

Happy recollections of the two village fairs already held in Loders by the Entertainment Committee encourage us to think that the third, to be held on the afternoon of Saturday, 11th July will be the event of the month, and their best ever; for practice makes perfect. The setting also is perfect at Well Plot, in a hollow among the little hills of Dorset. The weather at the time of writing has greatly improved. Farmers, unable to beat the rain, and thinking of joining it to make silage, are now busy haymaking. It is hoped that they will leave enough sunshine for the fair. To augment the exhibition of farm machinery, sideshows and stalls there will be dancing by the Wessex Morris Men (who abominate women) and Virgilia Marshall's Ballet Dancers. Uploders has twice won the coveted soup plate in the tug-o-war. Whether they succeed again this time will, we suppose, depend on the size of the mob they can cram on to their half of the rope. The fair, we are asked to emphasise, is for pleasure and not for money. By contrast the church fete at Loders Court on 8th August is for both. When the expenses of the fair have been met, what is left will go to things like the village outing and children's Christmas party.

Askerswell would challenge the claim of Loders fair to be the event of July. They back the royal wedding to be that, and a very well attended parish meeting decided how best to celebrate locally. Most people, it was presumed, would be glued to "the box" all the morning and the early afternoon, so the answer would be a parish tea around the village hall from 4.30 pm onwards, and a presentation of souvenir mugs to the village children. Much of the food for the tea was promised at the meeting. Collecting tins at the post office, Spyway and Court Farm are to provide for the mugs. The landlord of Spyway apologised for having already arranged a barbecue for that evening. He was pardoned by acclamation. Everybody welcomed a jolly ending to the day that they themselves would have nothing to do about but pay. No rumour of Wedding activities in Loders has reached us. But Uploders will be having a barbecue that evening in the precincts of The Crown, which feels under an obligation to show royal. In the midst of all this high faluting Mrs. Leakey would like a quiet word put in for her coffee and bring-and-buy at The Hermitage, Dottery, on Saturday 4th July from ten till twelve noon. It is in aid of the Wessex body scanner appeal.

To the relief of Loders parish council chairman, Mr. George Hyde, nobody in the parish exercised their right to demand an election to fill the vacancy on the parish council left by Mr. Clements. It would have cost the rates £120, and George thinks the value of a good chairman to his parish is in inverse proportion to the volume of the rate. It seems likely that Mr. Clement's replacement will be Mr. Andrew Lobb. He lives at High Acres, which should help to graft the dwellers in that new estate on to village life. George is sure to have noted that Andrew is a solicitor, and seen advice now far removed from six-and-eightpence raining on the council like dew from heaven gratis. George was re-elected chairman at the council's annual meeting. Robin Upton was elected vice chairman. Mrs. Dunn and George were re-elected trustees of the Uploders Charity; Mr. John Hyde and Mrs. Maurice Crabb governors of Loders school; and Mrs. Spafford to the village hall management committee, of which Mr. Nick Balfour is chairman. Mrs. Andrew Lobb was persuaded to succeed Mr. Harold Brown as secretary of the hall committee - a post he had held since 1945. He relinquished his clerkship of the parish council to Mrs. Dent. How he will live without this great love and inspiration of his life remains to be seen. In his present state of indifferent health his first feeling is of relief from a big responsibility.

Reg Brill, having moved from Loders to Bridport, would like to retire from being hon. treasurer of the village hall management committee. The chairman, Nick Balfour, of the Farmers Arms, would like to hear from somebody willing to take over.

Dr. George Reindorp retired at the end of September after eight years as Bishop of Salisbury. The organisers of an appeal to present him with a thank offering cheque say "Bishop George came from Guildford in March 1973 and quickly gained the respect of us all. Behind his firmness with those who will not face up to a reduced priesthood and reorganisation lies enormous sympathy and understanding. These problems were not of his own making, and the solutions were frequently more hurtful to him than to the parishes concerned. His concern and care for his clergy will long be remembered with gratitude." Cheques made out to "The Bishop of Salisbury Presentation Fund" are to be addressed to the Diocesan Secretary, Church House, Crane Street, Salisbury. The presentation is to be made after a celebration of the Eucharist by Bishop George in the Cathedral on 29th September at 7 p.m. Admission will be by ticket. Will those in Askerswell who would like tickets please contact Mrs. Oliver Barrow, and those in Loders and Dottery Miss Muriel Randall, by 12th August?

We welcome Miss Julie Hyde into the company of Loders communicants. She was recently confirmed in Bridport parish church by Bishop Maddocks, formerly bishop suffragan of Dunwich. Philippa George was confirmed at the same time. She lived for a while with her grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Leon Wanstall, at the Travellers Rest, and is now in Bradpole.

It was pleasing to have two former parishioners of Loders bring their first-born to the home font for christening on 21st June. They were Alfred and Allison Crabb, with their daughter Louise Elizabeth. They now live at Lymington, Hampshire, where Alfred is a police officer. He is still sorely missed in Loders tower, where he was a very dependable ringer. It was a great day for his grandfather Harry and grandmother Lizzie, who headed the congregation for the first time as great grandparents.

Congratulations to Simon and Victoria Connell, of Myrtle Cottage, Uploders, on the birth of a daughter, Tanara Jane, at Yeovil hospital on 3rd June. We hope it is not too late to rejoice with Peter and Ann Smith on the birth of a son, Timothy James, as far back as 24th April. Boys are still highly prized in the grandparental home, New Close Farm, Dottery.

A rare event in Loders church on 18th June was the funeral of a highly regarded and ninety year old veteran of the Great War who had come through its fiercest battles unscathed, preceding by only three hours the funeral of a much loved local girl of eighteen, who had been killed, with one of her two companions, in a motor accident on the peaceful Weymouth-Bridport coast road at three in the morning. The veteran was Ernest Boon, and the girl Maureen Lander. Each funeral was largely attended, choral, and well garnished with floral tributes. Those who attended Maureen's funeral as well as Ernest's were painfully aware of the perverseness of life, that a peaceful end in Port Bredy should be the old warrior's lot; and a horrifying end on a quiet Dorset road early on a June morning should be the lot of a young waitress who had endeared herself to many. The vicar made this apparent perverseness of life the theme of his address at Maureen's funeral, to which many teenagers were listening. He tried to show that the horrors of war and of most deaths on the road could be traced ultimately to man's misuse of his freewill, and not God, who had given it. Without freewill we would be only automata, or animals acting on instinct. Freedom was rightly one of our most cherished possessions, but if it were not used in accordance with God's will it could be our destruction. The vicar expressed the deep sympathy everybody felt for the foster parents, Mr. & Mrs. Stubbs, to whom Maureen had always been as their own child.

Ernest Boon was a chartered surveyor by profession operating first with Taylors of Yeovil and then with Lawrences in Bridport. He served in the Great War as a gunner from January 1916 to July 1919, attaining the rank of captain, much mentioned in despatches, and winning the Military Cross, with bar. He was in the front line with 306 Siege Battery in the bloodiest battles of the war - Messines Ridge, Arras, Paschendale, St. Quentin, etc. In the great allied advance of September 1918 his battery was the first across the hitherto invincible line of German resistance, the Canal du Nord. Through it all he contrived to keep a journal. Like the Gospels it is detached, factual and completely unemotional. It does not say how he got his M.C. and bar, and does not say that he was ever wounded, although it is hard to see how he could be unhurt when his men were so often blown to bits. On retirement from Lawrences he still attended their office daily as a consultant. When the Bridport churches changed to the new forms of service he became a member of Loders congregation, where he continued to enjoy what he had always been used to. The vicar first made his acquaintance in 1947, when he was auctioning at the vicarage the surplus furniture left by the Reverend Charles Palmer. Bidding had begun on the top floor, and was ending on the bottom. Ernest stood on a box between the dining room and the kitchen. The bidders in dining room and kitchen could not see each other but he could see both. The vicar wanted an electric kettle. He was in the dining room going up by sixpences. But somebody in the kitchen was going up by half crowns. The kitchen won, and when Ernest asked the name of the triumphant bidder it was Mrs. Willmott. He never forgot that.

The fund raising committee of Askerswell church have got down to their first enterprise of the new season. At the kind invitation of Mrs. Findlay they are holding a coffee morning with bring-and-buy and plant stall at Askers House on Thursday, 16th July, 10.30-12. Askers House is just off The Square.

The arts and crafts exhibition at Loders village hall had to compete with the rival attraction of the open air on one of the few nice days of this summer. But it drew a steady trickle of supporters, those not in the know being surprised to discover so much talent in the village. The resurgence of the Women's Institute was demonstrated this time by a well attended and enjoyable evening party in Miss Pan Pockett's garden in Uploders. But judging by notices in the window of Loders post office, the toddlers' group is in mortal danger if it does not quickly get more support, and the youth club is appealing for new members.

Loders vicarage. The vicar writes: This final paragraph of The Notes seems to be the one nobody skips. It is becoming like something out of Trollope. To continue: The thought of the old vicarage getting more and more overgrown moved me to desperation, so I wrote offering the Bishop my resignation, to take effect on 30th June, letting the responsibility for the vicarage revert to him. The only other official I told what I was doing was Captain Lumby R.N., my senior churchwarden, who has no "on the carpet" when he finds I have not been straight with him. The prospect of having to write the next Parish Notes himself and get guinea pigs to take services hit that gallant sub mariner like a depth charge. He immediately put the fear of God into his fellow churchwardens. On their and his behalf he wrote the Lord Chancellor, who is patron of Loders for this turn, asking him to bring me to my senses. Meanwhile my letter to Salisbury had opened the Bishop's bowels of compassion with dramatic effect. By return I got three 14p letters, clearly marked First Class; one from the Bishop accepting my offer with alacrity; the second from the Registrar enclosing the deed of resignation for me to sign; and the third from the Bishop's secretary asking for more details and enclosing another 14p stamped addressed envelope for a speedy reply. The sequel to Captain Lumby's letter was that I followed the King of Saudi Arabia to 10 Downing Street. The Lord Chancellor's secretary spent nearly two hours going through the Parsonages Board correspondence with me, somewhat irked because he had not agreed to the withdrawal of the paddock from the sale, nor had even been asked to. He was going to pursue the matter with Salisbury and the Church Commissioners. I agreed to his request not to sign the deed of resignation yet.

It is seven years since Loders church was last inspected by Brandt Potter and Partners, chartered architects, of Salisbury. Their latest report is now to hand, following an inspection made in June. Thanks, no doubt, to the fete we hold yearly for church repairs, the church is reported to be in basic good order. But minor overhauling of the roofs and parapets is required, particularly of the tower, and the electric wiring urgently needs attention. A considerable amount of pointing and painting is also within view. A thousand pounds goes nowhere with a builder these days, so here is the financial objective of this year's fete at Loders Court on Saturday, 8th August. What has been garnered by previous fetes is being held for the overhaul of the organ, which is bound to come, and to be very costly.

An unforeseen feature of this year's fete is that it will coincide with a wedding - St. Swithun's band, the Bridport Majorettes, Pete Dew's Discotheque, and Punch and Judy on the lawn; organ and singing in the church adjacent and bells pealing from the tower. But a bit of liason between the parties concerned should make it all euphonious. The fete is always held on the last Saturday in July or the first in August. The wedding party fixed their day on the 8th to avoid the fete, and then the fete was moved to the 8th because the Court would be uninhabited on the 1st. A fete with an empty Court is unthinkable. If mischance this be, it aptly illustrates the important part the old church still plays in the great events of domestic life, and the moral obligation on the village generally to keep it in repair. The bride, Deborah Wilkins, is the great grand daughter of the last Loders blacksmith, Charlie Gale, of the Uploders forge. She is the granddaughter of Pearl and Bill Symes, of Vinney Cross, and the daughter of Janet and Henry Wilkins of Ferndown. Such is the love of the bride - and her family - for Loders church that it would not be surprising if she contrived her funeral here as well. Incidentally, if it be of any interest at all, the bridegroom is Roderick Ian Salvyn Crawford, a consultant geophysicist, of Westmoors, Ferndown.

Loders fete is unique, as far as we know, in that the vicar collects the goods for the stalls by house to house collection in the week leading up to the fete - cakes, bottles, garden produce, unwanted presents, household items, nu-to-u clothing, plants and flowers, toys and books, and indeed anything saleable. Cash donations are by far the biggest single item of fete receipts and here the vicar would like to say 'thank you' for those that have already come in. We have not heard what the betting odds are on Loders continuing to be the most profitable fete in the district. The vicarial faith is wobbling. Dottery are having the usual stall for their church at the fete. What the canny people of that hamlet can do when they are minded to was shown by Mrs. Joyce Leakey's coffee morning on a bright Saturday morning which turned her Hermitage into a populous male and female monastery. It made £118 for the Wessex Scanner appeal.

It took the very successful village fayre at Well Plot to discover to the vicar his most remarkable parishioner. He was watching the annual tug-o-war between Loders and Uploders for the soup plate when a bystander drew his attention to the Beggars Opera mob that seem always to swarm on the Uploders ond. One of that mob was Desmond Bye, who had told the vicar on coming to live in Uploders only that he was a 'retired bank manager with a tin leg.' Such is the characteristic reticence of the armed forces of the Crown. Desmond Bye was a Spitfire pilot who fought in the epic defence of Malta in 1942. The Liberator in which he and fellow pilots were returning to England crashed into the sea near Gibraltar and several were drowned. He was rescued from under water minus a useful leg and eventually invalided out of the R.A.F. His tin leg is no passenger. He not only wins tug-o-wars with it, and gardens, but plays golf. We can hear our own valiant golf addict, George Houghton, saying "It's the golf that does it." He also saw hot service in the R.A.F. The weather for the fayre was perfect, and the wonderful roses in the Scotts' garden at the top of Well Plot welcomed a goodly attendance. The Wessex Morris men were on form, and their practised precision made the flutterings of the young ballet dancers the more appealing. In the hall a display of old village photographs was alone worth an afternoon of spectating. The little parson in cassock, surplice and outsize stole was none other than the Reverend David Thomas, to whom Loders owes the intelligent and thorough restoration of its church at the start of the century. His stalwart great grandson Nick Prideaux, who was at the fair, must have marvelled at the rock whence he, Nick, was hewn.

The people of Askerswell will take some living with now that their Women's Institute have exposed to universal admiration their talented hobbies. These were skillfully displayed in the village hall - water colours, paintings, tapestry, furniture, etcetera, etcetera. A marquee kindly put up by the Sea Scouts outside the hall housed those who wanted to know how delicious a summer luncheon could really be. Some found themselves still savouring lunch as tea came up and there was a portable television so that Wimbledon fans need not miss their own peculiar feast of the year. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Findlay's engaging garden at Askers House attracted another good attendance to a coffee morning in aid of church funds. Again the weather was kind, and the profit was £113. The church fund raising committee would like to give advanced "warning" of their next event, a Christmas fair on 21st November, "so that folks can start knitting, making, cooking etc. in good time."

Women's Institutes for miles around were stirred by the death at 78 of Mrs. Doris Rudd, of Mangerton Green, who seemed to be the personification of all that the W.I. stands for. Her passing was of a kind that many people would like. One day she was with her friends

enjoying the annual hospitality of Peter and Elizabeth Allesbrook at the Old Mill, West Milton. Not many hours later she had joined "the great majority". Cremation at Weymouth was preceded by a well attended and sung service in Loders church. An arrangement of flowers against the threshold of the south porch seemed to welcome the coffin with open arms. In his address the vicar alluded to that unusual alliance in her of passion and prudence which made her the creative artist in her garden and the thrifty housewife who started the Women's Institute stall in Bridport, now the mart which opens every Saturday to a queue. Her memorial in Loders church were the kneelers. It was she who promoted the idea, and led a team in the making of them seventeen years ago.

Congratulations to Leggs Mead on producing another young life for Askerswell, David Andrew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cousins, born at Portwey, Weymouth, on 30th June.

"What the butler saw" when he peeped is not generally known: what the treasurer of Askerswell church saw when he peeped he has told in the hope that Askerswell may follow the good example of one of their number. It was on a recent sunny morning. The treasury front door was open. The treasurer was about to step into his bath. A voice of somebody who had appeared in the doorway called for attention. The bathroom door in this bungalow is precisely opposite the front door. Through the bathroom door the treasurer explained his predicament - all his covering was in an adjoining bedroom. The caller, a farmer, apologised and said he would call again. Not so, said the treasurer. At his direction the farmer fetched a gown from the bedroom and with averted eyes slipped it through the slight opening that had now appeared in the bathroom door. An obliging treasurer? Not wholly. The treasurer had done a peep without the farmer knowing, and had seen in the latter's hand a form of covenant needing the treasurer's signature. Covenanted giving to the church attracts a tax refund making it about a third more valuable than straight giving.

Congratulations to Yondover on producing another young life for Loders. A daughter, Carrie Alaman, was born to Sylvia and Ian Wallace at Portwey, Weymouth, on 1st July. Alaman, we are told, means Beautiful.

The Lord Chancellor of England attended matins at Powerstock a few Sundays ago. Around that time two "distinguished looking gentlemen" were seen inspecting the old and the new Loders vicarage, one of whom was talking with a stick. The Lord Chancellor was using a stick at Powerstock, which is due to be joined with Loders and Askerswell in a country Plurality, and he is patron of Loders for this turn.

Loders vicarage. The vicar writes: My efforts to get a hearing from the Parsonages Board and the Bishop having failed, I outlined the matter in a letter to the registrar of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He replied "You should see your solicitor as to the steps which may be open to you." My solicitor is now in touch with the Board. To me the issue looks a big one. I have evidence of two cases where the firm of architects employed by the Board seem to base their report on what their employer wishes to do with a property rather than the condition of the property itself. Loders vicarage is one case. The firm reported the vicarage unsafe for me - a life freeholder, incidentally - to live in, and needing up to £11,000 spending on it to make it auctionable. On the strength of this a proposal was put to me that it should be pulled down, another built on the site, and the land sold at valuation. The experts I called in to examine the vicarage reported its general condition to be good, and were appalled at the waste of church assets involved in the Board's proposal. The sale of the vicarage is now delayed by the Board's withdrawal of the paddock, for reasons which I mistrust. West Milton church is the second case. Here the Pastoral Committee wanted that church declared redundant. A group of parishioners did not, and appealed to the Privy Council. The linchpin of their appeal was that the church's own architect reported it to be in good condition basically. The appeal was torpedoed by the same firm as was later to declare Loders vicarage unsafe. The firm was called in over the church architect's head, and reported that the church's foundations were suspect, and up to £30,000 might be needed to put it right. Efforts to sell the church after a report like that all failed. It was disposed of for a nominal £50 for scrap. The demolition squad had horses' work to pull it down, and found nothing radically wrong with the foundations. I was involved in the appeal to the Privy Council, and have the file.

A disquieting fact to emerge from my recent visit to the Lord Chancellor's office, and also from my letter to the Privy Council, is that the decision made in 1978 to combine Powerstock, Loders and Askerswell in a country plurality; each governed by its own church council, has not yet been implemented and legalised. Doubtless the three church councils will remember the meeting convened at Powerstock by Canon Rowley, the priest-in-charge thereof, in February, 1978. It was presided over by Bishop Tiarke, with the Bishop of Sherborne and the Archdeacon present as well as a full attendance of the councillors concerned. The meeting rejected in no uncertain manner the plan for the three parishes favoured by the Pastoral Committee. It was the brainchild of Canon Kingnorth, then priest in charge of Bradpole, that when Canon Rowley and I resigned, neither of us would be replaced. Our parishes would become the particular responsibility of the priest in charge of Bradpole, within the Bridport team ministry.

The August bank holiday may delay publication of this month's Notes, but we hope they will be out in time to remind anybody who fancies the chances of a home grown vegetable or fruit or flower or handicraft in the Loders flower show on Saturday, 5th Sept, that ontries should be in at The Crown, Uplodern, by 9 p.m. on Thursday the 3rd. At 3 p.m. on the 5th the show will be open to view, and at 4.30 p.m. the garden produce will be auctioned. Teas will be available from 3.30 p.m. onwards. The show is worthy of support on the ground of local patriotism alone: it is also good entertainment.

Here is another notice: Askerswell village hall will be open from 2 p.m. on Thursday, 10th Sept., to receive offerings for the communal jumble sale and coffee morning to be held in the United Church Hall, Bridport, on the morning of the following Saturday. Offerings will be collected by the organisers if they are notified. The profit will be divided equally between the village hall, the Women's Institute, and the church.

The theory that Loders fete does best on an overcast but dry and windless day was supported this year when there were 200 more paid admissions and £400 more profit than the year previous, which was a "scorcher". But the increase in cash donations cannot have been due to the weather. They were in before the day, and were up by over £200 to a remarkable £991. Something seemed to move the cash givers with one accord to step up this year's contributions, and the vicar is deeply grateful to them all. The object of the fete was the repair fund of our beloved church. Faults in the electric wiring are not to be dallied with, so SWEB have already been called in. Gross receipts were £2506.99 and expenses £81.86. Dottery made £130.13 for their church (£118.05 last year) so they too were rejoicing. Both churches are also indebted to the givers of saleable goods and of their labour, and to the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hood for inviting the fete to their home. Viscount Hood with his winning smile and easy manner did not grace the scene this year. He is unwell. Sympathy was at once apparent in the faces of those who asked after him and were told this. If fervent good wishes are in themselves health giving, he, though absent, must be feeling better for the fete. Mrs. Hood was at home to the fete helpers at the Court soon after the fete. It was such a lovely evening that the lawn became the home for the occasion. It was a tonic to see stalwarts of the soil like Raymond and Hazel Crabb and Henry and Sylvia Johnston in their Sunday best sipping and savouring the subtle delights of Italy's pellucid soave.

Fete finances. The stalls took 734.20, the sideshows 394.33, the refreshments 164.26, the raffles 143.70 and the gate 79.50. Here are the takings in detail: cakes 54.45; gifts 57.31; jumble 37.05; household 237.48; flowers and plants 40.10; groceries and produce 35; delicatessen 89.16; toys 28.22; books 25.30; Dottery 130.13; house tours 86.25; bottle tombola 204.13; skittles 27.60; model railway 13.50; roulette 9.62; croquet 8.30; ring the bell 6.72; money in bath 11.84; kill the rat 9.80; throw a ball 4.27; ring guessing 2.25; donkey rides 10.05; teas 96.60; ices and soft drinks 67.66; Dundee cake 40.50; mini cooker 47.70; whisky 55.50. The expenses of 81.86 were: posters and car stickers 13.61; press advertising 17.25; Pete Dew disco 12; table chair hire Loders hall 10; children's sports 4; Punch and Judy 15; hire of tent 10; St. Swithun's band paid for privately.

Loders church council will meet in the school on Friday 25th September to receive the fete accounts and to consider the architect's report on the church. Council meetings at Bell have not been well attended, possibly because the roads to it are hazardous. The meeting at the school will begin at 7.30.

The flag pole on the tower of Askerswell church was blown over by high winds. It broke in several pieces on the churchyard below. Churchwarden Jack Stevens, a practical man if ever there was, has been in his element negotiating a replacement. It seems that an aluminium pole would be half the price of spruce, and spruce could be 230 plus VAT. A problem is whether an aluminium pole could take the weather vane that the old pole had at its top. Another problem is getting the manufacturers to answer letters.

To the regret of their neighbours, Mr. & Mrs. Galpin and son are leaving West Winds, Uplodern, where they hoped to end their lives (!) for a new home at Molton, Northamptonshire. Mr. Galpin is a solicitor when he is not playing cricket, and has to go where the law takes him. West Winds is to become the home of the Bennetts. The husband is a barrister, and the wife a solicitor. She is a daughter of Bridport's Dr. Crawshaw. Mr. and Mrs. Brian Cook seem to have evaporated out of Trinity Cottage, Loders, and gone to live, we are told, nearer the Marshwood Vale. He was on the staff of the Western Gazette, and that is why in that journal you never got a picture of a local wedding with the bride and groom wrongly named, or the career of one corpse assigned to another, which we are used to in less responsible journals. Trinity Cottage has been acquired as a country home by a London barrister, Charles Gray. He and his family have already attended three services in Loders church. There they rubbed shoulders with David Hirst Q.C. (a former chairman of the English bar) and barrister Caroline Budden. They might also have found themselves worshipping with barrister Edward Lankey or solicitor Andrew St. John Lobb. Loders congregation bids fair to be as bracing to preach to as was Budleigh Salterton when it contained four retired High Court judges. Maybe the two retired ambassadors in Loders cancel out Budleigh's four judges.

Two small boys, who vie with each other in giving hymn books to people coming into Loders church, were overheard in conversation with each other. One had been told his godfather was dead, and could not make out what this meant. "It means", said his younger brother, "that he's extinct."

A surfeit of raspberries in the garden of Miss Elsie Male at Crook Lane prompted her to offer teas at so much a head for the benefit of Dottery church, to whose treasurer she handed £15. Mrs. Barnes, who is in her nineties and unusually shy about it, came all the way from Billshay to enjoy the fun.

Mrs. Joan Frost is holding a coffee morning with bring and buy at her home Trevanion in Askerswell (just off The Square) in aid of the Bridport Arts Centre. It will be on Thursday, 3rd Sept., from 10.30 a.m. to 12. This is short notice, but it should evoke a quick response from the many residents with artistic talent.

The wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales showed little sign of having "caught on" in our locality until the eve of the great day, and then the flags and bunting relegated to cupboards and attics after the last royal occasion came blinking into the light of a glorious day. The splendid royal insignia that appeared on doors which considered flags "non-U" looked as if they had come from the jewel house in the tower of London. Their owners derived extra delight from telling admirers they were Woolworth's. The bells of Askerswell made the welkin ring quite early. A full team of six ringers raised them, rang them in rounds only, and lowered them, in a twenty-five minute serenade which was most effective. In the afternoon the village hall was the focus of attention, which transferred to the Spyway barbecue in the evening. Grown ups waited on the children at tea outside the hall, and then tried to demolish, without success, all the delicacies spread out for them within. Commemorative mugs were given to the children. Loders ringers aligned their activities with the arrangements of the not-too-distant Loders Arms. Having rung an afternoon fanfare, they adjourned to the bounteous tea organised by the hostess of that hostelry on the car park that conveniently adjoins the highway. The concluding fanfare in the evening fitted in with the period of half price drinks at the same hostelry, which was a magnet to the bibulous for miles around. Meanwhile Uploders was not asleep. There the barbecue at The Crown was the magnet. That hostelry was so crowded within and without that those living nearby went home and fetched their own chairs. The Travellers' Rest are too respective of reverend ears to be specific about what went on there, but it was their way of expressing loyalty to The Throne. We note with pleasure that the ingenuity which went into the Loders Arms float in the Bridport carnival won a prize.

The wedding of the year at Loders church coincided with the fete in the adjacent grounds of Loders Court. Many attending the fete, which was for the church repair fund, thought it cute to have the church in action at the same time, and looked in admiringly on the wedding. The band thought the wedding was not so cute, but rose magnanimously to the occasion. Their pitch was right under the bells and next door to the organ, with whom they fought an engagement which the congregation were unaware of because of the church's thick walls, but which amused the crowd at the fete. To the poor bridegroom, Roderick Crawford, the fete was a mixed blessing. Cars which might have been in the (free) fete car park were lining both sides of the street from the school to the church. The bride, Deborah Wilkins, was delayed twenty minutes by a traffic jam, but kept her cool, and joined up with her beautiful bevy of bridesmaids as if she had all the time in the world, which could hardly be said of the vicar, who thought she had fallen to photographers. After a flawless honeymoon in Cornwall and Greece, the happy couple are now settled in a flat in Aberdeen. The bridegroom's work, as a geophysicist, is with North Sea oil. Peace now reigns in the hearts of the maternal grandparents, Pearl and Bill Symes, despite the turmoil of the road works going on around them at Vinney Cross.

Mr. Reginald Angus Jordan, of Purbeck Close, Uploders, died after a long illness at the age of 79. In the absence of the vicar, on holiday, the funeral service was taken by a friend, the Rev. Gerald Squarmy, Vicar of Coiffe Castle, and the burial was in Loders churchyard. Mr. Jordan was the father of the head of the Old Malthouse School, whose boys sang evensong so beautifully in Loders church last year. His business career had been with Lloyds Registry of Shipping. His mind was cast in the patrician mould, and what he had to say was usually educative. He was nursed by his wife with superhuman devotion to within a few weeks of his death.

The local thanksgiving for harvest will begin as usual at the Uploders chapel on Sunday 13th September at 6.30 p.m. The steward, Mr. Joe Morris, invites everybody to attend. They can be sure of a welcome and a hearty service. Dottery harvest will be at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday 24th September, and Askerswell and Loders on the first and second Sundays in October respectively.

Our Askerswell correspondent was cock-a-whoop when he told us that that little village had "cleaned up the Melplash Show" taking three firsts, four seconds, nine thirds, and Tom Marsh's heifer the local reserve champion, plus other prizes. Who the winners were, and with what, will doubtless appear in the local press.

Loders vicarage. Things are moving behind the scenes, but there is little to report this month. The Lord Chancellor's secretary tells us that the Archdeacon has been interviewed at 10 Downing Street; and the Church Commissioners that they will not agree to the sale of the vicarage without the paddock, which is an about-turn on their part.

The scene outside the Uploders chapel was an animated one as car after car pulled up and disgorged passengers who had come for harvest festival. They well nigh filled the chapel, which was beautifully decorated, and had on its rostrum an appetising display of groceries to be sold the following evening for chapel funds. The chapel service is always matey, and ended on this occasion in a state of effervescence, when the minister, the Reverend Norman Skinner announced the golden wedding of the faithful chapel steward, Joe Morris and his wife Florence, and presented them with a cheque, midst mighty applause. (Actually the wedding day was 5th September and the celebration was in Buckinghamshire for the convenience of the family.) As the time for the service approached, the vicar, who was in the congregation, wondered what had become of dear old George Lee, our retired Sunday paper man, who never misses this service, and puts an offering of Parma violet cachous on the rostrum. But George made it. He came hurrying in and up to the rostrum, where he deposited a bottle of milk, a packet of tea and a bag of sugar - and a packet of those brown, oblong cough lozenges that make you cry if you bite one. To the question why the cough lozenges instead of the violet cachous, George replied that the firm had given up making them, a sure instance of divine foreknowledge; for he had no West Bay lobster to bring with them this year. It appears that the purpose of the violet cachous was not to sweeten anybody's breath but to neutralise the presence of the lobster. But why did the lobster never get to the rostrum? Always somebody bought it at the door, said George, and he could sell half a dozen if he had then.

Our harvest services will continue at Askerswell on the first Sunday in October with Holy Communion at 10 and evensong at 6.30. They will end at Loders on the second Sunday with Holy Communion at 8, matins at 11, a christening at 2.15, and evensong at 6.30. Our decorators are lamenting the damage done to potential harvest flowers by the recent unruly winds, but harvest has a niche in all true country hearts. When the festive day comes, our churches will not be undressed.

Harvest suppers are also a treat to come. Askerswell have an unbroken tradition and a reputation for excellence. Theirs will be on Saturday, 10th October. The Loders supper disappeared with the local young farmers club, but has been resurrected in communal form by the village entertainment committee. Theirs will be on Saturday, 17th October at 7.30. The flower show run by the entertainments committee in Loders village hall established this infant venture on a firm footing. The local nobility have weighed in with trophies. There is now a Laskey cup, won by Mrs. F. Church; and a Crutchley cup, won by Christopher Hill. The entries in all classes were of high quality, and the competition keen. With common consent the star performer was Gladys Newberry, who won both the entertainment committee trophy for the most points in the show and also the Whitlock cup for flower arranging. To her family and near neighbours this was a joyous surprise; for they knew what the general public did not, that she had been in pain for weeks on end with a really venomous attack of shingles. She is correspondent of the school managers and their summer meeting was postponed largely because of it.

Newspaper pictures are often not up to the aesthetic qualities of their subjects, but this cannot be said of the treatment accorded lately by the Bridport News to prominent parishioners of Dottery and Askerswell. Churchwarden Horny Johnston receiving the Molplash trophy for the champion local ploughman from the glamorous Maureen Curran, had a rugged film star masculinity not at all apparent from the pulpit at sermon time in Dottery. His son Brian, last year's local champion, appeared winning the vintage tractor and plough class with the verve of the young painist winning the championship at Leeds town hall with his Rachmaninov Concerto. Tom Marsh, of Askerswell, his wife Kit, daughter Faith, were shown beside their magnificent Hereford bull, which had been judged breed champion at the Dorchester show. Press photographers are merciless, as the Prince & Princess of Wales know. It was tough on Tom & Co to be shown as a family group with the champion when Beauty was also the Beast.

The harvest service at Loders school attracted a goodly congregation of parents and friends, and was nicely conducted by the children, who were to take the harvest gifts to their neighbouring senior citizens. Dottery harvest that same evening had its usual wet and windy weather, but that, as usual, did not affect the size of the congregation, which included families complete with all their children, and some now living elsewhere to whom Dottery harvest is a 'must.' The contrast between the weather outside, and the inside of the church, made the latter more agreeable than a fine night would have. It was snug and light, and the delights of harvest seemed to be all over the place. Closer scrutiny showed that they were skillfully arranged. The great Smith clan, whose unifying element is still the widowed mother at New Close farm, had a harvest christening the following Sunday for the latest accession to the family quiver, Timothy James, son of Peter and Anne. The simplicity of Askerswell's social structure makes public life easier there in some respects. Those who run the village hall, the Women's Institute and the church are mostly the same people. This means that their jumble, high quality always and finding an eager market in the Third World of Bridport, can be disposed of there by a united effort, and the proceeds equally divided between the three institutions. The profit this year was three times 51.94.

The death of Miss Pam Pocket at the age of 57 cast a shadow over Uploders, where she was an essential part of the local scene, and far beyond. After a spell under observation in Dorchester hospital, she was on her way to her 82 year old mother's at Sturminster Newton.

crematorium. It is hard to visualise a more public spirited soul than she. Her cottage window could not fulfill its proper function of admitting light because of the notices of deserving causes always on display there, and she did not leave her charitable activity at that and depend on others to do the giving of time and money. The daily exercise of her dogs made her easily accessible to anybody seeking her help. She used to say she loved animals more than humans - but she did not discriminate between them. She was a valued member of the local W.I., who at their next meeting after her death gave, instead of flowers, £42.55 to cancer research and £10 to a UNICEF fund for waterless Africans. The late Leonard Clark, by profession a schools inspector, but making his name as a poet, writer of children's books, educationalist, and broadcaster, had been a frequent guest at Loders vicarage over the past ten years, and a familiar figure in Loders church, where he reinforced the choir. He was 76. London's oldest church, St. Bartholomew the Great, was his usual place of worship, and derived welcome financial support from some of his literary activity. The funeral was there. He loved flowers. As his funeral cortege moved through Smithfield to the crematorium the busy butchers, pausing to pay respect, might have thought they were seeing a bit of a Channel Island carnival of flowers. His ashes are destined half to the ground beneath his seat in 'Bart's the Great', and half to his native Forest of Dean. The vicar writes: 'Leonard Clark was a talented man. The English contemporary poets published a book of poems in honour of his 75th birthday. Pope Paul the Sixth made him a knight of the order of St. Sylvester for his services to religious education. I shall not forget his partnership with Cardinal Heenan in a fifty minute BBC 1 television confrontation with the atheists Baroness Wootton and Dr. Ayer, former professor of logic at Oxford. The children of Loders day and Sunday schools loved to listen to him. But so did rebellious adolescents - I remember the upper forms of King's School Bruton listening to him on poetry at an evening meeting scheduled to end at 8.30, going on at their insistence and with the headmaster's permission to 10.30. The Italian government commissioned him to render Dante's Divine Comedy in simple English for Italian children born here. During his last stay at Loders vicarage he was working on the Paradiso, where I hope our friendship may be resumed.'

A parish assembly of Askerswell was presided over by Gill Evans and heard an address by a "top brass" fire officer, who showed a film about what and what not to do in the event of fire. It was decided that the grass in the playing field should not be kept down by goats next year. Colonel Rose undertook, with other farmers, to deputise for the goats with machines presumably. It was also decided that the parish should continue to be run by a parish assembly, and not by a parish council or elected committee. A halfpenny rate was precepted, to raise about £75. The attendance of Mrs. Fry, the West Dorset district councillor, was again much appreciated. She certainly believes in keeping in touch with her constituents.

The first-born of Ian and Sylvia Wallace, of Yondover, was christened Carrie Alanna in Loders church on 27th September. Ian is not only a building consultant, but a very handy man, and the large congregation after the service were able to see the home he had made out of a barn, and enjoy matching hospitality.

The saga of Loders vicarage continues (writes the vicar). At the beginning of September a cheerful letter from the Lord Chancellor's secretary told me that he had conferred with the Archdeacon about the sale of the vicarage, and had now heard "that the Diocesan Parsonages Board have given agreement to the sale of the paddock with the house as originally proposed..... and you will shortly be receiving a letter from the Archdeacon." But the letter I received from Mr. Trahair, the secretary of the committee the Archdeacon presides over, was different from that promised. It was an ultimatum to resign, and with it came a deed of resignation for me to sign. It began "I write on behalf of the Diocese and of the Archdeacon of Sherborne to inform you of the decision recently reached in connection with the sale of the present vicarage at Loders. You will have already heard from Brigadier Curtis on behalf of the Lord Chancellor of our agreement to the sale of the present vicarage together with the paddock, subject to your resignation from the benefice." I sent a copy of this letter to the Lord Chancellor's secretary, suggesting that it might be in breach of the law, and implicating the Lord Chancellor himself. There looks to have been prompt action at 10 Downing Street. I received a letter from the Diocesan Secretary, Lt. Col. Ross, saying "I would ask you to accept my unreserved and abject apology..... To include in such a letter the condition of your resignation was, I appreciate, a serious error." I wrote to Lt. Col. Ross presuming that he was writing for the Diocese, and asking where the other partner to the ultimatum, the Archdeacon of Sherborne, now stood? His reply was curious. He had included the Archdeacon's name "without the knowledge of the Archdeacon.....to ensure that you would be aware that the letter from Mr. Trahair replaced any which you might have expected on the subject from the Archdeacon of Sherborne. I once again hope that you will accept my apologies." It is hard to see what Lt. Col. Ross has to apologise for. The negotiator with the Lord Chancellor's secretary was the Archdeacon, who has not apologised to me or admitted the serious error. I would regard the getting on with the sale of the vicarage with paddock as a sign of his penitence. Unfortunately the present is not a good time for selling property, especially that which has been long empty and is overgrown. I have good evidence that vicarage with paddock could have been sold months ago to a most acceptable purchaser for up to £100,000. His representative wrote to Humberts in March, only to be told on the 30th "Our clients have now decided to postpone the auction sale and it is not known whether in fact it will take place this year." The enquirer is no longer interested.

It was music in the vicar's ears to be told by an official of the British Legion that the collection in Loders church for Earl Haig's Fund last Remembrance Sunday exceeded that of any other church in the area. The official wondered how we did it, in a church of a small community not a centre for church parades by public bodies on that day. Goodness (literally) knows! The position is a proud one, and we hope it will be kept this year. One of the injustices of our time is that the civil court often awards prodigious compensation to victims of an accident, while the state is niggardly in compensating service people who have suffered more in the service of their country. Earl Haig's Fund does all it can to rectify this, but it is relatively little. Remembrance Sunday is 8th November. The Remembrance service will be at 10 in Askerswell, at 11 in Loders and at 3 in Dottery. An unusual coincidence of parishioners taking autumn holidays or going into hospital at the same time reduced the harvest attendance at evening service in Askerswell and Loders, but the combined attendance of around 100 at the services in the hamlet of Dottery left the grand total little impaired. In Loders the harvest Sunday collection reached £150 for the first time. A pleasing feature at all three churches was the large proportion of young people attending, and a powerful presence of farming families. Singing of the old hymns was robust, and in Loders the choir's anthem was the subject of appreciation as the congregation trooped out of church to a vigorous organ voluntary, and a recessional on the bells. In all three churches there was inspection of the flowers, fruit, corn, vegetables and loaves - and bullrushes and agricultural implements. They were all awarded top marks. One lady was heard quoting the hymn about the land of pure delight, "where everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers."

Candles in bottles lighted the harvest supper at Askerswell this year, relieving a large and merry company of fear of an electrical mishap like that which disturbed last year's supper. The menu was soup (piping hot); ham, baked potatoes and salad; apple tart with cream; cheese, biscuits, and coffee. There was pre-prandial sherry, and enough beer and cider to float the bibulous through the meal and the entertainment which followed. At Loders many of those who supped had their first and very pleasant experience of a hall now warm and well lighted, thanks to the new insulated ceiling. The entertainment committee had the pleasure of serving the meal from an up-to-date kitchen, and of marrying their roast lamb (beautifully tender), gateaux, cheese and rolls to the interesting variety of drinks brought by the guests themselves. Netta Taylor rounded off the repast with a selection of her Dorset monologues, with our friend from Hook at the piano.

The 1st Bradpole Guides, who have a leavening of Loders officers, invite you to their Christmas Fayre in Bradpole village hall on Saturday 21st November at 2.00 p.m., admission 15p including coffee. It is in aid of Guide funds.

Jessica Dunn, footpath officer for Loders Parish Council, writes "Although there is no legal right to walk along the old railway line, someone in Loders does not agree with this fact. He goes out with a pair of heavy duty wire cutters and cuts holes in the wire fencing erected by the present owners of the railway line. The parish council deplores this action and would be glad if this misguided person would stop this practice. Not only is he liable to prosecution if caught, but he is jeopardising the good relations regarding footpaths and rights of way that exist between the Crutchley estate and the parish".

A photograph of the west door of Askerswell church, restored in memory of the late William Marsh, was sent to his daughter Sylvia Marsh Gould, of Wisconsin, U.S.A., who gave the materials. She says in a letter to the rector "We are delighted with the photograph. I know it would please Dad to have a door in his name in God's house. Our Dad was very special and your congregation have helped us do a little something to express this. I hope in a couple of years to visit England and see the door. It gives our children something to refer to when they want to trace their grandparents".

The mills of God are said to grind slowly but exceedingly fine. In our case they were not slow. A few weeks after chiding the Bridport News for mixing up facts, we ourselves attributed to our own Gladys Newberry, of Cloverleaf Farm, the successes at Loders flower show of Gladys Newberry of Mosterton, the mother of Pam Good, of Well Plot. We offer our humble apologies to both. It soothes our injured pride just a little that so many other people at the show shared our delusion that there could be only one Gladys Newberry in the whole wide world and we had her.

Confession being good for the soul, we admit to another misdemeanour - forgetting to mention the delightful coffee morning run by Joan Frost at her home in Askerswell. It made £75 for the Bridport Arts centre.

The chairman Nick Balfour and the retiring treasurer Reg Brill had an encouraging state of affairs to report to the annual meeting of Loders village hall. The new ceiling and kitchen had completed the improvements at a cost of £1900, leaving a balance of £394 in that fund. There was a credit balance of £284 on the year's working, more than double that of the previous year. Income from hire of the hall had increased to £286; and from fund raising events plus donations to £396. Contributions to the latter included no less than £288 from the Crown Inn; £60 from the W.I. and £48 from the Youth Club, who were all warmly thanked. For fire insurance purposes the hall had been revalued at £22,500. There had been a deficit of £129 on the electric meter, some of it caused by plugging fires into the 'free' power socket. It was recommended that this practice be discontinued. Mr. Brill was pleased to announce that Miss Jessie Crabb has agreed to succeed him as hall treasurer (he having removed to Bridport).

Simon and Victoria Connell, of Uploders, had Loders church in its harvest splendour for

the christening of their daughter Tamara Jane on 11th October. They were puzzled as to how a font full of flowers could function until they spotted on its rim a miniature font used to hold the water at festivals. But it is not co-eval with the Norman font: it was cleverly made by Goss, of china fame.

What was the home in Askerswell of Frank and Faith Garrard - of happy and grateful memory - is now being settled into by William and Marjorie Haseltine, who come from Broadwindsor. They are retired. He was "mainly in food and farming". They are too busy sorting themselves out to have seen much of their neighbours, but intuition tells them that they have fallen among extremely nice people. Time will confirm this.

Two young couples whose banns were recently called in Loders church have now set up home in the parish, and we welcome them. The former Susan Elizabeth Hall, of Westmoors, Fern-down, has found temporary accommodation at the riding establishment in New Road where her husband, Vaughan Nicholas Warden, works. The former Johanna Smith, of South Bladon, Woodstock, is now installed in her husband's flat near Loders church. He, Johnathan James Kenny, works at Boarsbarrow. It is in South Bladon churchyard that Sir Winston Churchill is buried.

Loders W.I. are holding a Christmas bazaar in the village hall on 5th December at 2.30 p.m. Gifts, produce, sweets, cakes, plants and crackers will be on the stalls "at reasonable prices." There will also be tea with mincepies. Proceeds are for W.I. and village hall funds and the members hope for good support.

At a recent meeting of Askerswell church council it was decided to replace the defunct wooden flagpole with one of aluminium costing £140 plus VAT, and claimed to be everlasting. Nick Nicholson, the treasurer, declared church finance to be in good shape, thanks to an increase of covenanted giving. As a consequence of this the proposed fair for November was cancelled, and replaced by something more enjoyable - a "Pate, Pasty and Plonk" party on Saturday evening, 12th December, at £1 per head.

Loders church council recently decided to remedy the bad state of the path from the church gate to the stone causeway by having the sunk border stones lifted, and gravel put down. They will be delighted and most grateful to hear that Jack McDowall has offered to foot the bill in memory of his lately deceased sister Connie. Tenders have already been invited.

In the late evening of 13th October the vicar was told over the telephone by Alexander Hood, now the 7th Viscount, the sad news that his elder brother the 6th Viscount (Lord Hood to all of us) had died in his London home, having wished his ashes to be buried in Loders, which he regarded as his church. The vicar went down to the tower, pulled up the tenor bell (the "death bell"), rang it for quite a while, lowered it, then sat in the church for a breather before going home, as the bell weighs nearly a ton. The church was still in its harvest festival glory, and the light of the hunter's moon at full shining in made it something out of this world. Lord Hood had filled his seat in the chancel whenever he was in Loders, and for eighteen years had been partner with us in the family joy of Christmas, the solemnity of Good Friday and the triumph of Easter. At the church fete he came out of his shell (being shy by nature) and showed visitors the paintings in Loders Court in which his illustrious naval ancestors figured. Sometimes on a summer's day he would get a packet of sandwiches from the kitchen and walk our lanes and copses. Any stray local fortunate enough to meet him was not likely to forget the neighbourly chat that ensued. When the vicar got home from church the phone rang again. This time the voice was that of Harry Crabb, the tower warden, who said that Frank Good, the ringers' captain, had heard the tolling of the tenor bell, and had rung Harry to ask why. Harry was certain he heard the bell before Frank. And so the sad news was racing round Loders on the night of the 13th. Next morning the national newspapers carried Lord Hood's obituary notices, and we could read his distinguished career in "the corridors of power". His funeral in Loders church was deeply impressive. The casket with his ashes was on the chancel step banked by white chrysanthemums. His nephew, the Honourable Henry Hood, read the lesson from Ecclesiastes which says there is a time to be born and a time to die; the naval hymn "Eternal Father" was sung; then his brother Alexander, the new Lord Hood, carried the casket out into the churchyard to a little grave near the chancel door. A muffled peal rang out from the tower. But a memorial service in St. Margaret's Westminster will have the last word.

All that the last paragraph has to say this month is short and sweet. The machinery has been set in motion for Askerswell, Loders and Powerstock to become three self governing parishes united in a benefice under a vicar with a freehold living in the vicarage being built at Loders, all confirmed by Her Majesty in Council. The Archdeacon said this could not be done with the present vicar still in possession of his benefice, but it is being done.

Our Remembrance Sunday services were notable for the unseasonable springlike sunshine in which they were held; for the large congregations at our churches; and our largest ever collection of £162.80 for that most deserving of charities, Earl Haig's Fund (Dottery 6.30, Askerswell 46.50 and Loders 110). The service at Loders was preceded and followed by muffled peals, and the congregation stood to attention while the organist Bill Tiltman gave his ever impressive rendering of Handel's Dead March in "Saul". The church money raising efforts for good causes continue into this month of December with, first, the little mission sale that began in the hall of Loders vicarage near the Christmas of 1947, and now follows the concert given by the children of Loders school; and the street carol singing in Uploders and Loders on behalf of the Children's Society. The school concert is on Friday, 11th December at 5.45 p.m. No working party makes things for the sale: these have always been given spontaneously by nice people to Mrs. Willmott or even the vicar. Now that they live rather out of the village, Hazel Crabb and Peggy Price, both living near the school, will also be receiving stations. Uploders will be serenaded by the carollers on Friday, 18th December and Loders on Tuesday 22nd, both beginning at 6.30. If Guy Fawkes night were in aid of some good cause and not just a lapse into ancient fire worship, then Askerswell would be bound to do well. It is an event that brings young and old crowding to the village hall come what may in the shape of weather. This year the night was congenial and the muster of parishioners exceptional. There was a wholesale downing of hot dogs, the bonfire consumed itself with unfettered frenzy, but the youngsters meekly acquiesced a la Blue Peter in letting their elders have all the fun of igniting the fireworks.

Loders was enlivened by a wedding in authentic village style on the afternoon of Saturday, 14th November. The bride was Jane, one of the twin daughters of Ernest and Jean Crabb of Uploders, and the bridegroom Keith Rose, a tyre fitter by profession, from Piddlehinton. The congregation was a large one, and included the bride's paternal grandmother Lizzie (wife of the redoubtable Harry), who to everybody's delight had shaken off the shackles of a long and debilitating illness for one day. As the bells rang out and the excited bellowing of the organ grew dim, the newly weds passed through the church gate and a shower of confetti to a feast at the West Mead Hotel. This was followed in the evening by a "disco" which is modern youth's idea of the perfect ending.

Loders Women's Institute will probably be glad if we remind our readers of the fair they are holding in the village hall at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, 5th December. It is their most ambitious fund raising effort for some time, and they are out to help village hall finances - and their own.

Askerswell church treasurer will also be grateful for a repeat notice of the "pate, pastry and plonk" party in their village hall on the evening of Saturday, 12th December. It is for church funds. Bottles are still needed for the tombola and would get an open armed embrace from Jack Stevens, their convener.

Joe Morris, the steward of the Uploders chapel, writes "Our annual carol service has been fixed for Sunday, 13th December at 6.30 p.m. We are hoping for a full church." This service always gets the religious observance of Christmas off to a good and enjoyable start. The end of October saw in Loders church the funeral of a member of the congregation who in the pursuit of a distinguished career in the diplomatic service had been much involved in international relationships - the Sixth Viscount Hood. Nations, we are told, can only be viable and perform their duty to each other if their family life is strong and wholesome. That is where the funeral of Mrs. Irene Harcombe on 12th November tied up with that of the diplomat. She was a good housewife and devoted mother of seven children, whose home had been a nursery of love and loyalty and respect for authority - essential ingredients of good citizenship. At the funeral service, which was sung and well attended, the Flanders poppies from Remembrance Sunday were still very much in evidence. Mrs. Harcombe was 84, and for one thoughtful person the poppies posed this question. Is it as meritorious to serve your country through a long life of devotion to your family as to give your young life in defending it? The burial was in West Milton churchyard. Loders P.C.C. are grateful for donations to their church totalling £74.

Congratulations to Angela Johnston, a member of the Symondsburry Girl Guides, who has won the Religious Knowledge Badge with flying colours. Her father is one of the churchwardens of Dottery and her mother the organist. She herself attends with them. It is she who distributes posies of primroses on Mothering Sunday.

Juliet, the youngest daughter of the Vicar and Mrs. Willmott, was married to David Buckley in the priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, on the afternoon of Thursday, 19th November. By courtesy of the Rector, her father officiated. The bridegroom is an electronics engineer, a product of the atomic research establishment at Aldermaston. He had been sampling the London churches in search of a congenial place of worship and got to Bart's the Great when Juliet was reading a lesson at evensong. It was love at first sight - and sound! Juliet went to train as a nurse at the famous hospital next door sixteen years ago, and has been a member of Bart's the Great congregation ever since. She is a ringer there, and on the PCC. Loders vicarage being in no state for a wedding, Bart's the Great was the obvious place, apart from the guests having regretably to be confined to the family. The bride's military brother "Chuck" deputised for her father in giving her away. Security measures should have stopped him appearing in uniform, but up the aisle he came in the blue plumage of the Sappers as befitted a male of the species. (Rumour has it that he arrived in mufti and changed in the belfry). Juliet looked superb

Our Remembrance Sunday services were notable for the unseasonable springlike sunshine in which they were held; for the large congregations at our churches; and our largest ever collection of £162.80 for that most deserving of charities, Earl Haig's Fund (Dottery 6.30, Askerswell 46.50 and Loders 110). The service at Loders was preceded and followed by muffled peals, and the congregation stood to attention while the organist Bill Tiltman gave his ever impressive rendering of Handel's Dead March in "Saul". The church money raising efforts for good causes continue into this month of December with, first, the little mission sale that began in the hall of Loders vicarage near the Christmas of 1947, and now follows the concert given by the children of Loders school; and the street carol singing in Uploders and Loders on behalf of the Children's Society. The school concert is on Friday, 11th December at 5.45 p.m. No working party makes things for the sale: those have always been given spontaneously by nice people to Mrs. Willmott or even the vicar. Now that they live rather out of the village, Hazel Crabb and Peggy Price, both living near the school, will also be receiving stations. Uploders will be serenaded by the carollers on Friday, 18th December and Loders on Tuesday 22nd, both beginning at 6.30. If Guy Fawkes night were in aid of some good cause and not just a lapse into ancient fire worship, then Askerswell would be bound to do well. It is an event that brings young and old crowding to the village hall come what may in the shape of weather. This year the night was congenial and the muster of parishioners exceptional. There was a wholesale downing of hot dogs, the bonfire consumed itself with unfettered frenzy, but the youngsters meekly acquiesced a la Blue Peter in letting their elders have all the fun of igniting the fireworks.

Loders was enlivened by a wedding in authentic village style on the afternoon of Saturday, 14th November. The bride was Jane, one of the twin daughters of Ernest and Jean Crabb of Uploders, and the bridegroom Keith Rose, a tyre fitter by profession, from Piddlehinton. The congregation was a large one, and included the bride's paternal grandmother Lizzie (wife of the redoubtable Harry), who to everybody's delight had shaken off the shackles of a long and debilitating illness for one day. As the bells rang out and the excited bellowing of the organ grew din, the newly weds passed through the church gate and a shower of confetti to a feast at the West Mead Hotel. This was followed in the evening by a "disco" which is modern youth's idea of the perfect ending.

Loders Women's Institute will probably be glad if we remind our readers of the fair they are holding in the village hall at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, 5th December. It is their most ambitious fund raising effort for some time, and they are out to help village hall finances - and their own.

Askerswell church treasurer will also be grateful for a repeat notice of the "pate, pastry and plonk" party in their village hall on the evening of Saturday, 12th December. It is for church funds. Bottles are still needed for the tombola and would get an open armed embrace from Jack Stevens, their convener.

Joe Morris, the steward of the Uploders chapel, writes "Our annual carol service has been fixed for Sunday, 13th December at 6.30 p.m. We are hoping for a full church." This service always gets the religious observance of Christmas off to a good and enjoyable start. The end of October saw in Loders church the funeral of a member of the congregation who in the pursuit of a distinguished career in the diplomatic service had been much involved in international relationships - the Sixth Viscount Hood. Nations, we are told, can only be viable and perform their duty to each other if their family life is strong and wholesome. That is where the funeral of Mrs. Irene Harcombe on 12th November tied up with that of the diplomat. She was a good housewife and devoted mother of seven children, whose home had been a nursery of love and loyalty and respect for authority - essential ingredients of good citizenship. At the funeral service, which was sung and well attended, the Flanders poppies from Remembrance Sunday were still very much in evidence. Mrs. Harcombe was 84, and for one thoughtful person the poppies posed this question. Is it as meritorious to serve your country through a long life of devotion to your family as to give your young life in defending it? The burial was in West Milton churchyard. Loders P.C.C. are grateful for donations to their church totalling £74.

Congratulations to Angela Johnston, a member of the Symondsburry Girl Guides, who has won the Religious Knowledge Badge with flying colours. Her father is one of the churchwardens of Dottery and her mother the organist. She herself attends with them. It is she who distributes posies of primroses on Mothering Sunday.

Juliet, the youngest daughter of the Vicar and Mrs. Willmott, was married to David Buckley in the priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, on the afternoon of Thursday, 19th November. By courtesy of the Rector, her father officiated. The bridegroom is an electronics engineer, a product of the atomic research establishment at Aldermaston. He had been sampling the London churches in search of a congenial place of worship and got to Bart's the Great when Juliet was reading a lesson at evensong. It was love at first sight - and sound! Juliet went to train as a nurse at the famous hospital next door sixteen years ago, and has been a member of Bart's the Great congregation ever since. She is a ringer there, and on the PCC. Loders vicarage being in no state for a wedding, Bart's the Great was the obvious place, apart from the guests having regrettably to be confined to the family. The bride's military brother "Chuck" deputised for her father in giving her away. Security measures should have stopped him appearing in uniform, but up the aisle he came in the blue plumage of the Sappers as befitted a male of the species. (Rumour has it that he arrived in mufti and changed in the belfry). Juliet looked superb