

No. 3

May 1958

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MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



A Sunshine Smile

[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, Elsfield Road.
Telephone 47034

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

Churchwardens: Prof. V. T. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.
Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13, Jack Straws Lane, New Marston.

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

My Dear Friends,

How beautiful our Church looked on Easter Day; and how good it was to see so many worshipping with us at this the greatest of all the Church's Festivals. A most sincere "thank you" to all those who helped to make our Church look so lovely, not forgetting the members of the Mothers' Union who nobly polished all the woodwork. Then again, may I take this opportunity of thanking you all most gratefully for your very generous and useful gift to me in the Easter Offering.

The month of May this year brings us the two great festivals of Ascension and Whitsunday. Next to Easter and Christmas, there are no greater or more lovely feasts than these two in all the Christian Calendar. They commemorate a beginning and an end - the end of the bodily life of Jesus among men; the beginning of His spiritual abiding in the Church, which henceforth was to be the Body through which His work was to go forward.

Ascension-tide and Whitsun provide a magnificently fitting climax to that first half of the Christian Year which is built up around the days and seasons associated with our Lord's earthly sojourning. They set the seal, as it were, to all that He began both to do and to teach. They ring down the curtain upon the greatest drama ever played - the Drama of God's Incarnation and Man's Redemption - and the curtain falls on a note of triumphant joy, with all the trumpets sounding on the other side.

Although the Son of God no longer walked with men in the cool of the evening, no longer bore with them the burden and heat of the day, yet He had assured them that He would be with them always "even unto the end of the world".

The following elections were also made:-
To the PAROCHIAL CHURCH COUNCIL: Mrs.Barnsley,
Mrs.Bing, Mrs.Harlow, Mrs.Holmes, Mrs.Smith,
Mrs.Vernede, Mrs.Walker, Dr.Carter, Mr.
Cottermole, Dr.Harley, Mr.Maund, Mr.Swain

To the RURIDECANAL CONFERENCE: Mrs.Green,
Mrs.Gunn, Miss Liles, Mrs.Roberts, Mrs.Tims,
Mrs.Wren, Mr.Bangs, Mr.Bradshaw, Mr.Britt,
Dr.Heatley, Mr.Roy Jones, Mr.Starmer-Smith,
Mr.Oliver, Mr.Wren.

As SIDESMEN: Messrs.Bartlett, Bradshaw,
Britt, Dr.Carter, Dr.Harley, Messrs.Clarke,
Jarrett, Jenkins, C.Journeaux, Jennings,
Cattermole, Hodgkins, Holmes, Narracott,
Phillips, Richards, H.Starmer-Smith, J.Starmer-
Smith, A.Smith, Swain, Toms, Walton, Wren,
Waters, Warman.

Mrs.Carter and Mr.Jennings are ex-officio
members of the P.C.C. and of the Ruridecanal
Conference. The Churchwardens and
representatives to the Ruridecanal Conference
are ex-officio members of the Parochial Church
Council.

UPKEEP OF CHURCHYARD. We are most grateful
to Mr. F.W.Maund for kindly undertaking to
organise the care and maintenance of our church
yard. If there are any people, especially
good strong men, who could give a hand in this
important work, even if it is just for a couple
of hours a month, they would be more than
welcome. Please give your names to Mr.Maund
or to the Vicar.

WHITSUN FARTHINGS. Our children will once
again be collecting their Whitsun "farthings"
this month. Please support them as generously
as you can as they are out to beat last year's
grand total of 2,324 farthings! Needless to
say, sixpences, shillings and other currencies
will be greatly welcome, as for instance, a
shilling counts as 48 farthings! On Whit

Tuesday (May 27th) the two children who have collected the most "farthings" will represent our Church in a special service in the Cathedral, when they will present our total offering to the Bishop for the work of the Church in this Diocese. Whatever amount is collected will be deducted from our annual diocesan quota; so, once again, please give generously.

PARISH FAMILY OUTING - May 30th. Our Sunday School outing, on Friday, May 30th, will be to Chessington Zoo in Surrey - approximately 50 miles away. Although this has been arranged as a Sunday School outing, nevertheless all members of our Church, as well as parents of the children, are invited; so that it may indeed be a Family (The Family of the Church) outing.

All those interested to come on this outing, please inform Miss Liles by May 11th at the latest. Price (including coach fare and entrance to the Zoo) - Adults 9/-, Children (under 14) 6/- .

1775 World Record broken by Marston Bell Ringers.

Our heartiest congratulations are offered to a team of our Bell Ringers who, on Easter Monday, rang the longest peal of Doubles yet rung in any five bell tower in the world. They rang a peal consisting of 12,600 changes of Doubles; and it took them 6 hours 20 minutes to perform this feat. The previous record, rung at Whaplode (Lincs.) in 1775, consisted of 10,080 changes in 7 hours 26 mins.

We do indeed congratulate our team, and wish them well in their further plans, praying that all be done to the Glory of God.

David Woodward	-	Treble.
Alec Gammon	-	2.
Malcolm Journeaux		3
Roy Jones	-	4
Clive Holloway (Conductor)		Tenor.



THE BIBLICAL TURTLE-DOVE IN BRITAIN

BY ERIC HARDY, F.Z.S.

IN this country it is usual to be on the side of Solomon and to associate the turtle-dove with spring, when winter is past. In mild seasons, however, a few turtle-doves may remain for the winter in southern England, and as the weather of western Europe has to a very small degree become milder in the first half of this century, the turtle-dove is doing this a little more often, emulating its kind in the Holy Land. There, as the bird whose voice was mentioned by Solomon in the Bible, it is mainly a bird of passage, often wintering in the warm Jordan valley.

The Biblical turtle-dove is translated from the Hebrew name *tôr* (derived from its deep, purring note, which you can hear in many an English wood) and *yônâh*, a dove. Jeremiah also proclaimed its migratory habits when he referred to it, with the stork, the crane and the

swallow, which are all very conspicuous migrants passing through the Holy Land. It is possible, however, that the Hebrew word *tôr*, like so many Biblical names of birds and flowers, was a generalised term for three closely related doves of the Holy Land, each with a voice which might seem alike to people who were not specially studious about them.

More than twenty years ago (August 1934) I wrote an article on the turtle-dove, in *Home Words*, in which I pointed out that prior to 1917 this traditional bird of peace and love had not colonised the north of England, and that the collared turtle-dove, the Holy Land's wild ancestor of our domestic barbary dove, was known in Britain only in aviaries. Since then the collared turtle-dove has steadily spread its range across central Europe, and in 1955 and 1956 it successfully nested wild in Norfolk.

It is now a fully-fledged member of the native bird life of Britain. This is a greyer dove with a peculiar crooning of three notes, two high and the third lower. It may have been included in the Biblical "tor," because it is a much commoner bird in the Holy Land—I found it nesting in many of the olive orchards—and it is commonly kept as a caged bird there. Against this, however, is the fact that it is a resident there, excepting in the cooler north and even there it is a winter visitor, whereas both Solomon and Jeremiah are distinct about the coming of their turtle-dove being a sign of spring, or rather the end of the winter rainy season. The same argument can be used against the palm-dove, another kind of turtle-dove which inhabits the old buildings of Jericho, Jerusalem and Capernaum.

During the spring migration of birds I have found the thickets of trees bordering the River Jordan, between Jericho and Solomon's kingdom of Transjordan, loud with the purring voices of the common turtle-doves on their way to European nesting quarters. The Arab calls the bird *gimri*. The birds arrive about the middle of April, whereas in England the migrants seldom arrive until May,

and in late springs they do not penetrate the north until early June. Many turtle-doves remain to nest in the Holy Land. After the great waves of migrants from Europe have passed south, a migration which usually ends in mid-October, one may still find an odd turtle-dove in the Jericho date-orchards in winter. The Moslem has a different Arabic name for the palm-dove ("yiman"), and he protects it near his mosque.

The turtle-dove is a woodland bird, building the typically frail platform of twigs which serves as a nest for the twin eggs of most doves. If you do not discover its voice in the sounds of the English wood in summer, you may notice its delicate form and white tail-band when you surprise it feeding in the stubble-field, or even the farm yard, near a wood. When the turtle-dove stays behind with us for the winter, it is usually discovered when it comes to the farm yard to pick up grain. If unmolested it will return day after day at the time the poultry are fed.

The sacrificial doves of the Bible, and Noah's bird, were different—probably the domestic pigeon bred from the wild rock-dove of the Asiatic mountain caves.



Turtle-Dove Nest

TRUE GREATNESS

God make us good,
In goodness great,
A nobleness
Of heart create.

Teach us to live,
And to outgrow
The little selves
Our neighbours know.

Wisdom be ours
By Spirit taught,
Than which no mind
Has richer thought.

God give us light
That we may see
In greatness lies
Humility.

W. N. SINKINSON.



A photographic study of Canterbury Cathedral by R. Walker

BISHOPS are in the news again. Most people by this time will have heard of the Lambeth Conference, even if many of them have only a hazy idea of what it is all about.

What, in fact, is it all about? Why is there so much talk about this particular conference? Why are we being reminded just now in the streets of London of those words from *The Gondoliers*:

"Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats"?

And why Lambeth of all places?

The last point first. Lambeth Palace has been for many centuries the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. And since the Archbishop is the acknowledged spiritual leader of all the widely-scattered Anglican Churches, so Lambeth Palace is in a sense the headquarters of the great, world-wide Anglican Communion.

Of course, the Archbishop of Canterbury has no *legal* authority over the self-governing Anglican Churches of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, the

LAMBETH 1958

Bishops from all over the World meet together

BY H. A. L. RICE

West Indies and so forth. But since it was from the Mother Church of England that each of these independent Churches received its first missionaries, it is to Lambeth that they freely and gladly accord a spiritual and moral leadership which is all the more striking and inspiring because it is based upon no legal bonds but upon the loyalty and love of children, fully grown and self-supporting, for the Mother who gave them birth.

It is this deep-rooted affection, this sense of belonging to a great world-wide Family, which brings some 350 Bishops from the ends of the earth every ten years to Lambeth. They come primarily to take counsel together upon the many and varied problems which confront the Christian Church in general and the Church of England in particular at this present time—problems of evangelisation, Christian education, the moral and spiritual welfare of the backward races; problems of money and manpower; race relations, marriage questions, co-operation with other Christian bodies, Christian propaganda, and a dozen or more equally vital subjects.

They bring to Lambeth their own particular problems and difficulties; they bring their own special contributions to the common fund of knowledge and experience. They come as equal partners in the great global task of winning the world for Christ. They come from the heat-baked plains of India, from the frozen wastes of Arctic Canada, from the vast concrete cities of the United States, from the riverside bamboo villages of Borneo, from the Australian "out-back," from the South African veldt, as well as from the sun-blest isles of the Caribbean. They come from the great self-governing countries of the British Commonwealth,

from Colonial islands and territories, from lands which own a foreign rule.

Many of the Bishops—perhaps most of them—are British or of British descent. But quite a number of them are not. Assembled at Lambeth will be Bishops also of African, Indian, Arab, Japanese and other racial origins. Yet each of them is Father-in-God to some particular portion of Christ's flock, committed to his care through the laying-on of hands. Each is a true successor of that original band of whom the psalmist prophetically sang:

"Their sound is gone out into all lands,
And their words unto the ends of the earth."

As the Bishops of the Anglican Communion assemble and confer at Lambeth they will be faced with the consideration of many perplexing and far-reaching matters. When they return to their dioceses—some of them at earth's remotest end—they will be confronted with the same or similar problems, not in theory only but in actual practice. Tremendous responsibility rests upon the shoulders of each of them. They need the support and interest and prayers of all who look for the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth—now as they confer at Lambeth; tomorrow as they return whence they came to tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.



(Photo by courtesy of

"The Scotsman")

A Pilgrimage to Holy Isle
(See page 73)

HAVE you ever wondered what other people think about while they work at a machine, drive a tractor, or peel potatoes? We know the plans and dreams, fears and gossip that fill our own waking mind, but these are the personal possessions of each one of us; how little we know about the thoughts even of those nearest to us.

For the most part we all probably think of the thousands of small events in our everyday life, but sooner or later each one of us must think a little about Life itself in which we all share, and in the privacy of our own minds we cannot pretend to

THE LAY POINT OF VIEW

Is Life a Pilgrimage, a
Game, or a Struggle?

BY PENELOPE TURING

ourselves. What do you, and I, and the stranger walking down the street, really think about it?

To some people no doubt it is a game to be played for their own enjoyment.

To others the whole of life is a pilgrimage, a journey to another life beyond the gateway of death. Others again see it only as a personal struggle to make a living, to overcome the difficulties of ill health and other troubles, or to succeed on the world's battlefield of every man for himself.

Any thinking Christians will admit that to them human life should be a pilgrimage, but most of us are pretty half-hearted about it and I think we need to realize two things before we can see our own particular road ahead. First, that everyone starts with equal opportunities, and secondly that each one of us has great responsibilities towards other people.

It is difficult, I know, to believe that we all have the same chance in life, but in the things that really matter it is the simple truth. Material equality will always be impossible in this world, but every human being is equal in God's love, and He sets each of us our journey to travel in the circumstances into which we are born. We say sometimes about ourselves or someone we know "he never had a chance." True, perhaps, in the material world, but never true in God's sight. Everyone could be a saint with God's help; to each is given his own special opportunities, temptations and joys. We do not need to be clever, or gifted, or rich, or popular to do our work for God. The saints whom the Church honours have been kings and beggars, young and old, yet their witness to the love of God has been the same.

Some people are given great gifts of leadership or art, and we may think how wonderful it would be to have their powers; but they have to face temptations to match. Newspapers are full of scandals about well-known personalities, but think for a moment of these people whose beauty and wealth give them every opportunity to indulge in the world's pleasures. They face the problem of the camel and the needle's eye. They have received greater gifts than many of us, so more is asked of them. In reality their failures may be no greater than our less spectacular ones.

To make a pilgrimage of life means simply to live in the presence of God, and to use the opportunities and happenings of each day to carry out His will. It is so simple, and yet so difficult for us who are apt to feel uncomfortable and ashamed of our thoughts when we remember that God is close to us. The best of us are such poor things, and yet it is trying to do better, not necessarily succeeding, that counts.

In the process we have responsibilities towards other people. Our work may be among a wide circle of people; or simply in our own family and with the people we meet in shops or buses. In either case we have human responsibilities of affection, or courtesy, or service, and spiritual ones too. No one has a greater responsibility than those bringing up children who will later have to face the evils and materialism of the modern world.

Every Christian is a witness of God, and our lives may be the means of bringing other people nearer to Him—or driving them away. No one's faith ought to depend entirely on the example of another human being, but sometimes it does, and then the responsibility is heavy indeed. It is worth remembering too, that trying earnestly to "save" another person's soul may be quite the wrong way to help them. They will probably laugh at you, and though you may be proud to suffer scorn for the sake of Jesus Christ, they will be farther than ever from finding Him. We need to pray for wisdom when it comes to helping others.

The Christian life is an adventure; a road patterned with the joy and sorrow which come to every human being. There is beauty and laughter and pain along its route, and endless opportunities. We and the rest of mankind have made the world what it is to-day, and the remedy for its evils is in your hands and mine.



Adventure by Air: Autogyro in flight in the early days of Helicopters



Photo by **Queen in residence** Jack Gray

Weekday Pages FOR WOMEN with Homes

Conducted by
Miss E. M. HARDING

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

Skirt.—When making a skirt, close both sides with zip fasteners instead of just one side. This not only looks smart, but the skirt can be worn back to front. This avoids "seating" the skirt, and there is no shiny patch through always sitting on the same part.—MRS. E. SMITH.

Smart umbrella.—To make a very gay or smart ummorella cover, use a man's old tie by just slipping your umbrella into the tie and neatly finishing for the required length.—MRS. E. EDWARDS.

Jumper.—When knitting a jumper or cardigan, I always commence the sleeves from the shoulder; in this way they can be so easily lengthened, or the cuffs re-knitted when worn.—MRS. DAVIES.

Wednesday's Nursing

Use a basket.—When taking a meal upstairs to anyone ill in bed, I find it much easier to pack everything in a basket. I then have one hand free to open doors, etc.—MRS. HOWARD.

Cleaning teeth.—Sometimes the teeth are so close together that a toothbrush does not get between them, and so food collects. The old-fashioned toothpick used to do the trick but seems now to be unobtainable. An excellent substitute is Dental Floss, which can be bought in handy little tubes from the chemist. This looks like thin white string and can be cut into short lengths, as required, by a gadget on the lid.—MRS. ALLNUTT.

Substitute for ice.—It is not always possible to obtain ice when needed for an invalid. An excellent substitute is one part of milk and one of spirits of wine. Mix together and soak a cloth in it. Then use as you would the ice. It is for external application only.—MISS V. MANNERING.

Monday's Washing

Airing.—To keep woollies, linen, undies aired when kept in chest of drawers and cupboards, put in a hot water bottle every now and then.—MISS D. CLARKE.

When collars become too dry for ironing, I find that if one holds them against the steam from a boiling kettle they obtain the correct dampness.—Miss A. KING.

Press-fasteners.—Instead of joining material for large curtains by sewing, use press-fasteners. Thus when washing, the curtains can be broken down into suitable sizes for the washing machine. Re-assembling is quicker too.—MRS. LEVER.

Curtains.—After washing and ironing net curtains, the hems are pressed and difficult to thread the wire through. Get a thick knitting needle, steel for preference, and push through the hem knob end first. Threading the wire then takes only a few seconds.—MRS. BOWER.

Starch.—When making laundry starch, I saturate a sponge with it and let it dry. When I want to starch some small article, I wet the sponge and wring it out in a little warm water.—MRS. E. KING.

Tuesday's Sewing

Ties.—To make an unbreakable loop for ties inside a coat, button-hole round a small curtain ring and sew in position.—MRS. GIDLEY.

Thursday's Cooking

Sour cream.—Should cream turn sour it may still be used successfully in baking fish filets. The result is richness and flavour, and it produces a golden brown which is most attractive and palatable.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

"Fill-ups."—If you cut up your own candied peel instead of buying it ready chopped in cartons, you will have large pieces of crystallized sugar leftover. These pieces stewed with dates make a good filling for pastry. Alternatively, chopped figs, sliced bananas, or a small tin of sliced peaches may be added to the stewed dates. This is an appetising accompaniment to any milk mould. If required for a children's party it can be served in individual glasses, covered with custard and sprinkled with nuts or cup chocolate.—MRS. C. H. PAULING.

A good recipe.—Well butter a casserole, peel and slice potatoes thinly into it. Next a layer of sliced onion, pepper and salt to taste; dredge with a little plain flour. Start again with potato, each time adding a little butter. Fill casserole, leaving room to fill up with milk, or milk and water, and cook slowly. This is my well-tried recipe, and is very enjoyable, either on its own, or with cold meat.—MISS P. DARLINGTON.

Peas.—Why waste time shelling peas? Put them in saucepan of cold water, and let them simmer for 10 minutes and then drain, and shells can be taken out easily, and then peas are ready for cooking.—A. STANDLEY.

Friday's Household

When making paper flowers that have rather thick stems, such as apple blossom, etc., join each branch with a piece of adhesive plaster before stemming with paper. You will find that in this way the branches are held firm, without the weight tearing them away from the main stem. I am enclosing a snap which I have taken of a spray of apple blossom that I have made, where all the branches are on just one stem.—MRS. A. H. WOLSTENHOLME.

Do not discard interlock undervests as they are very useful for packing dresses which have pleats all round. First, put the dress on a coat hanger so that the pleats hang in position; slip the vest right over, down to the bottom of the dress, then take it off the hanger and fold over in the usual way. You will find that the pleats keep nice and straight without the trouble of tacking each one before packing for holidays.—MRS. A. H. WOLSTENHOLME.

To make small rugs safe on polished floors, apply several spots of rubber cement to the underside of the rug. Allow to dry before using the mats.—MRS. BOSWELL.

Economy.—From a local shop I bought an oblong piece of modern pattern floor covering. I have put this on my kitchenette table and it is effective and so easy to wipe down. It cost 9d. and has been on for three months, and shows no sign of wearing. How is this for economy?—MRS. MAUDEN.

Saturday's Children

Laces in gym shoes are often a problem for small children. To overcome this I remove the laces and stitch strips of black elastic across the opening. The elastic "gives" sufficiently to enable the shoe to be removed yet prevents it slipping off.—MRS. V. I. LAWSON.

Balloons for party.—Instead of using place cards at a children's party, buy balloons and blow them up. Then with old nail polish, print the name of a child on each. Tie them on the backs of the chairs. At the end of the party each child has his own balloon to take home.—MRS. R. LYNCH.



Paper Flowers

(See Friday's Household)

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.



Under the Tower

AN unusual feature is found in the 15th century tower of St. George's Church, Wrotham, Kent. This is the passage that runs from north to south, under the tower. This passage was probably used in medieval times for Sunday processions. These processions were not allowed to leave consecrated ground, and as the tower abuts on to the road, it would be impossible to get round the church without this passage way. As the photograph shows, the road still runs right by the side of the tower.—A. E.

The Silver Bible

IN the University Library of Uppsala, once the capital of Sweden, may be seen the oldest Gothic book in existence, the "Codex Argentius," or Silver Bible. Its now faded leaves were once purple with silver lettering and bound in a magnificent cover of wrought silver. The Bible is kept in a glass case and covered with a black velvet cloth to protect it from the daylight. Considering its great age, this Bible is in a quite remarkable state of preservation. — MISS JOAN SALTER.



The Menhir in St. Augustine's Abbey

Soldier's Epitaph

IN Greasley Churchyard (Notts.) there is, or was, this epitaph over the grave of a soldier, J. Darlow:

"Whilst I was young in wars I shed my blood

Both for my King and for my Country's good.

In older years my care was chief to be
Soldier to Him, Who shed His blood for me."

—J. H. MOORE.

The Menhir in the Abbey

VISITORS to St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, can now see this huge single stone, originally dug up beneath the soil in two pieces, standing in the middle of the excavations of the monastic remains. It is suggested that it was a heathen symbol and that St. Augustine deliberately chose to implant the Christian faith on this site.—THE REV. C. T. SPURLING.



A Bear in Church

THIS photograph shows one of the Norman capitals in Crosby Garrett church in Westmorland. At one of the corners there is the head of a bear which appears to be muzzled. At another corner which is seen in the photograph there is a man's head.—H. J. SMITH.

Iona's Ancient Cathedral

IN 1956 H.M. The Queen visited the Cathedral on Holy Island, from which Columba sent missionaries to convert Britain in ancient times. Now funds are urgently needed for the repair and maintenance of Bishop's House and its Chapel. The photograph on page 68 shows the scene of Her Majesty's visit.—*Editor.*

A Moving Sight

IN the churchyard at Felpham parish church, over the grave of a little girl, there is a beautiful marble statue of the child. Passing by one day my cousin saw a little ragged gypsy girl clasping in her hand the hand of the statue and gazing up into the eyes with a rapt expression. It was a deeply moving sight.—L. I. WRIGHT.

Cathedral of Straw

A BEAUTIFUL representation of Cologne Cathedral has been constructed entirely of straw and reeds. The artist, Hans Meuhe, hails from Braunschweig (Brunswick) in Western Germany: it took him a thousand hours to complete his "cathedral"—the roof alone is made up of some 3,226 "tiles." The only tools he used were a pair of nail scissors, two round files, and a razor-blade; but he was extravagant with one commodity—sixty tubes of glue were needed to hold the structure together!—MRS. M. BOWEN.

More Spectacles

ON the subject of spectacles in Church carving, in the Chantry of Henry V, in Westminster Abbey, there is a quaint little statue of St. Matthew, busy writing his Gospel—with spectacles perched on the end of his nose! As King Henry died in 1422, this may be even earlier than those in Whichford Church. Of course, it is possible the statue is not contemporary with the Chantry.—P. MANSER.

Chancel by the Sea!

THE Chancel of old Selsey church still stands by the shores of Pagham Harbour, at Church Norton, over two miles from modern Selsey. Dedicated to St. Wilfred, it stands close by the site of his first monastery built in the 7th century. It is now used mainly as a mortuary chapel. By ecclesiastical law a church can be removed but not a chancel. So the chancel remained in its original place, while the body of the church was moved stone by stone to Selsey village.—N. M. WOODALL.



The Chancel of old Selsey Church

Time dragged on heavy wings. The tasks which might have driven anxiety into the background were beyond our attempting. I oscillated between the vicarage and the village, twice returning to change soaked trousers, and finally becoming a most unclerical figure in one of Ben's old oilskins, sea-boots with my trousers tucked into them, and a huge sou'-wester. At any other time than this age of agony of the waiting heart, there would have been chaff and a chuckle to greet my appearance.

The message which flashed from the lonely coastguard watch-house perched on the verge of the great headland miles down coast, sent the lifeboat-rocket soaring through the murk, and the crash of the explosion shook every stout granite house in St. Ven. A fishing-boat was being driven, almost helpless, towards the fearful cliffs.

Running feet—that is the sound I shall ever associate with the lifeboat—men vying to embark on a voyage in which their lives are diced against death, and their skill against the myriad dreads of the storm; yet to this call for succour men hasten as if gladly, and surely God thinks of these winged feet as of those that fly to *His* service without waiting to latch the sandal.

Other feet hastened, my own among them, to watch the launch. The lifeboat-slip was built by men who knew their work, and the ways of wind and tide, so that an outjutting high ledge of rock gave a moment's shelter from the worst violence of wind and wave where the keel took the water. A little short of breath, I reached the open doors of the landward side. The lifeboat was ready, the men clambering in, ghostly figures in the light of the lifeboat-house in their yellow oilers. Suddenly one slipped and fell back. His head struck the concrete, and he rolled over and lay still.

Harry Penjower! The one man who could cox that craft through such a storm as this! The second-cox had been dangerously ill for some weeks. I learned, afterwards, that when someone went flying to his

cottage with the news, he staggered from his bed and wept at the strength gone from him, so that he fell before he reached the bedroom door and his womenfolk picked him up, silently, and comforted him.

Penjower also had not been well, and the sudden call, the haste, and the feeling that he was not at his best for such a task, may all have combined to bring on the dizziness which took him before he staggered and fell. It was as I helped to carry Penjower into the open that I saw Jimmy in the lifeboat. The one volunteer I never expected to see in a boat manned, as so often before, by a half-scratch crew.

There was no time to dwell on this. A figure thrust forward, climbed into the boat, and something unfamiliar about the way the male garments of big oilskin and sou'-wester sat on their wearer made me look again. *Mavena!*

None stayed her. No voice was raised to urge her to remain ashore. Her grandfather was in peril; but this was not the reason why one of the crew moved aside so that she might take the wheel. There were others in St. Ven, with men aboard the *Garnerer*, whom kind but firm hands would have led from the lifeboat. Not so with *Mavena*. Her sea-love was as wide and deep as Penjower's. She was Elijah's pupil, taught by a man to whom the local seas were an open book. It was not the first time a woman had gone as one of the crew of a lifeboat since the days of Grace Darling; but the event was less common in our day.

Down went that fine boat, bulking so large in the lifeboat house, taking the water at the end of her lowering-cable. In a moment the cable was cast loose and a murmur of admiration came from the assembled watchers. *Mavena* had swung the craft in a perfect arc within the shelter of the outjutting rock, so that she took the great seas, bow-on, immediately.

How small the lifeboat seemed now, amid the welter of great waters, with her crew at their posts in glistening oilskins and sou'-westers. Almost immediately, after rising and falling within view for a moment or so, men and craft were lost to sight in the

murk of that howling wilderness of the sea. Yet, from the blackness came back to our ears the farewell wailing of her siren; a challenge tiny as a trumpet amid the guns of battle, and for us there was only to watch, to pray, and to wait.

A figure emerged from the sweeping swords of the rain, and O'Malley was by my side.

"He's gone with her," he said. "I heard the rocket, and hopped into my car to see the launch. Might have made it but for this rain. Never seen it worse! Had to drive right in the teeth of the gale! Look at those seas! What's the trouble?"

"Elijah's boat," I told him. "She's been sighted off the cliffs near the Devil's Mouth. If any man can hold her from disaster, he can."

"In seas such as this, and a gale blowing right inshore!" O'Malley's eyebrows frowned down. His monocle was dangling outside his great mackintosh. "God give him the one thing more he'll need."

"The lifeboat should reach the spot in half-an-hour," I said, reckoning quickly and allowing for the fury of the gale. We were rocking on our feet as we talked, both bent forward to keep balance in the wind which had the power to sweep heavy men off their feet on cliff-top or hillcrest. "Penjower's just been carried home, and Harry Squire, the second-cox, has been near death's door."

"Penjower! Then who's taken her in this gale?"

"Mavena," I told him. "She just stepped aboard and no one stayed her. I wish you'd been here in time to see her. It was done so calmly and naturally that everyone took it for granted. She might have inspired your brush."

"Not mine, padre," O'Malley said. "Jimmy's brush has first rights on this. Besides, I couldn't do it. Not now. When I was young, and with a woman such as Mavena—ah, then! Listen to those gulls wheeling somewhere above! Theirs are the wild hearts of the storm. Padre, will you let me run you to the cliffs by Devil's Mouth?"

A smile touched his lips, as he managed a jest to cheer me. "I'll feel safer with a parson alongside me in the car to such a destination."

There was nothing we could do in St. Ven, except wait and pray, with our hearts in our mouths, and the darkness down over the stage where the chief actors were braving the wrath of the sea.

"I'd be grateful if you would," I said. "There won't be much chance of seeing what happens in this murk, but the rocket team will be on duty by this time, and if there's anything to be done from the shore end, well, there may be work for our hands as well as our hearts."

"Then get in, John," he said. "The cliff road's the nearest, and the old car will buck like a bronco that's never met a stampede. This wind—" Inside the car there was comparative quiet after all the roar of the gale, but I could feel her swaying to the power of the wind, even in the shelter behind the lifeboat house. We wove our way through the alleys of St. Ven, and I asked O'Malley to draw up beside Penjower's door.

"He's all right, sir," Lizzie Penjower told me, as she came to answer my knock. "The doctor had just been to see a neighbour when the lifeboat rocket was fired. My daughter ran for him. He's up with Harry now, and a job to keep my man quiet, as you'll know well."

At that moment Doctor Seldon came down the stairs. He was about to tell Harry's wife what he intended to do, when he caught sight of me.

"Hello, Peters! I'm seeing that fellow upstairs has something to keep him quiet, but it might do some good if you'd talk sense into his head. I know what's troubling him. This mad girl taking his place and risking her life! It might quieten him if you'd do some of your stuff in the way I know you can."

My stuff! As if I had a room full of drugs and a hypodermic-needle at my command! Yet I knew that Seldon was no cynic, and we were good friends. So up the stairs I went, to find Harry with troubled eyes. I gave him no time to talk.

"Elijah's maid," I said, using the local word for woman, wife, or even grannie; for old men will say to their wives "What's troublin' of 'ee, maid?" even when in the scree and yellow leaf. I like it. There is something so natural in it. Then I paused to let the two words sink in. Elijah fighting the gale and the seas. Jimmy aboard the lifeboat alongside his love.

"Aye, Mr. Peters," replied Harry, "Elijah's maid. I was thinkin' of her life, and she at the threshold of love, that's all. He's aboard, too—and Elijah somewhere out there." He groaned. "Three lives."

"Three lives in the hands of God, Harry," I told him. "And the skill of the men you know, with the sea-knowledge of Elijah's maid. Lie back, Harry. If anyone can do it, the lifeboat that's guided by such hands can. I'm off to where the rocket team will be. I'll let you know first, in this dear little town, when there's news. Now rest—we all need you."

O'Malley started off at full pelt for the hill leading out of St. Ven. As we reached the heights above, the fearful power of the storm struck the car, and she bucked as O'Malley had prophesied. Crouched behind the wheel, he took her at speed along the ribbon of exposed and treeless road which led towards Devil's Mouth.

There was no moment for words. The wheel might be wrenched from the hands of a man less used to our great gales; but O'Malley had often driven to the crest of the moors to watch a storm, that it might creep into his work from the very memory of sound of wind and sight of gale-swept heather, or the sea.

When we reached Devil's Mouth, the rocket team was standing-by at the ready. O'Malley parked his car in a deep farm-track, and on we went buffeted by rain and wind. One of the men pointed seaward, and his deep voice almost seemed to sob as he gasped.

"Three times, sir. Three times Old Elijah have been drove in, and heaven knows how he got her clear again. We was prepared for the worst, and all ready—and then he took her out beyond sight. I'd say by what my

ears picked up that the engine's a bit dicky. Don't sound right to me. You can't tell proper with this gale roaring round your ears. If he's druv' in, he'll make for where the one strip of sand lies amid the rocks and slam her jam among 'em."

Suddenly his expression changed. I heard the sound in the same moment. The lifeboat siren wailing wildly and shrilly in the murk. Even as we heard it, I sighted the fishing-boat, with such a welter of water about her as almost made me turn away. Yet the sight fascinated. There was the hypnotism of watching some inevitable event. The eyes were riveted beyond any power of will to turn aside.

O'Malley caught my arm. "She's turned again, John," he said. "But she's terribly near those outermost rocks. Only Old Elijah could have held her off so long in this gale, with an engine failing on his hands. There's one thing, they're between something else than the devil and the deep sea now. They're between the lifeboat and the rocket lads. A frail chance, but a chance it is."

Then we watched the rocket men prepare. They knew, now, they would not need to move their gear, and soon all was in readiness. Yet that battle with the sea was fought out beyond sound or sight of us, and I think, had we been given choice to see or be blind, we should have chosen the blindness. Each event would have been fraught with dread, with the feeling that we were helpless to aid.

(To be continued)

A Promise Kept

BY G. O'NEILL

THE new Vicar was very fond of children. When he came to the church, one of the first things which claimed his attention was the children's corner.

Only the best, he said, was good enough for the children and it was his idea to install the little statuette. This was a figure of Christ, twelve inches high, exquisitely carved and painted,

and it occupied the place of honour in the children's special corner. Many were the exclamations of delight when it first appeared and soon the children came to regard it as their own, very special possession.

Among the youngsters who might often be found in the corner was one to whom the Vicar was unaccountably drawn. This was John, a child from a poor home, not always very well-dressed, but faithful in his attendance at the children's service and equally faithful in his love of the little statue.

And then John was absent from his usual place and on enquiry, the Vicar learned that he was in hospital and for some time he was very ill indeed. The Vicar visited him frequently, always saying a little prayer with him before he left and several kindly members of the congregation, hearing of the boy's illness, decided that they would like to buy him a present. Something he really wanted, which would be waiting for him when he returned from hospital.

The present he chose was a wheel-barrow and in due course a splendid wheel-barrow was delivered at his home—the kind of wheel-barrow which would delight the heart of any small boy. A few days later John came home from hospital, now fully recovered.

A few days afterwards the Vicar was showing some visitors round the church. They had admired the fine carving and the stained glass windows.

"And this," said the Vicar proudly, "is our children's corner. The children come here whenever they wish. You see, they have their own books and their—own—" His voice trailed away in helpless dismay. The little statuette was missing from its corner. Who could have taken it? Who could have done such a thing? The Vicar said nothing to the visitors but took them outside to see some rather unusual tomb-stones and there he saw a strange sight. There was John, wheeling his new wheel-barrow slowly and carefully round the church-yard. Up one path and down another he went. Round and round and in and out and finally he wheeled it right into the church. The Vicar placed his finger on his lips and followed him in. Standing in the shadows, he saw John go up to the children's corner, bend down and reverently lift the little statue from his wheel-barrow. He placed it gently in its special corner and the Vicar heard him say:

"There you are, little Jesus. I promised you if I got well again you could have the first ride in my new wheel-barrow, and I've kept my promise."

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O Men of Kent, what treasure here is thine.
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If any members of our Church would like to take up bell ringing, they will be most welcome. Please inform the Vicar.

ADULT CONFIRMATION CLASS. A number of adults are shortly to be prepared for Confirmation. If there are any others, anyone of 17 years or more, who are considering Confirmation, would they please inform the Vicar or Miss Liles as soon as possible. The classes will begin early in June.

LOCAL NEWS.

PARISH COUNCIL - APRIL MEETING.

1. Street Lighting. It was reported that the lamps had now been erected in Arlington Drive on Carter's Estate and at the two sites mentioned last month, namely near the Primary School and near the Red Lion. They would be serviced and in use in the near future. Efforts are being made to get Mr. Pyc to carry out the lighting scheme on his estates.
2. Sewerage Overflow. What was considered to be an unsatisfactory explanation of this trouble had been received from the Bullingdon Council; and it was resolved to pursue the matter further through the Planning and Public Health Committees.
3. Cemetery Drainage. Replies had been received from the owners of adjoining land, and as a result it was hoped to effect some slight improvement in this problem; though a complete solution was impossible owing to the lie of the land.
4. Village Hall. Mr. Leslie Wood (Secretary of the Oxfordshire Rural Community Council) addressed the Council on the question of Government Grants towards the building of Village Halls. He stated that grants were being made to Voluntary bodies who undertook this work but NOT to Parish Councils. Decisions in this matter will be made at the Parish Meeting and reported in our next issue.

ST. NICHOLAS COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL.

1. Election of May Queen. The children have elected Dianne Webb as their May Queen and Marilyn Phillips and Jennifer Little to be her maids of Honour at their May Celebrations, to be held at the School on Thursday, May 8th at 2 p.m.

2. New Classrooms. All parents will be pleased to learn that the builders have commenced their task of adding three new classrooms to the school. It is hoped that they will be ready for use at the beginning of the Autumn Term, and there will be no more necessity to send children to the old school building. We are looking forward with delight at the prospect of having all the children together again under one roof.

3. Visitors. Under the auspices of the British Council a party of students visited the school on Wednesday, April 2nd. They came from many countries and included a number of coloured people. All were very impressed with the facilities provided at the new school, and at the use we are making of them.

THE BOY SCOUTS - 43rd OXFORD TROOP.

There are just a few vacancies in the Troop for boys between the ages of $10\frac{1}{2}$ years and $14\frac{1}{2}$ years. Any boy who is interested in joining should get in touch with Mr. R. Jones at 118 Oxford Road, Old Marston, or else attend any of the Troop Meetings on Thursdays at 7 p.m. in the Reading Room, Old Marston.

"Received into the Congregation of Christ's Flock"

30th March. Karen Linda Hayle
Philip John Marsh.

6th April. David Martin Butler.

"Those whom God hath joined together".

29th March. William John Payne and
Dorothy Christine Fraser.

6th April. Frederick James Goody and
Betty Doreen Biles.

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

10th April. Edith Emily Hunt. Aged 65 yrs.

* * *

CHURCH CALENDAR - MAY 1958.

- 4th. Holy Communion at 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon.
Morning Prayer (Sunday School during
Sermon) at 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer at 6.30 p.m.
- 7th. Young Wives - Deanery Group Meeting at
7.45 p.m.
- 11th. Holy Communion at 8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.
Morning Prayer (Sunday School during
Sermon) at 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer at 6.30 p.m.
- 15th. ASCENSION DAY ! Holy Communion at
7.30 a.m.
- 18th. Holy Communion at 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer (Sunday School during
Sermon) at 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer at 6.30 p.m.
- 21st. Young Wives - at 7.45 p.m.
- 25th. WHIT SUNDAY. Holy Communion 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer (Sunday School during
Sermon) at 11 a.m.
Holy Baptism at 4 p.m.
Evening Prayer at 6.30 p.m.
- 27th. Mothers' Union at 2.45 p.m.
- 31st. DIOCESAN CONFERENCE at 11 a.m.

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.

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