

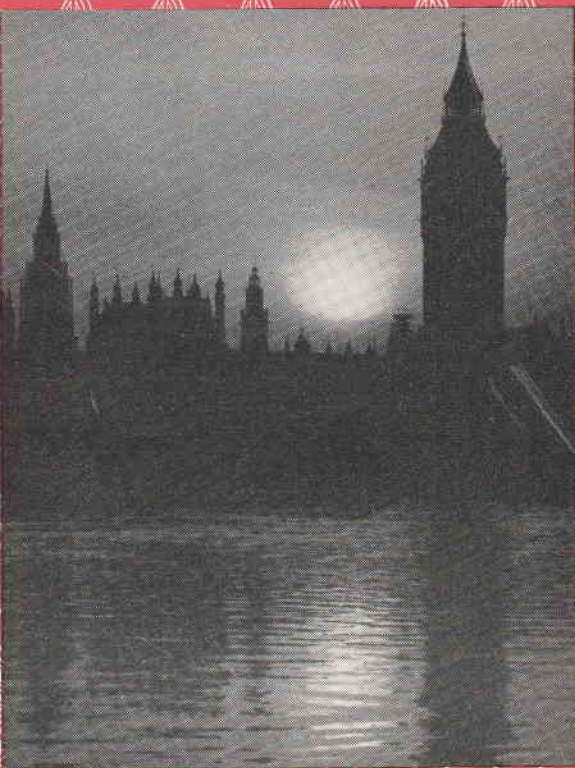
No. 9

NOVEMBER, 1958

Price 4d.

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



Sunset over Westminster

[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 during
Sermon).
Sunday School 3.0 p.m. at Old Marston Secondary
School.
Evening Prayer 6.30 p.m.
- Saints' Days.** Holy Communion 7.30 a.m.
- Holy Baptism.** Fourth Sunday of the month at 4.0 p.m.
Notice must be given.
- Holy Matrimony.** Banns to be given in at the Vicarage.

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS & MEETINGS.

- Bible Study & Prayers.** All welcome—in the Vicarage on
Thursdays at 8.15 p.m.
- Mothers' Union.** Fourth Tuesday of each month in the Read-
ing Room at 7.45 p.m.
- Young Wives.** First and Third Wednesdays of each month in
the Reading Room at 7.45 p.m.
- Pathfinders.** Each Friday in the Reading Room at 6.30 p.m.
- Cubs.** Each Wednesday in the Reading Room at 5.30 p.m.
- Scouts.** Each Thursday in the Reading Room at 6.30 p.m.

* * * *

- Vicar :** The Rev. Leslie V. Wright, The Vicarage, 11 Elsfield Road.
Telephone 47034.
- Lady Worker :** Miss M. S. Liles, The Flat, 15 Mill Lane.
- Churchwardens :** Prof. V. T. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.
Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13 Jack Straws Lane, N. Marston
- Vergers :** Mr. W. E. Brain, Cranmer, Elsfield Road.

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends,

I know that news travels fast these days, and it may not be a surprise to you to read of my resignation at the end of this year. I do assure you that my wife and I do not relish the idea of leaving so soon, but it is a case of sheer necessity. Many of you know that my wife has not been well during these past months and the tasks and responsibilities of a Vicar's wife have been too great for her in her present state—a Vicar's wife acts as her husband's receptionist, telephone operator and secretary, she has to take care of too large a house with limited means, and she is expected to shew herself at a hundred and one different functions in the local community, and above all she is never off duty, morning, noon or night, unless she gets away from her home—in other words you have got to be jolly fit to cope with all this! We have therefore reluctantly had to take medical advice and the advice of my seniors, and look for a sphere of work in which my wife can be an ordinary, straightforward, housewife for the next few years. I shall be taking up the post of Chaplain to a small school on the South Coast: and shall in fact be a full time school teacher in all but name. After a few years we hope and pray that we shall be able to launch out into Parish work once again.

As we look to the future please pray that the man of God's choice may be led to come here to take over the Parish, and that there may not be a long period of interregnum. An interregnum can be a time of real testing for the members of the congregation, it provides such a temptation to relax one's spiritual discipline of the regular church going and daily prayer; so do encourage one another and help one another in this matter.

Remembrance Sunday comes again this month (Nov. 9th). Don't let it go by without coming to Church and giving God thanks and praise for all His mercies to us, and for all those who laid down their lives that we might live in a better world.

A thought for this month: "Victory may be achieved through armaments, but not world peace."

May God bless each of you according to your need.

Your friend and Vicar,

LESLIE WRIGHT.

A MESSAGE FROM THE REV. J. H. MORTIMER

(Vicar of this Parish for 46 years).

Development and Progress are too often achieved at the cost of natural beauty. It is therefore a cause of thankfulness when we find the opposite occurring, and development offering the opportunity of making further beauty; and I rejoice when I heard of Professor and Mrs. Harlow's wish (surely an inspired one) to crown their generous gifts to the Village in connexion with the Village Hall by the provision of a site for a public garden for the Village—a thing of lasting beauty—and at the same time giving the Village—always traditionally one of gardeners—an opportunity of winning successes in local shows. While joining you all in gratitude to our kind friends, I greatly hope that they may see their dream fulfilled.

Though fond of gardens, I am no gardener. Had I let my friends, Messrs. John Allum and George Ward, have their way with me I should be happier. All the more reason have I to be grateful for the kind wish to associate me personally with the garden. You may rest assured that its "glory" and its gardeners will always find a place in my prayers.

God bless you all.

J. H. MORTIMER.

WEEKLY OFFERING ENVELOPES.

"What difference has the Weekly Offering Envelope Scheme made to our finances?" somebody has asked. May we give you a few figures to show you what difference this Scheme has already made.

The Sunday collections for the first 21 Sundays under which the Scheme has operated (May 5th—Sept. 21st inclusive), compared to the same 21 Sundays last year :

1958 :—£249 6s. 3d.

1957 :—£197 17s. 7d.

Net Increase £51 8s. 8d. or over 25% !

This increase is all the more remarkable since it has been such a very wet Summer, when congregations have been small on occasions. But though the congregations have been small on occasions, nevertheless the faithful members who have joined the Scheme still placed their "collections" in their envelopes at home, and brought these along with them when they next came to Church. That is the advantage of this Scheme.

If you have not joined this Scheme yet, why not start now? Just see what a great difference it makes to our Church finances. Most people give 6d. or a shilling or two Sunday by Sunday; but it is the faithful, regular giving of these small amounts which makes all the difference!

Please get in touch with Mr. B. G. Oliver or the Vicar about this if you would like to join this Scheme—needless to say you will be more than welcome!

THE MARSTON MARKET.

Our gratitude is extended to all those ladies, and certain gentlemen, who have so kindly helped with the Marston Market, either by supplying produce, by buying produce and by administering the sale of it from behind the counter. A very special "thank you" to Mrs. Kensington who organised, and originally planned, this market.

The grand total collected from the Market, in aid of the Restoration Fund was £71 13s. 5d.—a truly wonderful contribution.

ST. DUNSTAN'S HOMES FOR THE BLIND.

Mrs. P. R. Hall wishes to thank the nine people who so kindly helped in collecting for this good cause. The total amount collected was £21 5s. 0d.

THE DISCOVERED SPUR.

Great interest was aroused by the discovery of an unusual looking spur in the Churchyard. This discovery was made by the elder of Mr. Maund's two sons whilst he and his father and younger brother were busy cutting the grass on a Friday evening last August. The spur was taken to the Museum for identification, and it was definitely claimed to be of early seventeenth century. Mr. Maund very kindly offered the spur to the Church for safe keeping, but the P.C.C. felt it would be better to offer it to the Ashmolean Museum so that more people would benefit from this interesting discovery.

PARISH COUNCIL.

At a meeting of the Council held on September 30th it was agreed to lease a portion of the Recreation Ground to the Village Hall Building Fund Committee for the purpose of building a Village Hall. The lease is subject to certain safe-guards to protect the interests of the community.

Copies of the new BYE-LAWS recently adopted by the Council have appeared on the Recreation Ground and it would be as well if parents made sure that their children were familiar with them.

THEY HAD WHAT IT TAKES

By H. A. L. RICE

WE sometimes hear it said that no one can be expected to live up to the teaching of Christ; that it sets too high a standard, far beyond the attainment of ordinary struggling humanity. And then, on November 1st, along comes All Saints' Day to remind us of innumerable people whose very existence knocks the bottom out of the argument. These are the people we call the Saints—those men, women and children whose names adorn the Church's Roll of Honour. "Oh, saints!" says the objector. "But surely they were different. Weren't they rather queer, abnormal people, living sheltered lives remote from the rough and tumble of everyday existence, far away and long ago?"

On the contrary; most of them were supremely normal, level-headed people. A few of them, of course, were oddities, but nothing like so odd as some of the great sinners! The majority of the saints were no different, except in spiritual achievement, from the folk amongst whom they lived their daily lives.

If you don't possess any books about saints—and the lives of many of them do make fascinating reading—open your Bible and study the pen portraits of some of the great figures of the New Testament. You will soon discover that there was nothing abnormal about such characters as St. Peter, St. Paul, Timothy, Stephen, Luke and the rest. They were magnificently real people, who believed for all they were worth in the Cause of Christ and gave themselves to it body and soul. They had what it takes, as the Americans say, and most of the time it took a tremendous lot.



The Caedmon Panel on the Cross erected to his memory at Whitby. Caedmon was only a stable hand at Whitby Abbey when St. Hilda was the Abbess in the seventh century, but in a vision an angel commanded him to sing of the Story of Creation. He remembered it when he awoke, and that was the first English poem. Margaret Oldfield

It was because of their courage, their vision, their patience and perseverance, and above all because of their burning love for God, that those we honour as saints ended up by becoming very extraordinary people indeed—in the truest meaning of the word. Their temperaments were just as varied as those of the rest of their fellow-men. The Gospel seed falls in all manner of unlikely places, and the good productive soil may be found anywhere under the sun.

HILL TOP

BY ARTHUR

ERECTING memorials on hill-tops, in memory of illustrious persons or to commemorate important events, is one of the most widespread of English customs. Towers, crosses, cairns, and obelisks are landmarks at many places.

Overlooking the harbour at Whitby, Yorkshire, from a site near the old church by the Abbey, stands a modern example of the cross-designer's art. This finely carved shaft was, indeed, set up as recently as 1898, yet it is in memory of our first Christian poet, Caedmon, who died nearly 1,300 years ago. Figures of Christ, David, and St. Hilda, as well as Caedmon, adorn the shaft, and when this memorial was officially presented to Whitby it was unveiled by Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate.

Even more conspicuous is a huge cylindrical monument overlooking the York-Malton main road from the summit of Bulmer Hill, for it has been noted by many travellers. It was built as a mark of respect for the seventh Earl of Carlisle and its cost (about £2,000) was met by the tenants on his Castle Howard estate. A glass cupola surmounting the monument is reputed to have been put there to reflect the rays of the sun, so that the memorial represents a flaming torch and symbolises the Earl's career. In addition to being Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for eight years, he was a philanthropist and a gifted author.

The greatest number of hill-top landmarks in Britain commemorate the 50th

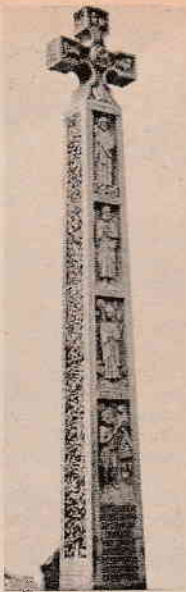
MEMORIALS

GAUNT, F.R.G.S.

anniversary of Queen Victoria's long and glorious reign. One such structure, in the form of a four-storeyed tower with battlements, dominates Middle Airedale between Skipton and Keighley. It is somewhat unusual, however, in that it serves also as a home, and it came into the news some months ago when it was offered for sale as a dwelling-house. Its occupants must have one of the most extensive views of any householders in the country, for it is claimed that Ingleborough can be seen from the battlements on a clear day. The tower was a gift to Keighley from the owner of Cliffe Castle, a mansion not far away. At the opening ceremony the royal standard was hoisted above the building.

Lancashire has a remarkable structure high above Lancaster, and this erection owes its origin partly to some singular circumstances, the site having been prepared by unemployed mill-workers who wished to express their esteem for Lord Ashton, a great benefactor to the town. The memorial resembles a miniature St. Paul's Cathedral, and from the balcony can be seen an impressive panorama of Morecambe Bay, with the Lakeland mountains in the background.

Some of our most elevated monuments take the form of sham ruins. Particularly in the early 19th century it was considered worthwhile to put up mock castles on eminences, these being thought to improve the view, but a number also serve as memorials.



Caedmon Cross



Castle Howard Memorial



The Ashton Memorial

A tragic example is Old John's Tower, crowning a hill in Bradgate Park, near Newtown Linford, Leicestershire. It affords remarkable views of Charnwood Forest, but it was built primarily in memory of a local character known as Old John. He occupied an ancient windmill on the site, and was fatally injured by a falling pole during celebrations in the surrounding park. Although the old fellow had few of this world's goods, he was a beloved character, and his tragic death was so mourned that the bogus castle was erected. Today it attracts many Leicestershire people to Bradgate Park.

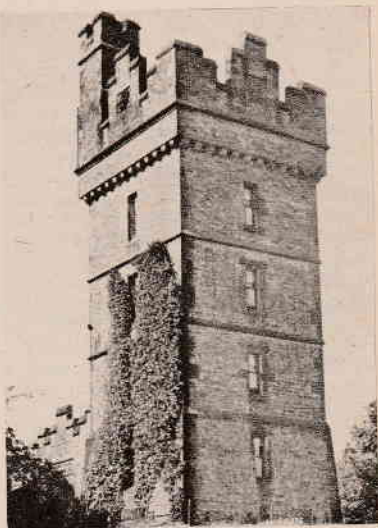
Pilgrimages are made by many Lancashire folk, too, to the Peel Monument overlooking Ramsbottom from the summit of Holcombe Hill. In fact, visiting this memorial at Easter is a ritual for walkers from as far away as Manchester. The structure is not a particularly pleasing piece of architecture, for it is not unlike a factory chimney, but it was built just over 100 years ago in memory of a man to whom Lancashire (and indeed the whole country) owes a big debt. He was Sir Robert Peel, founder of the cotton industry at Ramsbottom and famous also as a politician and

benefactor. It is said that the hills of North Wales and the Isle of Man are visible from the Peel Monument sometimes.

Even sham ecclesiastical buildings have occasionally been erected on elevated sites in order to "improve" the view. Above the Harden Valley, Yorkshire, stands a man-made ruin which has all the appearance of the shell of a church chancel, with a partly dismantled castle alongside.

One might easily be hoodwinked again by another hill-top ruin on Guy's Cliff, near Pateley Bridge, in Nidderdale. It looks astonishingly like the remains of an abbey, but in reality it has never been that. It was built much as it stands today, and although it is often referred to as Yorke's Folly, it was erected for quite laudable reasons. Colonel Yorke, a local landowner, had it set up to provide work at a time of industrial depression, and the labourers were enabled in that way to earn a living until times improved.

So far from being a "folly," the structure is thus a monument to one man's generosity and thoughtfulness for his less fortunate neighbours when distress threatened them.



The Jubilee Tower, Keighley



The Hills of Wales

THE MOST INTERESTING CHURCH IN WALES

BY KATHLEEN ROY

THE church at Towyn, in Merionethshire, is a very old foundation which is dedicated to St. Cadfan, and, after the cathedrals of St. Asaph and Bangor, is perhaps the most interesting church in Wales, both for its Christian associations and for its historical wealth.

Cruciform, it stands, the very essence of firm faith, in the heart of the little seaside town, the central square tower an outstanding landmark from the surrounding country.

Centuries have passed since the grey stone walls first arose, and today, although some parts of the church are of a later date, the nave, aisles, clerestory, and the north transept, are all part of that first early Norman building. Plain rounded arches divide the nave and the aisles, the supporting pillars, round and massive, unadorned by capitals, and leaning slightly this way and that out of

the perpendicular, are an odd feature, which but adds to the church's attractiveness.

But, ancient as is the Norman building, it was not the first church to arise on this site. For that we must go back to the 6th century, to the time of St. Cadfan himself. A company of Christian people from Britain had settled in north-western France and named the district little Britain—or, as we still call it, Brittany. In the early 6th century, however, they decided for some reason that they must return to their native shores and re-establish Christian worship among the Britons who, after the withdrawal of Roman forces in the early 5th century, had been subjected to the invasions and heathen teachings of the Saxons.

Their leader, Cadfan, was a good man who knew neither discouragement nor yet despair, despite the

setbacks he and his followers must have encountered. He helped to build several churches along the coast of Wales, and eventually found favour with Cyngan, a prince of the Towyn district, who is reputed to have given him land to build a church there, the site upon which the present church stands.

That first church was probably a tiny structure made of wattles and mud, for that was the most usual type of building in that day, and later, as knowledge of building grew, there would no doubt be a timber church—until, with the coming of the Normans, men began to learn how to work skilfully with stone, how to raise pillar and arch, and the great towers which they pointed up to heaven. The original central Norman tower of Towyn Church fell in the year 1692 and was replaced in the next century by a low tower at the west end, and records of the cost are still preserved. But about seventy years ago, this was removed and the present massive tower erected after the style of the original one, though traces of that 18th century tower can still be seen in the west wall.

Fully alive, its feet set securely in the present and its future golden with hope, Towyn Church today, nevertheless, still values its past, and its most precious treasure is a relic from those first far-off days when St. Cadfan walked the earth. It is an inscribed upright stone, and it is very probably the most ancient memorial in existence with written Welsh on it. What the inscription is, no one knows for certain; some archaeologists say the writing refers to Cadfan, others to Cyngan the prince. The Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments certainly

agrees that it dates from the 7th century and that it is probably "the most ancient monument of the Welsh language," and it is believed to have once been part of St. Cadfan's tomb.

To many, perhaps to most, people to-day North Wales means mainly mountains and mountain passes, deep silent lakes and rather noisier seaside resorts. But it is also a land rich in history and legend, summoning up memories of the powerful native princes of Gwynedd and Powys, of Llewellyn and of Edward I, whose mighty castles stand to this day. Above all, it is the cradle of British Christianity which was centuries old when St. Augustine landed in Kent in 597 A.D. And Towyn Church has its roots deep in that historic past, firmly witnessing to the unchanging Faith in this ever-changing modern age.



Towyn Church Today



Norman Doorway, Stibbington

'Ware Ivy

STIBBINGTON, the most northern village in Huntingdonshire, has a grand group of old buildings—the Church, the 17th-century Hall and the fine 16th-century Rectory. And, also, its grey stone cottages are very attractive. The west doorway of the church is noteworthy. It dates from the 11th or 12th century and is a good example of the Norman period. The surrounding ivy (which I suppose ought not to be there) adds to its beauty as a picture.—H. J. SMITH.

"Century" at the Organ

THREE members of the Hutchings family have between them completed 100 years of service as organists of St. John's, Banbury.—F. F. SMITH.

Bells for Eight

WE congratulate the parish church of St. James, Birstwith, on its skilled team of bell-ringing children. They can now ring a Bob Major and are in attendance every Sunday morning and evening. They are all in the Sunday School and most of them in the choir as well. When the Vicar's daughter was married in the church a year ago a tape recording was taken of the children's peal, and the daughter has it in Rhodesia as a treasured possession of home.—EDITOR.

Church Notes and Views

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

A BELL-INSCRIPTION of the 17th century runs as follows:

"When I ring
God's praises sing;
When I toule,
Pray heart and soul."

—MRS. M. LINDSAY.

Gargoyles of Human Heads

THE mediaeval masons often let their fancy run riot in their beautiful carvings of grotesque human heads, and there is a particularly interesting example in a mask-like face adjoining the south porch at Cerne Abbas. It consists of a grotesque human face with enormous gaping smoke-blackened mouth and pierced eyes. This was possibly the flue of the oven in which the Altar bread was baked. Provision was also made for caretaking monks and travelling priests, and it may have been the smoke outlet for the fire in the old priest's chamber.—J. O. BENNETT.

After the Service

HERE is a photograph of the famous tomb at St. Clement's, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex. The top was used for sharpening their cutlasses by press gangs in days gone by, as they waited for the service to end and for the congregation to emerge.—FL.-LT. L. HUNT.



St. Clement's Leigh-on-Sea



Purton Church

Tower and Spire

THE lovely parish church in the little village of Purton, near Swindon in Wiltshire, is almost unique in that it has a tower and a separate spire. I say almost unique because there are one or two others. One is not very many miles away in the village of Wanborough and the other is many miles away in Lancashire at Ormskirk. These churches must present quite a problem to the ordnance map makers. Should they be marked on the maps as churches with spires or with towers? It is curious that the same story is told about all three of these churches. Legend says that many years ago there were two sisters who wished to leave some money to the church. One wanted a tower while the other wanted a spire and so these curiosities are the result of trying to please them both.—J. C. D. SMITH.

The Queen Gives a Font

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has presented an ancient Greek font to the church at Sandringham, her Norfolk home. Made from a solid block of marble, the font, which is at least 1,000 years old, was brought from the Island of Rhodes in 1886. It has been kept in the grounds of the house since then.—A. G. SMITH

Mexican Time!

MY photograph shows the remains of an ancient sundial which is found in the churchyard at Worfield, near Bridgnorth, Salop. In the days when this sundial was in working order, it gave the time of day in Worfield, Jerusalem and Mexico, but the reason for this latter choice remains a mystery to this day.—A. J. WARR.

Turkey in Church

ATURKEY in the village church of Boynton on the Yorkshire Wolds is not only a support for the lectern, it is a crest for a coat-of-arms, granted to William Strickland, for bringing the first turkeys to Britain from the New World early in the sixteenth century.

Strickland commanded one of Sebastian Cabot's ships in an expedition which sailed from Bristol. The convoy anchored off the South American coast, and on leading a party ashore to forage for food, Strickland found that the natives had some semi-domesticated turkeys. He brought some back to Britain.—FRANK F. SMITH.

Swans of Lincoln

IT is appropriate that Lincoln Cathedral should be hospitable to swans for St. Hugh of Lincoln had a pet swan "which became his friend, protector and companion." It was a whooper swan and lived on the pond, but would go out to meet the Bishop when it noticed (from the demeanour and preparations of the servants) that he was due to return from one of his journeys.—W. A. RAMSAY.



Mexican Time

Weekday Pages for Women

Conducted by
MARION
HURST



Photo by

Model Pony

Miss Lyne

Monday's Washing

On wet days, I have two parallel ropes in my kitchen and I peg the clothes from one to the other, and so get many more up at a time. The heat from the stove gets directly under more garments.—MRS. H. VIGAR.

Tie-press—Rather than iron a tie and have flat sides, making it an obviously washed tie, wash it and put it on a well-extended steel tie-press, (which can be purchased for a shilling or two) and allow to dry. No ironing is needed, and sides of tie are rounded, as new.—MRS. N. F. THOMAS.

When hanging sheets on the line during windy weather, peg them over the line and then peg them together down the sides. I find three pegs each side sufficient.—MRS. ROUT.

Tuesday's Sewing

Drying Jerseys.—Knot two old nylons together and thread up one arm, across neck and down other arm. Peg on line at each end and in middle of neck by nylon. The jersey will dry quickly and there will be no peg marks.—MISS SYMINGTON.

Boiling Starch.—When making boiling starch, if you wish to use it at once, hold your hands under a running cold tap or dip them in cold water. You can then easily wring out of the hot starch.—MRS. S. J. JACOBS.

New from old.—I always unpick anything that is hand-knitted, but too old, or too small to wear. With the best parts I make socks, gloves and scarves for both of my sons. When the elbows of their

jerseys are worn beyond repair, I remove the sleeves, using the best wool for two new armbands, stitch on and thus have a pullover at for least another year's wear. I never have to buy mending wool.—J. M. (MRS.).

Shirt Collar.—Here is a very easy way to turn a shirt collar. Very carefully, with safety razor, unpick the machine stitching round inside neck edge (only the row holding the collar!) Lift collar gently out, reverse, then pin, tack and machine, to inside neck band only. Then sew by hand the outside-edge. Collar should then set, and look like new. It is wisest to turn collar before letting it get worn through.—MRS. I. G. BACON.

Wednesday's Nursing

Medicine Clock.—A small clock beyond repair can be used in a sick room. Set the hands to when next dose of medicine is due. This assists the memory.—MRS. ANDERSON.

Two Potatoes.—Having suffered from night cramp for years, I was amused when a friend from the country suggested keeping two potatoes in my bed. I did so, and have never had cramp since.—MRS. MORLEY.

Try Soap.—I know elderly people find great difficulty in threading a needle. If the threading part is moistened with soap and given a twist, there will be no difficulty.—MRS. M. EVANS.

Thursday's Cooking

Here is an economical way of using up the remains of a joint of beef or lamb which may be insufficient to make into a Shepherd's Pie in the usual way. Put meat from joint through the mincing machine, together with a small amount of luncheon meat and an onion. Add a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, a tea-

spoonful of Marmite dissolved in a little water or gravy, and salt and pepper. Cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour, top with mashed potatoes, and brown under grill or at top of the oven. This "Mock" Shepherd's Pie does not taste of the luncheon meat (which is usually pork), but seems to acquire the flavour of the lamb or beef.—MRS. E. LLOYD.

A Savoury from Leftovers.—(1) Mix mashed potato with onion sauce, then cut up 2 or 3 cold sausages and mix in. Put into a greased oven dish, sprinkle grated cheese and breadcrumbs on top. Bake for about half an hour in a moderate oven.

(2) *A sweet.*—Mash half a cupful of stewed apple with a banana, and mix into a strawberry or lemon jelly. Put into a mould and turn out when set.—MRS. K. WILSON.

Stale Loaf.—To freshen, sprinkle it with cold water and heat in a hot oven for five or ten minutes.—MRS. H. G. HAWARD.

Friday's Household

Spring-cleaning hint.—Curtain hooks (or rings) often become rusty, especially those exposed to an open window. They can be made like new again by boiling for a few minutes in equal amounts of vinegar and water. An old saucepan or fruit tin can be used, and you only need enough liquid just to cover the hooks. Rub dry in a cloth on which you have put some floor polish, and they will slip easily into the curtain tape.—MRS. I. M. BOWDEN.

Tablets.—The ends of soap tablets I collect until I have a good handful. I then put them in a drop of water in a saucepan and slowly melt. Turn into the lid of a soap box to set and you get another tablet of soap.—MRS. E. C. WARD.

Saturday's Children

Baby's Plastic Panties.—These panties soon tear down the side seams, but new life can be given to them, and quite a considerable expense saved, by sticking a piece of waterproof-plaster strapping over the offending seam.—MRS. J. M. MASSEY.

Fire Prevention for Toddlers.—There must be thousands possessing a tiled surround in the living room puzzled how best to secure

the fire guard without undue damage. Without mess or fuss I fixed a suction towel hook at each side of the grate and it has secured the fire guard with such success that our 19 months' old rascal does not bother even to try to remove it now. To refuel or burn any waste, unhooking is very simple:—MRS. M. PARR.

Now is the time

to get your Christmas Cards; but they ought to be cards that convey the true message of Christmas. For years Home Words have produced such cards for its readers and this year, in response to ever-increasing demand, are offering three sets at prices to suit every pocket.

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

Series 130: 12 different designs—

54 cards for only 10/-;

Series 240: 8 different designs, larger than above and frosted—30 cards for only 10/-.

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

All post free. With envelopes.

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

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



Photo by W. A. Ramsay
Friendliness is next to Gentleness

THE FIRST STONE

BY JAMES DAVIDSON ROSS

Chapter V

(Following a theft in the village, Tim Spooner falls under suspicion. Mary Finch, his fiancée, stands by him loyally in the face of local gossip: Mrs. Ambler, voicing her condemnation most loudly. Depressed, Tim gets drunk and is involved in a rowdy scene with Mrs. Ambler. When Mary tries to find Tim he has disappeared and she goes to church by herself to hear the second calling of their Banns. The Vicar preaches on the evils of an unruly tongue and after the service, Mrs. Ambler shows signs of being ashamed of her previous behaviour. In the church, meantime, the Vicar is questioning Tony Moss, one of his choir boys, for he has suddenly remembered seeing Tony out late on the night of the theft. Tony panics and bolts from the Vicar.)

THE sun had gone down in a blaze of glory, but Mary's heart was still full of light as she swung up the lane towards the village. All Tim's resentment had gone as they walked back through the woods and they had planned how to carry out their decision to face the village serenely, no matter how much gossip there might be. Mary had suggested they should talk the whole thing over with the Vicar, and Tim had agreed. They decided to separate to their own homes to tidy up a bit. After her precipitous flight through the woods Mary was adamant that she "couldn't possibly let the Vicar see her like *this*," and they would meet at the Vicarage in an hour's time. Knowing Mr. Greengrass, Mary was sure he wouldn't mind their calling then, even if it were rather late in the day.

It was still very warm and Mary paused at the last corner before the lane joined the village street—and nearly went flying as a figure came rushing down the road, cannoned into her and went sprawling in the dust.

"Hey, look out, Tony Moss! What do you think you're doing, banging into people like that? I say, are you hurt?"

She helped the boy up. No, he seemed all right, but—what on earth

was the matter with him? He looked terrified of something. His face was quite *wild*. She held his arm firmly as he tried to pull away from her, and her voice revealed her concern.

"Tony! Whatever's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"I'm all right; nothin's the matter; honest, Mary. Let me go . . ."

He craned round to peer up the hill towards the village, and again tried to pull away from Mary; he seemed to be on the verge of tears. He was in such distress that Mary's heart went out to him. What *could* have happened to upset Tony like this? She'd known him get into scrapes before, but she didn't think she'd ever seen a child look so utterly scared.

"Tony dear, something's wrong. You look awfully unhappy. Won't you tell me what it is? It'll make you feel lots better, and maybe I can help put things right. Are you in some sort of trouble?"

Slowly the boy's head drooped until he was looking at the ground; he was no longer resisting her now. A muffled gulp came from him and a grubby fist was rubbed slowly against his eyes. Mary placed her hand gently under his chin and raised his head . . .

"What is it, Tony? Tell me about it."

"Oh, Mary, I'm in awful trouble—you don't know. They'll put me in prison!"

Mary's heart missed a beat. Prison? What had the poor kid been doing? He must be imagining things. He . . . she stood very still. Mr. Dodd's money bag! No! Surely, he couldn't have—yet, *someone* had. And all this week Tim had been under suspicion.

"Come on, Tony, let's have it," she said gently.

With a rush it came. After a week of fear and indecision, it tumbled out in a spate of penitence and woe-begone indignation.

"It was all old Dodders' fault!"

Always pickin' on me at school, keeping me behind and punishin' me for things what I hadn't done! Always goin' on—I heard him talkin' up at the cricket pitch, saying he would take the money home after the dance an' lock it up in his desk for the week-end. I—I thought up a kind of plan to pay him out. I thought if he sort of lost the money then everyone would get awful mad at him—and that would be jolly well sucks for him! So I got out of my bedroom window that Saturday night—it's easy, I've done it lots of times before"—Mary controlled a grin, "... and went up to the hall to see if there was a chance of doing something. That dancing! It went on an awful time an' I got jolly cold hangin' about. Then everybody left, an' old Dodders put a bag in his car an'—an'—Mary, I *didn't* meant to keep the money; that's stealing! I just hid it on his back verandah under a pile of deckchairs. But—then everything went wrong and he went to the police, an' everybody was saying Tim would go to prison, and ..."

"And you were too frightened to own up," said Mary quietly. The boy nodded dumbly and Mary looked at him compassionately. How very much worse he had made things for himself by not owning up immediately. He should have guessed that the first thing Dodds would do would be to notify the police. Maybe not, on second thoughts. After all, it was only a prank in the eyes of the boy. Tony was looking up at her pleadingly.

"Mary, what am I going to do? Will they put me in prison?"

She stood and thought deeply. She was tremendously relieved that Tim was so suddenly cleared, but concerned for the boy standing in front of her. Of all the crazy things to do—and yet, boys were queer creatures and not given to thinking over much about the future. For a moment she felt indignation rise strongly as she thought of all that Tim had suffered since the theft; to think that this boy had been responsible all the time! Then she saw his frightened face looking up at

her and the anger passed. Poor little kid; now how on earth could this be sorted out?

"Why were you running away like that just now, Tony? Had someone found out about it?"

The boy nodded forlornly: "It was the Vicar. He saw me that Saturday night and forgot all about it till just now. I passed him on the way home after—after—"

"I see." She paused. "Tony, you'll have to tell Mr. Spokes. Let's go along together and get it over."

At the mention of the policeman Tony's alarm flared up afresh.

"I'm not seeing old Spokes! He'll send me to Borstal or prison or something ..."

"Tony, don't be silly. They've got to know sometime—Tony! Tony, come back! It won't help to run away ..."

She started to go after him as he tore down the lane leading to the woods; then turned and quickly made her way to the village. No time to change now before seeing Mr. Greengrass. She ran down towards the village.

* * * *

"So you see, Vicar, I had to come along and say again 'thank you'. I—your sermon caused me some hard thinking and I don't believe I'll forget it for a long time. I know a lot of people don't like me in the village, but I do try to be a Christian, Mr. Greengrass; I really do. It's one's duty to take a firm stand sometimes, but, well—I know now that I was too hard on Spooner. I—I believe I said some rather dreadful things."

The Vicar's head whirled. *This* was the sort of thing that made one's ministry worth while, and when he thought of all the doubts he had had before finally deciding to preach that sermon! What it had cost Mrs. Ambler to come here tonight and tell him this no one would ever know. His generous nature warmed to the forbidding woman sitting opposite; this was a Mrs. Ambler he had never met before. Thanks be to God, the Spirit had indeed been at work.

"This makes me more happy than

I can say, Mrs. Ambler," he began, when there was a ring at the door bell and a moment later the sound of voices in the hall. The door opened and his wife entered, a rather odd smile on her face.

"Harry, I'm so sorry to disturb you—forgive me, Mrs. Ambler—but there are two people here who want to see you urgently. I think it would be a good idea if I brought them in here with you both." And she had left before either could answer her.

They stopped inside the doorway and Mary grabbed Tim's hand hard as she felt him tense beside her. Mrs. Ambler, of all people! She glanced at Tim whose face was pale and set; he turned back to the door.

"Don't go, Spooner, please. I want to apologise. I'm afraid . . ."

Tim turned slowly round, a look of such wonder on his face that was almost comical. "You *what*?" he gasped.

"Come in, Tim, Mary, both of you—sit down. Mrs. Ambler has been talking to me. You couldn't have come at a better time. There have been a great many misunderstandings and now is the time to clear them up."

"Mr. Greengrass is right, Spooner. I—I want to say to you both that I am very sorry."

Tim swallowed copiously and leaned forward. "If it comes to that, Mrs. Ambler, I reckon I'm sorry I called you all them names like what I did." He turned excitedly to the Vicar: "Ere, Sir, you just listen to what Mary's got to say; she aint 'alf been busy since church!"

Mary looked down at herself, then at the Vicar and at Mrs. Ambler who were regarding her with interest. She laughed.

"I'm sorry I'm in such a mess, but I *have* had rather a busy evening. Vicar, did you see Tony Moss this evening?"

The Vicar jerked up his head. "Have you seen him? I was talking to him after church but he—er, he left in a hurry before we could finish our chat."

"Yes, I've had a long talk with Tony."

Quickly Mary told of her meeting with Tony; she looked worried as she finished: ". . . and he just rushed off down the lane towards the woods. He was awfully upset; I do hope he's all right."

The Vicar nodded slowly, "He'll be all right; just letting off steam after hugging his fears for a week. Someone will have to go and see his parents, and Mr. Spokes. You'll have to go, Mary, and I think I'd better come along too." He stood up and sighed. "Well, that seems to be that. Goodness knows how we'll get the boy out of this jam but, well, Tim, I'm immensely relieved this anxious time is over for you."

"Yes, indeed." Mrs. Ambler picked up her handbag. "I'm also relieved we had our little talk *before* the truth came out. Once again, forgive me Mary, Spooner—and I hope you'll be very happy together. I'm afraid I must rush now; if I can be of any help in this matter of Tony Moss do tell me. Thank you, Mr. Greengrass, I'll let myself out."

"Well, I'll be—!" Tim shook his head wonderingly and turned to the Vicar. "Reckon I should say thanks to you for this, Sir."

"Not me, Tim. Someone else far greater than I has been at work here."

He grasped a hand of each of them firmly for a moment then swung round and looked at the clock. "It's nearly ten; I think it would be a good idea to go and see Tony's people now. It's late, I know, but not too late, and Tony will be out of the way in bed. We'll all go together. Come along."

And he led the way quickly out of the house.

As they approached the cottage where the Moss's lived, the door opened and the anxious face of Tony's mother peered out, gazing up and down the lane. The Vicar hurried forward: "What's the matter, Mrs. Moss?"

"Oh, Vicar, I'm so worried! Tony's not come home—not since church. Oh, Vicar, wherever can he be?"

(To be continued)

ST. ANDREW OF SCOTLAND

BY HUBERT W. W. FENWICK, A.R.I.B.A.

THE Apostle and Martyr Andrew, elder brother of the "Keeper of the keys to Heaven," is the patron saint of fishermen. He is also the patron saint of Scotland, to which country, according to monkish lore, came Saint Regulus or Rule, a fifth century Greek, bearing with him the relics of Saint Andrew. These relics were subsequently 'housed' and venerated in a Chapel whose Romanesque tower still stands amongst the ruins of the Cathedral at St. Andrews, in Fife. So runs the official story, but, like so many official stories, especially in Scotland, it cannot be accepted in its entirety. In any case, the monks propagating it probably did so to impress the English, and in particular a contemporary Archbishop of York who, claiming the protection of Saint Peter, sought political and spiritual advantage North of the Border. Today, the Feast of Saint Andrew, November 30th, is ostentatiously observed by millions of Scots, perhaps not in church but certainly in clubs, hotels and dance-halls; while Saint Andrew's blue and white flag is customarily flown from public buildings in Scotland on this and other important national occasions.

Historically, Saint Andrew suffered martyrdom on Patras, a Greek island off Asia Minor. He is said to have been tied, not nailed, to his cross; and the cross was not a saltire but a perfectly ordinary Roman one. In fact, the modern Scots saltire is

really just a mutilated version of the banner flown by the Christian Emperor Constantine, which displayed the Greek "Chi-Rho" symbol, an X superimposed on a P, and was blue and white.

On the fall of the Western Empire the body of Saint Andrew was removed from Patras to Constantinople, whence, in the eleventh century, it was taken to Amalfi, then the foremost naval power in the world. Amalfians were the first in the West to use the magnetic compass, they invented the first International Code of the Sea, and treasured the original manuscripts of Roman Law, Justinian's *Pandects*, which, curiously enough, form the basis of the present Scots Legal System. Thus, it is in a veritable fishermen's "nest", a village with a remarkable maritime



St. Andrew, Amalfi

history, that the remains of Christ's "fisher of men" now lie, honoured and revered, in a tomb from which there exudes the so-called "Manna di Sant' Andrea", a curious, oily substance which is collected in metal beakers, soaked in rags and distributed to those who believe in its miraculous properties. Amalfi's great day is, of course, November 30th, and in times past it used to be visited thereon by devout Scots, eager to pay homage to their patron saint.

Modern Scots pilgrims to Amalfi can scarcely fail to be thrilled by the sight of Saint Andrew's splendid statue in the piazza. He is represented leaning on his cross and hold-



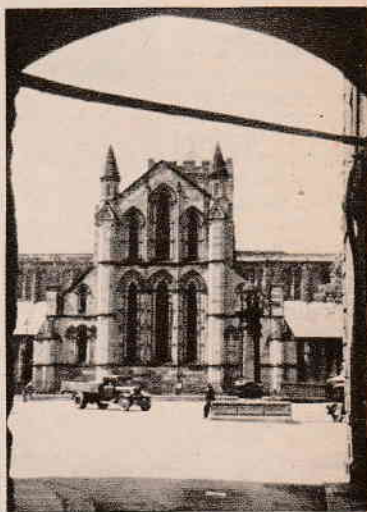
Tower of St. Regulus, St. Andrews

ing a net and fishes. Nothing could better express the Mediterranean ancestry of our patron saint, and indeed of many Scots themselves, for it must be remembered that the founder of our race is supposed to have been a Greek Prince, called Gathelus, who married Scota, the daughter of an Egyptian Pharaoh. Their two sons, Hiberia and Hibernia, travelled to Spain and Ireland respectively, while a grandson, the Prince of Rothesay, landed on an island in the Firth of Clyde, the capital of which bears his name; hence, presumably, the present title of Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, who is known in Scotland as the Duke of Rothesay!

It would seem therefore, that some deep rooted sense of the archaic past prompted our remote forefathers to choose a Mediterranean saint, a "Greek" one and a sailor. They also, in some measure, reflect our affinities with folk from the "middle-sea." We still share much in common with the Greek world and with parts of Italy and Spain—a "Primitive", "Eastern" type of Liturgy, for instance; the kilt, and the bagpipes;

not to mention the shepherd's plaid, which, I am told, may frequently be seen in Cyprus. None of this, however, quite explains how the actual cult of Saint Andrew came to Scotland, though it may suggest why; and, I am afraid, when we look into the matter closely, and forget all about mythology, we find a less exciting, mildly unflattering, story.

It appears that Saint Augustine, who brought "Western" Christianity to Britain, was reared in a monastery dedicated to Saint Andrew, and throughout his life held that saint in high esteem. Consequently, many of the early churches built in England were named after Augustine's favourite saint, including the Cathedral at Rochester, and further north, Hexham Priory in Northumbria. At Hexham, too, they subsequently claimed possession of Apostolic relics, and it may be that an arm-bone, or possibly a finger, once belonging to Saint Andrew, and probably taken from his remains at Amalfi, was passed on to the Monks of St. Andrews in Scotland. At any rate, that is the latest story, although I doubt if we shall ever discover the real truth.



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In an effort to identify the offenders and to try to prevent further damage to the Children's Amusement on the Recreation Ground a number of Volunteer Wardens have been enrolled to do duty on the ground. More are urgently needed, volunteers should send in their names to the Chairman.

The Chief Constable has been asked for additional help in an attempt to stop this vandalism.

OLD MARSTON EVENING INSTITUTE.

The Evening Institute has made an excellent start with enrolment of over 150 members. The Dressmaking class has proved to be so popular that it has been necessary to organise three classes instead of the intended one class.

Classes functioning at present are Ladies Keep Fit, Fancy Cookery, Dressmaking, Motor Scooter Maintenance and Horticulture. In addition the Village Choral Society meets each Friday evening at the Institute. It is hoped that the Woodwork class will commence in early November.

The Supervisor would particularly like to bring your attention to the proposed Basketwork and Country Dancing Classes; your support could still bring these two classes to life this term.

OLD MARSTON COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Welcome additions to the Staff are Mr. J. B. Mulliner, F.R.H.S., who is the Deputy Head, Mr. J. Benwell, Mr. J. M. Dunne, M.A., and Mr. M. Groser, B.A.

One of the most noticeable features of this term has been the number of boys and girls in the School colours of Green and Grey. A number of Senior Boys, too, are wearing a black blazer as a mark of their seniority. This is a real contribution to the building of a team spirit.

Out of School activities beginning to take shape include the well-known Angling Club, an Art Group, a Woodwork Group and activities on the Sports Field. It is encouraging to see teachers who have a great deal of organizational work in a new School so willing to take on extra calls on their time.

The School has been host so far this term to the Evening Institute, the Oxford Preservation Trust, the Mothers' Union, the Women's Institute and to its own Teacher Parents' Association. In this last connection the recent meeting raised funds to purchase a trophy for the House competition, a microphone, some more vases and a number of items to assist future social activity. Other events of note have been the teenage fashion show by Simplicity Patterns Ltd., enjoyed by the girls side of the School and the starting of the Tuck Shop, enjoyed by all.

ST. NICHOLAS' COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Thanks to the sympathetic co-operation of Mr. D. E. Smith, Head Master of the Secondary School, the disruption caused by having two classes away from the main building is much less than it might have been. The Primary department has the use of the hall at the Secondary School for three hours weekly as well as the use of other ancillary services.

The Infant Section held their Harvest Festival on October 2nd and a most impressive service was conducted by Mrs. Morton and Mrs. R. Gibbins. Many of the gifts were sold and £4 was sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes while the residue of the goods was taken to the Nazareth Home on Cowley Road.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Morton organised an "Animal Week" in connection with the National Council for Animals' Welfare and as a result £4 11s. 0d. was sent to the London Headquarters of the Fund.

It was with dismay that we received the news that Mr. J. W. Brucker would be leaving us at the end of the term to take up an appointment at Wheatley County School. His work both inside and outside the School is well known to you all and we shall sorely miss his contribution to the life of St. Nicholas School.

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

- Aug. 24. Julian Andrew Heyes.
- " 24. Rosemary Susan Loomes.
- " 24. Lyne Neal.
- " 24. Sharon Annette Wyatt.
- Sept. 14. Timothy David Fitzroy Cairns.
- " 14. Valerie Anne Head.
- " 28. Kim Butler.
- " 28. Alison Jarvey.
- " 28. Ian Vandyke Lewis.
- " 28. Gary Palmer.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

- Oct. 4. Kenneth John Phipps and Delia Mary Hickman.
- " Unto God's gracious mercy we commit her."
- Oct. 16. Florence Ethel Cooper, aged 83.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

- Nov. 1. ALL SAINTS DAY.
Holy Communion, 7.30 a.m.
- " 2. TWENTY SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- " 5. Young Wives, 7.45 p.m. Church Hall.
- " 6. Bible Study and Prayers, 8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
- " 9. TWENTY THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.
Morning Prayer, 10.58 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- " 13. Bible Study and Prayers, 8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
- " 16. TWENTY FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- " 19. Young Wives, 7.45 p.m. Church Hall.
- " 20. Bible Study and Prayers, 8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
- " 23. TWENTY FIFTH (LAST) SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Holy Baptism, 4 p.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
- " 25. Mothers' Union, 2.45 p.m. Church Hall.
- " 27. Bible Study and Prayers, 8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
- " 30. ADVENT SUNDAY.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH.

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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 Road.

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

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

Scouts. Leader : Mr. R. Jones, 118 Oxford Road.

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

LOCAL.

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

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

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

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

Cromwell Club. Leader :

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

Teacher-Parent Assoc. St. Nicholas County Primary School.
Sec. : Mrs. M. Smith, 4 Windsor Crescent.

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