

The Stourton Caundler

October-November 2025

Issue 192



Clubs and Committees in Stourton Caundle

Cycling Group Weekly, Mon & Fri	John Howes	01963251264
Garden Club 2nd Wednesday (Sep to Apr)	Christine Peters	362430
Knit and Stitch Mondays Oct to May	Linda Walters	07805182477
League of Golfers Monthly, 3rd Sunday	Roger Paull	07970977404
Parish Council Monthly	Sue Harris	362864
Village Hall '100 Club' 700140	Isobel Bull	07969
Sports Club Weekly Mon,Tues,Thurs	Neil Duke	07383 866768
St Peter's Church Secretary 287894	Jon-Paul Hughes	07779
Village Hall Committee Chair Twice yearly plus AG	Debbie Pritchett	362405
Welcome Club Chair 3rd Wednesday	Rob Page	363886

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Pete Bull	Secretary	07540 773064
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Message from the Editors

We are relectant to contribute to *Christmas Creep*, but creep we must. Already in this issue you will find our invitation to spread Christmas cheer by sending holiday wishes to fellow villagers here in the pages of your village magazine (see page 9). Also, take note of the village Christmas Quiz at the Village Hall (page 10). Surely a great way to get in the Holiday Spirit!

As for your friendly Caundler Editors, we have to start looking ahead to the holiday issue of our village magazine. We are asking for (nay, demanding!) your cherished memories, anecdotes, traditions, mishaps or dreams of the holidays. I still remember one Christmas Day years ago where circumstances found me home alone all day. I spent the holiday with a fire lit and watching a station on the telly play *Miracle on 34th Street (1947)* on endless stream all day. I became quite the expert on that film.

Since the dawn of civilization, story-telling has been recognized as an one of the essential building blocks of community. It brings people together, shapes shared values and builds rich and varied culture.

So, don't be shy. Share your holiday memories with your neighbours. Long or short, melancholy or cheerful, informative, funny, embarrassing or heroic—we're not picky. We'll take it all. It will be one small way for all of us to contribute to bringing our community closer together for this joyous time of year.

Thank you, from The Eds!

Please use “Word” documents when sending contributions
by e-mail if possible to:

thecaundler@stourtoncaundle.org.uk

Please send content submissions by Nov 19, 2025

We made this!

Stourton Caundle Parish Council – September 2025

A well attended meeting on September 9th considered the planning application to approve amendments to plans for two units of holiday accommodation behind the Trooper. This was originally intended to have a pitched roof but has changed to a sloping pent roof. This is intended to have soundproofing and screening with climbing plants above the level of the 2m fence to mitigate the neighbours' concerns about being overlooked. The Parish Council will support the application with the proviso that the planners have satisfied themselves that the proposed roof is in keeping with the local environment.

Dorset Council has approved the application for two new agricultural buildings at Brunsell Farm and the Parish Council supported an application for construction of a drive and hardstanding at 2 Veales Cottages.

A site meeting was also held at 1 Highview Cottages earlier in the summer for a porch and garage and there were no objections.

New equipment has now been chosen for the play-area and fund raising and documentation is in the process of preparation.

The Trooper raised £830 which will go into a new deposit bank account held by the Parish Council as well as £1,500 already ring fenced from the Parish Council.

The new Dorset Local Plan does not include any development in Stourton Caundle ; it can be viewed on the Dorset Council website and comments are welcomed.

Flooding

The frequent flooding incidents at Waterloo Lane and Stalbridge Road, both just outside the village, are now being investigated fully by Highways. They are committed to helping the village overcome the problems. However, we are not viewed as high priority as life/premises are not at risk.

Please use the two links below to report in directly any floods, potholes etc., you notice in the coming months. The incoming reports enable Patrick Carpenter, our Highway Officer, to then prioritize the work on his job list.

Flood incidents

<https://dorset-self.achieveservice.com/service/report-a-gully--drain-or-flooding-issue>

Report a problem on a road or pavement

<https://dorset-self.achieveservice.com/service/Report-other-highways-issue>

Our Village Playground

The village playground is more than just a space for children to play. A playground contributes to the vitality and vibrancy of the community and helps build cohesion among families living in the area. A revitalized playground will help enhance the physical and social landscape of the community, enrich resident interaction and boost the village appeal as a place to live.

Please support the village initiative to redevelop and upgrade our playground. See page seven for more information on progress of efforts.

Garden Notes October/November 25

At last rain has arrived, and gardeners/farmers can breathe a sigh of relief!

All the water butts are full again and we can start to plant/transplant etc.

You may notice shrivelled leaves on shrubs/small trees as a result of the heat, but if you scrape the bark and it's green then do nothing and next spring new growth will appear.

On this subject of the effects of the heat on our plants; try to resist the temptation to remove something that may look dead, but give it a chance to recover, and wait till next spring.

Now the soil is damp then get mulching and lots of it!!

All those plants in pots waiting to go into the flower beds, get them in as soon as possible and from now till frosts (if we get any) do your planting rather than next spring for obvious reasons.

Something I forgot to mention in the last article on the subject of pots.

A few things to consider:

- The bigger the pot the better
- Group pots together Christopher Lloyd style!. They won't dry out so quickly
- Have permanent plants as well as annuals
- If possible stand on saucers/or use a water system
- Display where they don't get the sun all day
- Perennials/shrubs etc will need re-potting every couple of years/fresh soil and fed once new growth starts to appear, with something like liquid seaweed feed once every two weeks

Even though they are a lot of work and require a lot of watering I do see the attraction!

I was looking at my front patch before the rain came, thinking how dry and distressed many of the plants were looking. However, those plants that were doing OK and still giving some colour were::

Lollipop Verbena

Deep Purple Seedum

Purple Sage

Aster Frikartji Monk

Lambs Ears (must control this!)

Evening Primrose

Fennel

Artemisia

Knautia

Love in the Mist seed heads

Tithonia's (grown by Sue)

Back to now; it's more bulb planting of which there is so much choice, but it's oh so worth it and many do well in pots!! Try Scilla Siberia/Crocus/Grape Hyacinths/Tete a Tete Daffs/dwarf Iris/Anemone Blanda. When they've finished flowering you can either plant them

out or put the pot somewhere shady/cool and, come the autumn, check and replenish the soil ready for the following spring.

Alliums are great but don't plant *Siculum Bulgaricum* or Camassia in your flower beds unless you want them to take over !!

As you know I'm not a Tulip fan. But there are three of the Tulip species which I do recommend to plant in lawns or flower beds: *Sylvestris*—highly scented, *Tarda*—very reliable and provides seeds, and *Serengeti*, all these will naturalise and are great for bees etc. They are small not big/blousey or showy!

The later you plant the bulbs the later they'll flower, exception being Tulips, which are best planted in November.

I'm going to end on the re-wilding of a piece of the churchyard.

We're now two years in and you won't have seen much change except that the grass is less rich! Once Ian has done his cut, it's important that as much grass is raked up, you'd be surprised how much we take off and THEN Ian has to go over again with his mower.

We have planted stuff, which hopefully will get going along with what's already there.

I scraped away patches to sow seed I've been collecting: Field Poppy/Knapweed/Corn Marigolds/Corn Cockle/Yellow Rattle/Cranesbill/Moon Daisy. Hopefully some of these will take, fingers crossed. I had a conversation with the nurseryman up at Blooming Wild Nursery, whom is an expert on wild flowers etc; and he said it is a slow process and can take up to five years before you really see the changes.

There are a whole list of other jobs you can do, of course!!

Your Garden Guru



OCTOBER

By Margaret Waddingham

Come with me - I'll show you sparkling treasure!

See? A silver field that floats between its hedges.

I think it's lain beyond this gate for ever,
grass-filled and flowered around the edges.

Springtime birds and summer bees

have poured in their notes,

but in this mist and dew-drenched dawn,

it's now a silver, sparkling treasure of a field that floats.

The place where autumn first was born.

Update on Village Playground Development

Following our most recent parish council meeting, it was felt an update on how things stand with the redevelopment of the play area would be welcomed.

The play area subcommittee has had a number of meetings, in order to ensure we are providing exactly the right kind of play equipment and best use of space for the children who will use it. We have then obtained three different quotes from play equipment suppliers, and have decided which one suited our needs best. Finally, with the help of several young playground users as well as parents, we have made a selection of what they felt was the best and most fun equipment, suiting different age groups and interests. We have also identified a much larger goalpost and net, to be set up in the old BMX section of the play area. Alban Harris has kindly volunteered to remove the old jumps, fencing and some overgrown bushes to create a new, larger space for the older football players – whilst we will leave the smaller goal in situ for a younger group.

The parish council has set up a separate bank account, in which to retain funds raised and we are in the process of drafting a number of mandatory documents to support any grant applications. At the same time, with the help and advice of Keith Lindsay who has joined our team and who was one of the successful fundraisers for the village hall, we have identified several funds where we appear to meet their criteria. We will hope to start our application process within the next month or two – as soon as we have all the paperwork in place. It is essential to tick all the right boxes in the grant application procedure or you will be rejected.

The parish council has set aside some funds, originally for the repair of the climbing tower, and The Trooper has provided a substantial amount collected from the Duck Race. An anonymous donor has also made a very generous contribution. This is a very useful start, especially if we are required to show some match funding, in looking for grants.

We'll keep you updated on progress!

Welcome Club Report

The Club took a summer break for August and went straight into a trip to Forde Abbey near Chard, which is set in thirty acres of award-winning gardens. The day, as is the norm at the moment for our trips, was dull and wet. This did not reduce the enjoyment of the gardens nor seeing the 160' fountain created in 2005 to celebrate the centenary of the Roper family's ownership of the estate. The house alone is well worth the visit and built in the 12th Century for Cistercian Monks.

Our September talk on 'Zimbabwe, off the beaten track' was given by Brian Pettit. Brian is an excellent speaker and photographer who gave us a great insight into his escorted tours in the Zambezi basin in Zimbabwe showing the parks lodges and wildlife.

The Club will be holding its AGM on Wednesday 15th October at 14.30.

Do come to our AGM and meet our members for tea, sandwiches and cake and a natter and get involved in the Club's meetings and trips. We are always looking for new committee members so come and get involved.

Looking forward to seeing you.

Rob Page, Chairman

Harvest Supper

Saturday 11th October 2025

Adults £8. Children £3

Family Tickets £20

6:45 PM

Tickets available from Wendy Taylor
01963 362051 or wendyt5988@gmail.com

Tickets must be purchased in advance to help with catering.



Recycling, Rubbish, Food & Garden Waste

Please put out all bins/containers by 6am on collection day. Recycling and rubbish are collected in alternate weeks, and food waste every week.

Most houses in the village have their waste collected on a **Friday**, but households from Jubilee Oak on Purse Caundle and Rue Lanes (post-codes 2JJ, 2JH, 2LB) have their collections on a **Thursday**. Garden waste is collected from most households on the same day as rubbish, except that for those in Cat Lane and Rowden Mill Lane, when it is on the **Tuesday** preceding this.

You can **download a calendar of days/dates** for your own address/post code from the Dorset Council website (www.dorsetcouncil.gov.uk - go to 'check your bin day'), or, if you do not use the internet, contact the Council (01305 221000) and ask them to send you one.

Soft Plastics and Blister Packs - although not collected from the door, soft plastics can be recycled at Sainsburys and Tescos, and blister packs can be recycled at Boots in Sherborne.

Christmas Greetings in the Caundler?



One of our readers has suggested to the Caundler team that perhaps we could include in our December/January issue a page where you, our readers, could post your Christmas greetings to other members of our community – perhaps in exchange for a small donation to one of your favourite charities (your choice, and no one will be checking on you!)

We think it's a great idea, and will trial it this year! So, if you would like to place a greeting in the magazine, please send one in – inclusion will, of course, be at the Editors' discretion, depending on responses and suitability. Your message should be no more than 40 words (three or so lines of type), and must include your (the sender's) name. All offerings must be received by the deadline for material for the next edition, which is

Wednesday 19th November.

thecaundler@stourtoncaundle.org.uk

VILLAGE HALL '100' CLUB MONTHLY DRAW RESULTS

August Draw - drawn at the Trooper on 15th August

1st Prize - £35	Seonaid Reed	Ticket No. 259
2nd Prize - £30	Peter & Karen Riley	Ticket No. 215
Third Prize - £25	Caroline Rowland	Ticket No. 353

September Draw - drawn at The Trooper on 7th September

1st Prize - £35	Caroline Hughes	Ticket No. 189
2nd Prize - £30	Michael Culverhouse	Ticket No. 219
Third Prize - £25	Janine Tuck	Ticket No. 109

The next two draws will be on 16th October at The Trooper and 13th November at the Beehive Café.

October is the month when we will collect your annual subscriptions to the 100 Club so someone will knock on your door at some point to collect these subscriptions in cash please.

If you wish to pay your annual subscriptions by standing order please email Isobel Bull on bobull@hotmail.co.uk to advise how many tickets you would like and we will send out the bank account details to you.

Isobel Bull - bobull@hotmail.co.uk

Christmas Quiz
Saturday, 29th November
Stourton Caundle Village Hall

Doors open 6.00pm. Quiz starts 6.30pm.
£12.50 per head to include Ploughman's Supper

Teams of six

Prize for winning team

Bottle bar & Raffle

Tickets from De Lord

07956 251073

Tickets must be purchased in advance
Proceeds for St. Peter's Church, Stourton Caundle



NATURALLY THINKING - October/November 2025

I'm feeling rather sad as I write this. I have finally decided to say goodbye to Genevieve. She has been a good friend to me for the last five years as we have wended our way up and down the lanes around the village. Her little wheels have hummed along beneath me as I have noted all the marvels around me, the changing seasons, the arrival and departure of birds and butterflies, the quiet transition of early primroses through to the first dog roses, the willow herb and meadowsweet of summer and on through to the autumn glow of everything around me. Then, back to the glistening, dazzling frost covering every twig and every blade of grass before it starts all over again. She has been my constant friend stopping at the slightest command so that I could marvel at a cobweb jewelled with dew or the magic of the lace that a caterpillar created from a leaf. Together we have watched young calves and lambs skipping around in their early spring nurseries, a young fox playing with an unsuspecting butterfly, small rabbits sleeping above their burrows in the warmth of the noonday sun. I have seen hares boxing and weasels and stoats scurrying along the road in front of me. It is only because of Genevieve that I have been able to see any of these things in the last few years.

But all good things come to an end and now the time has come to say goodbye. From now I will have to rely on my garden, or what I see on TV or hear, and some very special memories.

And, of course, the occasional ride in a taxi to a hospital visit. The latest of these, only a couple of weeks ago, reminded me of the beauty of hedge bindweed, that bright, white flower that wends its way along the hedges, brightening things up just when everything is about to shut down. Of course, no-one who has an interest in gardening is pleased to see it creeping around their hedges, but I bet if it didn't have the habit of coming in uninvited, we'd all be queuing up in garden centres to buy it. As it is, growing where it should be and decorating things just before the fluffy heads of the wild clematis take over, it is beautiful.

I think the last of our House Martins finally left just a few days ago. Up until then, two nests, one at the front and the other at the back, were still occupied by late fledglings where they remained for about two weeks after the majority from all around here had gathered for their great take-off on the power lines opposite me. There were probably some Swallows amongst the crowd, though not the Swifts of course. They are the last to arrive with us and the first to leave - probably during early to mid-August.

What a good year it's been for fruit of all kinds, both cultivated and in the wild. The birds must be having a real bonanza. My spindle berries have been beautiful, though already the foliage is deepening in colour and the branches of my two rowans are weighed down with bright orange or pink berries. My cotoneaster, barely two years old, even has its share of fruit for the first time. I do hope the Fieldfares will find them. Even my ancient apple tree, which has been diseased for years, has produced masses of equally diseased fruit.

I have been really pleased to see a lot of butterflies this year. I don't know how many of them were the less usual ones, but whatever they were, there were a lot of them. The same with moths. I had quite a few trying to share my bedroom whereas for the last few years they have been noticeable by their absence.

I have also had a lot of bees of all sorts though none, alas, seemed to have been the honey bee that I grew up with. I suppose this isn't surprising because I don't think we have a bee-

keeper in the village these days. Bees can often travel up to one and a half miles to find something to their liking, though they have been known to go as far as seven. Of course, if there is something on their doorstep that appeals to them, that's what they'll stick with. Wasps were with us very early and they seemed rather small, but they seemed to have vanished equally early and they have not been around to find the diseased apples that I mentioned.

All in all, I have noticed far more insects in the garden from spring through to quite a lot of the summer when things suddenly got quieter, probably due to the lack of moisture of any kind. It's been such a strange year weather-wise, and those who know about such things have assured us all that 'This Is Climate Change' in case we hadn't worked it out for ourselves.

I do hope things will be more normal for the next year at least, just so that we can all get our breath back.

Margaret Waddingham

Table Tennis in the Village Hall

Last year we started playing table tennis to help raise funds for the Village Hall Raise the Roof Fund and it has been enjoyed by many who came along every other week. Now the work has been completed it has been decided that the table tennis should be taken on by the sports club. However, to remain something everyone can take part in you DON'T have to join the sports club although you are welcome to do so.

We will continue to play fortnightly when possible and dates will be shown in The Caundler diary, we also have a WhatsApp group that we use to send out reminders. If you are interested contact me on 07383866768 and you can be added to the group.

The sports club have invested in some new table tennis bats available for you to use and three tables, players of all ages from children 10 years old (accompanied by a parent) right through to over 70s.

It will cost £3 for non-members, £2 for members and £1 for under 18s. Come along and try on Monday 20th October 7.30pm

Short Mat Bowls

We are a friendly group that meets every Thursday afternoon at 2.30pm in the Village Hall. Come along and join us for a game and some tea and biscuits at half time! We are a friendly group and welcome all abilities – bowls supplied – just wear some flat and comfy shoes! Re-starting 28th September – see you there.

Badminton

Just a reminder that Badminton is held in the Village Hall every Tuesday evening from 7.30pm – all abilities welcome & all equipment supplied – just come along, see what we are all about and have a game!

Neil Duke, Chairman

Nursing

Forty years ago, I became a student nurse at a big teaching hospital, earning the massive amount of £3,000 per annum, accommodation and utilities provided. My room, once I finally found a key that worked on the key-ring they made me sign for, (£10 for a replacement, nurse, so look after it!), was so tiny, I could stand in the middle and reach both walls. It was hotter than the middle of summer, despite being October, as the nurses' home was heated to the same temperature as the pyjama clad patients required on the wards. My first job was to remove several large brown cockroaches from around my sink – followed by a trip to the antiquated kitchen, (yep, more of the cockroaches), down a narrow, dark corridor, the floor of which went downhill from the top and tipped sideways from right to left. I soon became quite skilled at carrying my cuppa at an appropriate angle to stop it spilling.

My first ward was general surgical, with a Sister in charge who was kind, supportive and absolutely insisted on a perfectly made bed, with properly mitred hospital corners. I lost count of the number of times she came along and said, "Your corners should be 90 degrees to the floor, nurse, not 45. Do it again!" With my mind on all of the other 101 jobs I had to achieve before the 10am ward round, I soon learnt to make a perfect job of 'beds' first time!

General medical next, and a first introduction to the joys of caring for a lady who had suffered a severe stroke and was unconscious. Actually, mostly, caring for her wasn't a problem, but this lady had a false eye, which had to be taken out every day and cleaned. As the most junior member of staff, it always fell to me to deal with it and I have a lifelong antipathy for eyes as a result. I could never remove it easily after it had spent a long night in situ and, having cleaned it, I could never then put it back in again!

Paediatrics was not my best effort. Sister was a proper tartar and I could do nothing right. She had eyes in the back of her head, thought student nurses were less than human and her pet phrase for me was "We are not here to play, nurse." Since I wasn't much good at anything else, playing with the children seemed a pretty positive thing to me! We agreed to disagree, though I never said anything to her if I didn't have to!

Accident and Emergency was next, high octane, huge stress and, perversely, complete boredom! It took a bit of getting used to! Especially the gentleman of the road who needed help to get undressed to be examined, and whose toes came off with his boots. Staff Nurse wasn't impressed by my horror, and declared, "Be thankful there were no maggots, Nurse!" Luckily, by this time, I had almost forgotten that I'd had another name and automatically responded whenever anyone shouted "Nurse" in my general direction.

Gynae theatres was the one place we all hoped we wouldn't be sent, but someone had to do it! The work was ok, but I missed talking to the patients. Gynae theatres was run by a fierce little Japanese lady. She was an absolute stickler for formality and I dreaded the days I had to be the runner in her theatre. 'Running' involved fetching anything that either the nurses, surgeon or anaesthetist required during the operation, remembering to maintain the sterility of what ever it was they needed. Sister spoke strongly accented English, which was hard enough to follow normally, but when instructions were issued behind a mask, under the stress of during a surgical procedure, I didn't have a chance. After all, how many times can you politely ask someone to repeat their request? I seem to remember that my score was six!

Orthopaedics was the turning point for me and I loved it, later making my career in that speciality. Some of my colleagues weren't so lucky. I remember walking into the ward one day after handover had finished, to see the curtains around a bed and, peering over the top, the lady patient, remarkably looking only mildly alarmed. On further investigation, the lady was supposed to be on strict bedrest for her condition, but was allowed to use a commode, so the student nurse looking after her that morning had given her a commode, placing it on the bed and then assisting the lady on the top, like the tiers of a cake. No harm was done, but we did have a good laugh about it later!

In my third year, I did obstetrics and gynaecology. I loved labour ward and actually managed to 'catch', (receive a baby as it is born), seven newborn babies, all without dropping one. But, at 20 years of age, with absolutely no experience with babies, trying to teach a new mum how to bath a baby was a very different experience than when we practiced in 'school' with a doll. And giving advice on breast feeding was totally beyond my comprehension – I suppose that it was just as well that, by this time, I'd learnt to hide my lack of knowledge for as long as it took to go and find someone a bit more experienced and ask a few questions.

I went on to nurse for over 20 years, remember my career with absolute fondness and really wouldn't change a thing. After all, it has made me into the person I am today, for better or for worse!!

Helen Saxton



The Pout

I think I was about 20 when I decided, for the umpteenth time, that I wasn't a born secretary. So, I thought, I shall be a model.

I wrote off to the Lucy Clayton School of Modelling and to my surprise and delight, I was invited for an interview one Saturday morning. Perhaps I should admit at this point that I did not tell my parents the exact nature of my trip as I had an uncomfortable suspicion that they would not approve, especially my father who had already shown a strong aversion to my plucking my eyebrows.

Those were the days of Bridget Bardot and, for those of you who are roughly the same vintage as myself, perhaps you will remember her for her pony tail, her clothes and, perhaps The Pout. Although I did not have a pony tail, I particularly admired The Pout. So I practiced it. I practiced it a lot. After all, I was preparing to be a well known model with Messrs Dior or Chanel and they would love it. My ambitions, as you can see, were modest.

For the occasion, with B.B. very much in mind, I bought a slinky knitted dress in shocking pink, a wide black belt, black high heels, as high as I could safely walk in, a black clutch bag and a black velvet beret which I tweaked coquettishly (I thought) over one eye - and I really went to town on The Pout. I practiced it for the week before the interview and I practiced it all the way to London wherever there was a bit of glass in which I was even vaguely reflected - in train windows (particularly good in the underground) in the glass of the posters up and down the escalators and in every shop window I came across. I also visited

several Ladies Cloakrooms, just to check in a proper mirror. By the time I reached Lucy Clayton, I thought I had perfected it. I also thought I looked rather Bardot-modellish in my bright pink and black outfit

There are only four things I remember about that much anticipated interview. I was told to walk up and down a bit in my ridiculously high and uncomfortable shoes, to sit with my ankles crossed and would I please relax my face a bit and smile (thus loosing The Pout).

The fourth, and most memorable, was to tell me that I had been accepted.

Joyously, I returned home - minus The Pout. My sisters had long left home, one married and the other at university, so it would be only my parents who would hear my wonderful news, which I relayed to them over lunch. Surprisingly, they did not react as I had imagined they would. My mother fell very silent and my father, after staring at me for one short moment, which actually seemed a very long one, said, rather too loudly for comfort, 'NO.'

'No?' I echoed.

'No.'

My father was not one to be argued with so two days later I was back to being a very bad secretary, with a pout of a different sort.

For a while, I thought, poor Messrs Chanel and Dior. They'll never know what they missed. On mature reflection though - phew! I don't think I'd have had the stamina for all that walking up and down, probably in very uncomfortably high heels.

Margaret Waddingham



VILLAGE HALL - THE ROOF IS FINISHED!

I am delighted to report that the replacement of the village hall roof was completed on schedule by the middle of August. The first public event on re-opening was the Beehive Cafe on 28th August where Debbie Pritchett as Chair of the village hall said a few words to mark the occasion.

Almost all of the electricity that is now being used in the hall is being produced by the new solar panels and (when not required) stored in the batteries we have installed on site. Since we have re-opened, we have not had to buy any electricity from the grid with the exception of when the Beehive Cafe is operating the kitchen equipment at full blast. And any electricity costs we do incur will be more than off-set by the payments we receive from selling our excess power to the grid.

The photo below gives a good view of the new roof and solar panels from a vantage point that we wouldn't normally see them from!

This project was completed with very few snags thanks to the invaluable involvement of many people - too many to mention them all here. However, the Trustees want to put on record their particular thanks to three people.

(cont)



Ness Boal passionately and enthusiastically led the organising of several large fund-raising events. The fact that we as a community had raised a large amount of money ourselves was an important factor in enabling us to attract grant funding. Thank you Ness (and Luke for the inevitable addition to your workload too!).

Peter Riley acted as our project manager. With his professional building and construction experience he was able to lead the procurement process and ask the kind of questions that the rest of the Trustees would not have known should be asked! Throughout the time that we actually had contractors on site, he was actively involved on a daily basis and this really took the pressure off the rest of us. Thank you Peter (and Karen for your support of Peter through the process!).

And last, but very much not least, our deep thanks go again to our anonymous donor whose wonderful generosity enabled us to complete the project this year - something we did not expect to be able to do. Thank you!

The sum of all of the fundraising undertaken and donations received has left us in a healthy financial position with surplus funds to consider other hall related projects. A working group of the village hall members is currently consulting on what is next for the village hall. If you wish to become a member of the village hall charity and help to guide its progress into the future please email me on petebull14142@gmail.com.

Thank you once again to everyone who has helped with this project.

Pete Bull - Secretary
Stourton Caundle Village Hall CIO



Motorcycles

These came into my life while I was at Bruton, mainly inspired by Paddy Usher Smith, a lifelong friend. His father was pro-motorcycle (unlike my parents) and Paddy had a Francis Barnett 150 as soon as he was old enough to ride on the road. He came over on it during the holidays, and I went for a ride on the back of it. Despite the lack of power (I had to get off and walk on steep hills), it caught my imagination. The following term at school, four of us clubbed together and bought a 1960 Triumph Tiger Cub 200cc off the West End Garage for £20. It was hard to start, but went well for a while. We garaged it up in the town of Bruton, where it was joined by a BSA Bantam 175cc that I bought off another friend. I toured round much of that part of Somerset as I got to know the ropes, and then came the end of term. I sent a carefully composed letter home to tell Mum and Dad I'd bought a bike, which I wanted to bring home. All my care was wasted – I'd folded the letter the wrong way, so that the first thing Mum saw when she took the letter out was the phrase “so you see, I've bought a motorbike”. But they got used to it (although I think Mum always wished I'd give them up), and Dad even helped me buy a more reliable machine (Royal Enfield 250) after the spectacular death of the Bantam. The original wiring was frayed and the petrol tank had a leak – a bad combination – and the result was the petrol caught fire as I went round Greenhill Corner going up through the farm. Luckily, I was going very slowly and baled out, suffering nothing more than a bruised knee. The bike carried on into the ditch and exploded! Real Steve McQueen stuff.

Many other machines have come and gone, the most memorable and long-lived being Vincents. Of those, my favourites have undoubtedly been the two pre-war ones, the Series “A” Rapide 1000 and the Comet 500. The Rapide was impossibly fast for its age, being capable of exceeding 110mph any day, and proved to be very reliable. I gave it 12 volt lights, which improved its night time riding, but it lacked really good brakes, indicators, etc, so it went, in favour of a 1340 Harley. This machine was 50 years younger, 340cc bigger and 10 mph slower than the Vincent, but it took me to lots of places over the next nine years. However, its lack of character meant I didn't really miss it when I sold it to help pay for the house in Donegal (it paid for half the house). Some years later, following Uncle Jack's death, I had the money to get something else, and my last big twin was a Hesketh, which was lovely, but very heavy. With poorer leg circulation, it became too much to move around, so it made way for a much smaller, nimbler (and slower) Morini 350. Still a vee twin, but not really quite the same as having all that torque to play with. It didn't take long for me to realise that I'd downsized too far, so after a couple of (enjoyable) years I was able to satisfy my desire for a bit more bottom end “grunt” by swapping the Morini for a 650 Guzzi.

There are enough motorcycling stories in my head to fill a book, but the one that always comes back to my mind is the (famous) occasion of the epic trip over the Donegal mountains during a February blizzard. I'd been staying with my good friend Jimmy McBride and getting to know some of the then numerous Inishowen singers – always a delight. The day I was to leave for Ardara, 70 miles away, was a wild day of storms and, as I soon found out, increasing cold. The first 30 miles down to Letterkenny along the banks of Lough Swilly were blustery, with the wind blowing the five hundredweight Harley about like a lightweight, but my apprehension increased as I started the climb from Letterkenny towards Glenties over the hills of Meenaroy. The wind rose further, there was snow in the rain, and as darkness fell the temperature dropped below zero. I carried on through the darkness,

visibility down to a few feet. Soon the road was covered in snow, so navigation was a matter of looking for rushes or fence posts that marked the limit of the road – at that stage I didn't know this road well. I did remember there was a village along the way (Fintown), but I never saw it, as my visor was either up to try and see a bit more, or down because of the lashing of the 80 mph winds. I struggled on in bottom gear at about 5 or 10 mph, feet down and with the bike leaned into the wind to keep upright. At no time was I certain that I was on the right road, but at least I was on a road of some sort, and eventually, after what seemed like hours (and was in fact about three hours) I was aware that I was going downhill. The snow lessened a bit and visibility increased, although the wind was still very strong. I knew that I should have gone left a bit at a junction just to the west of Fintown, which my mileometer told me I must have passed by now, and had no idea if I was still on the right road. But eventually I came to a road sign that announced “Glenties” and the snow had virtually stopped by the time I got through the town. My relief was almost indescribable, but the last leg was still snowy and icy. Half an hour later I pulled up outside Packie McGinley's house and dismounted, stiff and almost frozen, over five hours since leaving Buncrana. Packie'd heard me arrive and came out to see a solid sheet of frozen ice and snow break off the front of my jacket. His wife Brigid hadn't heard me arrive due to the wind, and was still gazing out of the kitchen window towards the Glenties road, looking for my headlight, which she'd missed somehow. Her rosary was in her hands, and maybe that had something to do with me getting there safely.

The postscript occurred some months later, in Co Clare. At a music week there I met someone from North West Donegal, and we were chatting about the music and singing.

“Wait a minute” he said, “are you that mad feckin' Englishman?”

“What mad feckin' Englishman?”

“The one that went over Meenaroy last winter!”

“Well, I did go over Meenaroy, yes”

“In a blizzard? On a feckin' motorcycle?”

“Well, yes”

“Jesus, they say it took eight hours and the wind was 120 mph!”

There are times when you just have to let the story grow away on its own, and that was one of them.

John Waltham

Julius Caesar (100-44 BC) during his campaign to conquer Pompey in northern Greece, was hampered by lack of reinforcements. Ships carrying more troops were refusing to cross the Adriatic due to harsh midwinter storms. In anger, Caesar, disguised as a slave, boarded a small boat, and set forth to organize the reinforcements himself.

During the crossing, the boat was foundering in the storms and the captain made the order to turn back. Caesar stood-up on the deck and declared,

‘Go on and fear nothing! You carry Caesar and his fortune.’

Diary of a Country Parson.

Autumn Leaves

As Summer slowly fades over the horizon, we find ourselves in concerning times with an increase in discontentment, anger and sadly in some cases hate in our country. Many of us look at our TVs or social media and ask what is going wrong in the world. We want to be able to grab onto the familiar, wishing things were normal or as they were in the past, but it can feel as if this tide of anger will overwhelm us.

Autumn and Winter bring about a physical and emotional change in us, we can look forward to Harvest, Bonfire Night, Christmas and New Year with cosy nights in by the fire. Nature reminds us of the cycle of life that everything has its time and place and even though Winter might feel like darkness overwhelming us we know Spring will come. God shows us through creation that something far bigger than despot politicians and the angry haters are in control, a power far greater than us and beyond our understanding. The darkness will not overcome us, something we should remember as we stand at our war memorials and say, "We will remember them". Harvest time also reminds us of God's bounty, and we are thankful for our farmers who share in the work of creation so we can be feed.

Autumn will bring its amazing colourama of reds, browns and golds, long shadows and golden light, the joy of morning mists and diamond dew drops on the grass. The air takes on a new earthiness mixed with cold freshness. God has fixed all of these things for us, they are constants and have been since before we began and will continue after we have been gathered to God. This is beautifully phrased in the reading from Ecclesiastes 3.1-8,

Everything Has Its Time

3 For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

² a time to be born, and a time to die;

a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;

³ a time to kill, and a time to heal;

a time to break down, and a time to build up;

⁴ a time to weep, and a time to laugh;

a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

⁵ a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together;

a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

⁶ a time to seek, and a time to lose;

a time to keep, and a time to throw away;

⁷ a time to tear, and a time to sew;

a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

⁸ a time to love, and a time to hate;

a time for war, and a time for peace.

Blessings

Canon Richard Hancock. TSSF

Flower & Produce Show and Garden Club Programme

The flower and produce show took place this year Saturday 30 August, offering the first opportunity for most exhibitors and visitors to admire the recently reopened village hall. Despite the extremely dry summer we have enjoyed, most of the fruit, vegetable and flower classes were well represented, although some crops, such as the onions and shallots, did appear to have suffered. Dahlias in particular seemed to have enjoyed the endless sunshine and lack of rain, with some really spectacular blooms on show. There were over 350 entries in all classes, well up on 2024, and close to the peak numbers of 2023. There was a particularly good showing in the children's classes, and it was noticeable that they had also entered several items in adult classes as well.

The Club Chair, Christine Peters, won the Bond cup for the lady with the highest total points, while Neil Gillard again won the Julius cup for the gentlemen's highest points. Andrew Reed collected the Hamilton cup for the best "men only" cake for the second successive year, and Daisy Boal was the winner of the Ken Moore watering can for the best children's entry.

The full list of Cup and prize winners was:

Julius Cup (gentleman highest points)	Neil Gillard
Bond Cup (lady highest points)	Christine Peters
Salter Cup (best in vegetable section)	James Tree
Baillie Cup (best floral art exhibit)	Sue Simon
Barnes Cup (best box of vegetables)	Not Awarded
Firth Cup (best handicrafts exhibit)	Win Gillard
Hukins Cup (best domestic exhibit)	Janie Harris
Sherwin Cup (best exhibit in flower classes)	David Barbour
Villiers Cup (best in fruit section)	Jack Rudman
Ken Moore Watering Can (children's section)	Daisy Boal
Hamilton Cup (best cake-men only)	Andrew Reed
Maureen Dike Cup (best pelargonium from plug)	Howard Fitch

The tea party which followed was attended by over 70 villagers and friends, who enjoyed some of the cakes entered in the show while the auction of some of the produce shown on the day, conducted most professionally by Neil Gillard, Harry Dike and Nic Walters, raised £90. As was the case last year, bidding here was largely driven by younger members of the audience, who seemed determined to go home with the boxes of jams, cakes, fruit and flowers. Thanks as always are due to the committee and supporters for organising the event, as well as arranging and serving the tea, and to the exhibitors for making the show a success.

(cont)

Forthcoming Programme

The Garden Club has organised another fascinating season of talks and demonstrations for members and visitors, the details of which are now on the village website. However, as a reminder, the first of these will be on Wednesday 8th October, when Julian Hight, active member of the Woodland Trust and author of several books about the ancient forests and trees of Britain, will be talking about the legacy and folklore of these physical links to our collective past. The meeting will start at 7:30 pm and membership subscriptions will be collected at the door from those who haven't already signed up.

Broken Nails



School Holiday Adventures

Since moving to the village two and a bit years ago we have had regular visits from two of our grandchildren Lincoln and Liberty during the school holidays (and give their parents a respite!) We meet them “half way” at Rownhams service station near Southampton where they say their farewells to mum and dad.

This year we thought we would make use of the countryside around us and our first adventure was the Stourton Caundle Stile Trail. Much fun was had following the map and looking out for the next stile. They enjoyed reading the “pebble” messages at stile number two and writing their own



on the bridge using the supplied chalk, on stile number three. We all ended up at The Trooper for a refreshing drink.

Next we went to the Stourton Caundle playground/ park. Fun was had playing basketball and football before riding the swing and roundabout. It is a shame that other equipment is in disrepair but I know that plans are in place to revive the park.

On another day we went on a trip to the Kingston Maurward Animal Park and Gardens near Dorchester, which has free admission!! We had a great few hours



looking at all the animals and walking by the lake and gardens, which had plenty of tables and benches for a welcome drink and picnic.

Our final destination was the Nine Springs Country Park, Yeovil, again free except for parking. It has a great play area for all ages and many “friends” were made for the day. Again some lakes with ducks and moorhens to keep our grandchildren amused. Another day for a picnic, making the several days affordable. All four adventures were free and the only cost was drinks and cakes as a special treat with picnic lunches made at home. Lincoln and Liberty have now gone home to Worthing and we can relax and unwind until the next school holiday...



STOURTON CAUNDLE ANNUAL GOLF DAY LYME REGIS GOLF CLUB—MONDAY 28 JULY 2025

After many years of trying and with a little inside knowledge, Roger finally managed to book us into Lyme Regis for our annual golf day – and without doubt, the wait was worth it! We are blessed to live in a beautiful part of the country and undoubtedly, Lyme Regis must have some of the most beautiful tees in the UK.



After a prompt start from The Trooper, we enjoyed a very good full English breakfast. Dave explained the organisation of the day, before the first group set off just before midday. Many people made use of this time for a little putting practice and some wished they had done more. With no 'give me's', putting on these very fast greens tested your touch, and for some of us still remains a mystery! The course was ideal for our range of experience, with some challenging holes but also fairly forgiving if you weren't quite as straight as you might like.

After 18 holes we enjoyed some very good steak sandwiches and welcome refreshments. It was then time for the presentations before the trip home, which included a warm welcome from the landlord of the Hunter's Moon, where further rehydration took place. All in all an excellent day, good weather, good company, good food, good beer and as ever, variable golf!

Congratulations to all the winners, there were many close competitions. Only two points separated the first three teams in the Yellow Ball contest, commiserations to 'Team Winter' (30 points) and 'Team Pattle' (29 points). The team competition was even closer with three teams all finishing on 83 points, 'countback' was used to separate the teams, meaning that 'Team Pattle' (again) and 'Team Dukey' missed out on the prizes. 'Team Hallam', only one point behind, didn't even make the podium. In the individual competition, again, only two points separated the first three players with John Conduit on 34 points and Jim Stuart on 35. Congratulations to Scott Warehan on winning the Challenge Cup.

An Artist's View of Stourton Caundle

Articles about interesting people who have visited the village or events that have taken place in the village over the last year. All contributions for future issues gratefully received.

I first noticed that Laurence Belbin, the Sherborne-based artist, had been sketching or painting various scenes of Stourton Caundle when I was flicking through one of the Sherborne Times issues (Laurence has a regular feature called 'An Artist's View'). He mentioned in the article that he often visited various villages, in the proximity of Sherborne, to diversify the range of scenes that caught his artist's eye. And Stourton Caundle is one of those he likes to return to. So, I thought I would contact him and request an interview – to find out what he liked in particular about the village and to discuss his journey to where he is now and provide any advice for budding artists.

This is what he kindly shared with me whilst we sat outside The Trooper on a glorious May lunchtime (Laurence was rather sad the pub did not open at lunchtimes. He normally likes to reward himself at the end of a sketching session with a fine foaming pint of fresh ale. Just an observation @Debbie and John – tongue is firmly in cheek):

Laurence's observations on Stourton Caundle

The village has an interesting range of varied building perspectives e.g. the old barn, looking exactly as it might have done a century or more ago (see next page) and the way some houses are arranged at right angles to the street rather than in parallel to the street (which is more traditional / conventional – see image below). There is a wonderful lack of 'straight lines' in many of the buildings and the layout of the village in general. It is definitely a destination he will return to for future artistic visits.



Laurence Belbin with his latest book during a village sketching visit in May



A Stourton Caundle sketch used in the Sherborne Times

Laurence's journey to becoming an established artist

Since he was five Laurence always knew he wanted to paint. He sold his first oil painting at 16, whilst still at school. He drew in the back of his school workbooks, preferring to spend time there, rather than the front where the lessons were consigned.

After leaving school he went into the print business (having only one 'O' level in Art, he was told by his teachers he would never get

into college). Undeterred by this, Laurence ran the print machines and drew in between print runs. His bosses took note of his artistic eye and moved him into the design studio, where he went on to learn about graphics. As with all those who know they have a vocation or calling, Laurence continued to paint at home during the evenings and nights (whilst working during the day) – selling his work to galleries (these days – this would be called a ‘side hustle’). In 1989, after approximately 12 years of working in printing, Laurence decided he could no longer work for someone else and his ‘side hustle’ became his full time job.



A sketch Laurence had crafted during the May visit

Laurence’s tips for budding artists

Laurence was very generous with his advice and these were some of the most important aspects he wanted to share:

- Get the essence of a picture and don’t seek perfection
- Identify the colour(s) you need or want to work with and don’t be afraid to use them generously
- Paint ‘honestly’ – something of you will come through
- Change happens in small increments not big bounding leaps
- Don’t try and create a style. Some people try and paint what they think a painting should look like. Don’t – paint how you feel. You’re not painting a picture – you’re painting how you feel

- Everything is in your back

garden, you don’t need to go on expensive painting holidays

- Curiosity, constant questioning, constant thinking – these are essential traits of an artist
- The more experience you gain the harder it can become trying to ‘unpeel’ things. Experience can sometimes lead to becoming formulaic.

The final summary

Laurence has moved through several stages in his artistic journey. Today his focus is about ‘honing down’ and he feels he is becoming more abstract in his approach, although not quite there yet. “I have always been an artist. I didn’t become one. Being an artist is not a job – it’s who I am. Art is a way of thinking and being. I am me – no matter who I am speaking to”. A wonderful ending to a wonderful and inspiring conversation. For anyone interested in Laurence’s work visit his website at www.laurencebelbin.com. If you would like to buy a copy of his latest book ‘My Road to Sandford Orcas’, contact him via email: info@laruencebelbin.com

Steak and Kidney Pudding

Suet Pastry

350g Self raising Flour

170g Shredded Suet 200ml Red Wine

½ Tsp Salt 4-5 Sprigs Fresh Thyme

Butter for greasing bowl 1 Bay Leaf

3 Fresh Lambs Kidneys cut into 1 ½ cm cubes
[having cut the middles out]

3 Tbs Plain Flour

700g Braising Steak (trimmed and cut into 2.5 cm cubes)

4-5 Tbsp Sun Flower Oil

1 Medium Onion Chopped

500ml Stock

1 Tsp Tomato Puree

Salt & Pepper



Pre-heat the oven to 170c.

Place cubed steak into a plastic bag and kidneys into another bag, divide the flour between bags, season, and give each a good shake to cover meats in flour.

Heat 2 Tbsp oil in large non-stick frying pan.

Fry steak in batches over a medium heat, adding more oil if needed, until browned.

Remove steak from pan with a slotted spoon and put into a casserole dish. Repeat with kidneys. Add to casserole.

Add onion to frying pan, adding remaining oil, and cooking over low heat stirring until softened - about 5 mins. Add to casserole.

Deglaze pan with wine and bring to boil stirring, and pour over steak and kidneys in casserole.

Strip thyme leaves off stems add the stock and bay leaf to mixture. Return to hob on low heat. Simmer 2-3 mins until thickened. Remove from heat and let cool. Remove three ladlefuls of the sauce for the gravy.

Meanwhile, add flour, suet and salt into a bowl mix well. Stir in enough water to make a soft dough - approx 300ml warm water.

Bring together and form a ball end knead lightly. Remove a generous ¼ for the lid and roll out remaining pastry to a rough 5cm circle [the size of a dinner plate]- should be about 1cm thick.

Butter pudding bowl (2 pint bowl / 1.5 litres) and line with the pastry leaving 1cm above bowl. Press in lightly against bowl. Trim and put meat mixture in.

Wet the rim of bowl and place lid on pressing edges together. Cover the top with parchment paper followed with foil. Tie these with string making a loop at the top for removing when cooked.

Place into a large saucepan with an upturned saucer on the bottom. Put boiling water to halfway up bowl and cover tightly with a lid.

Simmer for 2.5 hours adding water when necessary.

When cooked lift out of saucepan and let it rest for 5mins before turning out.

Serve with gravy.

Cicely Diack

Born with Another Name My Ancestry Story

Part 2 – Finding my Father with Ancestry DNA

This is a story of self-discovery - an investigation into a past I knew nothing about. An unravelling of the beginnings of my life. In the last issue I told the story of finding my birth mother. This is the story of how I traced my birth father.

Recap

My name is Andrew Sampson and I was born Stuart Harrison in 1954 in Manchester. Aged seven months I was adopted by a lovely couple, John and Cynthia Sampson, who had sadly been unable to have children of their own. In 2017, I found the family on my birth mother's side.

In 2024 I was diagnosed with incurable cancer and decided to search for my dad.

In those early days I rested a lot and, while lying on my bed, my mind started a journey through my life. The idea came up to do a DNA test to try and find out who my dad was. So I ordered a DNA testing kit from 'Ancestry' and registered on the site.

In June I sent my test off.

I received the kit test very quickly and a few days later I sent off the test samples. I waited and waited.

It took about five weeks, during which I would daily click on the link at least two or three times. And then, one morning I had some results.

There were two close DNA matches who were registered on the Ancestry website.

DNA matches

When I saw the DNA results it was a very strange experience.

Suddenly I had in front of me the names and profiles of two people which Ancestry said had DNA that closely matched mine.

The first person, a male, was labelled '1st cousin 1x removed' - the other, a female, was labelled '1st cousin 2x removed.'

Neither name was familiar.

To be honest I didn't really comprehend what this meant - and Chris and I certainly had no idea what to do next and what to say if we made contact with these people.

Help arrived!

Via Facebook I came across a US non-profit organization (DNAngels) who help people trace their birth parents. I wrote to them and was accepted and they 'appointed' a lovely representative in the UK to work with me.

I explained my story and she looked at my DNA test result and the two matches on Ancestry and the team created a massive family tree using genealogy tools.

My new family tree, largely based around Salford, was a revelation.

Most importantly it showed the names of my probable paternal grandparents and the names of their two sons. One of which was likely to be my father.

Both these men are deceased - but they each have a living son who was significant to the search, being father and grandfather of the DNA matches respectively. One of these men would be my half-brother.

(cont)

What to do next?

Now we had a clearer picture, with considerable nervousness we started by messaging the two DNA matches via the Ancestry website - explaining my adoption story and the fact they had come up as DNA matches.

But we never heard back.

Either they didn't check their messages, or they didn't want to know me.

We also found several Facebook profiles for people in the tree and tried to make contact but again heard nothing back. It was a bit disconcerting.

And then...

One day, on Ancestry, Chris found the husband of one of my close DNA matches – the granddaughter of one of my 'possible half-brothers' - and we messaged him.

His wife messaged me back!

Then she phoned me straight away! She was really open and friendly and quite excited.

She also contacted the other close DNA match – the son of the other 'possible half-brother' - and he too started writing to me.

The biggest breakthrough of them all.

Suddenly, one of my possible half-brothers said that he was going to do a DNA test with Ancestry. This would show whether his father was also my father.

He sent his test off very quickly and the result came through within a month.

We are half-cousins and his father was my uncle not my father.

After a short discussion, the son of the man who was therefore almost certainly my father also agreed to do a DNA test. The answer came back in March this year...

My dad was indeed the great grandfather of the woman I'd spoken with on the phone. Her grandad is my younger half-brother, and she is my great-niece!

A secret twice-over

My 'appearance on the scene' came as a huge shock to my half-brother.

My father - the man they all knew and loved - had an extramarital affair and I was the result.

"For like four generations our family has had solid marriages and happy homes so it was initially so confusing, how can this have happened."

It turns out some of the family knew of my existence and had kept the secret. Surprisingly, my dad knew of me and had kept a photo of me as a baby. My elder half-sister had been trying to find me before she passed on. I had an elder half-brother who also knew about me. I talk to my 'young' half-brother's grand-daughter regularly and there are plans to meet up one day.

What I learned

This whole journey has made me look back at my life from a different perspective.

I have lived in several different countries, with quite a varied non-conformist lifestyle.

Although I had a very privileged background - there was always a part of me which didn't fit.

It is as if those first few weeks of my life – living in uncertainty as my adoption was being planned and organised – permanently affected me.

For decades, it felt something was missing. It was as though I was constantly searching....

Finding out about my birth-family is like a form of completion and I can relax more.

I just wish I could have met my mother before she passed away. I feel sad for her that I did not begin this journey earlier. But maybe she knows?

Andrew Sampson

Some fun for the kids, or even the adults. A colouring-in feature for you to spend time doodling on whilst you have your morning or afternoon cuppa and biccies (or cake). And, if anyone wants to share their (or their children's) artistic skills please do send in colour photos of the finished artwork and we will aim to publish it in the next issue. This issue has an Autumn theme.

Autumn



Village Diary - October 2025

Day	Date	Event	Venue	Time
Wed	1	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	2	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	2	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Mon	6	Snooker	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	7	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	8	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	9	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	9	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Sat	11	Harvest Supper (see pg 8)	Village Hall	6.45 pm
Sun	12	Harvest Thanksgiving	St Peters	11.00 am
Mon	13	Snooker	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	14	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	15	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	16	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	16	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Thurs	16	Quiz Night	The Trooper	8.00 pm
Mon	20	Snooker and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	21	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	22	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	23	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	23	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Sun	26	Breakfast Church/Morning Worship	St Peters	11.00 am
Mon	27	Snooker	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	28	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	29	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	30	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	30	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm

Dorset offers many opportunities in October to get out and about enjoying the cool Autumn air, many within an hour's drive of Stourton Caundle.

Early in the month, Shaftesbury holds their annual Oktoberfest and Gillingham offers a Carnival and Parade. Nearer to Halloween, children can enjoy a Halloween Trail at Minterne Gardens, Ghostly Games at Abbotsbury Swannery or a Pumpkin Trail in Sherborne.

More information can be found at exploringdorset.co.uk

Village Diary - November 2025

Day	Date	Event	Venue	Time
Mon	3	Snooker and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	4	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	5	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	6	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	6	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Sun	9	Remembrance Service	St Peters	10.55 am
Mon	10	Snooker	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	11	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	12	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	13	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	13	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Mon	17	Snooker and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	18	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	19	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	20	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	20	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Thurs	20	Quiz Night	The Trooper	8.00 pm
Sun	23	Breakfast Church/Morning Worship	St Peters	11.00 am
Mon	24	Snooker	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Tues	25	Badminton and Table Tennis	Village Hall	7.30 pm
Wed	26	Pilates / Pilates (Gentle) at 10.45am	Village Hall	9.25 am
Thurs	27	Beehive Café - Little Bees	Village Hall	9:30-12:30 am
Thurs	27	Short Mat bowls	Village Hall	2.00 pm
Sat	29	Village Christmas Quiz (see Pg 10)	Village Hall	6.00 pm

Dorset offers many opportunities for fun and adventure in November. Melbury House and Weymouth Beach will be offering Bonfires and Fireworks early in the month and Athelhampton House & Gardens will host the Dorset Food & Drink Winter Fair.

Later in the month, if you find yourself getting in the holiday mood,, there will be a Christmas Maritime Light Festival in Poole, and Christmas Markets in Wareham, Wimborne and Abbotsbury. And Dorchester will host Santa and open-air Skating in Brewery Square from late November right up to Christmas.

More information available at exploringdorset.co.uk

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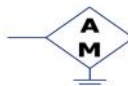
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