

Our biggest event in July will be Loders village fair on Saturday, the 12th, beginning at 2.30. It will be on the green at Well Plot. Like Julius Caesar's Gaul it is in two parts, the mobile and the stationary, the former consisting of a display by the dance club, a parade of the toddler group, and the antics of the whistles, flutes, guitars and percussion in the newly begotten village band; the latter consisting of engines, vintage vehicles, a model roller coaster railway and the usual stalls. The annual tug of war between Loders and Uploders is forecast to be between teams so evenly matched as to be classable neither as mobile nor stationary.

The arts and crafts exhibition which was so attractive a feature of last year's fair was promoted to a show in its own right, and drew many admirers to the village hall on two wet afternoons in June.

Both the fair and the exhibition have suffered grievous loss by the unexpected death of Richard Plows, of High Acres, who was the organiser of both, a prodigious worker, and an engaging personality. He was seventy. When he was eight he got pneumonia so badly that the Holy Church gave him the last rites. That resolved him never to be ill again, neither was he until the other day, when pains in the chest prompted him to drive himself to the doctor. He died in the surgery. The attendance at the funeral in Loders church, which preceded cremation at Weymouth, was a measure of the sympathy felt for his family, and especially for his widow Ray, who is as public spirited as he was. In the funeral oration the vicar referred to the success of the parishes of Loders, Askerswell and Powerstock in fighting off their proposed absorption into the enlarged parish of Bridport. He had regarded Richard as an ally in trying to keep the village a lively entity in its own right.

The biggest event in Askerswell in July is foreshadowed in a letter to the rector from Pat Gordon Hall. She writes: "I hope I am in good time for your parish notes as we would very much like you to publicise our fund raising event for the church. On Saturday 26th July between 3 and 5.30 p.m. we will be serving cream teas at Askerswell House. There will be cake and produce stalls and a tombola. As an added attraction there will be a floral display in the church, which I am sure will be up to Askerswell's usual high standard. We very much hope that a lot of people from the valley will come and bring their friends to what I am sure will be a delightful afternoon out."

Dottery church is grateful to friends of the late Madge Marsh for a collection of £25.50 towards the repair fund.

Jack and Molly Stevens, of Askerswell, are recovering from the happy, rare, and very busy experience of a few days' visit from their son John, his wife Betty, and their five children, who were en route from their mission station in Zululand to Canada, where they were to report on their work. John must be the envy of small boys. In Zululand he pilots a plane by which he not only spreads the gospel but taxis patients to the mission hospital.

Askerswell village hall is in good shape. Receipts for the year ending 30th April were £688.90 and expenses £159.88. After transfer of £450 to deposit, that account now stands at £994.45, leaving a balance of £79.02 in the current account. Mr. Brook was warmly thanked for auditing. Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Mabb and Mrs. Clifford were thanked for the stage curtains, as were also the voluntary hall cleaners and cutters of grass bordering the hall. The minutes recorded the tribute paid to Captain Michael Lumby on relinquishing his ten years as chairman. He had raised £750 by running the football competition and had lent money interest free for the building of the hall. (He was just the chairman for the building of the hall: when the Man from the Ministry came to inspect the proposed site, it was already up, and legitimately). Gill Foot, Sheila Neville and Frank Hemmings were elected to the hall committee, of which George Bryan is chairman, Stanley Barrow secretary and Donald Marsh treasurer.

By redecorating the classrooms of Loders school themselves, the parents shamed the County into action. At first it would do nothing; now it is going to redecorate the kitchen and cloakroom.

For thirty-three years the West Dorset guild of ringers had been entertained to tea at the vicarage when their quarterly meeting happened to bring them to Loders. This time the vicarage was not available. But the ringers did not suffer. A few yards down the street, in the skittle barn of the Loders Arms, the landlord Francis Davey and his wife Joan served the substantial sustenance that ringers require at what could only have been a token price. This was much appreciated.

Last month saw Loders people putting their shoulders to a diversity of charitable causes. Maurice Lawson's contingent raised £60 of the £250 profit on "the boat people's" fete at North Allington; we had helpers at the Bridport fete which raised £1300 for the handicapped; and the coffee morning at Brook House run by Joan Anderson made £65 for Dr. Barnardo's. Even God's feathered creatures were served: the afternoon tea at Ryall's Lowl's Rustic Glen raised £40 towards the rehousing of barn owls bereft of the barns they like by the prevailing preference of farmers for steel and concrete.

The Vicar has been asked why there was no report in our last issue of the chimney fire at the vicarage. The short answer is his innate modesty, and his displeasure with the person who brought the firebrigade for the first time to a vicarage fire - and when the show was all but over. His handling of two previous fires in the great Tudor chimney ought to have convinced the owners of adjacent thatch of his ability to manage the third,



selves out on the vicarage tiles. The doubters obviously lacked the faith of his eldest daughter Poo, who, at the second fire, earned an entry in the vicarage book of children's sayings with her: "Daddy really is the limit - he flaps over silly little things that don't matter and when the house is on fire he doesn't turn a hair." The occasion of this fire was that he had been sorting books and was reading one that had caught his fancy. It being chilly, he put the remains of an old shopping basket on the dying embers. The basket had done yeoman service as holder of furniture polish and cloths. A welcoming roar in the chimney showed that it was highly inflammable. Incidentally the book that had taken his fancy was Sangster's "The secret of radiant life."

Bishop Geoffrey Tiarks regrets his inability to preach at evensong in Loders church on Sunday July 20th, but not half as much as the vicar does, who will have to try to fill his place. Bishop Tiarks is covering Lyme Regis, his old parish, during the interregnum, and will be preaching there that evening. We are looking forward to this service, which will be sung, at 6.30, by a choir of twenty-five boys from the Old Malthouse prep school. Everybody welcome!

The Wessex Morris Men's spring and summer peregrinations brought them to the hub of Up-loders - The Crown - the other evening. Their Tom the Piper, in a Turkish fez, knocked up the locals, and there for all to see was a Moorish rite, suitably Anglicised, that has graced our countryside for centuries. Cameras soon focussed on the performers from every angle, and well they might, for you never saw a happier, healthier or more energetic reincarnation of Robin Hood's merry men. A Maid Marion among the spectators asked why they did not include women. "We don't recognise their existence" came the answer, which certainly did not apply to malt liquors.

Nick Nicholson, the treasurer of Askerswell church council, was able to tell the members that, so far, church collections were 40% up on last year, and just managing to cope with increased costs. It was decided to ask the parish assembly for £40 from the rate to meet the increased cost of the churchyard, in which every parishioner has legal rights. Gill Evans, reporting the meeting of the deanery synod at Pilsdon, said it was now "the in thing" at the super market not to curse the woman in front of you at the till with an outsize load of goods, but to pray for her, while waiting.

The house in Purbeck Close, Up-loders, vacated by Lieut. Hill, is now the home of Cyril John and his Dutch wife Hermina. They are from Norfolk. Indifferent health has forced him to retire early. They have a son in Sherborne and a daughter in Winnipeg.

It does not mean that because August the Second, the date of Loders fete, is now within sight, and the vicar has said nothing about it, that he has not been thinking about it. The recent changes at the vicarage have made no difference to the church; its fabric wears out a little year by year even if the wear is not immediately apparent, and our policy of making annual provision against it is a sound one. So, in the week before the fete, the vicar will be round in his ancient role of beggar of things to sell on the stalls. To those who are justly tired of his face he offers the consolation that it cannot be long before they see a younger one.

The late Mrs. Bertha Jones, of Askerswell, was one in spirit with those countrymen of ours who, while loving this land, prefer to live in places like Greece and Rome and Arabia. She had a passion for Italy and spent every holiday she could there. On her last holiday it was granted her to die there, after no more pain than an urgent desire for a glass of water, and at the mature age of 76. The sympathy of Askerswell was very much with her daughter Tamara, and son-in-law Bob, who coped nobly with the complications of death in a foreign land. She was cremated at Yeovil, the rector officiating.

The fate of Loders vicarage seems still to be of intense local interest. The recent press announcement that the planning authority had rejected the proposed bungalow in the kitchen garden led many to think, wrongly, that the site had been rejected with it. Even the Archdeacon was misled. But the planning authority has given an assurance that the site is excellent. A new vicarage there would be handy for Askerswell, Powerstock and Loders parishioners to combine a call with routine shopping in Bridport. More than that, it would guarantee the new plurality getting a vicar as promised. The Archdeacon's reaction to the rejection of the bungalow was to appeal, and if that failed, as it would, to seek a site outside Loders. If a site outside Loders failed to materialise, the three parishes might find themselves in the kind of team arrangement they have opposed, with loss of their present independence and financial self control. Everybody admires the dwellings that the Streatfield Hood Company have built in the conservation area near the church. It should be within the capacity of an Archidiaconal architect to devise an unobtrusive vicarage.

Church and Chapel services in July will be as usual, apart from the extra evensong at Loders on July 20th at 6.30 p.m.



Percipient readers will observe that this issue of the Notes is a week early, to give timely reminder (a) of the cream tea at Askerswell house and the church decorations on the afternoon of Saturday July 26th, 3 to 5.30 p.m., and (b) that the vicar will begin his customary collecting of things to sell at Loders fete in Uploders on Monday morning July 28th. The fete will be at Loders Court on Saturday, August 2nd, by kind invitation of the Hon. Alexander Hood. St. Swithun's silver band will supply the music and be pleasant to look at. The fun of the fair will include the electronic helicopter which never fails to fascinate grown ups as well as children. The vicar on his progress through the parish will welcome articles for the grocery, household, bottle, new, and flower stalls. There is always an insatiable demand for cakes. With the vicarage out of action, Mrs. Vera Budden will be the reception centre for these, and she hopes to be snowed under. This will be the vicar's thirty-fourth consecutive fete. Its object has always been chiefly the repair fund of Loders church, and the repair of Dottery church. Thanks to the dutiful giving of parishioners and many expatriate friends, the churches, which are the treasured possession of all our parishioners, whether they use them much or not, are well maintained without sudden large frantic appeals.

The country fayre on the playing field at Well Plot found favour with a clerk of the weather who has bestowed very few this year, and completely achieved its object of providing home-made amusement unconnected with the raising of money. Judging by the programmes sold, some 400 people attended, and receipts will well cover expenditure. It was all a feather in the cap of the entertainment committee, who had taken up the torch dropped by the late Richard Plows and put in a lot of hard and skilful work. The annual tug of war was won by Uploders - the Uploopers Lot as the late Kenneth Aillsop liked to call them. The ponderosity exuding from sheer weight of numbers made their victory probable: the niceness of the Loders lady who was referee made it certain. She was the new Mrs. Malcolm McDowall, performing her first public function in Loders. She is a true lady, whose sympathy is naturally with the under dog. Whether Harry Richards is a true fireman is still open to question. His 1926 Dennis fire engine, with its plethora of brass fittings polished up to the nines, was observed to have on the running board a tiny Pyrene fire extinguisher for use on itself. The honesty of the traders at the fayre was apparent: the lady who sold for 10p the fine camera that a customer had accidentally left on the bric-a-brac stall retrieved it for him. The vicar acknowledges - in case it was meant for him - a seeming mark of respect emanating from the comic band when he drew near. A bawdy song suddenly turned into the hymn "The Lord of the dance", done in a way that churches might well emulate.

The leg of pork offered as skittles prize at the fayre was won by little Angela Johnston, who gives bunches of primroses to the Dottery congregation on Mothering Sunday. An unrelated Dottery achievement was that of Bridget Marsh, who now lives in Dorchester, and still refuses to be trendy. She walked from Dorchester to help her parents at Higher Pymore farm with the haymaking on the only really fine day of the season. Rene White, who gave the new concrete path to Dottery church, had the simultaneous misfortune and good luck to be thrown over the handlebars of her bike by a car without receiving fatal injury. She is suffering much discomfort with her usual good humour, and we wish her a speedy recovery. Elsie Male has made and given to Dottery church a new altar frontal to serve for the usual one while it is being cleaned. She had better keep off bicycles. The nuptials of Jack McDowall and Miriam Broad, widower and widow, at Loders church, were on July 8th because that was her birthday and the day he was called up for military service. (The significance of the latter is left to the reader to evaluate). His family and hers had known each other for a long time. He was a guest at her former wedding. Moreover, the organist who played at her former wedding played at the latter wedding in Loders. And both bridegrooms, the quick and the dead, were dentists. The church had been superbly decorated for the occasion. People trooped to see it for days afterwards. Friends of the bride from Devon and Cornwall swelled the local wellwishers in church. The reception was hospitality epitomised, and the bridegroom was in fine fettle responding to the toast of bride and groom, proposed by the vicar. Somebody else's banter and rudery always puts Jack on his nettle. It was a happy day for all concerned, and the parish is delighted with the partner Jack has enthroned with him in the people's warden's pew. He has been a Loders churchwarden for 25 years.

Two new families have lately been welcomed to Loders. First, Mr. William Parsons, his wife Marion, and daughter Sharon, at Number 32. Mr. Parsons is now a neighbour of the other Denhay cheese and butter maker domiciled in Loders. Mrs. Parsons thinks life in Loders, nearer the shops, is more civilised, and likes it. Second, Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Thomas, in Pound Cottage, lately vacated by Air vice marshal and Mrs. Adams. The rector of Mr. Thomas's former parish has kindly sent the vicar a commendation of them which reads thus: "Mr. & Mrs. R.E. Thomas are leaving the parish of Llanbedr, Crickhowell, this week for Pound Cottage, Loders, Bridport. I commend them to your care. They are both regular Sunday communicants, while Mr. Thomas reads the lessons, is a sidesman, a member of the PCC and my church treasurer at Llanbedr. For some years now he has kept the grass around his church cut, using his own machine, which he has now given us. They are not, however, as young as they were, and Mr. Thomas recently suffered a mild heart attack. They are coming to be near a son who can keep an eye on them." We are sorry for the loss the church at Llanbedr has suffered, but wonder whether the sorrow equals our joy in welcoming them here, where they will soon find their niche.



Uploders also has new parishioners, whom we make bold to welcome. First, a baby girl in New Road, Rachel Clare, born 19th May to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Warrington after a tricky confinement in Dorchester and Weymouth. Mother and babe are now doing splendidly. Second, Mr. David Arnold, his wife Patricia, daughter Sharon (13) and son Garry (10) who have taken over the smallholding Rookhams, on the Dorchester road. They are hoping to see more of each other as a family since Mr. Arnold gave up his taxi business in Weymouth, and to make Rookhams famous as kennels and cattery. They have a lovely pair of golden retrievers towards it. Mr. Osborne and his sister-in-law Benita have exchanged the truly rural life of Rookhams for the kind of civilisation prevailing in Hardy road, Bridport. They were consistent supporters of Loders church who liked to hide their light under a bushel. But Hardy road, by current report, is more than a bushel.

Something of a dilemma confronted Loders school when the term ended on July 18th. When were they to make their presentation to Mrs. Jean Crabb, who had wormed her way through their stomachs to their hearts by feeding them so well for sixteen years? It looked as if she were about to be made redundant by the Dorset Education Committee's massive vote to abolish primary school meals. But there was a chance in millions that the meeting of the whole County Council on July 24th might veto the committee's decision. Then the present for Jean would be redundant, not Jean herself. In the forlorn hope that this might be so, the school decided to wait and see. If the worst happened, the presentation could be made a special occasion early next term. Incidentally, 13 pupils will move to Colfox next term, leaving the school register at 62. Three or four new recruits are expected in February. How soon the new school is to materialise should be known after a crucial Education Committee meeting in November. County officials lately visited the present school to estimate the cost of furniture required for the new school.

The good sense of Loders people has saved the rates upwards of £100. There was no demand for an election to fill the casual vacancy on the parish council left by the departure of Air vice marshal Adams, and the council unanimously co-opted Mr. Anthony Shaw, who had served with them most usefully before.

Tribute was paid in her eightieth birthday celebrations to the Queen Mother's amazing gift for remembering old friends in all walks of life. An instance of this appeared through the oldest member of the congregation of Loders church, who kept her 96th birthday on July 14th - Mrs. Dora Boyd, an example of fortitude if ever there was one. Her husband was killed in the Great War, her only son was killed in the second war, and both her daughters died prematurely of cancer. The Queen Mother remembered the son as having been guard commander for a spell at Windsor Castle, and his death in Belgium in 1940. She wrote Mrs. Boyd asking the honour of the latter's attendance at her special garden party at Buckingham Palace, and this was followed by a formal invitation from the Queen. Friends of Mrs. Boyd drove her to and from the Palace in a day, and Miss Mona Edwards gave a small dinner party in her honour at Raikes.

July 14th was also the birthday, the 90th, of Loders' oldest inhabitant, Miss Muriel Smelt. She is the wonder of our small world. At that great age she continues with unimpaired efficiency the work begun years ago of turning books into Braille for the blind, and is much given to other good works which it would cost us our life to divulge. One of her hobbies is her mini-Austin, which she is still qualified to drive - and drives; the other is the retired engineer next door, Mr. Lionel Welch, who goes to much trouble to be the naughty boy she thinks he is. Miss Mona Edwards gave one of her renowned tea parties in honour of the occasion. This was capped by a luncheon at her old home, St. Luke's, given by the present owners Major and Mrs. Henry Hall.

Schedules for Loders flower show on September 13th are printed and obtainable from the Entertainment Committee.

Loders vicarage. A meeting of the Sherborne Archdeaconry Parsonages Board on June 20th informed the vicar that they had told their architect to submit to the planning authority a design of a 2 storey 4 bedroom house for the vicarage garden which they hoped would succeed. A month has elapsed and the plan seems not to have penetrated these parts yet.

A skittles and barbecue evening will be held at Askerswell village hall on Friday, August 15th at 7.30. The Fifty Club main annual draw will spice the occasion.

The bad weather which dogged the expedition of the Old Malthouse School boys to Loders church to sing evensong made the snugness of Loders Court and the splendid tea provided by the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood all the more welcome. It seemed not to have affected the congregation, which filled the church and was highly appreciative. The parents of the headmaster are our Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Jordan, of Uploders. When Mr. Jordan heard the reports of the service he must have regretted the more that he was too unwell to attend.

Church and chapel services in August as usual.



People who say that life at Bell, on the periphery of the parish, must be lonesome compared with the old vicarage, in the heart of Loders, forget that the old vicarage was moated by a yard from the village street, whereas Bell has only a few posts and a chain between it and a busy farm road. At the old vicarage a nourishing whiff of pig slurry every now and then was the only conscious contact with agriculture: at Bell one cannot avoid becoming honorary members of the Crabb and Newberry families who farm all round it, and this is a delightful fellowship to be in. Friesian cows seem immense as they mouch past the kitchen window to and from milking; each one looks like a map of Europe going by. It is a pleasant little game to guess which of Farmer Raymond's four lovely milkmaids is bringing up the rear of one procession. The cows know and behave accordingly. There is no guesswork about David Newberry's other procession. His moves fast like a phalanx of buffalo, quite defeating the efforts to get through them of the Marquis of Lorne car, which is in a mighty hurry always.

This summer has been treacherous harvest-wise. When the farmers were wondering whether they would ever get the harvest in, it was encouraging to know that the steward of the Uploders chapel hadn't a doubt. "With harvest time coming along again (wrote he to the vicar) I am letting you know that our harvest thanksgiving has been fixed for Sunday, September 14th at 6.30 p.m. We will of course be very pleased to have members of your church and if possible your good self with us that evening." Dottery harvest will be on Thursday September 18th at 7.30 p.m; Askerswell on the first Sunday in October and Loders on the second. The flower show in Loders village hall will be on the afternoon of Saturday September 13th, and the Askerswell and Loders harvest suppers on dates in October.

The weather was perfect for the church fete at Loders Court, but the gate showed a drop in adult attendance of over a hundred, which is possibly accounted for by two neighbouring parishes cashing in on Loders' unflinching good luck with the weather and having their fetes on the same day. But there was no drop in profit or takings, which exceeded last year's record. Gross takings were £2085.10; expenses £65.09 and profit £2020.1. Good for the church repair fund, but nothing to crow about when measured against the present cost of maintaining bells and organ and the fabric of a fine medieval church. Here are the accounts: Receipts, cake stall £30.60; gifts 50.85; jumble 37.76; household 209.66; groceries 33.31; flowers 25; delicatessen 53.14; toys 29.42; books 42.66; garden tools 18.49; Dottery 118.05; house tours 63.25; tombola 235.30; bran tub 25; croquet 6.15; skittles 19.80; roulette 14; money in bath 6.20; ring the bell 1.30; roller coasters 7.50; kill the rat 4.60; teas 120; ices 53; whisky 41.99; cake 37.10; perfume 7.70; gate 60.27; cash donations 733. Expenses: printing 11.96; advertising 11.90; disco 10; tent hire 15; chair and table hire Askerswell 3.95; Loders 10; children's prizes 2.28 (£20 to St. Swithun's band paid anonymously). A band was very welcome after years without one. It kicked off merrily with the Cornish floral dance and ended with the old Cup Tie special "Abide with me." It augured well for village unity that the entertainment committee were helping with the church fete as energetically as church people helped with the committee's village fayre.

Fete jottings: Little girl, announcing the arrival of the vicar on his mission of fete collecting, "Mummy, God has come." Little boy, asked by the roulette lady how he managed to win every time, "I pray to God, keep my fingers crossed, and turn my toes in." The Dorset cream tea at Askerswell House took place in a curious half light that prompted some people to ring up the weather office and ask if there were an unpublicised eclipse of the sun. Askerswell escaped the bad weather that accompanied the bad light elsewhere. Tea was served at tables each under a gay umbrella. So unobtrusive were the cake and produce stalls and so inviting the lawn that a stranger might have wondered whether he had gatecrashed a rectory tea party in the time of Queen Victoria. Before and after tea there were excursions to the nearby church to appraise the floral decorations. The full beauty of these dawned on the Sunday congregation in the sunshine next morning. Proceeds were for church funds. The teas made £54.71, the tombola 45.37, the cakes 55.40, the produce 41.91, the plate in church 14.68 and donations were 30.63, in all 242.70. With expenses of 10.70 for printing and advertising, the profit was £232. The next money raising effort will be for the church, the village hall and the W.I. It will take place in the Bridport United Church hall on Saturday 13th September from 10 a.m. Jumble and anything saleable is to be deposited at the village hall on Thursday 11th September between 2 and 4.30 p.m. A phone call to Powerstock 261 or 382 would fetch somebody to collect anything that could not be brought.

Our reputation as a retirement area where the young cannot live and the old cannot die, is in jeopardy. We have three recent births to record and one that even escaped notice last December. A daughter, Sarah Marie, was born at Portway to Mr. & Mrs. Danny Green of Dottery, on 17th July. A daughter, Victoria Jane, was born to Mr. & Mrs. Frank Hemmings, of Askerswell, at Portway on 22nd July. A son, Nicholas James, was born at Dorchester to Mr. & Mrs. Michael Galpin, of Uploders, on 28th July. The one that got overlooked in the excitement of last Christmas was Paul, the son of Mr. & Mrs. Morris, of Dottery, born on 15th December.

A great gathering of the Newberry and Mudford clans attended Loders church on 17th August for the christening of Stephen Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mudford (nee Cynthia Newberry.) Great Granny Newberry, spritely and cheerful as ever, was in her element shepherding them all. The Newberry girls have served Loders church well as



ringers - Sheila and Dulcie, Cynthia, Linda and Teresa. The snag about most girls is that when they marry and have babies they are lost to ringing for a long time. On this occasion it was tantalising to have so many good ringers in the nave and not in the tower, where at present ringers are in short supply. Any he or she who would like to learn this uniquely English art would soon find a niche at Loders or Askerswell.

The Honorable Mrs. Alexander Hood was at home to the helpers of Loders fete on the last Saturday but one in August. The evening was perfect, and the guests found an enjoyment in that beautiful setting which was not as potent when they were slogging away in the tea tent or behind stalls. The vicar would like through this medium to thank all the fete givers. Their generosity is unfailing. Letters from old friends in distant habitats, enclosing donations, were specially heart warming.

The former school playing field adjoining Askerswell village hall made an ideal setting for a miniature fair on one of the few fine evenings in August. Chicken grilled over a charcoal fire were for the eating, and the bibulous were well catered for in the hall by the new and gracious landlord of the Spyway inn. Stanley Barrow, who runs the Sunday school, used the occasion to sublimate any incipient vandalism in the parish by offering his face as the target. It showed through a hole in a board, and was madly pelted with wet sponges. He is now said to look years younger. The winners of the Fifty Club prizes for August were Mrs. Findlay (£50), Mrs. Holmes (£10), Mr. & Mrs. Brook (£5) and Mr. A. Savage (£2.50).

Loders Women's Institute gave their neighbours a pleasant evening of a different kind and in the process added £70 to their village hall improvement fund. The main item was a play in a relaxed Victorian atmosphere so well done that it might have come straight from the BBC's "Ripping Yarns." The theme was the attempted murder in an old ladies' home of the oldest inmate by another inmate. We saw our Nan Balfour, the ninety-seven year old victim, making a speech after a severe throttling by Valerie Nash, the would-be murderess. All the speeches were clearly spoken and near word perfect. The other performers were Mrs. Pilfold, Mrs. Plows, Mrs. Brill and Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Bowden, the W.I. president, was producer. We could do with more of this sort of entertainment. The Loders entertainment committee swelled the hall improvement fund by a further £250 plus, the proceeds of a "flea market" which attracted an amazing 230 customers to what we still think of as "the hut" on a Sunday afternoon. Improvements are being done by volunteers under the leadership of Nick Balfour, chairman of the village hall. He is a very handy man. (His bad foot did not prevent his doing the chores of the church fete as well.) An exterior wall of the hut is sporting a new coat of green paint. We caught a glimpse of Andre Lobb, our new parishioner, who is a solicitor, applying some of it. Mr. David Hirst Q.C. and Pamela his wife are proud to number among their offspring identical twins, Julian and Simon, born ten minutes apart, who have both achieved double firsts at Keble College Oxford. They are both going into merchant banking - but not with the same firm.

The Shackle family have moved from their flat in Well Plot to a house in Symondsburry. We gather that they are succeeded by Pete and Wendy Stoodley whose working in Bridport probably accounts for their being out when the vicar calls.

When we said in our last issue that Miss Muriel Smelt at 90 was Loders' oldest inhabitant we put the proverbial foot in it. Our beloved "Auntie Gracie" Hyde, of Well Plot, told us in the spring that it was her birthday, but not that it was her ninetieth, making her the oldest inhabitant. We thought we were wise not to ask. Shortly after Miss Smelt's birthday the local press acclaimed the ninetieth birthday of Mrs. Ada Ford, mother-in-law of Mr. Leon Wanstall, licensee of the Travellers Rest, Uploders, where she is still a great help. The oldest inhabitant of Uploders is Mrs. Harvey, who lives with her daughter Mrs. Holmes in Home Farm Close. She hopes to be 95 on October 11th. Mr. Evans senior at Medway Farm, Askerswell, has topped 90, and so has Mr. Doon, a "regular" at Loders matins.

Askerswell suffered a loss by the sudden death of Mrs. Faith Garrard that the whole parish and the church especially will long be aware of. She and her husband Frank, who are both 80, were on holiday with their son Roch at Weybridge, Surrey, when she took ill and died. Frank was the invalid, and she a marvel of good health. The funeral was at St. James church, Weybridge, followed by cremation at Leatherhead. As it is not yet known in what way Askerswell is to pay tribute, we restrict ourselves now to offering our deepest sympathy to Frank and the family.

Village outing. Loders entertainment committee have hired a 41 seater coach for Brympton D'Evercy, near Yeovil, on 17th September. Seats are free, but limited, and obtainable from the committee or by phoning Powerstock 356. The coach will leave the Crown car park at 2.00 p.m. It will cost 80p to view the house and cider museum, grounds and vineyard. Cream teas will be available.

Church and chapel services as usual in September, with harvest additions as noted.



The harvest congregation at the Uploders chapel were welcomed by Mrs. Rosemary Shaw, deputising for the steward, Mr. Joe Morris, who was too upset by the illness of Florence, his wife, to perform this, his usual role. The decorations were beautiful as ever and the congregation numerous, but it needed her to give the service its characteristic swing. The sympathy of the congregation was suitably expressed by the Reverend Norman Skinner, who conducted the service. We are pleased to say that she is now making progress.

The original date of Dottery harvest clashed with the Melplash ploughing match, in which the Johnston family always come top - or near - in their class. Also, the honorary-verger and her lord would have been on holiday, and harvest without them was unthinkable. So there was nothing for it but to alter the date, and no sooner was this done than the plans of the Marsh family were disrupted, and the chancel decorator, Miss Elsie Male, was plunged into difficulties with visitors she was expecting. But all's well that ends well. The decorations were as exuberant as ever, and the congregation full of old friends. For the first time in the last few years it included Dottery's oldest inhabitant, Mrs. Florence Barnes, who had tested her ability to endure a harvest service by surviving a whist drive at Powerstock a few days before. She was in the vicar's direct line of vision from the pulpit. Had the subject of the sermon been the superb Dorset blue cheese she used to make at Belshay, or the big pet pig her daughter Sarah used to keep on the sofa there, his task would have been easier.

The big classroom at Loders school harvest was about equally divided between the children and a congregation of parents, facing each other. To an imaginative eye the children were issuing from a cornucopia of flowers, fruit and vegetables. They looked like cherubs, and those who accompanied on recorders sustained the angelic illusion. Outside, a mammoth cattle conveyance bearing the name Tite strayed into the congestion of cars around the school and made confusion more confounded, but most of the worshippers were unaware of this.

Harvest services yet to come are at Askerswell on the first Sunday in October at 10 am and 6.30 pm; and at Loders on the second Sunday at 8 am, 11 am, 2 pm, and 6.30 p.m.

A fifth of the population of Askerswell attended the autumn parish assembly in the village hall. The chairman, Group Captain Newall, was moved to ask whether this was not a record. It seemed that the unusual turn-out was to meet the new member for Askerswell on the West Dorset District Council. She did not make a speech, which probably commended her to her rustic audience, and she did assure one elector that in future the expense of appeals against planning decisions would not have to be borne wholly by the rates. The meeting decided that proposed plans should be on view in the hall on one specified evening, and not for several days, as before. It also decided to precept for a penny rate next year and to allot £30 of the proceeds to village hall and £40 for churchyard maintenance. Messrs. Hemmings and Boucher were warmly thanked for cutting village grass gratis. The possibility of getting it done by a contractor was explored - somewhat gingerly.

Meals at Loders school, like those of other Dorset primaries, have ceased to be hot, and to be dispensed by Mrs. Ernest Crabb, the officiant in this capacity for sixteen years. While the children munched sandwiches and looked on, one of the managers, Mrs. Nick Prideaux, presented Mrs. Crabb with a handsome battery operated clock, on behalf of the school, and flowers. The children cheered. The headmaster said Mrs. Crabb had served the school for longer than either he or his staff, and was held in affection and respect by several generations of pupils.

The wedding of Lucy Hunt, of Uploders, and David Johnston, of Allington, filled Loders church almost to capacity with a congregation who could not only join with organ and bells in making melody but were also awake to the niceties of the bridal party's dresses. The floral decorations were described by one guest on entering the church as "stunning". A visitor from Sussex wrote afterwards in the book "The flowers are breathtaking - a happy place, full of love." At the lavish feast in Eype's Mouth Hotel the great uncle of the bride, Brigadier Forbes, was in his usual sparkling form proposing the toast; and being mostly a man of action, did it in one pop. The vicar was feeling like Mothusslah as he reflected that he had now pontificated for three generations of the Forbes family - at the funeral of Ian; at the wedding of his daughter Diana ("Diddy"); and at the christening, confirmation and wedding of her daughter Lucy.

The flower show, the second organised by the Loders entertainment committee, enticed many admiring spectators away from Saturday afternoon television to the village hall. The quality of the 250 entries was high, and the handicraft sections revealed much unsuspected talent. But why the talk of starting a gardeners' club when the competitors had done so well without one? True, there is usually room for improvement even in the best, but a proliferation of clubs may dissipate rather than strengthen the life of a village community.

The Sunday morning congregation of Loders church were full of feeling for the Reverend Alan Hervey and daughter Dinah when they heard of the death of Mrs. Barbara Hervey. A love of matins drew the three of them from Beaminster to Loders, where in a short time they made a deep niche for themselves. The funeral service was at Beaminster, of which she was a native, and was conducted by their friend Bishop Wilson. Mrs. Hervey's father was curate of Broadwindsor at about the time that Loders also had a curate. Those were the days, for which team ministries are a poor substitute.

Mrs. Doris Serpell, the mother of Nurse Serpell - so full of good works - and of the gifted Dr. Sara Serpell, died at her home in Uploders, where she had been lovingly nursed



through years of crippling illness. She was 85. After a "quiet" service in Loders church, where wedding flowers were by no means bereft of their beauty, she was cremated at Weymouth, and her ashes buried with her deceased husband at Rottingdean. Nurse Serpell wishes us warmly to thank the mysterious sender of a get-well-card from "the citizens of Loders and Uploders." Many sick persons have been cheered by these, and even birthdays by greetings cards from this local Scarlet Pimpernell. Exposure might wither him, so the curious must be curious still as to his identity.

The sympathy of the older members of Loders congregation concentrated on Admiral Sir Victor Crutchley, V.C., at the death of his wife at Mappercombe. They were a devoted pair. A sense of duty as Loders' biggest landowners used sometimes to be their excuse for playing truant from Powerstock church to attend Loders matins. Lady Crutchley could be endearingly irrelevant (typist please note, not "irreverent"). She was head of Powerstock Mothers' Union. At one of their meetings she welcomed the vicar of Loders as guest speaker with: "I have had only two ambitions in life - to nominate the vicar of my own parish and to pull pints of beer from those long and pretty handles in a village pub."

There are three September christenings to record. That on the 14th brought the Morris family to Dottery church for young Paul, who was presented at the font by Heather Bugler (nee Marsh), now living at Bettiscombe. And so comparative newcomers to Dottery were nicely knit with old stalwarts. The christening of Sarah Marie, daughter of Danny and Julie Green, brought the widely scattered clan of Smiths of New Close Farm back to Dottery on the 28th. Parking facilities near the church are meagre, so the indulgence of neighbours over the great gaggle of cars that ruffled the after-dinner calm was appreciated. This christening made history for the vicar. For the first time in his experience the babe was nursed at the font by a man - her uncle. And why not? Women are not alone in needing a little liberating sometimes. On the 28th the ancient font of Loders welcomed Nicholas James to its water. He is the first-born of one of the couples new to Uploders - Michael and Grace Galpin. They are Lancashire bred, and members of the family did mammoth journeys from and back to the north in a few hours to be present. We hear that the hospitality laid on for them at West Winds after the service made them think they were still at home.

A new family are settling into an unfinished bungalow below the village hall in Askerswell, and doubtless will soon be assimilated by that neighbourly parish. They are Richard and Jenny Brasier, their son Richard aged 15, and daughter Rachel 7. Mr. Brasier is a builder. They find that although they are not far from their former home in Bridport, the atmosphere is pleasantly different.

Those who run the village hall, the Women's Institute and the church in Askerswell are more or less the same people, so they sensibly held one jumble sale in Bridport, where the appetite for jumble is insatiable, and made a profit of £200 to divide between the three.

Saturday, 20th September was a notable and happy day for Jack and Molly Stevens, who in a few years have embedded themselves in the "establishment" of Askerswell, to the latter's undoubted advantage. It was their golden wedding anniversary, and their large family assembled seemingly from the ends of the earth to celebrate. At the reception in the village hall the toast was proposed by their son John, who, with his wife Betty, and their five daughters, is a flying missionary in Zululand. Next morning the family swelled the congregation at church, where John told how he switched from being a commercial pilot to serving the Lord by flying sick Zulus to hospital, greatly helped by Betty's command of the language. Later he showed slides at the spacious home of Geoffrey and Doris Bellis. The family left for Zululand with Askerswell's imagination stirred by their example of complete dedication to the Lord's work. But they cannot live on admiration. Here is a worthy object of financial support.

Good weather blest the Loders village outing to Brympton D'Evercy. It was meant first for the housebound and aged, but spare seats in the large plush coach were gratefully taken by motorist parishioners who enjoyed the view over hedges that a car denies them. The kindness of the Entertainment Committee in laying on this free trip was much appreciated.

Loders harvest supper will be in the village hall on Saturday, 18th October at 7.30 pm. Tickets, limited to 100, and priced £1 for adults and 50p for children, are obtainable at Loders Post Office and The Crown. Askerswell harvest supper is not publicised because they get more applications than their smaller hall can take. Mr. Frank Good issues a reminder that his old and new time dance classes will begin in Loders hall on Thursday, 2nd October and continue fortnightly.



The wintry weather in which we write these Notes makes us fervently thankful for the lovely days which graced the conclusion of our harvest festival. Church decorators had to contend with first a sharp frost, then flower-flattening gales, shortly before they set to work on the church, but the contrasting sunshine of the harvest Sunday itself made their art that more acceptable. The evening congregation at Askerswell and Loders included the welcome faces of several old friends. A threatened shortage of ringers moved one ringer, Andrew Savage, to drive his car full of luggage to Warwick University on the Saturday, and the car back to Askerswell the same day, so that he could ring on Sunday, and return to Warwick by other means. Who says that religion has no appeal for the young? At Loders the morning congregation was up to standard, but there were unusual gaps at evensong, possibly because a large christening service in the afternoon had intervened. But the church treasurer had no complaints. The day's collections topped £130, a record for harvest. By their anthem the choir showed they are not hide-bound traditionalists. It was well done, in the modern idiom. As the congregation underwent no apparent paroxysms of pain, nor any urge to dance, the choir may be encouraged to experiment further.

The usual meticulous planning of Askerswell harvest supper was not thwarted by an explosion in the electric pay-as-you-use meter as the guests were about to arrive at the village hall. Somebody remembered that the dustbin was full of empty wine bottles from a golden wedding party. Candles were stuck in these. Some of the guests thought the committee had "seen the light" in that they had been converted to dining by candle. The pre-prandial sherry tasted as good as it looked. The soup was hot, and the jacketed potatoes that went with the beef, ham and salad were likewise, as if the electric cooker were still working. In the flickering shadows the beer and cider still landed safely in the glasses; and plates of apple tart and cream between the appropriate fork and spoon. While the coffee was being contentedly gossiped over, two mechanics from Southern Electricity were doing a sort of open heart surgery on the meter. They extracted a vein of wire from somewhere and bypassed the offending meter. Their ingenuity elicited cries of dismay from the diners instead of clapping. In the sudden, civilising glare of the electric lights the diners had suddenly to get respectable. This was obviously not easy, but the throb songs of a party of Bridport Dramatic Society entertainers, which wound up the proceedings, made the transition tolerable.

"The Hut" as Loders Village hall is still affectionately known, looked ideally rustic for their harvest supper, to which about a hundred guests sat down. At present the new rafters still await the attachment thereto of a heat conserving ceiling. For this occasion they had been so festooned with greenery that a Tarzan act by Robin Upton as part of the post prandial entertainment seemed not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility. But Mrs. Netta Taylor is not one to go swinging about in trees. With feet firmly on the floor she delighted the company with her anecdotes in the Dorset dialect. Colin Varndell, the champion of the barn owl, followed suit with an engrossing story of a fight between Romans and Britons at Maiden Castle - but why he had to travel all that way for a setting when the hill fort of Eggardon was at hand is best known to himself. The entertainment ended with community singing with Chris Read at the piano - if the winning of the raffle of a toy dog by Tom Fox, the dentist, be discounted. Ample helpings of lamb and pork etc., cheese and rolls, gateaux and coffee, made a very satisfying dinner. Those who had forgotten to bring something to drink could win bottles of pomagne if they were lucky. The happy faces of those who stepped out of the hut into the moonlight must have been rewarding to the Entertainment Committee for all their hard work.

By custom the sheaves of corn that adorn Loders harvest festival are given to Mrs. Jude Greening, the widowed daughter of that magnificent Dorset character the late Shepherd George Crabb. How exactly she disposes of the corn came to our ears by accident. She keeps it till Christmas, which she spends with her daughters. The Newberrys, of Cloverleaf farm, tell to her hens as well as her few sheep while she is away. On Christmas Day, on her strict instructions, they put the sheaves in the hen house for the hens to scratch about in. "They be God's creatures just as we be, so why shouldn't they have a little Christmas treat?" demands Jude in that tone of voice that nips any contradiction in the bud.

The christening at Loders church on harvest Sunday afternoon of Samuel Robert, son of Robert and Alice Dupont, of Langdon, brought about a pleasant re-union of former Loders farming families - the Ascotts of Upton Manor Farm, and the Bishops of Yondover Farm. It was demonstrated again that men have their uses: a godfather had to come to the rescue of a godmother wilting under the weight of a very buxom baby. On October 26th there was another gladsome occasion in the christening of Tony Richard, son of Richard and Karen Goodwin, and first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sheppard, of Uploders Farm.

On her triumphant state visit to Tunisia her majesty the Queen did not forget the cemetery where many heroes of the North African campaign are buried, including two VC's. The Last Post was sounded and Binyon's ode recited: "They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them." We shall be remembering them too on Sunday, November 9th - in Askerswell church at 10 a.m., in Loders at 11 a.m., and in Dottery at 3 p.m. Earl Haig's Fund asks us to counter in the collection the dire effects of inflation on its work.



Mrs. Price and Mrs. John Hyde, who run Loders Brownies, ask us to advertise a Bring and Buy and Coffee Evening they will be holding at the school on Friday, 28th November at 7. p.m. It is worthy of support. The spirit of public service instilled in Loders Brownies does not evaporate when they grow into young women. They pass on to the younger generation what they themselves received. Pauline Crabb, for example, has qualified as a Brown Owl, and taken over the leadership of the Burton Bradstock Brownies. Her sister Helen is Assistant Guide Guider in the 1st Bradpole Guides. The vicar has just received an advertisement from her too - The 1st Bradpole Guides are holding their Christmas Fayre at Bradpole village hall on Saturday, 22nd November at 2 p.m. Tessa Hyde, who recently won the Queen's Guide Badge, and her sister Julie, are also stalwarts of the 1st Bradpole Guides. The marvel is that Raymond Crabb's daughters manage to help him so much on the family farm - where hours of work are anything but office hours - and keep up their Guiding at Bradpole. Rosalin is a Ranger, and Miranda and Marilyn are studying to be Brown Owls themselves one day. When the vicar contemplates these young ladies, and their sisters who are not so actively associated with the Guides, he persuades himself that his long sojourn in Loders has not been fruitless. They are busy people, but they remember what they owe to God. At 8 a.m. or 11 a.m. or 2 p.m. they are to be found in the Lord's house, on His day. They also do their stint of Bradpole church parades.

To have Nurse Dorothy Fooks back in Askerswell for good is a shot in the arm for the church. She has completed her term of service with the Grenfell mission to Labrador. Her sister Christine and she are now absorbed in the delights of fostering the former's two grandchildren while their mother Susan is on a course.

"St. Candida's", the house of that name in Askerswell so christened by a former owner from Whitchurch Canonorum and credited with a history going back to the Domesday Book, is now the home of Colonel Reg Edwards R.A.O.C., his wife Ann, and their son Richard, who is at Loders school. They took over from Miss Harrison, who moved some months ago. Colonel Edwards is still serving in Germany. His lady says she has had eighteen homes in her twenty-fives years as an Army wife, and is glad to be settled, especially in so friendly a village.

Loders vicarage: the situation to date. On 16th October the West Dorset planning authority approved the design of a 2 storey vicarage to be built on the site of Loders priory within the curtilage of the old vicarage. With the bungalow in mind that had first been submitted, and rejected, the planning officer said that the 2 storey house would look like a vicarage and suit the conservation area. Ecclesiastical machinery, being ancient, is usually cumbersome. The planning permission cleared the way for the vicar, as beneficial owner of the vicarage, to request the diocesan parsonages board to join with him in requesting the Church Commissioners to approve the sale of the old vicarage!! Before the parsonages board could endorse the vicar's request, he had to secure the views of Loders and Askerswell church councils; and of the Bishop of Salisbury who is patron of Askerswell; and of the Lord Chancellor and Lady Laskey, who are alternate patrons of Loders. Hence his frantic activity following the planning permission. A joint meeting of the two church councils unanimously approved the sale of the old vicarage "on the understanding that a new one is to be built as soon as possible in the grounds of the old one". The Bishop approved, and so did the Lord Chancellor. Lady Laskey, more reluctant to part with the old vicarage than they, consulted with the Archdeacon, and wrote, on his advice, that "as the Church Commissioners are not likely to decide the fate of the vicarage for some months, it is too soon to say whether the vicarage Loders wants to continue in the village should be the old one modernised or a new one in the grounds." It looks as if the Archdeacon has done a Gilbert and Sullivan act. He is chairman of the parsonages board in virtue of being Archdeacon. In his capacity as chairman he knows that the old vicarage is a listed building which the authority would resist to the utmost the material alteration of, and invites the vicar to sell it. In his capacity as Archdeacon he advises Lady Laskey not to back the vicar's application to sell in the hope that the vicarage may be altered and retained. He knows that Powerstock is to be added to Loders and Askerswell, and that the old vicarage would have to be altered out of recognition for the new incumbent to live in it, and minister to a population scattered over a large area with five churches. For the record, the parsonages board, with the Archdeacon presiding, has approved the sale of the old vicarage, and forwarded the application to the Church Commissioners as a matter of urgency.

Church and chapel services in November as usual.



Our diary for December is choc-a-bloc with coming events. At first our urge was to concentrate notice of them in one paragraph and be done with them, but peppering all the Notes with them should make them more digestible. What comes at the end of the month - Christmas - is the most important. It is the anniversary of God becoming man, to show us what He is like, and what we, through Him, can and should be like. It is old fashioned, like football, tennis, boxing, racing, etc., whose hold on human nature has not relaxed with advancing years. How impervious to change Christmas is, the advertisements for Father Christmases to operate in the super markets have shown: females need not apply: for Mother Christmases are unthinkable. Our first Christmas carol service will be, as usual, at the Uploders chapel at 6.30 on Sunday the 14th. The string section of the Bridport Youth Orchestra hope to be in attendance. The steward, Joe Morris, tells us what we are glad to hear, that his esteemed helpmeet is recovering from her stroke, and is now able to write letters. Loders school will hold their carol service of the nine lessons at Loders church at 2.45 on Tuesday the 16th. This is the school's effort to measure up to King's College Cambridge! The Askerswell carol service will be at 6.30 on Sunday the 21st, and the local Women's Institute are hoping again to sing to us. Singers from Loders church will serenade the parish as usual and collect for the Children's Society, in Uploders on Friday the 19th, and in Loders on Monday the 22nd, both beginning at 7. The "midnight" service with carols will begin at 11.45 on Christmas eve at Loders. The family service will follow at 11 on Christmas morning, with carols at the tree on the chancel step by the songsters, and a distribution of sweetery to the children. At Dottery the Christmas Day communion will be at 9, and at Askerswell at 10. That there will be an 8 o'clock communion at Loders goes almost without saying. The collection for Earl Haig's fund at Loders church on Remembrance Sunday was the biggest ever, £83, and after the service was made up to £100. Askerswell, with a quarter of Loders population, was £28.20, and Dottery £5.05. A feature of the Loders service was again Bill Tiltman's rendering on the organ of Handel's Dead March in Saul. Harry Crabb the tower warden, had muffled the bells, which gave the service a solemn prelude and postscript. At 78 Harry does the dangerous ins-and-outs of those bells as to the manner born. The bells seem to know what he would say if they didn't behave. A bitterly cold wind cut the attendance at Askerswell bonfire night, but those who turned out found the wind cancelled by the exterior warmth of the fire, and the interior activity of coffee, soup and hot dogs. The firework display came out of hall funds, assisted by donations. In Yondover, Loders and Uploders there were good fires, but not many bangs, for which the canine creation must have been thankful. The recent fund raising effort of the 1st Bradpole Guides made the satisfactory profit of £105. We are asked warmly to thank all who gave and helped. Loders girls are a vital part of the troop. The organist of Askerswell church, Thelma Pullman, gave birth to a daughter, Helen Joanna, at Portway hospital Weymouth, on 22nd November, after a preliminary stay there lasting a fortnight. Both are doing well, and becoming a grandmother has given Thelma's mother a push forward on the road to recovery from her operation. Askerswell congregation are grateful to Bill Tiltman and Mr. T.C. Thompson for filling the organ seat. It is not an easy organ: it is somewhat sensitive, and squawks if only looked at unsympathetically - so a succession of organists have said. Tom Bradshaw who lived with his daughter in the cottage next to Loders village hall, died there on All Saints day (1st Nov). He was 86, and had lived in the village since 1956. His working life as an electrician was spent in the G.W.R. depot at South Lambeth. Here he worked in Cox and Humphries as a storeman, except at Christmas, when he changed his role to that of Santa Claus, and went down well with the children. He served for a while as caretaker of the village hall. Prior to cremation at Weymouth there was a funeral service with hymns in the Uploders chapel, conducted by the Rev. Norman Skinner. Cox and Humphries were represented. Tom was allergic to Anglican clergy. This could have been because he had done a spell ministering to retired specimens at the St. Barnabas Home for Clergy in Surrey. There is truth in the dictum ascribed to a Bishop of Chichester - "The clergy are all right when spread about, but in a heap they stink." By coincidence Ray Plows, of High Acres, who used to sit with Tom in his illness, discovered that her husband, Richard, served as a boy at South Lambeth under Tom without the latter being aware of it. Tom retained the habit of bursting into song with his ukelele until the day he died. Loders Entertainment Committee are holding a Christmas bingo in the hall on Thursday, 18th December at 7.30. They are also giving a conjuring show free to the village children at the hall on Monday, 22nd December 2.45 - 4.30. Mary Buckland is valiant to be running this so soon after her operation for a burst appendix, but says she has several good helpers. Almost all the relatives and friends of Stacey Dawn Reichter must have been in Loders church for her christening on 16th November. They were a crowd, and a reverent one, who rose to the spirited playing of Christopher Miles at the organ. The proud parents are John and Belinda, who live at Bradpole. By contrast the christening of Fiona Jane Lord, daughter of Christopher and Gillian, of Upton Manor, was "quiet". They found a service after matins on Advent Sunday more convenient.



Mrs. Clifford left Askerswell Women's Institute in good shape when she retired from the presidency at the annual general meeting. The financial position was sound, and attendances at the monthly meeting good, "averaging 20.1." Who the Point One is has not yet been determined. The new president is Mrs. Gillian Foot, the vice president Mrs. Vickery, the secretary Mrs. Barrow, the treasurer Mrs. Bryan, and the rest of the committee Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Dear, Mrs. Groves and Mrs. Greening. Loders W.I. are in some doubt as to their immediate future. A voluntary county organiser will be attending the meeting on Tuesday, 9th December to help them make up their minds. It would be a pity for so public spirited a body to disappear, especially one with the talent for the play they gave in the summer. Friday, 12th December at 5.45 is the day of the Christmas concert at Loders school, which parents and friends would not willingly miss for anything. It is followed immediately by cups of tea and the usual little sale for the work of the church overseas. Mrs. Willmott, or the vicar, or Mrs. Hazel Crabb would be very grateful for anything to sell, but are rather shy of pressing yet another good cause after those that have so lately gone before.

The visit of John and Betty Stevens and some of their five daughters to Askerswell (John's parents' home) a few weeks ago inspired the parish to send them a gift of £150 for Christmas. They are missionaries in Zululand. John gave up a well paid job as a commercial pilot to fly the mission hospital plane for a pittance.

The annual general meeting of Loders village hall is fixed for Wednesday, 10th December at 7.30. Another important meeting is to follow on Friday, 12th December at 7.30, also in the village hall, and, incidentally, shortly after the school concert and sale! The poster advertising the second meeting says its purpose is to explain and discuss the Dorset Structure Plan, which "when finalised will shake our future till the end of the century, and propose some fundamental decisions". George Hyde, chairman of the parish council, will preside, and Anthony Sanctuary will animate the subject if anybody can as discussion leader.

Some of Loders' nicest and most useful inhabitants are about to change, or have already changed, their domicile. Reg and Mary Brill have left High Acres for a new home near the former railway station in Bridport; and Christopher and Joan Anderson, smitten by the depression in the building industry, have moved from Yondover to Uploders. The village hall is suffering from these moves; for Chris and Reg had to abandon the work on the ceiling they were doing gratis, with trade price materials. Christopher and Sara Shapland are moving shortly, after a six year stay in Yondover, to the old rectory, Sutton Montis, near Queen Camel, to be nearer his work in Yeovil. They were energetic in the good works of the Round Tablers. Sara was vice chairman and chairman designate of their Ladies Circle, who feel the loss of her so sorely that they broke their unwritten rule and gave her a parting present. But the newcomers are promising. Montague and Sheila Dent, from Guildford, are established in Brook House Yondover. He is a retired chartered accountant and she a keen gardener. They have two married sons, and one at university. Captain John Hughes, of Portland, and his wife Pat, are about to move into Yondover Farmhouse. He retires from the Navy next year. They have between them five children, one of whom is still at school. Mrs. Owen senior has left Matravers to join her son George down the road at Perwen. In her place are William Burman, his wife Diana, their son Richard (5) who is at Loders school, daughter Lucy (3), and dog Jasper (8 weeks). They come from Tenworth in Arden, Warwickshire. William is a freelance economics journalist and deals in books. The Lords at Upton Manor have been joined by Gillian's parents, Ellis and Hilda Rimington, who come from Hampshire.

Congratulations to David and Peta Johnston, of Dottery, on the birth of a son, Stephen, at Weymouth, on 27th November. Another champion ploughman of the future, we presume. Congratulations also to Harry Crabb. At the recent A.G.M. of the West Dorset Guild of Ringers he received the Diocesan certificate for fifty years of membership - all in Loders tower. He has been ringing for sixty two years.

The Loders Brownies wish to thank all who supported their coffee evening. It swelled their funds by £112.

The old letter box in Colonel Stack's wall in Uploders was already notable for bearing the monogram of Queen Victoria and having too small a mouth for many of today's letters, when a local wit was said to be stuffing it with anti snail pellets in protest against the slowness and costliness of today's mail. Alas, there is not that amount of wit in that vicinity. The amiable postmaster of Bridport, who lives nearby, tells us that it was a postman who put in the pellets. For snails it is a routine exercise to get into rural letter boxes and eat the letters, and for postmen to take counter measures.