

No. 14

APRIL, 1959

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MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



The Times

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.
Pathfinder Bible Classes—
Girls 10.0 a.m., Church Hall
Boys 3.0 p.m., Church Hall
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. Thursdays at 8 p.m.
Mothers' Union. Fourth Tuesday of each month in the Church
Hall at 2.45 p.m.
Young Wives. First and Third Wednesdays of each month in
the Church Hall at 7.45 p.m.
Pathfinders. Each Friday (Girls) in the Church Hall at 5.30
p.m. onwards.
Tuesdays (Boys) in the Church Hall at 6.30 p.m.
- Cubs.**
Scouts.

* * * *

- 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.

MOTTO FOR 1959 :

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever ; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." (Isaiah 26, vv. 3, 4).

The Flat,
15 Mill Lane,
Marston.

My Dear Friends,

This month we shall have the great joy of welcoming our new Vicar with his wife and family on April 16th at 7.30 p.m. No doubt at first they will have difficulty in putting faces and names to people, and wondering where we all live. May I beg of you to be patient, as I know from experience that everybody thinks that the Vicar **must** visit **them** of all people the very first month he is here ! Pray for them as they "take up the reins" at Old Marston, that they may be used for God.

Now that Easter is behind us, and Spring is well under way, I trust your seeds and vegetables are also well planted. One matter which comes every year to mind, is the necessity of weeding one's garden—otherwise the peas and beans will be utterly overgrown by weeds, and your longed-for new potatoes and home-grown peas for Sunday dinner will be just a mere "dream." It is a back-aching job, and nobody **wants** to do it ; but how rewarding ! There are many beautiful gardens in our village, what a joy to see them ; their owners must have exerted much energy in many ways.

Still thinking of weeds ; have we many weeds of bad habit and sin left in our lives, which are choking our Christian witness ? May we ponder afresh the words of this chorus which many of our children know :—

My heart may be like a garden fair,
Loving words and thoughts and deeds ablossoming there ;
Or it may be a place of poison weeds,
Growing into ugly thoughts and words and deeds,
Lord Jesus, make my heart a garden fair,
Come Thou Thyself and be the Gardener there.

Your sincere friend,

M. S. LILES (Parish Worker).

PARISH NEWS

Institution and Induction of the New Vicar.

The Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A., will be instituted by the Lord Bishop of Oxford and (in the absence of the Archdeacon of Oxford) will be inducted by the Rural Dean, the Revd. A. G. Whye, M.A., on Thursday, April 16th, at 7.30 p.m. Members of the congregation are cordially invited to meet the new Vicar and Mrs. Rimmer in the Church Hall after the Service. Light refreshments are being very kindly provided by the Mothers' Union and the Young Wives' Fellowship.

Mothers' Union.

All women are invited to our next meeting on April 28th at 2.45 p.m. in the Church Hall, when Mrs. Markby (widow of the late Vicar of All Saints, Highfield) will give the address.

Young Wives Group.

We shall be holding three meetings during April—all of which will be of unusual interest ; so why not come along one evening, at 7.45 p.m., in the Church.

April 1. Our favourite recipe.

April 15. Sister Torrance of the Church Army will tell of her experiences.

April 29. Our visit to Therm House.

(Food seems to be much to the fore this month).

Sunday School.

Many children are worshipping with their parents at the Sunday morning service at 11 a.m., when the children have their separate lesson during the sermon. This is a wonderful opportunity to worship as a family, as part of God's family ; and those who come to this service know they are blessed of God ; because they give God the rightful worship and praise. Why not come this Sunday ? If you are concerned about cooking the dinner, put it in the oven before coming, and it will be cooked when you arrive home. We have our afternoon School at 3 p.m. in the Secondary School.

LOCAL NEWS

Cricket—More Players Wanted.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Cricket Club it was learned with regret that Mr. Ian Shorter who had been Hon. Secretary of the Club for a number of years and who had done much to keep the club in being, was compelled to resign as he was leaving the district. The new Secretary appointed is Mr. Jack Clements of 8 Lewell Avenue and he has the assistance of Mr. Harold Green as Match Secretary. Mr. Fred Hopcraft continues as Hon. Secretary in his 25th year of consecutive service.

Mr. A. Jones was elected Vice-Captain to Mr. Clements.

The Club will continue to play on Magdalen College ground and an appeal was launched for more players and for at least one old cricketer who would take over the permanent job of Umpire for the Club. It was agreed that all the umpire's expenses would be met including honorarium for the post. Anyone interested should apply to Mr. Clements.

Parish Council.

Chairman : Mr. L. Jennings (Headmaster of Primary School) 8 Oxford Rd.

For many years our Parish Council has done valuable work in helping to run this quickly growing district. The Chairman has been tireless in this often thankless task, but has gained joy in serving the community.

May we as electors pull our weight, and nominate the right people for the Parish Council ; not for any particular "party" reason, but for the people who will work for the good of their fellow citizens. (I hope I am not treading on too many peoples toes !).

The cost of administering the Parish for 1959/60 was estimated at £700 and a precept was sealed for this amount.

Attention was again called to the very unsatisfactory condition of the service roads in the village. It was agreed to call to the notice of the Police, of the parking of vehicles on the grass verges which had been badly damaged as a result. A plan for the supplementary draining of the Cemetery was approved and tenders called for.

The recent fatal accident on the By-pass again confirmed the opinion of the Council that the only solution of this problem was the fly-over plan prepared by the County Surveyor but so far rejected by the Ministry of Transport.



Photo by

Miss D. Tyler

The Flowers of Passiontide

BY BERNARD SHOUGH

YEARS ago, the purple flowers of the Pasque Flower anemone and the golden blossom of the gorse were used to dye the shells of hard-boiled Easter eggs for the children. But the legendary stories of flowers, though sad, are more beautiful than any colour they may produce.

The legend of the speedwell explains how the little flower grew by the wayside to the Cross and was so overcome by Our Lord's suffering that, when Veronica wiped his face with her handkerchief, the petals of the flower bore the imprint of the Saviour's face. The old name for the speedwell was veronica and in Welsh its name was the Eye of Christ.

In the Faroe Islands they called the fuschia Blood-of-Christ, because the flower resembled a drop of blood. Once, it was a sweet-smelling plant without blooms, but on the day of the crucifixion it was stained by Christ's blood. At once it burst into beautiful flowers as red as His wounds, but they have hung their heads in grief ever since. A similar story is told of the red anemone.

Country people used to call the purple orchis by the name of Gethsemane. This originated from the belief that it grew in the Garden of Gethsemane and that its leaves were spotted with Our Lord's blood.

Wherever the tears of Mary min-

(Continued on page 62)

"COME YE YOURSELVES APART . . ."

SPIRITUAL RECREATION

THE VALUE OF A RETREAT

BY THE VERY REVEREND W. P. BADDELEY,
(DEAN OF BRISBANE. FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF A.P.R.)

RECREATION is an essential element in the art of living. To know how to relax physically, mentally and spiritually is a great boon and blessing. To try to go through life at break-neck speed without regular recreation is mad and bad. Modern man desires to live what is called "a full life," by which is usually meant participation in all kinds of activities—sport, music, the arts, the theatre, the cinema, television, politics, social events, and so on, almost without a pause. And to the inevitable noise of modern life there is added a kind of "spiritual noise," as it has been called, in men's minds and hearts; the perpetual taking in, one after another, of new things which are never really assimilated, and with them comes the perpetual craving for more. And while this goes on the vicious circle becomes ever more vicious, and "the still small Voice of God" is smothered.

When our Lord says "Come unto Me and I will refresh you," He says, "Come unto Me and I will make you anew." Recreation is a necessity—for recreation means a re-making, a new creation, and that goes for the *soul* as well as for the mind and body. The means by which God recreates us are various—through the miraculous gift of Prayer, through the Grace of the Sacraments, through Spiritual Reading, through friendships and many other channels, but most especially perhaps through a *Retreat*.

In this we go away from our normal surroundings and circumstances to some Retreat House, and there we silence the tongue and all the voices which clamour each day, and for a time *really pay attention to what God has to say*. Here, in stillness and silence, we give God the chance to re-create our souls. It is like going up to the Mountain of Transfiguration, where the air is fresh and clean and invigorating and re-creating. That silence—and only those who practice Retreat will know its inestimable value—is in itself a mighty aid towards spiritual recreation.

Of the experience of Retreats let the voices of three Archbishops speak: *First, Dr. Ramsey*, Archbishop of York, and Vice-President of the Association for Promoting Retreats: "Our need is two-fold, for quiet in contrast to noise and for inactivity in contrast to the flux of daily duties. A Retreat is a time of break. In a sense it is a sheer rest, but it is a rest towards God: He can in the quietness draw our affection, our imagination and our will towards Him. It is a holiday from the superficial concerns of life and a rest with God . . . The Bible so often refers to men and women finding God in stillness. Our Church today with its multiple activities is in a ghostly peril unless there is in more of its members the spirit and practice of Retreat . . . I am convinced of the importance of this."

Second, Dr. William Temple: "A good priest once said to me: 'What

my parish needs is not a Retreat but a revolution.' Well, I understood very well what he meant, but my reply was: 'Yes, but a Retreat will create the best sort of revolution. It will turn you and your people upside down and give them a conception of how they can go about their parish and revolutionise all the indifference and slackness and mere routine and bring a fresh vision of what Christianity was meant to be . . . I would venture to claim the truth of the apparent paradox, that the way of advance is the way of Retreat.'

Third, *Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang*, who used to make two Retreats a year, one of them at what he called 'The Cell' at Ballure in Scotland: "Let me record again with thankfulness God's merciful and wonderful goodness to me in the Cell for these last ten years. Year after year its peace abides, welcomes, tranquillises, inspires. It has become filled with a sense of the Divine Presence laden with sacred associations. I swear that behind these experiences there is a Reality, God in Christ. I stake my life on that truth."

I doubt if we ever go into Retreat simply as a result of our own decision;

rather is it the case that *God calls because He has something to say which we cannot or do not hear in the nightmare rush of everyday life.* Unless we respond to that call and make the time and the conditions in which to listen to what He has to say, we do not hear. And if we do not hear we do not obey; and if we do not obey we do not love, for He said "He that keepeth My commandments, He it is that loveth Me."

I wonder to what extent the coming of God's Kingdom is held back because Christians do not pay enough attention to what God has to say to them—about themselves, about His Kingdom, about His plans for the salvation of men's souls?

In Retreat we do three things. First, we *seek* God. He says "Come unto Me." Secondly, we *listen* to God, for He says "Learn of Me." Thirdly, we plan how to *obey* God, for He says "Follow Me."

Do you know these words of Thomas a Kempis? "He then who would attain the inner, holier life must draw away, as Jesus did, a little from the crowd."

That is precisely what a Retreat enables us to do.



Photo by

John A. Long

The Catacombs of Naples

BY BERNARD CROFT

THE catacombs of Naples are perhaps less known and less frequently visited than those at Rome.

But what are known as the catacombs of St. Gennaro, Naples, are the second largest in the "New Testament World" around the Mediterranean Sea; the largest being at Syracuse, in Sicily.

They are not easy to find. On a very hot morning in August a friend and I set out to discover them; and in the end did so, with the help of half a dozen small boys! To begin with we were rather misled by a badly-drawn map of the city; and we had not realised that the catacombs are within the precincts of a hospital.

Having arrived in the right district, however, and having said interrogatively in a loud and clear voice, "Catacombs? St. Gennaro?" to a group of youngsters playing in a street, we were taken by the hand and led to the entrance of a hospital where, I am sorry to say, the same small boys were hurriedly sent about their business by the porters. We, however, were ushered inside.

Once we were within, all the trouble of finding the place was well rewarded. Ahead of us, at the end of an avenue, was a fine sweep of steps leading to a doorway surmounted by a clock-tower. Straight ahead through this we came to the fifth century basilica church which suffered somewhat during the war but is still impressive even in its emptiness; a great nave with a bare altar standing in an apse.

This building was so bare that I could find nothing on which to stand my camera to take the necessary time-exposure for a photograph; but the resulting picture was better than I had hoped for. Through a doorway in the south side we were led by our guide—an old man who seemed happy to be escorting a mere couple of visitors quietly round instead of the more usual "party". He spoke only Italian but my companion knew sufficient of this to be able to interpret for me when my Latin failed me!—for a moment out again into the brilliant sunlight, then into the catacombs tunnelled into the hillside.

Here and there an electric-light bulb suspended overhead pierced the darkness, but our guide had a torch with which to reveal special points of interest—such as the mosaics which abound in many a dark recess. In the light of this the blues, golds and other colours glowed amid the encircling gloom. The figures of Matthew, Mark, John and Peter seemed to be the favourites. And there were human bones, tidily disposed, on every side.

The church, as I have mentioned, was very ancient—fifth century. Christianity could not come out into the open until the persecutions ceased and Constantine, the first Christian emperor, had issued his famous Edict of Toleration (in 313 A.D.) But long before that the early Christians were meeting in this underground place—as at Rome and in many other places of the then known world—for worship and fellowship.

During our tour of the catacombs we saw two things of particular interest which pointed to the importance placed in those early days on the two great sacraments of the gospel—Baptism and the Eucharist.

At one point we came out of a passage into an open space that could only be called a "chapel"—and there was a stone altar (surely one of the earliest Christian altars still standing) mounted on steps, placed in an apse against the wall of which still stood the remains of an ornate stone seat or chair. Here, no doubt, the presiding "presbyter" or "bishop" sat, behind the altar, at the Lord's Own Service on the Lord's Own Day, if not on other days too. It was not difficult down there for us twentieth-century churchmen to picture a devout company of Christians gathering on the first day of the week from various quarters of the city, and from various walks of life, for the breaking-of-bread and the prayers.

Fortunately, here I was able to get a clearer photograph. Of course we wanted to know what the large square hole piercing right through the altar would have been for; and our guide said, somewhat uncertainly, that it was "for confessions." I wonder. I have an idea that the administration of the sacrament of penance in those early days would not be attended with such aids to privacy as later were found to be expedient. Might it not have been a reliquary?

A little later we came to another, larger, open place (more open than where the altar was, for here we were at the edge of the hill-

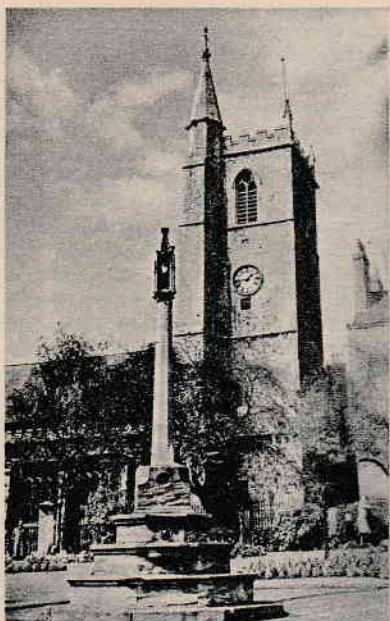
side and sunlight was streaming in from outside) where there stood, raised only some two feet from the ground, a great shallow bowl—an early Christian baptismal font, some twelve feet in diameter; low enough for adult candidates to step into. I shall always be sorry that my efforts to take a photograph of this ended in failure.

We must have been touring the catacombs for more than an hour. I could not help feeling that what had begun as a sight-seeing tour had ended as a pilgrimage. We had been treading in the steps of men, women and children whom persecution could not stop from meeting together for sacramental worship. For a time the Christian Church had been driven underground; but soon it was to emerge triumphant and spread, until at long last it reached our own shores.



Hospital of S. Gennaro, Naples. Entrance to Catacombs and 5th Century Basilica

CHURCH NOTES AND VIEWS



St. James's Church, Bristol

Every Tenth Stone

WHEN the Normans built the Castle at Bristol it is said that they set aside every tenth stone for the building of St. James's church—a very remarkable and highly practical form of tithe. The church of St. James, illustrated here was the earliest to be founded in the city of Bristol.—J. DENTON ROBINSON.

TO OUR READERS

We offer five shillings for every photograph with notes which we print on this page, and half-a-crown for every paragraph without a photograph which we consider of sufficient general interest for publication. Entries should be sent to: The Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. Unsuitable contributions can only be returned when accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Bell Fragment

DURING the war I was given a fragment of bell metal that had come with scrap to a Suffolk engineering works. As nothing was known about its history, except that it had probably come from a bombed church, I put it aside but in 1956, having been reminded that St. Nicholas' Church, Great Yarmouth, was destroyed in June, 1942, I wrote to the Rev. A. G. G. Thurlow.

He replied: "It seems likely that the piece of bell metal you mention came from St. Nicholas' which was burnt in a blitz . . . when all the bells were broken or melted. The letters . . . obviously form part of the inscription C. & G. Mears, Founders, London (the men who managed the Whitechapel Bellfoundry from 1844 to 1863)."—C. R. ELLIOTT.



Salvaged From The "Blitz"



A Squat Tower

Cornish Legend

THE church of Towednack, a small village near St. Ives in Cornwall, is one of those which possess legends of strange occult influences hampering their erection. In this case it was the Tower which proved so troublesome, and was finally left as a very squat looking affair, its girth greatly out of proportion to

its height, as my photograph shows.—D. G. MOORE, (PENZANCE).

Prophetic Epitaph

THE following inscription used to meet my eye whenever I looked from my window into the churchyard at Luton, Devon:

"Beneath this fir tree pointing to the skies,

The planter of it, old John Winsor, lies.
The day will come when this fir tree shall fall,

And old John Winsor rise above it all."

When next I visited the spot the fir tree had fallen.—MISS A. E. STEWART, (BILLERICAY).

Elstow's Pride

MR. C. H. PROLE was last year elected People's Warden of the Abbey Church of Elstow in Bedfordshire for the fortieth time. He has attended the Abbey services twice a Sunday for over sixty years, and is the greatest living authority on the Abbey church. Elstow is the birthplace of John Bunyan (1628 - 1688).—A. LYNCH, (NEWPORT PAGNELL).

Peak District Carving

THIS striking carved oak figure of St. John the Baptist is to be seen on the choir stalls in Tideswell church, Derbyshire. It was carved in the 19th century by a Mr. Tooley of Bury St. Edmunds. Tideswell Church is sometimes called "the Cathedral of the Peak."—W. T. HOOLEY, (STOCKPORT)



Choir Stall at Tideswell

Weekday Pages For Women

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

Monday's Washing

I dip the collar and cuffs of my four boys' collar-attached shirts in the starch. I find they keep clean days longer. They used to have clean shirts every other day just because the collars and cuffs were crumpled. Now they find two a week keep them going and no 'dab washing' is required during the week. To clean felt hats when they become soiled, take a crust of bread which has gone stale, and rub the hat well in a circular motion. This will remove most of the dirt.—MRS. R. LITTLE, (DRUMGOLE, CO. FERMANAGH).

Tuesday's Sewing

When tea-towels become thin and shew signs of wearing do not take them for dishcloths etc. until you have tried the following hint. Iron two equal sized tea-towels and then tack or pin them together. Machine together round the four sides and then diagonally across both ways. If there is a hole in either cloth, machine across backwards and forwards like a darn. In this way you will find these thin cloths will last almost as long again and the 'new' towel dries much better and does not become wet quickly.—MRS. O. JOYCE, (LEICESTER).

Wednesday's Cooking

Here are a few hints for easier baking. Rinse your mixing bowl in hot water before creaming fat and sugar. Stand the bowl on a damp tea towel to prevent slipping when beating. When filling pastry cases or tins with cake mixture, dip the spoon into cold water and the mixture will slide off easily. When you take the cakes out of the oven stand the tins on a wet cloth and the cakes will then turn out easier and without breaking.—MRS. F. WORKMAN, (PRESTON).

*. 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.

Thursday's Nursing

No prize winning hint this month.

Friday's Household

To use up scraps of toilet soap, cut up the soap into small pieces (about 4 oz.) and put into a saucepan with one tablespoonful of glycerine and warm slowly till soft. Take from the heat. When cool, mould with the hands into balls or tablets and when these harden they are ready for use.—MRS. J. E. CHAMBERLAIN, (PINNER).

To make Safety Razor blades last longer, smear the inside of a tumbler with olive oil. After shaving, rub both sides of the blade on the oiled glass. This doubles the life of the blades. This hint is for the men folk who also read the page.—MR. D. SINCLAIR, (WIMBLEDON PARK, S.W.19).

Saturday's Children

When decorating a cake for a children's party, try this way of making a design on the top. Press an animal biscuit cutter into the plain icing and then simply pipe the outline with a different colour. All sorts of original designs can be made from this method.—MRS. M. A. PHILLIPS, (TEMPLE SOWERBY).

Plain Digestive Biscuits

6 oz plain flour, 2 oz medium oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 2 oz lard, water or milk to mix.

Cream the fat and sugar. Mix the dry ingredients and add to the creamed mixture, kneading with the fingers. Add milk or water to make a firm paste. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness and cut into rounds. Prick well and place on a greased tin. Bake Regulo 5 for 10 minutes. Remove and allow to cool. Put back in a cool oven for a further ten minutes.

Cornish Fairings

Take 4 oz of flour, 2 oz margarine, 2 oz sugar, 2 tablespoonful golden syrup, 1 teaspoonful each of baking powder, bicarbonate of soda and powdered ginger. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful each of allspice and salt.

Mix all the dry ingredients. Rub in the fat and add the sugar. Form into a stiff dough with the syrup and arrange in heaps of a spoonful each on a well greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven.

A Knitted Hat (will fit the average size head)

3 oz double knitting wool, two No. 2 needles.

Using the wool double, cast on 65 stitches. Knit eight rows plain.

1st row * P.1, keeping the wool at front of needle, slip 1 purlwise, repeat from * to last stitch, P. 1.

2nd row: * P.1, K.1, repeat from * to the last stitch, P.1.

3rd row: * K.1, P.1, repeat from * to the last stitch, K.1.

4th row: All purl.

Work these four rows three times more, then rows 1 - 3 inclusive once.

Next row: P.3 (P.2 tog, P.6) 7 times, P.2 tog, P.4 (57 stitches).

Work rows 1 - 3 inclusive of pattern.

Next row: P.2 (P.2 tog, P.2) 13 times, P.2 (44 stitches).

Knit 16 rows in plain knitting. Cast off.

To make up: Press the fabric lightly using a warm iron and a damp cloth. Using a flat seam, taking care to reverse the seam for folding up, join seam. Fold over garter stitch at top of cap and stitch down cast off edge on right side. Press seam.

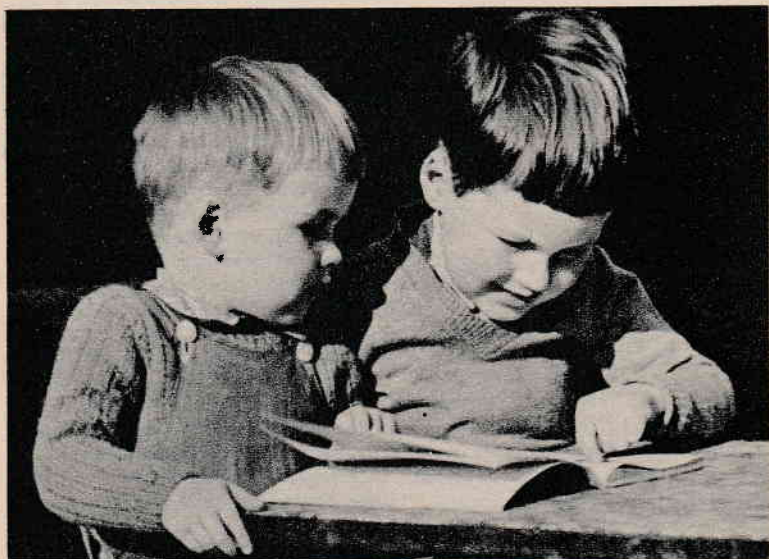


Photo by

Whatever's That ?

Rodney Shephard

Dinky Biscuits

4 oz margarine, 6 oz plain flour (sieved), 2 oz castor sugar.

Rub up the margarine roughly into the flour. Stir in the sugar. Press together to form a ball. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Cut into small fancy shapes with biscuit cutters. Bake on a large baking sheet for 20 minutes in a moderate oven (Reg. 3). Cool and decorate with coloured icing.

Helpful Hints

To make milk puddings more creamy—add half a teaspoonful of finely powdered oatmeal to the milk before cooking.

Hold peeled bananas under cold running water for a few moments and they will not go brown when used in fresh fruit salad.

Next time you re-cover your ironing board, place a sheet of aluminium foil under the cover. This retains the heat.

OUR SERIAL STORY

POTTER'S GREEN PRIDE

BY MOLLIE FIELD

Chapter IV

"PLEASE, MISS WILES, what's that thing they've put up in the playground?"

"Yes, Miss, what is it Miss? Tell us, Miss!" came a chorus from Anne's pop-eyed class.

"That is a thermometer."

"I know, Miss," Tony Brewer waved his hand wildly. "They had a thermometer when I was in hospital and they pushed it under my tongue. I wouldn't like that under my tongue!"

Roars of laughter greeted this sally. "It's only an imitation thermometer," said Anne. "To show how much money we are raising for the new school buildings. Each time we get a hundred pounds the red mark in the middle will go up. I'll show you at break how it will be done."

"A hundred pounds is a lot of money. Shall we get that much?"

"We are going to raise fifteen hundreds. We have been promised five hundred already and you will see that is marked in red. You are all going to help, aren't you, by selling your books of stamps which we shall give out this afternoon before you go home? So every one of you will be helping by selling twenty sixpenny stamps. How much money will you have when you have sold one book?" And so they proceeded to an absorbing arithmetic lesson.

The children took their stamp books eagerly, and Anne went into the staff room at the end of afternoon school to fetch her coat and compare notes with the other teachers. All wore an air of excitement; the older ones because at long last they could see better school conditions in sight, the newer staff because the children's thrill over the thermometer and the stamp books was infectious. When the Headmaster came to hear how the stamp books were going he was greeted with quite a babble of conversation.

Anne smiled at him cheerfully. "That thermometer has well and truly launched the Appeal, hasn't it? The circular letters I am going to help address this evening hardly seem necessary after the interest caused by that and the stamp books!"

He looked at her speculatively and she sensed reserve in his manner. "You are helping with that, are you?" There was a hint of surprise in his voice.

"Yes, about a dozen of us are doing them this evening at the Rectory, you know, ready for the Scouts to deliver tomorrow."

He nodded and made to turn away. "Oh, by the way," he added. "I am afraid I shall be unable to offer you a lift to Chilborough for rehearsals for the next few weeks as I have to go in early to a series of lectures. Sorry about that."

Quite plausible, but it convinced Anne that she had not imagined his

reserve. What had she done to offend him? She could think of nothing she had said or done, unless perhaps her class had been too noisy this morning. But surely that wouldn't have upset him—he would merely have asked for them to be quieter.

She puzzled over the problem at the back of her mind all the evening while she sat at a trestle table in the parish room at the Rectory, addressing envelopes and exchanging chat. They were a jolly party, full of enthusiasm for the job they were doing, and very optimistic about the result. The five hundred pounds diocesan grant which was already marked on the thermometer seemed to have sent their spirits soaring like mercury.

"I think everybody who counts is dead keen," said Miss Gaskell. "In the Sunday School we are planning to have a May Queen and dancing round the maypole on the first Saturday in May, with children taking collecting boxes round the crowds, which we hope will come."

"There's one important man who isn't keen. In fact, he's anti-church schools," announced Mrs. Tuck.

"Who's that?"

She glanced at Mrs. Marks. "I expect the Vicar knows, doesn't he? Our self-important Councillor Barron, of course."

"Naturally," commented Miss Gaskell, "he can't bear not being in the centre of the picture. Besides he's got a 'thing' against the church. He thinks it's antediluvian and he prides himself on being modern."

"My husband said he told them

in the 'Dog and Cat' last night that he was going to smash the Appeal," said someone else.

Meg Marks shook her head doubtfully. "The Vicar had a talk with him this afternoon. He denied having said that, and promised to do what he could to help."

"I hope the Vicar won't rely on Barron's promises," commented Mrs. Tuck sourly. "That man's a snake in the grass, like all men who want power and are determined to get it at all costs."

"I wonder who it is who is leaving £1,000 to the school?" speculated another of the helpers. "I can't imagine who could afford to do it."

"Presumably it is someone old," said Miss Gaskell, "or the money would come too late. Who is in failing health? Miss Brookwood or old Stockley?"

"That man Smith who lives at Chequers, or Tom Todd, or

could it be Mrs. Pearson?"

"None of them would be likely to leave all that to the school," said Mrs. Tuck. "They all have close relatives to leave their money to, such as it is."

Mrs. Marks stood up and surveyed the neat piles of letters. "Finished at last, thank you very much. Now they are all arranged in districts ready for the Scouts tomorrow. Doesn't it look businesslike?"

They surveyed their efficiency with some pride, then filed through a long passage from the wing in which the parish room was situated, to the square front hall. In better weather they would use a side door into the garden,

KALENDAR FOR APRIL

- 5 Sun. EASTER I.
- 7 Tues. Annunciation of B.V.M. (Transferred from March 25th).
- 12 Sun. EASTER II.
- 19 Sun. EASTER III.
- 21 Tues. S. Anselm, Abp. 1109.
- 23 Thur. S. George, Martyr. (Patron Saint of England).
- 25 Sat. S. Mark, Evangelist.
- 26 Sun. EASTER IV.

but it was too snowy to do so tonight.

"What a rambling house it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Tuck, not realising she made the same remark each time she came to the Vicarage.

"We rather like being able to spread out," replied Mrs. Marks, ready with her routine answer. "Goodnight, and thank you."

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Marks said to her husband. "There's a door rattling somewhere. There must be an open window on the side where the storm is blowing."

"It's downstairs, I think," he said listening carefully. "I'd better go and find it. It's snowing again in the wind, and it may be coming in."

She heard him cross the hall, pause to try the study door, then on down the passage into the wing. In a few moments he hurried back into the warmth of the kitchen, looking startled and unhappy.

"Someone has forced the side window in the parish room, and has wrought complete havoc in the place.

Together they hurried to the scene of the damage. The window was flung wide open and a small drift of snow was piling up on the floor which was littered with torn paper. The neat piles of letters left on the table by the helpers were now torn and drifting in the eddies of wind like giant snowflakes. Every single envelope had been ripped across.

"This is malice, not mischief," said

Timothy Marks at last. "Somebody is actively working against the Appeal. We shall have to tell the police about this. I'll get on to them at once, and then on to the printers to reprint before they break up the type. We're not being beaten by this."

"I hear that Councillor Barron says he will smash the Appeal," said Meg, "but I can't see him doing this."

It seemed obvious that it must have

been done, at least by his instigation, but Marks knew it would be almost impossible to pin anything on to him, and the police would merely raise their eyebrows incredulously if he suggested to them that Barron might be at the bottom of the trouble.

Within two days a fresh set of circular letters had been prepared and were delivered by the

Scouts as fast as they could be addressed. The snow had gone and boys ran or cycled to every part of the parish with remarkable speed.

But the following morning the next step was revealed in the sinister vendetta. One of the school staff came hurrying to the Headmaster's room and requested Mr. Hassall to come and look at the Appeal board. As he had a private gate from his garden into the playground close to the main building, he had gone across without having a clear view of the board. Now, when he came to inspect it from the front, he was disgusted to see that someone had

THE THIRD DAY

EVEN

O'er Joseph's garden the stars above
Shine silently, watchfully still,
Where lies the crucified Lord of Love
In His sepulchre under the hill.

NIGHT

The stone sure-sealed, the tomb secure,
Darkness around lies deep;
Night winds, whispering, pitifully lure
A guilt-weary world to sleep.

DAWN

Day-spring, dispersing the gloom
with its breath,
Breaks forth o'er that impotent prison,
Whence, radiantly vanquishing
grave, hell and death,
The great Lord of Glory has risen.

H. A. L. R.

plastered the board with red paint, obliterating the lower half of the thermometer. He hurried the goggling children into school and went across the road to tell the Vicar.

"If only we could catch them at it," said Marks grimly. "I've no doubt it is some of our so-called 'teddy boys', but their love of excitement is being exploited by someone who doesn't want to do the dirty work himself."

"I suppose the police have been questioning them?"

"Yes—and the parents vouch for them in each case. Not that that is much to go by," he concluded with a wry smile.

He walked down the drive with Hassall, discussing the case of Glenda Watts whose mother and stepfather neglected her. Hassall kept a private fund for such cases, subscribed to by certain churchfolk who liked to remain anonymous, and he administered it in consultation with the Vicar. It usually went to provide school equipment, or tickets for a school Outing, for those who otherwise would not be able to go. Glenda was the only child in her class who had no plimsolls, and her mother flatly refused to buy any. They had just agreed that she should have them out of the fund when Hassall let out an exclamation and pointed to a notice pinned to the fence next door to the Vicarage on the opposite side from the church. They walked up the road to inspect it more closely. It was for a Protest Meeting against the Church School Appeal, to be held in the Community Centre on 28th February.

"Someone is coming out into the open at last," said Marks with satisfaction. "We can do something with an open opposition. It's this underground business I don't care about."

"I shall look forward to that," agreed Hassall, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Now I must get back. I have a class in five minutes' time.

You'll be over later for the senior discussion group? Cheerio."

It did not take long to discover that the organiser of the Protest Meeting was Councillor Barron. The village buzzed with the news, and arguments for and against Church Schools were bandied about between people who had never even thought of the subject before. As Timothy Marks said to his wife: "Much of their talk is ill-informed, but at least they have discovered there are points to think about! We shall soon find out exactly how much the school means to the village when it comes down to rock bottom."

"You're an optimist," Meg remarked, "if you think that anyone is going to allow the light of pure reason to overcome their bias. Those who were happy in the school will stand up for it, and those who weren't or who come from other places, will be against it. They won't bother about general principles unless they want them to reinforce a personal opinion."

He laughed and lit his pipe. "Oh well, I'm looking forward to the meeting, Charles and I are intending to let ourselves go in a big way."

But events turned out otherwise. By some strange stroke of fate the Vicar was laid low with the current brand of influenza on the day of the meeting. He fought against it with all his might and went about pretending it was imagination, but eventually a bad throat and high temperature forced him to give in and go to bed. He rang up Charles Hassall at tea-time with apologies and last-minute reminders of points to bear in mind, but the Headmaster assured him there was no need to worry.

He little knew that the dice were loaded against him too. On his way down the garden path when he set out for the meeting, he looked across at the school and was puzzled to see a light moving about in the loft,

which was used as a stock-room. It would have to be investigated, so he hurried through the yard, noticing that a window had been forced in class two, unlocked the main door, and ran up the ladder-like stairs leading to the loft. He could hear an exclamation, footsteps, and the tinkle of broken glass. He switched on the light in time to see a pair of legs disappearing through the broken skylight. Quick as lightning he followed, on to the chair standing on a box, through the skylight, over the flat roof and round the gable. He could make out two men ahead, but could not see who they were. Apparently they were familiar with the lay-out of the school roof, for they made unhesitatingly for the stout drainpipe on the south corner.

Panting a little by this time, he slid down the pipe into the railed-off part of the yard near the boiler house. As he descended, his mind flashed back to the stock-room. What had the men been doing there? Surely he had smelt burning paper? He would go back in a minute and look when he had identified the men. He landed on the ground, swung round and ran forward, noticing that by some oversight of the stoker's the gate had not been locked. This was not the first time it had happened. Bill was getting careless, and now his oversight had given the men an easy get-away. But he kept on towards the gate until, suddenly, the ground gave beneath him. He went down and down, until he came to a violent stop, and a searing pain shot up his leg.

(To be continued)

THE FLOWERS OF EASTERTIDE

(Continued from page 49)

gled with the blood of Jesus Christ on the way to Calvary there sprang a plant, now called the spotted persicaria, which is marked by His blood.

Although the wild rose was said to have been used for the Crown of Thorns, it also grew at the foot of the Cross and is said to have been tinged with the blood of Our Lord. Because of this it was held to be a Holy Flower and the enemy of witchcraft. A similar legend is associated with the hawthorn. It also has been credited with being the plant of the Crown, hence its scarlet berries. Like the wild rose, it has been endowed with virtue, and despite the fact that many people still think it unlucky to take it into the house, it was a safeguard against evil spirits entering the home. The same virtues made it a protection against storm damage.

There is a German story concerning the crown imperial. This flower was the only one in the Garden of Gethsemane that did not bow its head in sympathy with Our Lord's suffering. As He passed the flower, when He was led from the garden, He gave the plant a look of compassion. It was so affected by this that ever since it has hung its head and its petals have blushed with shame.

A number of plants bear the sign of the Cross. The clover with three leaves represents the Trinity, four leaves the Cross, and it is this that gives it a traditional of protection against evil.

The common avens is a sacred plant symbolising the wounds of Our Lord by its five petals, and the Holy Trinity by its small leaves. It was once popular as a protection against the Devil.

The herb rue was famed as a lucky charm and was said to have been marked with the Sign of the Cross. Herb paris, its leaves arranged like a Cross, was known as *Crux Christi*.

Flowers have always been a solace to mankind, and there is no reason to doubt that Our Lord was comforted by the sight of them in His last days on earth.



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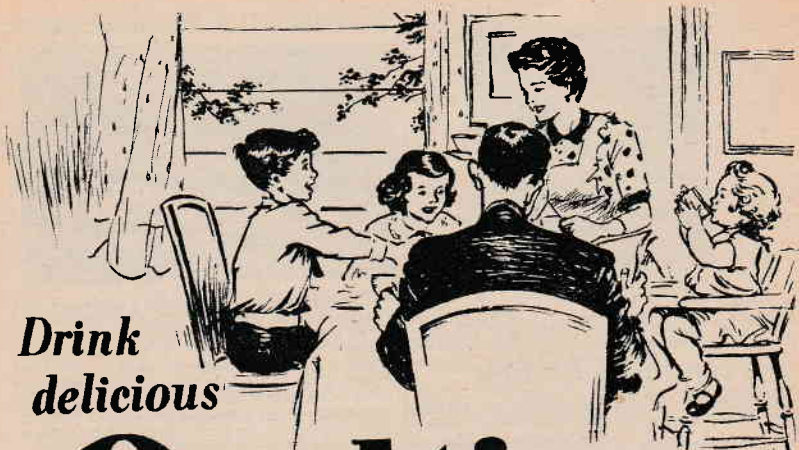
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ELECTIONS. A new Parish Council will be elected in May and nominations are invited from anyone interested in local government service which of course is voluntary! There are TWELVE seats on the new Council and it is hoped that there will be a hotly contested election for each one of them.

The election of our representation on the Bullingdon Council will take place on the same day in order to share the expense of these affairs.
Caravan Site.

After a prolonged "battle" with various authorities, the awful eyesore in Mill Lane has passed into public ownership and it is hoped to convert the land into a permanent caravan site which will be a model of its kind.

ST. NICHOLAS' COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL

Mrs. B. D. Sturm left us at the end of the term. She is going to the United States where her husband will be taking up a post in the Ministry. Her work among the children of the Infant Group has been quite exceptionally good and she will be much missed. A presentation from the staff was made to her as a token of our affection and esteem.

MAY DAY. The annual May Day celebrations will take place at the School on Friday afternoon, May 1st. The Queen elect is Jennifer Frost and her Attendants will be Christine Parker and Vivienne Walton.

OLD MARSTON COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL

Open Evening.

A very successful Open Evening was held on Tuesday, 24th February. About 150 visitors came to see displays of work and demonstrations by the pupils in Mathematics, Science, Woodwork, Metalwork, Pottery, Art, Domestic Science, Needlework, Folk Dancing and Physical Education. The range of activities was impressive, and the keenness of the children very apparent.

After Refreshments the Headmaster reviewed the School's progress since its beginning. Response to School uniform and to Homework had been good, the children seemed happy and everywhere there seemed a feeling of opportunity.

Following reports by the Secretary and the Treasurer of the Teacher Parent Association, on an encouraging first year's start, the new Committee was elected; Old Marston representatives were Mr. Maund (Secretary), Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Hales.

The Cross Country, after one postponement, was held on Tuesday, 10th March. The Starter, Mrs. Harlow, had a total of 83 boys and 30 girls under her orders. An exciting race ended with St. David's the aggregate winners. Individual winners were Beard (Seniors), Mullen (Juniors) and D. Edwards (Girls).

On 20th March the School will be host to the County Schools' Music Festival. The Summer Term begins on 13th April. Teacher Parent Dates are: April 28th—"Bingo." May 28th—Sports Day. June 18th—Plays by the School.

BAPTISMS

January.

Christopher John Smith. Philip Keith Haynes. Rodney Speed Alan Cooper. Richard Mark Boyland.

February.

Marcia Wheatley. David John Clarke. Richard Pether. Graeme Richard Gladstone Smith. Paul James Dandridge. Susan Jane Smith.

WEDDING

January 1st. Pamela Lovesey to G. Richard Mallalieu.

FUNERALS

January.

Andrew McGill. Mr. T. W. Mitchell. Mrs. Kathleen Mary Usher.
Peter Harris. Mr. A. Hitchman.

February.

Mrs. E. Carter. Mrs. E. A. Madden.

March.

Mr. L. G. Norcott. Mrs. R. Ward. Mr. Frank Douglas. Mr. Albert Griffin.

COLLECTIONS

January — £47 8s. 6d. February — £47 6s. 5d.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL

1. W. Young Wives Group in Church Hall at 7.45 p.m.
2. Th. Prayer and Bible Study Group at 8 p.m.
5. S. 1st after Easter.
8.15 a.m. and 12 noon. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
9. Th. Prayer and Bible Study Group at 8 p.m.
8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m., Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
13. M. Old Marston Schools re-open.
15. W. Young Wives Group in Church Hall at 7.45 p.m.
16. Th. INSTITUTION AND INDUCTION OF REV. P. N. RIMMER
at 7.30 p.m.
19. S. 3rd after Easter.
(Put your clocks forward one hour).
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
23. Th. Prayer and Bible Study Group at 8 p.m.
26. S. 4th after Easter.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
28. Tu. Mothers' Union, 2.45 p.m., in Church Hall. Mrs. Markby.
29. W. Young Wives Group.
(See details on Notice Board).
30. Th. Prayer and Bible Study Group at 8 p.m.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH.

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- Choir.** Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 49 Ripington Drive.
- Cubs.** Leader :
- 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. J. Narracott, 17 Raymund Road.

LOCAL.

- Allotment Assn.** Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 129 Oxford Road.
- 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.
- Teacher-Parent Assoc.** Old Marston S/M School.
Sec. : Mr. L. Maund, 4 Ashlong Road.
- Women's Institute.** Sec. : Mrs. Harley, 20 Oxford Road.

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