

The continuing drought has evoked requests to parson to pray for rain. This is unusual. Nine times out of ten it is fine days for May fairs and the like that he is asked for. A neighbouring squire is alleged to have told his parson it was high time he prayed for rain, and the parson to have confessed a fear that if he started the rain it might not stop. Your parson, less confident of his standing with the Almighty, has already prayed the Rogationtide prayer to "grant such seasonable weather that we may gather in the fruits of the earth." The fruits of the earth are more important than the weather, and they are appearing in their season. New English potatoes are down to sevenpence a pound, and our farmers are garnering fine hay while hay lies rotting in the rain soaked fields of the north. So your parson lets well alone. And he hopes his clerical neighbours may not give way to his squire before 18th July, which is Gardens Sunday in Askerswell. It would be cruel for the gardeners to have nursed their gardens so laboriously through the drought and then to see them washed away on the great day. The Square will be the place for visitors to begin at. There they may obtain programmes and tickets to the gardens. At "Dayspring," The home of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, they should find a stall of tempting things to buy; and on the lawn of Church Farm, the home of Major and Mrs. Gordon Hall, delectable cream teas.

Unemployment in the church glass industry must be non-existent, Happily. Until last week all efforts had failed to get any firm to see to the glass in Loders church, which badly needs attention. But now Wippell Mowbray of Exeter are on the job. Their foreman has done an inspection, and will soon be submitting an estimate. We were unaware that Wippell Mowbray are now the biggest English firm of stained glass artificers. They are well spoken of. There is also a lot of painting to be done, of gates, doors, flag post, guttering and the like. Estimates for this are also awaited. Painting and glass cannot but cost a tidy penny. The interest on legacies will help to pay. The fete at Loders Court on Saturday, 7th August, is being relied on to cover the rest. Our repair fund, replenished yearly by the fete, might appear adequate to any eventuality, but actually it could be spent several times over if the aim were to put church and churchyard in apple pie order. Loders fete has long been known as one of the happiest and most profitable in West Dorset. Its very reputation is its danger. The sturdy giving of its parishioners of all sorts and conditions is the basis of the profit. If because it does so well, everybody should have left the giving to everybody else, it could end up like that apocryphal collection in a synagogue for a deceased Jew's widow, which produced nothing, because everybody put only his hand in the bag, confident that his kind neighbours would do the necessary in so deserving a cause. To pass on to future generations in good condition the church we have inherited is more than a moral obligation in the cause of conservation. It is a missionary activity; for the church speaks of God to those who go into it as no parson could. So from now onwards be thinking of what you will give the vicar when he does his house-to-house collecting of things to sell, in the week before the fete. Discarding something useless is not giving. He is not a dustbin - yet.

The Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood, chairman of the fete committee, writes: "If it is not too late, would you say in your paragraph about the fete that this year there is going to be a flower arranging competition? Leaflets with all the details will be available and distributed around at the beginning of July, and may also be had from Mrs. Bunnell at 35 Loders. This will be a new feature, in recent years anyway."

Dottery has taken possession of a festal frontal with curtains to match, made and presented by Miss Elsie Male. She suffered literally from pins and needles in the making of it, and burnt the midnight oil doing it in time for Whitsun. The colour scheme is pleasing. When the sermon is dull, the congregation may find it diverting to contrast the flight of Miss Male's artistic fancy with the pedestrian but craftsmanlike frontal of the ferial seasons.

Furbishing altars seems to be pleasantly infectious. Miss Rosemary Adams and Mrs. Monica Barlett are having a ferial frontal and dorsal curtains made for Askerswell church in memory of their late parents. At Whitsuntide a fair linen cloth appeared on the altar for the first time. It had been given jointly by Mrs. Spiller in memory of her late husband, and by Mrs. Bingham and Miss Shimeld in memory of their late mother.

The sympathy of every nice person would have been with the devoted housewife of Purbeck Close who looked out of her kitchen window and saw her husband lying prone, that is, face-downwards, on the garden. His sobriety, like his maturity, was never in doubt, so inevitably she had visions of nasty things like coronaries and strokes as she rushed to the rescue. Our readers would have rejoiced with her to find that he was only weeding the lettuce in the posture he considered the least uncomfortable.

The young life which seems to thrive around Loders vicarage has lately been notably augmented by the arrival of Mr. Gerald Tribbeck, his wife Mary, their daughter Emma, and their twyn sons Martyn and Tobyn. They are from Hong Kong, and ex the Navy. Mr. Tribbeck is now a farm student at Denhay, hoping to move on in due course to the local agricultural college. His wife is doing a secretarial job at Bridport St. Mary's school.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Budden, who are no strangers to Loders, and their daughter Caroline fortified by a degree in Law newly acquired from Bristol University, have at last come to live in their imposing new house. It dominates the High Street from the school westwards, and commands the pass to Yondover eastwards. The earthworks are merely the convulsions of a beautiful front garden being born, and not a defence against Mrs. Anthony Sanctuary and her Civic Society. Bill is so nice a character that he will soon have lived down his rough handling of Mother Nature. Nobody in Loders has a better title to living here high and lifted up than he. His is the oldest Loders family. The three and a half centuries of parish registers are peppered with Buddens, and nobody else going up to the house of God to worship has to worm his way through the altar tombs of his ancestors as Bill has.

An old photograph belonging to Mr. Bill Tiltman shows a crowd of locals in festive attire outside Loders church gate. He thinks they were celebrating St. Mary Magdalene in the fair that used to mark her feastday, 22nd July. And he may well be right. Incidentally, the late Martha Crabb, who died in 1960 at the ripe age of ninety, was fond of showing her visitors little chimney ornaments that had come from the cheapjacks' stand at Loders Feast; and Mr. Balfour has preserved in the floor of the upper storey of the former Farmer's Arms the stone on which the fiddler played for the dancing. But the puzzling point about Mr. Tiltman's picture is the sheet two men are holding high on poles saying "Welcome." The assembly might be something to do with a former squire, Sir Molyneux Nepean, whom the said Martha Crabb referred to reverently as "Sir Molly Noakes." His were the days before the Welfare state, and his annual provision of beef and coals for the poor were reckoned by Martha to have bankrupted him. She said that once when he arrived at Bridport station from a holiday in Scotland the men of Loders unhorsed his carriage and themselves pulled it to The Court. Whether the photograph is a relic of this rather than of the patron saint of Loders' feast goodness knows, but we shall be marking her day with a communion service on 22nd July, and thanking God for the church dedicated in her name on the Sunday in the Octave, the 25th.

It is one of life's established maxims that we tend to destroy the things we enjoy. The internal combustion engine has put the countryside and the beach within reach of everybody, so that we get more and more engines and people every time we visit them, and less and less countryside and beach. If we take off to the mountains of Peru in an exasperated search for the unspoilt, we may find the natives trying to sustain it by offering Teas Without Hovis. When piped water came to our villages in the valley of the Asker, and drainage, dethroning the bucket, it was inevitable that lovers of the unspoilt should come and build their habitations here. New habitations change the character of a place, and when the character of a place changes the character of the inhabitants seems to change as well. Those who got in first, exuding the milk of human kindness at finding a place exactly to their liking, let the milk go sour when others come in and following their example alter the place still more. Villages so abundantly beautiful as Loders and Askerswell can sacrifice some of their pristine beauty without becoming less easy on the eye, and the small sacrifice is a large moral duty when it enables others to share our good fortune. Without going into the vexed question of who exactly are the new comers - and to the hard core of locals fifty years do not extinguish the foreign taint - it may be said that most of them are nice worthy people who have assimilated themselves into the community, and perhaps saved us from degenerating into a jungle clearing where elephants come to die. "The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof" said the prophet Zechariah. Our school is bursting at the seams, the churches are filling, and the pubs have nothing to regret. The vicar is wallowing in snug satisfaction as he writes this. The vicarage has not been spared the inconvenience of these changes. It has had to put up with more than most. Over a period of twelve years demolition and building have been going on to the west, north and east of it. The neighbours can see what goes on in our yard now, which may improve our deportment, and we can hardly avoid seeing a windmill clothes line that revolves five yards from the kitchen window. But all in a good cause.

SERVICES IN JULY

Loders.	4th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	11th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	18th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	25th	Dedication Festival. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	4th	Children 10, Evensong 6.30. 11th Matins 10.
	18th	Family Service. 25th H. Communion.
Dottery.	4th	HC 9.30.
		All others at 3.

The Vicar writes : "As I contemplate the thirtieth of the Loders church fetes for which I shall have been responsible, I take it for granted that the weather will be kind, that the grounds of Loders Court and the house itself will be as big a draw as ever, and that the devolution of Scotland will not have happened soon enough to prevent the Bridport Scottish dancers from entertaining us. I shall be surprised if the takings reach last year's astronomic height. Our attendance is small relative to the neighbouring fetes which have thousands of summer visitors camped on their doorsteps. Last year we were joined by a hundred members, or thereabouts, of the Wimbourne Horticultural Society, who were on their annual outing. There were two fat donations, which like the outing are not likely to be repeated, and a non-recurring supply for the stalls of chattels from a deceased friend's estate. However, I sometimes find that fete-wise the dullest morn often heralds in the fairest day, and it may be so this time. As the fete is on Saturday the seventh of August, I shall begin collecting on Monday the second, and work through the parish, which takes until Friday. As a good start and a good finish are important, and I always got them, I begin in the Matravers area, and end in the region of Hole Farm. The stalls needing to be furnished with goods are the bottle tombola, the cakes, the household, the new, the groceries, the childrens, the books, the jumble, and the flowers and plants. I hear that one valiant lady of the congregation has been making things-edible-in-a-high-degree for a new venture, a delicatessen stall. And may I end by assuring the faithful of Dottery that what they have so generously given Mrs. Cecil Marsh for her stall will all go to Dottery church?"

One of our most enthusiastic fete helpers, Mr. David Hirst Q.C., regrets that he will not be available this time. He will be in the United States addressing the American Bar Association. This is indeed an honour for him. Recently it was announced that the hundred masters of Eton had also done him an honour to elect him Fellow of the College. We humbly submit our congratulations on both counts. In the ten years since he and his family made, of all places, Folly Cottage, their country home, they have been regular members of the Loders Congregation.

Over three hundred visitors descended on Askerswell to appraise the gardens of the village on Garden Sunday Afternoon. That is twice the local population. Understandably the gardeners had butterflies when they saw all four roads into The Square congested with cars exuding expectant visitors. Were the humble efforts of the gardeners worthy of all this attention? But the gardeners soon recovered their cool when it became apparent that the visitors were just as interested in the homes that went with the gardens. About the merits of these the proud owners have no doubts. The exercise went off with the smooth precision to be expected of a parish where the Services are so richly represented by captains, colonels and group captains. You bought your map from a humble pharmacist at a table near the telephone kiosk, explored the ten gardens, bought plants perhaps from the greenfingered folk at Dayspring, and ended at tea in delightful company on Church Farmhouse lawn, watched over by the church which was to have the profit on the £132 of takings. The parish oracle, Mr. Sidney Fry, sat in his parlour overlooking The Square. He now and then removed his venerable cap to mop his brow and murmur "S'truth" as more and still more visitors arrived. They proved his thesis that youngsters never had been nor ever would be interested in gardens. It is too hard work. These visitors were old. But there are nice young people in the parish, and they were not on hand to mollify Mr. Sidney because they were up helping with the teas, and most efficiently.

By a happy coincidence the fortieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garrard fell on family service Sunday at Askerswell. It was she who started family service there. Old boys and girls of her Sunday school were present in strength with parents. There was also a full muster of the Garrard clan.

The fourteenth of July was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Gill, of Uploders. It was also her mother's birthday, so the family went to her home at Martock to celebrate, where they were joined by a niece keeping her twenty-first birthday, and a sister and brother-in-law keeping their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The jollifications lacked one essential ingredient and that was Mr. Mervyn Gill, who has been ill for some weeks. He sent a tape recorded message. Happily he is recovering well.

Congratulations to Alan and Christine Morris, of Dottery, on the birth of a daughter, Elaine, at Bridport Hospital, on 4th July. Also to Peter and Katie Drummond, of Uploders, on a son, Edward Benjamin, born at Dorchester on 15th July. That, of course, is St. Swithun's day, which might have eased the problem of names had Katie known.

There were two christenings at Loders in July; on the 11th that of Alexander William Thomas, son of Andrew and Rosemary Thomas, and first grand child of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Thomas, of the Old Mill. Alexander had been brought all the way from Greece, where his father is teaching. A large gathering of the family took part in the service. The other christening, on the 18th, was of George Edmund Pearse Norris, the second son

of Brian and Janette Norris, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. John Norris of Loders. He had been brought from Bishop Sutton, where his parents live, and again there was a large family gathering.

One of our most assiduous readers is Mrs. Sanders, widow of a former churchwarden, now living at Sidney Gale Home. At present she is feeling very proud of her grand-daughter Barbara who has graduated in languages at Glasgow University.

Our supersonic lady. On Sunday the eleventh of July the senior member of Loders congregation, Mrs. Dora Boyd, was in her place as usual at the early Communion. On Sunday the eighteenth of July she was there again, looking her same imperturbable and charming self. But in between, two mighty things had happened. The fourteenth was her ninety-second birthday and she received the homage of family and friends. On the fifteenth she flew in Concorde, alone, to Washington, spent four hours there seeing the sights, and returned to Heathrow in a Boeing. In the air she had covered ten thousand miles in twelve hours, and some of this had been done in Concorde at twenty-three miles a minute. Concorde was rightly sensible of the compliment she had paid it, and accorded her V.I.P. treatment from start to finish. At Heathrow she was taken aboard ten minutes before anybody else. When they were in the stratosphere, Captain Morley invited her to the flight deck, where passenger had never trod before, and she sat with him for ten minutes at the controls. After a luncheon quite fittingly "out of this world," the Captain sent her down his menu, signed by himself and the whole crew. At Washington, Concorde produced a chauffeur-driven Cadillac which took her to the White House and everything else she chose to see. The chauffeur seemed a little too proud of American achievement, but Mrs. Boyd cured him of that. When he had shown her the Arlington cemetery, etcetera, he asked "And what can I show you now?" "Watergate" came the swift answer, and Watergate it was. Conscious of the publicity value of her trip, Concorde had offered a free ticket if they might use it. This she refused. All the blandishments of T.V. and Press also fell on stony ground. It says something for the Parish Notes that she did not refuse US permission to print. She might have, dear soul, but she was not asked.

The flag of St. George that flew from Askerswell tower on Gardens Sunday was kindly made, and of nylon, by Mrs. Gillian Shurey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stevens.

Many in Askerswell will sympathise with Mrs. Herbert and family, now of Eastleigh and formerly The Nest, in the death in his sleep of their youngest son Barry, on 30th June. He had suffered grievously in an air raid before the family came to Askerswell, but was cared for with great devotion.

Mr. Leonard Clark's new book, "Mr. Pettigrew and the bell ringers", was well and truly launched by him at a Saturday signing session at Hino's, in Bridport. Like its two predecessors, it is the Loders set-up in thin disguise. It was being snapped up by the knowledgeable as an acceptable and cheap Christmas present for their friends. We hear that "Mr. Pettigrew's train" is sometimes bought in batches by railway preservation groups all over the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Poole are exchanging their house in Well Plot with Mr. and Mrs. Page for a flat in Skilling. The impending reduction of the Loders bus service has prompted Mr. Poole's move. We shall miss him. Since his arrival from Bradpole in 1923 he has served the church as sexton, chorister, bell ringer, sidesman and councillor. His ultimate destiny is not in doubt.

We hear from Mrs. Cross, whose family moved from Uploders to Cirencester, that they feel quite at home there. Looking after the Friends' meeting house is not over-exacting, so she is helping with the Guides again, and has been asked to take over from the retiring District Commissioner in September.

We were delighted to hear of progress being made by Mr. George Houghton in his very trying illness. His wife Kaye is a "regular" of the Loders congregation: George, being a Scot, is able to make a little spiritual nourishment go further. He is an international figure in the golfing world, as a player, an authority, and a writer and cartoonist. The current issue of the golf magazine has a good picture of him at his easel. So modest a man is he that we were unaware until we saw it on a publisher's blurb that the total sale of his golf addict books tops a million, exceeding by far those of any other golf writer. He has written forty books, dozens of short stories and radio scripts, and his play "They flow through sand" has been televised twice. He still has much to give.

Service in August

Loders	1st. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.	
	8th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.	
	15th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.	
	22nd HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.	29th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell.	1st. Children 10, Evensong 6.30.	8th. Matins 10. 15th. Family Service.
	22nd. HC 10.	29th. Matins 10.
	1st. HC 8 & 12	15th. Matins 11

The Vicar writes: "I began the last issue of the Notes with my personal observations on an impending Loders fete. The fete is successfully over, and it seems appropriate to ring the curtain down on another personal note. Nobody was more surprised than I that the gross takings of £1203.73 should exceed last year's record, if only by £1.73. My prophecy that the attendance was bound to suffer from the absence of the Wimbourne Horticultural Society turned out to be wrong. The gate was £1.50 up without them. As we never advertise in a big way, I suppose it is personal recommendation that swells the attendance, although this time we were lucky to have the attention of a wide area focussed upon us just before the fete by an illustrated article in our evening paper about our "personal power group," who go round helping other parishes in charitable projects. My lament that we would be missing two exceptionally large cash donations of last year inspired some of the smaller cash givers to step up their offerings, so that donations were only £630 short of last year. Our good friends in the London area did their stuff as they always do; two members of the congregation who were enjoying a fabulous holiday in Norway did not forget the fete and posted a donation from there; and the remotest member of our congregation who attends pretty regularly from Weymouth, sent a table and a bowl he had made for the fete - as usual. He was once a driver of the little train on our defunct railway connection with Maiden Newton. The givers of things to sell, which are just as important of a fete is to be a fete, were not behind the cash givers. The village is so thoroughly combed for other good causes that I was surprised by the quality and quantity of what they still had to give. They were so cheerful in the act that the work of bogging became a pleasure. And talking of pleasure leads me to express our thanks to a non parochial body, the Bridport Scottish dancers, who graced a perfect setting on a hot afternoon by treading a stately measure. The Greek proverb "Nothing without sweating" seemed not to apply. No display of the human form divine here. Our dancers were well covered, which kept the heat out, or in, and they looked cool as cucumbers to the multitude who suspended their own activities to behold them. Finally, a grateful thought of the workers, who put up tents, dothe teas, run the stalls and sideshows, and hump chairs and tables from distant repositories to the field, then hump them back again. How impressed the humpers were to be helped by a naval officer as the sands of his precious leave ran out, and by a Round Tabler straight from a similar job at the Donkeyrana. They had their reward, the workers in general. The fete organiser, the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hood, gave them a party at The Court, which they enjoy and appreciate year by year."

The fete accounts are as follows: stalls produced £375.11, made up of, cakes £25.81, gifts £70.30, jumble £22, household goods £40.10, groceries £28.37, flowers £27.21, toys and books £32.83, doughnut bar £21.20, delicatessen £36, Dottery stall £ 71.29. The sideshows produced £239.81, made up of, house tours £33.28, bottle tombola £93.90, pony rides £4.90, skittles £11.65, roulette £9.50, coconut shie £20.30, lucky arrow £22 ball in bucket £11.51, ball in hole £7.90, bran tub £16.16, flower arranging £8.71. Refreshments totalled £112.36, made up of teas and soft drinks £66.16 and ices £46.20. Raffles were £42.35, being whisky £15.05, cake £22.30 and table £5. The gate was £68 and donations £366.10. Grand total £ 1203.73. Expenses totalled £40.37, made up of advertising £8.17, posters £5.50, Funch & Judy £5, Pete Dew's Discotisque £7, tent hire £10, chair and table hire £1.70, prizes £3. The net profit was £1163.36. Incidentally, the profit was £24.29 more than last year's bumper.

Askerswell Sunday School took part in the archdeaconry Sunday school festival in St. Mary's church Dorchester. Mr. Barrow kindly augmented the Garrard transport with his car. The conductor of the service succeeded in keeping all age groups from three upwards, alert and interested. Our children had practised the new hymns, which were sung boisterously with much clapping. Paradoxically the choir that led the singing did it silently by sign language, for they were deaf and dumb, and the whole service was oriented towards the work done for these unfortunate people. In his address the Bishop of Sherborne, who heads the diocesan organisation, was at his best. He was fatherly and dead on target. His retirement, which comes before he expected it, will be felt by none more keenly than by the deaf and dumb. The congregation dispursed feeling that the service had made the effort of attending worth while even on an ultra hot day, and Askerswell were extra glad to have brought purses towards the work among the deaf and dumb. The usual Open Day at Orchards in August had for various reasons to be abandoned. This was regrettable, if only because the off stage effects in the bible play are usually supremely good, and this year the engineers had devised an electrifying Voice of God to have boomed from an adjacent bedroom window. Instead the Sunday school came to fun and games, tea and pictures. But this did not produce a revenue as Open Day does, so it is hoped that well wishers will make good the deficiency by increasing their collection at the monthly family service. Direct donations would be even better.

Three excellent families have recently left the parish of Loders, but not to go far. Commander James and company have moved from Purbeck Close over the hill to a bigger house in Walditch; Mr. and Miss Glover to a delightful old cottage in Allington, where

Miss Glover, who does not drive, will be within easier reach of things; and Mr. and Mrs. Norris from 22 Loders to Bridport for reasons beyond our limited intelligence.

August the fourteenth was a great day for Mr. and Mrs. Balfour at the former Farmers Arms in Loders. Their first grandchild, Johnathan Robert, son of Mark and Patricia Sinonds, of Walksren, Stevenage, was christened in Loders church by the Rev. Mervyn Francis, deputising for the vicar, who was on holiday.

The late Miss Doris Hill, of Pasture Way, Bothenhampton, was cremated at Weymouth after a service in Loders church on 9th August. She loved Loders church. A friend of hers says in a letter that when she became too ill to attend service, she would occasionally be brought to Loders, and helped to walk to the top of the stone path, where she would stay and contemplate the church, then struggle back to the waiting car. Here is food for thought for those of us who have the health and strength to get to God's house and do not.

Boring for water is in progress near the road junction to Askerwell just beyond Folly Cottage. At the time of writing the hole was 170 ft. down without meeting water. But the operators were by no means discouraged.

Harvest festival at the Uploders chapel will be on Sunday, 19th Sept. at 6.30 p.m. In supplying this information Mr. Morris, the steward of the chapel, writes: "We shall be glad of your support and that of your congregation as in years gone by. We are glad to say that our church debt is now nearly liquidated, and we can look forward to the purchase of one or two necessary furnishings during the next year." Mr. Morris can rest assured that we shall be there. For the record, Dottery harvest is on Thursday 23rd Sept. at 7.30 and at 3 p.m. the following Sunday; Askerswell is on Sunday, 3rd Oct. at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and Loders is on Sunday, 10th Oct., at 8 & 11 a.m. and 2 and 6.30 p.m.

Services in September

Having drawn the outside world into Askerswell to explore and admire the gardens of the village, and relieved it of £130 in the process, the church fund raising committee ventured into the outside world of Bridport on a sunny September Saturday and relieved it of another £260 by selling it jungle, produce, white elephants and cups of coffee. The proletariat of Bridport appear not to dislike being fleeced. On the contrary, the crowd outside the United Church hall seemed so restive that the Askerswell commander in chief panicked and gave the order to open before time (for fear of being lynched, she said). The white elephant pitch did a furious trade. The purveyors of jungle, anticipating the pressure to which they would be subjected, had sorted their inferior stuff into grades of tenpence and upwards, leaving the prices of the more desirable things to be haggled over. One of the Askerwell gentlemen doing the serving said the bargains were such that only the fear of coming to church in a suit that might turn out to have been his next door neighbour's saved him from investing. But the gen of the sale was not recognised until sold and gone. It was an authentic suit by Montague Burton when he was The Fifty Shilling Tailor, in good condition. The salesman who let it go for a song is still wracked by the thought of what the Victoria and Albert Museum might have given for it.

"The hardest festival" is what a wag calls this year's harvest festival because, says he, it will be hard to thank God for the shortages from the severe drought. But there was no such difficulty, restraining the crowd at the Uploders chapel harvest. The Reverend Norman Skinner pointed to the splendid sheaf of corn lording it over an equally splendid array of flowers, fruit and vegetables out of neighbouring gardens, and said he for one did not recall a better harvest exhibition. The congregation expressed their approval in a vigorous rendering of the hymns, one of which was led by Mr. Skinner on his accordion, and the rest by the veteran Miss Daisy Boxall at the harmonium; ladies and gentlemen dividing in some of the verses, and coming gloriously together for the choruses. It was a happy, exhilarating occasion. The faces of the chapel stewards, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, exuded deep satisfaction. They are well regarded for their devotion to keeping the lamp of God alight in the chapel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowle are holding another coffee morning at Rustic Glen, their home in Uploders, in aid of the Dorset Naturalists Trust. It will be on Tuesday, 5th Oct. at 10.30 a.m., and will doubtless be as popular as last year's.

Why the attendance at the latest gathering of the Askerswell parish assembly should be so large was not apparent until the chairman, Group Captain Newall, asked "any other business?" A parishioner rose and made a complaint. That he would be the last person to sound a discordant note in so harmonious a village caused the meeting immediately to sense the gravity of the matter. Disharmony turned out to be the subject of the complaint. He had been entertaining friends to dinner against a background of civilised music, when electronic beats and blasts of jungle music stormed out of the village hall for two to three hours, and spoilt the dinner. His misfortune had been to choose the practise night of a dance band who hire the hall for that purpose. Other parishioners living near the hall said they too found the practises hard to endure. The husband of an invalid wife said she dreaded the practises. But not everybody agreed, including the gentleman occupying the former school house, adjoining the hall. The chairman of the village hall mollified a sore subject with a reminder that the band practises brought the hall a useful revenue. It was left to him and his committee to solve the problem. Group Captain Newall reported that the borehole had descended one hundred and seventy metres without finding water but would be used as an observation post. Major Golding, the water expert, said he had felt all along that the borehole would be unproductive. The Major seemed unaware that it was he who told the previous parish assembly that the drought made it imperative for this hole to be sunk. The machinery was then set in motion for marking the Queen's impending jubilee with a new notice board, and Mr. Jack Stevens was warmly thanked for adding a platform to the hall's amenities. The matter of the memorial tree to Captain Aylmer was left in abeyance because the tree would have to be watered to survive the drought, and, anyway, there was nowhere to plant it. The subject of the pound - not that poor thing whose decline agitates the media every day, nor that green thing that makes the farmer see red, but the village receptacle for stray cattle - was "brought up" again, as it usually is. Everybody agreed that in its overgrown state it was no credit to the village. Somebody urged in the good name of the parish that the board proclaiming it The Pound be taken away, and then visitors would not know what it was. The meeting dissolved, leaving the pound in the suspense it is so used to, but we have since noted signs thereof of a cleaning up operation. Actionwise, parish assemblies may be sluggish things, but they leave their trail occasionally on somebody's better nature.

A damp Thursday night was not conducive to a bumper attendance at Dottery harvest festival, but the faithful were there in strength, noting with satisfaction as they looked round the church that the lady decorators had more than coped with the drought-induced shortage of flowers and vegetables. One of these ladies was thinking of making a jug of rainwater the guest of honour as the congregation streamed in. An well she

night, for the recent abundant rains have restored the lush greenness to England's pleasant land. Among the hold boys and girls who got back to Dottery for harvest were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Billon (nee Thelma Cloal). Mrs. Billon was once organist of Dottery, and it pleased the vicar greatly to be asked to officiate at the recent marriage of her daughter Jacqueline and Mr. Philip Elliott, at Toller Porcoperun, whose own vicar was away that day taking the wedding of his niece.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Passmore (nee Sheila Newberry, of Loders) on the birth of a daughter on the eighteenth of September. It had the predictable rejuvenating effect on our dear Great Granny Newberry, a deeply religious woman, who was delighted with Sheila for producing on a Sunday. How Sheila's ringing captain, Mr. Harry Crabb, will take this remains to be seen. He is dead against any form of Sunday work, as all the world knows.

Mr. Tom Bradshaw, who normally lives the life of an anchorite next to Loders village hall, has, in old age, emulated ninety-two-year old Mrs. Dora Boyd, up the road, and taken to the air. He came down some weeks ago in Kenya, where he still is, having a holiday with his daughter Joan. Mrs. Pat Hughes, of THE Cottage, Uploders, lives only eighty miles from Joan Howell, and knows her. Mrs. Hughes' husband is a lecturer at Eregi College, Kenya. She is here supervising repairs to the Uploders cottage. They both hope to be settled here ere long.

Askerswell harvest festival is on the first Sunday in October, with Holy Communion at 10 a.m. and evensong at 6.30 p.m. The evening service will begin with the presentation to the church and dedication of the kneelers made and given by the Askerswell Women's Institute, who are sorry that Mrs. Mabb, under whose roof most of the work on them has been done, will be away. The W.I. is also grateful to Miss Muriel Smelt for financing the beginning of the work, and making several of the kneelers herself. When Mrs. Doris Rudd and the Mothers' Union made kneelers for Loders Church fifteen years ago they started something. Most of the neighbouring churches have followed suit, and look all the better for it.

Burglars broke into four Askerswell garages and the village hall on a Saturday night, abstracting batteries and wairolesses from the cars, and money from the hall electricity meter. The stolen objects may be recovered, but it will take the parish a long time to recover its pride. As one lady said, it was the vulgarity of the occurrence that hurt. When she chose to settle in the parish she assumed it was above that kind of thing.

Before she started on a fortnights Tour of the Middle East, Miss Mona Edwards, a pillar of Loders church, whispered that although she would not be returning to England until the second Sunday in October, which is Loders harvest festival, she hoped to be in time for the festival evensong at 6.30 p.m. and might the service end with her favorite hymn "The day thou gavest Lord is ended," to which, of course, the answer was affirmative, although when once we sang "The darkness falls at Thy behest" the lights went out. At the moment Jerusalem is tolerably quiet, but the Lebanon is erupting again, and we hope the hotel in Damascus that was hijacked was not Miss Edwards'. It if was, then perhaps she had the satisfaction, of seeing the hijackers hanged in front of the hotel. She is all for a firm hand with terrorists. Anybody inclined to bet on her being at Loders harvest evensong need have no qualms about his money. She is not a subscriber to the view that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.

Loders history repeated itself in some degree when the landlord of The Loders Arms, Mr. Reginald Brill, assembled a band of voluntary labour and turned a barn at the back into a skittle alley that can hold its head justifiably high alongside any alley anywhere. When the men of Loders who fought in the Great War were given a morsel of Naafi profits, they set to and built themselves a hut in Yonderover, where they could play skittles and billiards, and it is now the village hall. They built their hut on land that did not belong to them, and this made for future trouble. Mr. Brill and his merry men did likewise, but are not likely to fall foul of the Brewery.

So ends this issue of the Parish Notes. But for Askerswell there would have been little to write. Gratias.

Services in October.

Loders.	3rd	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	10th	Harvest. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2. Evensong 6.30
	17th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	24th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	31st	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell	3rd	Harvest. HC 10, Evensong 6.30
	10th	Matins 10, 17th Family Service 10.
	24th & 31st	Matin 10.
Dottery	3rd	HC 9. All others at 3.

The common excuses for not attending a Remembrance Sunday service are: "I was not in either of the world wars," or "I have nothing to remember because I had not been born then," or "The wars are best forgotten." The first two excuses are selfish, because we still have with us the parents and relatives of many who gave their lives, and not to join with them in the observance of their most poignant day of the year is brutish. The third excuse is stupid, because salutary lessons learnt at such awful cost should not be forgotten. Further, the day is the zenith of the British Legion's yearly effort to show practical gratitude by relieving the needs of the wounded. Our church collections on Remembrance Sunday (14th Nov.) will be for Earl Haig's Fund, and the times of the special services will be ten at Askerswell, eleven at Loders and three at Dottery.

Harvest festival has come and gone once again. There is no sign of its hold loosening on the affections of country parishes. Neither did the church decorations show signs of the depredations of the drought. They were done by the ladies, the children, and the odd gentleman, under the conditions known as "unsettled" to the weather men, but they went about their business cheerfully, knowing that the rain was precious. At the time of the communion at Askerswell the rain was bucketting down, and yet the nave was comfortably populated. The evening congregation fully represented the parish, and included several "expatriate" families who always contrive to get back for harvest. Believe it or not, one of these had come specially from the United States (The husband works for an air line). At the start of the service the president of the local Women's Institute stepped up to the chancel and asked the Rector to accept and dedicate the colourful array of kneelers displayed on either side of him (these had been made and given by the W.I.). A public confrontation between a parson and a W.I. president is much to be dreaded by him, because the lady, when she is typical, is inhumanly efficient and impeccable. What fears he might have had melted in the genial presence of this one. She addressed him as "Reverend Sir," then faltered in a delightful feminine fashion, which put him immediately at ease, so that he did not bumble his words. Loders were lucky in that their festival coincided with a fine day. The church was full for matins and full again for evensong. After each service many of the congregation stayed to admire the decorations. Choir and organist were in fine fettle, especially for the anthem "Fear not o land," which fitted well with the providential ending of the drought. The children's harvest brought a full congregation of parents to Loders school, where before a splendid backcloth of seasonal offerings, the hymns were sung to piano and recorder accompaniment, and the prayers and lessons were read by the children. The Vicar regretted that he had to be at Weymouth crematorium. But it seems that the service did not suffer by his absence. Indeed it gained, for his lady wife made history by thanking the congregation on behalf of the Almighty, although she was too reverent to mention Him.

When the festal clothing of the altar at Dottery was being changed after harvest, the ancient curtain rail disintegrated. Mr. Alan Morris, the local handyman, was on the scene seemingly in a jiffy, and fitted a new one with expertise. Loders and Askerswell churches are also fortunate in having handymen, whose good works are seldom catalogued.

The limitations of Askerswell village hall restrict the number who attend the harvest supper to around seventy, who have to be parishioners or relatives. When the cost of a supper of that quality in the outside world is assessed, it is easy to see why the outside world tries, unsuccessfully, to get in on it. The waitresses cheerfully wore themselves to a frazzle serving the tables. They were at a disadvantage against the dispensers of drink, who could fortify themselves with a surreptitious nip. To everybody's satisfaction the entertainers were the same as last year. They have the art of inducing the entertained to entertain themselves and enjoy doing it. People "in the know" winged a grateful thought and good wishes for his recovery to the sick parishioner who tried to make up for his absence by giving the sherry.

The harvest decorations of Loders church put themselves about in wet weather to have it looking as a farmer's daughter would wish for her wedding on the Saturday before the festival. The bride was Miss Cynthia Newberry, the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newberry, and the bridegroom Mr. Michael Mudford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Mudford, the latter being one of the Harris family who farmed at Dottery. Gracious weather put everybody in good humour. As the bride is vice-captain of the ringers, the bells sounded uniquely appealing, and the four bridesmaids looked the prettier because their dresses had been made by the bride herself, evidence that her needle is as skillful as her clapper. The reception at West Mead could not fail to be lively with a best man who is in television to make the principle speech, which he cleverly laced with recordings. Only one ingredient was lacking to make the day perfect, and that was Mr. Harry Newberry senior, to pair with Granny Newberry. He is in his eighty-fourth year, and illness has obliged him to do more bed pressing than he has a taste for. We can hear him asking "What more do you want? I didn't spoil it all by dying."

The wedding of another Loders ringer, Mr. Alfred Crabb, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest

Crabb, was solemnised with hymns and bells the following Saturday at Bridport St. Mary, the parish church of the bride, Miss Alison Griffiths. She is one of the eight children of Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths of Portland, and was attended by three bridesmaids and a page. The reception was at the Clifton Hotel, Portland, and the honeymoon was spent at Kingsbridge.

The 1st Bradpole Guides, most of whom belong to Loders, are having a coffee evening, sale, and camp fire entertainment at Colfox School on Friday, 19th November, from 7.15 to 9 p.m. The profits will be divided between the West Dorset Society for the Mentally Handicapped and company funds. There will be a bring-and-buy and a jumble stall, for which gifts will be gratefully accepted. Mrs. Evans (Powerstock 225) will collect.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Parr (nee Dulcie Newberry) of Loders, on the birth of a son, Johnathan, on 28th Sept; and to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clarke (nee Susan Savage) of Uploders, on a son Daniel, on 2nd Oct. Yet another boy for that male preserve, Purbeck Close!

Loders choir are trying, without success so far, to get used to the empty corner filled for so many years by that most faithful of members Mrs. "Lizzie" Deacon. All her efforts failed to keep her domiciled within reach of Loders church. After singing "The day Thou gavest Lord, is ended" at harvest evensong, she went to live with her daughter Janet at Dorchester, having promised the choir to make return visits when she could. Her fellow songsters had previously given her a farewell party and a little presentation at Lee Lane. We have overcome the temptation to dwell on her services to the church, and to the inmates of Port Brody, lest this paragraph be mistaken for an obituary. Thank goodness she is still very much alive.

Another of the "old originals" of Loders has passed from the village scene by the death of Mr. Frank Crabb at the age of 70. He began his off-and-on acquaintance with serious illness by getting pneumonia at the age of nine, but this did not hinder unduly his long and useful service at Upton Farm under Major Nicholson and Mr. Eli Lenthall. He was pursuing his usual activities to within a few days of his death at Bridport hospital. The funeral was taken at Weymouth crematorium by the Vicar.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brill, of the Loders Arms, braced themselves wonderfully to the shocking news that their twenty-eight year old son Robert had died in an accident at sea. Mr. Brill had just finished a letter to him when the news came. Robert was chief officer of the motor ship Temple Inn, and on the company's short list for promotion to captain. He had a fall in the cargo hold and died on 19th Oct. The ship was diverted to Acapulco in Mexico to land the body, which was later cremated in Mexico City. The ashes are to be scattered in the sea off Plymouth Sound. There will be a memorial service in Loders church on Saturday, 6th Nov. at 12 noon. He leaves a widow, Valerie, in Plymouth, but no children.

The windows of Loders church have undergone protective and restorative treatment at a cost of something over one thousand pounds. The precious panels of medieval glass in the Ladye Chapel are now shielded on the outside and the inside; the half window to the east of the priest's door in the chancel has had its decayed diamond panes removed and replaced with square panes matching the other windows in that wall; and the three windows in the north wall of the nave have been repaired and given a Perspex shield on the outside. What will most rejoice the spirit of the late Mrs. Olive Legg is that the stained glass window over the altar has also been repaired and covered with Perspex, each piece cut to the tracery. A mark of our craftsmen's skill is that you have to look carefully at the windows to discover what has been done.

A parish social will be held in Loders Village Hall on Thursday 11th Nov. from 7.30 to 11.45 p.m. This has become an institution much enjoyed by all age groups. It is common knowledge that a presentation is to be made to Mr. Harold Brown, who has aged no less than fifty years in the service of the village as clerk to the parish council.

Those who believe that significant events occur in threes will note with pleasure that there were three double christenings in Loders in October. On October 10th Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foote, of Uploders, had their younger sons christened Johnathan Peter and Simon John; on October 23rd Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Wood brought their two children Katherine Elizabeth and Benjamin Thomas from Leigh, near Sherborne; and October 31st was a Newberry occasion when the daughter of Sheila and Philip Passmore, of Nottingham, was christened Kathryn Emma, and the son of Dulcie and Rodney Parr, of Loders, was christened Johnathan David.

Dottery is still basking in the glory reflected on it by the husband and son of their organist. Mr. Henry Johnston is champion hodger for the second year in succession and his son David champion ploughman for the third.

Services in November

Loders. 7th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. 14th. HC8, Remembrance 11, Children 2
21st. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2. 28th. HC8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Askerswell. 7th. Children 10, Evensong 6.30. 14th. Remembrance 10. 21st. Family 10
28th HC 10.

The dark days before Christmas go on getting darker until December the twenty first. Then, imperceptibly, light takes over, and the days go on lengthening till June the twenty-first. For centuries before Christ, men celebrated the winter equinox with feasting. The early Christians were good psychologists. They did not try to abolish the feasting. They made December the twenty-fifth the official birthday of Jesus Christ (when light had triumphed over darkness) and focussed the equinoctial feasting on that. To think only of feasting ourselves at Christmas would be pagan. In this corner of Dorset we have long practised a means of giving Him His present first. The children of Loders School will be giving a Christmas concert on Friday, Dec. 10th at 5.45 p.m., and this will be followed immediately by the mission sale, whose proceeds go to that work which Jesus obliges all disciples of His to support. Offerings of anything saleable, or cash donations, will be gratefully received at the Vicarage. On the following Tuesday the school will be joined in church at 2.45 p.m. by parents and friends for the annual carol service. Here the collection will be for the children of soldiers killed on duty in Ulster. Finally, the choir will be carolling in Uploders on Monday the 20th, and in Loders on Wednesday the 22nd, and collecting for the Children's Society. The carol service at Askerswell will be on the Sunday before Christmas at 6.30 p.m. A carol will be sung by the Women's Institute choir, at their own kind suggestion.

Christmas greetings to the Christ Child are best delivered in person by attending the worship in His house. There is a choice of facilities for this. At Loders there will be the "midnight" service beginning at 11.45 p.m. on Christmas Eve, followed by 8 a.m. Communion on Christmas Day and family service with children's carols at 11 a.m. At Dottery there will be communion at 9 a.m. on Christmas Day, and at Askerswell Communion at 10 a.m.

The Remembrance Sunday collections for Earl Haig's Fund at our three churches came to £57 (Dottery £5, Askerswell £14 and Loders £38) comparing very favourably with the combined parades in Bridport and Lyme Regis. As always, the really moving part of the service was Mr. Bill Tiltman's rendering on the organ of Handel's Dead March in "Saul". Muffled peals were rung on the bells before and after service.

The late Robert Brill, First Officer of the motor ship Temple Inn, was virtually a stranger to Loders, but this could not have been inferred from the memorial service held by the wish of his family in Loders church. As he died in an accident at sea off Mexico, and was to be cremated there, the coffin stood on the chancel step supported only a posy of flowers from his mother. There was a sizeable congregation, including the father of his young widow, who had flown with his wife from Rome, where he is medical attache to the Australian Embassy. The Chief Engineer of the Temple Inn, and most of the cadets of Robert's apprentice class, were also present. The service was a deeply moving one. It began with "Eternal Father strong to save", continued with the Crimond setting of the twenty-third psalm, and concluded with "The day Thou gavest Lord is ended."

The late Mr. Harold Bishop, who died at Dorchester on Nov. 6th at the age of 82, and whose ashes were buried in the grave of his first wife in Loders churchyard, had an interesting history. He was born at Molplash Court, where his father farmed the Court Farm, and Hincknole and Yonderver farms. The father died when Harold was twelve. On leaving Beaminster Grammar School he went to work at Yonderver Farm under his widowed mother who had by then given up the tenancy of the other farms. In due course he became chairman (one of the youngest) of the Bridport branch of the N.F.U., and served on the district committee of the War Agricultural Executive, and on the Loders Parish Council. He was also a sidesman of Loders Church. Horses were one of his main interests and he was a familiar figure with the Cattistock Hunt. In 1953, after the death of his first wife, he moved to Dorchester and became county representative of the Fatstock Marketing Corporation in the pig supply department. He was a sidesman of Fordington Church.

The Sunday-next-before Advent was a red letter day for Lieut. Commander Peter Drummond R.N., and his wife Katie, of Uploders. Their second son was christened Edward Benjamin in Loders Church. Their families, the god-parents, friends, and the Bible class, made a picturesque group round the font, and Mr. Christopher Miles made merry noises on the organ. Little Marilyn Crabb's reading of the lesson was excellent, quite unimpaired by her long sojourns in various hospitals.

On Guy Fawkes night there was only one bonfire to be seen on the road from Loders Church to Askerswell Village Hall. The reason for this seemed to be that the youth of Loders had infiltrated the crowd at the Hall. This year Mr. George Bryan, the collector of materials for the bonfire, had no trouble in getting it going. It sparked gloriously, making up for the effect on the firework display of the high cost of this commodity. The hot dogs and soup offered by the ladies of the commissariat found a ready market. A cold wet morning might have disinclined the unknowing to attend Mr. and Mrs. Lowle's "Rustic Glen" in Uploders for the annual sale of cards and calenders by the Dorset Naturalists Association. But those knowing Mrs. Lowle's flair for hospitality, and the

Glen's ability to become a Snuggery, crowded to it, with the result that a couple of nice gossip hours relieved them of £125, which nobody regretted.

Mrs. Frank Garrad has delegated some of her responsibility for Askerswell Sunday School to Miss Marion Barrow, who is making a good job of it. We cannot see Mrs. Garrad parting company entirely from the youngsters for whom she has done so much, or then letting her go. Neither do we discern any signs of the decrepitude that she gives as a reason. Indeed, she could be another Moses, whose eye was undimmed and his natural force unabated at one hundred and twenty.

Mrs. Paynter and family have left Modway farmhouse in Askerswell and settled in Burton Bradstock. The new occupants are Mrs. Sheila Nevile and her daughters Tanya aged seven and Claire aged five. They come from Chorleywood. The girls have already found Loders School a friendly and happy place.

The camp fire that our Guides held in Colfox School took £35, to be divided between the mentally handicapped and their own funds. The date they chose turned out to be the eve of the Colfox autumn fayre, which probably diverted some support from them.

The new owner of the late Miss Samways' cottage at Shatcombe, Uploders, is Mr. Eric Oggelsbury, who is a joint managing director of a garage in Harpenden, Herts. He and his wife Diana have two daughters aged seventeen and sixteen. He is a keen Rotarian, who in that respect will find he has fallen among friends. He likes this part of the country and hopes it may not be too long before he can live here permanently.

Stop Press: We have just heard from Mr. Morris that there will be a carol service in the Uploders Chapel on Sunday, Dec. 12th, at 6.30 p.m., to which everybody is warmly invited.

Suspicious noises in a garage at Askerswell, coming in the wake of recent thefts from cars, excited the hunting instinct of the owner thereof. Enlisting the help of his very capable lady wife, who was ready to telephone the police, and having made it impossible for the intruder to escape, he opened the garage door, not without trepidation, and out strolled his neighbour's cat, Erryntrude (or some such name). What psychologists would call a case of Disconcerted Properception!

After much re-furbishing, Waddon farmhouse, Loders, is now being lived in by its owner, Mrs. Esne Campbell, and her eight dachshunds, which she bought from Malaysia, and which find the Loders set-up more to their taste than the one at Burton Bradstock they have just vacated. Mrs. Campbell's late husband was a stockbroker in Malaysia. Sadly, he died, and only in his forties, before he could taste the delights of Loders.

The parish social in Loders Village Hall was again a great success. The place was teeming with children, and they enjoyed themselves under the aegis of Mr. Peter Foote, who was like a father playing with them. Thanks to Mrs. Harold Brown, they had a reprieve from leaving-early-for-bed-with-school-next-morning-in-view, because a previous engagement prevented her getting to the Hall before ten o'clock for the presentation to her husband, which was to be the highlight of the evening. A large bouquet rewarded her determination to get there. The social was in aid of Hall Funds. As it was held only two weeks ago, and the jigsaw of its finances has yet to be pieced together, we cannot say what was the profit. The door took £53.80 and raffles £8.70. Expenses so far are £11.70, but there are more of these in the offing.

By a nice coincidence it was Nov. 11th, 1926, when Mr. Brown became clerk to Loders Parish Council, and November 11th, 1976, when at the social Mr. Ronald Price, present chairman of the council, called on Mr. Wilfred Crabb, a councillor for forty-six years, to present Mr. Brown with a cheque for £100 and an inscribed pewter tankard. The cheque was a large hand painted one, which he says he will frame. The cash, he says, is earmarked for a long awaited holiday with his lady wife. Like most of us, Mr. Brown was vastly amused at the flashlight photograph which appeared in the Bridport News. Something on the reverse side of the thin paper had given him a toothbrush moustache. It consoled him that if he looked like Hitler, Mr. Crabb looked like Hess. But two less warlike characters are hard to imagine.

Services in December

Loders.	5th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	12th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	19th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	Christmas Eve, "Midnight" 11.45 p.m. Christmas Day HC 8,
	Family Service 11.
	26th. HC 8, Matins 11.
Askerswell	5th. Children 10, Evensong 6.30.
	12th. Matins 10. 19th Carol Service 6.30.
	Christmas Day, HC 10. 26th Matins 10.