

No. 10

DECEMBER, 1958

Price 4d.

# MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING  
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



“Little Lamb, Who made thee?”

[Houlton Bros.]

# 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.

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

My Dear Friends,

This is the time of year when our thoughts turn naturally to the great festival of Christmas. What a joyful occasion this is : though I know that for some of you the occasion may not be as joyful as it used to be, owing possibly to the departure of one dearly loved and greatly missed. Our thoughts and prayers will be with you.

May I ask you to give some thoughts to the meaning of Christmas ; namely, that " God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life " (John 3 16). What a wonderful gift to mankind this is ; what a yet more wonderful Giver who, in His mercy and love, offers to every man, woman and child the gift of His Son as Saviour and Lord.

I dare say you are having rather an expensive time buying presents for your children, husband or wife, friends and relations ; yet there is a real joy and satisfaction in being able to give to others gifts that will bring happiness and fun. But if we are honest, I believe that a great deal of our willingness to spend money on gifts for our friends lies in the knowledge that we too shall receive gifts from them ! Our Lord says : " if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye ? " May we not try this Christmas time to give some of our gift money to people whom we know will, nor can, ever repay us except through heartfelt gratitude ? I am thinking, mainly, of the countless millions of refugee men, women and children scattered throughout this world.

When you ponder upon the Christmas story, and the words " there was no room for Him in the inn " (He was born in a filthy stable, with the oxen standing by), just carry your thoughts for a moment to Bethlehem today. If you were to go to Bethlehem now, and on a clear day were to cast your eyes southwards, you would see the empty desert except for a large number of dirty looking huts and tents. These huts and tents are inhabited by 900,000 Arab refugees who were turned out of their homes in Israel ten years ago. These poor helpless people have nothing to do day in, day out, except sleep and rear children : they have no hope for the future—what a living death this must be. There's " no room in the inn " for them this Christmas either. The World Council of Churches is doing all it can to help these people in their desperate plight. Just spare a thought for these people this Christmas time ; and not only these, but refugees of other nationalities too in Western Europe, India, Pakistan, Korea and Hong Kong. Spare a prayer for them too, and above all show your love and compassion for your fellow men with a generous gift to them. Our Carol Singers and Bell Ringers will be calling at your house and collecting on behalf of the Refugees, as well as for the orphan children of the Children's Society.

It is with real sorrow that I now draw this letter to a close, for this is the last one that I shall write to you as your Vicar. May I just say how very much my wife and I have appreciated all the kindness that you have shown us and especially during these recent weeks : we could not express our gratitude at all adequately.

May God bless you each according to your needs.

Your friend and Vicar,

LESLIE WRIGHT.

**" MY GIFT TO MY PARISH CHURCH "—ENVELOPES.**

It is a growing custom in the churches to appoint one day in the year, preferably its patronal festival day, as a gift day. We each celebrate a birthday once a year, and we are glad to receive gifts. December 6th, the Feast of St. Nicholas our patronal saint, has been appointed as our church's " birthday." I know many of you do not come frequently, if at all, to your church ; yet you do like to know that you have a church which is yours

and to which you can go on certain occasions in your life. This Gift Day provides you with an opportunity to give a little to help maintain your church, so that when you do want to make use of it there will indeed be a church there.

Your Gift Day donations are to go to the Restoration Fund this year. We are still £170 short of our target of £1,100 for this year, which, incidentally, will mark the end of our restoration work for some years we hope. Please give what you can and help us to reach our target.

#### **GIFT DAY—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6th.**

The Vicar or Mrs. Liles will be in the Church to receive gifts between 9.0 a.m. and 6.0 p.m.

10.0 a.m. THE LITANY.

6.0 p.m. EVENING PRAYER (said).

If you cannot bring your gifts on the 6th, please bring them with you on the 7th; or else leave them with Mr. B. G. Oliver at Marston Road Post Office.

#### **CONFIRMATION.**

There will be a Service of Confirmation in our Church at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday, December 11th. It is hoped that many will attend this service as an act of witness and welcome to the new members.

#### **THE BOY SCOUTS.**

Owing to the lack of response for leaders in our Troop, it is regretfully announced that the Troop has had to close down until further notice. If there are any men in the Parish who would care to give a hand with the leadership of the Troop, would they please get in touch with the Vicar or Churchwardens.

#### **CHRISTMAS ACTIVITIES.**

**Church Services** will be held as on previous years: for full particulars please see the Calendar at the end of this magazine.

**Church Decorating** on Saturday, December 20th from 9.30 a.m. onwards. Gifts and suitable decorations will be gladly received. Helpers, old and young, will be more than welcome.

**Carol Services.** There will be two Carol Services on Sunday, December 21st. The first will be at 3 p.m. for children and parents. The second will be at 6.30 p.m.—CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT. Owing to the great attendances at this Service, people are advised to arrive in good time.

All residents of our Parish and their friends are most welcome to these Services.

**Carols and Hand-Bells.** It is our privilege each year to bring the message of Christmas to every home in the Parish by means of Carols and handbells. All are invited to join the singers and ringers on their rounds. Carol singing will start at 7 p.m. on the following evenings:—

**Friday, Dec. 19th.** (Meet at corner of Raymund Road and Cavendish Drive). Raymund Road, Arlington Drive, Cherwell Caravan Park, Cavendish Drive, Cotswold and Windsor Crescents, Haynes Road and Salford Road.

**Saturday, Dec. 20th.** (Meet at corner of Mortimer Drive and Oxford Road). Mortimer Drive, Lewell Avenue, Rippington Drive, Nicholas Avenue, Fairfax Avenue, Cromwell Close.

**Monday, Dec. 22nd.** (Meet outside the Red Lion, Oxford Road). Oxford Road, New Estate on East of Oxford Road, Beechey Avenue, Ashlong Road, Elms Drive, Marsh Lane.

*Golden Close, Cherwell Park*

## AWAY IN A MANGER

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY KATHLEEN YOUNG

MARY latched the stair door softly behind her. John had fallen asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. How white and drawn he had looked! And no wonder after such a day! She was glad she had persuaded him to let her fill the children's stockings and get a good night's sleep, for Christmas would be no fun for Richard and Baby Janet if Daddy were in bed with a chill.

She lifted the kettle of boiling water from the hob to wash the supper dishes, and as she worked her mind was busy with the day's happenings. They had wakened to hear the wind shrieking round the house—a bitterly cold, spiteful wind, writhing like a tormented spirit, lifting the piled-up snow and tossing it in whirling eddies.

For seven weeks the farm had been isolated by snow. Grey snow beneath a grey sky, or sparkling white, corniced and crevassed, beneath an unbelievably blue sky, when huge icicles glittered in the sun and each twig was encased finger-thick in ice.

From time to time the snow plough had linked the lonely farms by a white walled track to the village, to enable the milk lorry to rumble slowly through, exchanging sacks of bread for churns of milk, and then once more the thick white silence had closed in.

But last week the temperature had risen and gradually the drifts were lessening. John had even started up the old car 'just in case.'

The young cattle, penned for so long in Whitemead barn, had tasted once more the joys of freedom as they roamed around in search of green patches among the snow.

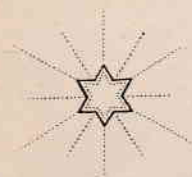
And then this wind! Immediately after milking John and his brother had set out muffled from head to foot to feed hay to the young cattle, only to find that Daisy, young Richard's pet, was missing from the barn. Through snow they had found her, weak and exhausted with a calf, born before its time, dead beside her. The tractor was soon useless, bogged in a snow-filled ditch, and after almost

superhuman efforts they had brought her home on a horse-drawn gate.

Mary and young Richard had prepared her stable, throwing down straw from the loft and tossing it to make a soft bed. As they worked she told him the lovely legend that on Christmas Day, very early in the morning, the cattle kneel in adoration of the Holy Child.

When she climbed down the rickety stairs she found that Richard had prepared both sides of the stable, separated by a hurdle.

"Darling, Daisy will only need



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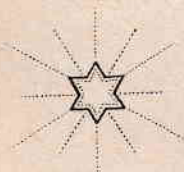
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one half," she said.

"But, Mummy," came the reply, "suppose Baby Jesus came to OUR stable and there wasn't a place ready for Him!"

Suddenly Mary paused in her dish washing, head lifted, and listened, startled by the sudden silence. Thank God the wind had dropped. Glancing at the grandfather clock, she saw it was time for Daisy's feed, so she wrapped herself in John's old overcoat and her woolly hood and mittens. Then, carefully lifting the pail of mash warming by the fire, she stepped outside. The sharp air made her catch her breath and she stood for a moment entranced by the glistening blue, green and red stars polished to a new brilliance by the frosty air. As she crossed the knife-sharp edge of the frozen mud the words of a favourite Irish poet sang in her mind:

"The moon is like polished silver tonight,

Old polished silver, gleaming afar",  
for the world lay bathed in her gentle radiance.

Daisy gave a soft 'moo' as the stable door opened, and then drank thirstily from the bucket. Mary moved her cramped limbs to a more comfortable position, pumped up the pressure lamp, and left her with a handful of fresh hay to eat.

As she walked back to the house the sound of bells rose thin and clear from the valley.

The children's stockings were soon filled and the Christmas Tree gay with stars and candles and tiny coloured parcels. Mary yawned and reached for the jug to make herself a cup of cocoa. A loud banging noise rang uncannily through the silence. Her heart thumped wildly and for a moment she stood powerless to move. The banging was repeated and a man's voice cried:

"Quick! Help!"

Realizing that this was a human cry for help she ran to open the door to a wild-eyed young man, breathless and incoherent, who clutched her hand and said, "In your stable with the light," and stumbled back across the yard. "It's my wife."

John came running downstairs, carrying trousers and pull-over.

"It's that young fellow from the forestry cottage—says his wife is in Daisy's stable, though how she got there is a mystery."

"Never mind that now. Pass me the first-aid box, Mary, and you had better come too."

Mary snatched blankets from the hot cupboard and followed him to the stable where a pale-faced girl leant against the manger. She put her arms round the thin shoulders and said, "Don't worry dear. We'll help you. People round here call my husband 'Doctor John' you know."

"Hot water Mary—and," added John, "keep the young fellow busy too."

As they hurried to and fro with the water and a paraffin stove for warmth, the young husband became more calm. He told Mary how he had tried to reach his mother's house in the valley, but the elfish wind had swept some parts of the road clear

*(Continued on page 190)*



# HOW I MAKE MY CHRISTMAS CARDS

By GERTRUDE GEORGE

MANY of us, viewing from time to time the vast mass of Christmas cards produced annually for our inspection, must have wondered why it is that so many of them seem to have little or nothing to do with Christmas as a Christian Festival, and so often ignore its origin. Robins and snow, "ye olde" stage-coaches, plum puddings, holly and candles, flower pictures and landscapes, are there in profusion; accompanied by wording ranging from the formal to the jocular. They are, in fact, greeting cards and nothing more; pleasant enough to receive as tokens of remembrance, but singularly unsatisfying in other ways. Do we not, as we make our choice, wish to enter more fully into the associations of this sacred season and help others to do the same? It is true that so-called "religious" cards can be obtained on application, but these again are often unworthily below standard in their sentimental or crude representations of the Nativity, or in weak verse set in the imitation of a medieval manuscript, and an even more careful selection is necessary here.

As a professional artist, it has been my pleasure for many years to design and execute Christmas cards for my personal friends. Latterly, as fine lettering has predominated in my commissions, the cards have mostly been in the form of inscriptions, and I have learnt, as every scribe does, the immense importance of writing out only what is worth writing and to realise the meaning of "In the beginning was the Word." This was beautifully epitomised one Christmas by the late Graily Hewitt when he sent to his friends of the craft the inscription, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." This, then, is our inspiration and starting point—to find words worthy of fine writing and perhaps to go on to illuminate and illustrate them. Only the best to be found among hymns, carols, poetry and prose is good

enough and the search for these continues throughout the year as one reads. The words of a true poet can give a fresh vision of the first Christmas Day, as in Phillips Brooks's lovely lines, divorced from the unsuitably jingling tune in common use:  
O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

When we remember our friends at Christmastide, let us give them something personal, even if we have only a very little artistic skill. But if we cannot offer a photograph, or make a stencil or a lino-cut, with our own greetings added, let us take the trouble to choose something that expresses our own convictions, realising that we have some responsibility in this matter, for it is certain that if there were no demand for trivial and unworthy Christmas cards it would not be supplied.



God rest you merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas Day.  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we had gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

"GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE"

*The card illustrated above is an example of Miss George's own splendid penmanship. Six different cards, printed in red and black can be obtained from Home Words, II, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, for only 1d. each (minimum order 5/-).*

# THE CHURCH IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY THE BISHOP OF NATAL  
(THE RIGHT REVEREND VERNON INMAN, D.D.)

**S**OUTH AFRICA is in the news so constantly these days that it may sometimes appear to our friends in England that the Church of the Province of South Africa is almost in a state of siege. Of certain aspects of the Church's work in some areas this is undoubtedly true; but taken as a whole it is far from the truth. Nor is it right to assume that the Church has a special feud with the Government. As the 1958 General Election showed, white persons, and they are the only unrestricted electorate, who profess a liberal attitude to race relationships are in an insignificant minority. Indeed, no small number of Anglican white persons wholeheartedly support the Government's policy, though it is fair to state that the bulk of such people can at best only be described as nominal Anglicans. Yet, despite the complicated nature of our political life, the work of the Church goes on, and what variegated work it is!

Indeed, it is largely impossible to generalize about the Church in South Africa. Not only is it a country of many peoples, but it has many languages. The white people themselves are largely bilingual, speaking both English and Afrikaans, though the language used in the homes of these groups is about 40% English and 60% Afrikaans. The main African languages are Zulu, Xosa, Tshwana and Sesuto, though basically they fall into two categories, Zulu and Xosa being related, and Tshwana and Sesuto having the same origin. In

Natal, where the Indians outnumber the white residents, Tamil is the usual home language, though few indeed are the Indians who do not speak English.

It needs to be remembered, moreover, that the Church of the Province of South Africa is not confined to the Union of South Africa. The Atlantic islands of St. Helena, Ascension and Tristan da Cunha are included in it, as also are the British Protectorates of Basutoland and Swaziland and the southern portion of Bechuanaland. In addition, the Diocese of Lebombo is entirely within Portuguese East Africa.

The Province is made up of fourteen dioceses, and is served by over eight hundred clergy of all races. Synodically governed, there is no colour bar in church government, and men of all races have equal rights in both the Provincial and the Diocesan Synods. The

Metropolitan is the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Joost de Blank, who came to South Africa in 1957 from the suffragan bishopric of Stepney.

While the Bantu Education Act of 1953 deprived all the Churches of their Mission Schools and placed them under Government control, the Church still controls a large number of schools for its Indian, Coloured and White members. By the term "Coloured" we mean people of mixed race, of whom there are over a million and a quarter in the Union. The Church schools for the children of White persons, who are usually re-



The Rt. Revd. Vernon Inman

ferred to as Europeans, are mostly preparatory and secondary schools of English Public School type. Indian schools are virtually restricted to Natal. However, shrewd observers predict that it is only a matter of time before the Government takes over the Coloured and Indian schools, and there are those who believe that the Church's private schools for Europeans may suffer the same fate, in due course.

Several Religious Orders are at work in South Africa, some of those for women being entirely indigenous. An immense amount of medical, missionary, educational and social welfare work is done by these Orders, and the work of some dioceses rests upon these Orders to a great degree.

Until the post-war years, young South Africans showed little inclination to enter the Sacred Ministry; but since that time all our theological colleges have been full to overflowing. In addition, Faculties or Departments of Divinity have been established at Rhodes, Natal and Witwatersrand Universities, and have been of great service in providing divinity courses for schoolteachers as well as in raising the standards of ordination candidates. This increase in the South African born and trained ministry does not mean that we can do without reinforcements from overseas. There is still a great need for priests, doctors, nurses and education-

ists from outside South Africa, and they can all be assured of a cordial welcome.

Outside the great cities and larger country towns few Anglicans in South Africa enjoy the privilege of regular Sunday services in their churches. For large numbers, once a month is the most they ever see a priest, and in many places services are only held once a quarter. This is true of all races. Moreover, due to our climate, one of the most glorious in the whole world, early morning worship is the most popular. In many country districts Evensong is usually held in the afternoon. Times of service in the cities, however, are much the same as those in the British Isles, and parochial life follows much the same pattern.

Following the example of the American and Australian Churches, much progress in Planned Giving Campaigns has been made in recent times in South Africa, greatly to the benefit of the spiritual life of both parish and diocese. This does not apply to the African Missions, which still largely depend upon diocesan and overseas financial assistance.

There is much, then, for which we still have to thank God in South Africa, and while the future has many threatening dark clouds, there are some splendid patches of sunlight constantly breaking through the darkness.

## BLUE MONDAY

<p>The day began in petulance and gloom— A careless kitten danced into the room; And then a grumpy child was on his knees To share her game, to frisk and roll, and tease; For someone had mislaid an anxious frown When Mother stooped, to put a saucer down.</p>	<p>There is no time when laughter is so dear As when our smarting lids would hide a tear; Love has a hundred happy things to give The heart that wills not in itself to live; Only a little while those eyes are dim That look beyond, and learn to laugh with him.      O.R.B.</p>
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# CHURCH NOTES AND VIEWS



A Coloured Arcade

## Brawling in "Church"

THE chaplains of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Railway Mission sometimes hold services in strange places—railway waiting rooms, hotel bars, private houses, or any suitable place. One of them was once holding a service in a farmhouse kitchen. The room was full and the sermon was being preached when, suddenly, from under a chair came the triumphant cackling of a hen. She had laid an egg. It was not until she had gone out into the yard, that the chaplain could make himself heard!—(Miss) N. GREEN.

## Wolves in England

AT Dore Abbey one of the doors shows a carving of a wolf. The king about that time ordered all wolves to be exterminated. — J. O. BENNETT.

## A Coloured Arcade

LATHBURY, a little village in Buckinghamshire, has an interesting church. It dates from Norman times and contains a number of examples of Norman work. There are also wall paintings dating from the 14th to the 17th centuries and some 14th century glass. The illustration shows the unusual coloured decoration on an arcade and a Norman pillar capital. On the capital are carved amphisbaenas—fabulous beasts with heads at both ends. A curious gargoyle on the outside of the church is a stone ape with a little ape on its back.—H. J. SMITH.

## 76 Years a Rector

MR. D. G. MOORE asks whether the holding of a living for 73 years by the Reverend W. Wingfield is a record. The Reverend Christopher Cook became Vicar of Llanvihangel in 1849, and Rector of Mamhilad in 1852, the two parishes then being united. He retired in 1925 at the age of 101, and died two years later. His father was a naval surgeon who served at the battle of Trafalgar. (1805)—(Miss) SYBIL WILLIAMS

## Four Sisters

AT St. Peter's, Greenhill, Sheffield, we have at present only a Church Hall, but have a choir of ten boys. We also have four sisters, Dianah, Christine, Barbara and Aileen, among the seven ladies in the choir. Is this a record?—H. WILSON.



Four Sisters in a Choir



### Sailor's Patron Saint

THIS lovely stained glass window in Denham Church, Buckinghamshire, depicts the famous Patron Saint of Sailors, St. Nicholas, with an unusual model of a ship.—J. D. ROBINSON.

### Family Record?

AT the Parish Church of All Saints, Wyke Regis, Dorset, the ringers include father, son, grandson, granddaughter, daughter-in-law, cousin and his daughter. Their activities do not end in the belfry; the father is Vicar's Warden, the son and grandson in the choir, cousin, sidesman; and another cousin organist. How is this for a family record?—(MRS.) E. STEPHENS.

### Link with 1642

THE Rev. William Sanderson Miller, Rector of Whatcote, Warwickshire, from 1887 to 1905, left it on record that he had known, in his young days, at Radway, Warwickshire, a man who had been a servant of his great-grandfather, and this man related that his own grandfather remembered that he had seen loaves of bread taken out of the oven and given to the soldiers on the morning of Edge Hill Battle, on October 23, 1642.—REV. G. S. HEWINS.

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

### Nearly 50 years

IN the Parish Church of Pitstone, Buckinghamshire, some leaflets with the order of service, notices etc. for the day, and dated March 1909, were recently found to have fallen from a beam in the chancel arch. These must have been used by birds for nesting. The leaflets were not torn and the writing was quite clear after 49 years.—(MRS.) E. CHAPPIN.

### A Great Sailor

IN the church at Titley, Herefordshire, is a fine marble monument to a great sailor. Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, (1790-1870), was the eldest son of the Rector of Martley, Worcestershire, and is not so well known as his brother, Sir Charles, who was the founder of the British Medical Association, as a plaque on his house in Worcester records. But he reached the summit of his profession, having introduced into the Navy a new and more accurate system of gunnery. His monument is fittingly an anchor crowned with laurels, to which is added a well worn Bible.—(MISS) M. WIGHT.



Anchor Memorial



Winter Loveliness

## Weekday Pages for Women

Conducted  
by  
MARION  
HURST

### Monday's Washing

*Making Notes.*—I have tied a scribble pad and pencil to the ironing board and when ironing I make notes as I go. Such as: Button on blue shirt; elastic in pink pantees; stitch side of pillow case; shoulder strap on white slip, etc. I take this slip of paper to the airing cupboard on mending days and save a lot of time sorting over my folded ironing to find out what wants mending.—MRS. TAYLOR.

*Play-pen.*—To help with the winter problem of drying clothes indoors, try using baby's play-pen, upended. This gives thirteen long rails at the top, for towels, shirts, etc., and the smaller bars at each side can be used for tea-towels, handkerchiefs and other small articles. I wouldn't be without mine.—MRS. HIGGINBOTHAM.

*Starch.*—When making starch add a little salt. This helps the iron to glide over the clothes. Also add cold water to the made starch after the boiling water. This prevents a skin forming, enabling you to make starch for two or three weeks.—MRS. J. H. GRUNDY.

### Tuesday's Sewing

*Knitting.*—When you cast on the stitches for a buttonhole of a cardigan or jumper, coming back on next row, knit into back of stitches. It makes the buttonhole much neater. Also when picking up stitches round neck of garment, use say No. 14 instead of No. 12 needle. It avoids any holes that are apt to appear.—MRS. D. ORTON.

*Double Buttons.*—When sewing on large linen buttons, I always put a small linen button in the inside. It does not tear the garment and does not let the

large button curl up when putting through the wringing machine and lasts much longer.—MRS. FOX.

### Wednesday's Nursing

*For a drink.*—When anyone is ill and needs to take plenty of fluid, here's a simple hint if you have no drinking cup. Put the liquid in a screwtop jar and make a hole in the lid to take a drinking straw.—MRS. WHITEHEAD.

*For First-aid.*—Save split plastic sandwich bags in the first-aid box. The pieces make an excellent substitute for oiled silk for fomentations.—MISS F. E. M. TREMBATH.

*Bicarb.*—When mopping up after a case of sickness, use a cloth wrung out in a solution of bicarbonate of soda—one teaspoonful to a bowl of water.—MRS. E. PARCHMENT.

*For headaches and faintness.*—I find that a small empty Aspirin tablet bottle, three parts filled with wadding, then soaked with liquid ammonia, makes a good substitute for smelling salts. It lasts quite a long while and is easily renewed.—MISS K. BANNISTER.

### Thursday's Cooking

*Cook kippers* North Country style. Wrap each kipper in greaseproof paper, twist the ends to make a lightly closed pocket. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour and you'll find them perfectly cooked and richly flavoured. And there will not be a single pan to wash up.—MRS. A. FOSTER.

*Never boils over.* When boiling milk always place a pie-funnel in the saucepan. You can leave the milk any length of

time and it never boils over, no dirty stoves or saucepans. A real boon to housewives if telephone or door-bell rings while milk is boiling.—Mrs. F. A. MEAKIN.

An easy way to heat up a joint is to put it in a steamer over a saucepan to fit with some hot stock. Steam for about 20 min., serve with gravy, and it will be just like a fresh joint. Breast of lamb, boned and rolled is especially nice. The bones can be boiled for stock with some vegetable water.—Miss E. ROBINSON.

When scrambling eggs add a small quantity of cornflour to the mixture. This prevents them from separating or getting tough and adds greatly to the flavour.—Mrs. M. PRIOR.

Bread too new to crumble will do so more easily if first broken into small pieces and sprinkled with flour. Crushed cornflakes are a splendid substitute for breadcrumbs for coating fish, fishcakes, etc.—Mrs. M. H. ARNEY.

### Friday's Household

Before using new crockery or glassware, cover it with cold water and leave to soak. Then bring it slowly to the boil and let it remain in the water until cold.—Miss C. JACKSON.

I find the thinner kind of bedside mats often curl up at the corners. To remedy this, I push a steel from an old pair of corsets along the edge. If there is no hem in which to run it, a piece of tape could be sewn along the edge at back of mat.—Mrs. R. GRAY.

*Carpet.*—To restore a faded carpet, brush the carpet well. Add a tablespoonful of salt, and a quarter pint of vinegar to a bucket of hot water. Rub the carpet well with the solution. It will not only restore the colour, but will remove dirt and greasy marks.—Mrs. ELSÉN.

### Saturday's Children

If, when washing a child's hair, the soap gets in the eyes, breathe into the eyes and it will take the sting away at once.—Miss J. PURSEY.

When baby commences taking his first solids, place the small portions in the sections of an egg poacher. Not only can the food be warmed through

gently, but it is easier to handle when feeding baby.—Mrs. L. M. SCOTT.

Mothers will find a great difference in the children's glove bill if they attach the gloves to the inside of their coat cuffs, by a piece of elastic about four inches long. The gloves will always be there in the morning and when they come home from school.—Miss M. TURNER.

### Your Christmas Card Problem Solved

For years Home Words have produced cards that convey the true message of Christmas and this year in response to ever-increasing demand, are offering three sets at prices to suit every pocket.

There are two sets of Keswick Cards depicting winter scenes in full colour of glorious hills, lakes and woodland, each card having a different and appropriate verse and Scripture text:

*Series 130:* 12 different designs—

54 cards for only 10/-;

*Series 240:* 8 different designs, larger

size and frosted—30 cards for 10/-.

Then there are the plainer, though no less attractive, *Verse Cards*, containing 6 different, excellently drawn Christmas verses printed in red and black, for only 1d. each (minimum order 5/-).

All post free. With envelopes.

Postal orders and cheques should be made payable to "Home Words", and addressed to 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4.

\*. 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.



Every Little Helps

# THE FIRST STONE

BY JAMES DAVIDSON ROSS

AUTHOR OF "MARGARET"

## Chapter VI

(Tim Spooner, under suspicion for theft, is involved in a scene with Mrs. Ambler, who is openly saying that he should be in prison. His fiancée, Mary Finch, hears the Vicar preach on the evils of an unruly tongue: a sermon which brings out a sense of shame in Mrs. Ambler. Mary and Tim decide to face and live down the accusations together. Meanwhile the Vicar questions a choir boy, Tony Moss, whom he saw late on the night of the theft. Tony panics and bolts, meets Mary and confesses to hiding the money. When told he will have to own up he runs away, and Mary and Tim go to tell the Vicar. They find Mrs. Ambler with him and she apologises for slandering Tim. With Tim and Mary, the Vicar then goes to call on Tony's parents to talk about the scrape their son is now in, but as they arrive she greets them in great distress, telling them that Tony has not come home.)

MRS. MOSS looked round her little sitting room. Rarely had it seemed so full of people. Her husband was standing staring out of the window. She wished he'd say something instead of just looking grim like that. And the Vicar there, perched between the piano and the sideboard; he knew how awfully worried she felt, but now he, too, seemed to have run out of anything to say. Mary was a nice girl; she was real upset, you could see that. And so was young Spooner if it came to that; he looked more and more anxious every time he looked at the clock. She didn't think she could stand it much longer. This suspense was terrible. What had happened to Tony? He'd never done anything to worry her like this before.

The Vicar stood up abruptly. "Mrs. Moss, it is now midnight. I'm sure the boy is all right, but we must accept the fact that he has got lost in the woods. We must notify Mr. Spokes and start searching. You'll help us, Tim? You know the woods as well as anybody."

Tim rose, "O.K., Vicar. Don't you worry, Mrs. Moss. We'll find the little —— I mean, we'll find him. Don't worry."

A crescent moon shone palely on the strange scene in the village street. It was well after midnight, but sleep seemed far from the village as groups of men listened to P.C. Spokes giving his final instructions. For a while their torches flashed aimlessly, and then a pattern formed as they moved off in the direction of the woods which lay dark and still beyond the village. Those who knew the woods as well as Tim went on their own; the others in pairs: thus Mr. Spokes hoped to cover the greatest possible area. It was not pleasant to think of Tony Moss lost and frightened somewhere down there, after all these hours.

Mrs. Greengrass and Mary turned back to the Moss's cottage and joined the boy's mother. "We'll keep you company, Mrs. Moss," said Mrs. Greengrass. "It's not very cheerful for you to be alone while they're out. Let me make you a nice cup of tea."

Mrs. Moss jumped up, grateful to have something to do. "No, please, I'll do it. It's really very kind of you both to stay with me. Oh, I do hope Tony's all right."

Mary put her arm gently round the distressed woman's shoulders. "Tony's a strong boy and it's a warm night; he'll be fine, and they'll find him, you'll see." But her mind went back those few hours (was it really only last evening?) when she had got lost in those same woods in broad daylight. She knew how difficult it would have been to have found her way without Tim. Her silent prayer made its way to Tim and the others now, somewhere out in the dark . . .

Mr. Spokes ploughed to a breathless halt and squinted at his watch

by the light of the moon: three thirty. He shook his head—better pack it in, he supposed. They had arranged to return at three o'clock if they had not found him and try again at day-break, and there just hadn't been sight or sound of him. He drew in breath and let it out in one more hearty bellow:

"Tony! To-o-ny!"

Silence; deep, deep silence. It was much darker now than the moon was almost gone. Mr. Spokes turned and started back to the village.

Tim lit a cigarette and carefully extinguished the match before dropping it in the undergrowth. Then he glanced up at the sky. Must be getting on; if that wasn't the first sign of dawn over there then he was Mrs. Ambler. "And you aint that, Tim, me lad," he chuckled to himself, even if she had turned out to be not such a bad old girl after all. He yawned, wondering if the others had gone back yet. There didn't seem to him much sense in doing that. The kid had got to be found and they might as well keep looking. Supposing he'd tripped in some of this thick undergrowth and broken a leg? That sort of thing could happen very easily. He frowned at the thought of Tony lying somewhere frightened, maybe in pain, and shook his head to clear it of its tiredness. They'd just got to find the kid!

"Oy, Tony! Tony! To-o-ny! . . ."

Nothing. Not a sound in reply. Tim began to work out his position. About three miles from the village roughly, he supposed. He'd cut round to where the fire was last year and get back that way. Then he could try again after he'd had a meal. That was if no one had already found Tony, and Tim had a shrewd feeling that they hadn't. But he'd better keep shouting just in case. Queer thing if he should find the kid, after he had been the cause of all Tim's troubles. "I suppose I ought to knock 'is block off," muttered Tim. "But, well, it's the sort of thing I'd have done at his age if old Dodds was pushing me around. He must have been scared stiff."

Nearly an hour later, with the sun

still below the horizon, the misty, pale blue sky heralded another hot day and Tim, slinging his leg over a fallen tree, paused to call again. He stiffened abruptly—what was that over there? He vaulted the log and ran.

Tony lay on his back below a tall tree, a tangle of branches and broken ferns around. He was very pale and did not move as Tim bent over him. For a moment Tim's heart beat faster—surely the kid hadn't gone and done himself in or something daft? He let out his breath with a gasp as the child's eyes opened to gaze blankly up at him. Remembrance of his nightmare fears flooded back into Tony's mind and he clutched at Tim wildly.

"Tim, Tim . . ."

"All right, old chap, you're O.K. now. Just take it easy and let your Uncle Tim see what you've been doing to yourself. Steady now, I'm not hurtin'."

"Tim—I got lost so I climbed a tree to look—I—I think I fell—" The boy's voice faltered and his eyes closed again.

Tim's rough hands, gentle as a woman's, ran over Tony's body: no bones broken by the feel of it. He had just knocked himself out and he was now in a state of shock and concussion. Tim looked around him. He couldn't leave him here while he went for help. The kid might come round again and he'd probably go to pieces if he found himself alone once more. Besides, the quicker he was seen to the better. Good thing he was a little 'un. He stooped down and with a series of grunts got the boy over his shoulders in a fireman's lift.

Slowly, Tim started off for the village.

\* \* \*

"Mr. Greengrass, Mr. Greengrass—Sir!"

The small boy rushed panting up to where the Vicar stood talking with the crowd outside the "Green Man." It was half-past six in the morning and already a warm sun shone into their anxious faces. Two other policemen from the nearby town had

joined P.C. Spokes, and they were busy organising the villagers into groups to make a more extensive search than had yet been possible. Only Tim was still missing from those who had been out last night.

"There's someone coming up the lane—I think it's Tim, Sir! He's carrying something!"

"Tim!"

Mary, pale and with dark shadows under her eyes after the long vigil, was foremost in the rush round the corner and into the lane. Mr. Greengrass panted along behind her, followed by a growing crowd of excited people. They paused, gazed and surged forward again. It was Tim!

Bent nearly double beneath his burden, his clothes saturated with dew and sweat, Tim swayed to a halt. Willing hands relieved him of the boy, and a babble of voices rang in his ears. Slowly a cheerful grin spread over his face as Mary put an arm round him for support. He breathed in deeply the still morning air.

"What a turn out! Talk about 'Ten-Ton-Tony'—my back's almost in two pieces! However, I think he's all right . . . How about a nice cup of tea?"

"You'll get your tea, old chap. Mary, take him into the 'Green Man'. They've got breakfast ready; then home to bed, Tim, sharp! Yes, Mrs. Moss, the doctor will be here very soon now. Now make room everybody, please, and let them pass."

Slowly the noise subsided and the street cleared. The doctor's car drew up at the Moss's to be followed shortly by an ambulance, and Tony, pale but conscious, was driven away. The onlookers slowly began to return to their homes and the more prosaic business of the day. The Vicar lumbered into the "Green Man" and sat down gratefully to a cup of tea with Tim and the policemen.

"Well, that's that. I don't think there's much wrong with Tony, Vicar."

Mr. Greengrass nodded thoughtfully: "Yes. Though I gather he'd been lying there a good while before

you found him, Tim. He said it wasn't properly dark when he had the bright idea of climbing a tree to see if he could recognise where he was." The Vicar grinned faintly. "It might have worked if the branch hadn't broken—I think we should feel very thankful. After all, he might have broken his neck!"

Mr. Greengrass re-filled his cup and glanced across at the policemen.

"What will happen to the boy?" he asked quietly. "From your point of view, I mean."

The sergeant scratched his head and smiled. "He'll get a wiggling from either me or the Inspector, but not until he's quite better. Officially, we've really no charge against him at all. The money bag was on Mr. Dodd's own verandah all the time, and he certainly doesn't want anything pushed! I think Mr. Dodds will be only too glad when all this is forgotten. No, young Moss will have a wiggling all right. He's got to be taught that he can't go fooling about with other people's property. But I should think he's learnt a lesson from last night that he won't forget in a hurry! As for Spooner, he'll be officially congratulated; he put up a very fine show last night."

"Yes, indeed," the Vicar agreed. "An even better 'show', after what he went through last week, than perhaps most of us realise."

\* \* \* \*

" . . . between Timothy Albert Spooner, bachelor, and Mary Elizabeth Finch, spinster, both of this Parish. If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in Holy Matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the third time of asking."

Only two weeks since they had sat here like this and heard the Banns called for the first time. Was it possible that so much could happen in that short time? ". . . the tongue can no man tame." No, no *man*, thought Mary; but God could and did! She smiled at Tim: what a lovely day it was.

Tim clasped her hand and they rose for the *Nunc Dimittis*.

*The End*

# CHRISTMAS FLOWER LEGENDS

By BERNARD SHOUGH

**N**UMEROUS flowers are associated with the birth of the Christ Child. In Spain they believe that Mary used Rosemary to dry His swaddling clothes. There is a similar story about Lavender, which gets its name from *lavare*, meaning "to wash." Mary, it is said, used it for the same purpose and ever since it has borne the scent of Paradise.

The story of Saintfoin, or Holy Straw, is better known. Being taken from the ox and the ass at their request, for the Infant's bed, it was so delighted that, though withered and dead, it sprang into life and blossomed immediately. Another legend says that the Angel Gabriel called the flowers together and asked them to honour the Birth of Jesus by blooming. Only the Bedstraw, a plant since known as Our Lady's Bedstraw, agreed and was rewarded with golden blossom. Bracken, which in this story shared the making of Mary's bed with the Bedstraw, refused to bloom and was punished and has never blossomed again.

Even the Groundsel, the pest of all gardeners, was said to have been used in Mary's bed. An old belief was that if poultry were fed on Groundsel on Christmas Day they would fatten and thrive until the next Christmas.

The legend of the Glastonbury Thorn is also well known. When Joseph of Arimathea came to the Isle of Avalon to seek rest after his long wanderings, he stuck his staff into the soil, where it took root and grew into the thorn that always blossomed at Christmas.

In France there is a charming place called St. Patrice, named after the Irish Saint, Patrick.

According to legend, Patrick was on his way to meet St. Martin who was in Gaul, and being tired rested beneath a shrub on the banks of the Loire. It was Christmas and the weather was extremely cold. The tree, realising that the saintly man needed cheer, shook the snow from its branches and greeted him with a mass of blossom. Before crossing the river the saint gave the tree his blessing. When he reached the other bank he again rested beneath a thorn and the same thing happened. These two thorns are said to have blossomed ever since at Christmas in honour of the saint. Like the Glastonbury thorn, they have attracted considerable attention and thousands of people have gone to St. Patrice for sprays of the Christmas offering.

The Germans have a charming legend about the Christmas Rose. A maiden of Trèves, desiring flowers for decorating the church for Christmas, went into the woods to see what she could find for the purpose. There the Angel Gabriel appeared to her and advised her to look beneath a heap of old leaves. This she did and discovered the Christmas Rose.



Nature's Eiderdown

Other names for this rose are 'Christ's Herb, Christmas-Herb and Christmas Flower.

Holly, without which Christmas festivities could never seem quite the same, has stories about it too numerous to mention. It was considered a lucky plant and was used as a protection against witchcraft. It was used at Christmastide for simple means of divination. In parts of England it was customary for young people to take three leaves to bed and place them under the pillow with the left hand, in the name of the Holy Trinity. Each leaf was given a person's name and the one that was found to have turned over by morning represented the future husband or wife.

Another custom, once popular with young country ladies, was the placing of pieces of candle on holly leaves floating in a basin. The candles were lighted and the behaviour of a leaf, as to whether it sank or continued to float, gave an indication of the faithfulness of the absent lover.

Mistletoe, so popular at Christmas, was according to one legend used to make the cross on which Christ was crucified. It was supposed to have been a mighty tree until then and was punished and changed into a parasite dependent on others. The custom of kissing is said to have been derived from the restoration to life of the Scandinavian God Baldur, who was killed by an arrow made out of mistletoe. Afterward the plant was dedicated to Frigga, Baldur's mother, by the Gods, and made harmless by removing it from the earth. For this reason custom has ordained that it be always hung from the ceiling. The kiss beneath it is really supposed to be recognition of the mistletoe's lost power to work evil.

### SHORT STORY COMPETITION

There was a really splendid response to the Short Story Competition announced in our August issue. We thank all who have submitted stories and hope to be able to print the name of the successful author in the very near future.—EDITOR.

### AWAY IN A MANGER

(Continued from page 178)

only to pile enormous drifts in odd places. When the car lodged firmly in a drift they had struggled towards the light, and help.

Mary left him chopping wood and returned to the stable.

In the early hours of the morning a baby's cry mingled with Daisy's soft 'moo'.

Back in the house at last, John yawned.

"Let's make up the fire and sit here for an hour or two," he suggested. "It's too late to go to bed again now. The children will be awake soon to see their presents."

He piled logs on the glowing embers, moved up the old settee and soon the deep breathing of heavy sleep mingled with the steady tick of the old clock.

A minute or so later—or so it seemed to Mary—she rose from fathom-deep slumber at a light touch on her arm.

There, muffled in overcoat and scarf, stood Richard, bright-eyed with excitement.

"Mummy," he whispered. "What do you think? I crept out to see if Daisy was kneeling as you said, and, Mummy, Baby Jesus *did* come to our stable after all!"

### A VERGER'S PRAYER

Since Thy House is my concern,  
Help me, Lord, Thy will to learn.  
Serve a God who understands  
We can worship with our hands.

Hands with needle, adze, or square,  
Suppliant hands composed in prayer.  
Hands that work for Thee present  
Consummated Sacrament.

Mary? Martha? Can we say  
Who had served the better way?  
Thy exacting love demands  
Hearts to motivate the hands.

Gleaming brass and polished pew,  
These, Oh Lord, at least Thy due.  
Help me, Lord, that these may be  
Sacrificial rites for Thee.

RAYMOND TAYLOR

## REMEMBER ME...

this Christmas!



7,500 boys and girls in the care of Dr. Barnardo's Homes share the friendship and security of happy family life all the year round. Please help continue this good work by making a special Christmas donation to our funds.

*Cheques or Postal Orders (crossed please) should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.*

### DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

#### ● HOMES FOR RETIRED CLERGY AND CLERGY WIDOWS. PENSION GRANTS FOR CLERGY WIDOWS & AGED DEPENDANTS

**AGED CLERGY WIDOWS.** The Church of England Pensions Board in association with Diocesan Boards of Finance and Central Charities is increasing the eleemosynary side of its work by providing larger pension grants for more clergy widows.

To secure an income of £250 a year for the 1,200 clergy widows who are too old to obtain the Church and State new retirement pensions is the main object of this appeal. The Boards' share will cost £70,000 each year.

**HOMES FOR RETIRED CLERGYMEN.** Already ten residential homes, including a nursing home for the infirm, 82 flats, cottages and bungalows, have been provided by the Board. The residents pay all they can afford towards the cost of their board 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 cheque now or provide for a legacy—payable on your death—and so safeguard the future of this work.

*Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by:—*

WILLIAM H. OATLEY, O.B.E., A.C.A., TREASURER,

The Church of England Pensions Board,

53, Tufton Street, London, S.W.1.

Telephone: ABBey 1568.

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  - (2) Memorial Brasses, Bronze Plaques & Shields
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- (Kindly state probable needs.)

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**CHILDREN'S SOCIETY**

*(formerly WAIFS & STRAYS)*

Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11



## Seafarers Christmas

Many thousands of seamen cannot spend Christmas at home. For them, Flying Angel Chaplains in ports throughout the world are preparing a 'home from home' in Mission Institutes where Christian worship, fellowship and seasonable hospitality will be the next best thing to their own fireside and Parish Church.

Will you make a Thank Offering for YOUR home and YOUR church?

*General Superintendent:*

Rev. Cyril Brown, O.B.E., M.A.

**THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN**

4 (QB), BUCKINGHAM PALACE  
GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

**Tuesday, Dec. 23rd.** (Meet outside Reading Room). Oxford Road North of Red Lion, Elsfield Road, St. Nicholas Caravan Park, Mill Lane.

It is planned to stop each evening at 9 p.m.

We shall be collecting once again for those very much less fortunate than ourselves: namely, for the orphan children of the Children's Society (formerly Waifs and Strays), and for the millions of refugee men, women and children scattered throughout the world. Please give **very generously**. "Freely have ye received; freely give."

#### **PARISH COUNCIL.**

The attention of the Council was called to the opening of a new caravan park on the northern by-pass. No planning permission had been given for this site and the Council was concerned as to the dangers likely to arise from the health point of view and protested to the Medical Officer of Health on these grounds. It is hoped that effective action will result.

It was reported that plans were in hand to deal with the sewerage overflow problem and the Council requested that this matter be expedited.

There now seems some prospect of improving the drainage of the area round the new schools and the approach roads. A request was made to the Education Committee for the footpath already running as far as the Primary School, to be continued to the Secondary School as with the increase of vehicular traffic and the establishment of the Evening Institute, the need for such a path was clearly necessary. The question of improving the lighting of the road was also considered.

The Chief Constable was thanked for sending extra police patrols into the village in an attempt to curb hooliganism.

P.C. Lofthouse has resigned from the Police Force after a number of years of valuable service to the village, his successor is P.C. Simon, to whom we wish every success.

Wardens are still wanted for voluntary overseeing of the Recreation Ground, please let the Chairman know if you are willing to help in this extremely useful service.

#### **ST. NICHOLAS' COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL.**

Half-term has come and gone and we are still without our new classrooms, we now live in hope that they will be ready for January 1959!!!!

The children's Christmas parties will be much restricted this year as the Hall is still the only storage space available and now houses most of the equipment for the new rooms.

By using the classrooms we shall be able to have our Annual Sale to raise money for the Party Fund and this will be held on Saturday, December 5th, at 3 p.m.

Mrs. Weaver's sudden illness was a shock to us all but it is good to learn that she is making good progress on the way to recovery.

Miss Sinclair has not yet returned to full-time working but hopes to do so very shortly. It was with regret that both the children and teachers heard that she would be leaving St. Nicholas at the end of the term to take up a new appointment at Eynsham.

We were pleased to welcome former pupils who are now attending Grammar Schools—they looked very smart in their new uniforms and all reported that they were happy and enjoying the work at their new schools.

Term ends on Thursday, December 18th, and the Spring Term starts on Tuesday, January 6th, 1959.

#### **DR. BARNADO'S HOMES.**

Mr. and Mrs. Bangs wish to thank all those who collected from door to door on behalf of the Barnado Homes; and for the generous response made by so many. The total collected amounted to £14 7s. 2d.

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

- Oct. 26. Laura Vivienne Brooker.  
 June Gloria Chambers.  
 Jon Carter Hewlett.  
 David James Sheppard.  
 Kay Sutton.  
 Christopher John Williams.  
 Yvonne Jane Mullen.  
 Nov. 2. Robert James Cadle.

**"Unto God's gracious mercy we commit her."**

Oct. 29. George Gunn, aged 78.

**CHURCH CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER**

- Dec. 3. Young Wives 7.45 p.m. Church Hall.  
 „ 6. GIFT DAY—Vicar receiving gifts in church, 9 a.m.—6 p.m.  
 10.0 a.m. THE LITANY.  
 6.0 p.m. EVENING PRAYER (said).  
 „ 7. SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.  
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon.  
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.  
 Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.  
 „ 11. CONFIRMATION, 7.30 p.m.  
 „ 14. THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.  
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.  
 Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.  
 „ 16. Mothers' Union and Young Wives—2.45 p.m. Carol Service.  
 „ 21. FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.  
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.  
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. (Vicar's Farewell Sermon).  
 CHILDREN'S CAROL SERVICE: 3 p.m. (in Church).  
 CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT: 6.30 p.m.  
 „ 25. CHRISTMAS DAY.  
 Holy Communion, 7.15 a.m., 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon.  
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.  
 „ 28. FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.  
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.  
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.  
 Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.

**CHURCH COLLECTIONS IN JULY AND AUGUST**

		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
July 6.		5	9	6				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	12	6	<b>Total:</b>	11	1	11
July 13.		4	14	1				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	13	0	<b>Total:</b>	10	7	1
July 20.		6	4	4				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	9	0	<b>Total:</b>	11	13	4
July 27.		6	14	3				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	6	8	0	<b>Total:</b>	13	2	3
August 3.		6	5	9				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	4	18	6	<b>Total:</b>	11	4	3
August 10.		7	18	2				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	13	0	<b>Total:</b>	13	11	2
August 17.		6	2	6				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	13	0	<b>Total:</b>	11	15	6
August 24.		8	10	1				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	4	9	6	<b>Total:</b>	12	19	7
August 31.		5	17	1				
	Weekly Offering Scheme	6	7	6	<b>Total:</b>	12	4	7

## 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.

No. 10

DECEMBER, 1958

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# MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING  
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



"Little Lamb, Who made thee?"

[Houlton Bros.]