

No. 8

OCTOBER, 1958

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MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



Sunshine on Bideford Font

[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 Elsfeld Road.
Telephone 47034.
- Lady Worker :** Miss M. S. Liles, The Flat, 15 Mill Lane.
- Churchwardens :** Prof. V. T. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.
Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13 Jack Straws Lane, N. Marston
- Verger :** Mr. W. E. Brain, Cranmer, Elsfeld Road.

My Dear Friends,

I hope we shall have the pleasure of welcoming all of you at our Harvest Festival during this very next Sunday. I heard someone say the other day: "This is the worst harvest in living memory; what have we to thank God for?" But to talk like that is to talk like a spoiled child. The spoiled child who has all that he desires eventually takes his parents for granted; he shows them no gratitude, and more often than not he will turn bitterly against his parents in later life simply because they have spoiled him. If God gave us wonderful harvests year by year, and gave us all that we asked for, wouldn't we take Him for granted too? Of course we would—in fact we do take Him for granted far too often and fail to show Him any gratitude whatever. It is only when we are in danger or difficulty that we turn to Him—just as we did during the last war on our National Days of Prayer—but when all is well we forget Him, and we carry on in our selfish way. So come to the Harvest Festival this year thanking Him for all His mercies, as well as the gifts of the harvest of land and industry (what a glorious harvest we are reaping in industry), and acknowledging our complete dependence upon Him.

As you know the Reading Room is to be closed very shortly, and all our activities will be transferred to our new Church Hall (the Old School). Unfortunately, owing to the great difficulty in getting Contractors, we are experiencing some delay in getting our Old School altered. It will still be possible to hold meetings there, but only with restricted amenities. We do ask you to be patient with us, and assure you that we are doing everything in our power to get the necessary jobs done.

Will all parents and friends of children between the ages of 10—14 years, please draw these children's attention to the special notice for them in this issue. The problem of coping with Youth in their spare time is with us clearly today; it is very sad to see so many gangs of youths wandering aimlessly around Carfax in the evenings. The problem will become still more acute in a few years time, when the "bulge" begins to reach the teen-age. (The "bulge" refers to all the many children who were born immediately after the war). The advance guard of the "bulge" are twelve year olds, and we are anxious to help these boys and girls to find a purpose and pattern in life worth living for. This is the object of our Pathfinder Classes. When the "bulge" reaches the teens, then we hope to have a Youth Club, run on Christian lines, for them to join. But the great thing is to "catch'em young!" So please do all you can to encourage the children to join our clubs.

Resolution for the month: "I am a servant of Christ, and will be the slave to nothing else."

With all good wishes.

Your friend and Vicar,

LESLIE WRIGHT.

HARVEST FESTIVAL SERVICES—Sunday, October 5th.

- 8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 11.0 a.m. Morning Service.
- 12 noon. Holy Communion.
- 3.0 p.m. Children's Gift Service.
- 6.30 p.m. Evening Service.

Come in good time and make sure of a seat!

Church Decorating—on Saturday (October 4th) at 9 a.m. onwards—
all contributions will be gratefully received.

CALLING ALL BOYS AND GIRLS—AGES 10—14 YEARS.

If you are not between the ages of 10—14 years, then don't bother to read this: but if you are, then please read this carefully.

We are inviting you to join either our Boys' Pathfinder Class or our Girls' Pathfinder Class. What do we do in these classes? We have a most wonderful time of fun, exercise, fellowship and worship. Why not come and give us a try?

The Girls' Pathfinder Class is already functioning. We meet on Sunday mornings at the Old School at 10 o'clock to have a time of Bible Study and worship. Then we meet again on Friday evenings in the Old School at 7 o'clock for fun and games, and all sorts of other things.

The Boys' Pathfinder Class hasn't started yet, but we are planning to start on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12th at 3 p.m. in the Old Sschool. We shall meet again every Tuesday evening from 6.30—8 p.m. for fun and games, and many other wonderful things besides in the Old School. Who's going to be the FIRST BOY to join this class—why not YOU?

THE BOY SCOUTS.

The 43rd Oxford Boy Scouts had a very successful and most enjoyable Summer Camp this year, at Saundersfoot (Near Tenby) in Wales. The Camp was under the supervision of Mr. R. Jones, our Group Scoutmaster. The weather was extremely kind to our campers, in fact they only experienced one wet day.

The usual Scouting activities were indulged in, and our boys enjoyed a number of interesting excursions to Caldy Island, to Amreth, and across the Bristol Channel to Somerset.

The new season of activities is just beginning, and if any boys would like to join the Scouts will they please contact Mr. R. Jones at 118 Oxford Road, Old Marston. Mr. Jones would welcome the help of one or two adults in the leadership of the Scout Troop.

GENERAL NOTICES.

1. **Sunday School.** This is now being held at the Secondary School at 3 p.m. every Sunday. The numbers are growing week by week, but there is still room for many more children between the ages of 4—10 years.

2. **Adult Confirmation Classes.** Will all people (over 16 years of age) who are contemplating Confirmation please contact the Vicar or Miss Liles immediately. There will probably be a Confirmation in December and therefore classes must start at once.

3. **British and Foreign Bible Society.** An invitation is extended to all ladies interested in the work of this great Society to a Coffee Morning in the Master's Lodgings, St. Peter's Hall, New Inn Hall Street, Oxford, on Wednesday, October 8th. Coffee will be served from 10.30 a.m.—12 noon, and there will be a five-minute talk on the work of the Society at 11.15 a.m. There will also be a Bring and Buy Stall and a Literature Stall.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES (conclusion).

In the previous issues we have been considering the religion known as Jehovah's Witnesses. We considered the person of the founder, Charles Russel, and saw that he was a very ordinary person with his moral weaknesses which are common to most men, and we must ask ourselves quite honestly: "Would God use such a person through whom to found the one true religion?" A religion, may we stress once again, which claims to be a true interpretation of the Bible, even though its founder was completely ignorant of the languages in which it was originally written—in spite of his claims to the contrary!

We then saw that this religion is NOT another "brand" of Christianity, for Jehovah's Witnesses do not acknowledge the Divinity of Jesus Christ, neither do they believe in immortality.

Other strange beliefs of Jehovah's Witnesses we shall consider but briefly. When Jesus comes again (He and God being the only two immortals existing) all the dead will be raised again and given a **second chance**. Christ did in fact come in 1914, though nobody knows who he is. The "Millennium" has now begun; when these 1000 years are over (in 2914



Glenfield Old Church, Leicestershire

CHURCHES IN RETIREMENT

BY ARTHUR TURNER

Our disused, decayed churches are object lessons in the fate which can so easily befall a sanctuary which is neglected.

AMONG the many unusual churches up and down our countryside, those which may be said to be in retirement are of unique interest. These are the sanctuaries left standing when they were replaced by more modern ones as though the builders of the new church were loth to part with their forefathers' handiwork.

Heptonstall, a breezy village near Halifax, has two churches sharing its churchyard, though one of them is without a roof and has not been used except for occasional open-air services since 1847.

The old church still has its tower, however, built in 15th century style,

and seen from a distance it has every appearance of being part of a church in use today.

Just why the old building was allowed to remain, when it was replaced by the more imposing one where the villagers now worship, is uncertain. John Wesley, who preached at Heptonstall more than once, described it as "the ugliest church I know," yet the inhabitants preferred to preserve much of the fabric.

They removed the pews and other woodwork, together with the memorials, and took away the roof, yet they would not agree to its complete destruction. The tower and porch still have some dignity, and the roofless parts are of some interest to students of ecclesiastical architecture, for there is a double nave and a double chancel.

Some authorities declare that the



Heptonstall Old Church

structure was allowed to remain because the cost of demolishing it would have been prohibitive, even if much of the stone could have been incorporated in the new church. Others like to believe that the parishioners' affection for the old sanctuary prompted them to vote against its complete destruction.

South Walsham, in Norfolk, is another village where the old church has survived, despite the erection of a second one in the same churchyard. In most cases of this kind the new church was not built merely to provide a better one, but simply because the old church was unsafe.

Midlanders can see an old church alongside a new one at Glenfield, a village near Leicester. The present-day parishioners worship in a well-built sanctuary erected last century, but only a few yards away is its forerunner dating back at least 500 years. Although the disused church is in a ruinous state, much of its shell survives, including the great east wall. When the villagers vacated this place of worship and built themselves a new one,

they also transferred certain treasures to the new building.

Thus, visitors today can see a carved figure of a lady in 15th century dress, and there is part of an old tomb with other figures.

In these days of solicitude for our historic treasures it would be considered an outrage to destroy a lovely old church deliberately, yet within living memory such wanton destruction has been perpetrated at Colston Bassett, Notts.

When a new church was built there in 1892, the one it succeeded was robbed of its roof to hasten the decay of the fabric. Yet in its halcyon days that ancient edifice was one of the most beautiful in the county.

It is meagre return for this spoliation that five of the bells now hang in the tower of the new church, and that the old font has been given a home in the new churchyard.

Our ancestors' apparent dislike of destroying a replaced church, however, is fairly widely evident, and credit for this must not be denied. Even when the entire edifice could not be preserved, parts have sometimes been safeguarded. There is an instance at Thornton, near Bradford.

The church where the Rev. Patrick Brontë served for a time was allowed to decay when the present imposing Thornton Church came into use. But the east wall was preserved and the top of the bell tower was re-erected



St. Patrick's Chapel, Heysham



Thornton Belfry, Bradford

on the ground. The wall bears a tablet stating: "This chapel was built in the year of our Lord, 1612."

Equally engaging are the remains of a tiny church or oratory near Heysham Church, overlooking Morecambe Bay, Lancashire. The present village church is one of the oldest in the district, but the little ruined one is older.

According to tradition it marks the spot where St. Patrick landed from Ireland to start his missionary work in England. Though the truth of that belief is unproven, the edifice on the headland looking towards Ireland is certainly of Saxon origin.

It is now scheduled as an Ancient Monument. Nearby are a number of shallow graves hewn in the solid rock.

Lightcliffe, a not unpleasant place in the industrial West Riding, is another spot with both an old church and a new one. The Church of St. Matthew in use today is a 19th century building, but its forerunner still stands.

Moreover, this older church has not been allowed to become a ruin. Though it has been "honourably retired," services are occasionally held

there. It contains a considerable number of memorials to parishioners who worshipped there long before the present regularly-used church was thought of.

Some of our "retired" churches have gained fame in rather singular ways. In this class is the old church at Upleatham, near Redcar.

It is often claimed to be the smallest church now remaining in the North of England. In reality it is only part of the sanctuary which formerly served the village. The rest of the fabric was razed when the present, larger church was provided.

Today's concern for the future of our churches will, it is hoped, prevent their decline and enable them to be preserved as living centres of Christian worship. There is something pitiful and distressing about a ruined church, no matter how attractive its successor, and the lesson of neglect is all around for everyone to see.

Future generations will thank us if we ensure that no church goes unnecessarily into retirement. And apart from their religious associations, our places of worship have historic and architectural importance, further stressing the need to prevent their gradual decay.



Upleatham Old Church



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Upleatham Old Church

Troubles of Translators

BY THE REV. C. H. D. GRIMES

THE Rev. J. B. Phillips has recently brought out a new translation of the four Gospels. The Penguin Classics have also produced one at the remarkably low price of 2s. 6d. There have been many versions since that of King James, generally called the Authorised Version, but these two aim at giving the Gospels in the speech of today and I think they succeed in this—a not-too-easy task. They retain the division into chapters but not into verses. These divisions into chapters and verses are not ancient; the first took place in the 13th century and the other in the 15th century. They divide up the matter into paragraphs as do modern books.

One of the difficulties in putting the Gospels into modern speech is that people so rarely speak in public about religion that it is difficult to know the terms they do use. However, it is easy to know the terms they do not use.

In polite society today one does not speak of the womb, the teats, conceive—and the use of these terms too often embarrasses people when they are called on to read the Gospels in public.

They do not say "Verily, Verily," nor Damsel, nor Trespass, etc. They say, "I can assure you,"—they speak of Sin and Little Girl. St. Mark's *Talitha cumi*—"little one come"—suggests that the word *come* has not altered much in meaning since Our Lord's time. Similarly "laughed to scorn" becomes our modern "jeered at." Husbandmen and good man of the house have become farmers and householders, but we have the shepherds still with us.

Of course one can say we all know what these words mean, but to continue using obsolete words and phrases gives an air of unreality to the Gospels, as if they belonged to a distant

past and had no message for today.

Both these books give a short account of where and when the Gospels came to be written—as far as modern scholarship goes. The earliest, St. Mark's at Rome, very shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70; St. Matthew's the most Jewish of the Gospels, probably in Egypt, to which many Jews escaped after the destruction of Jerusalem. St. Luke's, possibly himself a Gentile and certainly the most Gentile of the Gospels, probably at Antioch; St. John's, the most mystic, at Ephesus.

This is in line with all modern literature which always in its introduction gives an account, so far as it is known, of the author and time and place of writing.

It is interesting also to learn how the Gospels took their present shape. The evangelist would begin by making his copy on wax tablets, and an official scribe would then come along and write them out on parchment. So far as we know, the Gospels were never written on rolls as was the case with the books of the Old Testament. They were always in book form, parchment being very expensive. The copying on to it of the Gospels was highly skilled work and was done at so much per hundred words by qualified scribes. The size of books, too, was according to fixed rates and so you may notice that while St. Matthew, St. Luke, the Acts, and St. John are much the same in size, St. Mark, the Epistle to the Romans and the two Epistles to the Corinthians are also all about the same size.

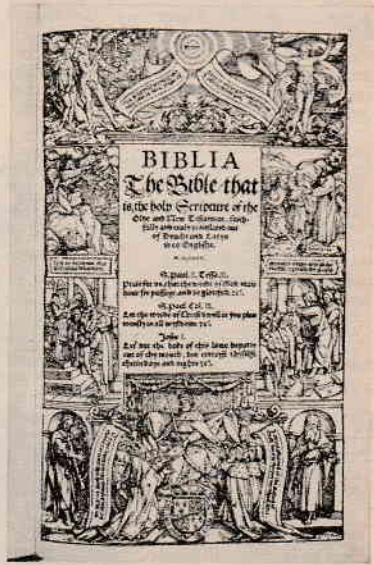
If you have ever tried to copy out a long document you will know how easy it is to make a mistake, and that while inspiration could be claimed for the evangelist we cannot make that claim for the copyist. When we compare old MSS. of the Gospels they do not always agree. Sometimes a

word or a sentence gets added and sometimes omitted and, more difficult, sometimes the scribe seems to have had another MS. alongside him and to have inadvertently taken a sentence from this and added it to his MS. without knowing it. I once remember doing something like this. Now I think that this explains a difficulty in St. Matthew, chap. 22, vs. 6 and 7, especially if we note that in the corresponding passage in St. Luke, chap. 14, these verses do not occur. It is surely extraordinary for people who are invited to a wedding to kill the servants who bring the invitation and still more extraordinary for the king who invited them to amass an army and send it out to destroy a few men and then to proceed to burn down a city. Still more extraordinary that Jesus should say that the Kingdom of Heaven is like to such a king. We should have supposed that the action of such a king would have incurred His severest condemnation. Our scribe in his copying would seem to have let his attention stray and to have incorporated these two verses, taken from an account of the destruction of Jerusalem, when such atrocities did happen at the order of Caesar but not of God, which lay by him.

Verses 11, 12 and 13 of this chapter, which also do not occur in St. Luke, are suspect for I do not believe the story sometimes told that wedding garments were supplied to all guests, even those brought in at the last moment from the high roads and hedges. That looks too much like a story invented for the occasion but with no serious backing. The story, I believe, comes from another parable where the guest had every opportunity to have a proper garment and did not choose to use it. Jesus had probably ascended nearly half a century before St. Matthew wrote his Gospel and it is conceivable that in the course of time sayings were attributed to Him which were not His. I think that this is true of the saying in St. Matthew, chap. 5, v. 22, when a man who calls his brother "Thou fool" is said to be in danger of hell fire. Our authors say this word fool is a strong expression—meaning a son of perdition or a lost

soul, but can it be stronger than many modern expressions which we hear almost daily, and who would escape among men (as opposed to women) if these were punished by hell fire? This saying is found in no other Gospel and it may well be a Rabbinic saying, but I do not believe that as it stands it came from the lips of Jesus Who, unlike John, lived a full life among men and knew their faults and their virtues, and would not readily send them to hell.

I have now said sufficient. I wish most heartily to commend these two new translations—especially the Penguin—with its good print, good lay-out, and its so moderate price. It ought to be in every home; not like many New Testaments we know of, kept in a secluded corner, but read openly for its fresh language and its excellent print. This cheap little book, given as a present to a child or friend, is far more likely to be read and to be understood than the New Testament we have so far been accustomed to, and still value it as did our fathers.



Title Page of Miles Coverdale's first English translation of the Bible.

Church Notes and Views



A Small Bell Tower

THE church of St. Sampson in Guernsey is one of the oldest on the island. It was founded by the patron saint of Guernsey, St. Sampson. The church originates from a wooden structure of the sixth century. The present church, with its pyramidal, saddle-back tower, erected midway along the north wall, was completed about the fourteenth century. Its most unusual feature is the small bell tower in the north wall which the photograph shows quite clearly.—A. HOLT.

Length and Strength

RIPPLE, in Worcestershire, has in its churchyard the grave of a giant bearing the epitaph:—

“Ye who pass by observe my length,
But never glory in your strength.”

—E. L. KING.

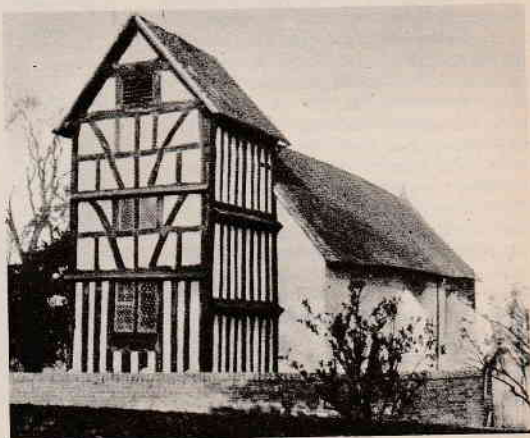
*. In addition to six five-shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4.

Church Carving

THIS is a craft which is still carried on at a village near Halifax, Yorks, and some very beautiful work is produced. About 30 tools are employed including an Italian one called a “Macaroni”. The material is “heart of oak” the traditional wood used for church carving. Lovely oak screens are a principal item.—J. O. BENNETT.

With No Village

A PRE-WAR guide book described Warndon, near Worcester, as “a small secluded parish with no village and almost without roads.” It added: “the church is accessible by a field road entered by a gate.” As will be seen, it has one of the half-timbered towers of which there are several in East Worcestershire, where was the Forest of Feckenham. Now there is a large post-war housing estate in Warndon, which must have increased the population of the parish at least tenfold.—MISS M. WIGHT.



Church with no Village



A Double Service

A Famous Yew

THE yew tree in Wixford churchyard, if not the largest in Warwickshire, is certainly one of the most interesting. Its branches have an exceptionally wide spread, and being horizontal, and supported by wooden props, give the appearance of a roof, under which worshippers walk to the church door.

The tree is the successor of one of immense size, which a seventeenth-century incumbent proposed to cut down. Feeling in the parish, however, was strongly against the proposal, and an appeal to the Bishop brought about the preservation of the tree.—THE REV. G. S. HEWINS.

The Longest Tenure

THE record tenure of a living was that of the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards who was Rector of Ashill in the diocese of Norwich for 75 years and 357 days. He was ordained priest on his 24th birthday (the earliest possible age) and took possession of the Rectory the same day which was Trinity Sunday, 1813. He died eight days before his 100th birthday.—R. E. CORLESTON.

A Double Service

WHEN "R. Ev" made this bier he never visualized that 143 years later it would be made into a temporary Holy

Table. A local carpenter cut off the four bearer handles and with them lengthened the legs.—THE REV. B. M. GOODWINS.

Thanksgiving Church

OUR Church of St. John the Baptist, Smallbridge, Rochdale, was built in 1834 and cost £3,071 10s. 7d., the money coming from the one million pounds granted by Parliament for erecting churches in the industrial North in thankoffering for the great victory of Waterloo. St. Clement's, Spotland, is another of the "Million Fund" churches and there was once a persistent rumour that the plans of these two buildings were each sent to the wrong place and that these two parishes have now got each other's churches!—MARION HURST.

Bless the Garden

ON the wall of the Vicarage at Budleigh Salterton appear these words:
Give this House, O traveller, pray
A blessing as you pass this way
And if you've time I beg your pardon
While you're at it bless the garden.
And some might also weed the garden.—MISS D. GORDON.

Three-faced Man

THIS fourteenth-century carving on a pew end at Sprotborough church, Yorkshire, is intended to represent Deccit, i.e. a "three-faced" character.—R. RAWLINSON.



A Three-Faced Man

THE IDEAL HOME BUILDER

BY HELEN F. HARDING WOOD



Photo. by

H.S.B.

SHE was a jolly business girl, shortly to be married. I asked her somewhat diffidently, "Are you preparing yourself in any way for Home Building?" She replied lightheartedly, "Oh dear no! I can easily learn all that in a month or so after we are married. *That* won't take me long!"

But was she right?

The Book of Proverbs is a veritable gold mine for the Home Builder and we cannot do better than consider the thought-provoking words of Proverbs xiv, 1. "Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands"; and then the words in Proverbs xxiv, 3-4. "Through wisdom is a house builded; and by understanding it is established; and by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches."

What a tragedy it is to read that even in those faraway days when these words were written, there were

women of another kind, women who were Home Breakers and not Home Builders, and, sad to say, their descendants are still with us today. Many, many homes have been, and are being, blasted and broken *from within*—largely through lack of the very qualities mentioned here—Wisdom, Understanding and Knowledge.

Here is a tremendous challenge to all Home Builders. It is a truism to say that the woman is the head of the home, and the homes of the people are the heart of the nation. Surely every true woman is a Home Builder in some degree. She may live in a castle or a cottage, in a family or in a single room, but in her heart there is an ideal and a real desire to build a home which shall be a place of restfulness and comfort, of beauty and usefulness, and a place of loving service for others.

It is a "wise" woman who is pictured here, and many of us learnt early in life that "The Fear of the Lord is the beginning—literally the kernel or centre—of wisdom." So there is the Christian Builder's starting point. She builds on Jesus Christ Who is Himself the Foundation for truly successful Home Building, as well as Life Building. And by understanding it is established. Think about that word for a moment. Isn't it just because this quality is in short supply that the harmony is lacking in so many homes? "They don't understand . . ." "He or she doesn't try to understand . . ." and so on. A willingness to understand others and their point of view is essential to the establishment of a true home.

And then . . . "By Knowledge"—the kind of knowledge that is acquired mainly by experience, together with forbearance, patience and sympathy until gradually the Home Beautiful, full of treasure not bought with money, becomes a realized possession.

THE ORGANIST

BY MORRIS GLOVER

WE live from day to day, and the order of things around us follows generally the same course. We rise, we eat, we work, we play, we take our rest: and so it goes on until we pass beyond the sphere of human existence. Such change as occurs (apart from sudden catastrophe) takes place imperceptibly.

Occasionally, however, an event will break into the smooth sequence, transporting us for a while to the realms of phantasy; as if a curtain had been suddenly lifted aside, and the dream-land of our infancy stood revealed again in all its early clearness and realism.

There was nothing unusual about St. Michael's as I entered it that noontide hour. The pigeons fluttered around or strutted on the cobbled square, the old men slept on their respective doorsteps or leaned against the corners of houses. Inside the church, the angels kept their ancient places: the light twinkled sleepily before the altar, and all was peace. Only, as I knelt to pray, I seemed to notice a figure moving up in the organ-loft: that was all.

Suddenly the great organ burst into song. But instead of the melodious flow usually associated with "practices", there issued something weird, fantastic—tunes familiar and yet strange, harmonies pentatonic and sequences couched in a counterpoint not taught in any school or manual. Sometimes it resembled pan-pipes, at others a roundabout; queer little trills and runs ornamented the main theme, which itself shifted from phrase to phrase until the ear and brain were bewitched by its constant change. So it went on, rising and falling, ebbing and flowing, and finally coming to an end as suddenly as it began.

Bemused, I looked up. Standing behind the organ-stool, as a maestro would face an audience of thousands, was a little old man. His face was wrinkled but round and child-like; an innocent puckish grin split his features; large ears projected on either

side, while the ensemble was crowned with tufts of untidy hair. He spread out his hands, and his shoulders met his ears. Then with a profound bow and a wider grin, he said, "Excuse me . . . you liked it, yes?" His accent was hybrid, half-Austrian, half-Italian. "I shall play one more tune, yes?"

The appeal in his eyes could not be resisted. I nodded, responding, "Yes, thank you very much. Please play some more." He resumed his seat, turning round again to say, "Zis is the final . . . 'Ze Lost Chord', yes?"

After the previous performance, one naturally expected anything. Never, in fact, had I heard Sullivan's mellifluous tones more ideally interpreted. The music of Heaven had indeed come down to earth, and it filled the building in wave after wave as the little old man moved his fingers skilfully over the keys . . .

At last it came to an end, all too soon it seemed to me. The organist descended from his loft, and as he passed me, bowed humbly, his trilby hat pressed to his breast, the round face between the huge ears again illuminated by a broad grin.

"Excuse me," he smiled, "I play the organ in different churches. Sometimes I play at the Cathedral . . . I do it for the kingdom of God . . . Goodbye—God bless you!" And he was gone.

As I left the church, the pigeons still strutted and fluttered on the square, the old men were still at their wonted posts; the sun shone warmly, and children's voices sounded shrilly from a neighbouring street. All was as usual. Before me the square, behind me the church—yes, the church . . . but no, the curtain had fallen once more, the dream had fled, phantasy had faded. And yet—who knows?

God regards not how much we do, but from how much it proceeds. He does much that loves much.—JEREMY TAYLOR.



Photo by **Breakfast for One** W. Bottomley

Weekday Pages For Women With Homes

Conducted by
MISS E. M. HARDING

Monday's Washing

Egg timer.—When timing my washing in the electric washer, instead of taking a clock into the scullery I use an egg timer—3½ minutes.—MRS. E. FORSTER.

Washing towels.—If towels are folded hem to hem, to wring, they will not come into holes in the centre. *Never blue linen*, as it will turn it grey in time.—MRS. F. A. JACKSON.

Blouses.—If nylon blouses are washed in warm, and not hot water, preferably with pure soap flakes, and not a detergent, coloured blouses will keep their colour and white ones not turn yellow. If white nylon has turned yellow, soaking in a bowl of mild bleach helps to restore it.

Cotton blouses should be finally rinsed in quite cold water. They will then iron up crisply.—MISS E. M. MANKTELOW.

Tuesday's Sewing

When making new cushion covers I insert a zipp fastener down the centre back of the cover, at least three-quarters of the way across, or better still the whole width. This is very simple to open when taking the cover off for washing, and is very easily put on again when clean.—MRS. Z. HARLEY.

Pinafores.—To make an old summer frock into a pinafore, sew up the front and side fastenings and split down the back, hemming the edges. Cut out neck and sleeves if necessary and bind with bias binding. Sew on loops of narrow elastic and large buttons at back of neck and waist. Make patch pocket from one sleeve and keep the other for repairs.—MRS. I. LOSEBY.

Roller towels.—Machine a piece of inch-wide tape down each edge of your new roller towels before you put them into circulation. They will last much longer.—MRS. J. WILLIAMS.

Stronger buttonholes.—Keep the small piece of gauze found on adhesive plasters. When making buttonholes, slip a piece between the two layers of material; it will strengthen the buttonhole considerably.—MRS. J. WILLIAMS.

Two hints.—When buying new towels just over-sew between the fringe edges. This prevents the towels from fraying when there is a strong wind. When buying new sheets put about three inches of tape at each corner. This is also a good hint when there are rough winds, and prevents the sheets coming unsewn. I have tried this with great success.—MRS. E. WILLIAMS.

Wednesday's Nursing

Pills.—Some people have a difficulty in swallowing pills. If the pill is placed under the tongue and then a drink is taken, the pill will be swallowed without the patient knowing it.—A. N.

Handwash.—Obtain threepennyworth of opodeldoc and threepennyworth of glycerine from the chemist in a sixteen-ounce bottle. Fill up with soft water and shake well. A little of the lotion should be put on the hands after washing while the hands are still damp. It should then be rubbed in until quite dry.—MISS K. LANGDON.

Breakfast in bed.—On these winter mornings an invalid's tea grows cold long before it is drunk. If the nurse serves the tea in a small thermos flask instead of a teapot, the second cup is as hot and fresh as the first.—MISS M. E. HIELD.

When serving meals in bed to patients, especially children, place an ordinary pinafore over the patient's head and spread around to act both as bib and tablecover. The bright colours also serve to brighten the sick room.—MISS N. WIGHAM.

Thursday's Cooking

If bacon rashers have become dry, soak them for one hour in milk. Rinse in cold water and they will be quite fresh again.—MISS A. F. PAMFRET.

"Egg" and breadcrumbs.—When an egg is not available, mix some custard powder and milk to a thin paste consistency. Dip your fish in this and then in breadcrumbs before frying in hot fat.—MRS. C. A. BROWN.

When making a quantity of scones for a party or church sale, instead of rolling the mixture to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. or 1 in. thickness, roll to half this thickness and cut in rounds. Put two rounds together and cook as usual. When cooked and cool, they are much quicker and easier to cut in half and butter.—MRS. A. J. LEE.

A new variation.—Grease a pie-dish. Butter two or three slices of stale bread and then cover quite thickly with lemon curd. Put in pie-dish and slice a banana over them. In a separate basin, beat well together one egg, half-a-pint of milk and one heaped tablespoon of castor sugar. Pour this mixture into the pie-dish and cook for half an hour at No. 3.—MRS. C. DAY.

Try steaming.—The flavour of a small piece of ham or bacon is improved if it is steamed instead of boiled. Time, 20 minutes to the pound and 20 minutes over.—MRS. M. PORTAS.

Friday's Household

Burn your slack (tested).—Most housewives think that if they shoot coal-dust upon the back of a glowing fire, they have made good use of it, but here is a better way. Fill a bag with a small shovelful of the dust. Take a large sheet of newspaper folded into four, place it under the tap for a few seconds, then carefully wrap round the bag. Place at the back of the fire, and press down with the poker. This is an excellent way of keeping in a fire when the family are out for the evening.—MRS. D. E. BALLANCE.

Cork.—Keep a large cork by the kitchen sink to use when cleaning stained knives with cleaning powder. It's better than a cloth and easier on the hands.—MR. J. HORSLEY.

Cleaning on Holiday.—Waste pipes from kitchen and bathroom can be cleaned by placing a handful of cooking salt in the plughole. The salt eats away the coating of slime inside the pipes but as it is slow in action, the best results are achieved if the salt is left there whilst the house is shut up for a few days.—MISS M. G. C., Chippenham.

Saturday's Children

Spread a large plastic table cloth on the floor and place baby's high chair in the centre, when it is meal time. This saves bits of food and spilt milk from getting on the carpet. The plastic cloth can be lifted and wiped after each meal.—MRS. T. GIBSON.

Pockets.—Take a plastic bag the size of your small son's trouser pocket. Turn the edges in and slip-stitch inside the pocket. This makes cleaning so easy and you will have no fears that his "treasures" will ruin his trousers.—MISS F. C. TOUT.

Cards.—Babies of a year onwards tend to be destructive with their books, which means continually buying new ones. To give them variety, save Christmas and birthday cards with suitable pictures. Choose about eight for each book, cut off the edges in and slip-stitch inside the book to roughly the same size. Pierce two sets of holes, top and bottom, and tie with a short length of string to form a loose-leaf book.—MRS. ENID SMITH.

. 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

Dinner for Four

M. Sisson

THE FIRST STONE

BY JAMES DAVIDSON ROSS,

Chapter IV

(Following a theft in the village Tim Spooner falls under suspicion. Mary Finch, his fiancée, stands by him loyally in face of local gossip. Mrs. Ambler voices her condemnation most loudly. Depressed, Tim gets drunk and is involved in a rowdy scene with Mrs. Ambler. When Mary tries to find Tim afterwards he has disappeared, and she goes off 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.)

MARY hurried down the lane away from the village, crossed the stream, and then turned off down the first track which led to the woods. The country to the south and east of the village was noted for its beauty—and its wildness; the tangled woods and maze of small streams stretched for miles, uninterrupted by any habitation larger than a hamlet. Pheasants, partridges and pigeons abounded, and, until myxomatosis had decimated them, rabbits had bred by their countless thousands to plague every farmer in the district. Mary and Tim had walked in the woods many times and she knew them as well as any other villager, but it was still not unknown for even local people to get lost in them. It was folk like Tim who really knew them—loved them was a better way of putting it. Since he was a small boy he had spent many happy hours wandering about in them looking for birds' nests. If he was determined to be alone in "his" woods it was going to be very difficult to find him.

Half-an-hour went by and Mary, by now unsure of her whereabouts, hesitated at a fork in the path she was following. With all her determination she was beginning to feel defeated. There were so many paths and they all looked so much alike! She'd never find him at this rate. She would try the left hand one; she could hardly call it a track because it was all overgrown and . . . "Ouch!"

Her heel twisted on a half-buried

branch and she trod heavily into a mass of stinging nettles, overbalanced and brought a branch swinging into her face as she clutched wildly for support. Straightening up, she looked round for the handbag she had let fall. She saw it and then bent gingerly forward to retrieve it—and remained for several seconds quite still.

Through the tangled bushes and trees, down a scrubby slope and over a tiny stream, her eyes focused on a still figure sitting under a tree. It was Tim. Dejected and alone, he looked very small in the distance, and Mary's heart felt a twinge of anguish. The next moment she was running through the undergrowth, ignoring the nettles and twigs which tugged at her legs, the branches and creepers which stung and snatched at her face. As she broke through on to the slope, Tim looked up and started to his feet.

"Tim, O Tim . . ."

Tim took the stream in a stride, and the worries of the past week were swept aside as she felt his arms around her and heard his usually gruff voice gentle and husky in her ear. The tension within her ceased abruptly and she wept uncontrollably. Gossip, jibes, the heat, nettles, her stinging hands—all were forgotten as Tim tenderly kissed her tear-streaked face. The silence of the woodland settled upon them, the stream whispered soothingly beside them, the sun slanted through the trees to fill the clearing with a thousand points of light, and Mary found peace flowing back into her, strengthening and healing.

Gently Tim stood back and fumbled in his pocket.

"Come on, love, blow! They say there's nothin' like a good cry, so now 'ave a good blow," He grinned rather wryly. "I've been making a fool of meself, and we've got to have a talk."

Mary looked down at her torn dress, scratched hands and legs. She put a hand up to her hair which stood

out wildly, liberally decorated with leaves and twigs. Half laughing, half crying, she looked at Tim.

"Oh, Tim, I must look an awful mess!"

"That's the ticket; there's nothing wrong with a woman when she worries how she looks! Let's have a look at those hands. 'Ere; sit down a minute while I get some docks—otherwise you're going to be awake all night with them stings."

When he returned, her hair had resumed its normal smoothness and the tears were gone. He sat down beside her and started wrapping dock leaves round her hands and ankles. His face had a serenity she had rarely seen before.

"I've been thinking, Mary. Mrs. Ambler and those others, and Old Dodds—they've done a lot of talking this week. The whole lot of them have been saying I pinched the money and should be in clink. But—well—" he looked up at her and his brow was puckered. "I ain't exactly done nothin' to stop them, flyin' off the handle and then gettin' tight like that." Again that wry grin touched his face.

"Tim, dear, let's forget about it. It's been a miserable week and yesterday when I couldn't find you anywhere—and again today, well, I felt—Oh, I don't know what I felt; only unhappy and lonely like . . ."

Tim pushed aside a dock from her hand, kissed the exposed stings and carefully replaced the leaf. "I know, running off like I did—Tim Spooner, who thought he was tough, getting drunk and running away from his girl and everybody else. I guess I thought they'd busted up everything between us, and you wouldn't want to marry someone no one trusted. I've let you down something awful, Mary. I *know* you wouldn't think like that. Saying 'sorry' is a bit weak, perhaps, but I *am* sorry, love. What are they saying in the village now?"

Mary looked down at Tim and stroked his head as he stretched back on the bracken and slowly lit a cigarette. Her eyes were misty again.

"Just you try to stop me marrying you and you'll be in *real* trouble, Tim Spooner!" Her voice was thoughtful

as she continued: "I don't know, Tim, maybe things aren't so bad as they were. I—I went to hear the Banns called again and Mr. Greengrass preached a wonderful sermon. It was all about evil tongues, and uncharitable talking, and things like that. He was wonderful. He leant right over the side of the pulpit at the end and said to everyone—'Is *your* tongue unruly, is *your* tongue evil?' I felt quite scared!"

Tim digested this for a moment or two; then: "What did old Ma Ambler do, chuck a prayer book at 'im?"

Mary laughed, "Silly. But it was queer afterwards, outside the church. I saw her say something to the Vicar, but she was awfully quiet like. Then she just hurried away looking as though she was nearly crying."

"Mrs. Ambler crying! Get away—she wouldn't know how!"

"I didn't say she *was* crying, darling, but she looked upset, like. Tim, I think maybe she might be feeling a bit sorry for what she's been saying." She sat forward excitedly and Tim, seeing her scratched face, torn dress and red, puffy hands and legs, felt his heart go out to her. By gum, but she was some girl all right; there weren't many about like her.

"Tim, let's go back and face them. We've got nothing to be ashamed of. I've got a feeling suddenly that everything's going to be all right."

They stood up and faced one another, and Tim laughed. "Come on, old girl, race you to the stinging nettles . . ."

* * *

The Vicar stood aside to let the choir boys pass after they had changed in the vestry, and they walked chattering down the nave.

"Goodnight, lads, and well done. Leave your books *tidily* now. Tony, put these papers in my car, please, there's a good chap. Goodnight."

Mr. Greengrass turned towards the vestry, and then stood motionless. He'd got it! *That* was what had been nagging at the back of his mind. He swung quickly round.

"Tony! Oh Tony, do you mind waiting behind a moment? I want to

talk to you."

As Tony Moss walked slowly towards him, Mr. Greengrass watched silently as the memory which had eluded his mind for days now flooded up into his consciousness. Of course! If only he had recalled this a week ago. It did not prove anything, but coupled with the obvious reluctance of Tony to approach him now it might well mean a great deal. And it had been a very different boy from the usual Tony all the evening, now that he came to think of it! Late for the service, and then trying to dodge robing in the vestry until his father had sharply rebuked him. And where was that ready smile he was noted for? Everybody knew young Tony Moss for his high spirits and dare-devilry—and for his friendliness—but tonight he looked as though he had some secret burden on his mind. Indeed, he looked thoroughly frightened.

"Come into the vestry for a few minutes, Tony. I'd like to have a word with you."

Tony stood and wriggled in front of the Vicar. Small for his ten years, he looked more uncomfortable than usual in his Sunday suit, and his freckled face was pale beneath the thatch of fair hair. He screwed up his eyes earnestly as he waved an arm vaguely towards the church door.

"Please, Sir, I've got to hurry home. I've . . ." He trailed off into silence, shuffled his feet desperately, and tried again. "I've got a job to do for Dad; it's—he said—p'raps tomorrow . . ."

"Now, Tony. I'll put things right with your Dad if it's necessary!"

Mr. Greengrass placed a hand lightly on Tony's reluctant shoulder and steered him towards the vestry. Inside he perched on the side of his desk and motioned Tony to sit down.

"Tony, I expect I seem pretty old to you!"

The boy nodded rapidly in his eagerness to please . . .

"Oh yes, rather, Sir!"

"Um. Not quite as old as that, old chap. Still, it makes me forget things sometimes, things it would be better not to forget." He drummed his fingers thoughtfully on the desk and

held Tony's eyes with his own. "Maybe I should preach on the evils of forgetting, which can cause a lot of trouble sometimes, Tony."

"Yes, I mean no, Sir, that is . . ."

"What were you doing in the churchyard that night, son? You know—the Saturday before last. Wasn't it pretty late for you to be out? It was after half-past eleven. And you were in the dickens of a hurry; you nearly bowled me over."

"I—it wasn't me, Sir! I was at home, Sir."

The Vicar shook his head: "No, Tony. It was a fairly dark night but I know it was you." Again that searching look turned on Tony and the boy wondered helplessly how he and his friends could ever have considered the Vicar "soft."

"There's another thing. It was too dark to be certain, but I got the idea you nearly dropped something you were carrying—something rather bulky. Were you?"

"No, Sir! It wasn't me. I wasn't carrying nothing, I was at 'ome in bed. I wouldn't pinch old Dodder's bag. I wouldn't . . ."

He stopped aghast and the Vicar sat down heavily in another chair. What a mess! Oh well, he'd got so far he'd better try to finish it off now.

"My dear boy! Why did you do it? And how could you possibly have kept quiet when Spooner is being openly accused in the village? I can hardly believe it. Of all the boys, you're the very last one I'd have thought . . ."

"I never!" Tony straightened up, his face white as chalk. Then he spun round, wrenched open the vestry door and bolted. The clatter of his running feet echoed through the empty church as he raced down the aisle. Mr. Greengrass made a dive after him and tripped over the chair the boy had been sitting on:

"Stop! Tony, stop! Come back . . . Ouch!"

Painfully the Vicar picked himself up, rubbed his knee and limped down to the porch. The sun was setting, the village was quiet; but of Tony there was no sign.

(To be continued)



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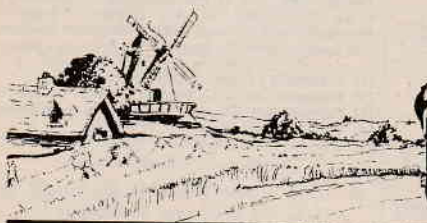
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A.D.) we shall all be put to the test. We shall all be offered a Second Chance, irrespective of the life we may have led : we may have inflicted all the misery, hardship and pain to our fellowmen, but it does not matter, we shall get a **Second Chance**. This is a pernicious doctrine for it does away with all need to try and live to God's moral laws.

We are told by Russell (the Founder) that 28,441,126,838 persons have ever lived on this earth—as from Adam and Eve, of course ! He then tells us how much land each person shall be allocated in this world—each person who has ever lived. Such extraordinary claims completely disregard scientific truth, quite apart from misinterpreting Scripture. How can any sane thinking man accept such facts ?

There's no need to continue. In summing up, may we quite charitably see what there is to be learnt from Jehovah's Witnesses, because we know that all heresies do bear some germs of truth. The good things we should learn from Jehovah's Witnesses are these :—

(i) Their presentation of their religious beliefs is in a very plain and simple way which can be understood by everybody. How very often does the Church fail here—especially the clergy !

(ii) Their remarkable knowledge of texts of Scripture. Over 5,000 texts from the Old and New Testaments are ingeniously applied to prove their ideas. To use texts out of their context is dangerous, as you can prove anything this way—just as Jehovah's Witnesses have done—nevertheless to know the texts is a remarkable achievement.

(iii) Their **Second Chance** teaching was a natural and healthy protest against the excessive "hell-fire" preaching of the Church at the end of the last century.

(iv) Jehovah's Witnesses have advocated many much needed social reforms—the evils of drink, gambling, selfish extravagance and needless luxury—when the Churches have all too often been discreetly silent.

A Personal Note from the Vicar. Since writing these articles I have met a number of Jehovah's Witnesses, whom I have found to be extremely nice people ; which makes me all the more sad that they should have come under the influence of such a fundamentally wrong interpretation of the Bible. Why cannot these good people see their claims are so very much like that of the fond mother who gazing proudly at her son as he marched past with a large body of fellow soldiers, remarked : "Look, my Johnny is the only one in step !" Why cannot these good people march in step with the whole Body of Christ's Church—a whole army of saints, martyrs, scholars, prophets, who have lived and died for their faith in the Risen, Living, Divine, Lord Jesus Christ, for nigh on 2,000 years.

The Vicar will gladly visit the homes of any whose minds are troubled by the claims of Jehovah's Witnesses.

PARISH COUNCIL.

The Council was gratified to learn that the Minister of Town and Country Planning, through his Inspector at the recent public enquiry, rejected the application of Marston Coaches to continue to occupy the very unsuitable site in Mill Lane. It is hoped that the Enquiry re the eye-sore of a Dump in Mill Lane will be equally successful and that the triangle bounded by Mill Lane, the By-pass and Church Lane will be effectively dealt with. The amount of damage done to the children's amusements and the seats in the Recreation Ground is a matter of concern. The seat placed there to commemorate the Coronation has been almost hacked to pieces. More than £70 was spent on repairing the children's playground equipment last year but recently about £10 damage was done in a single evening to the Ocean Wave amusement. The Council would very much appreciate the help of the general public in trying to identify the culprits.

YOUTH CLUB.

A meeting was held at St. Nicholas' County School to discuss the possibilities of forming a Youth Club in the village. The need for a Club for young people between the ages of 15 and 19 years was recognised as an urgent need and the following were elected to the Management Committee: Mrs. J. Stamer-Smith, Miss M. Liles, Messrs. R. Jones, M. Journeaux, R. Journeaux, A. M. Brown, R. Taulk, A. Pollard, L. C. Jennings.

ST. NICHOLAS' COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL.

As was expected, the new classrooms were not completed in time for the opening of the Autumn Term. Unfortunately it now appears to be doubtful if they will be ready for half-term October 27th and 28th.

The hall is virtually out of use as part of the north wall has been removed and a large area taken over by the builders. Activity of all kinds is therefore greatly restricted, and Teacher/Parent meetings will not be able to be held for a few weeks.

OLD MARSTON SECONDARY SCHOOL.

The School is hoping to enjoy its first term almost free from the activities of builders. Facilities, apart from those we add ourselves, are practically complete apart from Pottery and aspects of Rural Science. An important event for the future is the tree and shrub planting of the surrounds and playing field to take place this Autumn.

Numbers this year have almost reached 200. The School is glad to repay something of its debt to its Primary brother by offering temporarily accommodation to two of its classes. Among other internal developments is an experiment of giving the School a choice of activity for the last hour of the week. For this period Woodwork is restricted to girls and Cookery to boys, Beekeeping is another of the nine choices offered.

Malcolm Hales and Susan Earl, both from Old Marston, have been appointed Head Boy and Head Girl respectively. Malcolm is going on a special course at Patterdale in the Lake District for six weeks. Four other Seniors will be spending a few days on the Buckinghamshire School Farm at Stoke Manderville.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER

- Oct. 1. Young Wives—7.45 p.m. Church Hall.
" 2. Bible Study and Prayers—8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
" 5. EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY—HARVEST FESTIVAL.
Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon.
Morning Prayer (Sunday School during Sermon) 11 a.m.
Children's Service (Gift Service) 3 p.m.
Evening Prayer, 6.30 p.m.
" 7. Mothers' Union—visit to Cowley Branch, 3 p.m.
" 9. Bible Study and Prayers—8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
" 11. MARSTON MARKET—10.15 a.m. LAST ONE THIS YEAR
" 12. NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
" 13. Parochial Church Council—7.45 p.m. Church Hall. Preceded by prayers in Church at 7.30 p.m.
" 15. Young Wives—7.45 p.m. Church Hall.
" 16. Bible Study and Prayers—8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
" 19. TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
" 23. Bible Study and Prayers—8.15 p.m. Vicarage.
" 26. TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
" 28. St. Simon & St. Jude. Holy Communion, 7.30 a.m.
Mothers' Union—2.45 p.m. Church Hall.
" 29. Young Wives—7.45 p.m. Church Hall.
" 30. Bible Study and Prayers—8.15 p.m. Vicarage.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH.

- Bell Ringers.** Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.
- 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.
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Chemist & Post Office.

B. G. Oliver (Oxford) Ltd., 11 Old Marson Rd., Marston.
Tel. 3824

Coal Merchant.

Dunlops, L.M. & S. Wharf, Oxford. Tel. 2421

Fish & Poultry.

G. R. Porter, 19 Salford Rd., Old Marston.

General Drapers & Outfitters.

S. G. McLening & Son, 4 Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61423

Grocer & Provisions (Free Delivery Service).

W. G. Davies, 2 Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61667

Hairdresser, Ladies & Gents.

B. G. Oliver, 402 Marston Rd., Marston. Tel. 48726

Launderers & Dry Cleaners.

Advance Laundries (Oxford) Ltd., Leopold St., Oxford.
Tel. 3707

Laundry (Dry Cleaning, Dyeing, Mattresses, Carpets, &c.).

Bicester Laundry, Buckingham Rd., Bicester. Tel. Bicester 205

Newsagent & Stationer.

P. R. Hall, 7 Old Marston Road, Marston. Tel. 2123

Paraffin Delivery & Household Ware.

L. C. Boiteux, 8 Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61668

Plumber, Sanitary Engineer & Decorator.

A. J. Walton, A.M.Inst.B.E., 1 Beechey Ave., Old Marston.
Tel. 47107

Taxi—Car Hire (Long & Short Journeys).

F. W. Passey, 107 Oxford Rd., Old Marston. Tel. 3981

Undertakers.

W. Reeves & Son, 10 Cambridge Terrace, St. Ebbes, Oxford.
Tel. 2529