

March 1958

Price 4d.

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



Sunshine on a Living Cross

(Home Words.)

ST. NICHCLAS 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 57034

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

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

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

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

INTRODUCING OUR NEW MAGAZINE

We trust that there will be matters of interest for ALL the people of Marston in our new magazine. Here are a few points about it:

1. There will be a new cover each month.
2. Church News will, generally, be found at the beginning of the magazine.
3. Local News will be found towards the end of the magazine.
4. In the middle, you will find articles of general interest to most people, as well as a Serial story.

The Objects of this Magazine are twofold: To keep the Church in touch with the people, and to interest the people in Marston as a community.

Please support this new venture by paying the distributors, 4d. (only 1d. a week!) regularly.

Anyone who would like any Local News published, and especially secretaries of Clubs and Organizations, please contact the Vicar or Miss Liles. There is, of course, no charge for this.

Marston Vicarage,
Oxford.

Dear Friends,

I must begin my letter with an expression of gratitude to all those who have helped and encouraged the publication of this new magazine. Also "thank you" all you good people who are undertaking the distribution of the Marston News. This really is a vital work you are doing, and I know that it is by no means easy: may God bless you richly in this work, and may you be rewarded with the making of new friends, and the privilege

of helping those who are in need. Then, last and by no means least, a very special word of thanks to a very kind member of our community who is printing our new covers for us month by month without charge: I dare not publish his name, lest he be swamped with orders! It is through this generous gesture by "Mr. X" that we are able to publish this magazine at such a moderate price.

Lent is now upon us: I trust you are all faithfully maintaining your resolutions and personal disciplines. This is always one of the nicest times in the Church's year, in spite of a few personal privations! For all around us we see the miracle of new birth: Trees that looked dead are coming to life: flower beds, which looked so shabby and desolate, are producing their snowdrops and daffodils. The birds are in full song and are feverishly building their nests. Everywhere there is new birth and new life! What of us? Are we going to receive new birth and new life? Nature is calling us to share with it in newness of life, and to fullness of life; shall we respond? "Behold, I make all things new" says our Lord.

God grant that we may, each one, during this Lent receive newness of life through Him, who alone can do this.

Your friend and Vicar,
Leslie Wright.

NEW CHURCHES - BISHOP'S APPEAL

Your prayers are asked for the Bishop of Oxford, for the Vicars and Churchwardens of our Diocese, who will be taking part in the SYNOD to be held on Wednesday, March 5th at 2.30 p.m., in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford.

The Synod is a gathering, representative of the whole family of the Church in this Diocese, summoned by the Bishop of Oxford. Its purpose is to dedicate each one of us anew to God's service, especially for the furtherance and success of the Bishop's Appeal for New Churches; to pray for His blessing and guidance to that end; and to review what has been done and what lies before us.

RESTORATION FUND.

The following donations have been received since the November Marston News:-

Mr. R.A. Haynes; Mr. S.W. Haynes;
Mrs. Clack (from a coach trip); Young Wives'
Group Collecting Box.

If there are any Collecting Boxes getting well filled, please give these to Mrs. D. Carter. Similarly, if there is anyone who would like a Collecting Box for the Restoration Fund, would they please contact Mrs. Carter, Eaglesfield, Jack Straw's Lane, Headington.

WEEKLY OFFERING SCHEME.

This scheme will be launched on the first Sunday in May. Those on the Electoral Roll will have received a letter from the Vicar and Churchwardens, explaining the purpose of this scheme. It is realized that there are a number of people in Marston whose names are not on the Electoral Roll, but who rightly look upon St. Nicholas Church as their own; and who would be only too happy to help and support the Church in some systematic way. The Weekly Offering scheme enables people to give regularly towards the upkeep of their Church. Full particulars about this scheme may be found on the table in the Church; the Vicar will also be happy to speak to anyone about this scheme. 3.

It would be of interest to most people to know that of every shilling contributed to our Church, 10d. goes towards repairs, cleaning, heating, lighting and clerical work.

1d. goes towards the maintenance of the Ministry.

1d. goes to Diocesan and Missionary Funds.

MOTHERING SUNDAY - MARCH 16th.

The usual Mothering Sunday Service, to which parents are especially invited to attend, will be at 3 p.m. on March 16th. Posies will be given to the children, for their mothers, as is customary.

BRITISH and FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this great society will take place on Friday, March 7th at 3 p.m., in the large hall of Wesley Memorial Church, Oxford.

LOCAL NEWS

THE PARISH COUNCIL.

Chairman ... Mr. L.C. Jennings.

Members ... Mrs. B. Deam, Mrs. R.B. Standing, Professor E.R. Dodds, Mr. A. Gammon, Mr. E.J. Gibbs, Mr. R.A. Haynes, Mr. R.A.F. Keleher, Mr. F.H. Runbold, Mr. R.V. Vernede.

The Parish Council is responsible for the provision and maintenance of the Recreation ground, the Cemetery, the Allotments and Street Lighting. Planning, Development, Village Hall, Roads and Footpaths, Salvage and Cleansing Services, etc., all come under its supervision though not its control!



Photo by

Goodbye to Winter

G. Pennethorne

THE POWER OF THE HAND

BY THE REV. C. H. D. GRIMES

WHEN the Bishop holds an ordination in his Cathedral, sitting in his Chair in the chancel, he lays his hands on the ordinands in turn. The physical contact is an essential part of the rite—accompanied as it is by prayer, which is far more important—but there must be a physical contact, and in this double act there is conveyed spirit and authority. This is the accepted rule for ordination in every branch of the Church. The laying on of hands by the Bishop is also an essential part of the rite of Confirmation.

In the Old Testament we find many examples of the use of the hands in blessing and in worship. We need only mention a few here. There is the case of Jacob laying his hands on the two sons of Joseph when he gave them his blessing. Aaron and Hur hold up the hands of Moses and, as long as they do this, the Israelites prevail over their enemies because of

the implied prayer of Moses by this act. We read of Solomon standing before the altar of the Lord when he was dedicating the Temple and spreading out his hands towards heaven very much as the clergyman does today when he blesses the congregation at the close of the service.

We read, too, in the Old Testament of clean hands—holy hands and the finger of God, and the Lord's hand not being shortened: all symbolical terms. In the miracles of Jesus there is a constant mention of the hand and also of the finger wherein is concentrated the energy of the hand.

Jesus takes the damsel by the hand and says to her "Talitha cumi." Has the Aramaic word *cumi* the force of our word "come"? He takes the blind man by the hand and then anoints his eyes with His fingers. He works with His fingers on the ground. The woman with the issue of blood touches His garment. In all this there is a



Photo by **The Man of the Future** W. Ellison

physical contact.

Let us look, however, at the marriage service in which the hand plays such a notable part. It is assumed that the man has already asked for the girl's hand in marriage. They now come to the church and the clergyman proceeds to ask who giveth this woman to this man. He then receives the woman's right hand from her father and gives it to the man, and, holding it, the man plights his troth to her and then the woman, taking hold of his hand, plights her hand, plights her troth to him. The ring is then put on the fourth finger of the left hand. They then kneel down and, after the blessing, the clergyman, joining their hands, pronounces them to be man and wife. They go on life's journey hand in hand.

We fold our hands in prayer, and in great joy we throw up our hands,

and sometimes our hats, when we cheer some distinguished people or send off a bridal couple. Further, when words fail us, as they often do, then we fall back on the most primitive manner of expressing ourselves by the movement of our hands. Who—who has lived in a strange land—has not had the experience of trying in this way to interpret his meaning to the inhabitants of the land, or finding how readily they understand this primitive form of speech.

But words may fail us for other reasons: in great joy, perhaps more especially in great sorrow, a close grasp of the hand is able to express our sympathy with a friend better than any words can. The hands are used too for the tenderest caresses. There are people, too, who claim that by the study of your hand they can read both your past and tell your future. From the testimony of many reliable people it is hard to believe that this is not so, but there are people who are gifted with some special powers and they have something more to guide them than the lines in your hand. There are others who claim, as in an article before me in a sober journal, that they can tell by the study of your hand which, if any, disease you are suffering from: all they need is a small electric battery and your hand. Others claim, and



Photo by **The handy hands** G. Pemethorne

rightly I believe, to be able to read your character from your handwriting. There are of course many other uses of the hand in art, music, carving, etc., besides the hundred and one humdrum uses to which we put our hands in the ordinary daily affairs of our life to which we have no space to refer. All we will say in conclusion

is that it is by the gift of the hand and the brain that the Creator has marked us off from the rest of his other creatures. It is, above all, by the use of the hand in writing, thus making it possible for us to store up knowledge, that the human race has so far outdistanced all the rest of His creation.



Thrice Holy Place

By THE REV. BERNARD CROFT

THE Dome of the Rock," or "Al-Haram Al-Sharif" to give it its Moslem name, is a thrice holy place—sacred to Christians, Jews and Moslems.

Here, on the site of Solomon's and successive Temples, now stands a great mosque—the second holiest shrine of Islam (Mecca, of course, being the first). In area it covers almost a quarter of the old city of Jerusalem, on its eastern side. Just outside is the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, and the roadway winding down from Jerusalem to Jericho.

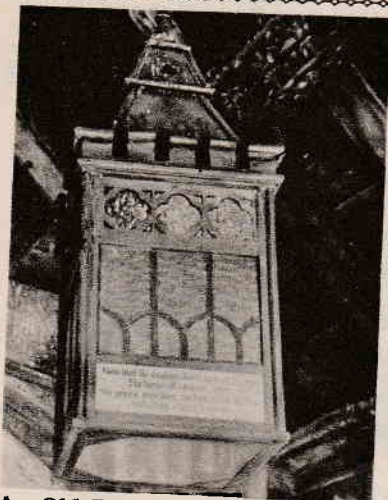
In a very modern looking office we obtained our tickets for visiting the Dome—not far from the Mosque of Omar (as the Dome of the Rock is often mistakenly called). Omar was the Caliph to whom the Patriarch Sophronios surrendered Jerusalem in A.D. 637. It is said that on this historic occasion Omar was invited by Sophronios to join him in prayer in

the Holy Sepulchre (then the Church of Constantine) but Omar begged to be excused on the grounds that if he entered the building for prayer his Moslem brethren would undoubtedly claim the place as a shrine of their own. So he said his prayers nearby and the minaret of his mosque still looks down upon Christians making pilgrimage to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—a reminder that those with differences of race and religion can still be friends and neighbours.

We entered the great courtyard ("No dogs—no smoking") with an hour to spare before 11.30 when visitors must leave so as not to hinder the observance of the mid-day Prayers—which men only attend. The sunlight was dazzling and we were glad to put on the large overshoes provided for visitors and to enter the Dome itself. Built in A.D. 691, this inimitable building covers the most remarkable historic rock in the

(Continued on page 46)

Church News and Views



An Old Prayer Lamp

THIS fine old prayer lamp, now converted to electricity, hangs in the porch of Sheldon Parish Church, Birmingham.

—JAMES CURTISS.

What's in a Name ?

SOME years ago at the little Church of the Good Shepherd, Borough Green, Kent, the priest-in-charge was a Mr. Cross; the organist a Miss Heaven; in the choir was a Miss Bishop; and the verger was Mr. Abbott.—M. M. HIGHAM.

The parish of North Baddesley includes a house called Body Farm. One of the daughters of the family who live there married a Mr. Foot, and one of the sons married a Miss Boot. Just down the lane lives Miss Legge; and to protect them all in bad weather there is also a family of Macks near at hand!—THE REV. P. C. CHANDLER.

Since 1669

ICAME across this lovely epitaph in the churchyard of the ancient church of Rostherne, Cheshire:

In Memory of Ellen
wife of John

"So lovely were they in their lives
Their memory, like scents of roses,
lingers on."

Dated 1669.—L. C. CARTER.

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

A New Archbishop

THERE was much activity in the village in preparation for the visit of the Bishop of the diocese. A young stranger was busily engaged in tidying up, when the Rector appeared on the scene. The wind was keen and a muffler covered his clerical collar. "You're doing a good job of work," he said. "Ah," replied the youth, "but you should have come here to-morrow: the Archbishop of Winchester will be here."—G. M. COAKES.

6th Century Church

FORMERLY the parish church of Harlech, but now an Ancient Monument and used only for occasional services, the church at Llandanwg stands right on the edge of the sand dunes near the water's edge and blown sand piles high up around the walls. The church has several ancient inscribed stones dating from the sixth century, but the old font has now been removed to the modern parish church at Harlech.—E. L. KING.



6th Century Church



A Queer Vicarage

THE vicarage at Leighton Bromswold, Hunts., is most unusual in that it is made out of what was originally intended to be the gateway of a castle. The four towers of the gateway were erected but the castle was never finished.—J. D. ROBINSON.

Guides' Good Deed

THE Girl Guides of Offord, near Ipswich, have recently cleared up the churchyard of St. Peter's. They have cut the grass, weeded the path and tidied up graves, and received the thanks of the Parochial Church Council.—F. F. SMITH.

A Giant Yew

IN the churchyard at Crowhurst, in Surrey, there is a yew tree with a girth of thirty-four feet. It is one of the largest and probably one of the oldest trees in the south of England, its estimated age being 1,500 years. In 1820 it was hollowed out and fitted with a door and furnished inside with a table and bench to seat twelve people.—N.N.

Not Overpaid!

RICHARD DOVEY, of Claverley, Shropshire, in 1659 gave lands in trust for the upkeep of a school with cottages in one of which a poor man was to live and have eight shillings per annum for "awakening sleepers and the whipping of dogs from the church during services." —WAYFARER.

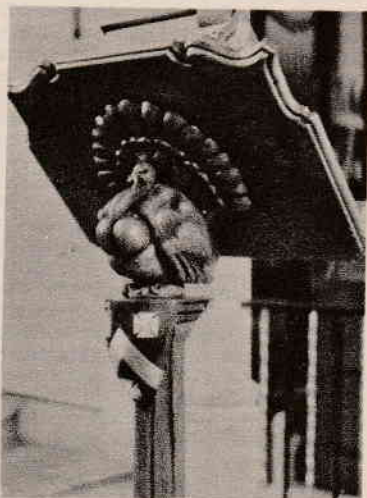
A Painted Rhyme

THE ringers' chamber in the belfry of Daresbury (All Saints), Cheshire, contains an old painted rhyme with the initial letters forming the word "Daresbury."
 "Dare not come into this sacred place
 All you good ringers, but in awful grace
 Ring not with Hatt nor Spurs nor Insolence
 Each one that does for every such offence
 Shall forfeit Hatt or Spurs or Twelve Pence
 But who disturbs a peal, the same offender
 Unto the Box his Sixpence shall down Tender
 Rules such no doubt in every church are used
 You and your bells that may not be abused."

A. LYNCH.

Turkey Lectern

HOW many turkey breeders know that their birds feature in the records of English heraldry? This lectern in the village church of Boynton, near Bridlington, bears a crest showing "a turkey in its pride proper." The crest and coat-of-arms beneath were granted in 1550 to William Strickland of Boynton Hall, a navigator commander of a ship on one of Sebastian Cabot's voyages of discovery of the New World, in recognition of his bringing the first turkeys to Britain over 400 years ago.—L. BERESFORD.



The Turkey Lectern



Photo by **The Rocky Hills and Caves** F. W. Bird

The Caves of the Holy Land

By
ERIC HARDY, F.Z.S.

THE caves amongst the hills of the Holy Land have always been of importance. Even today some of the nomadic Bedouin tribes still follow the Biblical custom of living under their tents in summer and resorting to the caves in the wadis leading down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea for the winter (Ezekiel 33, v. 27). The discovery of the ancient scrolls of the Book of Isaiah by a Bedouin inside a cave on the north-west shore of the Dead Sea shortly after the war proved a tremendous spur to exploring the caves of these hills, for these things were obviously hidden for safety at a time when few places of safety existed. (Isaiah 2, v. 19; Joshua 10, v. 16-17.)

Another hidden scroll, a Nahum commentary, has now come to light in the Judean desert caves, also in Jordan territory, and experts in Biblical archaeology feel that all the scrolls hidden in the area have not yet been found. The newly discovered scroll is a remarkable, well-ordered Hebrew book of war, in three parts, and there seems no doubt, according to the son of the late Prof. E. L. Sukenik, the authority on the Isaiah scrolls, that this is one of the late scrolls of the second half of the first century A.D. and reflects Roman war strategy during the time of Julius Caesar.

Not only the caves of the Dead Sea but those of Mount Carmel contain hidden treasures from the Biblical past. Before the war, the excavations of the caves at Wady el-Mughara by Miss Garrrod, of the American School of Prehistoric Research, and Miss D. M. A. Bate, the British geologist, shed some interesting light on the Stone Age on the Carmel. The many animal remains they found there showed how some had migrated into the country from Asia and others from Africa. Some of the animal remains there, like the mole and the Persian fallow deer, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, no longer occur in the Land and the spotted hyena has been replaced by the striped hyena. The domestic dog appeared in Natufian times; there were the Ice Age crocodile and the first record of the elephant from a Palestine cave. Of course there were other animals in these caves which we know in the country today, like the wild boar which inhabits the swampy thickets of Lake Huleh and the east bank of the Dead Sea, the ibex or wild goat, the leopard, now almost extinct, the porcupine and the hare. Indeed, the remains of over fifty different animals were found in the Wady el-Mughara caves.

Since the war, Professor G. Haas, of Jerusalem, and Dr. M. Stekelis, of Haifa, have made equally fascinating

discoveries of Biblical animal remains in the Abu Usba cave in the slopes of the Carmel where the Wadi Falah runs down to the sea at the ancient Crusader port of Athlit. This was discovered in 1941 by Dr. Stekelis, who noticed a layer of Natufian pottery remains in this cave, whose access is rather difficult. The cave was dark and wet, inhabited by mosquitoes and bats; but the remains of pottery and worked flints soon showed that the excavation of its three chambers would reveal much of the Mesolithic-Neolithic culture in the land. Furthermore, owls and birds-of-prey which lived here in Biblical times brought in the small field-mice and other prey from the nearby Plain of Sharon, so that in the floor of the cave were the remains of animals which lived outside, in land long since cultivated beyond much archaeological opportunity.

The first chamber, lit by daylight, was obviously that which had been inhabited in the past. An inventory of the primitive instruments found there includes various flint blades, axes, arrow-heads and scrapers, bone awls and needles, and a sea-shell pierced for use as a lady's pendant. In the red-brown, ancient cave-earth which held these below the black modern earth of the upper-layer, were also found the bones of animals, and the remains of shells and sea-fish, that lived there or were brought in for food by the inhabitants. There were fox and badger, roe deer and gazelle. A very rich collection of bird-bones, which gave us our earliest knowledge of the bird life of the early period of the Holy Land, included rock-dove and turtle-dove, lapwing and bee-eater, wheatear, redstart, white wagtail, the starling and the house-sparrow, green-

finch, chaffinch and the great tit, all birds known in the land today. The squirrel and the Carmel hedgehog found there no longer exist in the region, although the long-eared hedgehog survives. From the kind of reptiles found there, like remains of the chameleon, it is known that the Carmel must have been densely vegetated at the time; the remains of great tits, blackbirds and turtle-dove showed that it was wooded much more densely than today, and probably enjoyed more rainfall.

The wild life in the caves today is equally interesting. The little Syrian hyrax—the "coney" of the Bible—still dwells in rocky places (Proverbs 30, v. 26), in the caves of the Wadi Kelt (The Brook Cherith of the Bible) above Jericho, as well as the Wadi Arabah, between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea.

The caves have played a prominent part in the history of the Holy Land. The book of Genesis tells us that Lot dwelt in a cave, and there is a big cave of pure rock salt crystals in the salt mountain of Jebel Usdum which I visited at the south end of the Dead Sea, at the new Jewish chemical town of Sodom, near the famous "Lot's Pillar" of salt. Sarah was buried in a cave; Abraham and Jacob were associated with caves and the wandering Israelites hid themselves in caves.



Photo by

The Dead Sea

W. Nelson



Photo by **G. Pennethorne**
Like Father like Son

Weekday Pages FOR WOMEN with Homes

Conducted by
Miss E. M. HARDING

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

side edges. This gives a very neat appearance. Of course the old edges should first be trimmed off.

(2) *Patching pyjamas.*—When repairing the back of a man's pyjama jacket, particularly if of flannelette, use Celanese material from a worn garment. You will find that this will stretch and not pull away from the garment being repaired.—MRS. L. EVANS.

Curtains.—When making curtains for a bedroom I had some pieces of material left over. I have made these into mats for the dressing-table and tallboy. These are cut to the required size and the hem finished off with narrow braid to tone with the predominating colour. The effect is most pleasing, and is also very economical.—MRS. G. O'NEILL.

Paper Patterns.—When cutting out with a paper pattern do not cut notches. Mark them with a Biro or soft pencil. This is easier and more satisfactory, and the Biro marks are inside the seam allowance when the garment is made up.—MRS. EVANS.

Muslin.—I have found that stiffened muslin, on which plasters are sold, is excellent for inserting between layers of material when making buttonholes, especially on children's pyjamas.—Miss F. M. BAILEY.

To insert a sleeve-fastener neatly, machine the full length of the opening. Turn the garment inside out and press open the join. Machine in the fastener when required, then turn the garment right side out and with sharp scissors unpick the stitches down the seam to expose the fastener. A few stitches across the bottom of the fastener are advisable.—MRS. G. SHAW.

Monday's Washing

Ties.—To prevent ties losing their shape when you wash and iron them, run a tacking thread crossways from top to bottom at the back. This is most successful.—MRS. R. FAITHFULL.

For ironing.—I have cut out the best part of an old plastic tablecloth and I keep it in my clothes basket. After dampening and rolling, or mangling, the washing, it keeps in perfect condition for ironing, if wrapped up in this, even if the ironing is left for a day or two.—MRS. C. MANNING.

Boy's trousers.—When washing a boy's corded velvet trousers, take an ordinary scrubbing brush and brush downwards with it once or twice while they are wet. This takes all the creases out and leaves the ridges in the cord as good as new.—MRS. C. E. GREEN.

Scum.—Where scum appears on rinsing water, instead of skimming off with a scoop or mug, try a small wire sieve: this removes the scum quicker and does not remove the water as well.—MRS. HARDMAN.

Tuesday's Sewing

(1) *Repairing shirt cuffs.*—Strip spare collar to match material, and bind the edges. The turn down part of the collar will do two cuffs. Machine along the wrong side, turn, and twice along the out-

Wednesday's Nursing

Refreshing drink.—During hot weather I find Russian tea a most agreeable change. Choose a light blend of tea, preferably China, and instead of milk, place thinly sliced lemon in each cup, with sugar to taste, and you will enjoy a most refreshing drink.—MISS A. POOLE.

One side only.—Should a patient sometimes think that toast is hard, try toasting the bread on one side only: this often pleases.—MRS. M. MORRISON.

An aid against rheumatism.—Take 1 pt. water, 1 lb. parsley. Boil well, strain, put in bottle. Take one wineglass twice a day. Or—chop parsley (raw) very finely and take one teaspoon daily.—MRS. A. PEARCE.

Thursday's Cooking

For a perfect set.—Put into the preserving pan enough water to represent the yield given in the recipe, measured with a jam jar. Make a little wooden "dip-stick" and put a notch at the water level. Pour away the water and proceed as recipe, measuring with your "dip-stick" until the jam is reduced to the notch level. You will find you have a perfect set without the hazardous way of trying for jell in a saucer.—MRS. E. SHAW.

Milk in hot weather.—To prevent milk turning sour, place sealed or unsealed bottle or jug of milk, in a container of salted cold water. This prevents waste and the need for scalding the milk.—MISS B. F. BRYSON.

When cooking broad beans, why not pour on boiling water and let them soak a few seconds (when you have removed the outer pods) and then skin them and cook in the usual way. There is not the trouble of removing the skins after they are cooked, making them nicer for the table.—D. F. HUTCHINGS.

Friday's Household

Metal gates.—When painting these, or railings, garden frames, etc., use an aluminium paint as an undercoat or top finish. This prevents rust and corrosion and keeps a good appearance for quite a long time.—A. EVANS.

When painting windows or skirting boards it is a good idea to stick some

adhesive paper or tape around the panes of glass to prevent marking them with paint. The adhesive strip can then be removed after the last coat of paint has been put on and the window panes will be perfectly free from paint. Any sticky substance can be removed by cleaning in the usual way.—MISS R. CLARKE.

An excellent cure for a leaking bath or sink is to slice a strip of insulating tape firmly round the stopper and it will fit tightly again. I have had a piece in position for two years and it is still efficient.—MRS. R. RANDALL.

Paint a metal funnel and, when dry, hang it on the wall with a ball of string inserted. No more untidy string.—MISS A. S. JOHNSON.

Saturday's Children

Toy-making.—Those who are interested in toy-making find the use of plastics is growing fast. The type known as polythene is ideal for the purpose. It is washable and therefore hygienic, also unbreakable, and without corners to hurt the child. The colourings and shapes which can be obtained are many.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Socks.—Prevent kiddies' socks from getting stained with the dye from inside their shoes by cutting two inner soles out of plastic. This saves time and labour.—MRS. APPLEWHITE.

When knitting children's socks, or men's, run three or four lines of shirlastic under the turnovers or tops of men's socks, so making them self-supporting.—MRS. D. E. GIBSON.

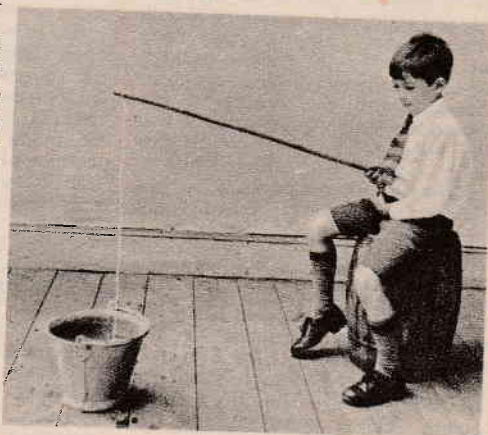


Photo by **Half-past fishing time!** G. Pennethorne

THE MAKING OF AN ARTIST

By Hoole Jackson

Chapter III

RESCUE in time of storm has all the panoply and grandeur of terrible seas and black terror of the skies. The sea mist is a cloaked, sinister menace that wraps its victims in a white and beautiful robe before its deadly work begins. Sounds mock the straining ear of the man at the wheel or on the bridge, as he feels his way slowly and "blind," dreading the shadow of another vessel looming through the murk, or the sound of surf which seems nearer than chart suggests. The wail of sirens adds its banshee eeriness, as if the souls of lost ships drifted through the white terror which sent them to their doom, and would warn their brethren of wood and steel.

Looking back on that time of vigil, there is the memory of such ghostly sounds, so familiar to the ears of coastal peoples. We could not know that Jimmy's motor had broken down shortly before the mist crept on him.

He had kept the advice of old Elijah well in mind in making his first solo trip, and followed a course to Kilena Cove well out from the many reefs and rocks which lie hidden at high tide beyond the feet of the gaunt cliffs. Charmed with the beauty of the isolated and uninhabited cove, he had idled happily, his artist's eye delighting in so much that tempted him to use sketch-block and pencil.

Taking off his jacket, he had sought to trace the fault in the engine, but it baffled his inexperienced superficial knowledge. The mist caught him utterly unaware and unprepared. He had noted merely a soft beauty of whiteness lying over the swelling waters. All at once it shut him from sight of the cliffs, crept round the little boat and left him only a gently heaving circle of water visible to the eye.

He knew then that he must repair the motor. Drift of tide and current was shoreward. Many times he had to leave his task, thanking heaven that Mavena had prevented his tossing the old oar, which now proved his salvation, ashore.

"No, don't go to sea without it," she had told him. "It will often come in handy to scull in and out of small coves, or among rocks where you want to explore and the engine would be too powerful."

The sound of surf drove him to use the oar hastily, as he realised that he had drifted close to rocks whose presence was only made known by the wash of the swell swirling over them, and receding with a fearful, sucking sound, as if they would claim yet another victim of the mist. There was something terrible in that subdued yet deadly sound: a revelation of the power of the sea more awesome than even the wild battering of gale-driven waves against the shore.

Jimmy sculled clumsily, unused to such work; but, gradually, the menacing wash of the waves over the rock grew less distinct. His keen young ears taught him how to find the open water time and time again, as the shoreward setting tide, aided by a strong current, drove him repeatedly towards the cliffs. Again and again he sought to restart the motor, only to have to take up the oar and scull from danger once more.

Now the cold mist began to bite to the bone. His hands were numbed, his mind dulled. Again the sound of surf drove him to use every effort; this time his sense of direction failed. Drawing away from one group of rocks, he found the surf ringing more heavily in his ears—or was it mocking him!

In that moment he heard someone singing. At first he thought his ears deceived him. He laughed bitterly.

No one could find foothold below the great cliffs—except perhaps a mermaid! “Pull yourself together, Jimmy, you fool,” he said savagely to himself and half aloud. The sound of the surf grew louder, and now he knew someone was singing. A sob came to his throat. Mavena! The voice was hers! Her spirit must have winged over the waters to find him; to be with him in what now seemed his last battle with the rocks and the sea.

He ceased to scull desperately, as the words of “Abide with Me” floated over the waters. No man fought alone who looked up to God for help. Even if the boat was washed among the swirling waters amid the rocks, God would aid him if he still fought to aid himself. Without realising it, he began to sing with the unseen singer. And suddenly there was a wild cry, and the singer hailed him.

“Jimmy—can you hear me, Jimmy? Keep on singing. Do you hear? *Keep on singing.* Don’t stop. I’ll find you.”

The chugging of an engine drew nearer. Jimmy sang on, and the use of his lungs and the hope in his heart warmed him, shivering though he was. This was no wraith of the girl he now knew he loved! She was there in the mist and coming to him. No, she must not. He felt the swirl of the water twist his boat. He was among the rocks. She must not share his peril.

“Go back, Mavena—I’m among the rocks. My engine’s dead. You mustn’t risk coming nearer. I’ll get ashore somehow.”

“Keep singing, Jimmy,” she called. “If you stop now, I’ll be in greater danger. Keep on.”

He hesitated. Then obeyed. He saw her boat creep from the mist. A moment later a rope came spinning on the heels of Mavena’s warning cry. Jimmy’s numbed hands caught it, fumbled the catch, but grabbed the tail of the rope as it was slipping away. He clamped one foot on the slack as he made it fast to the bowring. Then he was drawn from the very jaws of the rocks, as Mavena turned her boat with the skill of a sea-born maid, and towed him clear.

A few moments later, when they were well out at sea, Mavena stopped her engine. She hauled Jimmy’s boat towards her own, until it lay alongside. Then, securing her own boat so that it could not drift away, she stepped into his, and he saw the flask in her hand.

“Drink this, Jimmy,” she said, seating herself beside him. “What a fool I was not to have thought of singing as I sailed down-coast to Kilena Cove, instead of only using my brains a few minutes ago. You’re chilled to the bone.”

Jimmy sipped the brandy gratefully. Warmth crept through him. He handed Mavena the flask again, and then his hand stayed with hers. The icy touch of his fingers brought an exclamation of pity, and the next moment his arms were round her. Hers slipped round him and gathered him to her, as a mother might hold a child lost and restored to her; the tenderness of mother and lover were in the enfolding arms.

Perhaps neither was quite aware what was happening; their actions were dictated by mingled feelings. The “Thank God” Mavena breathed against his lips was heartfelt gratitude that he was saved; the kiss was unrestrained and his alone. His own wonder was that she was there, in his arms, and he alive and not lying amid the rocks. Words would not come; nor was there need of them. They were quite safe. No large vessels, not even the fishing boats, came near-in on this length of coast. The moment was sacred; the echo of the words of the hymn still in both hearts.

The sound of a lustily used siren made them both start. Mavena freed herself. In that moment he saw her as she would remain on the canvas of his memory for the rest of his life, her soul in her face, the mist-dew on her raven-dark hair, the sweetness of her, as she drew up from him without losing the care years of sea-going had inbred, so that her rising and movement did not even rock the boat.

The siren yelled again. “The life-boat!” Mavena told Jimmy. “I’ll give them a hail.”

He was surprised at the power in

her voice as she called out: "Lifeboat—*ahoy*—I've found him."

"Thank God" came the answering hail from Harry Penjower. "Want any help?"

"No thanks, Harry," Mavena cried. "We're coming home with his boat in tow, and we'll beat you to the harbour."

A laugh answered, and there was a safety-valve of relief in both Mavena's light challenge and Harry's deep laugh. "You know jolly well you can take the short course home, maid," he shouted. "I can't take risks with the *Sally Rose*. Tell them to have supper ready. Reckon most folk in St. Ven will be like we—missed tea, and ready to make up when they know that Mister Lancaster's safe. Hope you haven't taken no harm, Mister Lancaster?"

"I'm fine," Jimmy called back, "and don't mention food again, will you? It's too much for me!" He hesitated and then called, "Thanks for looking for a young fool who thought the sea was his pleasure-lake. I've given you a lot of trouble."

"Mist can catch anyone, even the best of seamen," Harry called back. "Looking for them that are caught is just in the day's work."

Mavena had stepped aboard her own craft. She smiled at Jimmy as she started the engine and drew away from his boat until the rope took the strain and the tow home began. So it was that we heard one engine chugging home through the mist, instead of two. The united "Thank God" from the little knot of watchers around me on the jetty, as the two boats appeared, and we saw that both Jimmy and Mavena were safe, was an essence of the heartfelt feeling of everyone in St. Ven.

Not until long afterwards did I learn from Mavena that Jimmy had been plucked from among the dangerous group of rocks named, aptly, The Wolf Teeth. Few except Mavena could have sailed right in and snatched another small boat from their deadly jaws, even on a day of slight swell. I doubt if Jimmy ever realised, fully, how close a call his rescue had been.

In Jimmy's painting, friendly forces seemed leagued to help him. Yet, woven into his story was a vein of sadness because all he felt within him could not express itself through his brushes. In the timing of events there was the fearful yet perfect inevitability of the old Greek epics and plays.

Old Elijah was a little stunned by this sudden love coming to his treasured granddaughter, as I gathered when he talked with me one evening. The collective outlook of St. Ven was paternal and maternal, but comment in my sea-town parish can also be amusing!

"He'll need to paint a sight better than he do, if Mavena's to have cream with her jam," Ben Halliday, my verger, commented, when I encountered him in the church porch, soon after the news was known. Ben was "fishing" for my opinion, in a manner he considered discreet, but obviously inspired by his wife: Susan's curiosity was proverbial.

As for the lovers, the furze was aglow; the cuckoos in full cry; the butterflies flitting along the hedgerows. Often I encountered those two, hand-in-hand in the quiet sea-marge lanes, and their happiness shone. The one fly in the sweet ointment had been voiced by Ben. Jimmy would certainly have to paint much better if the house-keeping income was to provide more than love to live on!

Then I met them less frequently. Jimmy had begun to paint as if his life depended on it. When I saw the almost finished picture, I went round to David O'Malley, whose word was law when Porthenda Art Gallery committee chose pictures for the summer exhibition, the most important of the year because the holiday-makers swelled the number of viewers.

"Think he's got something, do you, John?" O'Malley said, when I told him about Jimmy and the latest picture. "From what I'd heard, I thought he wasn't much more than a good draughtsman! You know how it is in our circle. Tongues will wag. A young painter can't settle down in these parts without other artists growing curious. Marion Cleet saw some of his work, and she's usually among

the first to bring work of promise to the notice of the hanging committee. Shrugged her shoulders, and wrote this chap off."

A visit to a studio by O'Malley was regarded as rather akin to the feelers put out before a name appears on the Honours List. Monocle fixed firmly in front of his right eye, the ribbon double the usual width, O'Malley walked slowly along the quayside of St. Ven, pausing for a chat with some fisherman, or a pretty girl, but not ignoring the old women sunning themselves at their doors.

"Well, well, Tryphena," he exclaimed, as we came on one buxom wife seated on a harbourside baulk of timber and chatting with a group of women, "you look more handsome than when I painted you under the apple tree in your father's orchard. Now look at *me*—white hair and crow-foot lines, and you, no older seeming, except that I'd need a little more paint on my brush for that figure now, eh!"

"Oh, Mister O'Malley, you do say such things," replied the delighted Tryphena, and O'Malley strolled on, stopped to take an artist's squint at the harbour, with its gay groups of women in bright frocks, the men idling beside the Fishermen's Institute, and the oilers drying outside the cottage doors.

Encountering Mavena, trying to slip into Jimmy's studio before us, O'Malley took her arm, slipped his own through hers and drew her back.

"Age before beauty, Mavena," he said. "Now we'll go in together as Beauty and the Beast. But just tell me about this young genius you're going to marry, or so I hear. With a face and figure such as yours to inspire him he ought to have been shaking the London art circles by now. What's wrong? Come on, out with it. The woman always knows."

Mavena looked up, and saw the twinkle behind the monocle. O'Malley had painted on the quays and in the alleys of almost all the nearby coastal towns and villages for years, and more than one budding artist had been passed on to fame and sometimes fortune, thanks to O'Malley's backing.

"I believe in Jimmy," she answered.

"He hasn't really begun to paint yet. A man can go to sea all his life and never really know if he's just commonplace good or the one who can bring his ship out of almost certain disaster until his testing comes."

O'Malley let his monocle drop the length of its ribbon. "Lead on, Wise Woman," he said. "We'll see what this Jimmy puts into his camel-hair!"

He was so long gazing at the picture on the easel, without speaking, that my opinion of *Mist and the Sea* underwent a succession of leap-frog changes in the time. Jimmy had caught the swirling vapour round a grim rock well; the crawling wave licking the granite was a claw of menace; the shadow of a ship in the background suggested shouts from the look-out man, and the engine-room bell ringing for full astern.

"We'll hang that thing if you'll let us, Lancaster," said O'Malley, at length, and my heart gave a leap of joy. It stopped leaping when O'Malley added, "But it's a cold thing, my boy. The mist's too ice-creamy *there*," and he pointed with his monocle. "Too much like the steam from Jack Trevarrow's cookhouse, *there*," and he jabbed towards another place. Then he jammed his monocle in front of his eye.

"You're dead, man," he snapped. "If love and a woman in your arms such as Mavena can't waken you, what will? Very clever picture! Very pretty brushwork! Suit the holiday-visitors to the Gallery! Oh . . ." and then he turned to me with a wry smile. "Sorry for the strong word, John," he said. "He's the touch to shake all the Royal Academicians out of bed, and he uses it on this stuff!"

Jimmy was shaken. I think he had imagined that his picture would start him on the road to fame—poor chap, it had been stripped of its glory in a few words from a man whom Jimmy knew well never gave any but an honest opinion.

Mavena turned on O'Malley as he was about to leave. "We'll show you," she said, and her lovely cheeks were flushed. "Just wait!"

(To be continued)

Thrice Holy Place

(Continued from page 35)

world. It is undoubtedly the peak of the hill known as Mount Moriah (one of the many little hills on which the city of Jerusalem was built—that of Calvary now being enshrined within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre of course) where Abraham was tempted to sacrifice young Isaac (cf. Genesis xxii) and where later a man called Araunah the Jebusite placed his threshing floor, to be bought by King David as a place of sacrifice (cf. 2 Samuel xxiv).

In the grateful coolness from the heat outside we gazed around, admiring the mosaics which encrust the interior of the rotunda and the dome itself—mosaics which for Moslems are the only possible "pictures," paintings or carvings being prohibited by their religion.

We stood and looked upon the vast, rough-hewn mass of rock which fills the greater part of the interior, neatly fenced round; the rock from which, according to Moslem tradition, the prophet Mohammed ascended into heaven. There was an atmosphere of peace and quietness—and of prayer; contrasting, one must sadly admit, with that so often found in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

A great work of restoration is about to take place here. The last comprehensive restoration was that of Mahmad II in 1817. Already funds are available for the work, chiefly contributed by Arab rulers in the Middle East. (The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is also at long last to undergo extensive restoration.)

Out again in the brilliant sunlight, we stood by the wall where it was once pierced by The Golden Gate and from the valley below we heard a clamour of voices. This came from a food distribution centre set up opposite where the Palestinian refugees attend to draw their dole of supplies. One seemed to hear a twentieth-century echo of Isaiah's call, "Come ye . . . that hath no money!"

We made our way to the southern end of the great courtyard, to the smaller Al-Aksa mosque, beside the

Stables of Solomon. And as we walked I reflected that somewhere here the Boy Jesus had talked with the Temple-doctors, asking them questions as only an intelligent twelve-year-old can. Here, too, in later years Christ had often walked and talked and taught the people. And here towards the end of his earthly life He had, in righteous indignation, overthrown the tables of the money-changers and the seats of them that sold doves . . . And here a little later still the early leaders of the Christian church had done many mighty works. To this site the building material and riches of the then known world had been brought by land and sea to build Solomon's great temple which was to be destroyed by the Babylonians. Seven hundred years or so later, Herod's temple had arisen on the same site, to be destroyed by the Romans under Titus. Then, a century or so after Christ, a heathen temple had been built here by Hadrian, to fall and be followed by a Christian church in 534 A.D. built by Justinian; a shrine of Christendom which was to last until the present Moslem mosque arose in its place.

Inside the Al-Aksa mosque were many quiet figures of men at prayer. One felt that if The Dome of the Rock was the "Cathedral" and the show-place, here was the "parish church" into which men came constantly from the streets outside for quiet meditation.

In and around this courtyard with its twin churches there was none of the hubbub of irreverent commercialism such as goes on day by day in the precincts—and inside—of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (but which, mercifully, is found to a much lesser extent out at Bethlehem, in and around the Church of the Holy Nativity) and the Christian visitor to the Dome of the Rock perforce comes away from it humbled, feeling that something of the very spirit of Christ comes up from this vast stone-flagged area where once He walked among men.



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The Council meets on the first Tuesday in each month in the Hall at the Primary School at 8 p.m. Anyone interested in this work can attend the meetings, which are open to the public.

A full Report of the Council's work is given at the Annual Parish Meeting which is usually held in April.

THE OLD MARSTON COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Now that the School is almost finished internally, the Headmaster, Staff and Pupils would like to extend an invitation to see over the School to all in the Parish who are interested, on Wednesday, 12th March at 6.30 p.m.

The School will be open from 6.30 p.m. until 8 p.m. At 8 p.m. it is planned to start the inaugural meeting of the Teacher Parent Association.

THE OLD MARSTON CHORAL SOCIETY.

This Society meets on Fridays at 8 p.m., in the Church School. More voices are required; and anyone who enjoys singing is invited to join the Society. The Secretary is Mr. L.E. Hodgkins, 59, Copse Lane, Headington.

THE OLD MARSTON CRICKET CLUB.

Anyone interested in joining this club should contact Mr. R.D. Skates, 31, Mill Lane, Old Marston.

The Home Ground of this club is on Magdalen College Sports ground, Marston Road.

THE CROMWELL YOUTH CLUB.

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THE CROMWELL YOUTH CLUB.

This is a club for young people from the ages

of 14 years upwards. It meets on Tuesday evenings at 7.30 p.m., in the Reading Room. For further particulars, please contact the Club Leader, Mr. A.H. Lofthouse, at 32, Mill Lane, Old Marston.

If any kind person possesses any old games, table tennis table, sports kit etc., which they would like to give to a good cause; these would be most gratefully received by the Club.

ANY NEWS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

If anyone has any news of local interest, particularly members of the many local clubs and organizations, would they please inform the Editor, at 11, Elsfield Road. All such news will, of course, be inserted free of charge.

MARSTON CHARITIES.

These are administered by two representatives of the Parish Council (Mr. F.C. Constable and Mr. L.G. Jennings), two representatives from Oxford City Council (The Mayor, Alderman R.F. Knight and Mr. J. Thompson), and two co-opted members (Mr. H. Messenger and Revd. L.V. Wright).

Vouchers are issued at Christmas to "the necessitous poor of the ancient Parish of Marston". Marston Common comes under the control of this body.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

Two senior boys at our Secondary School, Keith Covely and Kelvin Gunstone, have just completed a strenuous, but enjoyable, six week course sponsored by the County Education Authorities, at Brathay in the Lake District. This was a course

calling for all sorts of personal qualities, which are not normally exercised at school, such as personal reliance, endurance and courage. We congratulate them on their fine achievements.

Do not get alarmed should you see a whole crowd of very dirty and muddy boys one of these days! They will be boys from our Secondary School taking part in a Cross Country Race of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. All mud will be most effectively removed by the excellent bathing facilities provided at the school.

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

26th January. Julie Karen Bielec

Robert Olive Doman

Deborah Evans

Susan Carol Ward

"Those whom God hath joined together"

28th December. Keith Victor Spencer-Matthews

and

Patricia Anne Welch.

25th January. Hubert Jack Underwood and

Edna Eileen Messenger.

25th January. Ernest George Silvester and

Jean Margaret Rose Westell.

"Unto God's gracious mercy we commit him"

22nd January. Job New. Aged 68.

CHURCH CALENDAR - MARCH 1958

- 3rd. Meeting of Parochial Church Council
7.45 p.m.
- 5th. The Synod, Sheldonian 2.30 p.m.
Young Wives 7.45 p.m.
- 7th. Bible Society Meeting 3 p.m.
- 16th. MOTHERING SUNDAY - Service at 3 p.m.
- 19th. Young Wives 7.45 p.m.
- 25th. Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Holy Communion 7.30 a.m.
Mothers' Union Service 2.45 p.m.
- 30th. PALM SUNDAY.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOCAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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P. R. Hall, 7, Old Marston Road, Marston.
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- 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