

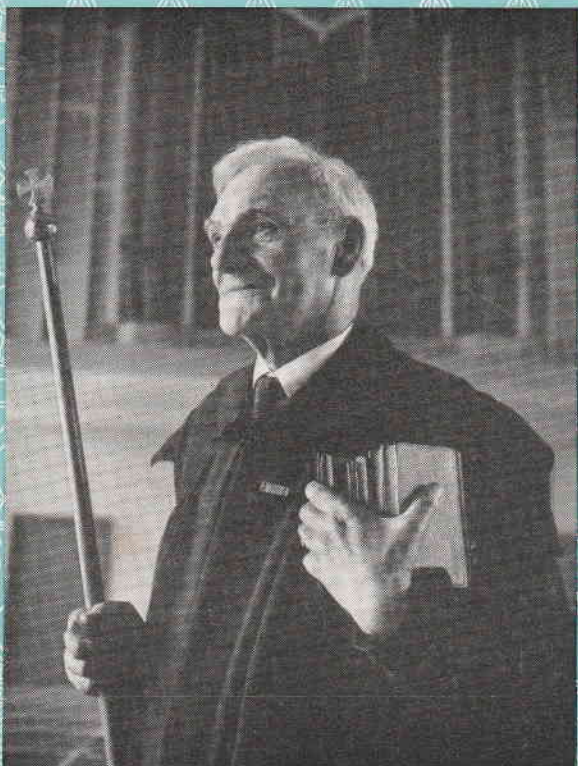
No. 5

July 1958

Price 4d.

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



That Sunny Smile

[Home Words.]

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH,
OLD MARSTON.

Dear Parishioner,

THE MORTIMER MEMORIAL GARDEN

As you will, no doubt, be aware, it is intended to convert the site of the old Reading Room into a garden which the Church will maintain and make available to the public in perpetuity.

It will be a memorial to the late Revd. J. H. Mortimer to whom, as Vicar of this parish for 46 years, both Old and New Marston are under deep obligation in various ways. It will also be a permanent addition to the beauty and amenities of the Village.

The site has been given and the cost of the demolition of the building has been met. A plan for the garden to include a yew hedge along the back, with a lawn, oak seat, shrubs and low surrounding walls, has been approved. The estimated cost is approximately £250, and it is hoped to establish a small endowment fund for future maintenance.

We feel confident that you will regard this project as being highly desirable for the benefit of the community as a whole, and we venture to appeal to you to support it with generosity.

Yours sincerely,

VINCENT T. HARLOW
BERNARD G. OLIVER
Churchwardens.

To : B. G. OLIVER (Hon. Treasurer),
13 Jack Straw's Lane,
Headington.

I have pleasure in enclosing £ : : as a
donation towards the Mortimer Memorial Garden.

Signed.....

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St. Nicholas Church, Marston.

The "Marston Market" in aid of the Church Restoration Fund is to be held again this year on alternate Saturdays from 10.15 - 11.15 a.m. at the Reading Room (opposite the White Hart). The first Market will be on May 3rd, and again on 17th and 31st, and on subsequent alternate Saturdays.

Gifts of every kind, such as Cakes, Jam, Vegetables, Fruit, Flowers, Plants, Eggs, etc., will be most welcome.

PLEASE COME AND BUY.

St. Nicholas Church. Restoration Fete. Saturday July 5th, 1958.

FANCY DRESS PARADE

To be judged at 2.40 p.m. sharp, at the Orchard, 20 Oxford Road, Old Marston. Full details in Marston News and Programme.

ENTRANCE FEE: 6d per child (this includes admission to Fete)
Return the slip below with the fee to Mrs. Branch, (366 Marston Road), or to Mr. Oliver (Marston Road P.O.) by July 1st.

PLEASE ENTER

	<u>Names.</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Date of Birth</u>
1.
2.
3.

BABY SHOW

To be judged at 3.30 p.m. (as above).
Classes: (a) 1 to 6 months, (b) 6 to 12 months, (c) 12 to 18 months.
Please insert the Class for which child is entered, a, b, c, etc.
Please send in entries by July 4th, if possible.

	<u>Names</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Date of Birth</u>
1.
2.
3.

4th July

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH --- OLD MARSTON

SERVICES.

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

Saints' Days. Holy Communion 7.30 a.m.

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

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

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS & MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends,

This is always a happy time in the life of the church and of the community: for it is a time of social gatherings at fêtes, garden parties, speech day and so on. I hope that you will all make a special point of coming to our Fête on July 5th, and do make a special effort to speak to people to whom you have never spoken before, because it is so easy simply to stick to our own little groups—I assure you, you will find lots of very kind people outside your own little circle of friends.

I trust the improvement in the printing of the Marston News will be appreciated. There is still a great deal of room for more improvement I know, but this does depend very largely on the number of copies we are able to sell. The response has been most encouraging so far; and please do all you can to persuade your neighbours to buy a copy, so that this Magazine can go into every home in the Parish and keep everyone informed on all the activities in our church and community.

Many of you will be going away on holiday during this month, and may I wish you every blessing and happiness, and may your holiday be truly recreative in the fullest sense.

With all good wishes.

Your friend and Vicar,

LESLIE WRIGHT.

OVERHEARD IN MARSTON.

Mrs. A.: "Good morning Mrs. B., have you heard how Mrs. C. is getting on?"

Mrs. B.: "I'm afraid she's not very well: as a matter of fact the Vicar has just been to see her."

Mrs. A.: "Oh dear, is she that bad?"

There are still some people who think that when the Vicar goes to see a person who is ill, it must mean that that person is on the point of death. Please do all you can to abolish such ideas, because they can cause a great deal of unnecessary anxiety and fear. The fact is that the Clergy are always anxious to visit those who are sick, however trivial their ailments might be. Vicars have sometimes been asked not to see a person who was ill for fear that the patient might think he was dying. The Vicar and Miss Liles would be glad to know of any in the Parish who are ill, however slight the illness might be. "Why?" you may ask: the answer is that they may then remember such people in their prayers, and that they may come and bring a word of comfort and cheer to them—isn't that a sufficiently good reason?

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH RESTORATION FUND.

You will no doubt have noted with satisfaction that the church roof has now been completely repaired. It was a joy to see the workmen working so hard at their job, and to see how very well they have done it. Now there is the need to pay the bill! Please give as generously as you can.

There remains yet one major task to be completed, and that is the complete re-making of the two windows on the South wall of the chancel. Thanks very largely to a very generous gift, most of the money for this particular task will have been found.

The state of the Restoration Fund is broadly as follows :—

Total required : £1,100.

Total in hand : £592 19s. 4d.

The "Total in hand" includes the promise of £100 from the Oxford Diocesan Fund, for which we are truly grateful. We also gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following gifts in recent weeks :—£200 as a legacy ; £16 6s. 9d. from Whit Monday Coffee Party ; £13 4s. 1d. from the Marston Market ; £5 "In Memoriam—L.B.M."

CHURCH NEWS IN BRIEF.

The **Sunday Schools** will close down during the month of August. We hope to announce new arrangements for September in our next issue.

Our **sincere gratitude** to Mr. Tom Haynes and Mr. W. E. Brain for so kindly repairing the path just outside the lich-gate.

Our **congratulations** to the members of the Tower for successfully ringing a peal of 5040 Doubles on June 3rd as a "welcome home" to the Vicar.

Don't forget the **MARSTON MARKET** on Saturdays, July 12th and 26th, at 10.15 a.m. till 11.15 a.m.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES.

During these past weeks and months many of our homes have been visited by members of the religious sect now known as "Jehovah's Witnesses"—though this is but the latest official name given to a system of religion which has been known in the past under various titles or subtitles, such as "Millennial Dawn," "The International Bible Students' Association," "The Associated Bible Students," "Millions Now Living Will Never Die," and "The Watchtower."

The zeal and enthusiasm with which these people have gone around from house to house is, in a sense, something to be admired. But let it be understood that "Jehovah's Witnesses" are **not** another christian denomination, like the Church of England, the Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, etc..... All these latter are part of the one, holy catholic Church of Christ ; but Jehovah's Witnesses are **not** part of the Church of Christ, and their preaching is utterly heretical.

In these next few issues of the Marston News it is hoped to state quite briefly why this religion is neither Christian nor true. A very good way of studying the true worth of a new religion is to study the nature and character of its founder. We accept Christianity because we accept its Founder, Jesus Christ, to be truly good, honest, loving and pure ; in fact, we go further, and believe His claim to be the Son of God as utterly true, and borne out by His perfect life, and by His victory over death.

Let us then, very briefly, look at the founder of Jehovah's Witnesses—Charles Taze Russell. Russell lived in the United States of America. Very little is known of his early boyhood and parentage. At the age of 20 he inherited his father's haberdashery business. He was a highly gifted speaker, and he used to lecture and preach in many churches and halls ; by the irreverent and careless of his neighbourhood, he was known as "the crank preacher."

His direct and simple manner of speaking aroused considerable interest, and Russell soon gathered a large local audience of admirers and critics. Later, finding himself successful as a speaker, he sold his five haberdashery shops and devoted most of his time and energy to preaching his new doctrine.

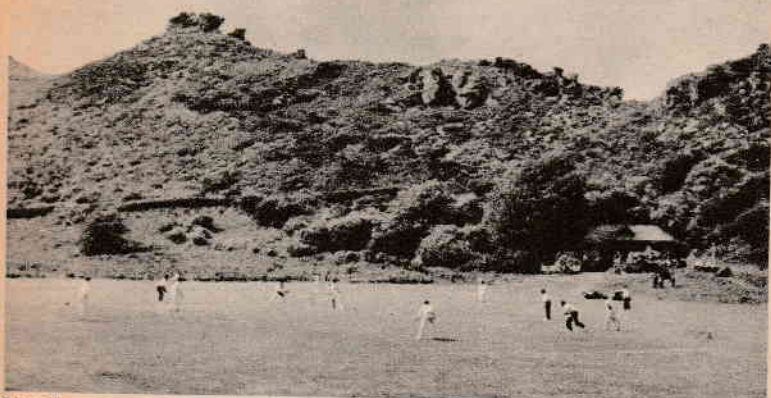


Photo by

H.S.B.

CRICKET and the CHURCH

By F. H. C. TATHAM

THE successful Test Match career of David Sheppard must have caused many people to reflect on the traditional connection between cricket and the Church.

The connection is an old and a close one, though perhaps not chiefly associated with Test crowds at Headingley or Old Trafford. There have of course been many famous cricketing parsons, though I believe Mr. Sheppard is the first to have played for England. But one thinks more readily of village greens, within one corner perhaps the parish church itself, and of all the men who have owed their love of cricket and their skill at it to the teaching and encouragement of the parson when they were lads.

The link goes back indeed to the earliest days of the game, when the famous village team of Hambledon went forth to challenge and beat All-

England, and had as one of their chief supporters a local curate, the Rev. Charles Powlett, whose name, but for this fact, might have gone unrecorded.

Knowing as we do that the game was born in the fields of eighteenth-century England and believing that the word cricket has rightly come to stand for fair play and decency, we might suppose that its reputation had always stood high. But there was a time at the beginning of the nineteenth century of much gambling on matches, and as a result much suspicion of games being bought and sold. It was only gradually that cricket freed itself from this taint. It did so partly because of its spread in the schools and universities, and the Oxford captain in the first University match in 1837, and the chief promoter of that game was Charles Wordsworth, later Bishop of St. Andrews.

But the great age for clerical cricketers, as perhaps it was for amateur cricket in general, was the late nineteenth century. At least forty-five clergymen played in important cricket between 1878 and the turn of the century. There were some well-known names among them, such as William Rashleigh, a famous Kent batsman, Vernon Royle, still remembered as one of the finest cover-points of all time, and Prebendary Wickham, who kept wicket for Somerset till he was fifty-two and continued to do so in club cricket for many years longer. We might mention, too, famous cricketing families like the Lytteltons, who could field an eleven of their own and who included in their number a bishop and a famous clerical head master.

There have been clerical cricketers since those days, of course. Many readers will remember, for example, Canon Gillingham, strong and forceful on the cricket-field as he was in the pulpit. Others will recall Canon J. H. Parsons, the present Vicar of Liskeard, who was a leading member of the Warwickshire eleven, and who would certainly be regarded as second only to David Sheppard in the ranks of cricketing-clergymen living to-day.

There have been many more who were keen and good players, but who have left no mark on the history of the game. But these men took the love of cricket with them and town parishes and country villages up and down the land were fortunate in parsons who could teach the youngsters how to play the game, in every sense of the word.

Times have changed. Fewer and fewer amateurs, clergy or laymen, can spare the time to play a leading part in cricket to-day. It is a loss which we may regret, but must accept. Yet in the humbler circles of the great game, untouched by publicity while English men and boys play cricket for the love of it, as we may be sure they always will, we may be equally sure that we shall still find the connection between cricket and the Church maintained. Whether as player, coach, chairman

or treasurer, or merely in the role of encouraging spectator, the parson will play his part.

"AND INWARDLY DIGEST"

In the same way as we should rest after food in order to give the system a chance of digesting it, thus enabling us to get the best out of what we have eaten, so we should sit quietly for a while after reading in order to give our minds a chance of digesting the knowledge we have absorbed.

Knowledge is to the mind what food is to the body, and to get the most out of it we must digest it thoroughly. Why we so often fail to appreciate a sermon is because we gulp it down with a minimum of thought. I remember a noted preacher who was a poet and philosopher who would sometimes drop his voice to little more than a whisper "because," he told me, "my congregation do not know how to brood over a thought."

—H.T.I.



Photo by

A. J. Hoare

Last man in!

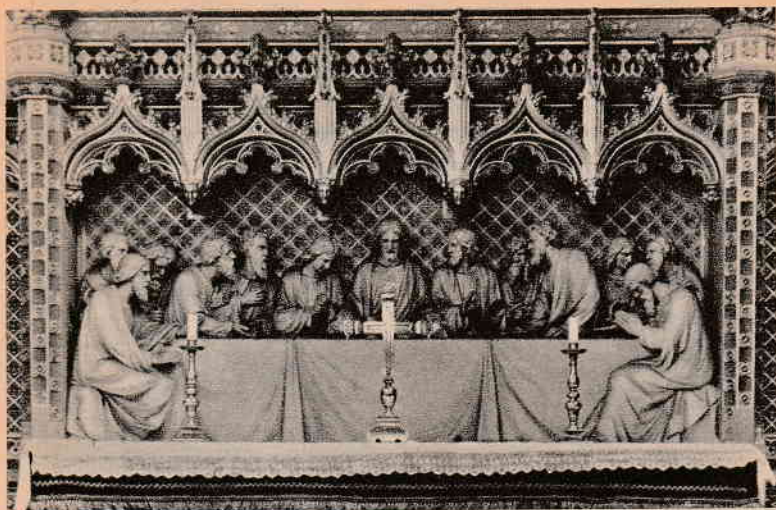


Photo by

The Reredos before the fire

Mary E. Soderberg

The Rescue of a Great Church

BY A. L. LAISHLEY

ST. MARTIN, whose commemoration day falls on November 11th, was a Roman soldier who fought many battles. Fitting it is, then, that York's erstwhile Civic Church should have Martin for its patron saint, for its people have fought a great fight for their bombed church and won, against quite appreciable odds.

The Church of St. Martin le Grand, in the Parish of St. Martin with St. Helen, stood in Coney Street, in the very centre of the city, and only a few yards from the Mansion House, which is the Lord Mayor's official residence during his term of office. Not large, his parish church was, nevertheless, a very lovely place. Badly in need of restoration in the early fifteenth century, it was rebuilt about 1443 with money left by its late Vicar, the Rev. Robert Semer. And while arches, windows, walls, and porch all spoke eloquently of the craftsmanship of the medieval stone-carver, the

stained glass in ten of its windows paid tribute to the unrivalled art of the York Glassmakers whose work, both in Minster and city church, has preserved for York, even today, half the medieval stained glass which still exists in England.

Thus was St. Martin's an historical treasure. As for its place in York's religious life, that was important, too, for every Sunday hundreds of people worshipped there, finding something in its services that caused them to come regularly from every corner of the city, and beyond. And during the week, busy men and women would go in for a few minutes to kneel and pray, or just to sit. For its atmosphere was welcoming, its silences companionable, and those who came rarely went away without a sense of inward peace; and mostly they came again.

But during a "Baedeker" raid, all the splendour that had been St. Martin's was destroyed in a single night. There had been a church there

since Norman times; when dawn broke on April 29th, 1942, there was just a frightening chaos of destruction. The four grey walls had stood firm, but the windows which had glowed with colour were yawning gaps, rich carpets had been burned to shreds, pews and pulpit were now mere ash, and of the fine organ built only seven years previously there was little trace at all. Instead of glorious Chancel there was desolation. Cross and candlesticks stood at all angles; the carved reredos, where the Master and His Apostles had sat at Supper, their heads crowned with light, was now battered and broken into a meaningless wreck.

Would this magnificent and greatly loved House of God ever be rebuilt? Everyone who cared asked this question fearfully. Almost before the dust had settled, controversy began to rage. York had plenty of churches, said those who didn't use them much, so one would not be missed. But the people who had loved St. Martin's and all that it had stood for (and they were very many), kept their faith that in time they would see it restored. In the meantime, they cleaned up their humbler little sister church, St.

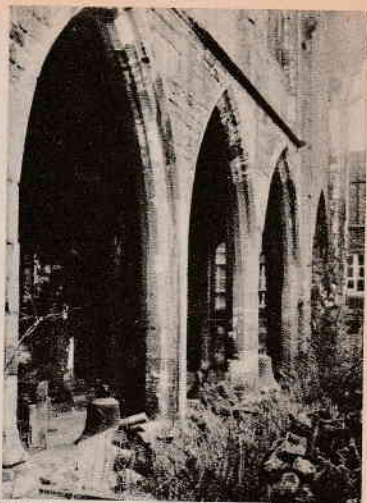


Photo by *Mary E. Soderberg*
The old oak door survived

Helen's, and carried on their worship there. And St. Martin's remained a ruin, pathetic, uncared for. Nothing could be done until the war ended.

And then the storm broke. Said more than one authority, the site is valuable. To sell it would be to raise a considerable sum towards the building of new churches on new housing estates, miles away from York. But those who loved St. Martin's were determined to fight for it.

Argument raged, too, around St. Martin's priceless great west window which had (with three smaller windows) been taken out at the beginning of the war at the instigation of the Dean of York, who is perhaps the greatest living authority on ancient stained glass. Given to the church in 1437, this window pictures in thirteen panels incidents from the life of St. Martin, and at its foot kneels the donor, Robert Semer. Why could this great window not be given to some church, even to some cathedral, which had no famous glass of its own, it was argued. After all, York had so much. St. Martin's people, on the other hand, argued that it was Robert



Photo by *Mary E. Soderberg*
One of the eight bells that crashed

Semer's gift to his beloved church, and therefore should be replaced in it.

And so the argument went on. For and against, for and against. And the outcome? At long last the fighting is over. The St. Martin window is saved for St. Martin's; the site will be for ever a holy one. For, as the Dean of York has said, out of a major disaster will come a major glory.

A scheme was passed by the War Damage Commission for the building of a new House of God, and gifts of money have come in towards its refurnishing, not only from York itself, but also from other parts of the country, from people who knew and loved the old St. Martin's.

St. Helen's Church, which in medieval times was the Guild Church of the Glassmakers, and which has now been enriched by the return of some of its old stained glass which was taken out during the war, will retain permanently the honour it has held temporarily since 1942, of serving the Lord Mayor as his parish church. At St. Martin's there will be a rest garden instead of rubble, weeds and decay; and in its centre will stand a memorial cross, reminding all who enter that this is holy ground. But there will be a place of worship, too, for the south aisle—where the Lady Chapel once stood, and which was the only part to survive the fire—is being rebuilt, and it has been designed

by the architect, Mr. G. G. Pace, so that it will house the St. Martin window in its entirety.

Still attached to St. Helen's as a chapel-of-ease, the new church will, however, belong also to the whole city, for it will be a Shrine of Remembrance to the dead of the two World Wars, and a book containing their names will lie within the nave. Several historical treasures of the old church which were not destroyed will return home, including the fine 'York' type font cover of 1717, three small stained glass windows, and, of course, the great St. Martin window. Entering the church by the existing south porch, one will see this window in the wall immediately opposite, rising upwards and out of sight to its full height of 30 ft., in a five-sided tower which has been specially designed for it. And in front, in the floor, the inscription stone will be placed behind a wrought-iron grille.

For this, the seeker after historical treasure will make his pilgrimage to new St. Martin's, for it is one of the finest early 15th century windows in the world, and the largest in any parish church. For the Christian, however, there will be much more than history; there will once again be a church in which to pray. And holiness, and love of people, and the peace of God, will once again return to the site of old St. Martin's.

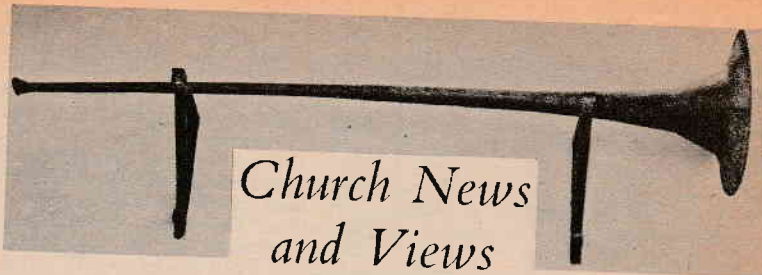
Light Perpetual

BY W. E. CATLOW

The sun proceeds in state from East to West,
And furnishes both light and heat to men.
Until at last the night doth fall, and then
He slowly sinks to rest.

The moon and stars succeed the light of day,
And in the darkening sky themselves are born
To grace the night, but with the dawn
Their brightness fades away.

All these in turn are lost to mortal sight,
Their beauty vanished and their glory fled.
This of One only can be truly said,
He is Eternal Light.



Church News and Views

The Last Trumpet

EAST Leake Church, Nottinghamshire, possesses the last English shawm, or vamping horn, used regularly in congregational singing. Until about 100 years ago, it was customary for a bass chorister to sing through the instrument, which is over eight feet long. This rare trumpet is now displayed on the west wall inside the church.—A. NETTLETON.

Chorister and Soloist

CHORISTER for 74 years and soloist for many of them is the record of Mr. William Maydwell of St. Mary's parish church choir, Woburn, Bedfordshire. At Christmas 1956 he sang as a solo "Good King Wenceslas," and his voice was described as "deep and crisp and even."—FRANK F. SMITH.

Sign of the Times

THIS unusual and attractive road sign is to be seen on entering the city of Lincoln. It depicts the triple towers of the cathedral on the hill, and might well be emulated in other cities and towns possessing buildings of outstanding architectural beauty and interest.—J. DENTON ROBINSON.

Who was Dick Cheston?

"Derry ding ding dason,
I am Dick Cheston,
We weedon, we wodon, we weedon, we wodon,
Bim boum, bim boum, bim boum, bim boum."

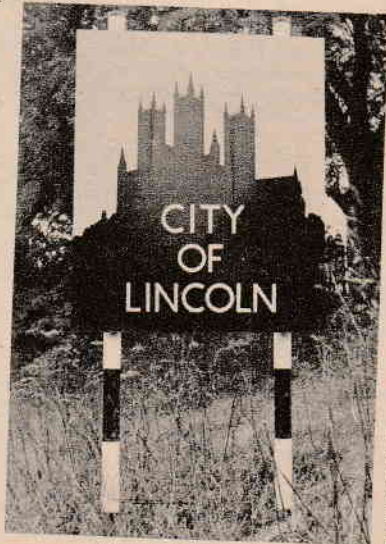
This is an early 17th century round sung often at Guide camp fires. I am told that "We weedon, we wodon" refers to the warp and woof of the Dutch weavers who settled in East Anglia during the days of religious persecution in the Netherlands. Can any reader tell me whether there is (or was) a bell called Dick (or John) Cheston in one of the Suffolk "wool" churches?—MISS D. H. NICHOLSON.

He Nursed Sick Animals

ON a tombstone in the churchyard of Llanfachreth, Merionethshire, is an epitaph in Welsh, in memory of Howel Pugh, a farmer, who died in 1851, aged 83. The English translation runs:—

"Appeals for help to attend sick animals brought many people to Howel Pugh. He nursed, and gave such help as was needed to hundreds, yea, to thousands of sick animals."

He had a wonderful gift with sick animals which has been transmitted to his descendants, many of whom still farm in the parish.—MRS. M. CORBETT HARRIS.



Sign of the Times

TO OUR READERS

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, London, E.C.4.



Fit for a Cathedral

FELMERSHAM, in Bedfordshire, is only a small village but it has a church whose 13th century West Front is one of the most beautiful examples of the Early English period to be found anywhere in England. The west doorway, with panelled arches on each side, is richly moulded and above it there is a lovely arcade with detached shafts. The window is Perpendicular but is enclosed in Early English arches with graceful banded columns. The church overlooks a picturesque reach of the Bedfordshire Ouse and, approached as it is by a broad flight of steps, it has a dignity and beauty almost worthy of a great cathedral.—H. J. SMITH

The Grass Cross

WHILST holidaying in Montgomery I was shown a grave in which was buried a man who was hanged for a robbery in olden times. He swore he was innocent of this crime and prophesied, "no plants will ever grow on my grave, except a cross of grass to prove I am innocent." The villagers tell the story that however many plants have been planted, none has survived save the grass cross.—MRS. MAYOR.

Nonagenarian Glove Maker

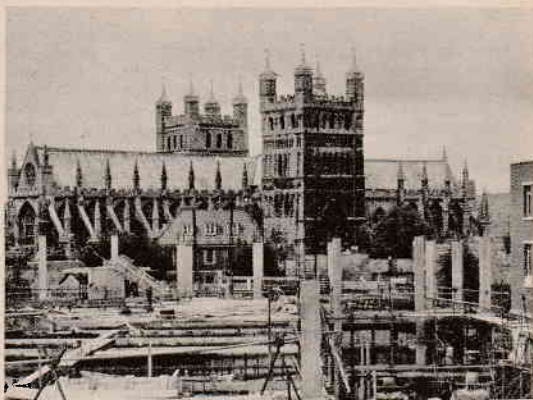
WITH reference to a paragraph in this column some months ago headed "Thanks for Sight and Health," you may be interested in the following account of my mother's industry. Now in her 92nd year, she has been making crochet gloves since about 1941. At first they were given as competition prizes, the money going to Red Cross funds. After the War, they were made for Missions and sold to an unending succession of enquirers, many of them complete strangers who chanced to see a friend wearing a pair, or perhaps happened to see her at work. The price of the gloves was fixed by a well-known firm, and the average number sold in the course of a year is about 25. They are beautifully made and both wear and wash well.—MISS M. A. GOCHER.

Bell Clappers

IN a previous issue of *Home Words* mention was made of the ancient bell clappers preserved in Malvern Priory. A correspondent from Southsea tells us of "an interesting and well-displayed set of eight clappers" which are to be seen in the Cathedral Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Portsmouth. They were preserved when the bells of the church were re-cast some years ago.

A Vanishing View

THE erection of new buildings to replace those destroyed by war-time bombing will very soon obscure this particular view of Exeter Cathedral, as at present seen from the south-west.—MRS. M. LONGRIDGE.



Unique View of Exeter Cathedral

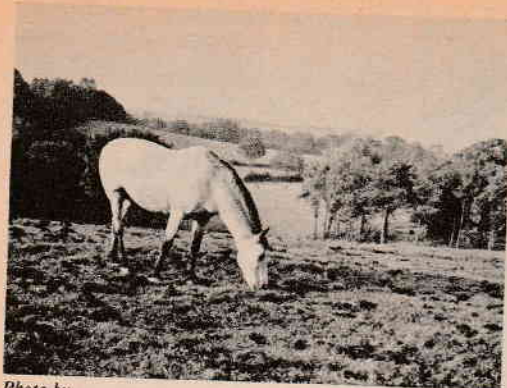


Photo by

On holiday

Miss D. E. Tyler

Weekday Pages For Women With Homes

Conducted by
MISS E. M. HARDING

Monday's Washing

Before washing a frock which is to be lengthened, unpick the hem. It is then ready to be dyed, if desired. Wind a reel of white cotton loosely round and dye with the frock. This will give cotton to match for renovations. Also dye a good strip of white calico, muslin or white silk in with the frock. This will supply the necessary material for facing up the hem and binding armholes, etc.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

For a tea-cosy.—Whenever I wash my woollen tea-cosy, I always dry it on the teapot filled with boiling water; this keeps the shape and, incidentally, it dries much quicker.—MRS. C. GILL.

Fold as you go.—If the weather is favourable and you go to fetch in your washing, save time by folding the clothes as you take them off the lines. It is easy just to shake them out and fold them, making one handling suffice; also the clothes do not become creased in the basket as they do when roughly put in together.—MISS PALMER.

For men's collars.—When laundering men's white collars, do not peg on the line to dry. Thread them on a length of white tape, and tie each end of tape to the line. If dried in this way they do not become marked by pegs or line.—MRS. I. TURNER.

To save removing pyjama cords or girdles at each wash, thread elastic (not too narrow) in their place, which should not be taken out, as it washes well and does not shrink or stretch.—MISS K. M. ANDERSON.

Tuesday's Sewing

When hemming sheets, curtains and other articles, instead of tacking them I first get a hot iron, and then on the ironing table I put article in front of me, and turn hem and iron as I go along. This saves unpicking tacking and the hem lies nice and flat.—MRS. E. AUBURN.

Dad's tie makes an excellent umbrella cover. Roll umbrella up, pull tie over as far as possible, cut off remainder and sew. Your umbrella is then always clean.—MRS. COTTON.

Use kirby grips.—If you have to use a horse to air shirts, prevent the collar points from curling by clipping them flat with 2 kirby grips.—MRS. E. RICHARDSON.

When knitting a cardigan, knit the side front to hold the buttons first, sew the buttons on to the front at equal intervals, then knit the other front matching the buttonholes to the buttons.—MRS. M. OSBOURNE.

A safeguard.—When I buy new pyjamas I always sew a piece of tape down the back of the buttons, and then sew through the buttons and the tape. This saves the material being pulled out with the strain that a restless sleeper gives. I have found this particularly useful in the case of boys' and men's pyjamas.—MRS. E. ELBOURNE.

Buttons for trouser-ends.—Stitch two small buttons inside the turn-ups at back and front. This will keep material from continual contact and friction with the shoes, thus preventing worn and frayed edges.—MRS. FAWCETT.

Wednesday's Nursing

A mirror on life.—When invalids are getting better but are not well enough to be up, it often helps in their recovery if they can see out of the window and so take an interest in passers-by. Yet it is not always possible to place the bed near the window. In these cases, it is very helpful to place a mirror on a bracket fixed inside the window and adjusted so that the patient can see all that is going on in the street, without any inconvenience to herself. Friends can be asked to wave as they pass, and this device will cheer many an hour that would otherwise have been dull.—MRS. HAYNES.

On leaving hospital.—When you take clothes to a patient who is leaving hospital, put a filled hot-water bottle (see it does not leak) among the clothes. This tip was given to me after I had complained of the icy feeling of my clothes after five weeks in a 70° ward.—Mr. B. ASHWORTH.

For sleeplessness.—Have near at hand a biscuit and small piece of chocolate. If sleep does not come, eat this and sleep will almost invariably follow.—MRS. M. HALE.

For cramp.—From the chemist buy a (4-inch) piece of rock sulphur and place in bed at the soles of the feet which should come in contact with same.—MRS. PRINCE.

Thursday's Cooking

Peel red beetroot as you would a potato and cut into slices; then put it straight into a small quantity of boiling water with a little salt. Boil very fast for ten to fifteen minutes when it will be cooked. Saves time and expensive fuel.—Miss M. JOHNSON.

Flavour for a cake.—To give a delicious flavour to cakes, add 2 or 3 oz. of crystallised ginger (no other sort). Cut up rather small—in place of candied peel—add the usual amount of sultanas, etc.—Miss E. M. HUSSEY.

"Clapshot."—This is a recipe for "Clapshot," a dish which is served in the Orkney Islands, to be eaten with roast duck (or sausages). Cut some swedes in pieces, boil for quarter of an hour, put some potatoes in whole, salt to suit taste. Strain, mash, and serve piping hot with apple sauce, if liked.—MRS. E. GRIFFITHS.

Friday's Household

Draught-proof.—If you have a draught under your door, take a cycle inner tube and fill it with sand; tie ends and attach to your door. This moves easily with the door.—I. S. MITCHLEY.

Ashes for health.—If a layer of ashes is put at the bottom of the dustbin after each emptying, it will keep it clean and dry and prolong its life.—MRS. O. JONES.

When lagging outside pipes, bind strips from a disused plastic mackintosh round the lagging to keep it intact and dry. It also stops the pipes from freezing, as cold winds cannot penetrate.—MRS. THOMPSTONE.

Bread knife sharpener.—If your bread knife is getting rather blunt (the saw edge variety), try sharpening it by cutting up in small pieces a block of cooking salt. You will see quite a difference when you use it again.—MRS. WHITLEY.

Saturday's Children

New use for compass.—Make use of your child's school compass when sewing; it is useful for insuring that the space between buttons is equal and for marking the width of hems and tucks.—Miss F. THOMPSON.

To amuse a child.—One 6d. packet of paper doyleys and a box of crayons will amuse a convalescent child for hours.—Miss E. M. PARCHMENT.

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



Photo by

Country lovers

Miss D. E. Tyler



Photo by

H.S.B.

Chapter I

I PUBLISH the Banns of Marriage 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 first time of asking."

Mary's hand clasped Tim's fiercely as the lovely notes of the *Nunc Dimittis* soared through the church. Conscious of the glances from around her, she kept her eyes on Mr. Green- grass who was hitching up his surplice in his usual absent-minded way, either to find his handkerchief, his glasses-case, or some notes, but all the time her mind was on Tim. Please God, *please* let everything go all right and stop people being hard.

No one really knew Tim. Oh yes, he'd been in trouble in the past, and his family, she had to admit, was pretty rough, but that was all the more reason for getting him out of it. Some people understood Tim; Mr. Soames, for instance. It had been terribly nice of him to offer them that little cottage down past the Council Estate, and at such a cheap rate, too. And old Hooker, Tim's boss, he was all right and knew that Tim could

Our New Serial

THE FIRST STONE

BY JAMES DAVIDSON ROSS

(Author of "Margaret")

work as well as anybody, if only nothing happened to make him fed up, like he could be. It was awful if Tim really got depressed; he became moody and resentful and it was dreadfully difficult for her to get him out of it. But some of the things people said about him! There was that Mrs. Ambler: had she meant Mary to hear those remarks made in Brookes's yesterday? "Another of those Spooners, my dear—the whole wretched gang should be in prison!" She didn't know anything about Tim, and, anyway, people shouldn't talk like that. Why did some folks think such nasty things? She knew Mrs. Ambler was only three pews behind them now; Mary had seen her come in and who knows what she was thinking now the Banns were out? But it didn't matter; she loved Tim and he loved her, and all the Mrs. Amblers in the world couldn't stop that. Soon she'd be Mary Spooner, Mrs. Spooner: it sounded grand like that!

She jumped, and coloured violently as Tim's hand on her arm drew her to her feet for "At Even 'Ere The Sun Was Set," and the choir formed up for its slow parade down the nave, the Vicar, singing lustily but out of tune, in the rear. Goodness! she hadn't heard a single word of his sermon. What a shocking example to Tim, especially as this was the first time he had come to church. Last night, when he had promised to come along and hear the Banns called, he had made her wonderfully happy. It couldn't have been easy, knowing so many people disapproved of him; but here he was with his stocky, powerful

body, his slouching gait and bitter face. He was looking thoroughly awkward as he sidled out of the pew! She leaned towards him:

"Tim, dear, don't say nothing if anyone says something silly. Most folks are friendly; honest they are. It's only one or two who—" she coloured again and then caught Tim's eye.

"Get along, girl, I'm respectable now." He grinned broadly, his whole face lighting up. I must make him laugh more often, mused Mary. He's a different person then; maybe . . . maybe he will, if he comes here with me sometimes after we're married.

The congregation moved at its snail's-pace towards the sunlit porch where the Vicar's voice could be heard raised in farewells. "What a turn-out," muttered Tim. "Fancy going through this performance every Sunday! Not much in it for a bloke like me." Or was there, he thought? 'Course, he'd only come for Mary's sake, couldn't upset the kid; yet he had to admit there was something peaceful about the place. He wondered what Mary would say if he told her he had actually come in here once or twice in the past when it was all quiet-like, and no one was about. Just to get away from some bit of trouble, or his family; simply to be alone when life seemed rotten. And he couldn't deny it had helped; he'd never have come near the place otherwise. Maybe he'd tell Mary some day.

"Good evening, Mary. Hallo, Tim. Congratulations. You've really taken the plunge!"

"Hallo, Mr. Soames. Yes, I've cooked my goose now, all right. Mary would keep pestering like—well, you know what women are, sir!" He grinned at Mary.

"Tim Spooner, you . . . !"

Mr. Soames' red face beamed happily in the evening sunlight as the remnants of the congregation passed through the porch. He put a hand lightly on the shoulders of the couple beside him and smiled down at them.

"Do you mind just a word of advice from an old codger who has lived in this village for a long time? There are some folk who are going to

be a bit critical about you two getting married. They don't really mean it; just can't help it, I suppose. Let 'em get on with it, Tim, and don't get rattled."

He paused and mopped his brow, then took off his spectacles and polished them vigorously with the corner of his jacket. His eyes twinkled.

"On your way; you shouldn't be hanging around gassing to an old man like me on such an evening. Where's our respected Vicar? I want to tell him what I thought of his sermon!" And he sauntered ahead of them on to the road.

Slipping through the lych-gate with Tim, Mary relaxed as they passed the little knots of people who still lingered outside the church. She didn't really know what she'd been afraid of, but felt very thankful everything had gone off so smoothly. Even Mrs. Ambler over there with her son and Mrs. Smythe and Miss Henner. Even they had only ignored her and Tim, and that suited them fine! She . . .

Loud and clear on the evening air the words reached them both, Mrs. Ambler's high voice even more strident than usual:

" . . . simply deplorable . . . I can't think what Mary's mother is thinking of . . . for the girl's own good . . ."

"Come on, Tim," whispered Mary desperately, dragging at his arm. "Come along, darling, it's like Mr. Soames said: they're not worth it. Please, Tim."

Stock-still, fists clenched, Tim stood breathing hard and fast as rage flooded through him. How dare she! And getting at Mary as well. Why he'd . . . ! He swung half round, his pale face glaring at the little group who now tried to ignore him.

"Why, you . . . !"

"Tim, please, *please*, dear, let's get away."

The Vicar had caught part of Mrs. Ambler's remarks and now, torn between sadness and anger, stepped forward to intervene.

"Come on, Tim, old chap, it's not worth it, you know."

Tim scowled at the Vicar: "Calls

themselves Christians; goes to church every week; pokes their long noses into everyone's business. As for . . . !” He twisted his head furiously and glared at Mrs. Ambler.

“How dare you! I consider it my duty . . .”

“Tim, dear! Oh, please, Tim, come away . . .”

“Now, Mrs. Ambler, I beg you to leave this to me. There's been far too much said already. I advise you strongly to go home.”

“Mr. Greengrass! You're surely not taking sides with that . . .”

“Tim, come ON!”

By sheer force Mary got him away from the heated, gesticulating group. Still muttering and jerking his head back to look furiously towards the church, Tim allowed himself to be drawn along, his mouth a hard line, his brow a thunder-cloud. Mary, very near tears now, urged him on and jumped sharply as a cyclist she had not seen coming towards them got off his machine and called Tim's name. Her eyes widened and she clutched Tim's hand hard: he stood quite still, his whole body alert.

“Whatcher want?” he demanded roughly.

“Just a few words, Spooner.” P.C. Spokes nodded towards the group outside the church who were watching silently. “Somewhere quiet, I reckon. I want to ask you a few questions.”

He looked from Mary to Tim and back again, then once more at the little crowd beyond:

“Might be better if I saw Tim alone, Mary. It's a bit personal.”

“No! You can see us together. At least . . .” she faltered, and looked appealingly at Tim, “. . . that is, if Tim doesn't mind.”

“I've not done nothing; anything you want to say to me, Mary can hear. Get on with it!”

The policeman nodded and led the way down the high street, past the “Green Man”, round the corner and along the avenue of television masts which surmounted the red and yellow newness of the Council Estate. Inside the end house, a mixture of police-station and home, Mary and Tim sat and looked at Mr. Spokes silently as

he removed his cap and drew out a notebook.

“You were at the dance last night, Spooner.” It was not a question but a statement; both of them had spoken to him the previous evening outside the Village Hall. It had been quite a dance, easily the most successful the Cricket Club had ever run. Flushed with their victory over Little Melling that afternoon, a whole crowd of people had turned up and the evening had gone with a bang.

“You know we were there,” said Tim.

“Look, Spooner.” Mr. Spokes was serious but not unfriendly. “I know you and I haven't exactly hit it off in the past, but I've a job to do and that job right now is to ask you a few questions. For Mary's sake as well as your own, you might try to do so without losing your temper.”

“I ain't losing my temper—yet! Get on with it.”

The policeman nodded again and looked evenly at Tim.

“You know Mr. Dodds is treasurer of the Club? Right. At the end of the dance he had a lot of money in his charge—most people didn't buy tickets in advance, they got them at the door. Then there was the raffle; that brought in over ten pounds. Mr. Dodds put the whole lot in his brief case: he was one of the last to leave and took the bag with him to reckon it all up at home. He thinks there must have been thirty quid in it.”

Mr. Spokes paused; the silence and heat in the small room were oppressive, and Mary felt her heart pounding inside her as she looked at Tim sitting still and tense, his eyes fixed on the policeman.

“Mr. Dodds put the bag in his car and slipped back into the hall to say goodnight to a friend. He was only away a few minutes, and then came straight back to the car and drove home. When he got there he looked for the bag, and it was gone—it couldn't possibly have fallen out of the car, either.

“Dodds says there was someone hanging about by his car when he came out of the hall for the last time—just one person, no one else. Every-

body but his friend inside had gone home by then; there was just himself and that one person—you, Spooner. Now don't get excited. I'm not accusing you of anything. I'm just telling you what happened and asking what you can tell me about it."

"You're saying I done it! Old Dodds is saying I pinched his rotten bag! You're all the same, and you've always had a down on me like I was someone out'a Borstal! Think I'm barmy? Think I want his stinking money? That old fool loses his bag and then says I done it, 'cause he knows the Club'll blame him—he's afraid of admitting he's gone dafter than he always was . . . !"

"Pack it up, Spooner. This won't get you anywhere. I've said I'm not accusing you . . ."

"What do you call it then!" Tim flung back bitterly. But before he could go on, Mary, her face white with shock, put her hand on his arm.

"Tim, please, let's talk it over quietly with Mr. Spokes. I don't believe he really thinks you did it; he's got to ask you because of Mr. Dodds. I *know* you didn't do it, and we've got to stop this beastly story before it gets round the village. Mr. Spokes, what shall we do?"

She pulled Tim back into his chair and the policeman looked from one to the other. He smiled rather wearily. Mr. Dodds had said some pretty strong things about young Spooner last night and unless he, P.C. Spokes, got to the bottom of it all, Tim and Mary were in for a mighty unpleasant time from the village. What a mess the whole thing was!

"What can you tell me, Spooner?"

Tim's mouth opened again to burst out with further fierce denials; then closed slowly as Mary leaned over and looked at him. He pulled a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one sullenly.

"Nothin'. I took Mary back to her place after the dance and then went 'ome myself." He frowned at the policeman. "That took me right past the hall again, and there wasn't no one about, neither. Just old Dodds, and we both said 'Goodnight' as I passed. He's telling lies if he says I

was hanging about, because I wasn't! It'd be just like the police to try and fix something on me over that—much easier to blame someone who's got a bad name than finding out who really done it. But I ain't done it, and if that old fool Dodds says I did I'll smash him!"

Tim looked over at Mary who was watching him quietly.

"You know I wouldn't go and do a thing like that, don't you, Mary?"

"Yes, dear, I know. Mr. Spokes, Tim didn't steal that money; honest he didn't. You—you're not going to do anything are you, arrest him or something?" She was suddenly very near tears.

P.C. Spokes shook his head. "No, nothing like that. But I've got to find out where that money's gone and you were on the spot, Spooner. Maybe someone else was as well, I don't know. Personally I don't think you did it, but that proves nothing. So be careful, very careful, what you do. I'll be around and sentiment won't stop me doing my job. And there'll be no 'smashing' of people, either—Dodds or anyone else—so watch out!"

He looked across at Mary and his face softened. "I'm sorry about this, Mary. Keep this firebrand of yours under control, and I should try to avoid the villagers for a few days. I tried to make Mr. Dodds promise he wouldn't talk about this, but I'm afraid he was in no mood for discretion.

"So be careful, both of you. And you, Spooner, behave yourself!"

(To be continued)

No Drink or Smoke

AN uncle of mine named Crossman told me the following story of an uncle of his, also named Crossman. While he was repairing the spire of the church at Castle Cary (Somerset) which had been partially destroyed in a thunderstorm, he sealed in the spire his old clay pipe and his tobacco tin on which was printed "Robert Crossman 1832" and while doing so was heard to vow that never again would he either drink or smoke.—
FLORENCE C. TOUT.

The Mayflower Family Centre

By THE REV. DAVID SHEPPARD

"**T**IME passeth: God remaineth." These words, written over the door of our Chapel, are particularly true of life in Canning Town. Fifty years ago, when Sir Reginald Kennedy Cox founded the first of the Dockland Settlements, the district suffered appalling housing conditions, totally inadequate education, widespread drunkenness, and open and unashamed immorality. And beneath all this lay the fear of unemployment bringing poverty and starvation.

Over the years, a lavish block of buildings, including theatre, indoor swimming bath and floodlit playground, has been built up, to help to mitigate such conditions and to provide club facilities for young and old. For various reasons it became impossible to continue work on such a scale.

In 1955, the Rev. David Gardner was appointed Chaplain, and since then, through the prayers and gifts of Christian people, others have been able to join him. Last year, when the Settlement was taken over by a new Committee under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Barking, I was invited to become the new Warden and was licensed on January 6th, 1958.

Our team is very conscious that the job is bigger than we are. We need more part time helpers, more money and, above all, more love and understanding. But we believe that God has called us to this work and that, therefore, He will supply all our needs.

The heavy war-time bombing altered the face of Canning Town. New flats and small houses have been erected on the blitz-flattened sites and many more are due to be built in the next few years. The colourful Rathbone Street market maintains a genuine East End atmosphere, and we hope to have a stall there for Christian literature.

There is little unemployment in the docks today and no real shortage of money, which makes all the more important a sense of responsibility in

its use. Few children go to grammar schools, so there is a crying need for some form of further education if youngsters are not to slip back to semi-literacy. Their horizons are pitifully cramped. Our task is to provide them with a 'telescope' with which they can enlarge their vision of life in all its fullness.

What is the Christian Church doing about the stolid godlessness of so many of our cities? At adolescence most of our Sunday School children drift out of our reach. Sometimes youth clubs can help them, but only too often the outlook of the clubs is not a Christian one. I believe that God is calling us at the Mayflower Family Centre to present the Christian message in a way that can readily be understood by these youngsters. An area around us is regarded by the local churches as our province. Here we aim to build a pyramid of a strong adult church fellowship, based on an even stronger and wider foundation of children's work through our Sunday Schools and clubs.

The "teenager" of today is more mature than his or her counterpart of fifty years ago. Our approach in working with them must recognise this fact. I hope that our Young Adult club will be a means of encouraging our youngsters in activities such as planning a home together. There will be plenty of scope for them to start experimenting in our own premises, which are greatly in need of interior decoration!

Attached to the Centre is a hostel where thirty people can be accommodated in single rooms. In time, we dream of developing a training centre where Christian men and women can come to learn more about the needs and opportunities of social work in different fields. This is our vision and only God can bring it about. "A great door and effectual is opened unto me," wrote St. Paul, "and there are many adversaries." No open door without the adversaries. So it is with us, yet—"God remaineth."

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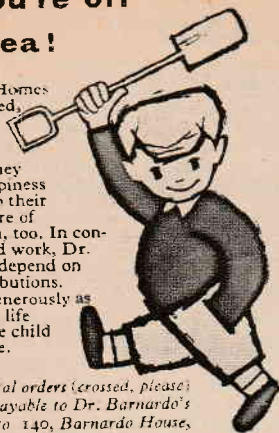
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Russell had little schooling, no college training or intellectual discipline. He had no special knowledge of either history or philosophy. Later, as his fame grew, he claimed to have a "working knowledge" of both Hebrew and Greek, the languages in which the Old and New Testaments were originally written. This proved to be a deliberate lie, for when in a court of law in 1913 a lawyer produced a Greek New Testament, Russell was forced to admit that he did not even know the Greek alphabet!! This point is important because, as we shall see, Russell claims to have a unique understanding of the Bible—even though he is unable to read it properly in its original!

Can we honestly believe that a man who deliberately boosts himself upon a lie, would be used by a righteous and holy God to proclaim to the world the Truth about Himself?

(To be continued next month).

LOCAL NEWS

OLD MARSTON SECONDARY SCHOOL.

The Duchess of Marlborough officially opened the School on May 22nd, in the presence of the Builders, Officials, School, Parents, Staff and Governors. It was a memorable and happy occasion. After a Dedication Service conducted by the late Vicar, the Archdeacon of Buckingham and the Revd. G. E. Beck, the Duchess was welcomed by the Chairman of the Governors, Professor V. T. Harlow. In an enjoyable speech the Duchess declared the School open. Kathleen Mason presented a bouquet, and to everyone's surprise Geoffrey Frost asked for a day's holiday. Although it was raining hard, an oak tree was planted near the main entrance. The many visitors later toured the buildings.

Evening Institute.

All will be interested to know that the County Authorities have decided to start an Evening Institute at the School in September. It is a chance to which we have looked forward for some time. Full details of how to obtain the courses you wish will be announced later in the Marston News.

Icknield Annual Sports.

Although the School did not participate fully; Rosemary Pether jumped the same height as the Senior Champion in the High Jump, which is most creditable in view of her age.

ST. NICHOLAS COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Summer Term ends on July 25th, and the Autumn Term commences on Wednesday, September 10th.

Schools Selection Examination Results. We are pleased to record that the following children qualified for places at Grammar Schools:—Ann Green, Jennifer Little, Pauline Miles, Marilyn Phillips, Dianne Webb, Graham Holt and John Swain.

Nicholas Marsh attained a sufficiently high standard to be considered as a "border-line" candidate.

School Extension. Work appears to be continuing satisfactorily on the building of three new classrooms, though whether they will be ready for use on September 10th is doubtful.

Swimming Classes. Some 40 children regularly attend these classes, under the instruction of Mr. R. Jenkins and Mr. C. H. Webby, at Long Bridges.

Among the distinguished visitors to the School during the past month was Sheik Ubrahim Kattan, Chief Inspector of Schools for Jordan. The Sheik spent a whole day studying our methods of instruction.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS IN MAY

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
May 4th.		4	16	6			
	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	1	6	Total :	9	18 0
May 11th.		4	6	6			
	Weekly Offering Scheme	4	15	6	Total :	9	2 0
May 18th.		4	12	4			
	Weekly Offering Scheme	6	8	3	Total :	11	0 7
May 25th.		8	19	3			
	Weekly Offering Scheme	5	10	9	Total :	14	10 0

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

- Apr. 20. Neil Michael Boddington.
 May 25. Brenda Joy Bell.
 Neil David Bennett.
 Janet Ann Greenwood.
 Susan Jane Potter.
 Mark Andrew Sullivan.
 June 15. Andrew James Davis Dunkley.
 Jessie May Dunkley.
 Lindsay Ruth Davis Dunkley.
 Nicholas Colin Perry.
 Colin Ware.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

- June 7. Roger Lloyd Houk and Brenda Gladys Carter.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR JULY

- July 1. Christening Reunion Party—3 p.m. at Vicarage.
 " 2. Young Wives—Annual General Meeting—7.45 p.m.
 " 3. Mothers' Union—Deanery Festival—3 p.m. in Cathedral.
 " 5. CHURCH FETE—2.30 p.m.
 " 6. FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon.
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. (Sunday School during sermon).
 Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
 " 8. Mothers' Union & Young Wives Garden Party at Vicarage, 3 p.m.
 " 9. Magazine Distributors' Tea Party at Vicarage, 3 p.m.
 " 13. SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. (Sunday School during sermon).
 Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
 " 20. SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. (Sunday School during sermon).
 Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
 " 27. EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
 Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. (Sunday School during sermon).
 Holy Baptism, 4 p.m.
 Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
 " 28. Parochial Church Council Meeting at 7.45 p.m.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES &c.

CHURCH.

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LOCAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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