

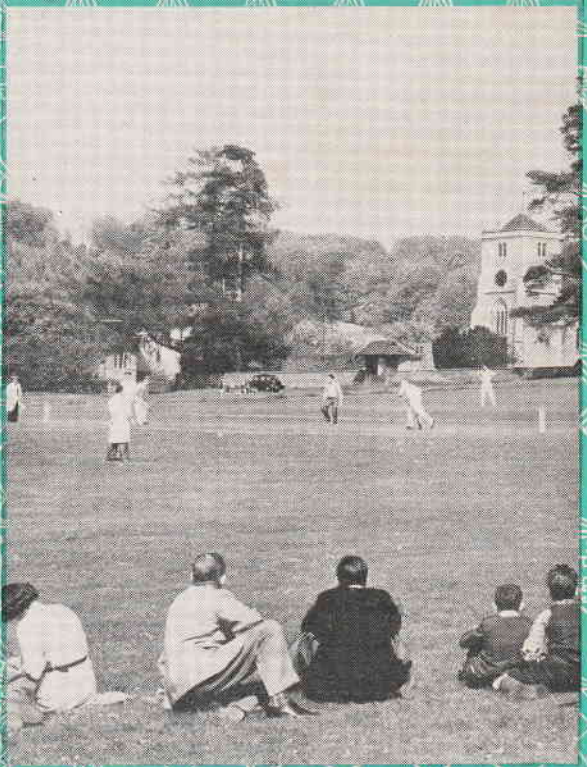
No. 18

AUGUST, 1959

Price 4d.

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 as announced.
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.

- Discussion Group.** 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.** Thursdays in the Church Hall at 7.15 p.m.
* * * *

Vicar : Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A., 11 Elsfield Rd., Old Marston.
Phone . 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

Secretary of P.C.C. : Mrs. Harlow.

Vergger :

The Vicar would be grateful for notification of any parishioners
who are sick, or who would like a personal call.

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends,

I was once doing chaplaincy work at a theatre in a well-known holiday resort. As I walked through the glittering ballroom attached to the theatre, I overheard a conversation between two young chaps standing at a bar :

"Look, Bill! A ——— parson! What's he doing here?"

"Enjoying himself," replied Bill, "like the rest of us!"

I was enjoying myself, if not exactly for the reason Bill thought. Yet for Heaven's sake, let us put a stop to the idea that Christianity is a kill-joy religion! And its no use trying to pretend that we're enjoying ourselves being Christians, if all the time we are really wishing we could kick over the traces, and go "the way of the world." The world soon recognizes whether a person is genuinely happy or not. The trouble is that, as someone once said: "Most people have just enough religion to make themselves miserable." Jesus said: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my Joy might remain in you." St. Paul puts Joy as the second characteristic sign of a spirit-filled life. And the Old Testament offers us that wonderful gem from the book of Nehemiah: "The Joy of the Lord is your strength."

To be really joyful we have to go all the way with God. Joy stands for Jesus first, Others next, and Yourself last. That's the secret. Give Jesus the first of your day—the first share of the pay-packet. (Put something aside each week for the Church). And what about Others? Translate your loving thoughts into deeds for them, and if you don't love people, pray that God will give you love for them. And Ourselves last—oh yes, we have a duty to ourselves? We have bodies, minds, and souls, and we need to feed all three, and not to starve or indulge them.

To those of you who can get away for a holiday, may you really enjoy your time away. To those of you who have to stay at home, may the Joy of the Lord fill your lives with the richest happiness possible.

Your sincere friend,



CHURCH NEWS

Marston Market :

Note the Dates : Saturdays, August 1st, 15th and 29th.

Note the Time : 10.15 a.m. until 11 a.m.

Note the Place : Cross Farm, Old Marston (opposite turning to Elsfield Road).

Gifts of Market Produce—Fruit, Flowers, Vegetables, Cakes, Jams, Pickles will be most welcome.

Please make a point of visiting our stall on these dates. ALL MONEY RAISED WILL GO TO CHURCH FUNDS.

Congratulations :

To Maurice Rowlings, and Malcolm Parker for saving a local girl from possible drowning in the river at Cutteslowe on the 7th July.

What a tonic to those who "wonder what is happening to the young people of today!" These two youngsters have set a fine ideal of self-sacrifice, and venture for others to follow.

Red Cross

The amount raised in Old Marston by the House-to-House Collection was £12 3s. 8d. The City Divisional Secretary has asked Mrs. Smith to thank all those, especially the Collectors, who made this result possible.

Bell Ringing :

St. Nicholas' Church, Old Marston. On Wednesday, 15th July, 1959

in 2 hours 28 minutes a peal of 5040 Doubles comprising of 21 extents each of Grandsire Doubles (10 callings) and Plain Bob Doubles (4 callings)—

1. S. Godwin 2. Alec Gammon. 3. Edward Venn.

4. Roy M. Jones. 5. John Drewitt

Conducted by E. Venn

rung as a tribute to Mr. W. E. Brain for many years a loyal member of this Tower.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS

I know a clergyman, tall and thin,
Who stresses wickedness and sin ;
I know a clergyman, short and fat,
Whose sermons seem more like a chat.
I know a clergyman, young and shy,
Of whom it's said he's very "High."
(He wears his cassock on his bike
And that, of course, some do not like).

I know a clergyman, strong and bold,
Who stirs the young and shocks the old :
I know a clergyman, meek and kind :
A humbler soul one could not find.
Another one, so bright and fair,
Who gives addresses everywhere ;
And yet another, grey and sad,
His voice is small, his eyes are bad :

And so it is, O God, we pray
On each and every Sabbath Day
That Thou might evermore send down
In country parish and in town
To all Thy clergy, poor and rich,
Both "High" and "Low"—no matter which,
To gay and grim and stern of face,
"The healthful Spirit of Thy grace."

JUDY KNIGHT.

SCOUT AND CUB NEWS

We welcome David Chrich, Nicholas Marsh, Robert Taylor, David Gardner and Geoffrey Green into our Troop.

Congratulations to Frank Tyler on gaining his Cooks Badge, and to Nicholas Marsh and David Chrich their Leaping Wolf Badges.

Jumble Sale

I should like to thank all friends, especially Mr. Hales and his assistants, who made the Rummage Sale a success. Five Pounds was raised for Group Funds by the Sale.

Scouts Parents Association Annual General Meeting—July 16th.

Eighteen parents and friends attended the meeting.

Mr. Hales, in his review of scouting over the past year and plans for the future, referred to the negotiations for the Scout Hut and plot of land. Mr. Tasker, the Secretary and Treasurer, intimated that the cost of the Hut, etc., would be somewhere in the region of £350, and that the Scouts were doing their best to raise this money. It was hoped that the Education Authority and Scout H.Q. would treat the proposed Hut as a venture worthy of their support. A vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Haines, Mrs. Tyler, and Mr. Morse, for the help given in re-starting the Cubs.

After an interval for refreshments, the Vicar took the Chair, announcing with regret the resignation of Mr. Hales as Chairman in view of other commitments. He then expressed his thanks to all who had helped the Scouts and Cubs in any way, particularly to Mr. Roy Jones, the Scoutmaster,

Riches at Rievaulx

★

A. L. LAISHLEY

RYEDALE in the North Riding of Yorkshire has one of the loveliest Cistercian ruins in the country, Rievaulx Abbey, which stands on the slope of a green valley with the River Rye winding below it, and behind, dark woods rising up like a guardian screen and throwing into vivid relief the soft greys of the old stone.

All who make their pilgrimage to Rievaulx come under the spell of its peace and of its loveliness. Even the great ones have not been immune. Turner was not satisfied until he had captured its varying moods on his canvases; the poet Cowper confessed that he wished he might always live within sight of it; and Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, carried in her heart for ever the memory of its delicate outlines, of 'the wild flowers on the hillocks', and the sound of its singing birds. Today, the birds and flowers have invaded the abbey precincts; there are nests of swallows in the hollow moulding of arches, ferns and grasses have softened the gaunt lines of broken stones, the blue of the harebell peeps out from rough crevices, and here and there on the ground the white of daisies mingles with the green of grass.

The early twelfth century saw this, the first Cistercian monastery in the north, founded by Walter L'Espece,

Lord of Helmsley. But the fall of the land upon which it was built made siting difficult, so that the so-called east and west actually lie almost due north and south. This, however, does not seem to have affected its prosperity; before many years had passed it had 140 monks and over 400 lay brothers. By the middle of the twelfth century its magnificent church had been erected, the first large Cistercian church in England, and fifty years later the domestic buildings were well on the way to completion.

Today we may walk in the remains of cloister and chapter house, warming house, kitchen, frater; and all are interesting, even to the layman. The work of discovery still goes on, and only eighteen months ago the remains of extensive kitchens were unearthed, with great fireplaces and huge stone ovens. But today, as always, the glory of Rievaulx is its great church, magnificent even in ruin, with slender arch and pillar, massive doorway and finely-carved stone. One of the most interesting carvings is also one of the latest to be found. For in recent excavations a strange fragment of stone came to light in the form of a set of three figures with only four eyes between them, only one large communal stone hat, and two hands and arms holding a great stone book.

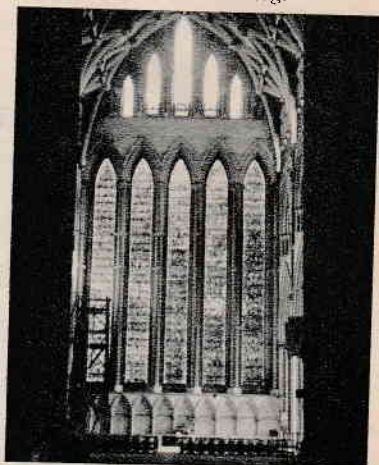
This is but one of a number of

interesting fragmentary finds which have been made from time to time at Rievaulx. Fragments of early medieval masonry may be seen, including the capitals of pillars, a piece of moulding carved with the figures of a man and a woman who appear to be flying, part of a frieze, a broken figure of Christ, and the fragment of a shrine which was erected to the memory of the first Abbot, William.

But by far the most valuable, and the most unlikely, find was neither stone nor ancient carving, but lead. When, in the nineteen-twenties, Sir Charles Peers was excavating at Rievaulx he came upon five ingots of lead buried below the ground, lead which must have lain there untouched for nearly four hundred years; in fact, ever since the monastery was dissolved in the early fifteenth century. For each ingot was stamped with the seal of Henry VIII!

Apparently, after the king's men had ordered that the lead be stripped from the roof of the monastery, prior to its being sent to London to be sold to supply money for the royal purse,

these five ingots had remained behind, either forgotten by the king's men, or buried by the monks themselves in order to cheat the king.



The famous Five Sisters Window in York Minster—leaded with lead from Rievaulx Abbey

This discovery proved to be a boon to a famous northern cathedral, for about the time of Sir Charles's discovery the great Five Sisters Window at York was about to be restored, having been taken out, panel by panel, and buried for safety during the First World War. The window was badly in need of re-leading, too, but lead was scarce at that time and it seemed well-nigh impossible to buy enough for this huge stained-glass window.

And then the miracle happened. Sir Charles Peers found the five ingots of lead at Rievaulx Abbey, and so the great Five Sisters Window was re-leaded with contemporary lead. The cost was defrayed by the women of England so that the window, in all its new glory, might serve as a memorial to the women of the Empire who gave their lives for their country during the first World War.



"Bare, ruined Choir." The arches and pillars of lovely Rievaulx Abbey



Caboose In Southern Africa



N. GREEN

WHILE I was still at school I was given a book called "God's Highwaymen," the story of the South African Church Railway Mission (now the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Railway Mission). Every page thrilled me and I longed to join that company of Highwaymen and Highwaywomen.

So it happened, years later, that to Southern Rhodesia I went, to work in the section from Bulawayo to Umtali and the branch lines, a distance of 800 miles through what I believe is the most beautiful part of Southern Rhodesia, with its ranges of blue hills, rolling country, rugged rocks, brilliant flowers, wonderful sunsets, night skies like black velvet jewelled with diamond stars, and a silence that can be felt.

The Missioner's Coach

There were two Mission Coaches in S. Rhodesia then, but as they had to be shared between five of us I had sometimes to travel by ordinary train, usually in the guard's van, drinking innumerable cups of tea into which he had put huge quantities of very sweet condensed milk.

The coach, which is called a caboose, consists of bedroom, bathroom, sitting-room, kitchen, and a room for the native boy who cooks and keeps the caboose clean. The caboose is hitched on to goods trains

and put off at the places to be visited. It is then picked up again by another train when the Missioner is ready.

Making Friends in the Lord

But what of the work? It was to visit constantly all the families of the railwaymen, of all denominations, in their homes along the line, and to teach the children the Faith whenever there was an opportunity. When that had been done, the farms and houses near the stations were visited. But I think the work was best described by a friend of mine who wrote to me from England saying, "I like to think of you going up and down the line *making friends in the name of the Lord.*" That is the whole secret of it. The woman Missioner is probably the only white woman these gangers' wives and children see for weeks on end; the only woman to whom they can talk of their joys and sorrows; the only woman who comes to see them in their isolated homes far down the line.

Lonely Women

Their only neighbours are Africans. There is no church, no cinema and no shops, and they cannot even walk out alone as it is not safe for them to do so. There they are; quite alone all day, except for any children they may have and their African servants, because their husbands are away from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. working on

the line. It is a great and precious privilege to be allowed to make friends with these women, to be trusted by them and to be regarded as someone who is ready and glad to serve them.

I had five Sunday Schools, but could visit them only once a month (often on a week-day!) because of the great distances to be covered. It is a slow business trying to teach the Christian Faith to children one sees only once every four weeks, and it is so sad that the children are deprived of instruction about the things that matter most just because there are not enough Railway Missioners to visit them frequently.

No Fixed Abode

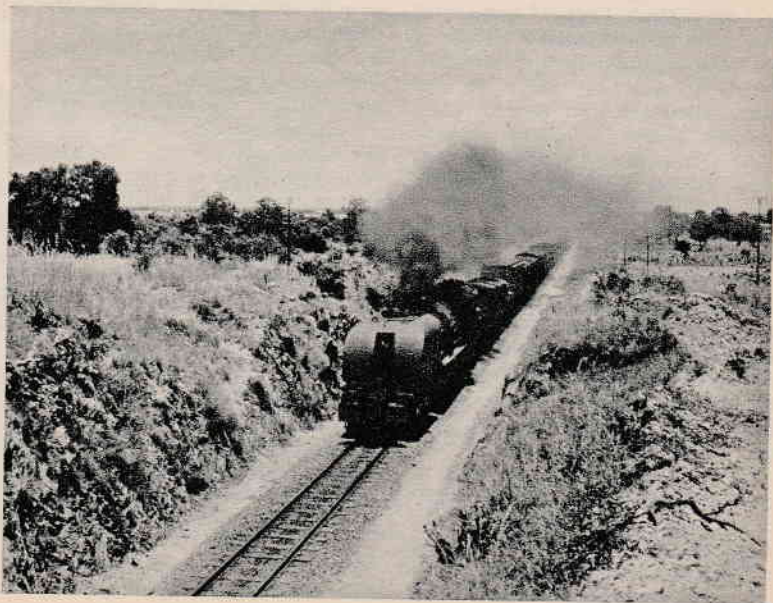
The life of the Missioner involves constant travelling. Having no settled home is a strain, meals are uncertain, either too many or not enough (I do not know which is the more uncomfortable!), and the strange ways of

trains often tax one's patience. But these things do not really matter very much, nor is one much the worse for them. It is the loneliness and the temptation to become depressed which must be chiefly guarded against. The Chaplains have no churches of their own to go to for prayer and meditation, and it is not easy for *anyone* to pray and meditate in a caboose that is being shunted violently up and down a goods yard.

The Support of Prayer

The Missioners depend upon the prayers of their friends at home, so, if you get a little weary sometimes of praying for Missions, do please remember those men and women on the line who need your prayers to help them to be faithful *friends in the name of the Lord*.

Photo by Courtesy of the Office of the High Commissioner for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland



A CENTURY OF PARISH MAGAZINES

By H. A. L. RICE

THE late "Dick" Sheppard once said that whenever he came across a parish magazine he tore it up to prevent it doing any more harm! We hope and believe that since Canon Sheppard's day the standard of production in this very important part of the Church's work has improved enormously. There are still, of course, far too many feebly written, badly produced parish magazines; but on the other hand there are a great number which are quite admirable in appearance and content matter.

As Dick Sheppard wished to emphasise, a poor magazine is a bad advertisement for the Faith it seeks to commend; conversely, an attractive and interesting one can be a most effective instrument of Christian propaganda. Douglas Hyde, a former editor of the *Daily Worker*, has placed it on record that it was a parish magazine which first led to his conversion from Communism to Christianity. He used to read regularly a certain lively parochial production with the avowed object of finding material to ridicule from an anti-religious point of view. Instead, what he read gradually convinced him that there was a whole lot to be said for the Faith which he had hitherto despised!

It is not known for certain when the first purely local parish paper saw the light of day, but it is generally accepted that the first inter-parochial

"inset" was brought out in 1859—exactly one hundred years ago. It bore the simple, unambitious title of *The Parish Magazine* and its founder and first editor was the Reverend John Erskine Clarke, Vicar of St. Michael's, Derby, from 1856 to 1866.

The Parish Magazine came to an end in 1895, but it had by that time inspired the launching of several similar publications, such as *Church Bells*, which appeared in 1871. It was in this latter year that the Reverend Charles Bullock founded *Home Words*, which is now, therefore, in the 88th year of its service to the Church. From the same source came other magazines of a religious and ecclesiastical nature—*Our Own Fireside* (1864), *The Day of Days* (1872), *Hand and Heart* (1876), and *The Fireside Illustrated Monthly* (1876). The very titles have an authentic period flavour; lavender and old lace, and the long Victorian Sunday afternoon.

These, with the exception of *Home Words*, have since gone the way of *The Parish Magazine*; still others have made their transitory appearance and served the needs of their day and age. *The Dawn of Day* (1878—afterwards renamed *The New Day*), *The Sign* (1904), *Church Standard* (1909), *The Sentinel* (1925), *Church Monthly* (1888) and *The Symbol* (1914) are other insets which have had their honourable places in the parish magazines of the present century, but of these only *The Sign* survives. *The Church Standard*, *Sentinel* and *Church Monthly* were absorbed some years ago by *Home Words*. Some more recently founded periodicals, notably *Church News*, now share the field with the long-established *Home Words* and *The Sign*.

The parish magazine, where it is not merely a meaningless list of names

(Continued on page 125)

◇

Church Notes and Views

◇

Bellringer at 92

MR. J. T. MOSS, of Ingersley Road, Bollington, near Macclesfield, Cheshire, is still one of the ringers at Bollington parish church. This year he helped to ring in the New Year for the 61st time. Apart from being an active member of the team, he still goes out to work every day.—E. J. MILLAR (MACCLESFIELD).

Organ Grinder and Monkey in Church

IN Great Urswick church, Ulverston, in the Furness District of Lancashire, an organ grinder with his monkey is included in sixteen carvings on the choir stalls of musical instruments that have been used in the church throughout its history.

It would appear that an organ grinder and his monkey were allowed to take part in the church service.—J. O. BENNETT (TAUNTON).

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.

Grim Memento

WHILE on a visit to the church of All Saints, Helmsley, Yorkshire, I noticed an unusual object hanging on one wall. It was a slave yoke and beneath it was a plaque with these words:

"The slave when caught was secured by a yoke, and driven down to the coast in a gang of many hundreds. Dr. Livingstone estimated that three out of every four died on the journey. The weight of this yoke stick is 9½ lbs."—PETER HOLT (PORTOBELLO).



Striking Font Cover

THE parish church of Eganton,

Notts., has an ancient font which is probably Saxon. The modern carved font cover shown in our illustration incorporates in its design early Christian symbols relating to Baptism and belief. The central motif is the Chi-Rho (XP) symbol—the first Greek letters of the word "Christ". This was known as the **Labarum**. Here it has a central "glory" of rays and it is flanked by the Greek letters *Alpha* and *Omega*—"the beginning and the end" (Rev. XXI : 6).

Three of the panels in the outer circle depict a fish in the waters—the symbol, in early Christian thought, both of our Lord and of the soul regenerated through the Baptismal waters.

The other three panels contain the triumphant Christian acclamation: *Christus Vincit, Christus Regnat, Christus Imperat* (Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules supreme).—E. A. THOMAS (BRIDGNORTH).



Bleddfa Church

THE remote church of Bleddfa, Radnorshire, dates from the 13th century and was well restored fifty years ago. It has a remarkable feature at the west end, which appears to be built into an ancient mound. This has suggested that the church is on the site of a prehistoric barrow. But experts now think that the mound was, at some long time ago, heaped up against the west wall, perhaps to support it. Only excavation would settle the matter.



In the parish are two large mounds near the river Lugg. These are believed to cover the graves of those who fell in the battle, in 1402, in this valley, between Owen Glendower and Edmund Mortimer.—M. W. (HEREFORD).

"Occupational" Gravestone

FAIRLY frequently we find an "occupational" epitaph on a gravestone—a verse couched in terms of the job done by the person it commemorates. Here, however, on a neglected grave in the churchyard of the fine Norman church at Gillingham, Norfolk, a diver's helmet supplies, one imagines, an occupational "epitaph without words." Beneath the grass on the marble surround is merely the name, Leonard William Smith, who died on March 28th, 1928, with no reference to his profession.—VIVIAN BIRD (BIRMINGHAM, 27).



"A Day to Remember"

OUR photograph shows village school children taking part in the annual rushbearing ceremony at Grasmere Church in the Lake District. This old custom is observed every year on the Saturday nearest to St. Oswald's day—August 5th.

Rushes are gathered from the streams and lakes of the surrounding countryside and are borne in procession by six proud little maids, in attractive traditional costume with garlands in their hair, around the village and so to the church where a short service is held and where the rushes are left.

This is to commemorate the time when rushes were used to cover the cold floor of the church. It was in Grasmere church that the poet Wordsworth worshipped, and in the churchyard he lies at rest.—F. B. S.

* ————— *

Weekday Pages for Women

Conducted by Marion Hurst

* ————— *

Monday—Washing

Washing dusters. Before drying dusters after washing, sprinkle them with a drop of paraffin, and then squeeze them together before opening them out for drying. Do not dry them in front of the fire. They will then be ideal for polishing furniture, collecting the dust better and giving a bright polish.—MRS. M. J. LAND (DEWSBURY).

Tuesday—Sewing

Loose covers for chairs and settees. To prevent the covers pulling out when sat upon, stitch a length of tape at the back of the tuck-in piece, leaving two long pieces at either end. When the cover is put on, take a packing needle, thread the ends through, poke needle through to back of chair and tie tightly. The cover will never move if this is done securely.—MRS. K. TOWNLEY (AMBERLEY, STROUD).

Wednesday—Nursing

Before slipping your patient's rubber hot water-bottle into its flannel cover, wrap it in two sheets of crumpled tissue-paper. It is surprising how much longer it will keep hot.—MISS M. G. ADDENBROOKE (WOLVERHAMPTON).

Thursday—Cooking

If an apple is placed in a tin in which a fruit cake is kept, it will keep the cake moist for quite a few weeks. This is an excellent idea for people who make their Christmas cakes very early.—MRS. C. GILL (HEBDEN BRIDGE, YORKS.).

Friday—Household

During rainy weather it is difficult to dry fluffy mop-heads. Floor mops can be kept clean during bad weather if covered with a piece of cotton cloth about 15 in. × 12 in. cut to the shape of the mop head. Leave a wide edging of

about 4 in., which is then stitched all round. Make a hem about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at the edge. Thread a tape through, place on the mop head, and draw up and tie. The mop can then be used in the normal way until the cover is dirty, when it can easily be removed, washed, dried and replaced.—MISS J. M. BRIGGS (GOODMAYES).

Saturday—Children

For holidays away from home take exercise or drawing books, pencils, rubbers and crayons. The children will enjoy drawing (however simply) pictures of their adventures, picnics, etc. and making drawings of shells and wild flowers—especially good occupation for wet days. Keep a drawer of "surprises" i.e. small toys, puzzles, little painting books, beads, etc. ready to provide amusement for children when ailing or convalescent.

Encourage children to make scrap pads, using Christmas cards, pictures and pretty advertisements. Books for these may be made of sheets of brown paper sewn together.—MRS. A. P. FOX (BIRMINGHAM 17).

RECIPE CORNER

Coconut Slice

One pound self-raising flour, 4 ounces margarine, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, milk to mix.

Make into a stiff dough and roll out thinly.

One teacupful fine sugar, 1 teacupful coconut, 1 egg, apricot jam.

Beat the egg in the sugar and the coconut. Spread jam on the pastry. Cover with the filling. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Ginger Marmalade

Three pounds tart apples, sugar as required, 1 quart of cold water, one and three-quarter pounds preserved ginger.

Wash the apples. Cut into thick slices without either peeling or coring. Put all the slices into a saucepan with the water. Simmer gently until the fruit is well pulped, then strain through a jelly bag. Allow to drip for several hours. When all the juice is in the basin, measure it, and for every pint of juice allow one

*. 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.

pound of sugar. Turn the juice and sugar into a preserving pan. Stir over a low heat till the sugar is dissolved. Add the ginger cut into small pieces, then bring to the boil. Boil quickly for ten minutes or until the preserve sets when rested on a cold plate. Pot and cover while hot. Will yield about four and a half pounds.

Now is the time to make some Warm Bedsocks, ready for cold nights

Requirements: 2 oz of 3-ply wool—used double. Three size 7 needles with points at both ends.

Cast on 48 stitches. Knit 30 rows in K.1, P.1 then continue in plain knitting. Knit 32, turn, knit 16 sts. Continue on these 16 sts. for 52 rows. Break off the wool. Start at edge of ribbing, and knit the 16 sts. on the needle. Pick up 26 sts. at the side of the plain knitting, also knit 8 of the sts. left on needle with another needle. Knit remaining 8 sts., pick up 26 sts. down side of plain knitting and knit the remaining sts. on the needle. Knit plain for 16 rows right round these sts. Then decrease at each end of each

needle on the next four rows. Put needles together and cast off. Join up the back and turn inside out.

HOLLYHOCKS

The hollyhocks are towering up
Beneath the apple tree—
They're peeping through the branches
now
And looking down at me:
And I, I sit and think they are
A wondrous sight to see.

I thank the Lord for that good man—
His name I do not know—
Who brought these flowers from far
Cathay
Three hundred years ago:
O'er where he rests may hollyhocks
In richest splendour grow.

Grow on and up, brave hollyhocks:
Though you can't reach the sky
And hand a floral offering in
To Him, Who reigns on high.
In gratitude for life bestowed—
We like to see you try.

T. WILSON

"Dabblers"

Photo by G. Pennethorne



SHORT STORY

The Light Shineth in Darkness

JOYCE A. CASE

CANON TOBIAS thought his new curate looked troubled as he entered the study.

"Hullo, Timothy! Anything wrong?" he enquired, pushing his work back on the desk and beginning to fill his pipe. "Sit down. Not on Felix, though!"

Timothy Steele picked up the languorous black cat from the armchair and sat down with it on his knee.

"Everything's wrong," he said ruefully. "I know I've not been here long, but I'm finding this East End the dreariest, most God-forsaken place on earth. And when I say God-forsaken I mean it literally. I've felt spiritually dead ever since I set foot in the place. Dingy streets, squalid little slums, gasometers, noisome old buildings, hideous blocks of flats. How have you stuck it for ten years and remained sane?"

Canon Tobias drew at his pipe and laughed.

"Because it's not as God-forsaken as you think," he said comfortably. "They say we're nearer God's heart in a garden, but I'm not so sure about that."

Timothy absently caressed the loudly purring cat and shook his head.

"I can't think where you find Him here," he sighed. "It can't be in the scenery. And it *can't* be in the people. They're only interested in television and jellied eels!"

Canon Tobias turned back to his desk and tidied the books and papers.

"I'm going visiting," he said. "Like to come with me?"

They set off along a grimy, grey street. On their right barges moved sluggishly on the turgid bosom of the canal.

"Look at those yellow flowers on the bank," remarked Canon Tobias. "I love to see them."

Before Timothy could turn his head something like a whirlwind rounded the corner, nearly hurtling him into the gutter.

"Aw, sorry," gasped a raucous voice, shrill with genuine concern. "Did I 'urt yer, luv?"

"No, thank you," Timothy assured the voice's owner, regaining his balance with some difficulty.

"Hullo, Mrs. Elderberry," said Canon Tobias. "You seem to be in a hurry!"

"I'm late with me shopping," said Mrs. Elderberry cheerfully, hitching her large bag on to her arm and patting her curler. "Got ten kids now, y'know. Not all me own though, thank Gawd. Mrs. Lewis 'as been took bad, so I've got 'er four, and young Stan Jones's wife run off last night so I've took in their two. Aw my! Look at that young chap on 'is motor bike. They ain't safe. Ninety miles an hour 'e's going I reckon. Everytime I sees 'em I says, 'Gawd spare 'im and bring 'im 'ome safe to

'is mum.' Ain't it terrible about that murder last night down the dance 'all? My Sid was there and 'e said the women was fightin' an' all. Shockin' ain't it? Well, I must be gettin' along. Nice seein' you, Vicar. Ta ta."

And she was gone in a flurry of slippers.

"We have to cross the canal now," said Canon Tobias. "There's a little bridge over the lock gates."

The bridge led them to a network of dreary back streets and warehouses. Laden lorries from the docks rumbled heavily by. A coal-cart horse screwed his head round hopefully as they approached. Timothy felt in his cassock pocket and found a toffee. The horse whinnied with delight as he took it, and Canon Tobias gave him a benedictory pat.

"This is our first call," said the Canon presently, pausing before a derelict looking house. "All these places have been condemned, but the people will have to stay in them until flats are available."

They climbed five flights of steep, dark, wooden stairs. At the top was a landing and Canon Tobias tapped at the shabby door.

It was cautiously opened and an old man peered out. His face was wrinkled and not too clean. His teeth had decayed long ago. He smiled when he saw the two priests.

"Come in," he said, opening the door wider.

"How's Mary?" asked Canon Tobias.

"She's fine," said the old man proudly.

They followed him into the garret that was his home. He pointed triumphantly to an old woman in a wheeled chair. She was shaking violently all over, and as they entered she turned her head a little and gazed at them with vacant eyes and open mouth.

"There she is," said the old man, hobbling up to her and clucking affectionately.

"She has an incurable disease," Canon Tobias told Timothy, "but Mr. Riley is a wonderful nurse. He looks after her himself."

"She can't speak," said the old man fondly, "but you should see her with her food. She loves it. You watch."

Chortling with pleasure, he wheeled the chair to a wooden table spread with newspaper. Then he opened a cupboard in the corner and brought out a plastic plate, cup and saucer.

"I got these for her at Woolworths," he explained with pride. "She can't break 'em, you see. I paid a lot for 'em."

He placed them within reach of her shaking hand. She watched him, suddenly alert like a dog, her clouded mind penetrated for a moment by his devotion and the prospect of a treat.

Then with loving care the old man produced a small, greasy packet. He opened it reverently and showed it to his visitors.

"Real 'am," he said in an awed whisper. "I paid one and nine for a quarter down the market. She loves it. You watch!"

He dangled it before the old woman, chuckling with delight.

"What's that, Mary, eh?" he said. Gently he laid it before her. Eagerly her hand quivered its way unerringly towards it. She grabbed it and carried it to her mouth.

"I believes in feeding 'er well," Mr. Riley explained, puffing out his chest. "Sometimes I gets 'er corned beef. That's only sixpence a quarter down 'ere. And sometimes I gets brawn or rock salmon. And sometimes I gets 'er lemon cake—or 'addock. She loves that. I spends nearly all day looking for things she'll like."

"You're a wonderful husband,"

said Canon Tobias.

"Well, as I says, I believes in good food for 'er," said the old man. "I ain't like my landlady downstairs. She 'as 'er pockets weighted down with money, but won't spend it. She saves all she can lay 'ands on to leave when she's dead. You daren't lay down sixpence near 'er. She buys a shillin's worth of eels and six pennorth of tea to last 'er two days. She never eats bread an' butter. She says to me, 'I'm an ailing woman, Riley.' And I says to 'er, 'So you should be with nothing in yer stomach but eels.' But she won't listen to me. She tosses 'er 'ead and says, 'I goes and sits in the park, don't I? It's fresh air what keeps you alive.' What can you do with a woman like that?"

"How long have you been married?" asked Timothy.

"Forty years," said the old man. "When I comes back from the War in 1918, I looks for Mary because I knew 'er when she was a little gel. She was born on a farm in Ireland. I always loved 'er. I found 'er at last in London and went up to the little room she rented. There was no furniture in it. Only a few old coats on the floor. 'Is that yer only bed, Mary?' I says. 'Yes,' she says, 'I only earns seven shillings a week putting cakes in the oven in a bake-house. And I 'as to pay two and fourpence for this room.' So I went off and bought 'er a bed and mattress. Cost me two pounds. And I bought 'er some blankets too. Then I married 'er."

When the two priests had left and were in the street once more, Timothy drew a deep breath.

"I think," he said, "I'm beginning to see what you mean, Vicar."

Canon Tobias chuckled softly.

"We'll go and see the Kitsons next," he said.

The Kitsons lived in a basement. The one room they entered was

squalid. The table was invisible beneath tangled heaps of clothes, blood-curdling novelettes and greasy dishes. Most of the space in the room was occupied by the wreckage of a three-piece suite. All the seats had dropped out and were reposing on the floor. The springs were sprouting forth in jaunty manner from the forlorn remains.

"Where's Tony?" asked the Vicar, when they had greeted the sluttish Mrs. Kitson.

"Doing me shopping," said Mrs. Kitson. "I will say 'e's good to 'is mum, although 'e's so queer over church and them fish."

"I'm sure Mr. Steele would love to see the fish," said Canon Tobias.

"Oh, sure," said Mrs. Kitson and shuffled to the wall. There was a click as an electric switch went on. To Timothy's astonishment this illuminated a large aquarium that stood back in one corner. It was filled with plants and fish and was a thing of beauty.

Mrs. Kitson, flattered by Timothy's interest and surprise, waxed garrulous.

"Tony saves all 'is pocket money to spend on that," she said. "Mind you, I think 'e's daft. Says 'e must 'ave somethink lovely to look at; 'e sits there for hours looking at it; 'e's real queer. And this'll tell you 'ow queer. 'e'd rather watch them old fish than the telly."

"I'd like to meet Tony," said Timothy.

"You met him on Sunday," said Canon Tobias. "He was my server."

Timothy recalled the boy at once with a sense of shock. A slim, sensitive lad with an unmistakably spiritual quality. It was inconceivable that he should have been nurtured in such an environment.

"I have great hopes of Tony," said Canon Tobias as they continued on their way after taking farewell of Mrs. Kitson. "He'll need a lot of

Short Story—continued

help and encouragement, though. There is much work to be done here. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.'

Timothy glanced at him sharply. The words pierced his heart strangely, for he had detected a note of sadness in the Vicar's voice. And a note of tiredness too.

It was at that moment that someone in an upstairs flat turned the wireless on.

Suddenly the heavens opened and the angelic host was all about them as the glorious strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" rang out. No longer was the little back street mean and drab. It was the glowing highway of a golden city where angels dwelt.

In that instant Timothy knew he would stay. And Canon Tobias, too, turning suddenly and meeting the young priest's eyes, knew likewise that he would.

Photo by N. W. Kieffer



A Century of Parish Magazines

(Continued from page 117)

and dates, can provide a most useful source of parochial information for the benefit of future historians. Far more important, it can, when ably and forcefully presented, serve to carry the Church's message into countless homes where it would otherwise, perhaps, receive no hearing. It can act as an invaluable link between the incumbent and the members of his flock, whether inside the fold or not. And where the local matter is augmented by a well-produced "inset," a wider range of information and interest can be provided at a very modest outlay.

For a hundred years the humble parish magazine has faithfully served to strengthen the bonds between "Parish and People". Long may it continue to be a welcome monthly visitor into nigh on three million British homes.

"Yellow Sands"

★

*Advantage or
—Disadvantage*

★

THE late Thomas Burt, a famous public man a couple of generations ago, was born in a miner's cottage. His father worked underground ten or twelve hours a day for a wage of four shillings. He himself began work as a trapper-boy at the age of ten for a shilling a day. His entire period of schooling did not exceed a year and a half. And this is what he said about it all: "I had the unspeakable advantage of being brought up amid surroundings that were calculated to bring out the best and repress the worst in one's character."

The "unspeakable advantage" of poverty! But we can all see what he meant. It is a fact of history that many of the most distinguished men through the ages, men of noble character and fine attainment, have been born in poor homes, and have attributed their successful careers very largely to the impoverished conditions of their early life.

Take deafness. Now this most certainly is a great disadvantage. Only those thus afflicted know what a handicap it can be. But is there not another side to it? During the war, for instance, deaf people often scored over others. They slept soundly when bombs and guns were making their hideous racket. They were spared the heart-shaking fears which others knew when sirens wailed and "doodle-bugs" were heard approach-

ing. Yes, there are certainly advantages in a disadvantage like deafness in time of war. And not only in time of war. A deaf person said to me recently: "In days like these, when people complain that their nerves are shattered by the noise of aeroplanes and cars and what not, I sometimes feel thankful that I can't hear."

Or consider blindness. Think of the wonderful heightening of their other sense-perceptions often manifested by blind persons. For instance, what a marvellous sense of touch they develop. Of hearing too, as is evidenced by the number of expert piano-tuners who are blind. Again, flowers in horticultural shows are frequently judged for their fragrance by blind persons, and we are told that one of the foremost tea-tasters in London is a man who was born blind.

There is a beautiful wood called Bird's Eye Maple. When polished it has a lovely surface, and the markings upon it are exquisite. These markings are the result of injuries done to the tree by a bird called by Americans the Sapsucker. It is a kind of woodpecker, and digs innumerable little holes in the bark to get at the sweet sap. But what would the tree say about having its bark pierced by hundreds of holes, if it had feelings and could express itself in words? Would it not describe the whole process as an affliction? Would it not refer to it as an enormous disadvantage? But look at the beauty which results!

That is a parable of the spiritual realm. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous," says the apostolic writer. "Nevertheless afterward," he goes on, "it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." That is to say, *afterward* the advantage of the disadvantage is revealed.—A. F.

Canon Elliott Memorial

If you were one of the thousands who used to listen-in, on Thursday evenings before the War, to the service from St. Michael's, Chester Square, the name of Canon W. H. Elliott will have meant much to you. His preaching and writings entered many homes and many hearts, bringing comfort where there was sadness, hope where there was despair, and faith where there was nothing.

Canon Elliott died in 1957. Now a Memorial Fund is being opened at St. Michael's, with an object which surely would delight him. The income from the Fund will be used towards the training of a young man for Ordination. Will you in thankfulness send a contribution to: The Hon. Treasurer, Elliott Memorial Fund, St. Michael's Vestry, Chester Square, London, S.W.1.

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and Mr. Brough, who is now acting as the A.S.M. He hoped that the Church and the Scouts would not be regarded as separate organisations, but as being inter-related, and working together towards a common aim.

Mr. Smith was elected a Chairman of the Parents Association, and the following agreed to serve on the Committee: Mr. Tasker (Secretary and Treasurer), Mesdames Allsworth, Chrich, Haines, Hargreaves, Marsh, Mullins, Turner, Tyler, Maund and Messrs. Hales, Maund, Silvester, and Tyler.

Mr. Jones thanked Mr. Hales, and all who had backed up the Scouts in the past, and expressed his hopes for the future of the Troop, and looked forward to close co-operation with the new Committee.

It was decided to send a letter of thanks to Miss Hatton for all her help given to the Cubs in the past.

The meeting closed with prayer by the Vicar.

ST. NICHOLAS' COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL

The Annual Competition for the Athletic Shield was held on June 25th. A large number of parents and friends appeared to enjoy the competitions as much as the children, the race for mothers was one of the high lights of the meeting!! The GREENS won the shield for the second successive year and this was presented to them by the Vicar—Rev. P. Kimmer.

Merit Cups.

These cups which are awarded annually to the Boy and Girl who has worked well and taken an active part in the complete life of the School and who has shown qualities of Leadership above the average went to Gregory Wise and Jennifer Frost.

Cups for Music and Art & Craft were won by Janet Weston and Paul Rumbold, both of whom have done some outstanding work this year.

Swimming.

Christine Parker put up a School Record by swimming 880 yards!! The number of certificates awarded for 10, 25 and 50 yards was also a record—33. These results reflect much credit on Miss H. M. Richards and Mr. R. Jenkins who have given unsparingly of their time in coaching our pupils.

Royal Show.

The display of Maypole Dancing given by our children at the Royal Show was the subject of much very favourable comment. We are particularly indebted to the mothers who went to such care and expense to make the delightful dresses worn by the girls. Mrs. I. M. Morton who had instructed the Dancers was well rewarded by their efforts.

Refugees.

Miss D. Wright has organised a collection of cash and woollen materials and the children have knitted blankets for the needy refugees. The money collected amounted to about £5.

MARSTON GALA DAY — SATURDAY, AUGUST 29th.

Please keep the day free. Flower Show. Bird Show. Side Shows. Children's Fancy Dress. Teas. Ices. Grand displays for your entertainment and enjoyment. Further information for all events will be supplied by Mrs. Bowen, 129 Oxford Road.

A model of the proposed new Village Hall to be built on the Recreation Ground will be on view.

PARISH COUNCIL

(An abbreviated version of the minutes of the meeting held on July 7th.)

In reply to questions raised about a J.P. from the Marston area, the Clerk intimated that he had been informed that the number of J.P.'s was limited and that they were appointed with regard to their special qualifications for the post. Marston would certainly be considered when the next appointments were made.

Ailments: Some were reported to be in bad condition.

Recreation Ground: Wicksteeds of Kettering had submitted an estimate of £40 for the repair of the amusements. It was reported that there was £160 in the General Fund to be used for any contingency, but that the fund had to last until March 1960.

As an attempt to curtail the use of the Recreation Ground by cyclists and motor cyclists, the number of one motor cyclist had been given to the police. There was discussion about the replacements of the bye-law notices and new seating.

Cemetery: The question of two plots originally sold to people outside the parish, and now offered to the Council for re-sale is to be investigated.

Highways: Wire had been placed by the railings on Beechey's Avenue, and it was proposed to wire in the ditch in front of the two schools. The general condition of Oxford Road was investigated and suggestions were made for the widening of the service entrances, and also the cutting down of trees at the junction of Cherwell Drive as a safety measure. A suggestion was made that the pavement in front of the Marston Road Post Office be made narrower to allow more room when vehicles are parked.

Caravans: The question of illegal caravan sites was again raised and a special committee was formed to meet the local authorities. Mr. John Hay, M.P., intimated in a letter that although the matter was receiving attention no legislation about this question was likely during the life of the present government.

Lighting: Lighting for "the Link" and Mr. Pyes estate was discussed, and is to be investigated.

Village Hall: Mr. Gammon reported that the Mid Oxon Committee had passed the plans for the new Village Hall. It was agreed that the Parish Council should pay half of the legal costs involved in the lease of the land.

BAPTISMS

June 28th. Sally Anne Bowen; Neville John Boyland; Zara Jane Johnson.

PARISH CALENDAR FOR AUGUST, 1959

- Aug. 2. 10th Sunday after Trinity.
8.15 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
Preacher: The Rev. F. J. Taylor, Principal of Wycliffe Hall.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer. Preacher: Mr. T. V. E. Overton.
- " 9. 11th Sunday after Trinity.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- " 16. 12th Sunday after Trinity.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- " 23. 13th Sunday after Trinity.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- " 24. S. Bartholomew, Apos. & Martyr.
10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 30. 14th Sunday after Trinity.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

There will be a break for most parish activities during the month of August. The dates of their re-commencement will be given in the September issue.

Stop Press: Congratulations to Pauline Holmes on being awarded a four year Music Scholarship by the County. Well done, Pauline! Well done St. Nicholas County Primary School!

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 :
- 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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