

No. 6

AUGUST 1958

Price 4d.

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



Shakespeare's Church

[Home Words.]

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 during
Sermon).
Sunday School 3.0 p.m. at Old Marston Secondary
School.
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 Read-
ing Room at 7.45 p.m.
- Young Wives.** First and 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 Elsfeld Road.
Telephone 47034.
- 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, N. Marston
- Vergers :** Mr. W. E. Brain, Cranmer, Elsfeld Road.

My Dear Friends,

I am writing this letter from Lee Abbey, where I have the privilege and responsibility of helping to conduct an international Christian Conference. The news from the Middle East is most disturbing, are we on the brink of a war which will destroy the whole of mankind?

When will man realise that he cannot possibly run and govern this world without God, the Creator? He has tried now for thousands of years and look where it is leading him. We, as Christians need not fear unduly about the present crisis; rather let us seize this opportunity of proclaiming that only in Jesus Christ is there hope for this world; only in Jesus Christ can all men, Russian and American, Arab and Jew, African and European, find peace, love and mutual respect. Am I being unrealistic? How I wish you could all be here at this conference with me.

We have Christians here from all parts of the world, of twenty-three nations; and we are experiencing a really deep fellowship one with another in Christ. An African from Nigeria talks to a European for South Africa, and together they pray for a happy and right solution to the problem of racial segregation in South Africa: there is no feeling of bitterness between these two brothers in Christ. I could go on and tell you about others too, but space does not permit; let me just say once again that in Christ only is there hope for this world, in Him alone shall we ever find a lasting peace and goodwill among all men: I am seeing this in practice at this very time at this conference.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the people of Marston who so kindly and generously supported our Fete; you gave still more generously than you have ever done for the restoration of your beautiful old church. I have already expressed my gratitude to our congregation for all the hard work they put into making our Fete such a success: and have never yet seen so many give so readily of their time, their skill and their energies for such a Fete. We have nearly reached our target, may we not stumble on this final stretch of our journey.

Many of you will be going on holiday with your children and friends during August, and may I wish you all God's richest blessing and happiness.

Your friend and Vicar,

LESLIE WRIGHT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Thanks to the kindness of the Headmaster and of the Managers of our **Secondary School**, we shall in future be able to have our Sunday School in the School Hall on Sundays at 3 p.m. We know that parents will greatly appreciate this alteration, as the Sunday School will now be more readily accessible, and the children will be able to travel with much greater safety from the traffic. Will all parents therefore kindly note that the Sunday School will open up again on **Sunday, Sept. 7th, at 3 p.m.** in the **Secondary School**.

Our sincere gratitude to the few very kind people who have given us the use of their homes for Sunday School classes during these past years. For parents who wish to join with their children in regular worship, may we point out that Morning Prayer with Children's Sunday School during the sermon will still continue.

CHURCH FETE—RESTORATION FUND.

Our net profits from the Fete amounted to somewhere in the region of £236. This is only an approximate figure as there remain one or two bills yet to be paid.

Thus we have something like £834 in our Restoration Fund at present. Our Target is £1,100—only £266 now needed!

MARSTON MARKET—AUGUST 9th & 23rd.

Please come and support us by buying your vegetables, fruit, cakes and other produce from us at the Reading Room.

WANTED.

Christian men and women who will help with youth work and children's work in the Parish. The work is hard, there is no material reward, but there is the satisfaction of seeing children and young men and women brought up with a purpose and direction in life—isn't that more than sufficient reward? The need for teachers is very great. Please give this your earnest attention and prayers, and ask yourself: "Why should I not do this work?" Then apply to the Vicar.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES (continued).

Members of this religious sect, which is not a Christian denomination, have been calling on the homes of our Parish. Very often these people do not declare who they are, and have given the impression that they are representatives from St. Nicholas Church. All people are advised to ask these callers, before inviting them into their homes, whether they are members of Jehovah's Witness or not.

Last month we began to study the nature and character of Russell, the founder of Jehovah's Witnesses. We saw that he claimed to have a unique knowledge of the Bible, that he had a "working knowledge" of Hebrew and Greek in which the Bible is originally written, and in a court of law in 1913 he had to admit that he did not even know the Greek alphabet. Can we believe that a man who deliberately boosts himself upon a lie, would be used of God as His messenger of Truth?

Furthermore Russell claimed that his system was entirely his own; but in recent years it has been discovered that Russell had taken most of his ideas from the writings of an earlier man—J. H. Paton of Michigan—a fact which he never acknowledged.

Russell's attack on all the churches was of the most vile and uncharitable nature; and he insolently claimed that he alone can interpret the Bible aright, and that his type of "Christian" is the only true one. His egotism was boundless; for in his introduction to his "Studies in the Scriptures" he says that it would be better to leave the Bible unopened rather than omit to read his own commentary on it. Can such a man be the founder of a true religion?

Russell was a first class business man, and he knew how to catch the ear of the ordinary public. He founded a world-wide publishing agency for his own writings and tracts, which in the end became a very good money making concern. By a great network of colporteurs and travellers he peddled his publications over the English-speaking world, his agents calling from door to door in every hamlet and village, hoarding in tracts and inducing people to buy his numerous volumes. These are published by the Watchtower Bible & Tract Society.

Russell died in 1916 and was succeeded by a lawyer, commonly known as "Judge" Rutherford, who died in 1942. He has been succeeded by a Mr. Nathan Homer Knorr.

Next month we shall consider briefly the main points of Russell's teaching.

VILLAGE HALL.

A new Village Hall Building Fund Committee was elected at the Parish Meeting held on 9th June.

They have since held two meetings and are preparing a number of projects to raise further funds. They are also taking steps to try to obtain a Government grant towards the building of our hall.

The committee have accepted an invitation to take part in the Gala



Photo by

W. Ramsay

LONELINESS AND THE TRANSFIGURATION

BY THE REV. A. G. CURNOW

THE sixth of August is not commonly regarded as an outstanding or important day of the year—except perhaps about once in seven years, when it happens to be Bank Holiday! But from the religious standpoint it certainly is an important day, for in the calendar of the Christian year it commemorates one of the most notable events in Our Lord's earthly life, The Transfiguration.

The story of the Transfiguration, as told in each of the first three Gospels, is closely associated with the incident at Caesarea Philippi, when Peter recognised and confessed the Messiahship of his Master, a confession which was followed by the words of Jesus foretelling the journey to the Cross. It would seem that to each of the Synoptists the Transfiguration took place at the turning point in Christ's ministry. It was the first clear, decisive step on the road to Calvary.

What was it, then, that happened when Jesus "took with him Peter and John and James, and went up into the mountain to pray"? Most of us, if asked to describe the Transfiguration,

would say it was the occasion when, as Our Lord was praying, "the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment became white and dazzling."

But the significance of the event does not lie in this. It is quite likely that a similar transformation took place on other occasions. Indeed, we may well believe that it happened every time He turned aside to pray. But on this occasion, instead of (as was His custom) being alone in prayer, He had the three disciples with Him, and quite naturally what struck them most was the shining face and the glowing garments—just as it is this which has caught the attention of the readers of the evangelic records since. But the thing that mattered then, and matters now, was not the change in appearance and apparel, but another feature of the event altogether.

"And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He was about to accomplish at Jerusalem." This was the important feature of the

Transfiguration. The significance of the event lies not in the radiant face and the gleaming garments, but in these two celestial figures, these visitors from the spirit world, and the theme of their conversation—the approaching sacrifice of Calvary.

These two may be described as the great typical figures of the Old Testament. Moses and Elijah belonged to different ages of the far past, and apparently had nothing in common with each other. Moses was learned in all the culture of Egyptian civilisation, Elijah was a rough man of the wilderness. But there was something in common between them. Both had known what it was to be alone, alone in the midst of ingratitude and misunderstanding, with none to whom they could turn for sympathy; and both had found their strength in God.

In this these two so different men were not only linked to one another, but to the Saviour Himself. The loneliness of Jesus is not always sufficiently realised. Great men are always lonely. It is one of the penalties of being called to supreme position. "How lonely she must be on that height," said Disraeli of Queen Victoria. If that is true of those who occupy prominent position in the affairs of the world, it is vastly more true of Him Who had discovered His unique lot among the sons of men.

He knew that the age-long purpose of God centred in Him, that He was the only-begotten Son of the Father, the long-expected Messiah, the Redeemer of the world. But there was no man on earth with whom He could share the secret, none who would have understood Him if He had spoken of it. As Robertson of Brighton says in his great sermon on "The Loneliness of Christ," "Those who understood Him best only half understood Him. Those who knew Him best scarcely could be said to know Him at all."

And so it came to pass that when Jesus went up into the mountain to pray, God answered His prayer by sending to His aid these two faithful servants of His in the long ago, both of whom had graduated in the school

of loneliness, and whose solitude had been created by their unswerving loyalty to God. In their company Jesus found comrades who could understand His mission, His circumstances and His need, and fortify Him for what lay ahead. He knew, as He conversed with them, and they with Him, that the eternal purpose of God, worked out through Law and Prophets, of which these two were the supreme representatives, was to be continued and consummated by His suffering and sacrifice. Law and prophecy met on the mount and bore their witness to Him as the Messiah. The road to the Cross lay plain before Him. And so, from that time forth, "He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." The vision passed, the conversation ended, but the comfort and strength it brought to the lonely heart of Jesus remained with Him to the end.

TRANSFIGURATION

Sometimes a glory shines with striking
ray,
And on the dust of duty,
Sheds the unearthly beauty
Of a diviner day.

Upon the mount we catch it for
awhile
In unexpected beauty,
Until it lights dull duty
With joy of Heaven's smile.

IRENE H. LEWIS.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AUTHORS

In our August Numbers we hope to make it a rule to offer a prize of £5 for a short story. The number of words should not be more than 2,000, and a stamped envelope should be enclosed if return of unsuccessful MS. is desired. Address the Editor of Home Words, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, during August.

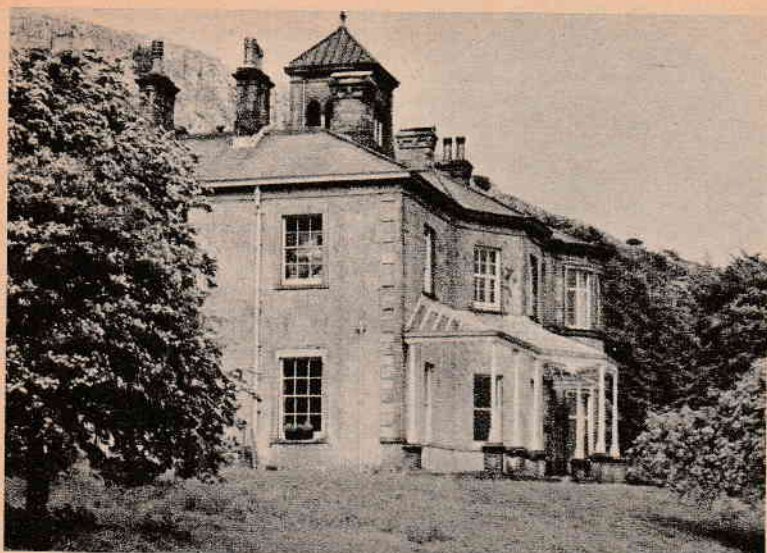


Photo by

Mary E. Soderberg

Malham Tarn House, where Tom came down the chimney

LITTLE SOOTY FOOTPRINTS

A Famous Book by a Famous Parson

BY KATHLEEN ROY

JUST a hundred years ago, Canon Charles Kingsley left his rectory at Eversley, in Hampshire, to go to Yorkshire, in order to see for himself the country of the Pilgrimage of Grace and to learn something about the people who had fostered it. His interest in the Pilgrimage had been aroused when he read about it in Percy's *Reliques*, and he decided then that he would use it as the theme for a novel.

Actually, that book was never written; yet from a literary viewpoint his visit to Yorkshire was by no means wasted, for an idea conceived then resulted in later years in the creation of one of the best known fictitious children in the world, Little Tom the Chimney Sweep.

The previous winter had been a worrying one. Faced with the pos-

sibility of an outbreak of diphtheria in his parish, about the same time as Grenville, his fourth child, was born, Kingsley, on the advice of his doctor, endeavoured to get his people to gargle regularly as a way of preventing it. His parish embraced three hamlets and covered quite a large area of country, and in the following weeks his parishioners got used to seeing their somewhat eccentric rector striding along the lanes carrying a large bottle of antiseptic with him.

The disease successfully fought, Kingsley felt in the new year that he would soon be justified in taking a rest from his duties in Eversley, and so, with the idea of collecting material for his book on the Pilgrimage, he bade farewell to Fanny and the children and went off to Yorkshire in the early summer.

His host, W. E. Forster, was often called to Bradford on business, and so he contrived to put a gig at his guest's disposal so that, in the intervals of studying the lives of people connected with the Rising in books in his host's library, he could wander round West Yorkshire at will. Jervaulx Abbey, Norton Tower, Bolton Priory, Ripon and Fountains, all combined to charm him, and at the end of a fortnight he wrote to Fanny imploring her to find a "locum" for the third Sunday of his absence, so that he might stay away longer.

The latter part of his visit proved to be the more vital for the world in general. During that time he went to stay with Walter Morrison at The Tarn House, in Upper Malhamdale. It was (and still is) a charming house standing by Malham Tarn, one of the largest natural lakes in England. The Tarn Estate, despite its isolated and somewhat bleak position, is sheltered from the cold of the north by great cliffs of rock, and it is beautified by an extensive area of woodland. Rare birds nest in the trees, wild flowers grow in profusion, and fish in plenty

live in the tarn itself. It was a veritable paradise for Kingsley, for he was both ardent fisherman and keen naturalist. The company, too, was stimulating, for Morrison's friends included such people as Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, Darwin and Tom Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

Enchanted, Kingsley fished in the lake, and wandered at will over lovely Malhamdale. Within walking distance he discovered the wild scenery of the Craven Fault country—Gordale Scar, the almost unbelievable chasm whose jagged overhanging rock walls rise almost 400 ft. with only a comparatively narrow space between them so that one seems to stand almost in pre-historic Britain as one looks up at the great cliffs from below; Jennet's Foss, so different by comparison, a fascinating little waterfall in a wooded dell, with a dark cave nearby where the local fairy (Jennet, of course) is supposed to live. And Malham Cove, an incredible limestone cliff curved like some natural amphitheatre of pre-history from rocks 240 ft. high.

It was while he was looking at Malham Cove one day with some of his friends that Kingsley was asked a question which resulted in the germ of an idea for his future "fairy" tale. What did he, as a naturalist, make of the little black marks that showed up irregularly here and there on the ragged cliff face, they asked him. Kingsley smiled. "They're soot marks," he replied. "Just the sort of footprints a sooty little chimney sweep might have made climbing down from the top of the Cove."

The whimsical idea remained in his mind to bear fruit several years later when young Grenville asked for a book of his very own. Said his father, "Yes. Rose, Maurice, and Mary have their books; the baby shall have his." And without more ado, he went to his study, and within an hour came out to present to Grenville the first chapter of *The Water Babies: a Fairy Tale for a Land-baby*.

So at Hartover Place, the Tarn House of Walter Morrison, little Tom came down the wrong chimney into Ellie's bedroom, and terrified out of his life, both at what he had done,

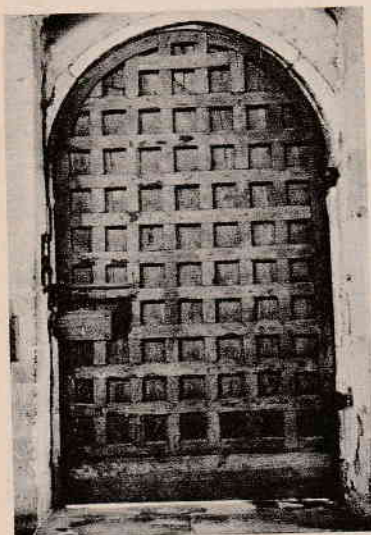


Photo by Mary E. Soderberg
Kirkby Malham's ancient church door

and because he saw his little sooty self for the first time in a mirror, ran away as fast as his thin legs could carry him, barefoot over the rough stones of Upper Malhamdale, until he reached Malham Cove, and then, still very frightened in case Old Grimes should follow him there, clambered over its jagged edge and down and down, leaving his sooty footmarks to bear fictitious witness. And having reached the stream at its base, at any rate in spirit, he plunged his face into the cool clear water of the stream there, and knew the satisfaction of being really clean.

And then as he lay on the grass, savouring for the first time the unique luxuries of leisure and fresh air, he heard a church bell in the distance, the bell of Kirkby Malham Church, a few miles further down the dale, which had frequently called his creator to service. The bell is still there today, calling people to worship from all over the dale. The church, too, is the same, an ancient stone building with a tall solid tower, that is said to have been founded over a thousand years ago, though, of necessity, it has been restored several times.

The last extensive restoration, taking place in 1879, recalls again Charles Kingsley and his *Water Babies*. For the money for that restoration was supplied by Walter Morrison, Kingsley's friend of Malham Tarn House, and the Squire of Hartover Place and little Ellie's father, in his "fairy" book. It was a fine, if very thorough, restoration, carried out so that the church's ancient features should be preserved. One may still see the old font with its Anglo-Saxon bowl, which during the restoration was found in a rubbish dump in the churchyard, cleaned, and set on a modern base. Close to it now are two medieval grave slabs which were discovered in the nave; and the door through which one enters the church, by way of the south-west porch, still has the formidable wooden bolt which could be shot home when a fugitive sought sanctuary there.

Walter Morrison, too, has his own memorial which was given by his

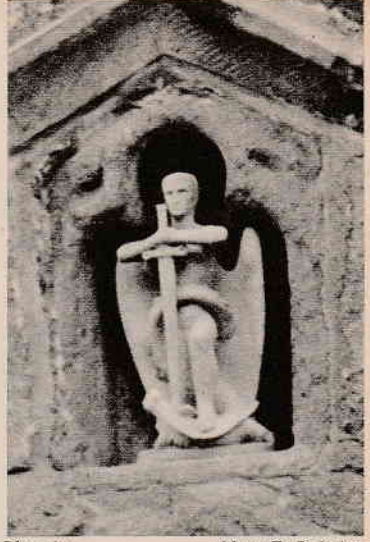


Photo by *Mary E. Soderberg*
Carving of St. Michael and the Dragon

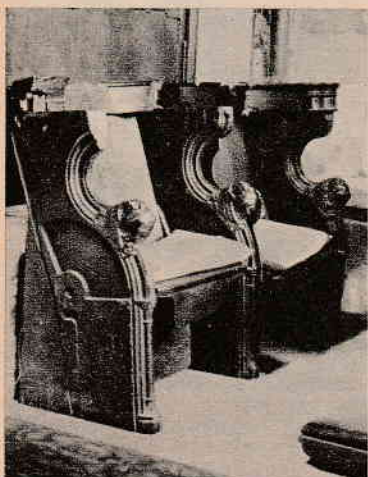
nepnew after his death. It takes the form of panelling at the east end, thereby giving to the sanctuary a rich decorative appearance which is in direct contrast to the austerity of the old nave. The main feature of the panelling is a cornice displaying the heraldic arms of many families who have been important to the parish of Kirkby Malham. A more recent feature still, but equally decorative, is a lovely little carving of Michael the Archangel, the church's patron saint, which stands watchful over the entrance porch in its own little niche and was the work of a local craftsman.

A Prayer

I do not pray for power and gain;
I ask a humbler lot:
A shelter, Lord, against the rain,
And shade when suns are hot;
At night a quiet sleeping place,
And all times, everywhere, Thy Grace.

A. G. McL. PEARCE HIGGINS

Church News and Views



Two Survivors

IN 1829 a madman set fire to the choir in York Minster and all but two of the medieval choir stalls were destroyed. My photograph shows two which survived, and are now preserved in the Zouch Chapel. The conflagration caused damage which cost £65,000 to repair.—ARTHUR TURNER.

On the Church Door

IN 1792 at Ludford (near Ludlow, Shropshire) the churchwardens decided that in future only parishioners were to be buried in the churchyard. The following notice was placed on the church door: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but what lives in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me."—Ephraim Grubb, Parish Clerk.—E. L. KING.

* * 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.

Hill Top Bell Tower

KIRKOSWALD Church lies in a valley, but its bell tower is built on a hill top. This was done so that the church bells, being rung from such a height, could be heard by all in this widely spread parish.—ARTHUR WOOD.

Big Ben's Church

"A JEWEL in a rare setting" would be an apt description of Gumfreston's little church. Built about the year 1300, it stands in a wooded valley about two miles from Tenby. In the grounds are three springs which were used to heal a variety of diseases. The tower is typical of the churches of South Pembrokeshire, massive, tall, often used as look-out posts in the turbulent past. This particular tower also served as a dovecote. It is here that the Hall family who live in this district is commemorated in a fine brass in the nave. Sir Benjamin Hall was a very tall man with a mighty voice, and his friends named Big Ben after him.—MRS. N. W. KIEFFER.



Big Ben's Church



A Modern Font Cover

The World's Races

THE new font cover in Caterham Parish Church was designed by the Rector's Churchwarden, Mr. G. E. S. Hereward, who is an architect. A striking feature is the group of hand-carved child angels around the cover, their skins being, respectively, brown, black, yellow, and white, to represent the world's races and the universal Fatherhood of God.—THE REV. K. G. BUDD.

Curious Carvings

IN Chichester Cathedral there are some remarkable misericord seats in the choir. Three, in particular, are perhaps worth mentioning. The carvings on the Chancellor's stall depict a fox playing a harp with its hind legs on a goose, and also an ape dancing. On the Treasurer's stall is shown a man wearing a cowl dancing with a beast. On the third stall can be seen a fiddler leaning over a dancer and kissing her.—R. HAMSON.

Parish Church Dues

AT Disserth, Radnorshire, in 1735 the Parish Clerk claimed the following dues for burials.

- (a) if a man, his best hat, best cravat, best gloves, best girdle or belt, best breeches, garters, hose, shoes and buckles: also his knife, sheath and fork, tobacco box, and pocket tongs.
- (b) if a woman, her best hood and cap, best scarf, best handker and girdle, best apron and purse, best hose and garters, best shoes and buckles.

The same Parish Clerk also claimed: "For every Christening, if he is not invited to dinner, 6d.; but if he is invited but 2d."—E. L. KING.

Unique Pulpit

THE new parish church of St. Leonard's-on-Sea, consecrated recently, replaces the old church destroyed by enemy action in 1944. Its pulpit is made of oak from Bachan presented by the Israeli Government. Galilean boat builders shaped and carved it in the form of a ship's prow. The pulpit weighs more than a ton, and the congregation raised over £300 in "ship halfpennies" towards the cost of its erection.—MISS E. CLARK.

The "Littlest One"

OFTEN photographed, often visited, Little Maplestead Church, Essex, is the smallest of the famous four round churches of England. This is among the best studies of this early English architectural gem that we have seen. It was taken by Mr. E. Welch.



Little Maplestead Church

Weekday Pages FOR WOMEN with Homes

Conducted by
Miss E. M. HARDING

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



Photo by

E. G. Roughton

When we were very young

Monday's Washing

Hair ribbons.—To save heating an iron for these alone, hair ribbons may be increased by being held taut and drawn across the top of a clean hot kettle or saucepan. If very creased, they should be slightly dampened first.—Mrs. S. CORRALL.

Flannelette sheets worn thin come in handy for running colds. Cut out best parts into large squares and hem round.—Miss F. A. SLADE.

Tea towel.—After a certain amount of use a tea towel often leaves a smear of fluff on articles wiped by it. If so, dip the towel in a solution of starch and water after washing. It will be as efficient as a new one then.—Mrs. DICKEN.

Net curtains.—When you wash net curtains they often shrink. Buy an ordinary bandage and sew on wrong side, under the top hem where rod goes through. It will not show and will drop your curtain net just that much it has shrunk.—Mrs. M. COATES.

Tuesday's Sewing

Towels.—Always buy with pattern in squares not lines—much easier and cleaner when washed and boiled.—Miss M. GRUNDY.

New sheets.—Before using new sheets, sew a piece of inch-wide tape along each side of corner, about four inches long. This will prevent sheets tearing in windy weather.—Mrs. EDMONDSON.

Silk.—When I am doing embroidery, and before I start winding my skein of silk, I put the number of the silk in between paper (preferably tissue) and wind silk on. If for any reason I am held up, I can always find my correct number on coming to the end of the silk, which is in between the paper.—Mrs. MACKENZIE.

Cardigans.—I always knit my family's cardigans, and before the elbows have got too thin I change over sleeves, thus avoiding those darns. Also, when wishing to shorten boys' knickers, I make a tuck in the lining of the legs. It is soon unpicked should the original length be required again.—Mrs. M. WALLIS.

Wednesday's Nursing

To get rid of calouses under your feet try rubbing them down with glass paper. I used to go to my chiropodist regularly to have them cut, but since using the glass paper I have no need to do so.—Mrs. E. A. FRUIN.

Bedside Squares.—Make some small squares of butter muslin with a large glass bead at each corner, and keep them for covering basins or glasses beside an invalid's bed. Then the glass of lemonade or barley water will keep free of dust.—Miss J. MUSGROVE.

Sandalwood.—An invalid's room is liable to become very stuffy and stale. To freshen it, heat a shovel in the fire and then pour on it a few drops of oil of sandalwood (obtainable from any chemist).—Mrs. DICKEN.

Thursday's Cooking

Quick meal.—To make a tasty tea or supper, simply line a greased dish with slices of cheese, and over the cheese break an egg. Put this into the oven until the egg sets and you will have a very nourishing meal.—MRS. M. HALL.

Broken biscuits.—Save all odds and ends of broken biscuits and biscuit crumbs. Keep them in an airtight tin. Finely crushed, they make an excellent topping for fruit charlottes. Gingernut crumbs especially make a delicious combination with apples.—MRS. HENSTOCK.

Currant pastry.—When making this it is a big improvement to boil the currants for a few minutes and then strain and cool in the colander. You can do the same for a fruit cake, but you must let the fruit dry overnight.—MRS. KING.

Cream.—Before whipping full cream drop the white of an egg into the bowl too and whip up together. This makes the cream go much further and gives a fluffy texture for cakes, trifles, etc.—MRS. J. M. WILTON.

Dip slices of tomato in crumbled cheese biscuit crumbs: these are delicious and golden brown when fried. Coat generously the tomatoes with the biscuit crumbs.—MRS. H. THORNDYKE.

Tomato Jam.—3 lbs. tomatoes (skinned) and 3 lb. white sugar. Let them stand together until the next day; then drain off the syrup and boil it until the scum ceases to rise. Put in the tomatoes and simmer them slowly for twenty minutes; then remove the tomatoes into jars and afterwards boil the syrup until it thickens; add the juice of a large lemon and half an ounce of powdered ginger (tied up in bags). Cover the tomatoes with the hot syrup and seal at once.—MISS A. HOPE.

Friday's Household

To add to the ordinary cheap coat hanger a skirt-hanger, simply screw a tiny hook underneath each end. Hang skirt up by the loops. In this way there will be no crease in skirt as there might be if it were folded and hung over the barred type of hanger.—MISS D. WILKINSON.

Protection against moth.—I inspect my wardrobe from time to time, and if there is any sign of moth, the garment is shut up for a couple of days in a suitcase containing a saucer of carbon tetrachloride. The garment should be hung up in the open air for a while.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

For those without a hot water system.—When heating the gas oven for baking, I put a kettle of cold water in the oven until it is hot enough for baking. It is surprising how hot the water gets and it is ready for any odd washing-up. When the oven is turned out, if another kettle is put in, this will get quite warm.—MISS G. M. ARCHER.

Saturday's Children

To strengthen the heels of children's socks, when knitting the heel strap, on the plain side, knit one, slip one to the end of the row, purl back in the usual way; third row. Slip one, knit one all along, then purl back. Complete the heel strip in this way and continue the pattern while turning the heel. This gives added strength without bulk, and the heels will not need mending for a long time.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Ink stain.—For ink stains on flannel trousers use chlorophyll tooth paste. Spread paste thickly on stains, leave to dry and then sponge off.—MRS. EVANS.

Pockets.—When putting new trouser pockets in boys' or men's trousers, try putting a piece of chamois leather about 4 in. wide all round the bottom of pocket. This will save wear and tear and pockets will last twice as long.—MISS JEANNIE MOORE.



Photo by

A. Holt

The Picnic Basket

THE FIRST STONE

BY JAMES DAVIDSON ROSS

Mary Finch and Tim Spooner, a newly-engaged couple, are finding life difficult in their village where Tim, whose past has been rather wild, comes in for strong disapproval from certain of the villagers, and Mary is thought (and said) to be throwing herself away on a worthless character. There is a theft of the local Cricket Club's funds and suspicion falls on Tim. Questioned by the police, he denies the charge furiously and blames the accusation on the reputation which dogs him. The policeman, although sorry for Mary, nevertheless warns Tim to be very careful as the suspicion remains until further evidence confirms or denies it.

Chapter II

THE Vicar spread marmalade on his fourth slice of toast. Then he looked thoughtfully across at his wife and sighed. There were times when such as he seemed to get nowhere, and *really* carrying the Gospel into the hearts of one's flock became an uphill fight all the way. Not for the first time he knew that if it were not for the constant support of Hilda it would be very hard to carry on. One slogged away for years and hoped that the souls in one's charge were at least coming round to seeing life from Christ's viewpoint; and then one got a week like this! It made him downright furious: not one scrap of evidence to support it, yet all this shocking talk about young Spooner. Of course, he knew where it all stemmed from; thanks be to God that there were only one or two who were so uncharitable as to go spreading such tales. Tim and Mary were having a thoroughly wretched time, yet he was positive that Tim was innocent of the whole affair. Maybe it was his duty to speak to Mrs. Ambler, and Miss Henner as well, for she was nearly as bad. After all, they were members of his church, regular worshippers in fact, and this state of affairs could *not* go on! Even those who were not malicious became infected with a taint of this sort; it was most distressing, the number of people who had told him "in confi-

dence" that they thought young Spooner was "for it" this time. Just what sort of a time that child Mary was going through he hated to think. But he thanked God that Tim had someone with her courage and loyalty to stand by him at such a time; he needed help badly. It was disturbing to hear from Mr. Hooker that Tim's work was suffering, and apparently he had become so surly it was almost impossible to get a civil word out of him. But—it must be horrible to know that one is under suspicion and not trusted, especially if one is innocent. Mary's family seemed to be supporting them, which was one blessing. From what he gathered, Tim's was as indifferent as it usually was to what happened to him! But maybe that was for the best also. Life might be even more difficult for Tim and Mary if there were a crowd of indignant Spooners chasing around the village!

What on earth *had* happened to that money? At the back of his mind somewhere the Vicar had a feeling he knew something—something relevant to this business—but for the life of him he couldn't think what it was. No, it was no good, it just would not come. But something had to be done, and done quickly, to stop this dismal business.

"Hilda, do you remember what St. James has to say in chapter three of his epistle?"

His wife looked up from the long letter from Aunt Amy inviting herself for a quiet fortnight's stay with her niece in the country ("I'll be no trouble at all, dear, just a nice little rest for me . . .") and sighed in turn.

"St. James?"

"Um, forthright James."

"No, dear, something chastening I expect."

"Quite! He said, 'But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.' He heaved himself erect and started determinedly

for the door, to pause and look back at his wife, his normally gentle face stern.

"That's my text for tomorrow's sermon! I shall lay it on hard and, I am sure, with the guidance of the Spirit. The storm it will undoubtedly provoke will have to be faced."

Mrs. Greengrass nodded slowly. "Yes, dear, I think you should. There are some very horrid things being said in the village at the moment—about young Spooner and Mary Finch. The gossips have avoided saying anything to me because they know I bite! I think you should bite, too, Harry."

The big man walked quickly back to the table and stooped awkwardly to kiss his wife on the head.

"Thank you, dearest. That makes me feel braver." He screwed up his face and drummed his fingers on the tablecloth. "St. James wouldn't have hesitated, and Paul would already have been in the fray. I know I am not in their class, but I do serve the same Master."

He walked slowly from the room with his wife's eyes on him.

"Good luck, darling," she said softly.

* * *

"Thank you, Mr. Brookes, that will be all. You will kindly tell the boy *not* to be so careless bringing the goods up this week, and not to trample through my garden like a squad of infantry."

"I'll tell him, Mrs. Ambler."

"I trust you do, Mr. Brookes. The youth of today needs discipline, far more discipline. Is there any wonder that the country goes from bad to worse when hooligans like Spooner are permitted to indulge in such gangsterism? Things would be very different if I had *my* way, Mr. Brookes!"

"I'm sure they would, Mrs. Ambler."

She looked across at her grocer suspiciously. "Very different, Mr. Brookes. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Ambler."

Mr. Brookes is becoming impertinent, thought Mrs. Ambler, as she walked down the village street, and that is intolerable. I shall have to

consider ordering the goods in Little Melling; maybe that will bring him to his senses. They were all tarred with the same brush these days. Nothing but lack of respect and downright impertinence wherever one went. Impertinence! When she thought of that scene outside the church last Sunday, and the outrageous behaviour of Spooner . . . ! Well, *he* was not likely to be in a position to behave in that manner much longer. If Mr. Spokes was going to permit someone of Spooner's calibre to remain at liberty, she, Mrs. Ambler, was not! She would write to the Chief Constable of the County and lodge a very serious complaint. Mr. Spokes was certainly not doing his duty when the facts stood out so clearly. That stupid little creature, Mary Finch, and Spooner were planning to get married, and a more unsatisfactory match she couldn't imagine. They hadn't two farthings between them and Spooner had seen the chance of some easy money—and had taken it! It wasn't impossible that Mary had been in it with him; those quiet, apparently open types of girl were often disgracefully cunning and deceitful. It would be a good idea to go and see Mrs. Finch later on. The woman obviously had no conception of what her daughter was doing, and it was the act of a Christian to warn her.

Mrs. Ambler felt a glow of pride. Someone had to see clearly where right and wrong lay these days, and she felt herself perfectly equal to the task. Yes, she would see Mrs. Finch *and* write to the Chief Constable . . .

Why, there was young Spooner now! She halted, hesitated. She didn't really want to see him; he might well repeat last Sunday's rudeness. In fact there was no knowing what he would not do, now that he was already in serious trouble. But her curiosity got the better of her. What was he doing about at nearly mid-day on a Saturday morning? Surely he should be at work? Yet here he was coming out of the "Green Man" as bold as brass. He seemed to be behaving in a very peculiar manner. What on earth *was* he doing?

Good gracious, he was drunk!
Mrs. Ambler forwent discretion
and advanced quickly.

* * *

Tim stood uncertainly on the steps of the "Green Man" and gazed blearily down the village street. So people were calling him a thief, were they? Always getting at a bloke. But he'd show 'em! He'd not said nothing all the week because of Mary, but now everything was so mucked up it didn't matter any more. 'Course Mary had been all right; she was a good kid, and she knew he hadn't pinched that bag of old Dodds's—but he couldn't expect anyone to marry him after a lark like this. Not that there was much chance now. They'd shove him in clink whether he'd done it or not. Little things like justice didn't matter to THEM!

Full of self-pity he jerked himself away from the steps and shambled down the road, his thoughts still churning indignantly as they had all the week. Most of this was Mrs. Ambler's fault; even old Dodds hadn't said so many unkind and untrue things as she had. And no x just look at himself—the worse for drink, and he'd walked off the job this morning! 'Fact, he didn't know when he'd been as bad as this before. The road was doing all sorts of queer tricks and his legs didn't feel like his own at all. "Pull yourself together, Tim Spooner," he told himself savagely. "Fall on your face now, at the end of a week like this, and you'll just about finish things. Think of Mary all the time now; it ain't fair to her."

Who was that, bobbing about in front of him? Someone else in the same condition as himself? That's a joke, that is! Wonder who it is . . .

Tim's vision suddenly cleared and his eyes focused on the figure standing a few feet from him. It was Mrs. Ambler.

The few people about their Saturday morning shopping stopped as the tension between the two people near the "Green Man" reached out to them. For a fleeting moment the scene had all the stillness and drama of a tableau. Then it was broken as

Tim swayed forward, his feet unsteady, his attitude truculent, his face scowling as all the resentment of the past week welled up in him.

"You, you old hag! Whadyer think you're starin' at? Makin' up more bloomin' lies to tell about me?"

Mrs. Ambler backed away in alarm, just as the Vicar appeared from the Council houses where he had been visiting a sick parishioner. He took in the scene at a glance and came swiftly over.

"Mrs. Ambler, Tim . . .!"

"Now, Mr. Greengrass! See for yourself what sort of person we have loose in this village."

Tim again shuffled forward. He would have fallen had not the Vicar put out a hand to support him.

"Listen to 'er going on! Yes, I am tipsy. Ain't you ever . . ."

"Stop it at once, Tim!" ordered Mr. Greengrass, and added, "Mrs. Ambler, will you *please* go away. Tim . . ."

"Keep out of it, Vicar. She's doin' her duty. She's a Christian—didn't yer know? Ain't yer seen her in church every Sunday? Lovin' her neighbour, that's what she's doing, lovin' her . . ."

A car came round the corner from the church and up the village street. It slowed down abruptly as the driver neared the little group, stopped, and the large form of Mr. Soames strode over to where the perspiring Vicar was trying to lead Tim away. Mrs. Ambler, realising that Tim could hardly stand up, was now determined to see this through to the end, and she remained to witness Tim's humiliation. The Vicar glanced at the newcomer with relief.

"Come on, Tim, into the car!" said Mr. Soames persuasively. "Don't argue, old son—you're in no state to scrap with me in your condition. Get in the back with him, will you, Vicar? The sooner we get him to bed the better. We'll take him to my place. He needs a good sleep!"

Mr. Soames slammed the doors and the car sped out of the village, leaving behind a hum of talk on the still summer air.

(To be continued)

THE OLD STABLE

BY THE REV. MARTIN COOPER, M.A.



The Stable Studio

THE children stood, with their necks craned backwards, on the Sunday afternoon. "How long will it last?" asked one of them, and another rapidly replied: "Until it crumbles away!" And as Portland stone in a sheltered place will take a very long time indeed to crumble away, we decided that the carving of a mounted St. George piercing the dragon with powerful lance was likely to stay in its place over the south-west door of the church for many hundreds of years.

The niche over the door in the porch had been vacant for a long time: since one of the destructive periods in our church history. But now the niche was filled by the church's patron, St. George himself, who will look down upon us and the generations to come.

St. George's Day had fallen during the previous week, and the new carving had been dedicated in the evening, with worthy aplomb, by the Archdeacon. After the third collect the choir and the Archdeacon had processed to the porch, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," where the

carving was unveiled and the Archdeacon said three prayers: one for the sculptress, a prayer of dedication, and finally a prayer that we might all share in the courage shown by our Patron Saint. In his sermon which followed the Archdeacon spoke of the art of sculpture being used for the glory of God, and urged upon us the emulation of two great virtues personified in St. George—Courage and Courtesy.

Shirley, a student at the local School of Art, had made the carving. After preliminary work at the school we fetched the great block of stone in the back of an estate car to the Rectory, and dragged it on a sack truck into the stable, and there, on an improvised bench, Shirley worked on it through the Easter holidays, and had it ready just in time for St. George's Day. We keep potatoes in one of the stalls in the stable now, wood in another, and in the third we fatten up cockerels for Christmas. Through the door into the coach house stands the car, instead of the carriage of old. And up a ladder from the coach house in a large loft nowadays the hens hatch out their chicks in peace and quiet.

It was only after Shirley had finished her work in the stable that we learnt of what had gone on in the loft above her 80 years ago. It was there, apparently, that Tom the Carpenter had carved in wood our beautiful organ case. Nobody knows how long he took over the job, probably several years, for he only had one labourer to help him. But he was inspired by John the Rector, who, bursting with ideas and a bushy beard, was engaged in restoring the church. When Tom, guided by the Rector who was a bit of an architect, had produced his organ case in mahogany, and decorated it in grey, blue, crimson and gilt, he went on to

build the organ itself! He was only a carpenter, but a man of some musical touch as well, and his organ is still a thing of great beauty of tone. When he had made this one organ with such success he went on and made others, building up a firm which made many organs in the west of England, and only came to an end because of difficulties caused by the second world war.

And it all began in the old stable, where in the pauses between the taps of Shirley's stone chisel can be heard the gentle "zizz" of Tom's tenon saw from the loft above 80 years ago.

Whenever we are told that the Church is not doing something or other that it used to do in the good old days, the likelihood is that the Church is doing exactly that! So we are told that the Church is no longer a patron of the arts as it used to be. Which is nonsense! From Epstein's "Majestas" in Llandaff Cathedral to the simplest War Memorial in the village church; from Tom's organ case to Shirley's "St. George", the church is still asking for and getting great art.



Photo by

F. W. Rowbotham

"An organ of great beauty"

Certainly great things have come to birth in our old stable!

WORTH ONE'S SALT AND ONE'S SALARY

By H. T. Ingram

There are two words constantly on our lips which have a queer origin in the past. One is snob and the other is salary, and I think it would be safe to offer to double a friend's salary if he could tell the origin of snob. Here it is, according to an American writer: "In the seventeenth century Cambridge University decided to admit commoners as students, but they had to describe themselves in the Latin words *sine nobilitas*, which by successive abbreviations (*sine nob.*, *s. nob.*) became fused at last into the one word *snob*."

The snobs celebrated the privilege of rubbing elbows with the nobles by affecting a pedantry which in the course of time came to signify in the

English language—and through it in others—the current meaning of the word snobbishness, those who exhibited it being snobs.

Sincere has a somewhat similar root.

What about salary? At one time salt was almost as valuable as gold, and soldiers, officials, and working people in Greece and Rome received all or part of their pay in salt. Money paid for labour or services was termed *Salarium* from whence came our word *Salary*. From the custom of paying with salt comes the popular phrase "worth one's salt."

"All men are equal."

"Yes—but it's what they're equal to that makes the difference."

The rest of your days depends upon the rest of your nights.

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particularly if you take colour films, you should have a projector to recapture at will and at home outstanding events — of your holiday for instance — with pleasure to yourself and your friends.

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Already ten residential homes, including a nursing home for the infirm, 88 flats, cottages and bungalows have been provided by the Board, for the retired clergy and for widows of the clergy—they pay all they can afford towards the cost of their board residence or for rent. The cost of building bungalows (plans for 30 more have already been passed) the subsidy for the homes and for nursing services all depend on your help. Please be generous for a few years more. Send a donation now or provide for a legacy—payable on your death—and so safeguard the future of this work.

These will be gratefully acknowledged by

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"I was helpless, unable to move and confined to bed. I now
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W.S.

Day to be held on 30th August, so please look out for the Village Hall stall, where it is hoped further information will be available. Any offers of help in any of its activities will be gratefully received by the committee's secretary : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.

ST. NICHOLAS COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL.

The Trustees of the Church School have not been able to extend or renew the lease of the building for the Autumn Term and so it has been necessary to make other arrangements for September and through the kindness and co-operation of the Head Master of the Secondary School, Mr. D. E. Smith, two classrooms will be made available for children from St. Nicholas.

Athletic Shield Competition.

More than 500 parents and friends attended the Annual Sports Day, on June 26th. Thanks to the efficiency of several parents and friends who acted as judges, etc., and the overall organisation by Mr. Jenkins a very successful competition ended with the Greens' winning the trophy for the first time.

Merit Cups.

These cups awarded to the Boy and Girl whose conduct and progress is considered by the Staff to be most outstanding went to Nicholas Marsh and Ann Green.

Two more silver cups were presented to the School recently—one for Music and the other for Art and Craft. The Music Cup was won by Pauline Miles whose work in this subject is remarkably good and the Art and Craft went to Luciano Howard for some exceptionally good work.

The award for a Project undertaken out of School hours was given to Pauline Mitchell whose books on Animals and Birds were delightful productions.

School Outing.

Most of the third and fourth years thoroughly enjoyed the trip to the Tower of London and the river tour of part of the London Docks.

Further Conditional Awards to Littlemore Grammar School.

In addition to the children already awarded places at the new Grammar School two more boys have been given the opportunity of grammar school education, they are Geoffrey Parker and Hedley Gunstone.

Visit to Christchurch.

Our thanks are due to Mr. C. Little who very kindly conducted a party from the fourth year round Christchurch including those parts which are not usually open to visitors.

OLD MARSTON SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Examination Successes.

Elizabeth Fowler (two Distinctions), Kathleen Mason (two Distinctions) and Pat Burt (one Distinction) are to be congratulated on obtaining excellent County Tests of Achievement. Elizabeth is joining the G.C.E. course at Littlemore.

A number of transfers to other types of Secondary Schools have been made in the course of the year.

Sports Facilities.

Four hard tennis courts have been brought into use this term. Long Jump and High Jump pits have been dug. Work will soon begin on two composition net wickets for next year. Two sets of Hockey and Football posts have been made in the School workshop. Swimming has been at Long Bridges when no less than 78 boys and girls have obtained certificates of various sorts. It is hoped that eventually, with the help of the parents and the community, a small swimming pool will be constructed in the School in the not too distant future.

Teacher Parent Association.

A most interesting and enjoyable lantern lecture on "Oxford" was given by Mr. J. Ligertwood on 24th June. The Autumn Programme will include a Bingo Drive on 23rd September, a Film Show on 14th October and a Christmas Dance on 12th December. Response by parents and friends has been very encouraging for all the activities of the Association.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS IN JUNE.

		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
June 1.	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	7	10				
		4	13	6	Total :	10	1	4
June 8.	Weekly Offering Scheme	4	17	3				
		6	19	6	Total :	11	16	9
June 15.	Weekly Offering Scheme	6	16	9				
		6	2	6	Total :	12	19	3
June 22.	Weekly Offering Scheme	4	4	10				
		4	5	3	Total :	8	10	1
June 29.	Weekly Offering Scheme	7	11	10				
		8	16	6	Total :	16	8	4

"Received into the Congregation of Christ's Flock."

June 29. André Michael Tansley.
Timothy Robert Wells.
Stephen Ashley Wingrove.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

July 12. Peter Gordon King and Gwendoline Ann Peach.

"Unto God's gracious mercy we commit them."

June 23. William James Harris, aged 89.

July 4. Archie Henry Hunt, aged 55.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR AUGUST

- Aug. 3. NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- „ 10. TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- „ 17. ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- „ 24. ST. BARTHOLOMEW—APOSTLE & MARTYR.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Holy Baptism, 4 p.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- „ 31. THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH.

- Bell Ringers.** Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.
- 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 Road.
- Parochial Church Council.** Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.
- Pathfinders.** Leader : Miss M. Liles, The Flat, 15 Mill Lane.
- Scouts.** Leader : Mr. R. Jones, 118 Oxford Road.
- Young Wives.** Mrs. E. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.

LOCAL.

- Allotment Assn.** Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 129 Oxford Road.
- British Legion.** Sec. : Mr. H. Hall, 61 Coniston Avenue, Headington.
- Choral Society.** Sec. : Mr. L. E. Hodgkins, 59 Copse Lane.
- Cricket Club.** Sec. : Mr. R. D. Skates, 31 Mill Lane.
- Cromwell Club.** Leader :
- Parish Council.** Chairman : Mr. L. C. Jennings, 8 Oxford Rd.
- Teacher-Parent Assoc.** St. Nicholas County Primary School.
Sec. : Mrs. M. Smith, 4 Windsor Crescent.
- Women's Institute.** Sec. : Mrs. R. B. Standing, Almonds, Oxford Road.

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