

If the corpses in Loders churchyard could come to life and read the handsome posters advertising our Country Fayre (on Saturday, June 30th) they would be surprised to see that we had acquired a Village Green at long last. This is what our Entertainments Committee call the new playing field tucked away behind the council houses at Well Plot. Wishful thinking on their part, but good endeavours deserve to succeed. Village greens are still the focus in summer of the social life of virile villages, and our Committee have done all they can to make our Green just that on June 30th. Programmes are circulating, so there is no need to itemise the attractions here. Suffice it to say that the art exhibition in the village hall will include the 8ft by 4ft bird's eye view of the Lyme Bay Deanery, which was part of the pilgrim '79 exhibition in Salisbury Cathedral, and was much admired. John Whyte, of the old school house, painted it, proving that a house decorator may be a painter in both senses of the word. The perpetual trophy for the tug-o-war between Loders and Uploders comes from Michael Wood's "Mickkimug" pottery at Matravers, and is a good example of his craftsmanship. The dance at the hall in the evening will be new time as well as old.

The two inches of rain that fell on this district in four hours on May 30th produced flooding, and landslides on to the roads, which our native inhabitants could not recall the like of. Dwellings in the lower reaches of Bradpole, Bridport and Allington were hardest hit, but none worse, perhaps, than Hole Farm, the Old Mill and "Sunnyside" in Loders; and Garden Cottage, Knight's Pightle and Brook Barton in Uploders. In Askerswell the mill at Hembury and the mill stream dwellings off The Square had traumatic experiences, as did Lynch House at West Milton, but not as much damage. A mercy it all came in the noon day: the terror by night is worse. Misfortune usually brings out the best in people. Our victims cannot praise too highly the neighbours who came to their rescue. And fortunately all the victims here seem to be covered by insurance. The flood did some funny things, which are still being chortled over. An antique chamber pot survived the rapids of the River Asker and landed in perfect condition at Knowle Farm where, apparently, it now graces the nether regions of the parochial information officer's pallet. The illustrious inhabitants of the Mews at Uploders House are bewailing the loss of a pram. In the context of their well known allergy to infants it is surprising that they should have had a pram. The smallest cottage in the parish, a detached one-up-and-one-down establishment in Uploders, is the home of a bachelor girl who likes her own company. It is called Knight's Pightle. When the rain descended and the flood took possession of the lower floor she adjourned to the upper. To ward off would-be rescuers, she hung a notice out of the bedroom window - "Have Food, Can swim". But this only inflamed the knightly instinct of the landlord of the nearby Crown, who got in, and removed the flood water with the bilge pump from his boat. She was not at all ungrateful to him. Indeed, she praised him warmly to the Vicar.

The day after the flood was that of the Archdeacon's Visitation in Sherborne Abbey. The Vicar was ushered to a spot to robe in where he found himself staring at an old plaque on the wall, which told how, on May 16th, 1709, a hailstorm between one and four in the afternoon caused a flood which burst open the north door of the Abbey and left through the south door, carrying with it 222 foot of the pavement. That took some doing, seeing that abbey pavements were not jerry built.

And now for the gentler goings-on: £35 was raised by Mrs. Rosemary Shaw's coffee morning and plant sale towards the Bridport United Church's entertainment of their German guests. The Loders Entertainment Committee's jumble sale in Bridport took £43 for the village hall fund.

The gap that opened up where the roof of the nave of Askerswell church joins the east wall of the tower, was a challenge to the church-wardens who, to the benefit of church funds, are do-it-yourself minded. They carried out an inspection, but found that the services of a professional were imperative, so one is in process of being enlisted. Oddly, the gap that the winter's blizzard opened seemed to have been closed somewhat by the May deluge.

The seventy-six year old captain of Loders ringers, Harry Crabb, surprised and dismayed their annual meeting by showing a premature sign of dying. He said the time had come for him to stand down as captain. In itself this was nothing, because it was always his opening gambit. But this time not all the beguilements of the lady ringers could change his mind. He nominated Frank Good as his successor, and David House as vice-captain, and these were duly elected, Frank agreeing to continue as secretary and treasurer (it is always the busy people who are landed with extra work: he has his hands full of St. John's Ambulance and is a lively member of the Loders Entertainment Committee). Where the ladies failed, the Vicar succeeded. Harry grudgingly agreed that the machinery of his beloved bells was safe in no hands but his, and accepted the office of tower warden.

Four christenings have taken place in Loders church since our last issue. On Whit Sunday Mr. & Mrs. Rodney Parr (nee Dulcie Newberry) brought their son Daniel Thomas. They were joined by Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Hansford, and their son Robert John, residents of Toller, who found the time of the Loders service more convenient than the times on offer at Toller church. On June 24th Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Clements, new parishioners from the High Acres estate, brought their two daughters, Beth Anne and Sophie Kate.

The weather just managed to be kind for the Diocesan pilgrimage to Salisbury Cathedral.

Mr. Sidney Barrow's little Sunday School from Askerswell found themselves part of a mighty army at the children's service on the Saturday. The children formed a crocodile that moved round the exterior of the cathedral twice - the advancing head almost catching up with the retreating tail. On the Sunday Powerstock and Loders filled a sumptuous forty seater coach. After lunch on the green near the Chapter House, they inspected the exhibition in the Cathedral, with special attention to John Whyte's great picture, and then found themselves engulfed in the congregation of six thousand for the pilgrim service. This was terrific, with great blasts of organ and trumpets. It was also a test of endurance: an hour and a half of standing, with barely room to breathe. At the age of 82, Mrs. Monica Bartlett of Matravers emerged fresher than most, so did Mrs. Beryl Boll. Outside, to the south of the west front, the Army, for so long a part of Salisbury Plain, had staged an exhibition. Their theodolites enabled the youngsters to get a very close view of the top of the 404 foot spire. Unwittingly the Army also did much to improve Barbara Hepworth's piece of surrealist statuary, which normally has this plot to itself. In military company it now looked like a piece of advanced military equipment. On its own it is apt to strike the beholder as a new kind of railway signalling apparatus. It is Barbara's idea of the Crucifixion.

The death of Mr. Harry Newberry at the age of 86 robbed Loders of one of its most colourful characters; and an industrious farming family of its patriarch. As his home is near the church, it only needed one car for his widow Rose to be driven in by her elder son Steve to the funeral: the rest of the family made an impressive sight marching two abreast behind the undertaker, magisterial in tails and topper and with furred umbrella. In the funeral oration to a large congregation the Vicar said that when the Newberrys came to Loders from Sydling twenty-six years ago, and he had begun to get the measure of them, he told their landlord, the late Sir Edward Le Breton, that bringing them to the parish was one of the best things he had done for Loders, and time had only strengthened that opinion. The Vicar also gave some of the reasons why the late Harry and his family held the widow in such high esteem. Loders Church Council are grateful to the mourners who gave a total of £56.15 to the church instead of flowers.

The officers of Loders Parish Council, fresh from the poll, are: Air Vice Marshal Adams chairman, Mr. George Hyde vice-chairman, Mrs. Spafford village hall committee, Mr. Balfour C.P.R.E., Mr. Upton leader of emergency operations, Mrs. Dunn liaison officer with the WRVS, Mrs. Maurice Crabb and Mr. John Hyde school managers, and Mr. G. Hyde and Mrs. Dunn trustees of the Uploders Poor Lot. The chairman said that in August 1978 he had been told by the Gas authority that as the nearest supply was more than a mile from the village, the cost of extending the main would be around £20,000. The cost to the customers would be too high. The clerk was told to ask the authority if any change of circumstances made a gas supply feasible now.

The Bridport Round Tablers, Rotarians and "Lions" are renowned for their charitable activities. In the recent floods they excelled themselves. Some of them are members of Loders congregation. We learned from these and from Nicholas Woolland, the social worker who lives at Wellplot, the dire need of some of the victims. Bedding, blankets, clothing, etc. are needed now. Loders church council decided to give part of the fete proceeds. But as the fete is not till August 4th, and the need is urgent, the council did an act of faith, and sent the chairman of the Round Tablers a cheque for £300 on June 23rd. He was exuberantly grateful, and would have had a press photograph of the cheque being handed over had he got his way. The Round Tablers, Rotarians and "Lions" in concert have prepared a list of the needy after exhaustive investigation, and will work with the Mayor of Bridport's committee to make the best use of the money and articles given for flood relief.

SERVICES IN JULY

Loders	1st HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	8th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	15th HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	22nd (St. Mary Magdalene) HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	29th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell	1st Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	8th Matins 10,
	15th Family Service 10
	22nd HC 10,
	29th Matins 10
Dottery	1st HC 9.30. All others at 3.
Uploders Chapel.	Every Sunday 6.30.

The first country fair to be held in Loders in modern times was an experiment that looks to have been quite successful. And it ushered in a long spell of fine weather that enabled farmers to get on with their delayed haymaking. It proved that the playing field at Well Plot, bought ten years ago by the parish council for £300, has the true nature of a village green in a lovely setting. Incidentally, it is now conveniently joined to the village hall by its own path. Best of all, the fair proved that new and old parishioners have the will and ability to work together and to revive the community life of the village. All the initiative came from new parishioners, but many of the old were quick to lend a hand. Opening the fair, Lady Laskey noted with relief that it was not a money raising effort for any charity. (By that measure it would hardly have been a success; for takings were £138.52, expenses £113.94 and profit £24.58). It was for fun, and the display of country skills. The perimeter of the fair was made up of old farm implements, static engines, vintage cars, tea tent, side shows, and stall holders who were paying ten per cent of takings to sell their wares. The centre was roped off for a tug-o-war between Loders and Uploders, a St. John Ambulance display, music by the West Dorset Scout Band, and the Bridport Folk Dance Group. The renowned "Cuddles", who is the spirit of the Boxing Day frolics in the same arena, refereed the tug-o-war. He was conventional only in wearing a smock. Two mobs of men, women and children were the teams, disparate in numbers, and apt at any moment to switch allegiance from the Loders captain Michelle Laskey to the Uploders Katie Drummond, or vice versa. Being of an altruistic nature, and of Loders, Cuddles pulled Uploders to victory and won for them the inscribed soup plate. By contrast the exhibition of arts and crafts in the village hall was all decorum, and made us more respectful of some of our neighbours for what they could do. In the evening the exhibition gave way to an old time dance, of which the stars were Frank Good and the 80 year old Mrs. Bussell of Yeovil. The dance made £24 profit, equal to the whole fair. The Entertainment Committee must be grateful to Richard Flows for all his work as field secretary (he used to run the entertainments club of the old Great Western Railway), to Frances Sanctuary and John Miles for staging the exhibition (which 200 people paid to see), to Frank Good for the ambulance and machinery display and dancing, to his wife Pam as field treasurer, and not least to the chairman Shelley Upton, who is a genius at getting people to work. Attendance at the fair was reckoned to be about 300. Loders fete will have a still lovelier setting than the fair. It is at Loders Court, the site of Loders Priory, by kind invitation of the Hon. Alexander Hood, on Saturday August 4th at 2 p.m. It is an old institution, and although it is an event that gives great pleasure to all ages, its main object is - unlike the fair - to make money. Anthony Sanctuary's recent in-depth appraisal of Loders revealed that nearly every parishioner likes having a village church and resident parson. These have to be paid for. Last year the diocesan quota, charitable contributions and the running expenses of the church cost over £3000, all of which came from the congregation. The church building is the priceless heritage of the whole parish. It costs a lot to keep in good repair. The repair fund is always the main object of the fete, although this year the fete will include the £300 given in June to urgent flood relief. The method of providing the things to sell at the fete is hopelessly out of date, and perhaps peculiar to Loders, but so far it has worked. In the week leading up to the fete the vicar goes from house to house - more or less - begging the stuff to sell on the stalls, or cash donations instead. He assures his flock that nice though they be, this hurts him more than it does them, but it should get him off a bit of purgatory. The goods he needs are: groceries, cakes, household articles, unwanted and unused presents, good used clothing, toys, bottles, flowers, indeed anything saleable. In the past cash donations have been considerable, and he trusts this may continue; for they are "a bird in the hand." He will begin the collecting in Uploders on Monday July 30th. Dottery, it seems, will be having a stall for their church although - alas - there is no Gladys Marsh to collect this year. Her daughter-in-law Brenda has her hands too full to deputise, but Mrs. Scadden will be doing what she can. By the way, parking has been a problem in the past, but now there is to be a place for cars in the field adjoining the Court.

The house-to house collection for Loders flood relief made spontaneously by Mrs. Jessica Dunn took £15.65, to which the Uploders Chapel added £3, and other contributors amounts which brought her total to £36. Air-Vice Marshall Adams collected £65 for a permanent emergency fund. The parish council put £24 of this fund to Mrs. Dunn's, making £60 to be divided among the three flood victims who had agreed to accept help.

Users of the bridge over the Asker at the bottom of Vicarage Lane are grateful to Mrs. Dunn in her capacity as footpaths officer for pursuing the County Council so relentlessly that they have already replaced the flood damaged plank that could only be walked gingerly, with a fine hand-railed construction capable of two way traffic.

Academic ringers. Robert Bryan, of Court Farm Askerswell, has taken a first class bachelor of science degree in electronic and electrical engineering at Loughborough College of Technology, and also a diploma in industrial studies. He is following the trail opened up by another young Askerswell ringer, the former Susan Savage, who took a good honours degree in languages at Liverpool University. Susan's younger brother Andrew - also a ringer - hopes to start a degree course in physics at Bristol University next term. One of the summer visitors to call recently at Loders vicarage was our village bobby of long

ago, the former P.C. Edrich. He is now so high in the Force that the vicar felt in need of oxygen to converse with him in his rarified atmosphere. But his son Eddie is the marvel. Eddie used to be the naughtiest and nicest boy in Loders Sunday School (He stayed at the vicarage while his mother was in hospital and got a spanking for eating part of the old tithe map after squeezing a crumplet full of hot butter over the table-cloth). Well, he ran a London west end cinema so successfully that the Rank organisation sponsored him to London University, where he took a first class bachelor of science in economics. He is now working for his master of science, and runs a successful business college!

The headmaster, Mr. Ronald Price, reported at the last meeting of Loders school managers that there is a record number of seventy-three children on the roll. Ten of these move to Colfox next term, but the new intake will leave the total at sixty-seven, well above the magic sixty which entitles the school to three full time teachers. John Le Mesurier had come fourth in the high jump at the County sports with 4ft 2ins, which was only one inch less than the jump by Alfred Crabb which once got the cup for the school. One of the managers, Mrs. Nick Prideaux, again aired her wish to organise a team of parents to give the interior of the school a much needed coat of paint. The meeting decided to wait and see whether government cuts were going to delay the building of the new school, which is supposed to begin soon.

Two Dottery grandmothers, Mrs. Stanley Smith and Mrs. John Marsh, have grown in status by the birth to Mr. & Mrs. Philip Smith of a daughter Shelley Jane in May, and to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bugler of a daughter Clare Elizabeth in July.

The "media" are now fully represented in Loders. Mr. Brian Cook of the Western Gazette and Dorset Echo has been reinforced by Mr. David Wilson, who has come to work at the BBC Rampisham, having moved all the way from their relay station on Ascension Island. He has a wife Elizabeth and three children - Helen aged six, Anne four, and Matthew two. They are in the house in Purbeck Close vacated by our good friends the Gills, who have moved to Bridport. The Wilsons are delighted to be among the little hills of Dorset. A young couple have moved into the cottage near the vicarage once occupied by the last parish clerk of Loders church, David Thomas and his wife Caroline. They are Mr. and Mrs. Clive Sweet, of London, and they both work on the production side of Thames Television. Mr. Sweet's father, a jolly ex Royal Marine of Dorchester, has been helping them to refurbish the cottage. The Glydes have left High Acres for Bristol, and pleased to be in their place are a retired self-employed builder, Mr. George Chaffey and his wife Hilda. Mr. Chaffey has done work under the Frys on Askerswell church. He and his wife have always considered Loders a nice village, and think it has "more buses and shops" than Punccknowle where they come from.

"O how amiable are Thy dwellings" says Psalm 84 - "The sparrow hath found her an house and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young". At Askerswell cock and hen house martins have been sitting together on a nest above the church door, taking no notice of the worshippers passing in and out three feet beneath. The latter are careful to avoid the mat the verger put under the nest for the birds' convenience.

Sadly for Loders church what the late Colonel Arthur Shirley called "The Coneygar Contingent", namely the three families living on the top of Mount Coneygar and regularly attending Loders church, have come under scrutiny from Anno Domini, who, it was hoped, might overlook them, and are molting away. First, Arthur died, but his place was taken by his wife Kit's niece Sarah. These have lately moved to Haydon, near Sherborne, deservng a rest from public service if anybody does. Their neighbours Ian and Christine Roberts went before them, the former to Ivybridge and the latter, fortunately, no further than Bridport. Of the Contingent only George and Kaye Houghton remain. "Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety" - we trust.

A flower show at Loders village hall is the next move of the Entertainments Committee to rejuvenate Loders. It will be on Saturday, August 18th, and schedules will soon be circulating.

We apologise to Harry Crabb for giving his age as seventy-six. It is seventy-seven. He "proved" it to be seventy-seven, not seventy-six, by pulling up the tenor bell in front of the vicar, single handed. The tenor weighs nearly a ton.

SERVICES IN AUGUST

Loders	5th	HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	12th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	19th	HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	26th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
Askerswell	5th	Children 10, Evenson 6.30,
	12th	Matins 10
	19th	HC 10
	26th	Family Service 10
Dottery	5th	HC 9.30. All others at 3
Uploders Chapel		Sunday evenings 6.30.

The day before Loders fete was an un-nerving one for some of its well wishers. The weather was appalling. Yet the day itself was perfect, and the Court at its loveliest. The fear that last year's troubles over parking would keep people away came to nothing: cars were able to enter the gate at the top of Mill Hill and leave at the bottom, which cut out the long walk that so many passengers complained of. The gate was up from £65.40 to £71.25, and takings from £1670 to £2009. Expenses were only up from £49.62 to £58.80. And the fete did not suffer by advancing £300 to urgent flood relief. After deducting this and the expenses the profit was £1650.21, as against £1620.38 last year. Dottery people pulled well together, and netted £117 for their church, which was more than double last year. Loders church obtained £1533.21 for its repair fund, so the re-decoration of the interior can go ahead as soon as the builders submitting estimates have finished their flood work. A lady who worked hard at the fete said it was the happiest she remembered. This seems to have been the general experience. It was certainly so for the vicar. Giving and helping had been very good, new parishioners joining the faithful old stalwarts as to the manner born. Perhaps the most touching incident occurred at the Well Plot council estate. He was early at the collecting. Two sleepy-eyed persons handed him their offering in a cardboard box, then chased him down the road with the envelopes they had forgotten. One contained £2, and the other £5. Cash donations altogether were £676.50.

Here is the "breakdown" of the fete finances which so many people are asking to see:-
Receipts, Stalls, Cakes £37.55; Gifts £75.77; Jumble £33.06; Household £178; Groceries £28.50; Flowers £31.42; Delicatessen £60; Toys and books £58.04; Dottery £117; Lavender bags £1.83; Stalls total £621.17. Sideshows, House tours £47; Tombola £270.50; Children's tombola £26; Croquet £7.85; Skittles £25.81; Roulette £10.27; Money in bath £6.50; Ball in can £4.45; Trampoline £5; Side shows total £403.38. Refreshments, teas and soft drinks £95.31; ices £40.80; Total £136.11. Raffles, Coffee table and lamps £34.45; Dundee cake £28.55; Whisky £37.60, Total £100.60. Gate £71.25. Cash donations £676.50. Total receipts £2009.1. Expenses, Press advertising £9.83; Printing £10.57; Punch & Judy £10; Pete Dew £10; Tent hire £10; Table and chair hire £3.40; Children's prizes £5; Total expenses £58.50. Profit £1950.21

The main business at the last meeting of Askerswell Church Council was to note that repair of the guttering would cost £104; that the floor under Captain Lumby's pew might cave in at any time but he was resigned to this happening before anything was done about it; and to express the appropriate horror at the proposed 50% increase in the diocesan quota. It was also noted that the fund raising committee were to run a bric-a-brac stall outside Bridport Boots on August 27th, a coffee morning in early December, and to invite people to drink coffee and admire the decorations on the Saturday before harvest festival. Finally it was noted that Church, Women's Institute and Village Hall were to run a jumble sale jointly in Bridport each autumn and divide the profit equally. This seemed eminently sensible, seeing that Askerswell is small, and the same people are the backbone of each of the three institutions.

There are three christenings to record, at Dottery on July 28th Hannah Marie, daughter of Alan and Deborah Crabb of Middle Pymore; at Loders on August 5th of Kimberley Jane, daughter of Raymond and Alison Feldwick, of the U.S.A. (grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton of Home Farm Close, Uploders); and again at Loders on August 12th of Fiona Lisa, daughter of Chief Petty Officer William and Alexandra Hodson, of High Acres. Kimberley Jane's christening had been saved up for the Feldwick's holiday here so that the grandparents might take part. The naval christening brought relatives all the way from Cheshire, and Southampton, to Loders church, which they fell in love with.

The wedding of Jennifer Crabb and Garry Smith was at Loders on the morning of the fete, so the pealing of the bells and the frolicking of the organ accorded well with the song in the heart of the fete workers nearby, who still found it hard to believe that such a nice day had followed such a nasty one. Jennifer is a twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Crabb of Uploders; and Garry the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith, a retired boatswain of Weymouth. At the tender age of twenty Garry has risen to be manager of Lipton's supermarket at Weymouth, and is highly approved by the bride's grandfather Harry, whose ringers know to their cost that he is a man not easily satisfied. It was another touching instance of the fete's hold on the local sense of duty that some of the wedding guests remembered in all the excitement to give donations which Harry faithfully delivered.

The supper that Askerswell Women's Institute held in South Eggardon House at the invitation of Group Captain and Mrs. Newall was said by the eighty-four guests to be perfect in every way except for the weather, which was misty. But mist is the fitting weather, surely, for a manor given in Domesday Book, and nestling under a hill fortress whose origins are lost in the Stone Age? And surely it was mist that helped the 18th century king of Dorset smugglers, Captain Gulliver, to choose North Eggardon Farm nearby, as his base for the contraband brought in by night from the Burton coast? To enjoy a house and its supper one must adjust to its history and dominant mood, which doubtless the guests did when they got off the lawn and beheld the groaning board and the radiant serving wenches in the snugger. They were grateful to the Year of the Child for having brought them to South Eggardon, and gratified to know later that they had supplied a further £100 towards a kidney machine for a child.

Major Mark Burnham, of Matravers Cottage, is the English partner in an exchange posting to a big American camp in Arizona. He and his wife Georgina reckon to be away for two

years. Their boys will remain at school in Swanage. They are sure of a welcome back to Askerswell church, where Mark has been very willing to preside at the organ when needed. The ashes of Mrs. Lillian Frances Tuck, who died aged 71 at the Memorial Hospital, Darlington, were brought all the way to Loders by a devoted husband and buried in one of the Hansford graves. She had lived at Innsacre. The poor husband arrived with the casket nearly two hours late for the service. His navigator had mistaken the road and come via London. After a meal with relatives Mr. and Mrs. Bill Symes, he set out for Darlington, hoping to make it not too long after midnight.

Mrs. Rose Lily Spillman, formerly of Shatcombe, died in a nursing home at Brixham and was buried in the grave of her husband in Loders churchyard. He predeceased her in 1973.

Mr. Bill Tiltman was at the organ for her favourite hymns. In the funeral oration the vicar described her as the last of the colourful old characters who had lived in the Shatcombe terrace, and so devoted to her husband that one could scarcely be thought of without the other. They both loved Loders church. He was a handy man and gladly did little jobs for the church that saved expense. She was deeply sensible of the care her neighbours had had for her in widowhood.

Inspired, perhaps, by the successful village fair in Loders, Askerswell held a miniature at the village hall on a Saturday evening in August. They kept a low profile for fear that more people might be drawn than the premises could comfortably take. The village were there in strength, and thoroughly enjoyed the skittles, hoopla, pennies in the bucket, and the toasting of sausages now glorified by the name once exclusive to the roasting of an ox - barbecue. Hall funds in consequence received about £40.

The steward of the Uploders chapel invites us all to their harvest festival on Sunday September 30th at 6.30. Dottery harvest will have begun on Thursday September 27th at 7.30. Askerswell will be on Sunday October 7th at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. and Loders on October 14th at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Some of the German guests of the Bridport United Reformed Church attended an evening service at the Uploders chapel, and seemed to enjoy it. With their Pastor Wilhelm acting most efficiently as interpreter, the Reverend Norman Skinner had them asking questions about the chapel and the church which Mr. Joe Morris and the vicar answered. They were interested to learn that the latter's daughter Ruth is in Germany teaching in a Rudolf Steiner community and has been doing this for thirteen years. After service the party repaired to The Croft in New Road and sampled the hospitality of Dorset so worthily presented by Mrs. Shaw and the chapel ladies.

Mr. Michael Savage, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Tony Savage of Askerswell, has been in the press and on television in connection with the "pollen count", which helps Britain's three million sufferers from hay fever and asthma. He is chief medical laboratory scientist at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. He operates an ingenious air trap on the hospital roof and takes the daily reading under a high powered microscope. Paddington would seem the unlikely place to fish in for pollen, but it is caught there all right - on sticky slides.

A welcome herewith to the latest newcomers on the Loders High Acres estate. They are Mr. Andrew Lobb and his wife Jennie, from Cambridge. Andrew is a solicitor and has joined the staff of Nantes & Wylde in Bridport. They are warm in their praises of the neighbourliness of the High Acres folk. They show promise of being good neighbours themselves. Andrew entered Loders fete at the deep end, helping those saints who shift tables and chairs to and from the field.

Congratulations to the Loders entertainment committee on their flower show at the village hall. It was an unqualified success, and the fruit of hard work. Expenses of a project like this are considerable, but should be well covered. A sign of the times was that some entries were named as by husband and wife - even a jam sandwich and a piece of embroidery.

An outsize slated shelter of traingular shape with an Alsatian in it in the yard of the Loders Arms puzzled passers by for some days. Could it be the landlord's defence against intruders? It turned out to be the roof of "The Loders Arms 1900" on a float for the Bridport Carnival. The float was very well done. It showed the bar, with a cauldron on the fire, swinging oil lamps, bread and cheese on the table, fresh killed rabbits and pigeons with now forbidden gins and a gun on the floor. It even had that necessary (to some) little place at the back called the "Yer Tis". Major Harris was eyeing the spectacle with an air of military calm and detachment. "Is that little place at the back real?" asked the Vicar. "It is fully operational" said the Major solemnly - "It has to be: the bar is fully operational and the personnel will have to be there for anything up to five or six hours". The personnel were as good a gaggle of maltworms as could be found anywhere and were in the dress of the period.

Church and chapel services this month will be at normal times apart from the harvest services already noted.

Perfect autumn days are our happy lot at the time of writing of these Notes. May they continue for the harvest festival yet to be held in Askerswell and Loders. Askerswell are inviting the general public to come and look at the church decorations on Saturday, October 6th. Coffee will be on offer from 10.30 - 12, and tea from 3.30 - 5. The harvest services next day will be Holy Communion at 10 and evensong at 6.30. The interesting thing about Askerswell church decorations is that they are sort-of master minded while those of most other churches are the whims of the decorators. A harvest supper will follow at the village hall on the evening of Saturday October 13th. This is only for the record: the hall cannot take all who would like to attend. Loders harvest will bring up the rear on Sunday October 14th, with Holy Communion at 8, matins at 11, children at 2, and evensong at 6.30. The family of the late Mr. Sidney Tilley, who was the backbone of the choir for around thirty years, have given a welcome supply of music books in memory of him. These will be used for the first time at the harvest matins. The family hope to be present, and so by a happy coincidence does one of the Scott family formerly of the Old Mill, Loders, who were contemporary with Sidney Tilley and great admirers of him. She is Joan Scott, now Lady Ward, who will have with her her husband General Sir Dudley Ward, a former Governor of Gibraltar. Possibly Chuck Willmott may be able to get there too. He has reason to remember Mr. Tilley as a strict disciplinarian, and is none the worse for it, being now a staff sergeant and clerk of works electrical in the Royal Engineers. The music books are inscribed: "Presented to Loders church choir by the family of the late Sidney Tilley in loving memory of a faithful, long serving, devoted and much loved member of the choir". A harvest supper has not been a feature of Loders harvest since the demise of the local branch of the Young Farmers. Now, thanks to the Loders Entertainment Committee, there is to be one. At first it was meant to follow the harvest evensong: now it will more conveniently be on the day following, October 15th, in the village hall at 8 p.m. Space will limit the attendance to 150, and these must needs be parishioners only. Children, under fourteen must be accompanied by an adult. Tickets, obtainable from the committee, cost 75p for adults and 40p for children, each to bring his own knife, fork, spoon AND drink. The Entertainment Committee are working on other treats for the parish - a children's Christmas party and a pantomime in January. Mrs. Hardwick has written the pantomime. We gather that it is as good village pantomimes should be - intensely local. Actors, stage hands, and above all a producer, are still needed. And, by the way, music at the harvest supper will be by Obelisk. Ask who or what Obelisk might be, and you will be told "Just Obelisk".

The Uploders Chapel got the harvest services off to a fine start. For those who do not know, it is a little gem of Regency nonconformist architecture, and for this occasion it was richly and tastefully decorated, and full of worshippers. It was part of a well liked pattern to have that devoted chapel steward Joe Morris welcoming the worshippers, and to see the faithful Dairy Boxall's hat sliding to and fro along the top of the harmonium as she extracted its utmost and best of harvest melody. The now retired purveyor of our Sunday newspapers had put six packets of breath-sweetening violet cashews on the table on the rostrum, as he did last year when the manufacture of them was resumed, rather suggesting that he is still an unabashed non member of the Band of Hope. The service was conducted by a retired minister from down Devon way, the Reverend John Parkes. He was scholarly and serene, a spring of spiritual refreshment from which young as well as old looked to be drinking deep.

Loders school was congested with cars outside, and full of parents adoring their children inside as the latter conducted their harvest festival in praiseworthy manner, leading the traditional singing at one time, doing new and catchy tunes at others, with individuals reading the lessons and saying the prayers. Their back stage was an eye taking array of flowers, fruit and home produce which they would later be taking to old people in the parish.

"The iron church" at Dottery was comfortably filled for harvest, and a delightful feeling of family was the uppermost. Parents, grandparents, children, and grandchildren in arms, old boys and girls some with greying hair, back for the festival, made up the congregation. Miss Rene White, who for years has distributed the Parish Notes over a wide area on her bicycle, was not to be kept away from harvest by a leg broken above the ankle, heavy in plaster and an elephantine surgical boot. Good neighbours had brought her. She sat at the front, insisted on standing for the standing parts of the service, and successfully withstood a collapse which in that prominent position would have brought down the whole service with her. The decorations were exuberant and beautiful. A man had had a hand in them. The organist let it out that her Henry had sat himself down the night before and plaited the splendid corn dolly that graced the harmonium. It was no surprise to Loders people to see in the local press a picture of their Mr. Clifford Harris receiving the new cup for the Bridport chrysanthemum champion. He had won every class in that section. Loders church gets the benefit of some of his choicest blooms.

Mrs. Ralph Lowle invites everybody to her home, Rustic Glen, in Uploders, on Tuesday October 9th (10.30 - 12) to a coffee morning. It will be in aid of the Dorset Naturalists' Trust, and Trust Christmas cards will be on sale.

Lady Laskey also invites everybody to a coffee morning in aid of the Chancery House Day Care Centre at her home, Loders Mill, on Thursday October 18th (10.30 - 12.30). It will

include bring and buy, cakes, produce, and white elephants. Admission 25p. Loders Mill is NOT the Old Mill.

The bric-a-brac stall that the Askerswell church fund-raising committee operated outside Boots in Bridport on a Saturday morning netted the startling sum of £206.92. The jumble sale held by village hall, Women's Institute and church combined, on another Saturday morning, in the Bridport United Church hall, did even better. It made £230. The proletariat of Bridport seem to have a penchant for Askerswell cast offs. Surprisingly one of the Askerswell aristocracy confessed to enjoy selling jumble. Time was when trade in any form was anathema to the nobility. The party that the Honourable Mrs. Alexander Hood gives for the helpers of Loders fete had to be cancelled because of a sudden illness of her husband. He was operated on successfully, we are happy to say, and she moved to London to be near him. At present he is back in Loders convalescing, and has read the lesson at matins with his usual vigour.

Mr. Frederick Arthur Fry died unexpectedly at Watercleaves, Dottery, at the age of 76, and was buried there in the grave of his wife who died in 1965. He had come to live in Dottery from Sturthill, where his family had farmed for many years and been strongly attached to Askerswell church. The family attended Dottery church in strength for the service, which was sung. It was conducted by the Reverend Norman Wilkinson who lives in retirement at Walditch. The Vicar was spending a few days - very pleasant ones - with his eldest daughter and family in Durham. This backs the superstition that when he leaves the parish, if only for a few days, a parishioner dies. Parishioners must accept that he cannot stay put for ever, even loving them as he does. The staff of Bridport Gundry have a strong family spirit. They filled Loders church for the wedding of one of their number, Miss Phyllis Carol Day, of Pymore Terrace, and Mr. William Ivan Andrews, of Charmouth. Against the pealing of the bells and the organ voluntary they socialised merrily until the service began. Then they were all reverence. Some even did their duty by the collecting boxes on the south wall as they went out. The wedding feast was in the old school room at Pymore. Altogether a village wedding at its nicest.

The Vicar officiated at another delectable wedding at the little church in the grounds of Cricket St. Thomas, famous for their outstanding beauty and a wild life sanctuary. The bridegroom was Mr. Kingsley Wenlock, widower, staunch member of Loders congregation, and the bride Mrs. Joan Pile, widow, and a product of that enchanting country. Having the Honourable Alexander Hood as his squire at Loders, the Vicar felt quite at home in a church full of the monuments of naval heroes of the Hood and Nelson families. They were the lords of Cricket St. Thomas in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. One of the wedding guests was a little old gentleman of 101. It was told of him that he is a connoisseur of tobacco pipes, and has an array of pipes on the wall at home. Once a visitor admiring them remarked that he must be very fond of smoking. To which he replied: "Not now. At 97 I found it was affecting my health, so I gave it up".

A welcome herewith to Mr. Desmond Bye and his wife Pamela, who have taken up residence in the very attractive house in Uploders built on the site of the late Granny Clarke's ruinous cottage. He has lately retired from managing the National Westminster Bank at Brighton, and has two sons, aged 32 and 26.

A New Close Farm christening seemed to bring the whole of that devoted family of Smiths to Dottery church on the first Sunday in September. This time the proud parents were Philip and Marion, from Crewkerne, and their babe was Shelley Jane.

Mr. Geoffrey Randall takes unusual experiences in his stride, but one at Medway Farm, Askerswell, at the beginning of harvest was almost too much for him. He was working on top of an old corn bin made of hardboard when without warning it burst with a bang, and he found himself mixed up with 45 tons of barley responding to the pull of gravity. One would have expected him to have felt like Blondin falling from his tight rope into Niagara, but he said he thought a jet aircraft had hit him. Or perhaps a straggling bit of the burnt out American space laboratory? He was none the worse, and the grain was later sucked on to a lorry and re-housed in a bin at Court Farm.

Another welcome, this time to Mr. Jack Standerwick, his wife Ruth, and daughter Sue (aged 15), who have taken Knights' Pightle in Uploders. He is a merchant seaman, at present on leave, and his wife is a native of Beaminster.

Our good wishes will go with Mr. and Mrs. John Bingham to their new home in Beaminster. They were at Grey Cottage, Askerswell, for seven years. We shall miss them, and also Andrew Savage, who has moved from Colfox to Warwick University. He leaves a gap in the Askerswell ringers, which will be bigger those Sundays when Leonard Vickery is maintaining law and order from Dorchester police station. So Askerswell could do with two recruits. The Rector would be pleased to "show them the ropes". Loders could also do with a couple. The people to contact here are the captain Frank Good or the tower warden Harry Crabb.

SERVICES IN OCTOBER

LODERS 7th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
14th Harvest. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30
21st HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
28th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2
ASKERSWELL 7th Harvest HC 10 Evensong 6.30
14th Matins 10. 21st Family 10. 28th HC 10.
DOTTERY 7th HC 9. All others at 3.
UPLODERS CHAPEL - Each Sunday 6.30.

The sermons at our harvest services, now concluded, were variations of the same theme, and that theme was the harvest of Christlike characters to obtain which God brought the world into being. November opens with a pre-view of God's harvest. The first is All Saints, a panorama of those in every walk of life in every age whose characters have been in varying degree a reflection of the divine. The eleventh is Remembrance Sunday. Those who died in the world wars were no saints - or so they thought. But the Somebody who matters said "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends". So, at our three churches on the eleventh the names of the locals who died will be honoured, and an alms taken for the poppy fund. Times of service will be as usual - Askerswell 10 a.m., Loders 11 a.m. and Dottery 3 p.m.

The harvest services at Askerswell and Loders fulfilled the promise of those that had gone before. Several of the faithful of Askerswell happened to be out of the parish at the time, but the morning and evening congregations added together would have quite filled the church, which is big for a population of 150. After evensong the congregation did a round of the church to admire the decorations, and ended at the tower watching harvest being rung out. Expatriates and their children renewed old acquaintance and faded into the darkness of a warm evening until next harvest. Loders was lucky in having a nice day for harvest after several nasty ones. An abundance of sheaves is usually a feature of the decorations. These, in the morning sunshine, made the chancel reminiscent of an old time harvest field. A cross of nut brown bread brought the rye through the profusion of flowers and corn to rest on the altar. In the morning the congregation was overflowing. The Tilley family were thanked for their memorial gift of music for the choir, whose appreciation was echoed in the anthem that followed. At evensong the church was full again, and after service the ringers rang the congregation out. Some of the ringers had had a busy harvest, lending a hand with Askerswell bells. The Loders collections were £121.33, a useful counter to ever increasing costs.

Askerswell harvest supper is now well established, and goes like clockwork, thanks to a committee which spares no effort to make it home from home - pre-prandial sherry, snow-white table cloths, soup, roast pork, etc., beer or cider, apple tart or trifle, cheese and biscuits, coffee, and all for £1.20 a head. The entertainment that followed was home-made, and richly enjoyed. At church next morning the ringers were quick to let the rector know what he had missed by leaving after the eats. But this supper was on the eve of Loders harvest, and even he needs to do a little bed pressing sometimes.

One hundred and seven people sat down to the first harvest supper in years at Loders village hall and left a few hours later with a lively sense of gratitude to the entertainment committee for reviving it, and doing it so well. It meant a lot of work, and for some, young mothers who have work enough at home. Food was in abundance - roast lamb and all the etceteras, fruit salad and cream, cottage loaves and cheese and lashings of butter, and coffee. All this was 75p for adults and 40p for children, and included an entertainment by a wholesome troupe of songsters and twangers from Sherborne. You brought your own drink. It was interesting to see what your neighbour drank. A denizen of the Forest of Dean (a guest) took it as a graceful compliment to him that the salt and pepper was served mixed, in a saucer, Forest of Dean fashion, and did not seem to know that he was eating the ash tray until he was told. One of the serving wenches had created a few ash trays by filling saucers with a curious mottled sand from a builder's heap outside.

A farmer's daughter, Sheila Passmore (nee Newberry) and her husband Philip took advantage of the harvest festival to bring their third child, Edward Charles, to be christened at Loders. Cloverleaf Farm was well represented, and great granny Newberry was there to ensure that all was done decently and in order.

The late John Huxter, who had been living with his daughter and her family at Lower Ash Farm, Dottery, was 87, and long removed from the active life of his native Marshwood Vale, but the attendance at his funeral showed that Vale folk have long memories. There was only standing room in the church, and the bearers had to stand outside for the service. There would have been a mighty tangle of traffic had not Mr. Crabb in the house opposite the church kindly allowed parking in his forecourt and field. Mrs. Tiltman deputised for Mrs. Johnston at the organ. In his funeral oration the vicar said that the integration of young and old was a feature of truly happy family life. From chimney corner John Huxter was a strong influence for good long after his physical strength had failed. Dottery church is grateful for donations of £29.70 in place of flowers.

Lady Laskey's coffee morning was blessed by autumn sunshine and warmth, and the guests were able to see for themselves what a pleasant abode in a spacious setting she and Sir Denis had converted Loders Mill into. Chancery House Day Care centre in Bridport was the richer by £57 in consequence.

October 1979 will long be remembered in Loders as the month when Marjorie, wife of Malcolm McDowall, died at Weymouth general hospital after a harrowing illness, nobly borne. They retired to Loders twenty-seven years ago, and "slotted in" at once. To them there was no place like Loders: they were not pleased to be out of it for a day. To Loders there was no pair more truly one than Jack and Jill, as they soon came to be called. They could have come straight from Longfellow's Hiawatha - "As unto the bow the cord is, So unto the man is woman, Though she bends him she obeys him, Though she draws him yet she follows, Useless each without the other". Jack became a churchwarden within two years of arrival, and still is, with only one short respite. He and Jill never missed a service if they could help it. At the time of her death they were part of the fabric. They had done

much to make new parishioners part of the fabric too, by welcoming them to their home. The church was full for the funeral and she was buried in the churchyard. Anything else of all that might be said about her is, paradoxically, said by money, which she cared nothing about. Her friends were invited to give money to Loders instead of funeral flowers. They gave £330.

The coffee morning that Mrs. Lowle holds each year at Rustic Glen, Uploders, was smiled on by the weather, and the glen was useful in syphoning off the overflow of guests. Ladies of the Dorset Naturalists Trust did a brisk trade in cards and calendars and potential Christmas presents. Altogether the very satisfactory sum of £240 was taken, much of which will directly benefit Trust funds. Mrs. Lowle had a story for these Notes showing the need for public speakers to be distinct. A Mothers' Union speaker finished her address, and proceeded thus to the Lord's Prayer:- "Let us now close with the prayer He taught us". As the members were departing a little girl who was hanging back asked her mother: "But where is the PRAIRIE TORTOISE?".

Mrs. Spafford presided over the annual general meeting of Loders village hall. The night was dark and wet, and there was only one parishioner present beside the management committee. Yet it was a cheerful meeting because the accounts for the year ending 31st March showed the finances much healthier because the hall was more used. Income had increased from £232 to £352, and the credit balance from £30 to £145. The up-to-date position of the balance sheet was:- current account £158, deposit account £497, and investment account £1342, total £1997. The treasurer's report thanked Mr. and Mrs. Robin Upton and their Entertainment Committee for increases in the hall receipts, and also Mr. Morris' youth club. Activities at The Crown had produced £103, and the youth club had added £45. The latter had saved a further £37 by clearing the hall site of weeds this year. The hall management committee had raised £132, and the hire of the hall £72. Mrs. Upton said that the entertainment committee planned to make annual events of the village fair, the flower show and the harvest supper; and were at work on a children's Christmas party, and a pantomime for the new year. The meeting regretted that Mr. Banfield would be unable to continue as hall treasurer after this year, and thanked him for his expert services.

The late Canon Adam Fox was one of those giants of learning that once made the Anglican clergy the wonder of the world. For five years he was also Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. When he stayed with his niece Eleanor in Bridport he liked to attend matins at Loders. She recently attended the unveiling of a memorial to Canon Fox in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. She was sorry that the Dean of Westminster had declined to put on the memorial the epitaph her uncle himself had suggested. And what was that? "Gone to earth".

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fox have moved from the police house in Yondover to the house previously occupied by Mr. Ogglesby in Shatcombe. Their successors in the police house are from Worth Matravers - Mr. Colin Wood, his wife Margaret, and their three children. Adrian (11), Warren (10) and Julian (3). A problem at first was a field for their two horses and a donkey, but Mr. Bill Budden solved this. Mr. Wood is a market trader operating in a fifty mile radius of Bridport. He is a brother of Mrs. Parker next door.

Catching! By the time an observant visitor has got from Matravers in Uploders to the railway bridge in Loders he will have concluded that the inhabitants are a thrifty lot. Offers for sale pepper the route - mikkimugs, surplus garden produce, dried cow dung, beds and breakfasts. The other day two small boys sat near the railway bridge, a jar beside them and a notice, "Water creatures for sale". It seems that either water creatures are not in demand, or sold out. The notice now reads "Cat for sale". Askerswell was shocked by the death of Mr. Tony Savage from a heart attack while he was on a job in Scotland, where, at the time of our writing, he was due to be cremated. He was 61. Our deepest sympathy to his widow Christine and the family.

SERVICES IN NOVEMBER

Loders	4th	HC 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	11th	HC 8, Remembrance 11, Children 2
	18th	HC 8, and 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	25th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell	4th	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	11th	Remembrance 10
	18th	Family service 10.
	25th	HC 10
Dottery	4th	HC 9.30. All others at 3.
Uploders Chapel		Every Sunday 6.30.

A letter from a young lady arrived a little too late for our last issue. It was from Pat Gordon-Hall, of Askerswell, and reads "I hope we are not too late for your November Notes, as the church fund-raising committee would be grateful if you would mention our coffee morning on Saturday, 1st December. It will be held at Askerswell village hall from 10.30 a.m. to 12 noon, and there will be a Christmas gift stall and a produce stall. All will be very welcome, and we hope to see as many people as possible from the valley."

The Blue Peter programme on television inspired a sudden effort in the Bridport area to help Oxfam's work of relieving famine in Cambodia. Mrs. Sally Miles, whose home is not yet clear of the effects of the Loders flood, put on a bring and buy sale at short notice in Loders village hall, with the help of Dionne Aubrey of Askerswell, and raised a very creditable £200. They wish to thank all who co-operated. These include the shopkeepers of Bridport, especially Leakers who gave the splendid Blue Peter cake; and Jan Collins of Bradpole who gave the £20 she had collected towards a children's club in Bradpole which never materialised. What was over has been passed on to the Burton sale for the same object. Symondsburry raised £130 and Charmouth £230. Mrs. Miles says Oxfam was staggered by this quick and generous response. It pleased the vicar, too. The church has a formidable list of good causes that it supports as routine year in and year out. When emergencies arise it is fitting that free-lance parishioners like Mrs. Miles should emerge from the pool of public compassion to grapple with them.

Guy Fawkes night was unpleasantly wet. From the general absence of bangs and meteors in the sodden sky, it seemed that only Askerswell were celebrating. They overcame the difficulties and a good time was had by all. George Bryan operated a terrific bonfire which evaporated the rain before it could fall on the spectators. Stanley Barrow and Donald Marsh kept the higher heavens fizzing and popping with £25 worth of fireworks whisked item by item from the shelter of a van. The ladies served hot dogs and soup from a charcoal brazier bought for the Queen's jubilee, and just the job for such a night. Attendance was gratifying.

The Remembrance Sunday parade in Bridport always siphons off some of the attendance at our services, but our collections always compare well with that of the Bridport parade. We sent £88.45 to Earl Haig's fund (Dottery £5, Askerswell £18.45 and Loders £65). At Loders Mr. Bill Tiltman gave his usual masterful rendering of the Dead March from Handel's "Saul", and the ringers rang half-muffled touches before and after service. There is a haunting beauty about half-muffled bells. They seem to be echoed by another world. Loders bells must be unique in that they begin with the echo; and one of the bells, the tenor, does not echo at all. How they defy the laws of nature is Harry Crabb's - the mufflers' - gleeful secret.

When the late Mrs. Bertha Johnson was remembered among the faithful departed in Loders church, some of the congregation wondered who she might be. And well they might; for nobody in the parish was living a more secluded life. She was the ninety-one year old mother of Mrs. Dick Wood, of Knowle farm, an invalid for some years, and requiring much attention. For something like thirty years Mrs. Wood's household dutifully and not unlovingly revolved round her. The family were present in strength at her funeral in Yeovil crematorium, knowing that had they been Chinese ancestor worshippers they could not have done more for their matriarch's happiness. The vicar took the service. Askerswell parish assembly met under the chairman, Group Captain Newall, with Air-Vice Marshal Adams present in his capacity as local member of the West Dorset District Council. The latter is also chairman of Loders parish council, and may have concluded from an attendance so superior to that of a Loders parish meeting that Askerswell are less trustful of their chairman than Loders are of theirs. It was reported that the Gas Board found it impossible in present circumstances to connect the village to the supply. It was decided to give £30 from the rate to the village hall this year and to levy a half-penny rate in 1980. An appeal was made for somebody to write a historical guide to the village.

Coming events: December is a great month for these, so out with your calendars and take note. In order, they are Friday the 14th, Loders school Christmas concert at 5.45 p.m., followed by the mission sale, for which Mrs. Willmott earnestly begs things to sell; Sunday the 16th, carols at the Uploders chapel at 6.30 p.m. when the collection will be for Chancery House; Tuesday the 18th, school carol service in Loders church at 2.45 p.m., Wednesday the 19th, school party at 4.00 p.m., also carol singing in Uploders in the evening for the C. of E. children's society; Friday the 21st, carol singing in Loders in the evening for the children's society; Sunday the 23rd, carol service in Askerswell church at 6.30 p.m.; Boxing Day, comic hockey match at 11.00 a.m. at the Well Plot playing field between males and females, with Mr. Lionel Welch administering that kiss of life which is all the first aid that seems to be needed.

"Forgive us our Christmases" was what a boy at school was once found to be saying in the Lord's Prayer, and Christmases need forgiving if they omit Him whom Christmas is all about. The service at Dottery on Christmas Day will be at 9 a.m., and at Askerswell at 10 a.m. At Loders it will be Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and family service at 11 a.m. with children's carols at the Christmas tree. These will have been preceded on Christmas eve by the mid-night service which begins at 11.45 p.m.

Congratulations to Mr. Samuel Fry on reaching the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday on November 23rd. He is a hale and hearty widower. When the rector called on him at his cottage off The Square, Askerswell, he was cleaning the floor of his living room. Asked if he had any message for the younger generation, he said "Yes" emphatically. "Tel: 'em I begun milkin' at ten years old and hard work never hurt nobody".

With respect to Samuel, the most interesting inhabitant of Askerswell at present is a tame fox. It sauntered into Miss Thwaites' kitchen, and pretending to be one of her several cats, did justice to their breakfast. At the post office it cleared the scraps Mrs. Savage had put out for the birds, and she noted that there was a white tip to its tail. From the post office she saw it proceeding up the middle of Mr. Webb's drive to his bungalow. Mrs. Lewis has lost some hens, and Mrs. Neville a tame rabbit, but one is reluctant to think that so civilised a fox could have stooped to this.

A welcome herewith to Mrs. Lillian Sawyer who has come from the Epping Forest region to live at Shatoombe in the house vacated by Mr. Dawe. She is a sister of Mrs. Finlay, of Asker House. At present her son Patrick is with her; he is a lecturer in fine art.

Earlier in the year the 360 people on the Loders voters' list each received a sizeable form with questions for them to answer on matters vital to the village. Form filling is so rampant nowadays that the recipients might well have said "Enough is enough" and put the forms in the fire. But they did not: no less than 325 of them did as they were bid. Their answers are presented in an attractive report, now on sale at 50p. It makes fascinating reading, whether or not its aim is achieved of steering Loders into the 21st century according to the ideas of 1979. Hats off to the public spirited parishioners who did the appraisal at no charge to the parish - Anthony Sanctuary (chairman), Frances Sanctuary, Robin and Shelley Upton, assisted by Jessica Dunn, Ronald Price and Harold Brown (a sub-committee of Loders parish council). The awful chore of delivering and collecting the forms was done by Frances, Jessica and Shelley, with some help from Joe Morris. Space confines our observations to just a few of the questions:- Do you read the Vicar's Parish Notes? Yes 271, No 23, No answer 31 (our total circulation is 350 copies per month). Do you read the parish information sheet as well? Yes 171, No 101, No answer 53. The entertainment committee are planning more activity in the village hall; do you approve? Yes 225, No 48, No answer 52. Are you likely to take part? Yes 109, No 146, No answer 70. Are Loders' three pubs an asset to the community? Yes 270, No 14, No answer 41. Is the parish church a valuable asset to the village? Yes 288, No 6, No answer 31. Is the chapel an additional asset? Yes 257, No 17, No answer 41. Is it important to have a resident parson? Yes 245, No 39, No answer 41. Are there any village eyesores which could reasonably be altered? Yes 120, No 93, No answer 112 (High Acres housing estate and the village hall were among several "eyesores" named). The young people's response to the questionnaire was disappointing. Only 24 replied, and one said "Less time should be spent on old people and more consideration given to the young. By old I mean anybody over the age of 25".

Loders Parish Council will hold special meetings in the next six months to consider the appraisal and prepare a report for the parish assembly next March. To the question Will Loders still exist as a village 50 years hence? the answers were Yes 239, No 38, No answer 48. Some of the No's feared the absorption of Loders by Bridport. These should take courage from recent events in the ecclesiastical world. Bradpole, Allington, Bothenhampton and Walditch have lately been absorbed into an enlarged parish of Bridport, all served by a team ministry. The original plan was to include Loders, Askerswell and Powerstock in the new parish of Bridport. Our fierce resistance to it succeeded. We are to remain a unit in the old parochial style under the vicar of Loders, but with the addition of Powerstock when the present incumbent of Loders resigns. Plans to accommodate his successor in a more convenient house are being mulled over.

One of the two small boys mentioned in our last issue as sitting beside the road with a jar and a notice saying "Water creatures for sale" stopped the vicar as he was passing the other day and said "I hear you have been writing about me: maybe one day I'll write about you". An embryonic fisher of men we hope, thinking of his own parish magazine! Church and Chapel services in December are as usual, except for the changes already noted.