

No. 4

June 1958

Price 4d.

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



Sunshine on Alpine Flowers

[Home Words.]

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH --- OLD MARSTON

SERVICES.

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

Saints' Days. Holy Communion 7.30 a.m.

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

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

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS & MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vicar: The Rev. Leslie V. Wright, The Vicarage, 11, Elsfeld Road.
Telephone 47034

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

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

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

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

Oxford.

My dear Friends,

I write this letter to you whilst taking a "busman's holiday" in my own native city of Brussels. It is a great pleasure and privilege to have been asked to take charge of the English Church here. It is said that a "prophet is not without honour save in his own country", but I am glad to say that so far the preaching of the Word of God seems to have been well received.

The thing that has struck me most vividly about Brussels, is that the Belgians are most progressive and certainly move with the times. In the course of only one year, they have constructed a most wonderful system of "flyovers" and "flyunders" (?), so that it is really possible to get about Brussels without the endless succession of hold-ups with which we are all too familiar. This is a city of over one million inhabitants, and I crossed it from North to South in a mere ten minutes.

All this presents a challenge to me. We are all of us tempted to think of the Church as a quaint old Institution almost unrelated to modern times; and all too often it is precisely that. Yet in the past it was the Church which always gave the lead, which pioneered for new and better conditions in education, in work, in health and so on. We need desperately to wake up, and to move with the times; and above all to present the Gospel of Jesus Christ to modern man in modern terms, so as to show him that Jesus is Lord today, as He was at the Reformation, as He always has been.

these coming weeks.

With all good wishes,
Your friend and Vicar,
LESLIE WRIGHT.

* * * * *

PLEASE REMEMBER TO VISIT THE MARSTON
MARKET being held on alternate weeks
at the READING ROOM from 10.15 -
11.15 a.m. Bring and Buy Stall -
the entire proceeds go to the Church
Restoration Fund, for which £700 is
needed. June 14th and 28th. July
12th and 26th

* * * * *

DONATIONS RECEIVED TO DATE FOR THE RESTORATION
FUND from: Miss Joan Bowerman, Mr. & Mrs.
Liles, Mr. & Mrs. Wren and Jennifer, per Mr.
Oliver (Weighing Machine and Church Box).

* * * * *

THE CHURCH FETE, SATURDAY JULY 5th

PLACE: The Orchard, Old Marston, (20, Oxford
Road, opposite the White Hart)

TIME: To be opened at 2.30 p.m. by MRS. T.B.
HEATON (Wife of the Diocesan Lay Secretary)

GRAND FANCY DRESS SHOW, AND BABY SHOW,
COMPETITIONS AND GAMES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

(Games include Aunt Sally, Darts, Skittles,
Quoits, Hoop-la and
such like)

LADIES' ANKLE COMPETITION

GIFTS: GARDEN PRODUCE: HOUSEHOLD STALL: WHITE
ELEPHANT AND JUMBLE: PONY RIDES: REFRESHMENTS:
TEAS: ICES: HOME-MADE CAKES & SWEETS: BOTTLE
STALL: YOUNG PEOPLE'S HANDICRAFTS.

Admission 6d (children under 14 3d)

2.40 p.m. Fancy Dress Parade for Children.
Entry Fee 6d (including admission to Fete). Please use entry form herewith. Further copies of Entry Form may be obtained from Mrs. Branch, 366 Marston Road, or Mr. Oliver, Marston Road P.O or from Programme Distributors. Entries to be made by July 1st, though some late entries may be received on the day. There will be three prizes for each class (10/-, 5/-, 3/-) and a number of consolation prizes.

CLASS ONE: Children of 5 years and under
CLASS TWO: Children of 6, 7, 8 and 9 years.
CLASS THREE: Children 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 years.

3.30 p.m. Baby Show. Classes 1-6 months, 6-12 months, 12-18 months. Entry Forms to be returned to Miss Liles, The Flat, 15 Mill Lane, Old Marston, by July 4th if possible.

6 - 6.30 p.m. Distribution of Prizes.

* * * * *
SUPPORT THE FETE TO RESTORE THE CHURCH
£700 IS NEEDED NOW
* * * * *

"What can I do to help the Church Fete?"

In response to enquiries about help which would be welcome, the following suggestions are made, in the hope that you will find just the ways in which you would like to help. Any gifts may be sent to those named below, or to the Vicarage, or Mr. B.G. Oliver, or can be collected.

(a) SECOND-HAND AND OUTGROWN CLOTHING, JUMBLE & WHITE ELEPHANTS: Everything will be welcome. Mrs. Barnsley, 13 Elsfield Road (Tel. 3579).

(b) GIFT STALL: Any articles suitable as gifts. Mrs. Harlow, Fir Tree House, 14 Oxford Road, (Tel: 3872).

(c) "EATS" AND REFRESHMENTS: The Refreshments

Committee is collecting Strawberries, Raspberries, Tinned Fruit, Grapes, Jellies, Synthetic Cream, Sandwich fillings, Tea, Sugar, Small Cakes, Tinned Salmon. Every little helps. Send it to Miss Smith, Fir Tree House, 14, Oxford Road, or to Mrs. Hammond, 76 Oxford Road.

(d) HOME-MADE CAKES AND SWEETS: Mrs. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.

(e) GARDEN PRODUCE AND HOUSEHOLD STALLS: Any items welcome. Garden produce; Mrs. R. Haynes, Cross Farm, 2 Oxford Road (Tel: 4570). Household Mrs Oliver, Marston Road Post Office, Tel: 3824.

(f) TOYS AND SMALL GIFTS: Miss A. Haynes, 10 Oxford Road.

(g) HANDICRAFTS: Miss Liles.

(h) BOTTLE of any kind, shape or content for the Bottle Stall. Mrs. Dunkley, 4 Haddow Road, New Marston.

(i) HELP IN PERSON with the preparation of The Orchard, at 7 p.m. on Wednesday July 2nd, Thurs. July 3rd and Friday July 4th. The help of many men is needed.

(j) GIFTS IN KIND OR CASH: for prizes at the Fancy Dress Competition and Stalls.

(k) CONTRIBUTIONS IN CASH towards any of the above. Please expect an official receipt from the Vicar or Treasurer for all money given.

If you are going away, you can still send along what you might have spent had you been present, and certainly we can all give of our prayer, thought, and good wishes, for the success of this day. That is why on Sunday June 29th at the 6.30 p.m. service, we shall especially dedi-

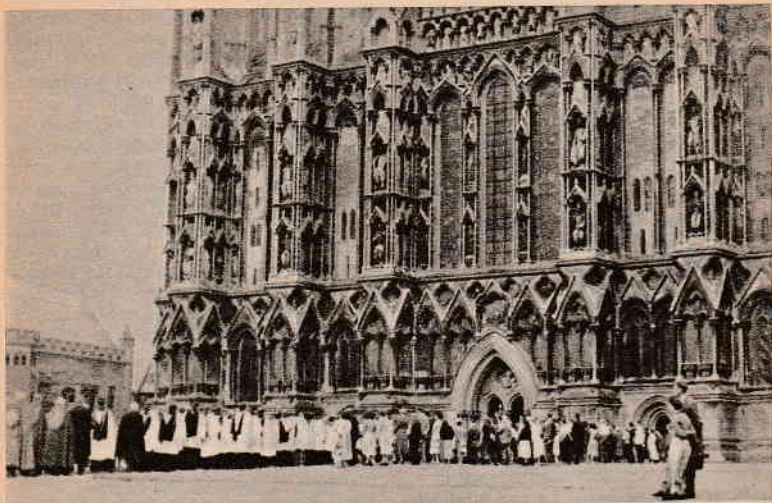


Photo by

Mrs. Kieffer

June Diocesan Choral Festival at Wells Cathedral (See page 84)

The Meaning of Numbers

BY THE REV. C. H. D. GRIMES

IN the Bible is a book called the Book of Numbers because in one of the chapters there is given an account of the numbering of the men of Israel. Few people realise how important numbers are in our life. They form the basis of arithmetic and statistics. Most girls seem to dislike arithmetic and a good many boys too, but you cannot go far if you can only count on your fingers.

It has often been asked: "Can animals count?" I think the answer to that question is that they cannot—though in circuses they can be taught to do wonderful things that look as if they could. There was once a horse—Clever Hans—who was supposed to do square roots and cube roots, but that was a fraud—his sharp eyes picked up small movements of his trainer's body. But the fact that men can make use of numbers is at the base of all our civilisation. Now let me point

out some curious facts you may not have thought of.

Take the number one. You read in the Bible: The Lord our God is one Lord. That was the greatest of all the discoveries of the Old Testament, that instead of there being many gods, as the nations around them believed, there was only one God. We do not easily realise how hard it was for mankind to come to that conclusion; many peoples have not yet arrived at it. Take the number two. We say there are two sides to every question. How many people seem now to be unable to comprehend this simple truth. A witty lecturer used to take into his class a ball painted on one side white and the other black, to ram home this truth.

Now take three. Have you ever noticed that your church is divided into three parts: Sanctuary, Choir, Nave. The same held true of the

Jewish Temple: Court of Gentiles, Court of Israelites and Temple proper for priests. Somehow we think it right that things should run in threes. Turn to the Litany and we get a run of three: Battle, murder and sudden death occurring many times; in our National Anthem, Victorious, Happy and Glorious. We hold in veneration the Sacred Trinity. In Ecclesiasticus we read: A three-fold cord is not quickly broken. The ancient view of the world was that it was a three-decker universe, made up of Heaven, earth and hell. Some governments have tried—not very successfully—a three-man rule. In some villages there is the superstition that if there is one funeral two will often follow quickly. Why is it unlucky to pass under a ladder? Because the wall, the ladder and the man under it (three things) give the impression of a gallows with a man hanging from it.

Four also seems to have a significance in human life. We talk of a man being "on the square" and of "giving a square deal." The Heavenly Jerusalem was four square and our church towers are square also. There are four corners of the world, four winds, four seasons, four weeks in the month, four points of the compass. In the Book of Revelation there were four creatures and most of our hymns have four-line verses. It looks as if squareness gives us a feeling of being right and fair.

But seven has probably more connotations than any other number. Because in Creation we read God rested on the seventh day, it acquired and has kept a sacred meaning. In the Book of Revelation this is especially brought out. There are seven golden candlesticks, seven Churches in Asia, seven angels, seven vials of wrath. In fact in this Book, 7 occurs more than 70 times. You will remember that when Our Lord was asked how many times a man should forgive his brother, He replied, "seventy times seven." There were also 70 members of the Jewish Sanhedrin. We have a belief that the seventh child is more gifted than the rest. We also speak of being at "sixes and sevens" when all is upside down.

Ten also is an important number. We count up to ten and then start all over again; it is a pivotal number. No doubt this is due to our having ten fingers and ten toes. It is interesting, too, to note that while X is the Latin sign for 10, V, half as it were of X, is the Latin sign for 5. Now we have ten commandments as the basis for our law. There were ten plagues in Egypt. We still have tithes or a tenth of our goods. We have a decimal system and we talk of a regiment being decimated. In former times there was a custom of taking one man in ten to serve as a soldier.

Finally, twelve seems to play a very important part in human life, if only because there are twelve months in the year. There are twelve signs of the Zodiac, which meant much to astrologers in the past and still does. Twelve Apostles, twelve tribes, twelve stones on the breast plate of the High Priest, twelve gates to the New Jerusalem made of twelve pearls, and we have a jury of twelve good men and true.

Forty is used quite often in the Bible: Forty years of wandering, forty days of Our Lord's Fast, St. Paul received forty stripes save one. It would appear to be a round number rather than an exact one.

It only remains to add that thirteen gets a bad name because, when Jesus sat down at the Last Supper with His Disciples, there were thirteen and two died violent deaths very shortly afterwards.

"GOD'S MERRY MEN"

The late Dean Inge once said, "I wonder if you have noticed how rarely laughter is mentioned in the Bible. I can recall only three verses in the Old Testament where laughter is mentioned except where someone is 'laughed to scorn.' St. Francis of Assisi would not tolerate grumpiness in his followers, who were called 'God's merry men' (*joculatores Dei*). Some of them found it such fun to be alive that they burst out laughing during divine service, for which they were duly whipped." But surely the rarity of mention of laughter in the Bible does not prove that it did not exist? Breathing is not mentioned a great deal!

MESSAGE OF COMFORT

BY PHILIP LEIGH

WEARILY old Martha Webster got down off the afternoon bus and struggled up the short incline to her cottage gate. "How many more times would it creak under her hand," she wondered. "Only a few days," the doctor had said. He had known that she wanted the truth and could face it. "All the same, it does give one a queer feeling," she thought.

"How many more times?" Her mind echoed as her key fumbled its way into the lock.

She passed slowly inside, took off her cloak and bonnet and poked the fire mechanically before she sank with relief into her old rocking chair. Her eyes wandered over the room, resting on the time-worn treasures that she loved; on the old oak dresser that had been handed down step by step from her great-grandfather; on the blue Wedgwood plates, last remnants of a wedding present to her parents; on the prancing bronze horses that adorned the corners of the high mantelpiece; on the trusty timekeeper in the centre, ticking away in its miniature Greek temple of veined marble; on the faded photographs of loved ones in the clothes of by-gone days, who had long since departed on that journey which she herself was so soon to take; on the gleaming brass candlesticks and fire-irons and on the old family Bible, her faithful friend and counsellor.

Gradually the old familiar things brought relaxation to her mind and she leaned back with closed eyes, wandering in memory through forty years of midwifery in Maybower and the surrounding farms. She felt very thankful that she had done a useful job and had never shirked it. Bit by bit, she settled more deeply against the cushions and she was dozing peacefully when the door opened after a gentle tap and her niece entered, a chubby, cheerful woman in the middle thirties.

"Hello, Auntie. What did they say?" She asked brightly as Martha

struggled back to consciousness.

"Thank you for coming, Maggie. Just brew a pot of tea, lass, and then I'll tell you all about it."

The younger woman's face wore a serious look as she set about the job. "Auntie wouldn't have said that if the news were good," she thought to herself.

"Now, Auntie. What is it? Please tell me," she pleaded when the tea was poured out.

"I know you're fond of me, Maggie lass. Happen it'll upset you a bit. You see, my dear, I'm going to leave you—pretty soon."

"Oh, Auntie. You poor dear. I do wish I'd come with you now. You shouldn't have been all alone at a time like that."

"Don't take on so, dearie. You've got your life to live and mine's nearly done. It's been a long one—and happy. We've all got to finish some time. I only hope it'll be quick and quiet; then I shan't be a nuisance. I'd hate that."

Maggie knew what the old lady meant. She wasted no time in idle protests but set herself to chatter naturally and cheerfully. She was rewarded when her aunt showed reviving interest in the friendly village gossip.

At five o'clock Maggie got up. "I'll just get you something to eat now, Auntie, and then I'll slip along and see to John and the children. I'll be back as quick as I can."

She left soon afterwards in the falling dusk. "Don't hurry back, lass. I'm all right," Martha assured her.

The old lady had her meal, then washed up and tidied in her usual way. She was just about to sit down again when the sound of hurried steps and a loud knock on the door startled her. It opened before she could get there and a rather dishevelled-looking man of about forty called out, "Are you there, Martha?"

"Yes, Jim. Whatever is it, lad?"

"Can you come quick? Jennie's

(Continued on page 94)

Church News and Views

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

Village Treasure

THE treasured South door of Barfreston Church, Kent, has a centre stone which represents "Our Lord in Glory." Mythical animals and birds are represented by butting rams, the peacock whose flesh was believed to be incorruptible, human headed beasts, dragons and even a hedgehog. The archstones represent men at arms, the lady of the manor house, the minstrel with his viol, the cellarer, the estate steward, the labourer, the forester, the woodreve and the miller, while the last three show significant Biblical scenes.—G. CROWTHER.



Village Treasure



A Sweet Child

THIS delightful study of a small child is depicted in a stained glass window in Thetford Church, Norfolk. There must be few of equal charm.—J. D. ROBINSON.

14 Verses of a Hymn (See page 81)

EVERY year in June a beautiful service is held at Wells, in Somerset. Here the choirs of all the churches in North Somerset that come under the Diocese of Bath and Wells meet to join in prayer and song. The photograph shows the last of the procession of clergy, which is so long that the choirs within the Cathedral sing a hymn of fourteen verses before the last have filed into the church.—MRS. KIEFFER.

60 Years as Parish Clerk

MR. S. W. HAWFORD, of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, has completed 60 years as parish clerk and sexton. He claims that he has never missed a service. He started bell-ringing at the age of 13 and at 83 is still a ringer.—F. F. SMITH.

Hospitality

HERE is an extract from a letter to a 13th century Bishop of Chichester from his steward: "The Archbishop is moving about Sussex. He will stay one night at . . . your manor at Preston. He means to be lodged there at his own cost, but you had better offer to defray it; it will look well, and I know he will not accept."—MISS F. M. BALLARD.

Seven Out of Eight

SOME years ago, in the parish of St. Mary's, Hampden Park, Eastbourne, the following church officials and workers resided in adjacent houses; the Curate-in-Charge (in the Parsonage); Vicar's Warden; Canon; People's Warden; then the Church and grounds; choir member; Treasurer of Church Council; and Sunday School Teacher. Seven church workers out of eight residences.—F. L. PARRY.

The Bellman called

RICHARD BENETLYE was a native of Leicester. He learned his trade as bellfounder under the famous old firm of the Newcombe's, later setting up on his own, traveling the Midlands with a temporary furnace casting and recasting bells. One of his bells at Passenham (South Northants), the fourth of the five, bears this inscription: "A TRVSTY FRENDE IS HARDE TO FYNDE, 1585."—P. AMOS.

Aged 7777

THE age of a deceased man in a tombstone inscription in the churchyard at Llangynwyd, in Glamorganshire, is given as 7777. The reason for this astonishing statement is that the stone mason responsible for it was illiterate, was unable to carve the figures 28, and got out of it by carving four figure sevens in a row.—F. CURTIS.



How Many Twins ?

Eleven!

IN our Bible Classes and Sunday Schools of 650 members here at Bispham Parish Church, the Mother Church of Blackpool, we have no less than eleven sets of twins with ages ranging from 4 to 14. I think that this is probably a record for any church in the whole of the country.—THE REV. S. H. P. ENSOR.

Chorister for 73 years

MR. HERBERT CHIVERTON recently retired from the office of verger and sexton of Chale Parish Church in the Isle of Wight. He has been a chorister for 73 years. As rectory gardener, he won prizes at many flower shows, and the rectory garden is considered a show piece.—F. F. SMITH.



The Saint of Hares

The Saint of Hares

THIS Norman church of Pennant Melangell stands in a beautiful, remote valley in Montgomeryshire and is famous for the former shrine of St. Melangell or Monacella, whose legend is that she saved a hunted hare from the hounds of a Prince of Powys, and so became the patron saint of hares. They are carved on the screen in the church. The little room built on to the east wall is believed to have contained the shrine.—MISS M. WIGHT.

The English Church in Copenhagen

BY R. MACCULLAGH

THE British visitor to Copenhagen, the beautiful Danish capital by the Baltic, will be agreeably surprised to find a place of worship where only English is spoken. St. Albans, the English Church, is set amidst green trees and reflected in a little lake. The situation is excellent, for the church is not only near the Gefion Fountain and the park-like promenade of Langelinie, but is very near the harbour. British ships berth quite close by this promenade and the crews have the opportunity of attending Divine Service. Every summer many British yachts moor in a little haven very close to the church.

Near by can be seen Stefan Sinding's famous statue Valkyrie, through which the war maiden of Odin is lifted out of the land of legend. And not far away by the water sits in pensive mood the bronze figure of "Den lille Havfru"—The Little Mermaid.

A perusal of old records kept at a time when there were English chaplains in Copenhagen (but no church building) reveals that the majority of burials here were those of young British men and boys from the old sailing ships. Can we assume that serving on the Baltic trade ships was too hard for youngsters at that time?

Interesting information may be gleaned from the church records. It is noted that in 1863 eight Brit-



The English Church, Copenhagen

ish ship-masters signed a Resolution authorising contributions of two Rigsdaler (Danish currency) from each ship yearly to the Agent, to be given to the church. That list of masters, with their signatures beside each ship's name and port, calls to mind a vision of the stately sailing craft of old. We find the brig *Dove* out of Amble, the *Rebecca* out of Whitby, and the *John* out of Belfast. Like these old ship-masters, my family and I came under sail into Copenhagen, and partook of the ancient tradition. The 1863 Resolution stated "that such advantage (i.e. the



Stefan Sinding's Valkyrie

British Church) should be duly prized by those of our calling."

I once saw this church filled by hundreds of British blue-jackets. The first convoy to relieve the city had sailed in via the Kattegat from Scotland. It was inspiring to see the British seamen on that Trinity Sunday, 1945, marching from the British cruiser *Dido*, headed by the First Lieutenant and the Royal Marines Band.

St. Albans, the name of the church, refers to the saint of that name whose relics were brought from Ely to a Danish church one thousand years ago by King Canute IV. St. Albans Church is not old. The opening and dedication ceremony was in the year 1885. It was a brilliant function attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, King Christian IX and Queen Louisa of Denmark, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, Bishops, the Corps Diplomatique, Captains and Officers of the Royal Yachts *Dannebrog* and *Osborne*, hussars and blue-jackets.

The Nihilist terrorists were active in Europe and because of the presence of the Czar there was a search for explosives. During the singing of the *Te Deum* an equerry thought there was a Nihilist behind the organ with some infernal machine. In great agitation he crossed over to the Rector. That good man, very upset, investigated and found the organ-blower working away! Salutes were fired after the two ships' bells (loaned by the Navy Yard) were rung from the steeple, and the warships and Royal yachts flew decorations to their mastsheads. The very names of those Royal yachts evoke nostalgic memories—*Osborne*, *Pole Star*, *Czar-evitch*, *Victoria* and *Albert*. In those far off days the harbour of Copenhagen received them, and the guns of the assembled warships thundered their salutes. Nowadays the opening and dedication of new churches are rather more informal!

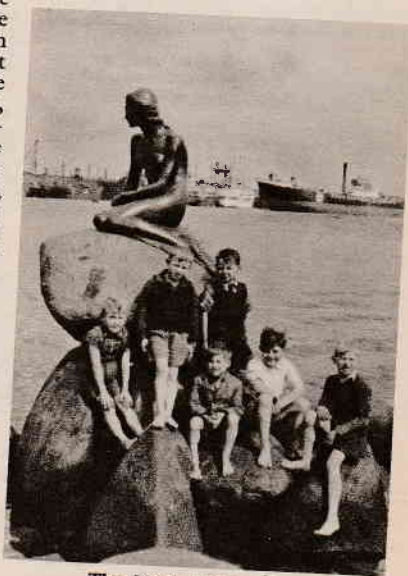
That night, as part of the celebrations, a splendid banquet followed in the great hall of Fredensborg Castle. Between the lines of guests, the handsome old King and Queen of Denmark came bowing, followed by

the Czar of all the Russias and the Czarina "glittering from head to foot" with diamonds, and then the King and Queen of Greece and twenty-five Princes and Princesses.

The British community in Copenhagen find in St. Albans Church a centre of interest for their Christian work. Very often Danes attend the services that are held twice on Sundays, for most Danes speak English and admire our way of life. Danish students come here, too, and improve their English by singing and listening to the service. As a seaman I have always looked forward to the haven here, for the church, as well as meaning other things, means a touch of home after the loneliness of the sea.

The intercourse between Denmark and Britain has been long and close; only last year our own Queen and her sailor husband, Prince Philip, paid a State Visit to Denmark. Both peoples are seafaring folk.

The British community did well in siting their church beside the harbour, at once seen by every seaborne visitor to Copenhagen.



The Little Mermaid

Weekday Pages FOR WOMEN with Homes

Conducted by
Miss E. M. HARDING



Photo by
Leafy June W. A. Ramsay

Monday's Washing

Pleats.—When washing any pleated garment, treat it as you would a "permanently pleated" one, keeping in the pleats as far as possible when squeezing and hanging out. You will find that the pleats last very well from the previous ironing and you will thus save much time and trouble.—MRS. B. M. CHERRY.

No dip.—Before washing a cotton circular skirt, tack round the bottom edges, sewing them together; allow to dry and when ironed take the tackings out. This prevents the skirt from dipping either at the back or front.—MISS M. KNOWLES.

Puff sleeves.—When washing the puff sleeves of a child's dress, stand the iron on end, slip the sleeve over toe of iron, running the sleeve up and down, so that the point of iron reaches into each gather. This is far simpler and gives a better result than ironing the sleeve flat in the usual way.—MRS. B. HOLD.

Tuesday's Sewing

Curtains.—When drawing Rufflette tape in curtains from side to side, draw from the centre after you have made each end secure, fasten off with a loose knot which can easily be undone before washing. You don't then have the untidy ends showing at each side of the curtains when hanging.—MRS. A. G. PEARSON.

Pockets.—When making aprons, etc., be sure, for pockets, to cut the material double thickness; it is surprising how much longer they will last. Also for heavy winter coats I always use an elastic tab for hanging them up.—MRS. H. SHAW.

Stitches.—When machining tweed containing two or more colours, the stitches will be far less conspicuous if the upper and lower cottons of the machine are in two different predominating colours of the material.—MISS S. BROOKE.

Add to zip.—Stitch a piece of stiff ribbon, one inch wide, behind a zip fastener, this will prevent it from catching on your underwear. Stitch it down one side and across both ends.—MISS H. M. SMITH.

When repairing frayed edges of bath towels bind with crêpe bandage instead of tape. The bandage washes beautifully and does not pucker the edges.—MRS. MYLER.

Rods.—When it is found difficult to get a curtain rod through the folds of net curtains, slip a piece of adhesive tape over the rod and it will go through quite easily.—MISS HOWARD.

Grips.—Use straight hair grips in place of bone stiffeners in men's and boys' shirt collars; they stay neatly in place and don't bend.—MRS. M. McNEICE.

Wednesday's Nursing

Before using a new packet of cotton wool, unroll it and place in front of the fire, where the heat will cause it to swell to twice its size. By this method it will go much further than in its original state.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Thursday's Cooking

New laid eggs—When frying new laid eggs, to save whites from running, stand pastry cutter in fat in pan and break egg into it; spoon the hot fat over till set, then take the cutter away. Many more can also be fried in the same pan if several cutters are used.—MRS. B. PITTS.

Fine sugar.—I find half-a-teaspoonful of fine sugar, put into a biscuit tin, will keep either plain or sweet biscuits fresh and crisp.—SISTER M. HOLMES.

Keep a coin in the gas meter, actually standing in the slot, ready to push in directly the gas goes out. This saves time and bother when a cake is in the oven.—MRS. H. RICHARDSON.

In bags.—I always buy my self-raising flour in cloth bags. When I make a suet roll or plum pudding, I just wrap it up in greaseproof paper and pop it into a flour bag to boil. It's so easy just to untie one end and tip out pudding on to a dish. The bag can be burnt afterwards, no greasy pudding cloth to wash and a new bag every week for another pudding. Also good for storing dried peas, beans, etc.—MRS. BULLEN.

Friday's Household

With a hacksaw I cut an inch off the tip of an old tablespoon, and now find the flattened spoon useful for getting all the creamed potatoes, blanchmange, porridge, oats, etc., out of a saucepan—more for the table and a cleaner saucepan to wash out.—MRS. L. H. FOSTER.

Dull knife.—When a bread-saw knife has become dull, give it a new long life by firmly drawing a hacksaw blade between the notches.—MRS. E. DAVIES.

Ball pen stains.—Here is a hint for removing ball pen stains. Soak a pad of cotton wool in methylated spirit, and dab stain until it disappears. Works well on white nylon.—MRS. E. WALTERSON.

Nylon gloves.—I find that wearing nylon gloves when putting on nylon stockings prevents threads being caught by finger nails or rings. I also find it handy to sew coloured tape on tea cloths; it makes them easier to see when hanging up on hooks.—MISS E. M. KING.

Rugs.—I find this is an excellent remedy for preventing bedroom rugs from turning up at the corners. From an old pair of corsets draw a bone, then run it into the end of the rug. This will prevent it from being kicked up and it's not seen either.—MRS. H. FAIRWEATHER.

Use a zip.—When making cushion covers, stitch a zip fastener on the open end. This is neater than the usual method and saves time when they are removed for washing.—MISS F. ROBINSON.

Banging Door.—To stop a door from banging, get a shoulder pad and sew a piece of cord across the top of it on the inside and outside of the door handles.—MRS. BARTLETT.

Save space.—If you are short of space in the linen cupboard, try rolling bath towels instead of folding them into neat squares. They will take up much less space, and will last longer with not being constantly in the same crease. It is an old navy trick and sailors do care.—MRS. M. HILTON.

Saturday's Children

Toffee.—When making "toffee", add a pinch of cream of tartar to the sugar, vinegar, butter, when it is nearly ready to pour out about 7 minutes after the above ingredients come to the boil.—MISS H. KING.

Breakages.—Children occasionally are the cause of breakages. A year or two ago I was very grieved when a very beautiful vase was broken, and could not be replaced. For mending it I was told to try common alum melted in an iron spoon over heat. Broken pieces must be quite clean at the edges, placed together with the alum, and left to set, tied together with a piece of tape if necessary. The mended vase has been washed in hot water, and the fact that it has been mended has not been detected by anyone.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

. 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

Peeping Tom

Miss D. Tyler



THE MAKING OF AN ARTIST

BY HOOLE JACKSON

Chapter VI

THE *Garnerer* lies in her grave of the sea as I pen these lines to conclude the story of Jimmy and Mavena. The sea lies before me, smooth as a sheet of liquid glass, shot with iridescent hues. Jimmy and Mavena! I should be a poor storyteller if I gave you the end of the chapter before it is well begun!

When the gale fell in its fury upon the fishing-fleet, Old Elijah had anticipated it from some sign in the sky; but he felt that there was time to get in his precious lines without endangering the lives of his crew. They were aboard, the catch a good one, and turning for home, when the engine failed.

Jack Harvey, the engineer, toiled among them, with the seas first shaking and then battering the hull until Jack was often flung from his hold as he toiled with his tools to right the fault. Twice he was torn away and hurled savagely against the steel amid which he crouched. He

loved his engines as men of his order do, and the time he spent aboard in harbour between sea-going assured the *Garnerer* a reputation for good fortune with her driving-power below.

Now, his head bled from a jagged wound; his shoulder ached from a blow against the little iron vertical ladder which led to the small hatchway opening on deck. With teeth gritted against the pain, and his handkerchief used as a bandage, he was streaked with oil and almost-blind from his aching temple.

The seas grew worse. He heard the mainmast crash on deck, and feet running to cut away the wreckage. He felt the drag of the strong little boat until the wreckage was cut clear. Thank God for Elijah on deck! On toiled Harvey, seeking to trace the fault, and ever the seas grew worse and the wind increased in violence. He did not need to be on deck to know in which direction the *Garnerer* would be driven.

Harvey shook his fists above his head, as if he would defy the wind and

the great waves, and then went on with a grim determination. His beloved engine had never failed him before! How had the other boats fared? Fish thoughts crossing his troubled mind as might shadows on a screen, he worked on and on, patient; the epitome of man defying the dark powers of the universe. One thought prevailed; he must not fail Elijah whose skill kept that craft afloat in such a storm by the accumulated knowledge of a long lifetime on the sea.

The mizzen had been hoisted, and by that and inspired use of the wheel, Old Elijah, his grand old eyes alert, his body feeling every tremor of the fibres of his little ship, held his battered craft to meet the sweeping sea bow-on. There were times when he was forced to turn, in the very teeth of the gale, and run before it. He was playing for time and praying that, down below, Harvey would master the driving-force he needed to win home.

Now and then one of the crew reached Harvey and then took word to Elijah. Suddenly there was the long awaited tremor aboard. A great shout went up; a roar from seamen's lungs. "He's done it!" roared one. "Jack's done it!"

Old Elijah peered into the murk ahead. Too near! A darker shadow loomed ominously. For a moment heaven granted the old man at the wheel a brief glimpse of the great cliffs, and he knew they were close by the Devil's Mouth. The engines were not running with their accustomed power, but there was enough to win the *Garnerer* from the waiting jaws of the deadly rocks.

Then Old Elijah was driven once into the waiting, swirling waters. Twice he won her free by sheer skill of hand and brain. Then the engine weakened—stopped. This time, when the engine purred to full life, a shock had shivered through the hull of the *Garnerer*. The drag told every man aboard that she had hit and was held. How badly?

The pumps sprang to life as a man crawled below to find out how she was making water. He came

up fast, and with the story of what had seen below in his eyes. Elijah turned his craft. Could drive her to that one spit of sea his mind saw as if it were a chart was heavy to handle. She was drag and fall victim to the rocks which would tear her to pieces. Nearer nearer drew the great cliffs.

Old Elijah held the wheel steady and then, of a sudden, he turned craft in almost her own length. Seaward came the sound of the he knew so well. The life Better the open sea and her seas by than the rocks and reefs, he sighted the lifeboat, in the rocket-line in that spot! A man been fired twice to tell Elijah a crew that help was there, where

Out to sea, sinking lower and lower the great swell, Elijah drove her he sighted the lifeboat, in the moment that Mavena saw the *Garnerer* low on the sea comb, and how low she was in water. So near—

Mavena swung the lifeboat hull to hull in line. Then the *Garnerer* was fired and fell cutting across the doomed fishing-boat. Eager to take and secured it, as Jack came tumbling up on deck from the little engine-room which was half-filled with water.

Safe! The lifeboat was drawn close alongside when the worst last most fearful gust of the storm took her broadside on, and she heaved over until Elijah could see glistening water running from keel. She righted herself—but an unexpected lurch had flung her into the boiling seas.

Mavena gave only one wild cry of despair. She swung the wheel as the lifeboat righted, so that Jimmy swimming desperately, had a moment when wind and wave were held from him. The skill was almost beyond mortal dreaming. It was a heaven-sent second that one of the crew caught Jimmy's lifebelt to the boat-hook, and a moment later she was hauled back to safety.

Then, one by one, Old Elijah and the men of the *Garnerer* were hauled to safety. Exhausted, the old man gazed with amazement at the fig-

the great waves, and then went on in grim determination. His beloved engine had never failed him before! How had the other boats fared? With thoughts crossing his troubled mind as might shadows on a screen, he worked on and on; patient; the epitome of man defying the dark powers of the universe. One thought prevailed; he must not fail Elijah whose skill kept that craft afloat in such a storm by the accumulated knowledge of a long lifetime on the sea.

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The pumps sprang to life as a man crawled below to find out how fast she was making water. He came

up fast, and with the story of what he had seen below in his eyes. Old Elijah turned his craft. Could he drive her to that one spit of sand his mind saw as if it were a chart? She was heavy to handle. She might drag and fall victim to the rocks which would tear her to pieces. Nearer and nearer drew the great cliffs.

Old Elijah held the wheel steady—and then, of a sudden, he turned his craft in almost her own length. From seaward came the sound of the siren he knew so well. The lifeboat! Better the open sea and her standing-by than the rocks and rescue by rocket-line in that spot! A rocket had been fired twice to tell Elijah and his crew that help was there, ashore.

Out to sea, sinking lower and lower in the great swell, Elijah drove her. Then he sighted the lifeboat, in the same moment that Mavena saw the hull of the *Garnerer* low on the heaving comber, and how low she was in the water. So near—

Mavena swung the lifeboat to be hull to hull in line. Then the lifeline was fired and fell curling over the doomed fishing-boat. Eager hands took and secured it, as Jack Harvey came tumbling up on deck from the little engine-room which was already half-filled with water.

Safe! The lifeboat was drawing close alongside when the worst and last most fearful gust of the storm took her broadside on, and she heeled over until Elijah could see the glistening water running from her keel. She righted herself—but the unexpected lurch had flung Jimmy into the boiling seas.

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Then, one by one, Old Elijah last, the men of the *Garnerer* were hauled to safety. Exhausted, the old man gazed with amazement at the figure of

his grand-daughter at the lifeboat wheel. She could not leave her post. He was too exhausted to rise from where willing hands had helped him to a seat in the place designed for the rescued. He looked at the *Garnerer*—slowly she settled into the deep, and the old man turned away as a great sea swept in. When he glanced again, she was gone.

O'Malley drove me home, as a signal from lifeboat to rocket team told of the rescue with a brevity that held nothing of the moments of drama and suspense. We reached St. Ven before the lifeboat ran into her harbour moorings, and all the folk of the little place rushed out to greet her as her siren sounded triumphantly.

No need to go over those scenes, or how Jimmy was put to bed by Ben, and Susan tended him as might a sister. Nor need, either, to retell how that rescue story was flashed to the newspapers, and a soaked but happy reporter fled back to his office in Porthenda to write the sea-tale of his life, while a photographer rushed to St. Ven, and begged, coaxed, and bullied people into having their pictures taken for the next issue of the *Porthenda Observer*.

I was sitting in my study when a hatless figure, monocle streaming behind him as he ran, darted through the vicarage gateway, opened my door, and dashed into the study.

"You haven't seen it," he gasped. "You haven't heard about it, John. Come man, come—never mind your hat. No, there's nothing wrong. Everything's *right*. Wonderfully right. You'll never believe it. I couldn't. Takes your breath away. A big 'un, too. Genius—sheer genius—"

He had me by the hand, as I rose from my chair. He was rushing me down my little driveway before I realised I was out of the house. By the time we reached Jimmy's studio I was beginning to understand that O'Malley wasn't quite mad, and that he was speaking, if his wild gasps of words could be called speech, about Jimmy's picture.

When I entered that room, where O'Malley had castigated Jimmy's work, and looked at the great canvas

on the easel, I was glad O'Malley *had* rushed me there as if he were a madman. Nothing else could have prepared me for what I saw.

Mavena was sitting in a chair, her eyes wet with tears. Jimmy was on the studio floor beside her, with such an expression of worship on his face that it was at those two I gazed for some moments before O'Malley seized me by the shoulders and turned me to gaze on the canvas. The fleeting glimpse I had taken on entering was enough to tell me that Jimmy had painted his picture, at last.

The lifeboat! There it was, as all who love the craft of mercy would have them limned. It was as if Jimmy had poured his soul into her, and yet, it was not the boat, the life invested in her, the magnificence of wave and story of the gale painted into cloud and sea that held the attention. What took the eye was the central figure. Jimmy had painted what the film-people would call a close-up of the boat, so that it was as if the lifeboat had been painted by an artist crouched in the bow as she rose on the swell of the great wave; the terror and glory of the sea shown by the mass of water heaved high beyond her stern.

Mavena! She was there at the wheel, her head upflung a little, the water dripping from her sou'wester, the fine moulding of her face and its high-cheekbones clear cut as if etched to perfection by the storm, and the colour deep red in the natural bronze of her healthy face. The crew loomed large in their oilskins, and, above the boat as if to let a light upon it, was one tiny gap in the utter blackness of the sky—not of blue sky revealed, as if to herald the end of the storm, but a pallor that only served to heighten the storm-effect of the painting.

I felt like falling back before the immensity of it. I glanced at the slight figure of Jimmy, and wondered whence such power from so frail a man. Here was something which recalled those pictures of the greatest Victorian painters. Yet it was not hampered by any fashion of art. It would be among the timeless, surely!

O'Malley alone let loose his exuberance. Darting here and there to

different vantage points in the studio to confront it through his monocle, begging us to see this touch and that.

"See how he's contrived that one pallid patch in the sky—now *come* here; catch that angle of the face of the man with the line in hand! Now—*over here*—you can see how he got the slant of the boat, so that she seems to be driving right on to us as we stand here."

We were all so happy in our different ways. Old Elijah joined us later. To my surprise I found that he had been the first to see the picture, not Mavena. Jimmy had gone to him one afternoon when Mavena was shopping in Porthenda.

"Would you come and look at the picture I've painted?" he begged. "I'm afraid to show it to Mavena or Mr. Peters—yet. You'll know if it seems real enough to let Mavena see."

Old Elijah told me he went with some misgiving, knowing what O'Malley's opinion had been of the other picture.

"I don't know anything about art, Mr. Peters," he told me. "I don't know much about why the critics call one picture good and another bad, or why they make a fuss about one writer and ignore another. I only know that the words of the Old Book stir you as no others can. That psalms *sing* without music, and the words of a tale are few. I know when a picture shakes me until I could weep—but that's all I know."

He had gone with Jimmy, and the moment he saw the great canvas, he knew in his old heart that it was grand. "That's her—that's the lifeboat, son," he had said to Jimmy. "There's my Mavena—you've made the two one, as I might say. Boat and woman, they belong to each other, and the storm can have no power over them. You'd best let me send Mavena in to you, when she comes back from Porthenda. Reckon there isn't a lifeboatman in the world that won't want to have that picture."

Jimmy sat down, almost overcome, and Old Elijah patted him on the shoulder. "Paint on, son," he said. "It's same as with the sea. You'll never know all about painting,

no more than I'll ever know all about the sea. Only the God Who made the waters knows all about them. Only He Who put the desires in our minds to work at this or that knows the power that stirs one to do greater things than another."

When Mavena came, she was already stirred by her grandfather's obvious faith in the picture. Jimmy had painted on alone. He had sketched Mavena too often not to know her features by heart and also made studies of her in pencil. Somehow the feeling was in him that if he asked her to sit as model, in oilskin and sou'wester, he might miss the etching of her in his mind, bitten deep, as the lifeboat sailed under the wonder of her hands.

He made sketches of the lifeboat, making sure of every detail; he spent hours trying to capture the storm sky. From the welding of all these things came what we stared at in wonder, marvelling that the mediocre could blossom into genius—or was it that our eyes were blinded before to what must have lain dormant in Jimmy, and which O'Malley had sensed but knew not how to awake?

That picture, "The Lifeboat," might have been O'Malley's, the way he led friends—and sometimes amazed strangers—to view it on the wall at the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. It drew many eyes. Even the "moderns" claimed it as belonging to their school. The press found it made good news when coupled with "back-flashes" to the story of Mavena's rescue of her grandfather and his crew. So there was a nine day wonder for Jimmy and Mavena—and then the picture began to go round the world in the shape of copies.

"What lovely eyes—what bone-work in that face!" I overheard a lady beside me say to a friend, as I stood proudly, catalogue in hand, looking at "my Jimmy's picture."

My Jimmy! Almost! Mavena looked up at me with those beautiful eyes as I gave her and Jimmy my marriage blessing and talk, in the dear old church packed with the sea-folk of St. Ven. I wished that I might have seen those eyes as she steered the life-

boat to her grandfather's rescue, but the expression of love in them for Jimmy was enough for me.

I had almost forgotten that I meant to ask Jimmy's opinion of the few remaining pictures from my predecessor's collection. Now Jimmy was famous, with an opinion which would carry weight, I hesitated to ask him to look over pictures which were probably the least valuable of the previous vicar's collection.

"I'm no great judge, John," he told me, for he had long ago been persuaded to call me by my Christian name, as I had called him from the start. "Because a man writes a good book or paints a fine picture, he isn't of necessity the born critic of the work of others. He may understand theirs less, especially if he's not so great, and be a little envious without knowing it."

We had the pictures down one

bright day, and among them was a painting in what to me seemed the Dutch manner—a very fine interior, with a glance through an open window of a scrap of landscape. Jimmy was taken with this, and his opinion proved right. He and O'Malley soon arranged for its disposal—and very lucratively, too.

There would be money to renovate and adorn my beloved old church, and to aid work in the parish that was so near to my heart. There would be something for a donation to the life-boat which woke the divine spark in Jimmy—through a woman's eyes; and, as I knelt alone before the altar in thankfulness one evening, I thought of those two and Old Elijah settled in their beautiful old cottage, and wondered what better life could hold than *this*, coupled with service granted to the Father of All.

THE END

MESSAGE OF COMFORT (Continued from page 83)

having her baby a bit early. The doctor's up at Moorland Farm on the same kind of a job and this new young midwife's fast with a sprained ankle."

Martha's first thought was, 'I can't,' followed immediately by, 'I must try.'

"All right, Jim," she promised. "But I can't hurry nowadays. You go on and get ready; you know what I need; you've been through this a few times."

Leaving a note for Maggie, she followed Jim as best she could. She was very glad to find she was in time. It proved an easy case and Jim was able to help a lot, but she was very relieved when Maggie arrived to take her home. She felt terribly tired.

As they went slowly down the road, her niece took her gently to task for going, but the old lady had her answer.

"You've heard these words a few times, haven't you, Maggie? 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.' It seems He's taking me but He's used me to help give a new life in my place. I'm thinking it's not a bad way to end."

Maggie's protests were silenced as she hugged the old arm leaning so heavily on her own.

When they entered the cottage, Martha sank down thankfully in her chair. "I'll rest here awhile before I climb the stairs," she said breathlessly. "Just get me another cup of tea, dear, and pass me the Bible to look at while you're making it."

Maggie put the heavy book on the table. She knew the old lady read a passage every night before going to bed, and that in times of stress, she would open it at random and read those words on which her eyes should happen to fall. Martha asserted that she had never done that in vain; that she had always found a 'message of comfort,' as she called it. She used to fold the tasselled red silk marker and place it under the words so that she could find them again easily when she wished.

When Maggie put the cup of tea down beside her, she asked softly: "Did you find your message, Auntie?"

"Yes, I did, Maggie. I have given thanks for it."

Delicacy of feeling restrained Maggie from venturing further into

private and hallowed ground. She busied herself with a few jobs about the cottage and then settled down beside the fire opposite her aunt to tackle a bundle of darning she had brought with her.

The old lady was nodding again and soon she slept. Her shallow breathing and the ticking of the clock were the only sounds in the room. From time to time, Maggie glanced tenderly at the valiant old face, now so tired and worn. She had always loved its placid strength.

Her thoughts wandered as she plied her needle with effortless efficiency. After a while she became vaguely conscious of some slight change but its exact nature eluded her. She was expecting John and suddenly wondered whether the clock had stopped. But no; it was still ticking away. At that moment she heard his step. As she rose to meet him, she realised that it was the other sound that had ceased. Startled and fearful, she paused, her fingers on her lips. John, entering quietly, gave her a look of anxious

enquiry.

"I think she has just died in her sleep," she whispered. Her husband went over and reverently examined the still figure.

"Yes," he said quietly at last. "She's gone."

As he straightened himself, his eyes fell on the open Book; on the words underlined by the neatly folded marker. Gently, in the deep, resonant voice that Maggie loved so well, he read the message that had brought to Martha the comfort she so sorely needed.

"Now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be." (Job 7. 21).

The Wise Rook

"We shrink from rains and flaws,
We seek for silken linings unpossessed;
Hark to the wisdom that the wise rook
caws:
'Build happiness of common sticks and
straws,
Swing to the wind, and rear a jolly
nest.'"



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(Mrs.) R. L. M.

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(Miss) B. I. D.

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The Nursing Home is not under the Ministry of Health and depends entirely on voluntary contributions.

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cate our gifts and efforts and humbly seek God's help. We hope all helpers at the Fete will endeavour to be present.

YOUNG WIVES' GROUP

Over 100 Young Wives of the Cowley Deanery were present at the Primary School on May 7th when Mrs. Thorp gave a very enlightening talk on "Cultivating Good Habits." Refreshments were served, and there was a bookstall which was well patronised.

New members will be welcome to the June meetings:

June 4th Women in the Police Force (Reading Room); 7.45 p.m.

June 18th Boating on the River.

Family Outing for Young Wives and Mothers' Union members to Whit-Church on June 14th.

Please give in names and money to Mrs. Robert or Mrs. Smith (Cost: about 4/-, children 2/- Tea a small charge).

JUNE DIARY

- 1st Trinity Sunday, Holy Communion 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon. Morning Prayer 11 a.m. Evening Prayer 6.30 p.m.
- 3rd Monthly Pram Service at 2.45 p.m.
- 4th Young Wives' Group in Reading Room at 7.45 p.m.
- 5th 8 p.m. in Vicarage, weekly Prayer Meeting.
- 8th 1st Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion 8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Morning Prayer 11 a.m. Evening Prayer 6.30 p.m.
- 11th St. Barnabas Day. Holy Communion 7.30 pm
- 12th 8 p.m. in Vicarage, Prayer Meeting.
- 14th Marston Market, Reading Room, 10.15 - 11.15 a.m. Outing to Whitchurch (see note elsewhere).

- 15th 2nd Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion 8.15 a.m. Morning Prayer 11 a.m., Evening Prayer 6.30 p.m.
- 18th OXFORD TOWN HALL at 8 p.m. VISIT OF FOUR LAMBETH CONFERENCE BISHOPS FROM OVERSEAS. (Everybody please make a special effort to attend).
Young Wives' Outing on River.
- 19th In Vicarage at 8 p.m. Prayer Meeting.
- 22nd 3rd Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion 8.15 a.m. Morning Prayer 11 a.m., Evening Prayer 6.30 p.m.
- 24th St. John the Baptist's Day. Holy Communion 7.30 a.m. 2.30 p.m. Mothers' Union Service in Church.
- 28th Marston Market at Reading Room, 10.15 - 11.15 a.m.
- 29th 4th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 8.15 a.m.

Special Dates in July

- 1st Christening Reunion Party in Vicarage Garden 3 p.m.
- 5th JUST A FURTHER REMINDER TO COME TO OUR CHURCH FETE.

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LOCAL NEWS

A total of over £19 was collected recently by friends in Old Marston, for the Work of the National Institute for the Blind. Thank you to all who gave of their time to collect, and thank you to the people who also gave of their money. Mrs. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive, kindly arranged the collection.

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Held at St. Nicholas' County Primary School on Thursday April 17th and attended by 43 parishioners. The Chairman - Mr. L.C. Jennings - welcomed the increase in interest in Parish affairs and expressed the hope that a number of those present would be candidates for seats on the Council at the Elections to be held in 1959 when the number of seats on the Council would be increased to 12 as a result of the increase in the population of the village.

In giving his Report on the year's work, the Chairman emphasised the way in which the Council's work was carried on. Small committees were responsible for the various properties and responsibilities coming under the Council's control, e.g. Allotments - Recreation Ground - Street Lighting - Cemetery - Highways and Footpaths - and Planning - while the full Council constituted the Finance Committee. This plan worked extremely well and each Committee made a monthly report to the full Council.

ALLOTMENTS

All plots were let and in cultivation. The annual income was £22 and the repayments of the loan £13.16.8d so that a small profit was made. With the aid of a grant from the Agricultural Committee it had been possible to lay water on to the ground.

CEMETERY

Upkeep of the Cemetery was about £60 and most of this came from fees and the

balance from the Rates. No satisfactory solution had been found for the drainage of the land despite expert advice.

RECREATION GROUND

The average annual cost of the upkeep was about £35 which is usually rate borne, but for the past two years the Education Committee had made a grant towards the upkeep in exchange for the use of the ground during school hours by both Schools so that the rate was correspondingly reduced. The past year had seen £72 spent on renewing and painting the children's equipment.

STREET LIGHTING

The number of lamps had been increased to 54 and the approximate cost of maintaining a lamp was £4 per annum, the current cost was £217 and the repayment of loan charges £45 a year which required a precept for £270 which was rate borne. Carter's had almost completed their lighting scheme on their Estate, but Messrs. Pye were slow to fulfil their obligation in this respect though the Council was pressing the firm to do so.

The General Fund which bore the Establishment Charges, e.g. Clerk's Salary - Insurances - Stationery and Printing - Audit Stamps - Hire of hall etc., averaged £100 per year and was a charge on the rates.

The Chairman stated that the rate for the Parish for 1958/59 was 4d in the pound, and the Council was endeavouring to hold it at that figure.

VILLAGE HALL

A lengthy discussion resulted in a majority of those present agreeing on a proposition to build a village hall, even if it meant the Council taking up a loan of some hundreds of pounds.

COMPLAINTS

The attention of the Council was called to the condition of the ditch running alongside the road to the new schools and the danger it was to young children. It was also claimed to be a menace from the Health point of view!

The flooding of the roads at the lower end of the village was also complained about. It was explained that the Parish Council had all these matters in hand with the authorities concerned.

Caustic remarks were made about street cleaning or rather the lack of it. The County Council - whose job it was to deal with this - imagined that a fortnightly visit from a mechanical sweeper was adequate.

It had been pointed out repeatedly, that this machine did nothing to remove the litter from the verges or paths but there seemed little prospect of any further cleaning work being done.

When the condition of the Dump in Mill Lane was referred to the Chairman reported that as far as his information went, the land would be taken over as Public property in the near future.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES &c.

CHURCH.

- Bell Ringers.* Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50, Oxford Rd.
Choir. Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 49, Rippington Drive.
Cubs. Leader : Miss B. Hatton, 32, Ash Grove, Headington.
Mothers Union. Sec. : Mrs. N. E. Green, 60, Oxford Rd.
Parochial Church Council. Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Rd.
Pathfinders. Leader : Miss M. Liles, The Flat, 15, Mill Lane.
Scouts. Leader : Mr. G. Rock, 23, Crotch Crescent, New Marston.
Young Wives. Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10, Cavendish Drive.

LOCAL.

- Allotment Assn.* Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 129, Oxford Rd.
British Legion. Sec. : Mr. H. Hall, 61, Coniston Ave. Headington.
Choral Society. Sec. : Mr. L. E. Hodgkins, 59, Copse Lane.
Cricket Club. Sec. : Mr. R. D. Skates, 31, Mill Lane.
Cromwell Club. Leader : Mr. A. H. Lofthouse, 32, Mill Lane.
Parish Council. Chairman : Mr. L. C. Jennings, 8, Oxford Rd.
Teacher-Parent Association. St. Nicholas County Primary School.
Sec. : Mrs. M. Smith, 4, Windsor Crescent.
Womens Institute : Sec. Mrs. R. B. Standing, Almonds, Oxford Rd.

DIRECTORY

- Butcher (High Class).
V. C. White (Marston) Ltd., 17, Salford Rd., Old Marston. Tel. 3177
- Chemist & Post Office.
B. G. Oliver (Oxford) Ltd., 11, Old Marston Rd., Marston. Tel. 3824
- Coal Merchant.
Dunlops, L.M. & S. Wharf, Oxford. Tel. 2421
- Fish & Poultry.
G. R. Porter, 19, Salford Rd., Old Marston.
- General Drapers & Outfitters.
S. G. McLening & Son, 4, Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61423
- Grocer & Provisions (Free Delivery Service).
W. G. Davies, 2, Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61667
- Hairdresser, Ladies & Gents.
B. G. Oliver, 402, Marston Rd. Marston. Tel. 48726
- Launderers & Dry Cleaners.
Advance Laundries (Oxford) Ltd., Leopold St., Oxford. Tel. 3707
- Laundry (Dry Cleaning, Dyeing, Mattresses, Carpets, &c.)
Bicester Laundry, Buckingham Rd., Bicester. Tel. Bicester 205
- Newsagent & Stationer.
P. R. Hall, 7, Old Marston Road, Marston. Tel. 2123
- Paraffin Delivery & Household Ware.
L. C. Boiteux, 8, Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61668
- Plumber, Sanitary Engineer & Decorator
A. J. Walton, A.M.Inst.B.E., 1, Beechey Ave., Old Marston. Tel. 47107
- Undertakers.
W. Reeves & Son, 10, Cambridge Terrace, St. Ebbes, Oxford. Tel. 2529