

No. 2

April 1958

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MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



Easter Sunshine

(A. L. Oldfield.)

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH --- OLD MARSTON

SERVICES.

Sundays. Holy Communion 8.15 a.m.
also on First Sunday of the month 12 Noon,
also on Second Sunday of the month 7.30 p.m.
Morning Prayer 11.0 a.m.
Sunday School 3.0 p.m.
Evening Prayer 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days. Holy Communion 7.30 a.m.

Holy Baptism. Fourth Sunday of the month at 4.0 p.m.
Notice must be given.

Holy Matrimony. Banns to be given in at the Vicarage.

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS & MEETINGS.

Bible Study & Prayers. All welcome — in the Vicarage on Thursdays at 8.15 p.m.

Mothers Union. Fourth Tuesday of each month in the Reading Room at 2.45 p.m.

Young Wives. First & Third Wednesdays of each month in the Reading Room at 7.45 p.m.

Pathfinders. Each Friday in the Reading Room at 6.30 p.m.

Cubs. Each Wednesday in the Reading Room at 5.30 p.m.

Scouts. Each Thursday in the Reading Room at 6.30 p.m.

Vicar: The Rev. Leslie V. Wright, The Vicarage, 11, Elsfield Road.
Telephone 57034

Lady Worker: Miss M. S. Liles, The Flat, 15, Mill Lane.

Churchwardens: Prof. V. T. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.

Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13, Jack Straws Lane, New Marston.

Vergers: Mr. W. E. Brain, Cranmer, Elsfield Road.

Marston Vicarage,
Oxford.

Dear Friends,

It is good to know that the new edition of this Marston News has been so well received: thank you all for your good response and for the many payments that have already been made for each issue this year. There is a great deal of room for improvement yet; and if you all pay for your copies, I shall then have sufficient elbow room to move on to something far better; but not just yet.

Good Friday and Easter are upon us already. Please make a note of our services on these two days, and also the Family Service of Holy Communion on Maundy Thursday, when we commemorate the invitation of the very first Lord's Supper. Remember, those of you who are communicant members of the Church of England, that Holy Communion on Easter Day is a "must"!

If there are any sick or infirm people who would like a service of Holy Communion in their homes, would they please let me know and I shall be only too pleased to oblige.

Don't let this Easter pass without once again pondering upon the wonder of the empty tomb. The Church exists today because of that empty tomb, because Jesus Christ rose again from the dead: this is a fact which an honest thinking man will find difficult to deny. One man, a lawyer, set out to disprove the fact of the resurrection of Christ, and started to write a book on it ("Who Moved the Stone?"); the more he looked into the evidence, the more he became convinced of its truth!

Needless to say, his book has been greatly blessed. Jesus lives! Is He a reality to you yet?

With all good wishes,
Your friend & Vicar,
LESLIE WRIGHT

WORSHIPPING AS A FAMILY

It is certainly true to say that: "A family which prays together stays together." A happy home is one in which the family is bound together by a bond of love which is ever strengthened by a common love of God.

"How can a family worship together, when the children are much too young to sit through a sermon, let alone understand it?" you ask. Here is a solution which we earnestly commend to your serious attention.

As from SUNDAY APRIL 13th at Morning Prayer (11 o'clock) there will be a short Sunday School lesson in the old school (next to our church) during the course of the sermon. Children will leave the church during the singing of the hymns immediately before the sermon; and will join their parents again during the singing of the final hymn before the Blessing.

If your child is only three years old or less, then why not let him come to church with a picture book, say "Stories about Jesus" or some other religious book, and let him look at this during the service? Nobody will mind at all.

The Sunday School classes on Sunday afternoons will continue as usual for children who cannot come to Morning Prayer with their parents.

WORSHIP TOGETHER AS A FAMILY - SUNDAY APRIL 13th
11 a.m.

CHURCH RESTORATION

Two years ago we embarked upon the much needed restoration of our beautiful church. A great deal of work has been done, and a large sum of money has been collected and given so generously by the people of Marston and the friends of St. Nicholas Church. There remains but one more major item to be seen to, and that is the slated roof. During the past two years the condition of the roof has deteriorated rapidly, and the need for a complete repair is urgent.

On March 3rd your Parochial Church Council unanimously decided to put this in hand at once, firmly believing that the financial support will be forthcoming once again from all our members and friends.

We shall need £700 for the last stage of the restoration work on our church. We call upon everyone to make one great and final effort to put our church in order. If anyone has any bright ideas as to how some of the money could be raised, please mention these to the Vicar; but ultimately this is a spiritual problem, and the burden of this must inevitably fall upon the faithful.

RESTORATION ACCOUNT - 1957

The main items on the Balance Sheet, which can be seen in the Church Porch, are roughly as follows:-

<u>INCOME</u>	Donations	£135	
	Oxford Diocese	£200	
	Marston Market	£100	
	Boxes & Tin	£70	
	Church Fete	£228	
	Other Items	£196	
	<u>TOTAL:</u>		£929

<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	Builders	£816	
	Other items	9	
	Balance	104	
	<u>TOTAL</u>		£929

Our gratitude to Mrs. Dorothy Carter for all her work in taking care of the Restoration Fund, and in organising support, can never be adequately expressed; we are truly grateful.

ANNUAL PAROCHIAL CHURCH MEETING

This will be on Monday April 14th at 7.45 p.m. All members of the Electoral Roll should feel a particular responsibility in coming to this meeting, so that they may vote for their representatives on the Church Council, and also take an interest in all that the church has done, and hopes to do in the years ahead.

All friends of St. Nicholas Church are in fact welcome at this meeting, and are invited to join in the discussions that will take place.

CHURCH FETE

It is hoped to have the fete on Saturday July 5th. If for any reason this date should happen to clash with any other function taking place in or around Oxford, the Vicar would be most grateful to be informed at once.

EASTER MONDAY MYSTERY WALK

Meet at the Friar Public House at 10.55am armed with sandwich lunch, walking shoes, mackintosh and two shillings. All are welcome, especially the young.

LOCAL NEWS

PARISH MEETING — The Annual Parish Meeting



England's Green and Pleasant Land

EASTER OFFERINGS

BY A LAYMAN

WHEN and how began the custom of Easter Offerings to the Rector, to the Vicar, to whomsoever the incumbent may be? Once upon a time, before it even occurred to me that the tenth chapter of St. Luke might hold the clue, I asked someone who, I thought, should be able to tell me. He couldn't: he was only sure the tradition was very old indeed; but he surprised me by suggesting and proving that I could find some interesting paragraphs about it in Halsbury's *Laws of England*. This famous text-book has so many bulky volumes that you reach the middle of its Vol. XIII before its alphabetical order of subjects brings you to Ecclesiastical Law. There, sure enough, I found this:—

"Easter offerings were a well-known and widely recognized form of contri-

butions to the emoluments of the clergy, as are Easter offerings in the modern sense of allocating alms and other collections to the incumbent.

"By the rubric it is directed that yearly at Easter every Parishioner shall reckon with the Parson, Vicar or Curate, or his or their Deputy or Deputies, and pay to them or him all Ecclesiastical Duties, accustomedly due, then and at that time to be paid; and every person who by the laws or customs of the realm ought to make or pay any offering is bound, if he has not paid in the preceding year, to pay at Easter.

"Easter offerings are due of common right from every householder in the parish at the rate of twopence for every member of his family over sixteen years of age, unless a larger sum is due by custom, and where due they

may be recovered summarily before two justices."

And a footnote beneath all this explains that it refers to the Tithes and Offerings Act of 1548, in the reign of King Edward VI.

That, of course, does not answer my first question. You may recognise the words quoted in italics (*my italics*) from "the rubric." They come from that same rubric in our Prayer Book, following The Order of Holy Communion, which tells us that we should "communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one." But the rubric and the Tithes and Offerings Act only make it clear that Easter offerings were already a well-established custom over 400 years ago. In those days, indeed, and for long afterwards, they were more than a custom: they were a compulsory legal obligation.

We may be thankful that that is no longer true. All of us—parson and parishioner alike—must be thankful that for generations, now, we have been free to make our Easter offerings simply because we wish to, or because we feel we ought to, not because we may get into trouble if we don't. Very many of us have no other way of showing the clergy, gratefully, that we don't expect from them "something for nothing." They have their stipends—often very poor stipends—but very, very few of us laymen are called upon to contribute a penny piece towards them, either directly or indirectly through taxation. Why should we expect "something for nothing" from them?

No sooner had I asked myself this question than the answer, I think, came to me straight from St. Luke. Surely we learn from St. Luke, Chapter 10, that Our Lord quite clearly tells us we must *not* expect something-for-nothing from His ministers. When He was sending His disciples "two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come," He said unto them: "Into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you." And if in any house the disciples might visit they found a welcome for their mission, and for

the Word they were to preach, they were to accept such things as the household gave them, "for the labourer is worthy of his hire." I am the most ordinary layman, so I may be wrong, but it does seem to me that here we have a parable for all time, and very possibly the inspiration from which someone long, long ago drew the idea of "allocating alms and other collections to the incumbent" on the Feast of Our Lord's Resurrection. We owe it to Him, to the Church, to ourselves, that by this outward-and-visible sign we should "show willing" towards the ministers of Our Saviour's Word in our parishes.

There is an opportunity in every parish where the Easter Offerings are given to Rector, or Vicar, for those of us who value our Church to make the Easter Offering in our parish reflect our deepest feelings—a welcome proof of the loyalty and affection of a congregation. A fellow layman has expressed his feelings thus:

Listening to your voice with its wide love

Of all and for all, often I can hear
A more than hinting of Another
Voice . . .

O friend, you bring the Friend of
all so near!



Photo by G. W. Blackman
The Nation's Parish Church

THE CARVED ANGEL

By E. I. MOLONY

Winner of the Competition: Stories we can't forget

NO one in the village took a great deal of interest in Mrs. Grey until her grandson from Ireland came to live with her. People had accepted her in their friendly way as one of themselves and that was about as far as it went. The old woman joined in most of the village activities like the Women's Institute, and she invariably managed to produce from her garden something towards the local flower show each year. The trouble was that she was stone deaf and that was an obstacle to all social intercourse. She also suffered from rheumatism. Her lack of hearing inclined her to live in a silent world of her own. Her neighbours wrongly concluded that she was dull of intellect as she was unable to join in their conversations and they said also she had strange ideas.

The village church was partially of Norman origin and had been damaged by a flying bomb during the war. Part of the roof of the nave had fallen, taking with it some of the masonry of the arches. No one had been in church at the time but old Mrs. Grey had been planting some bulbs in her husband's grave outside. Although unhurt, the crash had greatly shaken her and somehow made her more than ever withdrawn.

The church stood in ruins until after the war when an attempt was made to repair it. The Rector went to some trouble to get the right advice and the best architect. After launching an appeal for funds combined with the efforts of the villagers in fêtes and entertainments, enough money was found to make a start and Mrs. Grey's grandson, Pat, came on to the scene of action with others to help in the repairs.

Pat's skill lay in his hands. He would lovingly fashion wood and stone into shapes which would grow into graceful and beautiful forms under his

deft fingers. When carved masonry or chancel screens needed restoring and repairing, eminent architects recommended Pat. He was therefore in great demand in the post-war years.

The village was not inconveniently placed for most of his work and his grandmother's cottage was more economical to live in than staying in lodgings in the nearby town.

She was very fond of him, and he had infinite patience with the old woman, communicating his ideas and thoughts in expressive miming, and managing to convey in that way all that he wanted to tell her.

Slowly Mrs. Grey gained more confidence. She felt no longer quite so shut off from the world in general and certainly not from her grandson in particular. The barrier of deafness seemed less to her.

Every day, while Pat was employed in repairs in the damaged church, she would make her way there at midday with their lunch neatly done up in an old piece of linen. She would pick her way carefully over the uneven floor to the chancel which was the only part left intact. Sitting down in one of the choir stalls she would happily remain until such time as Pat would join her. She could not hear the noise of the workmen as they went about their jobs. She felt "wrapped around with peace," as she called it, and loved to watch her grandson. Pat was up on some scaffolding under an arch moulding a mutilated stone head into shape. It looked like the face of an angel, the old woman thought, and it was beautiful and almost finished.

Pat, looking down on her, gave her a welcoming smile. They generally had their lunch in the churchyard, but today it was raining.

"The good God won't mind us eating in here," the old woman announced, unwrapping their lunch.

(Continued on page 62)

BIRDS OF EASTERTIDE

BY BERNARD SHOUGH



Swallows

LEGENDS of many lands describe how the various birds behaved at the time of the Crucifixion. The swallow figures prominently as the bird that tried to save Our Lord as He was praying in the Garden of Gethsemane by leading others in an attempt to misdirect his enemies. It is recorded that the sparrow did its best to hamper them in their merciful work, just as when the swallows carried away the nails from the Cross they immediately returned them.

The Russian version says that as the swallows flew away with the nails they kept crying, "Umer, umer," meaning "He is dead," in the hope that the soldiers would leave Christ be. And a similar legend from Scandinavia tells how the swallows flew round the Cross in large numbers calling, "Svala, svala." In English they were crying, "Console, console." By this story the swallow was the "bird of consolation," the "svalow."

Spanish lore tells how the swallows gathered in their flocks and pecked at the thorns, and if you watch a swallow carefully you will see that it has a little red on its throat where

Our Saviour's blood stained it.

There are similar stories of the robin and the less familiar crossbill. The crossbill visits this country mainly in the winter when flocks come over from the north of Europe. In parts of the Continent they are called Christbirds. They have twisted, crossed bills, that are useful for extracting the seeds from fir cones, but the legend says that they twisted their bills when they tried to pull the nails from the Cross, at the same time staining their breasts.

Our prettiest finch is the goldfinch, a wonderful little bird with rich yellow bars in its wings, hence its name. You may have seen it feeding upon thistles and teasle in the autumn or nesting in an apple tree in your orchard. The bird has a square blaze



Storks

of bright red extending over its face and towards the throat. It is said that this dainty bird attempted to tug a nail from the hand of Christ and has carried the mark of His blood ever since. The distinguished Lady Grey of Fallosen wrote a charming poem describing the story.

The Swedes say that the stork called upon Christ to strengthen as they flew round the Cross. The Swedish word for "strengthen" is "sturka," and according to their story that is how the stork got its name.

The Spanish believe that the owl had once a sweet song but, because it saw the Crucifixion, gave up singing and has since avoided the light of day.

Not all birds were as sympathetic. The magpie has a bad name in every land, and it is said that it refused to go into proper mourning after the death of Our Lord.

Another bird with an unsavoury reputation is the whimbrell. It shares with the curlew the sailor's name of The Seven Whistlers and is generally badly favoured by them. The seven Jews who were said to have assisted at the Crucifixion were reputed to have eaten the whimbrell.

There is a beautiful story of the pelican. An old belief credits her with wounding her own breast so that her



The Pelican

blood might fall on her dead nestlings to restore them to life. Early Christians called Our Lord "the Pelican of Piety" because He gave His blood for sinners.

AN ELEGY: by Christopher Greathead (Aged 14)

Dedicated to the Rev A. Pearce-Higgins

An old man lies dead:
On his face a look of peace and serenity,
Even a strange quiet beauty:
Such a life was his, that he
Never knew what it was to be free
From the pain of old scars won in the strife
Of some past war which left him for life
A legacy of pain and penury!

In the tall trees the branches move and the leaves
Rustle and whisper in the breeze,
A single bell tolls. A lone bird sings.
With fluttering gown and stole the priest reads the prayers.

Quietly, and to their comfort the mourners
Gather together for their last long look
Ere they return to familiar everyday things,
Where life flows back over the breach
Left by Death's coming unawares:

In this quiet holy place,
Safely kept, are the loved ones who sleep.
Winds creep and grasses stir over their faces:
So, with reverent hands, gently lay him to rest,
Who, by his example and fortitude
His friends will remember him best.



A Living Cross

ST. MARY - THE - VIRGIN, Charlton-on-Otmoor, possesses a living cross above the canopy of this beautiful old rood screen. The cross is made up of living plants, generally evergreen, but on May Day it is garlanded with flowers.—E. WELCH.

The Two Olneys

THE vicar of Olney (the pancake town) in Buckinghamshire and the vicar of St. John's Episcopal Church, Olney, Maryland, U.S.A., "exchanged pulpits" during the months of September and October last year.—A. LYNCH.

*. In addition to six five - shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4.

A Family Choir

IN the choir of St. John's Church, Higham, there are ten members of one family. Mrs. Lambkin has two daughters, two nieces, three great nephews and two great nieces.—THE REV. G. E. RAVEN.

A Double Record

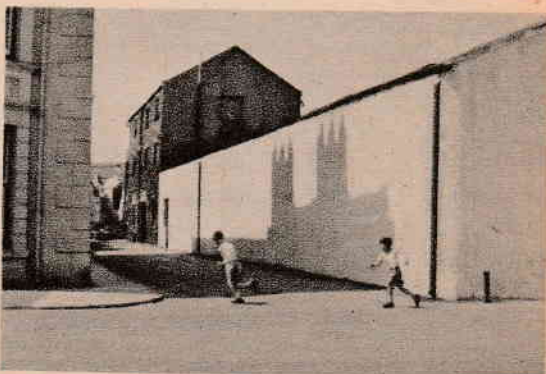
RECENTLY, at St. Mary's Mission Church, Grimehills, in the parish of St. Barnabas, Darwen, two sisters, Miss Jane and Miss Ellen Dixon, were presented with a tea-service in recognition of a very fine achievement: each has given over 60 years' service to the Mission Church Choir.—T. COOPER.

The Pudding Bell

THIS was a bell which was rung at the close of the morning service, to announce to the housewives that it was time to prepare the midday meal. At Oxhill, Warwickshire, it was rung until a few years ago, and possibly still is. I believe that the custom continues (or did so recently) at Kineton, Warwickshire, at Barston, in the same county, and at Llanvblodwell, Shropshire.—THE REV. G. S. HEWINS.

Cathedral Shadow ?

NONE of my friends can guess what is casting the remarkable silhouette of a cathedral, where no cathedral exists. The photograph was taken at Ramsey, Isle of Man, and the shadow is that of the Prince of Wales Hotel!—B. G. TEALE.



A Cathedral Shadow



Oldest and Largest ?

THE font in Old Radnor Church may well be the largest and also the oldest in Britain. Experts are of the opinion that the stone is of pre-historic origin and was first shaped to form an altar. Much later, though probably in pre-Norman times, it was hollowed out into a font and four feet cut from the lower part. One theory is that the font was originally the fifth monolith of a group known as "The Four Stones" situated a mile or so north of the church.—E. L. KING.

Pennies round the Church

THE Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Wingrove, Bucks., observes an ancient custom: the floor is strewn with clean rushes on its feast day. A donor left money to provide for this in days when the floor was of mud. It also keeps a modern custom in completing an encirclement of the church with pennies. Last year the coppers amounted to nineteen pounds, which went to the restoration fund.—F. F. SMITH.

75 Years a Bellringer

MR. EDWARD BISHOP, of Rotherfield, Sussex, who has died at the age of 91, has been a bell-ringer at St. Mary's for 75 years. Only when on holiday had Mr. Bishop missed a morning and evening service.—F. F. SMITH.

For over 80 years

WE have had "Home Words" in our home for over 80 years. Can any other reader of the magazine beat this record?—MISS HANGERFIELD.

The best possible would be 86 years.—EDITOR.

A Useful Model

THE model of the parish church of Newport, Isle of Wight, made by the Vicar, the Rev. C. R. Farnsworth, on view in the north aisle, has now brought to church funds over £1,264. A penny makes it a lighted church and brings the bells into action.—F. F. SMITH.

A Bell-ringing Device

ICAME across this strange old machine at the Church of St. Thomas, Salisbury. It was used for ringing, or chiming, bells mechanically, and I have been told that it is a relic of the days when there was strong feeling against the use of live bell-ringers on the Sabbath. The bell-ropes appear to have been attached to each of the eight levers, and rung as the pegs, which are especially arranged on the iron drum, caught them as the handle was turned.—N. M. WOODALL.



A Bell-ringing Device



Photo by

Easter Sunshine

Wm. Ramsay

Weekday Pages For Women With Homes

Conducted by
MISS E. M. HARDING

Monday's Washing

Salt to set colours.—I find that when washing garments of more than one colour it is advisable to put them into a bowl of cold water to which one tablespoonful of salt to every quart of water has been added, to set colours. Leave for a second or two, then wash in the normal way.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Ironing curtains.—To avoid a sharp centre crease when ironing wide curtains or bedspreads, etc., iron a wide strip up the centre single thickness first, then fold lightly and iron double, keeping iron well away from fold.—MISS B. A. CURTIS.

When drying your roll-on, peg an old nylon stocking lengthways on the line, attach roll-on by suspenders, thus avoiding peg marks on the garment.—MRS. R. H. WILLS.

Window curtains usually shrink the first time they are washed, so it is advisable to have a double hem at the bottom when making new ones, the second one being sewn by hand. Then it can be unpicked before washing. It will then leave the curtains the right length after washing.—MRS. E. KING.

Tuesday's Sewing

Straps.—To save unsightly shoulder straps when wearing a summer dress, I stitch an inch of nylon ribbon to the shoulder seams of the dress, slip under all straps and press snap also to the seam, towards the neck.—MISS C. BROWN.

My young daughter has difficulty in keeping a skirt up without straps. Thread a wide piece of elastic through the band

at the back, and it will grip the waist and so stay in place.—MRS. PHIPPS.

Darning aid.—Paint one side of a used light bulb black; it is fine for light stockings, and you can use the light side for dark material.—MRS. CROCKER.

No stretching.—When knitting garments with double wool, if you can match the colour, use three-ply wool for waist and sleeve ribbings. This prevents stretching.—MRS. E. J. ATKINSON.

Magnet.—Keep a small toy magnet in your workbox when doing sewing or dress-making. It is most useful in finding, and picking up pins and needles, which have a way of dropping on the floor.—MRS. E. BRYAN.

(1) *When knitting a scarf* in garter stitch, slip the first stitch of every row *purl-way*. This produces a smooth chain edge on both sides of the scarf, instead of the usual series of little knots which have such a ragged and unfinished appearance.

(2) *Nothing is more maddening* than a ribbed edge which will not stretch but forms a tight line. To avoid this, use a size larger needle for casting on and off. This is specially advisable in knitting vests or other garments in fine wool.—MISS E. M. BULLOCK.

Mending.—When mending a child's tweed garment, draw some threads from the inside of a seam and work with them. If carefully done the mend will be almost invisible.—MRS. L. M. DUROSE.

Wednesday's Nursing

A baby's food dish.—We have used with success a baby's food dish for an invalid who is unable to sit up properly and can

only use one hand. These dishes are not so easily tipped over, and the deep sides help the invalid to get his or her food on to a spoon easily.—MRS. COULTHURST.

Treating a bruise.—If anyone has a bad knock get two basins of water, one hot and one cold. Apply a cloth wrung out in hot water to the hurt place and then wring out in cold. Continue this treatment until the inflammation is better.—MRS. SCHOFIELD.

Thursday's Cooking

Fruit salad.—To augment a tin of fruit salad take some apples or pears (or both) which have been peeled, cored and sliced, and stew gently in the syrup from the tin. The fresh fruit takes the flavour of the other fruit and blends well with the rest of the salad.—MRS. E. HERBERT.

To keep milk in hot weather, rinse a vacuum flask with cold water and fill with milk as soon as it is delivered. It will keep cold and fresh until breakfast next day if necessary.—MRS. M. BRYDEN.

Substitute for cream.—Slice one banana thinly and add to the white of an egg. Whisk until banana dissolves.—MRS. L. WILLGOOSE.

Save gas.—Get a cardboard or wooden box to take easily one (or two) saucepans with close fitting lids. Fill box with rolled up balls of newspaper, leaving exact space for pans. Part cook stew (30 mins.), rice (4 mins.), macaroni, etc. Place in box, cover with small cushion, leave till tender. Re-heat if necessary. Potatoes, boiled and strained, can also be kept hot till required.—MRS. LEEBODY.

Friday's Household

Carpets become dirty in patches, especially when children are around. Make a mixture of hot water, soap flakes, and a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia, and scrub the patches a little at a time. Finish off with clean water, wringing out the rag, and sponging over the scrubbed patch. The carpet should not be left damp, so try to wet it as little as possible.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

No harm done.—If you accidentally place a hot dish on your good plastic tablecloth, don't lift it off but remove the hot food upon it, and fill with cold water. After ten minutes it will lift off without damage.—MRS. A. AUKER.

If your tea tray has become dingy, treat it to a coating of enamel round the edges, and cover the base with the new "heat-resisting plastic material." The odd pieces can be used to cover shabby table mats, at very small cost.—MRS. M. MACRO.

The sticky mark left on the skin by adhesive plasters can easily be removed by rubbing with a little petrol. It is a good idea to keep a small bottle of lighter fuel for this purpose, but when this is not available vaseline smeared generously over the mark, allowed to remain a few minutes, and then rubbed off with soft paper or rag, works very well.—MISS C. FROST.

To stop carpets from curling at corners, use strips of wide tape (1 inch) sewn at right angles under the corners of rugs or carpets with corset bones slipped under the tapes.—MRS. BINKS.

Saturday's Children

Buy a plastic dress cover (cost about one shilling) and slip baby's cot mattress into it. You will find that it will not ruck up and it will keep the mattress clean.—MRS. RUFF.

Prevent arguments on the beach this summer by branding your child's initials on his or her spade. Write your child's initials on the handle with nail varnish and, while it is still wet, set it alight. Remember it is inflammable. The initials are then burnt on neatly and permanently.—MRS. A. FOSTER.

***. If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.**



Photo by A. L. Oldfield
Easter Daffodils

THE MAKING OF AN ARTIST

By Hoole Jackson

Chapter IV

OFTEN, in the weeks that followed the acceptance of Jimmy's picture for the Porthenda Gallery summer exhibition, I thought, uneasily, of O'Malley's parting words as we left the studio. I knew well how God often forged a man or woman to be the tool of His purpose by bringing what we call, glibly, "tragedy" to alter the course of their lives.

There is no need for me to dwell on the examples which history and biography afford. Poet and reformer; politician and scientist; doctor and missionary; there were among them those who had been shown their life work through the agency of loss, physical handicap, or disease. It is as if, in these men and women, the divine spark was kindled only when they had suffered, and I thought about old Elijah's words.

There was an inner dread in my heart that the blow might be struck through Mavena. The two of them were so happy; so glowing with the light of love; and it seemed that this was almost too perfect to last. Or was I thinking of the blow which I suffered long ago, which had made me a different being from the young fellow of 'Varsity days, and the romance which ended?

In something of this mood I was strolling along the quayside, when old Elijah beckoned to me from his fishing-boat alongside the jetty steps.

"I'd like a word with you, Mr. Peters," he said, as I reached the deck. "If you've time to spare, I've a fancy that what I have on my mind would be best freed aboard the *Garnerer*. This old boat has been the dearest thing in my life, since my wife slipped into the Last Harbour ahead of me, apart from Mavena."

He pushed over an up-ended line-basket and took one for himself—con-

venient emergency seats for idle days in harbour. Then he lighted his pipe, and I followed suit, knowing my man pretty well.

"You know my son and daughter-in-law were both taken within a short time of each other, Mr. Peters," he said. "I thought the blow bitter, but the Lord knows better than we. My wife brought up that little maid, until the second blow fell, and she was taken, and by that time Mavena could housekeep as good as any woman in St. Ven.

"I've lived for her, and she for me, come to that," he continued. "She's a happy-natured maid, Mr. Peters, and always singing as she goes about her housework. Just like a li'l skylark, it's that natural to her. I'd got so used to her going to sea with me aboard this old boat, and being so eager to learn the ways of the sea, that she were both daughter and son, as you might say. . . ."

He paused, and puffed at his pipe for a few moments. "I suppose that's why the shock was greater when love came to upset my old apple-cart. I'm not against it, Mr. Peters. Heaven forbid! He's a good young man, and gifted, and they're matched in their thoughts and ways—reckon I've just lived too long. How can I keep her from happy wedlock? Yet she won't leave me, knowing there's no woman relative left to care for me."

I was about to interrupt, when Elijah held up his hand to stay me. "I can guess what's in your mind, Mr. Peters. Me going to live with them in their new home. I couldn't expect a young fellow, and a stranger to St. Ven' and its ways, to take on an old fellow like me. He'll have enough on his hands with a wife, to begin with. I've a bit put by for when I can't go to sea any more. The best and fittest of us can't stay in harness of this rough sort beyond the days of our strength."

I began to laugh. Elijah stared at me in surprise. A pained expression came into his fine old eyes, as if he'd mistaken his man and misplaced a sacred confidence.

"Listen, Elijah, my dear old friend," I said, "if I hadn't laughed I should have wept—from joy. Last night Jimmy and Mavena came to the vicarage to see me. They were just as troubled as you are. I was intending to call and see you later in the day, as I promised them I would. This meeting aboard the *Garnerer* is far, far better."

"Troubled? My Mavena?" queried Elijah. "They weren't feared I'd ask them to wait a year or so before they wedded, were they?"

"No, Elijah," I told him. "Not that. They daren't ask you the favour they want you to do them. The thing they'd love most of all. Jimmy was the more troubled of the two about it, and you'll easily understand why. They want you to take them in until they can find a house. Have you never heard of the housing shortage, or the cost of a house today, or have you been so much at sea that shore troubles don't come your way?"

Elijah gave his thigh a slap that sent a snoozing cat on the sunlit cabin-roof scampering ashore as if it had been shot at. Then he let out a roar of laughter that brought women to their doors.

"Afraid of asking me! And me afraid of asking them to take me in! That's rich."

"So rich that they've picked a comfortable big fireside chair for you, Elijah," I said, smiling. "I think it is intended as a bribe to soften a fine old man into giving a son-in-law house-room."

"Buy me a chair! Bless their young hearts, I'll beat them at that game. The front room sadly needs some new furniture and things. Give me a hand, Mr. Peters, and I'll fix that so Mavena won't know until the stuff arrives. House-room! What would I want with four fine rooms downstairs and four above, to say nothing of the net-loft and a big garden? I've often told Mavena it were too much for one woman's hands, and she'd say, 'Not

hands like mine, Granddad,' and show me her pretty, strong young hands."

His face was beaming, and I went off home to the vicarage to tell Mary, my housekeeper, that I should need her help in choosing new curtains and furniture. I knew that Elijah and I would be better for womanly help in this pleasant business, and Mary was discreet and had good taste.

I can't tell you how the love of Elijah for Mavena, and hers and Jimmy's for him, warmed and delighted me. It wasn't that it was just the good old-fashioned creed of life which seems so rare today, even in the developing villages where old manners and customs are passing fast under the impact of modern ways. These three were so natural and spontaneous in their love and their desire to outdo each other in generosity. Spring flowers bloom no more naturally and delightfully. St. Ven was a last stronghold of such ideas, I knew. I had become part of it and its ways, and God had given me a flock suited to my heart, as if blessing me for past loss and previous work in darker parishes.

The Lifeboat—Jimmy was trying to paint a picture of it, and I began to think how large the Lifeboat loomed in our lives at St. Ven. He wanted to capture the spirit of it, with the background of wild waves, but again and again he was defeated. Yet there were many scenes that I could have limned, if the gift of the brush had been mine.

Perhaps the return of the boat from the tumult of the waters, and her arrival beside the jetty, where willing hands waited to help out the survivors. Or those processions along the quay, often amid driving rain, the high-tossed sea-spray, and the roaring gale, as men and women were helped along until doors opened and warm kitchens took in those waifs from the sea.

That was what Jimmy ought to capture! I knew it was hopeless until he had done as I had done, stood beside the badly injured, comforted the bereaved, and, alas, buried the dead. Most of all, the memory of little

children and the heroism of a mother stood out in shining glory. There was all that behind the noble hull of the lifeboat, and the tumbling, angry seas that Jimmy sought to limn in colours which strike the eye and touch the heart.

The new picture was as good as *Mist and the Sea*, but no better. A lifeboat at sea: no more. When he saw my expression as I studied it, he took it from the easel and flung it into a corner.

"That's what it's worth, isn't it, Mr. Peters?" he said bitterly. "Any fellow who'd learned how to hold a brush could paint it!" He gritted out O'Malley's words, "Very clever picture! Very pretty brush work!" Then he gave the picture a kick that sent it flying across to another corner.

I didn't remonstrate with him. This was good healthy self-dissatisfaction. The next moment, Jimmy flung himself into an old armchair which Susan had provided from her lumber-room.

"I'll get a job of some kind," he said, head down in his hands, and the words muffled. "Paint! What fooled me into thinking I could? Even had ideas of a mural for that blank wall in St. Ven Church. A thank-offering to you for all you've done for me. What a miserable offering it would be, if I couldn't rise beyond this sort of stuff!"

"What sort of job would you do better than this, Jimmy?" I asked him. "You're not exactly built to be a fisherman, and there isn't much in St. Ven for a young man who isn't, unless you find a place on a farm, or open a shop. You might manage to find an office post in Porthenda, of course. You'd do about as well at any of those careers as you've done with your brush—so far."

He rose and began to pace up and down his studio. Then he halted opposite to me.

"What you mean, padre, is that I'm not cut out for anything, unless it's flying, and that's done with for ever, unfortunately. I'm glad you've let me have it good and straight. I'm not cut out for the sea, even if I were strong enough to pull my weight

alongside the grand men of St. Ven. I'd muck up an office job in a month. I can't paint for toffee. So what?"

I took him by the shoulders and walked him to the window which Mavena had curtained so prettily. Outside her cottage, Mavena was tidying a flower-bed in the garden, and singing as she worked.

"That's what, Jimmy," I said. "You'll let Mavena down, will you? I know these moods of blank despair. I've suffered them. Every artist and author worth his salt does. I'll humour you in this," and I took up the offending picture and pitched it among a pile of his early work in another corner. "That's where it belongs, Jimmy. With your calf-stuff. Now to set to and paint something worthy of that grand girl's faith in you, and the gift God has lent you. As for O'Malley, he'll have the right words. I haven't . . ."

I broke off. Jimmy was gazing at Mavena with a horrified expression in his eyes. As if she knew he was gazing at her, she turned and glanced in the direction of the studio, a smile on her lips. In the sunlit garden, among the gay hues of the flowers, she seemed lovelier than ever. The slight sea-breeze rippled her frock, her hair took an amber shade in its darkness, and old Elijah, joining her, completed the picture.

Without a word, Jimmy turned and left me standing there. He went past the window without glancing up, and I saw him turn into the back-alley to avoid passing within sight of Mavena and old Elijah. Next I caught sight of him striding at full stretch up the steep hill leading from St. Ven.

I made my way over to Mavena and Elijah. Putting the cat among the canaries is not a favourite pastime with me, as probably you have guessed by now, as I have set down this simple tale. This time I had deliberately done so, and picked the cat with the sharpest claws I could think of.

"Jimmy's gone for a walk," I told them. "He's just discovered that he can't paint, that his work is terrible, and that one of his best friends told him so. I imagine he'll have covered half the county by the time he comes

home. He'll be dog-tired, ravenously hungry, and in the mood to show the world that Jimmy Lancaster can and will paint."

Mavena was laughing, although there was a tenderness about the smile in her eyes. She studied me for a moment or so, while Elijah was chuckling.

"Thank you, Mr. Peters," said Mavena. "I know what the rest of the prescription requires—sedatives—tonic—a little convalescent nursing."

"What that young man needs," I told her, knowing well that she would handle Jimmy her own way, whatever advice I offered, "is to have his nose well rubbed into something that will teach him to be a good dog and show he's a thoroughbred with his own line of work to do, and no other."

Old Elijah gave me a glance, and his bushy eyebrows were up a little.

"Should be one of your best sermons on Sunday, Mr. Peters," he said, and so much in his normal manner that, for a moment, I didn't sense the dryness of the remark. Then I saw the twinkle in his eye, and took him up.

"It will be, Elijah," I said. "I had in mind The Wisdom of Solomon, but there is something about a good woman being more precious than rubies. Interpreting 'good' as meaning that she makes a man perspire as well as inspire him."

I was out of the garden before Mavena's clear contralto laugh rang out.

It was a very perspiring young man who came contritely and alone to my study late that evening. Mavena had done her work scathingly and well. Neither she nor I dreamed that the wind beginning to whistle among the chimney-stacks of St. Ven cottages was an augury. For a summer storm, the demonstration was one of Nature's best, and I saw Jimmy from the door with quite a gale howling.

Magnificent seas were sweeping in, and the morning of sunshine, and glorious remainder of the day, were wiped out as by a dark hand.

It was that evening that I sat down to write a sermon based on the life-boat, a subject which had always

called to me. I did not preach it the next Sunday. Nor the Sunday after. The words I wanted eluded me. I began to sympathise with Jimmy more deeply than ever. He was striving to paint against the greatest backcloth of nature—the sea.

I preached my sermon in the autumn—and by then the veil of heaven had been rent, and Jimmy—but this is the wrong place to enlarge on that theme. I went to bed well content, with the wind for lullaby, and trusting no luckless craft had been caught by the unexpected storm. I slept like a top.

So did Jimmy. I believe he came awake in that moment when he gazed on Mavena in the garden, and then flung out of the studio in white-hot mood, to walk until he was weary, and returning to find a grand supper waiting in Elijah's cottage, and then a Mavena he didn't know existed revealing herself.

"I thought you were bigger than that, Jimmy," she said. "To act in front of Mr. Peters as if you were a spoiled child! If that's the way an artist acts, I'll have to think twice about marrying one. You'll go right over to him now you're rested, and you'll tell him just what you were—a great, silly child, and then you'll come back to me, and explain why I'm not good enough to inspire you to do better work."

"Phew!" Jimmy said, as he outlined to me what had happened. "I felt about as big as a gull in the blackness of a storm." Then he smiled. "Forgive me. It was because I knew that Mavena's so *great* that it riles me to think I can't match her, even in my work."

He did, but not before she had shown him a greater wonder.

(To be continued)

Bless the Garden

ON the wall of the Vicarage at Budleigh Salterton appears these words:
Give this House, O traveller, pray
A blessing as you pass this way
And if you've time I beg your pardon
While your at it bless the garden.
And some might also weed the garden.—
MISS D. GORDON.

LOST AND FOUND

By D. WATERS

MRS. JACKSON was a widow and for a number of years now she had, with careful management, lived on her pension. Every Saturday morning she would come down the village street to the general stores and buy her groceries for the week. Knowing that she was rather poor, Mr. Perkins at the shop used to help her spend her money wisely.

On one such Saturday morning Mrs. Jackson had done her shopping and had left the shop, only to return to the window a few minutes later. Mr. Perkins could see her there but she didn't come back into the shop until it was empty of other customers. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Perkins," she began, "but I seem to have lost a ten-shilling note. May I look on the floor?" Mr. Perkins came around the counter and together they looked in the sawdust for the missing note but without success. "I'll pin a notice up on the till, so that the customers can see it—I expect somebody will find it, don't you worry."

But no customer had found the ten-shilling note that day and when he went to lock up his door, the grocer saw his notice on the till. He had one more look on the floor but he was still unsuccessful, so he took a ten-shilling note from his wallet and walked along the street to Willow Cottage. When Mrs. Jackson answered the door, he said, "See what I've brought you!"

"You're too late," she smiled, "Mr. Philips found it this morning, Miss Green this afternoon, and Mrs. Finch also found it about five minutes ago. You had better take down that notice before anyone else finds it, because, you see, I found it myself in the bottom of my shopping basket when I emptied it. It has made me so happy, Mr. Perkins, finding that I had so many friends in the village."

It was a very thoughtful Mr. Perkins who went down the garden path.

MINDING P's AND Q's

By H. T. INGRAM

It is a queer fact that when one is in a crowd or even in a queue politeness is rare and no one ever seems to say please. "Mind your P's and Q's" is an ancient piece of advice: perhaps it should now read "Mind your politeness in queues," especially when the queue is a queue of cars. The origin of "Mind your P's and Q's" is known to very few. In the alehouse in olden times when chalk "scores" were marked upon the wall or behind the door of a taproom, it was customary to put the initials "P" and "Q" at the head of every man's account, to show the number of "pints" and "quarts" for which he was in arrears, and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbour on the shoulder and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to the chalk-score, "Mind your P's and Q's, man! Mind your P's and Q's!"

It is worth recalling a certain sexton's summing up of his duties as minding the pews and keys, and of his Vicar's reply that what he needed more than anything else when preparing his sermon was Peace and Quiet.

THE CARVED ANGEL

(Continued from page 51)

The simple meal finished, Pat returned to his work and Mrs. Grey tidied up the remains.

She noticed that under an arch an empty cigarette carton had been thrown. With a shocked "tut tut," she bent painfully to pick it up. Above her some workmen were moving a plank from the scaffolding. By some accident it slipped and hurtled down in a cloud of dust.

"Look out!" yelled Pat in an agonised voice, quite forgetting his grandmother couldn't possibly hear him. At that moment Mrs. Grey moved slightly to one side and then looked up smiling as the plank fell, crashing harmlessly on the floor a yard away from where she stood.

"The angel called to me to move, and I heard him," she confided to Pat afterwards, and nothing ever shook her from this conviction.



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will be held on April 17th at 8 p.m. in the Hall of St. Nicholas' County Primary School. There will be a review of the Parish Council's work during the past year; and there will be open discussion on the subject of the Village Hall. This meeting is open to all Harston residents.

PARISH COUNCIL - REPORT ON LAST MEETING

The following matters were discussed at the meeting of the Parish Council on Mar.4th.

1. Street Lighting. It was agreed to accept the estimate from the S.E.B. for the provision of two more lamps, one near the black spot at the Red Lion corner, and one in the lane leading to the schools.

Residents on Pye's and Carter's Estates complained at the lack of lighting there. It was pointed out that the responsibility of providing street lighting in these areas rested on the Developer and not on the Parish Council; though the Council would take over and maintain the lamps after they were installed. The Council had made repeated requests for both these lighting schemes to be completed and would continue to press for this to be done.

Coupled with this complaint was one about street cleaning; again it was stressed that these were Private Property and until the County Council took over the roads on the Estates, no street cleaning could be done.

2. Faulty Sewage, during excessive rainfall. The Council was astonished to learn that this problem had been raised by individuals with the Bullington R.D.C. for about two years and nothing effective had been done. It was decided to write to the County Medical Officer of Health, calling his attention to this state of affairs, before acquainting the Minister of

Health of the matter.

3. Cemetery Drainage. The Divisional Engineer had inspected the cemetery and adjoining property, and had suggested that the cleaning of ditches in the vicinity of the cemetery would help but not cure the trouble. The laying of land drains from the east end of the cemetery would also help to get rid of some of the surface water. It was agreed to write to owners of the land requesting that the ditches be attended to, and to take further action if necessary.

4. Flooding. Oxford Road and adjacent service roads. The attention of the Divisional Surveyor was again called to the serious flooding in parts of these roads. Repairs and improvements were promised as a priority in the next financial year.

THE SCHOOLS

1. St. Nicholas Primary School. Some future dates to remember. May Celebrations - Thurs. May 8th at 2 p.m. Programmes will be on sale after the Easter Holidays - March 27th to April 15th. Whitsun Holidays - May 23rd to June 2nd. Term ends on July 25th.

2. Old Marston Secondary School. On Wed. 12th March, the School was visited by 200 Parents and friends. Nobody could fail to be impressed by the fine facilities offered to those of our children who will go there. Especially noticeable were the splendid proportions of the Hall, incompletely furnished though it was. The Practical Rooms attracted much more attention; boys were seen engaged in making articles for the home, such as coffee tables and table lamps, the machinery available to them was deemed first class; girls were printing on fabrics, making dresses

and displaying the up-to-date Domestic Science Room; all seemed happy and proud of their new School.

Afterwards in a short talk, the Headmaster explained the pattern of the School, the areas it would draw on and the eventual numbers on roll. He wished to emphasise that if a child was good enough, no door would be closed to their future. The School was at the beginning of a long road in the task of creating a worthwhile community, he felt sure the Parents would rally round with enthusiasm to help. Their response by their presence in such numbers in unpleasant weather was indeed a great start. A Committee of Parents representing all areas was elected to recommend future policy and organise activities.

THE BRITISH LEGION

The registered office of the Marston and District Branch, and the British Legion Club, is 13, Oxford Road, Old Marston.

Committee Meetings are held each month to deal with all business relating to the Branch.

All enquiries and applications for membership can be made to any of the officers or at the Club.

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8th March. Wilfred Valentine Lang and
Joan Webb.

CHURCH CALENDAR - APRIL 1958

- 1st Pram Service - 2.45 p.m.
2nd M.U. and Young Wives, 7.45 p.m.
3rd MAUNDY THURSDAY - Holy Communion,
commemoration of the Institution of
the Lord's Supper 8 p.m. Hymns and
Address.
4th GOOD FRIDAY - Morning Prayer and Litany,
11 a.m.
6th EASTER DAY
Holy Communion at 7.15 a.m., 8.15 a.m.,
12 noon, and 7.30 p.m.
Morning Prayer 11.00 a.m.
Family Service 3.00 p.m.
Holy Baptism 4.00 p.m.
Evening Prayer 6.30 p.m.
13th Inauguration of Sunday School Class
during Morning Prayer at 11 a.m., for
Family Worship.
14th Annual Parochial Church Meeting -
7.45 p.m.
16th Young Wives, 7.45 p.m.
17th Parish Meeting 8 p.m.
22nd Mothers' Union, 2.45 p.m.
25th St. MARK. Holy Communion, 7.30 a.m.

* * * * *

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES &c.

CHURCH.

Bell Ringers. Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50, Oxford Rd.

Choir. Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 49, Rippington Drive.

Cubs. Leader : Miss B. Hatton, 32, Ash Grove, Headington.

Mothers Union. Sec. : Mrs. N. E. Green, 60, Oxford Rd.

Parochial Church Council. Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House,
Oxford Rd.

Pathfinders. Leader : Miss M. Liles, The Flat, 15, Mill Lane.

Scouts. Leader : Mr. G. Rock, 23, Crotch Crescent, New Marston.

Young Wives. Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10, Cavendish Drive.

LOCAL.

Allotment Assn. Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 129, Oxford Rd.

British Legion. Sec. : Mr. H. Hall, 61, Coniston Ave. Headington.

Choral Society. Sec. : Mr. L. E. Hodgkins, 59, Copse Lane.

Cricket Club. Sec. : Mr. R. D. Skates, 31, Mill Lane.

Cromwell Club. Leader : Mr. A. H. Lofthouse, 32, Mill Lane.

Parish Council. Chairman : Mr. L. C. Jennings, 8, Oxford Rd.

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