

The Fund Raising Committee of Askerswell Church prefer not to be tied to one method like Loders, but this year a fete is their choice to and it will be held on Saturday, 23 July beginning at 2 p.m. Its centre of gravity will be The Square, but it will be spread over the surrounding gardens, which are all attractive. There will be something for all ages. As cut-and-come-again cakes seems to be in demand, a special effort has been made to meet it. Askerswell's main problem with a fete is to supply it with attenders as well as helpers; for in so small a parish most of the population have to be helpers. The hope is that the multitude that descended on the parish last year for the open gardens, and enjoyed it hugely, will come again. Council workmen have been smartening up the village with their sickles: County Hall reacted with usual vigour to the horrid possibility of invading cars coming to grief in the luxuriant vegetation of the lanes.

We celebrated the Queen's Silver Jubilee happily and fervently without breaking any heads or windows, though Mr. Horace Road thought a Union Jack had been stolen from the exuberant exhibition of patriotism on his front lawn. The line of young people who lay across the road not a mile from the Loders Arms, ready to die for the Queen, quickly resurrected when Dennis Gibbs got out his car to see if there was a fish and chip shop open anywhere. The Askerswell Jubilee Cricket Match up on the Dorchester road amused two eighteen-a-side teams representing all the seven ages of man, and women of course, in the lawful fashion one would expect on a field kindly lent by Mr. & Mrs. George Bryon. The old coconut nattering from the church enjoyed its promotion to service between the wickets, and tripped more players than it had worshippers. A horse box functioned as a pavilion; and tea and shelter from the occasional shower was to be had there. On the playing field down in Loders the cricket was between ladies and gents, whose appearance and antics, being characteristic of neither, amused the crowd even more than the preceding sports had done. The daughter of a retired diplomat was thrown into the nearby river: she got out and throw in the nearest naval officer she could lay hands on, which is not at all unladylike these days. By contrast, the village hall, the domain of the Women's Institute for the afternoon, was a model of old world decorum. Madam President bade the Vicar invoke a blessing on the children's tea, which looked enough for the parents as well, and it finished with a distribution of Jubilee mugs, and prizes for the sports and fancy dress winners. The heights of Eggardon on that chilly evening could not compete for the Askerswell barbecue with the comfort of Major & Mrs. Gordon Hall's great barn near the church, so it was held there. Sitting on bales of straw, the company did justice to chicken and sausages being fried by a bunch of rosy wenches without. Cider and beer washed it down, and outsize cream Meringues, and cheese, kept it down. Jubilee Crowns were given to the children. The Loders barbecue was a sober affair of hot dogs and beefburgers under a tree in the park.

Our Jubilee Church Services were well attended, and the Guides camping at Bears barrow lent colour to the Loders service by parading to it. Sir Denis Laskey held the attention of young and old from his diplomat's viewpoint of the Royal Family. We must have been a safe looking lot; for he thought fit to give us an anecdote of the Suez crisis, and there were no international repercussions afterwards. Church collections for the Queen's Jubilee Fund were: Loders £40, Askerswell £19 and Dottery £2.30p. The collection organised by the British Legion for the same fund produced £14 from Loders and £28 from Askerswell. The coffee morning at Askerswell raised another £16 and £22 was earmarked for it in the Loders envelope collection.

Jubilee peals were rung at Loders and Askerswell. The tenor bell of Loders, which weighs nearly a ton, broke its clapper and slider. This it has done so often that the clapper cannot be mended again. A new one has been made at the Whitechapel foundry, with a resilient bush to reduce the risk of fractures.

Nickey Stobbings, of Loders school, wrote a letter to the Queen, asking her graciously to bend one of her Jubilee tours to include Bridport. A reply from a lady in waiting regretted that this could not be done, and with it was a bulky schedule of the Queen's tours. If she could not come to him, he might contrive to go to her.

We offer our congratulations to Group Captain Derek Newall, chairman of the Askerswell parish assembly, on being the happy recipient of one of those postal packets containing the coveted medal from the Queen. Before our readers get the idea that this particular parish assembly takes some chairing, may we say that it was his years of diligent unobtrusive work for the Royal Air Force Association that had been recognised.

A shadow was cast over the Jubilee of the older inhabitants of Dottery by the sudden death at 56 of Mr. Charles Barnes, who was farming at Melplash. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Barnes and Mrs. Francis Barnes, of Belshay. The later, who is 87, and only lately downstairs from a severe illness, insisted on attending the funeral at Melplash. Although "his sun had gone down while it was yet day", the theme of the service was very properly thankfulness for his sterling qualities and cheerful nature. One hymn was "When all thy mercies O my God my wondering soul surveys" and the other the harvest hymn "Come ye thankful people, come". Melplash has been turned into a dual purpose church. A third of it is partitioned off for worship, and the rest used for secular gatherings. There were about two hundred mourners at this service, so the whole building was in use. It was odd to look up from the hymn book and see "No smoking" on the wall. Mr. & Mrs. Robert Dupont (nee Alice Ascott) of Langdon, Beaminster, had the misfortune to lose their first child, a girl, Kelly who was born prematurely and only lived eight-

con hours. She was buried in the grave of the late Mr. & Mrs. Eli Lenthall in Loders cemetery.

The late Mrs. Alice Louisa Horn died at Pymore at the age of 75 and was buried at Dottery. She was remarkable for her lively faith in God, and the stoical good humour with which she bore "the burden of the flesh," twenty-five stone of it. The undertaker had to measure the door of the church before he made the coffin, and then it only got through by being tilted. Chancery House, and especially the Loders church members of it, did a lot to make her life more tolerable.

Enquiries continue to come in for the health of the black labrador Holly, Who fell eighty feet from the tower of Loders church and survived. We have just heard from his master, "Chuck Willmott, at Chatham, that he is going from strength to strength. Chuck has presented a much needed St. George's flag to the church as a thank offering. Worries about the cost of the operation may cheer up. The veterinary department of Bristol University found Holly's adventure so uniquely useful for teaching that they reduced the fee to a half of what was expected.

The May Fair at Loders school is a delightful memory in every respect, coming at Whitsuntide it basked in the perfect weather that went before the wintry "spring" holiday, and drew a record three hundred spectators to the school playing field. It made a record £280 for the school fund. Lady Laskey apologised for not being the archbishop's grace of Canterbury, but made a prettier job of crowning the May Queen (Wendy Miles) than a mere man could have. O that all speeches from The Throne were as pleasant and innocuous as Wendy's!

The British Legion certificate and poppy brooch for long service in selling poppies for Remembrance have been awarded Mrs. Spafford of Loders and Mrs. Savage of Askerswell. Mrs. Shoobridge of West Milton, was awarded the brooch for all her work in connection with the poppy selling.

The Vicar of Powerstock is 65, the Vicar of Bradpole is 66 and the Vicar of Loders is 67. The Vicar of Bradpole has given notice of his intention to retire next March. The three vicars were called into conference with the Archdeacon of Sherborne to discuss the future of their benefices in the light of the fast increasing shortage of clergy and the presumed retirement in the not too remote future of the two remaining incumbents. Possible solutions ranged from the three benefices being put under one incumbent to their having no incumbent at all and being part of a team ministry based on Bridport. But bridges cannot be crossed until they are reached. Bradpole will be sorry to lose Canon and Mrs. King-smorth. They only arrived in 1974 and now they are the inspiration of the whole parish. We learn on good authority that from last year's fete to this, inclusive, Bradpole raised £3700 for village projects.

The first of the bungalows to be built on the site near Mr. Jack Ellis in Uploders is now the home of Mr. William Stratton and his wife Rhoda. They were watching the Wimbledon tennis when the Vicar called, and had the grace to turn it off without appearing too anxious to turn it on again. They have two daughters, one in the U.S.A. and one in Camberley. Mr. Stratton was works manager of Potters and served under Captain Petter, the thirteenth son of the founder. Captain Petter modestly ascribed his own excellence to the twelve "prototypes" who had gone before.

Mrs. Olive Penfold now of Yeovil, sends her best wishes and her husband's to their old friends in Loders. They appear to have struck a rough patch. Mr. Penfold has had two minor strokes and she was badly bitten when her little cairn was attacked by a greyhound. Loders bells were heard in Woking as they rang for the Queen's Jubilee. If you find this hard to believe, consult Mr. Jack McDowall. He held his telephone to the open window while talking to his sisters in Woking.

Loders Fete will be at Loders Court on Saturday 6th August at the kind invitation of the Hon. Alexander & Mrs. Hood. As usual it will be for the repair fund of Loders Church, which is a great heritage from the past that our duty is to pass on intact. Thanks largely to the fete it has been entirely re-roofed, re-wired and re-rendered, the organ overhauled and the bells kept ship-shape. Since last fete £1700 has been spent on windows, painting, pointing and the tenor bell. Much remains to be done, so when the Vicar combs the parish for things to sell, and donations, in the week leading up to the fete, he hopes his flock will have been too browned off by collectors in this year of Jubilee collections. The Hon. Mrs. Hood hopes there will be a large entry in the flower arranging competition, which is judged by the public with their coins. Class one will be arrangements suitable for Jubilee, class two unprotected wild flowers by children under twelve; class three miniature arrangements, overall height not more than six inches. Explanatory leaflets are to be had from Mrs. Phyllis Bunnell at 35 Loders.

Services in July

Loders	3rd HC 8 & 12 Matins 11 Children 2	Askerswell	3rd Children 10 Evensong 6.30
	10th HC 8 Matins 11 Children 2		10th Matins 10
	17th HC 8 & 12 Matins 11 Children 2		17th Family Service 10
	24th (Dedication Festival)		24th HC 10
	HC 8 Matins 11 Children 2		31st Matins 10

Mrs. Pearl Symes was going through a drawer in her cottage at Vinney Cross when she found an interesting newspaper cutting. It was from the local paper in early August, 1902, and was about her late father, Mr. Charlie Gale, the last of the long line of Loders blacksmiths, when he was a small boy. It reads: "Serious accident to a lad. On Bank Holiday a lad named Charlie Gale, aged about eight years, met with a serious accident which nearly cost him his life. The little fellow was standing by a stall which had been erected in the village when he was run over by a trap. His jaw was broken and he was bruised and shaken, and it was first thought he was killed. He was taken into his aunt's house near by, where he now lies under the care of Dr. Alden, not being well enough to be removed to his own home. He is progressing as well as can be expected." There are two notable points in this paragraph. First, Charlie grew up to be another village Hampden - leader of the ex-Service Men's Club and of the local Oddfellows, a rural district councillor and chairman of the parish council - and it is awesome to think that that eloquent jaw might have been stilled by a mere pony trap. Second, the stall by which Charlie was standing was part of the fair held in the street from the church eastwards, and called Loders Feast in honour of our patron saint, Mary Magdalene, whose day is July 22nd. The successor to Loders Feast is now Loders Fete, held at about the same time, only in the more congenial setting of Loders Court. This year it is on Saturday, August 6th, beginning at 2 p.m. According to the poster the fete will be ancient and modern, going from Punch and Judy via the Bridport Scottish dancers to a radio controlled helicopter. Supplying the stalls with things to sell is the Vicar's business. He will begin his customary house to house collection at Matravers on Monday August 1st, hoping to reach Loders End by the Friday afternoon. He is not looking forward to it; for the parish must be suffering from a surfeit of collectors. It will be a test of the love the parish has for its old and beautiful church. The fete is for its repair fund.

The day following Askerswell church fete was a Sunday, and the weary helpers who rose early to attend service were very pleasantly reminded that the noble race of church benefactors is not extinct. The beautiful new altar frontal made by Mrs. Stewart, of Maiden Newton, to the order of Miss Rosemary Adams and Mrs. Monica Bartlett in memory of their families, was in position; and the beige carpeting in nave and aisle, given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garrard, led gracefully up to it. Like Loders church, Askerswell gets many visitors; and to them a church so well cared for must be a good advertisement for God.

It reflects sadly on our times that an object of reverence and benefaction is now so often an object of plunder. Robberies at Blandford and Stoke Abbot churches have been followed by one at Loders, where the copper baptismal ewer has disappeared from its place at the font. Some churches are now kept locked at all but service times. This is hard on those who want to savour their history and beauty or pray in them. And some vandals when they find doors locked break windows to get in. Because leaded and coloured windows are now so costly, thieves can inflict a bigger loss by the act of getting in and out than by what they take. It was fortunate for Loders church some time ago that the beauties who began to make a way through the leaded east window found it hard work and took to ramming open the south door. They probably found nothing in the offertory boxes they wrenched from the walls, because these are frequently emptied. Had they been lucky, though, they might not have scattered the altar furnishings in spite. The late Miss Anne Gibbs, formerly of Dottery, and latterly of Great Yarmouth, left, "to the Reverend Oliver Willmott, or the vicar for the time being of Loders, the sum of £100 to be used at St. Mary Magdalene, Loders, Bridport, or St. Saviour's Dottery, wherever the need is greatest." It would require a Solomon to satisfy both churches on the basis of their respective needs, so he did what Solomon did not, and divided the babe between them. Loders £50 has gone to pay for the new clapper in the tenor bell, and this was kindly augmented by a donation from Mr & Mrs. William Scott, of Well Plot, out of gratitude for Mr. Scott's recovery from an illness which the surgeon described as not far short of miraculous.

The hub of the village on the afternoon of July 16th was Loders church, for cars were converging on it from both directions and the bells were pealing merrily for the wedding of Mr. Kelvin Dawe, of North Allington, and Miss Linda Crabb, of Uploders. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Crabb. (The universe would have grasped her importance at once had we said she is the grand-daughter of Mr. Harry Crabb, captain of Loders ringers.) She was attended by her twin sisters, a vision of blue, and by a cherubic page boy whose relationship to the bride was too complicated for our reporter. The church was well filled, and the singing of the hymns vigorous. In the sunshine of the churchyard afterwards the posing for photographs gave the company great entertainment. Eventually they got to the Bridport Greyhound for a sit-down feast which had the hall mark of Crabb hospitality. The newly weds will be living in Bridport.

July 17th was a great day for our Mr. and Mrs. Parham, of Links Road, Weymouth, who are the remotest, and among the most faithful, members of Loders congregation. They brought their grandson to be christened Mark Roger Parham, who is over from New Zealand with his parents Larry and Jean Robertson, who were married in Loders church.

Belated congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Gibbs of Loders on the birth of a son, Michael Janie, at Bridport hospital, on June 16th.

Some visitors to Loders who were exploring New Street Lane met a tortoise, and took him to Mudlark, Mr. John Hyde's cottage, supposing he had strayed from there. The owner can have him on application, but proof of ownership may be difficult. The look on Julie Hyde's face when the tortoise is mentioned shows that she for one hopes the owner will not turn up.

The managers of Loders school learnt from the headmaster that in the summer term just ended the number of pupils reached a record seventy one. But fifteen were leaving this term for Colfax-twice the usual summer exodus. Next term the number at the school will be three below the magic sixty. Because of this the authority, in the name of economy, is reducing the hours of one of the teachers, Mrs. Norman, to eleven a week, to the annoyance of the headmaster and the managers. It is a pity that economy does not begin in County Hall. The Prime Minister is a pre-eminent practical fellow and when he told the educationists to pull their socks up the things he had in mind were such as teachers with "0" levels in English and Mathematics turning out a high proportion of pupils who are illiterate and incapable of doing simple sums. But The Men from the Ministry have "gone haywire" into the entirely different, controversial, and abstruse subject of educational theory. In Dorset the County Education Officer has been airing his theories on the subject to meetings of school heads, assistant staffs, managers and employers. The money spent on these meetings would have kept many Mrs. Normans on full time, and to the greater benefit of education.

At a winding-up meeting of the Loders Queen's silver jubilee committee it was decided to send £50 to the central jubilee fund, to spend £12.73 on trees, and to buy three commemorative stone seats, marked "E.R 1977", for £134.50. One seat is for somewhere in Uploders; another for the playing field, and another for the convenience of mothers waiting for their children at Loders school.

Askerswell fete had a fine day; the gardens off The Square which had the stalls and sideshows in then were at the peak of perfection; and everything that publicity could do to get the outside world into this tiny village was done, with good effect, still leaving plenty of room for more. The financial result was splendid - Takings £446.20, Expenses £67.31, and Profit, for the church, £378.89. Mr. Jack Stevens has sent this message from his fund raising committee :- "We wish to thank all the stallholders and helpers, not forgetting their relatives and friends, who did such yeoman work before, during and after the Grand Fete. The success of the venture is well illustrated by the accounts, which are as follows:- RECEIPTS, Cakes £54.05; Groceries 26.49; Plants 29.68; Fancy Goods 95.57; Teas 40.10; Tombola 43.45; Greengrocery 34.78; Raffle 24.36; Skittles 7.45; Children's games 22.37; Lucky programmes 20.50; Sideshows 24.40; Donations 23, Total 446.20. EXPENSES 67.31. PROFIT 378.89."

A sophisticated young lady of eight, Miss Sarah Gray, said it was the best fete she had been to, and she goes to many. Writing as from Radlett, Herts, she says: "I liked Askerswell fete because there were so many things you could buy and they were quite cheap for that sort of thing. The best game I liked was where you had a rod with a magnet on it and had to pick up paper frogs. Everybody got a prize."

The luck of the draw. A gentleman who was not at the fete bought fifty pence worth of tickets and won the bottle of whiskey and the two bottles of wine. He can be pretty sure of a pastoral visit in the immediate future.

"That car" was how the village-proud inhabitants of Askerswell referred to an incipient car cemetery on a patch of grass in full view of The Square, and just beneath the cottage homes of the venerable Samuel and Sidney Fry. Nobody liked to tell Sam or Sid what an eyesore it was, for fear of hurting nature's own gentlemen; and Sam and Sid could not bring themselves to tackle the owner because he was young and hard up. When somebody was on the point of painting it at dead of night, to improve its appearance for the fete, a recovery truck came and towed it away, not without breaking a rope, because the car had taken root, and not without a near accident at the dump, because the car seemed allergic to it. The car gone, and The Square clear of it, Samuel and Sidney dropped their low profile, and in their Sunday best mingled with the crowd, to everybody's delight.

Servicos in August

Loders: 7th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
14th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
21st HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
28th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell: 7th Children 10, Evensong 6.30
14th Matins 10.
21st Family Service 10
28th HC 10.

Dottery: 7th HC 9.30. All others at 3.

Loders Fete made a profit of £1511.72. This is easily the best ever. And it looks to be providential. The fete finances the church repair fund, and the church has recently been found to be under heavy attack by dry rot, which if not contained could do grave damage. The dry rot began in the north west corner of the church, under the tower arch, in the concrete box that housed the organ blower. It spread west into the ringing chamber, and east along the north wall of the church as far as the blocked Saxon doorway. It has gone right through the thickness of the wall, and is showing in fungoid form on the exterior. The church architect quickly devised remedial measures, and Messrs. Leaf of Powerstock executed them with commendable promptitude. The concrete box was built for eternity and needed a pneumatic drill to demolish it. The affected plaster was stripped from the walls, and the rotten flooring taken up and burnt (mercifully the rot had not quite reached the organ). A blow lamp was operated over wall and floor to burn up the surface spoor, and then both were injected with a chemical repellent. It is now a matter of waiting and seeing whether this treatment works. At present the old blower is in the ringing chamber. When last repaired it was reckoned to be near the end of its active life. Its stertorous breathing had come to be audible above the dulcet notes of the organ, and was an annoyance to the organist that only his love of the instrument made tolerable. Modern blowers are smaller and more efficient. The possibility of putting one on the west side of the organ is being explored. This would leave the area of dry rot exposed and accessible. Meanwhile hand-blowing is the order of the day. It is quite an art, as one of our churchwardens could tell, who did it with a vigour that only gave the organ flatulence, and exhausted him. Now the Navy, the Army and the Parochial Information Officer take turns at the handle and are on the best of terms with it. The secret of success is to watch the ups and downs of a bit of lead on a string which the organist has fixed to the bellows. He, by the way, is highly conversant with the mechanism of the organ, and the spraying he did in and around the blower chamber may well have served the organ itself from infection. For the edification of all our non parochial readers, his name is Bill Tiltman, and apart from war service he has been Loders organist for around forty years. His skill is happily married to the high quality of the organ.

The climatic conditions of the past year excessive dryness and heat followed by excessive wet, may be encouraging to dry rot. There have been outbreaks of it in Army buildings at Aldershot that had never met the stuff. A visiting ringor told us that at Shaftesbury £900 had just been spent on repairs to a church organ when it was found that the floor beneath was infested with dry rot. The organ had been jacked up, and the floor is being attended to - an unusually strenuous job and a costly one.

The weather that preceded Loders fete, and succeeded it, makes us more and more grateful for the lovely afternoon that drew what must have been more than a thousand people to the Court, and showed them the place at its loveliest. The tours of the house conducted by the Hon. Alexander Hood, and Viscount Hood, in which the exploits of his naval ancestors as illustrated by the oil paintings were explained, seem to have impressed the Bridport News this year. The kind enthusiast who came freely from Sidmouth to put his model aeroplanes and helicopter through their paces in the air must have felt well rewarded by the rapturous attention of the children. That they still retain their affection for Punch and Judy was proved by their vigorous and well concerted answers to Mr. Punch's age-old catechism. How the Bridport Scottish Dancers did their traditional gyrations in the traditional costumes while retaining their "cool" must be a trade secret. They looked well on the lawn and helped the country house flavour that pleased the Bridport News. Flavour of another kind was especially evident on the stalls, one of which had trays of delectable peaches, and another a heap of mackerel fresh from somebody's fishing expedition.

Here are the fete accounts: Receipts, stalls, Cakes £70; Gifts 66.88; Jumble 25.02; Household 83.80; Groceries 41.60; Flowers 27.18; Delicatessen 45.40; Toys & books 35.32; Dottery (proceeds for Dottery church) 77.10; Sideshows, House tours 46.45; Bottle tombola 195; Pony rides 3.60; Skittles 12.65; Roulette 21.03; Roll-a-coin 2.93; Kill-a-rat 6.20; Money-in-bath 7.25; Golf 9; Darts 4.48; Bell 2.25; Lucky dip 25.80; Flower arrangements 3.22; Fortunes 7.60; Vicar's weight 10.98; Teas & soft drinks 95.16; Ices 37.60; Raffles, Whisky 18; Dundee cake 26.45; Wooden fruit bowl 7.80; Electric iron 59; Gate 75.20; Cash donations 4.02; Total £1,551.95. Expenses, Advertising 9.50; Posters 5.72; Punch & Judy 7; Discotheque 8; Tent hire 10; Total £40.22;

Fete jottings. The electric iron (worth about £17) brought in an amazing £59, thanks to the zeal of Mrs. Hazel Crabb and family. The same family operated a draw for the new tent for the Girl Guides and raised over £38. And Father Raymond saw to it that they did not skimp work on the farm in the process!! *** Mrs. Galdys Newbury has been commander in chief of the jumble stall for many years. This year she found treasure, for the first time, in a jacket pocket, a wallet with a ten shilling note in it. The note was deemed to have been given with the jacket, and fifty pence was added to the funds.**** The Vicar was asked last year to allow his weight to be the subject of a guessing competition. Thinking he would have to spend the afternoon in a pen, he declined. This year he agreed; for he was able to walk about and renew old acquaintances while Mr. Eric Ogglesby, in the guise of an Arab, shadowed him most unobtrusively, booking the estimates. An American surmised that the "Arab" was the new owner of Loders Court, and

rejoiced to see Church and State in sweet accord. The Vicar's weight was estimated to within four ounces by Mr. Christopher Shapland, a mark of the latter's professional skill. As an auctioneer he ought to be good at assessing beasts in the ring. A picture of Mr. Ogglesby, the Vicar, and Mr. Shaw buying a ticket, appeared in the Bridport News, a member of whose staff said that for once The News sold out completely.*****

On the Sunday morning after the fete the Vicar announced at matins that the gross takings were £1500 and the expenses £40. That evening a very nice parishioner who had heard the announcement delivered eight five-pound notes at the vicarage to cover the The Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood rounded off the fete in the usual pleasant way by having the helpers to drinks at the Court, where their chief delight was to savour her husbands skill in floral decoration.

The Vicar would like to thank all who had any part, large or small, in the fete, by giving, running stalls and sideshows, doing the donkey work, or just attending. And he found the collecting anything but unpleasant.

The Uploders Chapel, which has a secure niche in the affection's of the aboriginal inhabitants of Loders, is celebrating the hundred & fiftieth anniversary of its building with a service on Thursday, Sept. 8th, at 7.30 p.m. The Reverend Norman Skinner will preach and musicate, and the Vicar will be the bearer of greetings from Loders church. The harvest festival will be on Sunday the 18th at 6.30 p.m.

Dottery harvest festival will begin with service at 7.30 on Thursday Sept. 22nd and continue the following Sunday at 3. Askerswell will be on the first Sunday in October and Loders on the second.

A human birth in Askerswell is a rare event, so the knowledge that there was to be one kept the village in a state of pleasurable but discreet excitement for some weeks. The happy event occurred in Bridport hospital on August 15th, when Christopher William was born to Francis and Jennifer Hemmings, who live in the bungalow formerly occupied by Mrs. Swaffield, near The Square. The excitement has subsided into a calm feeling of communal achievement; the village is not moribund. To the deep thinking among the parishioners the real significance of this indigenous increase of population is that it should have occurred so far down in the village as The Square. For years the spirit of fertility had looked to be permanently settled up at Legg's Mead. But now the spirit of that great Askerswell character the late Mrs. Phoebe Ayler, of the old rectory, seems to be at work. She had squire archical symptoms, and once told the present rector that on her way back from shooting at Nallers she had had the good luck to meet the miscreant from Legg's Mead "who had just added a sixth to his five lovely children, and had told him it was time he was "put down". Her moral right to say this was impregnable: she had produced only one. But she was forgetting that the rector was the father of seven.

The former Blue Ball inn at Dottery is now occupied and spruced up, and all the rumours of all the different things it was going to be turned into are shown to be only rumours. Mr. Beverley Newman, the Bridport coachworker and pantomime star, his wife Valerie, and children Tray (8) and Colette (5) are there "just to live", they say.

Mr. John Glyde, his wife Jennie, and children Daniel (3) and Nathan (1) have come to live in High Acres, Loders, from Bridport, where he works for McArthey the butcher. He is the son of another Bridport butcher, Mr. Len Glyde, now retired, and once a very active and accomplished ringer.

Yet another honour has been bestowed on our David Hirst, Q.C. He has been elected vice chairman of the English Bar by their senate. This leads normally to the chairmanship, so he has an ultra busy two years in prospect.

The sudden death of Mr. Ian Forbes, of Eype's Mouth Hotel, was as nearly grievous to his friends in Loders as to his family. He was working in his office at the hotel at midday on Aug. 24th when, it seems, he felt unwell. He retired to his bedroom nearby and died - a post mortem revealed - of a coronary. For sometime he had been carrying on his business and multitudinous good works with dogged will power against great physical handicaps. For twenty-one years he and his family have been valued members of Loders church, and generous contributors to its repair fund through the fete. When they lived nearer, at Sturhill, he was a sidesman, and church councillor. The funeral and burial were at Loders. The congregation overflowed into the chancel, and the singing was memorable.

Services in September

Loders. 4th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.

11th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2

18th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.

25th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell. 4th Children 10, Evensong 6.30

11th Matins 10.

18th Family Service 10.

25th HC 10.

Dottery. 4th HC 9.30. All other Sundays 3

22nd Harvest Festival 7.30.

This growing season is drawing to a close. It has been different in almost every way from the hot and continuous sunshine of last year, and yet it has produced a more abundant harvest. This should not be wondered at, seeing that flowers, fruit, vegetables and cereals, like the animate creation, consist mostly of water. All is as good as safely gathered in, despite the fickle weather, so the singing of harvest home at the Uploders chapel, by a large congregation, which had giant potatoes and beans in the windows to inspire them, was uninhibited, and even boisterous. A thoughtful and sometimes humorous address was given by the Reverend David Bumphrey, of Sidmouth. Incidentally, it might be inferred from the chapel notice board that the congregation enjoy a rough ride, or being bullied, or being put to sleep, or being fleeced. If memory serves us right, Mr. Bumphrey's name has been preceded by Mr. Batteram's, Mr. Boreham's and Mr. Skinner's. The congregation lay no claim to being tough. They have long known that these reverend gentlemen quite belie their names, and can be sat under with pleasure and profit.

Dottery harvest was held, and enjoyed, as usual, on a Thursday night, but this year it was fine, for a change, and yet the congregation was not up to the size of a wet night. The reason for this is the relentless erosion of the faithful by removal. Mr. and Mrs. Commons and family are the latest to go. They have gone from the sub standard accommodation of the old Gardners Arms to the council estate of Skilling. But even when the faithful leave Dottery they do not stay put for long. Mrs. Bagwell, for instance, who migrated to Bradpole, has moved on to Allington. Others have done likewise in re-moving. But they all cling to the Dottery connection and continue to take the Parish Notes. This poses a problem for our good Miss Renee White, who does the delivery on her bicycle, and now covers a big area. She herself removed to Bradpole!

Askerswell harvest will be on the first Sunday of this month, with Holy Communion at 10 a.m., and Evensong at 6.30 p.m. Loders will be on the second Sunday, with Holy Communion at 8 a.m., Matins at 11 a.m., children at 2 p.m., and Evensong - the grand finale of harvest - at 6.30 p.m.

All the kind people who gave fivers or more to Loders fete could have been puzzled to see in the fete accounts in the September Parish Notes that cash donations totalled only £4.02. The culprit was "one of those damned dots" abominated by a famous politician. It should have read £402. We think our readers are aware that the price we pay for a typed sheet cannot give us the standard of accuracy of the vastly more expensive printed sheet. The editor would get a proof to correct were it a printed sheet, but with a typed sheet he does not. So he is at the mercy of the typist, and she is often working at high pressure. She is always ready to put herself out to produce the Notes just when we need them, she brought us a delectable box of goods for the fete, and the firm let us down very lightly in their charge. So we are not complaining. Neither are our readers. Indeed, before this £402 had become £4.02, they appear never to have noticed any error of spelling, punctuation or grammar. Which may be a sign of the times.

The members of Askerswell Women's Institute are going about like wasps in winter, dazed by the jumble sale they held in Bridport last month. It made £240. In Askerswell it might have been lucky to take £30. And that was what only one customer paid for certain of its wares in Bridport. She said she was buying to sell again in her "NU-to-U" shop in Weymouth. The answer to voluntary societies' financial problems is obviously the jumble sale. But not out of Bridport.

A recent house-to-house collection in Uploders in aid of the National Children's Home raised £8.07, an increase of almost £1 on last year. Mrs. Rosemary Shaw would like to thank all who so generously contributed.

Group Captain Derek Newall presided over an autumn meeting of Askerswell parish. So good is the attendance at these parish meetings that we suspect that the new parishioners get great fun out of the little exercise in self government that the bureaucracy allows them. The old parishioners are mostly conspicuous by their absence, assured, perhaps, that their interests are better looked after by the new. The old would doubtless have been touched by the concern of the new for a corner of a council tenant's garden, which would be exchanged for an inferior plot if a plan went through to build bungalows behind Leggs Mead. The now out-Elijahed Elijah in condemning such Naboth treatment of an old and honourable council tenant. As bones to pick at parish meetings are at present in short supply, the meeting was reluctant to come to a decision about planting a tree in memory of the late Captain Aylmer's twenty year chairmanship of the parish meeting, but one member said they could hang on to the excuse of last summer's drought no longer, and must act. Good sites for a memorial tree happen to be in private hands, so to make the best of an awkward job it was decided to put the tree, a copper beech with a memorial plaque, on the west side of the village hall. Before the deciding mood expired, the meeting agreed to put a new notice board with a glass front in The Square and hold a coffee morning to pay for it.

The clergy of the Lyme Bay deanery meet once a month as guests in the parsonage house of one of their number. Every other month they attend early service in their host's

church, and adjourn to his house for breakfast. This is followed by a business meeting. The September get-together was a breakfast occasion at Symondsbury Rectory, and at the height of the bakers' strike. Bishop Geoffrey Tiarks, the Dean Rural, kindly brought the Rector's wife an offering of two slices of bread towards the breakfast. To his surprise, his lordship found he was bringing coals to Newcastle. The Rector, the Reverend Ben, had been put on breadmaking, and was discovering he might have mistaken his vocation. To those who had scarcely seen a loaf for days, Ben's breakfast room was an Aladdin's Cave of loaves, and as if these were not enough, Ben bustled in with a batch of delicious rolls, oven hot. It could well have been that the Bishop took home a loaf in place of the two slices he had taken out, and his lady wife seen it as proof positive that her lord was a true successor of the Feeder of the Five Thousand. The Uploders chapel was filled upstairs and down to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth year of its existence. The Minister, the Reverend Norman Skinner, who conducted the service, conveyed to the congregation the good wishes of Free Church people in Bridport and round about, and the Vicar followed suit for the parish church. In his sketch of the history of the chapel the steward, Mr. Morris, said that the local Methodist society was formed as part of the Axminster circuit in 1811, and met in Farmer Wallbridge's kitchen until the chapel was built in 1827. The clock was presented by the eminent Methodist divine Dr. Roberts in 1828, and was working well after repair by Mr. Waterfall, of Bradpole. They still had the original bell, which used to ring for fires as well as chapel, but the bell turret is not strong enough to hold it. In the recent restoration the large pulpit was reduced to a lectern by Mr. Roy Taylor to make more room on the rostrum. Sunday school classes began in 1839. Mr. George Hyde had loaned two of the Sunday school books for members of the congregation to inspect, and there was also an old photograph of the chapel choir on an outing. Mr. Morris hoped that with the population in the area on the increase the little chapel would continue to serve Uploders faithfully for many years to come. At the kind invitation of Mrs. Shaw the congregation went from the chapel to The Croft for refreshments. By some mischance the name of Mr. Tommy Dennett was missing from the list of Loders fete helpers in the local press. But he himself had not been missing from the arduous job of collecting tables and chairs on his tractor and returning them after the fete. He has done this for years, and can be relied upon to do it diligently. Our old friend Mrs. Fleming has sold her large house in Victoria Grove, Bridport, and moved to a bungalow near her daughter in Yeovil, where she will also be in easier reach of her son. In the old days she used to type these Notes and the church guide books. She hopes that she may be able to combine occasional attendance at Loders church with the care of her late husband's grave.

Mr. Henry Johnston, of Ash Farm, Dottery, and his sons have again distinguished themselves in the Melplash show hedging and ploughing matches. They do this so often and so consistently that it is ceasing to be news. A family that acquits itself so well against all comers year after year is something to be proud of. Our Dottery churchwarden Mr. Cecil Marsh also has a proud record. He is an honorary vice president for life of the Melplash Show, and for around sixty years has been marker for the ploughing match. The doctors who were topping him up with blood at Dorchester released him in time to attend the Show banquet given by President Palmer at the Old Brewery, Bridport. Mr. Marsh was ever a thoughtful man. He asked the Vicar "how come" that he ascended seven flights of stairs in the Brewery to the banqueting room "easy as winking", whereas he puffed like a grampus to get up the one flight to his bedroom at Higher Pyemore Farm? Something to do with that blood, perhaps. Followers of Huntsman Ales could point out that Dorchester is Eldridge Pope country.

The christening of Michael Jamie Gibbs on Sunday, Sept. 25th, brought a big concourse of relations and friends to Loders church and afterwards for refreshments to the cottage home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Gibbs. He wore the robe in which his brother, mother, aunts and uncles had been christened, and has a grandfather who can still show his baptismal certificate dated 1898.

The soul of the late Sarah Read of Uploders could well have been rejoicing on Saturday, Sept. 24th, as one of her grandsons, Warwick Allan Read, took his bride, Jane Elizabeth Higgins (of Bothenhampton), past her grave in Loders churchyard, and the bells and the organ cheered a dull day. The old lady had passed from pupil to teacher in Loders school, was a stalwart of the church choir, and was all for continuity.

Services in October

Loders.	2nd	HC 8 & 12m Matins 11, Children 2.
	9th	Harvest HC8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30
	16th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	23rd	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	30th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	2nd	Harvest, HC 10, Evensong 6.30
	9th	Matins 10, 16th Family Service 10.
	23rd & 30th	Matins 10.
Dottery	2nd	HC 9. All other at 3.

These parish Notes are not intended to be a diary of events in our domain, but a record of things worthy of note. Just lately the parish has been noting something in the great outside world that is getting horribly familiar - terrorists hi-jacking a plane and holding passengers hostage for the release of fellow terrorists in jail. Pilots are threatening drastic action if they are not protected against this, and the United Nations are worrying their heads off how to stop it. Our country air is clear of the smog that seems to envelope the world's conference chambers, and we see a simple solution. When terrorists have been caught, tried, and found guilty, they should be executed, then nobody could be held hostage for their release. When an offence is committed against an individual, he can turn the other cheek, according with the Sermon on the Mount. But the civil power cannot turn the other cheek to murderers and the like, and is not expected to. St. Paul, following his Master's precept about rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's, says (Epistle to Romans, New English bible) "The civil authorities are God's agents working for your good. If you are doing wrong then you will have cause to fear them; it is not for nothing that they hold the power of the sword, for they are God's agents of punishment for retribution on the offender." St. Peter concurs. He says (in his first epistle) "Submit yourselves to every human institution for the sake of the Lord, whether to the sovereign as supreme, or to the governor as his deputy for the punishment of criminals and the commendation of those who do right." The other day Pope Paul the Sixth had a glorious opportunity to give the world the dominical and apostolic teaching on this subject. Instead, he made the futile offer of himself in the place of the hostages. How very odd it is that the civil authorities and the Vicar of Christ should be ready to expend the lives of the armed forces and of the police in the thwarting of terrorists and yet regard the life of a captured and condemned terrorist as sacrosanct!

Remembrance Sunday, when we honour the memory of those of the armed forces who gave their lives in the world wars, falls this year on Nov. 13th. At Askerswell the memorial service will be at ten, at Loders at eleven, and at Dottery at three. The collections will be for Earl Haig's Fund, which is doing an increasing service to the disabled.

The coffee morning held at Mr. and Mrs. Lowle's "Rustic Glen", in Uploders took the surprising sum of £168.48 for the Forset Naturalists Association. It included donations, door money, and proceeds of the sale of cards and calenders etc.

Little Edward Drummond, of Uploders, is home from Oddstock hospital, and well nigh recovered from emptying scalding tea over himself before his mother could stop him. She and her husband, Lieut. Commander Peter Drummond, say "We have been most touched by the way the village has rallied round with enquiries and offers of help. It makes us very grateful to be living in this parish."

After twenty years as cleaner of Askerswell church, and a most efficient and conscientious one at that, Mrs. Spiller has had to give up, and the job has kindly been taken by Miss Dorothy Fooks. Mrs. Lumby and Mrs. Bryan were volunteers for the interregnum. Mrs. Spiller was one with her late husband in devotion to the church. It is only ill health and the difficulty of getting up the hill from the church to her home on the south side of the Dorchester road that obliged her to give up. The church council gave her a cheque to mark the occasion, emphasising that it was but a small token of their esteem.

If by some fantastic chance the Soviet prime minister had been near Askerswell church for harvest evensong he would have been astounded and no doubt delighted to hear the tune of the Red Flag issuing from within. Could he have peeped inside he would have been more astounded to see six pretty little girls singing it on the chancel step, they being mostly farmers' daughters, who are not remarkable for radical views; and the congregation laced with captains, colonels, and group captains, who are not that way either. This curious situation arose because the Red Flag is sung to a German hymn tune, and the little girls were singing the hymn - one of four which entranced the large congregation. The church was superbly decorated to one overall plan. As the ringers perform from the floor, in full view of the congregation, they came in for a share of admiration as they rang the congregation out after service.

Loders Church was full both for the morning and evening harvest services. The decorations are left entirely to the whims of the decorators, yet somehow they fall into a glorious unity. It was hard to decide which was the more attractive, in the morning sunshine, or in the soft strip lighting of the evening. The morning invitation to thankful people to come and sing, overlapped splendidly with the pealing of the bells above. Nobody could have inferred from the anthem that the choir had been unable to practise it much. They, for their part, were delighted to have sitting behind them on two Chippendale chairs their expatriate member Mrs. Lizzie Deacon from Dorchester, and their beloved bass, Mr. Sidney Tilley, who had left his sick bed, and not missed his forty-first consecutive harvest festival in Loders church. The evening congregation included, as usual, Mrs. Ethel Wilkins and her husband Charlie. She had been taken very ill while with a daughter near Oxford. But she told the unbelievers

The children conducted the harvest festival at Loders school against a pleasing background of harvest produce, which they distributed afterwards to parishioners they thought to be in need of psychological uplift. A large congregation of parents gave the children full marks for the service.

There were two really remarkable things about Askerswell harvest supper, which filled to capacity the village hall with young and old. First, the value you got for your money - sherry, beer or cider, hot soup, beef, ham, hot potatoes, pickles, trifle or apple tart, cheese, biscuits or miniature loaves, and coffee - all for £1, and you were waited on by an overworked but ever smiling little committee. The second was the quality of the home produced entertainment that followed. Members of the Women's Institute traced the progress of woman from the cradle to the grave in song ("The seven ages of Woman" was surely a misnomer: what woman is not eternally young?). In the manner of grand opera a gaggle of gentlemen made sorties into their reveries to remind them that if all the world were women there would be no women. Most of the harvesters were also the village church congregation and the question that animated the journey home was - with all these splendid male and female voices why haven't we a church choir?

The latest arrivals at High Acres, the Loders housing estate, are Mr. Leslie Williams, his wife Petronella, and children Andrew (11), Sarah (10) and Elizabeth (4).

Mr. Williams is a representative of Heinz catering department, a keen football referee, and runs the under-thirteen Burton boys' club. Sarah's arrival at Loders school when one of the teachers was about to be put on short time was a godsend. It brought the number of children up to sixty again and the County relented.

Commander "Jimmy" James, of Loders church choir, has been promoted from his two and a half year's command of the frigate Rothsay to a ministry job in Whitehall, which the choir are delighted about because they get more of him. His Ship's company were not at all happy to lose him. They sublimated their sorrows in a navy lark, which, with pictures, filled most of a page of the Chatham Evening Post. They contrived a scaffolding - and - plank raft to ferry him from the warship to dry land. There he was, enthroned high above a machine as treacherous as a Californian bronco, with an L plate as his shield. And there were the crew lining the Rothsay to see him come to grief. But he did not. He even let go one hand for a few seconds and waved them "au ' voir". None of his service with HMS Rothsay became him more than his manner of leaving it.

The A.G.M. of Loders village hall fell on a bad night, and was transferred to a date when these Notes will have gone to press. The chairman, secretary and treasurer found themselves presiding over one other member of the committee, and one parishioner.

The autumn social was fixed provisionally for Thursday, Nov. 24th.

When the architect last inspected the operations against dry rot in a corner of Loders church he announced that the enemy had been scotched but not killed, and ordered another course of injections. A new organ blower, costing around £500, is about to be installed. An unfortunate side effect of this could be to break the heart of Lieut. Christopher Hill, R.N., who has become attached to the pump handle. With touching loyalty to his first love, the choir, he works the pump with one hand, and sings from a hymn book in the other.

These Notes had not quite gone to press when the postponed A.G.M. of Loders village hall took place. Every household had been asked by circular to attend this meeting, but only nine of the general public turned up. The new treasurer, Mr. Bancroft, reported a credit balance of £27.37 on the year's working as against £84; and a credit balance of £1374.35 in the improvement fund. He protested that too much money had to be spent on making good broken windows, broken electricity meters, and missing light bulbs, due to vandalism. The meeting agreed to require hirers of the hall to undertake responsibility for any damage, and to increase the hire charges. Mr. Morris, the chairman, reported on the good progress being made by the youth club, who had presented two tubular lights costing £20 to the hall, and asked the village to make use of its hall. A letter was read from Brigadier Hammond, the former treasurer, thanking the committee for their gift of a gardening token.

Services in November

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

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

Dottery. 6th HC 9.30. All others at 3.

Our Christmas carol services are off to an early start this year. The Uploders chapel will be holding theirs on Sunday, Dec. 4th, at 6.30 p.m., and the steward, Mr. J.F. Morris, is hoping for the usual full house. The service of the nine lessons with carols at Askerswell church will be on Sunday, Dec. 18th at 6.30 p.m., and Loders school will hold their carol service in Loders church on Tuesday, Dec. 20th at 2.45 pm. The carol party who sing and collect for the Children's Society will be serenading Uploders on the evening of Dec. 20th, and Loders on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 22nd. Loders school are putting the finishing touches to their Christmas concert, which always draws a bigger audience than the building was meant to take. But tight packing ensures warmth as well as entertainment these cold nights. The date is Friday, Dec. 16th, at 5.45 p.m. The concert is followed immediately by the mission sale, which is now the school's chief way of helping children less fortunate than themselves. Gifts of anything saleable, especially cakes, will be welcome at the vicarage beforehand or at the school on the day, although it saves Mrs. Willmott the colleywobbles to have the goods for marking well before the sale.

Professor Gerald Aylmer, of the University of York, has kindly given £100 for the repair fund of Askerswell church, in memory of his deceased parents. The executive committee lost no time in commissioning redecoration of the chancel and repairs to a buttress on the strength of this. Incidentally, we note that Professor Aylmer is co-editor of a superbly illustrated book on the history of York Minster, which the reviewers are enthusiastic about.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bugler (nee Heather Marsh, now of Bettiscombe) on the birth of their first child, a son, Simon John Roland at Yeovil hospital on Oct. 30th. This makes grandparents of Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh, and great grandparents of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Marsh, of Dottery, who no longer doubt that they are maturing.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Shoobridge, of West Milton, drew so big a congregation to Powerstock church that some of them were sitting on the floor. An escort of the British Legion met the coffin at the lych gate. The Vicar of Powerstock read the lesson, the Rector of Bridport (who is chaplain of the British Legion) read the prayers, and Mr. Shoobridge's neighbour and friend of thirty years, the Vicar of Loders, gave the address and took the committal in West Milton churchyard, now sadly bereft of its church. Mr. Shoobridge was described in the address as one of those fine young men who were swept off their feet by the rightness of the British cause in the Great War. He contrived to get out of school and into the Army at the age of seventeen. At the age of nineteen in the battle of the Somme he received a wound which put him on the retired list and affected him for the rest of his life. His subsequent marriage to a physiotherapist was a model of mutual devotion, and enabled him to be active in local government and many good causes. His great love was the British Legion, of which he was a foundation member, and who had named a block of flats at Shaftesbury after him. He and his wife shared their home at West Milton with the local community. Church fetes there had their own delectable flavour, and so did the annual W.E.A. lectures in the library. At the lectures the conversational buzz of the audience would fade away as "Gentleman Jack" came in from dinner and plopped into his armchair in the middle of the front row. This was the lecturer's cue to begin. The smoke of Jack's pipe of peace would snake lazily upwards. Everybody would feel that God was in His heaven, and all was right with the world.

Our Remembrance Sunday church collections for Earl Haig's Fund were nearly £60 (Askerswell £19.85, Dottery £5 and Loders £35). There were good congregations. Loders organ was still without its electric blower. Those who appreciate the organist's contrasting of the fortissimo with the piano passages in Handel's "Dead March" wondered how Lieutenant Hill at the handle would cope with then, the bellows needing to be relaxed one second and tight to bursting the next. But cope he certainly did. The organisers of Guy Fawkes' night at Askerswell village hall have some reason to believe that "the fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much". On a thoroughly wet and miserable day the rain held off exactly long enough for the fireworks display; and the bonfire had no reservations about burning. Lots of children were among those who turned out on an act of faith and enjoyed themselves, including some from Loders. The cold outside the circle of the fire made the soup from Mrs. Bellise's caravan and the hot dogs from the hall kitchen, specially welcome.

Last year's drought is probably to blame for the drunken appearance of some of the gravestones in Loders churchyard. They are the responsibility of their owners, and not of the Church Council. Ivy on the walls and on some of the old tombs is being gallantly tackled by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Young, Miss Muriel Randall, and Mr. Maurice Lawson, who felt honoured by a gesture of encouragement from Lady Laskey. Meanwhile, Mrs. Willmott maintains the borders, as she has done for years, and is a dedicated burner of rubbish.

The death of Mr. Sidney Tilley on Remembrance Sunday was almost as hard for Loders choir to bear as for his devoted family. There was a full turn out for his funeral, and tremendous singing of his favorite hymns. On the eve of the funeral his fellow ringers paid a tribute of half muffled peals. The vicar said in his address that in an age obsessed with its rights Mr. Tilley stood out as one more concerned with his

duties. Like the centurion in the gospels, he was a man who had learned to obey before he himself exercised authority. In the Somerset village of Curry Rivel he had been under the authority of a good home, Sunday school, choir, ringers and an excellent vicar. As an N.C.O. in the Brigade of Guards he exercised authority, and continued to do so as road foreman under the County Council, seeing to it that his underlings "did their stuff", yet enjoying their confidence because of his integrity and concern for their personal welfare. With his fine bass voice, he had been the backbone of Loders choir, and its uncrowned king. Like most countrymen, harvest festival meant more to him than other. Only a month before he died, he came from his sick bed to Loders, and sang his forty-first consecutive harvest. He had begun life in the church. He had not followed the prevailing fashion of defection in youth, but had been faithful to the end. How true of him would be his final hymn - "To Thee our morning hymns ascended; Thy praise shall sanctify our rest." The service was followed by cremation at Weymouth. The Church Council are grateful for donations of £40 to the repair fund in lieu of flowers. Mrs. Deacon, now of Dorchester, writes "I felt it badly that I could not be in my old corner to pay my last tribute to one of the finest examples of integrity, straightforwardness, punctuality and kindness I have ever met."

Miss Sally Read has left the little thatched cottage in Uploders, where she lived with and tended her mother, the late Sarah Read, for over forty years, and taken a flat in Bridport, nearer her work. Mr. Colin Marley and family have also left Upton Peep, in Uploders, for a house in Allington better situated for his plumbing business.

The new Bishop of Sherborne will be holding a confirmation in Loders church in the morning of next Palm Sunday. Several people have already made enquiries. The vicar would be pleased to receive the names of those who wish to attend the classes, which should begin in February.

Mr. Albert Page, of Well Plot, died unexpectedly during the night, and in so doing administered a shock to his wife, and to the residents of the estate. In the fifteen months of their stay in Loders the Pages had proved themselves nice people to live with, and their neighbours will greatly miss him. There was a good attendance at the funeral and burial at Loders church. Mr. Page was 71.

Our Christmas services will follow the pattern which has proved acceptable over the years. The "Midnight", with carols, at Loders, will begin at a quarter to twelve on Christmas Eve, and be followed by an eight o'clock Communion on Christmas Day. Later, at eleven o'clock, the children will sing carols by the tree on the chancel step at the family service. At Askerswell, which will have had its carol service the previous Sunday, there will be Communion at ten on Christmas Day. The Communion at Dottery on Christmas Day will be at nine. These services are the most important of all our Christmas arrangements because they are the most concerned with Him whose birthday it is.

Mr. Kenneth Dear, of Upton Farn, collapsed in Bridport and was dead on arrival at Bridport hospital. His wife and family were not entirely unprepared for this sort of thing, as he had long been suffering from a weak heart. He had been employed on the Crutchley estate for the last eight years, and had spent three years at Starthill before that. During the war he served in the R.A.F. He was 55. The funeral service and burial at Loders church were well attended. The estate staff were present, and so were several members of Askerswell Women's Institute, of which Mrs. Dear is a staunch and popular member.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Christopher Hill are arranging a hockey match for the morning of Boxing Day on Loders playing field. It will be ladies versus gents. It is not officially described as comic, but may well be. The story that the Cattistock Hunt fear it as a counter attraction to their meet, and want to buy it iff, is not well founded.

Services in December

Loders.	4th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	11th	HC 8, Matins, 11 Children 2.
	18th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	20th	School carol service 2.45
	24th	Midnight service 11.45. Christmas Day HC 8, Family Service 11.
Askerswell	4th	Children 10. Evensong, 6.30.
	11th	Family service 10.
	18th	Carol service 6.30
	Christmas Day	HC 10
Dottery	4th	HC 9.30. Christmas Day HC 9
		All others at 3.