of good works, is not entirely satisfied as to the role of spiritual "sky pilots". She surrendered her celebrations to the good offices of Air Vice Marshal Alex Adams, about whom she has no doubts, and here the proof of the pudding was certainly in the eating.

Mr. Jack Verrinder, writing from Shoreham Beach, says he is keeping fit, that he and his wife are now "past the seventy-five mark", and looking forward to August eighteenth, which will be their golden wedding anniversary. May we voice the congratulations of their many friends here? "I have wanted to come down in my hoddy car," Jack continues, "but my family tell me they think it is too far for me to travel alone. I am afraid they don't know me when my mind is made up. However, we hope to be down before the season is over".

The summer supper at South Eggardon House might have better pleased the hostess, Mrs. Derek Newall, had it been held the evening following that on which it was, because that evening was sunny, but it could not have much better pleased the guests, who one and all declared it perfect. The greyiness of the evening seemed somehow appropriate to a place with a background of pre-history, and what mattered the lack of sunshine as long as the evening was warm and dry? As the guests were sipping their pre-prandial drinks, a bell summoned them to the lawn where the bride of the morrow, Miss Thelma Record, and her groom, stood shyly holding hands. Miss Record is the church organist, Group Captain Newall presented her with an electric clock given by the parishioners, and made a felicitous speech. The clock, being battery operated, is proof against power cuts. The guests were a representative cross-section of the village, leavened by a few choice spirits from Loders. When they had viewed and approved the garden, they went into the house for supper. And such a supper. The old rooms, with their beamed ceilings, or minstrel gallery, or oak panelling, or great stone fireplaces, conveniently lead into each other, so that birds of a feather could flock together with their platters in many a secluded corner. The flowers were lovely. How such a spread at a pound a head could produce any profit for church funds is a mystery, but it did, around £40.

Mr. & Mrs. William Graves attended a Loders matins with her brother from Australia, who had not been in England for fifty years. He doubts whether the country has changed for the better, but he is sure of the Graves' capacity to make a snugger of any new residence they might move into. He came for two days. When we rang up, he had been there more than a fortnight, and would only go if he were kicked out.

The wedding of Miss Thelma Record and Mr. Geoffrey Pulman at Loders seemed to have every ingredient of the perfect village wedding - a glorious summer day, the church looking beautiful outside and in (thanks to the kindness of the lady decorators), the bells vibrating the warm air, organ and choir stimulating the singing, and two little bridesmaids holding prayer books siphoning off some of the universal admiration of the bride. The feast was in the village hall, on the doorstep of the bride's home, and everybody agreed that this was the perfect place for it, and that the host and hostess had "done their guests proud".

#### SERVICES IN AUGUST

LODERS 4th H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2  
11th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2  
18th H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2  
25th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2

ASKERSWELL 4th Children 10, Evensong 6.30  
11th Matins 10  
18th Family Service 10  
25th H.C. 10

DOTTERY 4th H.C. 9.30  
All others at 3.



It seldom happens that a vicar can stand on the ground floor of his church tower and listen contentedly to rain falling through the tower roof impinging on the ceiling above him. Yet this happened in Loders church on Sunday, August 4th. The vicar's contentment stemmed from the amazing contrast between this stormy, rumbustious morning, and the summer perfection of the day previous, when people had been basking in their hundreds on the lawns of Loders Court adjoining, and the fete that brought them there had taken £921 mostly for the repair of the tower roof. Never could money raising for a good cause have been more pleasant. The setting was as perfect as the weather, and the economy of words with which the Honourable Mrs. Alexander Hood was able to get the fete open pleased the people who had already spotted their bargain on the nearby stalls. One gentleman secured from the jumble stall a roll of carpet underlay and a bundle of green loose covers for arm chairs and sofa. They seemed neither to impede his progress nor impair his pleasure as he trundled about, watching the children at their steam engine rides or listening to the handbell ringers. Only the blandishments of the raffle ticket sellers was he impervious to, and that because he had no more hands for his pockets. A failure of former fetes had been to provide enough to eat between the selling out of the cake stall (within the first hour), and tea at four (issuing this year from an elegant pavilion). This time a doughnut stall filled the gap. It was prodigiously supplied. Cooking for it must have kept the ladies out of mischief for the whole of the night before. The naughty boys found it a blessing who had made a fortune from killing the rat in the drainpipe - the fete's newest sideshow.

Here is the statement of accounts: Receipts, Cakes £21.97; Gifts £47.70; Jumble £23.50; Household £42.89; Groceries £18.45; Flowers £25.13; Children £11.05; Books £8.05; Doughnuts £26.61; Dottery £70; House tours £22.30; Bottle Tombola £68.95; Children's tombola £14.25; Fortune Teller £3.20; Steam Engine Rides £12.30; Skittles £9.41; Roulette £15.50; Fishing £9.40; Aunt Sally £6.72; Hidden Treasure £4.30; Kill the rat £4.80; Ping Pong £3.22; Teas £48.60; Ices £18.90; Whisky £14; Dundee Cake £14.25; Coffee Table £6.40; Groceries £6.75; Gate £50.70; Cash Donations £236; Village hall stall £56.50; Total Receipts £921.80; Expenses, Advertising £4.44; Posters £3.79; Punch & Judy £5; Discotheque £6; Hire of Tent £10; Hire of Table and Chairs £1.85; Prizes £19.50; Total Expenses £50.58; Profit £871.28; of which £744.72 is for the church tower, £70 for Dottery Church, and £56.50 for the village hall.

Observations on the fete: Local patriotism persists in these parts, and hats off to it. But Loders need not be irked because Burton fete has taken over the lead by about £80, topping £1,000. It has the holiday camps. The issue is not in doubt as to which is the better fete financially, when one with 500 paid admissions takes £921.80; and the other with 1500 paid admissions takes £1000. Loders owes its success to the unfailingly good giving before fete day, the measure of which is £236 in cash, and offerings in kind which sold for about £400 on the day. All sections of the community "do their stuff", not least the old age pensioners; new parishioners and former parishioners; and friends from far and near. Cash donations this year were swelled by a quite touching and substantial offering from "the friends of West Milton Church" in recognition of the Vicar's help in their efforts, (unsuccessful), to save their church, which was declared redundant after an operation that looks more like murder. What is owed to the support of those who attend must not be forgotten. Some come a long way. One said it was "the perfect spot" and she would not miss for anything. Here our debt of gratitude to the Hood family for conniving so cheerfully at this annual invasion of their home is apparent.

A Jumble Sale in aid of the funds of Askerswell church is to be held in the Women's Institute Hall, Bridport, on the afternoon of Saturday September 14th. We announce this not to solicit our readers' attendance (the burghers of Bridport see to that) but to inspire Askerswell people to dig out more jumble. The remains of the Loders fete jumble already forms a good nucleus.

John Stevens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stevens, of Askerswell, has been spending a few days leave with his wife Betty and four little daughters at Askerswell. This little parish is good at rising to an unexpected occasion. When John had been prevailed on to give a talk, illustrated by his own slides, on his work as a missionary in Zululand, which he traverses in mission planes of dubious durability, Colonel Grigg spent a day preparing the projector, and half the parish dropped what they were doing to see and listen at the village hall. The beauty of the African scenery, the wild life, the encounters with witch doctors, and the frequent crash landings of the plane, made this a missionary evening to be remembered. At the moment of writing, your scribe has beside him a well-splashed-out article in The Times of August 26th, reviewing a book in which the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford airs his "respectable doubts about the divinity of Christ." The contrast illustrates the kind of incongruity St. Paul predicted. For a pittance John Stevens and family brave the



heartaches and dangers of Africa to proclaim the divinity and saving grace of Christ; while for a very comfortable salary the Regius Professor of Divinity sits at Oxford disseminating his doubts about it.

Dottery is unusually flush with news this month, of a wedding and a double christening. The wedding was that of Miss Julia Ann Smith, of New Close Farm, and Mr. Danny Green, of Pymore Terrace. She was the last of the several children that Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Smith have seen to the altar at Loders, and everybody was pleased that after his long spell of illness Mr. Smith was able to be there and give his daughter away. With a pair of pretty bridesmaids to match the bride, and a lovely afternoon, the wedding was highly photogenic. The photographer was much in evidence, and obviously had no qualms about getting married inadvertently as he muscled in on the heart of the ceremony. He knows his job, and the pictures were works of art. The christening concerned Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Turner, and his father, who is sexton of Dottery. It was like old times to see all the clan walking in a body down to church from where they had left their cars. They half filled the church, and the baptismal candidates were quiet enough for a short sermon to be preached. They were named Hayley Michelle and David Anthony.

Evenings are "getting in" and autumn is gently ousting summer. Harvest, the most popular of the church festivals, is nearly upon us, so here are the times of service: if no announcement is made to the contrary, the Uploders Chapel will send harvest off to the usual fine start on Sunday, September 22nd, at 6.30 p.m. Dottery will begin on Thursday, September 26th, at 7.30 p.m.; and continue on the following Sunday at 3. Askerswell is on the first Sunday in October, with Holy Communion at 10 and evensong at 6.30. Loders is on the second Sunday, with services at the usual times plus evensong at 7.

Loders is a fortunate parish public buildingwise. At the height of the property boom the village hall received well over £3000 from the sale of the Uploders Room. Much of this windfall has already been used to improve the hall. A portion was returned to the Charity Commission to recoup this particular charity, and when this is accomplished (not for some years) the hall will have the interest on £3000 odd in perpetuity. When Mr. & Mrs. Morris came to live in New Road, this was a blessing for the Uploders Chapel, which is a gem of Regency village architecture. They brought it to life and saved it from redundancy. By enlisting outside help, they have repaired it externally so that it looks smart in its new creamwash, and they hope to be lucky again in doing up the interior. It is fairly common knowledge that Loders Church has also had good fortune. The late Mrs. Olive Legg, of Well Plot, who worshipped in the church all her long life from the age of three, left the residue of her estate, £3000, for its repair, with special concern for the great stained glass window over the altar, which is in poor condition. The Church Council will doubtless invest this money to produce a useful annual income. Her generous help should inspire the parish to still greater efforts in the fete; for the repair fund of a place like Loders Church can never be oversubscribed.

All being well, a telegram from the Queen's Majesty should reach Askerswell on the 24th November. That is the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Kelly, who will be 100. She is the mother of the late Miss Freda Kelly, and has come to live with Miss Thwaites. Mrs. Kelly gardens, makes her own clothes, and does crosswords. At 47 she was wearing glasses, at 70 she recovered her sight, and has done without them ever since. Her hobby is trying to picture the amount of food she will have eaten in a century. (She did not mention the sherry, which she likes an occasional glass of). Her great maxim is "Age is nothing. It's what you are yourself. You can be old at forty. Don't lose interest in others." More of her anon.

#### Services in September

Loders 1st H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2  
8th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2  
15th H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2  
22nd H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2  
29th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2

Askerswell 1st Children 10, Evensong 6.30  
8th Matins 10  
15th Family Service 10  
22nd H.C. 10  
29th Matins 10

Dottery 1st H.C. 9.30  
26th Harvest 7.30  
All others at 3



Four vocalists of the Bridport Operatic Society, led by Mrs. Daphne Stebbings, sang "Linden Lea" at the Uploders Chapel harvest festival. The congregation showed that they too were possessed of voices in the hymns, which filled the little building with about as much joyful sound as it could take. Members of the Loyal Order of Moose helped to swell the congregation, as they have been doing for some time now. Mr. Parker, a Minister from Bridport, took the service in a refreshing old fashioned way, and inspired us all with his harvest vision of the glory of the Lord. His manner had a maturity that seemed not quite in accord with his head of youthful black hair, which was obviously his own. His mention in the sermon of his being upwards of three score years and ten accounted for the maturity. The chapel steward, giving out the notices, observed with thankfulness that the outside of the chapel had been repaired and painted, and appealed for help to do the inside. His computation that this was about the hundred and fortieth harvest festival to be celebrated in the Uploders chapel made two at least of the congregation wonder whether he had taken into account the date of Parson Hawker, the Cornish vicar who started the religious harvest festival in this country.

The Organist of Dottery church, aware that her own husband's corn harvest was incomplete, put another hymn in place of the time-honoured one which bids the thankful people come for all is safely gathered in. A winter storm was brewing up as the service began, and pouring down when it ended. The unfriendliness of the elements without made the harvest snugness within the little church all the nicer, and there was an exceptionally large congregation of every age group to enjoy it. In fact the congregation was more in number than the population of the hamlet. The hold this simple structure of wood and iron keeps on the sons and daughters of the parish when they grow up and leave home accounts for this phenomenon. They come home for harvest, and the Vicar said it was gratifying to keep this connection over a period of twenty-seven years with those he had christened and married, and whose children he had christened. The senior churchwarden said in the vestry afterwards that what gratified him was to see the collection keeping pace with inflation.

At Loders School the difficulty of the incomplete harvest was resolved by using a version of "Come ye thankful people come" which has the ambiguous "All be safely gathered in" instead of "is". The headmaster's flair for organisation was again apparent. Against a flamboyant display of flowers and foods, the children were in two columns facing a large congregation of mothers. The sayers of prayers and readers of lessons came to the head of the columns and spoke distinctly and slowly, which especially suited the harvest poem by Mr. Leonard Clark. Recorders augmented the piano for the hymns, some of which were new to the mothers, and perhaps a welcome change from the hardy annuals.

Askerswell is bracing itself for its harvest on Sunday October 6th. There will be Holy Communion at 10 a.m. and Evensong at 6.30 p.m. The harvest supper will be in the village hall on the following Saturday.

Loders will bring the harvest thanksgiving to an end on Sunday October 13th, with Holy Communion at 8 a.m., Matins at 11 a.m., Children at 2 p.m. and Evensong at 7 p.m. Please note the seven.

Harvesting eroded the attendance at the Askerswell Sunday School "At Home" in the pleasant grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Garrard's "Orchards", but an enjoyable time was had by all, especially by the small boys who found a trail of spilt barley leading to the party, and rushed home for shovels and bags to collect it for the hens. The weather was kind and it was pleasant to wander from one arbour to another discovering what each had to offer in the way of tests of skill, and ending with a cream tea incredibly cheap for these days. Inside the house Mr. Garrard was showing his colour slides of the latest village events. Finally everybody gathered on one lawn for a dramatisation of the early history of the child Samuel. The dresses were attractive and the parts were done reverently. The Voice of the Lord God, issuing from behind a screen in the corner, made everybody sit up, as it should.

The Jumble Sale staged by the ladies of Askerswell Church in the W.I. Hall, Bridport, took £37, with which they were well pleased, especially as there was another jumble sale not far away by the friends of Bridport Hospital.

The new owners of Waddon Farmhouse, Loders, which is undergoing great internal alterations, succeeded in getting enough of it completed to hold a sumptuous party after the christening of their youngest son on Sept. 1st. The guests filled most of one side of the nave of the church, and stoutly reinforced the singing of the Sunday School. The babe was named William Mark. His parents are Christopher and Joan Anderson, who hope to be settled in Waddon by Christmas. At present they live at Gore Cross.

Sunday Sept. 1st was also a great day for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garrard of Askerswell.



It marked the end of a period of doubt their son "Roch" and daughter-in-law had weather had been having as to the christening of their three children, Jonathan Rochfort (aged 4), Patrick Rochfort (2) and Fiona Rochfort (1). The three were christened that day at their home church in Walton on Thames before the whole congregation.

Three Loders families suffered bereavement in September, and they are the focus of much sympathy. The funeral of Miss Florence Brown was at Loders on Sept. 7th, and she was buried in the grave of her grandfather Malachi. She was in her ninetieth year, and was an authentic specimen of old Loders. Her father used to run the carpenter's and wheelwrights business near the Uploders Chapel. He acquired such skill in bandaging cut fingers and the like that mothers sent their children to him when they needed this office, and the girls were wont to come home heads adorned with curly shavings of wood. Mr. Eric Bunnell, whose funeral was on September 9th was only 53. It could well be that his death was a merciful release from a rare illness which is often protracted and always painful. The former Rural District Council, which was represented at the funeral, valued him highly as one of their best workers. When the illness really had him in its grip, he would cycle home from work exhausted, and yet feel sufficiently strengthened by the night's rest to resume next day. (If we all took our work as seriously there might be no inflation) For some years he was a ringer, and was always good company, coming out with remarks that could seem absurd, and yet be profoundly wise. He has left a gap in his neighbourhood. Mr. Frank Russell Wood, of Matravers, was cremated privately at Weymouth on Sept. 24th, having been so reticent about his illness that its seriousness was not generally known. A comparative newcomer to the parish he was never drawn from his remote station at Matravers into the vortex of village affairs, but those who lived near found him, and for that matter his wife, the best of neighbours. He was devoted to his sheep, and it was when he was seeing to them that his tall massive figure graced our fields and lanes. Nobody will miss him more than his dog, who seems disconsolate, but Loders Church will. He disclaimed being a churchman, but was a generous and secret contributor. Incidentally, the Church Council gratefully acknowledge donations made to the repair fund in memory of Miss Brown and Mr. Bunnell.

A part time caretaker is needed at Loders School. The pay is over £12 per week for few hours. Mr. Price will be pleased to give further information.

Miss Dorothy Fooks is home in Askerswell for a month's leave from her missionary work in Newfoundland. The next meeting of the Prayer Group at the Vicarage on October 17th hopes to hear some of her experiences.

Congratulations to our former village policeman Detective Inspector Bill Edrich, who is moving from the Bournemouth C.I.D. to London, where he will be a security officer of the Defence Ministry. He and his wife Sally, who are fondly remembered here, have four grand-daughters.

With heavy but sincere hearts we wish Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Beavan health and happiness in their new home at Emsworth near Chichester. In their all too brief stay in Uploders their kindness made them all but indispensable to the aged neighbours they waited on daily and shopped for, who are now wondering how they will manage. The Beavans were pillars of Loders Church, and fine advertisements for it. He was an exemplary vicar's churchwarden. Shakespeare well expresses the Vicar's feelings (in Macbeth): "This Geoffrey hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been so clear in his great office, that his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off."

Captain Dermot Stack second son of Colonel and Mrs. Rowan Stack, of Uploders, was married to Miss Mary Taylor in Ashton Keynes Church, Wiltshire. Bride and groom met in Hong Kong, where Captain Stack is serving with the Gurkha Engineers and they have returned there.

#### SERVICES IN OCTOBER:

LODERS:	6th	H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	13th	Harvest Festival: H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 7.
	20th	H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	27th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
ASKERSWELL	6th	Harvest Festival: H.C. 10, Evensong 6.30
	13th	Matins 10.
	20th	Family Service 10
	27th	Matins 10.
DOTTERY		All at 3 p.m.



The zest for harvest festival shows no sign of diminishing here. A well attended service at Dottery on the Sunday afternoon followed the splendid send off on the Thursday evening. At Askerswell a wealth of art and effort had gone into the decorations, and a night of nasty weather did not deter most of the parish from coming to evensong to enjoy them. An unexpected treat was in store for the congregation. Instead of a sermon they had a talk from the chancel step on the spiritual impact of harvest festivals he had known by the poet, author, broadcaster, educationist, countryman and churchman, Mr. Leonard Clark, who fortunately is good at talking to some purpose without the necessity of due notice. He was supposed to be relaxing for a few days at the vicarage. Loders church in its harvest garb was another dream of beauty. This year a prolific offering of fine grapes, both local and Spanish increased the scope of the decorators. A full church in the morning and again in the evening, heard the valleys laughing and singing in a rollicking anthem from the choir. The final hymn, "The day Thou gavest Lord is ended", did not provoke a failure of light, heat and organ, as it did last harvest, perhaps because candles and matches were waiting in the wings, and darkness did not fall at anybody's behest.

The harvest supper at Askerswell has become so popular, and deservedly so, that the village hall is not big enough to take all who would like to come. Value for money in food and drink is not the only draw: the function appeals to young, old, and middlings. Each year the ladies get more ambitious. This time there was a starter of soup that really was hot, and hot potatoes with the beef, ham, and salads. Ladies to the right, left and front of the Rector feared for his figure when he preferred a walloping plate of apple pie and cream to a delicate dish of trifle, but it did not go unobserved that they all followed suit. Mr. David Andrews, of Sherborne, was an excellent choice as entertainer. While he plied his guitar, and everybody sang, he coaxed various members of the audience to work the tambourines and kettle drums. One of these assistants brought the house down when a sudden disposition of his trousers to do likewise took him rapidly out of the range of the public eye.

A treat of the above kind is in store for Loders people on Thursday, Nov. 7th, when the annual parish social will begin the village hall at 7.45 p.m. It never fails to draw a large company of all ages, who come away saying there should be more such socials. Here again the "eats" are worth a good deal more than the admission ticket costs.

Promotion for Dr. Martin Thornton. His friends here and over a very wide area indeed will welcome the recent announcement that he is to be a canon residentiary and chancellor of Truro Cathedral. He, his wife Monica, and daughter Magdala, will be leaving Trinity Cottage, Loders, to take up the appointment next June. To the question, What sort of a job is this? we venture the answer that it is largely an educational one; Dr. Thornton will have the training of ordinands, beside his duties as a canon of the cathedral. He may be hard put to find time to continue writing his theological books, which have a faithful and enthusiastic readership here and in America. His latest book comes out on Nov. 4th. Its title is "My God": A reappraisal of normal religious experience. We shall like to discover whether the author finds the present norm of religious experience so feeble a thing that his "My God" is an expletive. This would fit his wry sense of humour. Nowbrays the publishers have commissioned a book of essays in honour of Dr. Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, on his retirement this month. Dr. Thornton contributes one of the essays. It is called "The cultural factor in spirituality". He and the other contributors will present a leather bound copy of the book to His Grace at Lambeth Palace on Nov. 13th, the Archbishop's seventieth birthday.

The archway of pitchforks, held by white smocked Young Farmers over Mr. Raymond Johnston and his bride Miss Christine Rich as they blossomed out of their wedding in Yarcombe Church, was never better deserved. The local papers were proclaiming the prowess of Raymond and his brother David in the ploughing matches, and of their father in the hedging and ditching competitions. What is news is not that they do it every year, but that they go from glory to glory, and Dottery, their home, is kept well and truly on the map by them. The photographers had a field day. Never were a couple more diligently snapped in every posture during the service, and in the churchyard before the long trek to the wedding feast in the Victory Hall at Stockland. The speeches were earthy and appetising, fertilised by the natural genius of a best man for teasing a brother of a bridegroom. The happy couple are making their home at Higher Ash, and have already been welcomed to the church by the Dottery congregation.



Mr. Ian Roberts has kindly accepted nomination as vicar's churchwarden of Loders in succession to Mr. Geoffrey Bea an. He is already functioning as such, and will, the Lord willing, be sworn in at the Archdeacon's next Visitation.

Remembrance Sunday is Nov. 10th. For one hopeful moment it seemed that we might have Victor Pike, Bishop of Sherborne and former Chaplain General of the Forces, to preach to us that day. It is not to be, but we have staked a claim on him for Remembrance '75'. Our Remembrance services will be Askerswell 10 a.m. Loders 11 a.m. and Dottery 3 p.m. All the collections will for Earl Haig's Fund.

Bonfire Night will be corporately celebrated near Askerswell village hall on the fifth. This is a great time for fathers who let off the fireworks in the interest of their offsprings' safety; and for mothers who feed the brutes with soup and hot dogs.

Loders Church, beautifully decorated by the ladies, and beamed upon by a sun altogether missing from the weathermen's predictions, was the place of wedding for Miss Susan Smith, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs David Smith, of West Bay Road, who are on the church roll of Loders. The bride was more than punctual, as one on the arm of a bank manager father might be expected to be. This foxed the singers, with the happy result that the pealing of the bells swelled the organ and the voices in the first hymn. Bride and father had slipped in before the singer's look-out had looked out, and when he looked up the path of course he did not see the bridal party going up the aisle. The bridegroom was Mr. Douglas Boston, son of Mr and Mrs Herbert Boston, also of West Bay Road. The reception was at West Mead Hotel.

Much sympathy was felt by Loders congregation for Mr. Kingsley Wenlock in the unexpected death of his wife Helen after a short, sharp illness in Dorchester County Hospital. Their home is in Allington Park, but they were regular worshippers at Loders. Her young face and alert mind belied her very mature age. After service in Loders she was cremated at Weymouth.

Miss Minnie Crabb died in Bridport General Hospital, and after a sung service was buried in the grave of her sister in Loders churchyard. Her gift of second sight was known far beyond Loders. People who needed guidance came to her at all hours,, and got not only what the stars foretold but the counselling of a wise and compassionate mother-type. She used to tell fortunes at Loders Fete. When bad health stopped this, she continued to send £10 to the fete each year in lieu. At one fete a local artist decorated her booth with a poster of a lady on a broomstick with the caption "The witch of Loders tells fortunes here". Minnie did not take kindly to the witch idea, and asked to be called "The Seer", which is in the more respectable company of Samuel and Agabus. Once the late Mrs. David Thomas came breathless to the vicarage to say there was a dead woman on a pew in the Ladye Chapel, and fled. The Vicar hurried down. It was Minnie lying inanimate and face upward on a seat. He touched her, to feel if she was cold. Whereupon her big brown eyes opened slowly, as in a trance and she asked "Is it the Lord?" "No", came the answer, "But it is the Vicar". He carried her to the vicarage, and the doctor prescribed a fortnight in hospital, which put her right. She said afterwards she had been putting flowers on her sister's grave when she felt queer and went into church to sit down. How we shall miss Minnie. She was one of the very best.

Saturday, October 26th, the occasion of the marriage of Miss Bridget Foot to Mr. Stephen Pike, of Litton Cheney, at Askerswell Church, was a notable day for many. For the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fry, it was the forty-seventh anniversary of their own wedding, and the Rector was marrying one whom he had christened and prepared for confirmation, and was herself the daughter of the first couple he had married as Rector of Askerswell. The church was not big enough to seat all the congregation. The Rector of Litton Cheney assisted in the service, and the reception was held at Litton.

Mrs. Jessica Kelly, of Askerswell, died a month before her hundredth birthday, and was cremated at Weymouth, the Rector officiating. At Miss Thwaites hands she received the same selfless care as her daughter Freda had before her.

The re-roofing of Loders Church tower is estimated to cost about £2,600, and could eventually be more than that.

#### Services in November

<u>Loders</u>	1st	All Saints H.C. 8
	3rd	H.C.8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	10th	Remembrance H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2
	17th	H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	24th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
<u>Askerswell</u>	3rd	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	10th	Remembrance 10
	17th	Family Service 10



December is more prolific of parish functions than any other month. As we live in a selfish world, where greed of all sorts is rampant, it is satisfactory to note that in December we do things to help causes outside the parish which are worthy of sympathy, and this must be pleasing to Jesus of Nazareth in His birthday month. Having had a May Fair for their own funds, the children of Loders school give a concert in December for the work of the church overseas, and so join in some degree with our Askerswell missionaries John and Betty Stevens and Dorothy Fooks, of whom we should be proud. The concert on Friday December 13th at 5.45 p.m. will be followed immediately by the Mission Sale, which is now twenty-seven years old, and manages to increase its takings year by year. Mrs. Willmott "gets butterflies" every year wondering whether anything will be sent to sell. But the faithful have never yet failed and are not likely to. Anything saleable may be brought to the vicarage beforehand, or directly to the school. Anybody who would like to make cakes but lacks the sugar had better see Mrs. Willmott, not because the vicarage is unduly acquisitive of the precious commodity, but because it is not sweet toothed.

On Tuesday, December 17th at 2.45 p.m. the school goes again into action for a good cause this time in Loders Church, in the annual carol service. Parents and friends join in this service and love it, and make a collection for the Army Benevolent Fund, earmarking it for the children of soldiers who have been killed in Ulster. It is a mercy for us that there are still young men with sufficient sense of responsibility to make the sacrifices involved in Service life.

Loders Choir will do their good turn by singing carols round Loders on Friday, Dec. 20th, and Uploders on Monday, Dec. 23rd, and collecting for the Children's Society, whose work increases as the children from broken homes increase.

The Uploders Chapel has been in the habit of giving the collection at its Nativity Play and Carol Service to another worthy object, the Chantry House Day Centre, which meets the social needs of old people. We do not know what the collection is for this year, but the play and carols will be on Sunday, December 15th, at 6.30 p.m., and if experience is anything to go by, an enjoyable evening is in prospect.

We do not know at the time of writing whether the Canadian vocalist who last year flew from Rome to sing at the Askerswell carol service will attend this year, but there is no doubt that there will be a carol service on Sunday, Dec. 22nd, in Askerswell Church at 6.30 p.m. It vies with harvest in being the best attended service in the year, and last year the candle light enhanced it.

The Christmas services will follow the usual pattern: the Midnight beginning at 11.45 p.m. at Loders on Christmas Eve, followed by eight o'clock Communion and family Matins at 11 on Christmas morning. At Dottery and Askerswell on Christmas morning Communion at 9 and 10 o'clock respectively.

The diamond wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Mears, of Melplash, on Nov. 14th, has been so well publicised by the local press that it only remains for us to say what was left out. Mr. and Mrs. Mears, at around 82, are the oldest married couple who worship in Loders Church. The weather can never seem to keep them away of a Sunday. When Mrs. Mears fell off her garden onto a dangerous bit of road at Melplash, and mercifully escaped injury, she was quickly back on her knees in church; and when Mr. Mears was convalescing from an operation and unable to drive to Matins, one of his busy sons drove him and his wife to early Communion nearly every Sunday. Mr. Mears was born near Dorchester, and if he is the worse for that, shows no sign of it. Mrs. Mears is genuine Loders. Like many of the best people in Loders apparently, she was born at Bell, and seems none the worse for having attended Loders School with Harry Crabb. Loders Choir will be in no doubt as to the source of her sterling qualities on reflection that she was one of their members for years; and Mr. Nick Prideaux will see his great grandfather Parson Thomas as another source; for Mrs. Mears' father rubbed shoulders much with him as his churchwarden. But THE debate in Loders Church now is, what wedding comes after a diamond wedding?

The sum sent to Earl Haig's Fund from our Remembrance Sunday services drew a grant of congratulation from that great servant of the British Legion, Mr. Shoobridge of West Milton. We were £52 (Dottery £4, Askerswell £12 and Loders £36). A feature of the Loders service is always Handel's Dead March in "Saul", superbly played by the organist Mr. Bill Tiltman. Few who heard him on this occasion were aware that the pedal work so characteristic of this piece was being done by swollen feet which had had a manhole cover dropped on them a few days before.

The Old Rectory of Askerswell without Captain Aylmer is now as lonely and mournful as Jeremiah's lodge in a garden of cucumbers. His three pet Guernsey cows still feeding beside it, cannot blind us to the fact that his death, at 82, has ended an era. The congregation that filled the church for the funeral service seemed aware of this, and the pealing of the muffled bells, proclaimed it to the countryside he loved so well. In the funeral oration the Rector remarked that his appreciation of the countryside and his zest for country pursuits seemed greatly to exceed that of those who had lived all their lives in the parish, probably because with them it was "Easy come, easy go", but with him his twenty-eight years of enjoyment of Askerswell was bought at a price. People



enjoy what they really earn, and nobody was more deserving of the delights of home life in the country than he. For forty-one years he had served in the Royal Navy, with the disruption of home life and moving about that that entails. In the two world wars he was in destroyers, submarines and anti-aircraft cruisers, in the thick of the fight to save this country's lifelines, and himself bearing a charmed life. Even in his spell of shore duty as captain of the Naval College at Dartmouth he was bombed out, and had to evacuate that establishment temporarily. The death of his wife had done to him what the might of the German Navy could not, knocked him out for many weeks, but with the help of other naval veterans in the neighbourhood he had pulled through, and resumed his useful role. The Rector did not say it, but to him one of life's minor mysteries is that so often warriors born to command, like Edward Aylmer, have a partiality for commanding wives. On the wall of Askerswell old rectory hung the bell of his submarine the L23, at the ringing of which his crew jumped-to. Here it was his late wife Phoebe who rang it imperiously when he was wanted from the garden and he who jumped-to.

Our Brownies kept Halloben in the traditional manner with gusto and invention. Their meeting room seemed to be swarming with witches, skeletons, devils with entangling tails, and the lighted up faces of pumpkins from the church harvest festival. There were apple bobbing and buns on strings, and very good eats cooked by the Brownies themselves to win a badge. The coffee evening and bring and buy held later swelled their funds by £56, which exceeded their highest hopes. The parish owes a debt to the ladies who run the Brownies - Mrs. Price, Mrs. Barbara Hyde, and Pauline Crabb - and to the mothers for their enthusiastic co-operation. Mrs. Jill Evans runs the Guides, and badly needs an assistant. A District Commissioner will also be needed when Mrs. Cross leaves Uploders. But more of that anon.

Loders Parish Social was about the best attended and most profitable on record. It amused everybody in every age group. We wonder how the headmaster coped next day with little people who had been revelling till near midnight the night before. Receipts were £73.32, made up of admission £26.60, cash donations £13, and draw £33.72. Expenses were £18.65, and the profit for village hall funds £54.67. With the £56 from the fete the hall has done well this year.

Fans of Mr. Leonard Clark will like to know that his "Mr. Pettigrew's harvest festival" has sold well and already run into a second impression. In the new year "Mr. Pettigrew's train" will appear, with artful illustrations. The train is closely related to that which plies between Maiden Newton and Bridport.

#### SERVICES IN DECEMBER

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

ASKERSWELL   1st   Children 10, Evensong 6.30  
                  8th   Matins 10  
                  15th   Family Service 10  
                  22nd   Carol Service 6.30  
                  29th   Matins 10.

DOTTERY      1st   H.C. 9.30, All others at 3 p.m.

For Christmas services see Note.