

No. 17

JULY, 1959

Price 4d.

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS



Home Words

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

SERVICES.

- Sundays.** Holy Communion 8.15 a.m.
also on First Sunday of the month 12 noon,
also on Second Sunday of the month 7.30 p.m.
Morning Prayer 11.0 a.m. (Sunday School during
Sermon).
Sunday School 3.0 p.m. at Old Marston Secondary
School.
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 Elsfeld 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.

Vergers :

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

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).

* * * *

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends,

I have just received a copy of a letter which has been sent to all Incumbents in the Church of England, from the Chairman of the Overseas Council of the Church Assembly, and the General Secretaries of the eleven recognised Missionary Societies of the Church. "After much prayer and deliberation during 'Lambeth 1958' and since," say the writers "we, in consultation with the Church leaders at home and overseas are convinced that **the Holy Spirit is calling our Church—now—to practical application to its world Mission on a scale never before attempted.** In a menacing and divided world, the number of doors of opportunity are opening for the Word of Reconciliation is truly amazing." They go on to mention the number of requests for help in men and money which they have been receiving, and ask each incumbent "What is the Answer of the Home Church to be?" ".....the missionaries needed are convinced, practising Churchmen, nurtured in and going out from the local fellowship of the Church at home. The funds needed are those offerings of the people, banded together locally, that bespeak a genuine sacrificial offering of themselves to the Missionary work of the Church in all the world. Above all, the prayer needed is that of a multitude of intercessors, informed on the missionary situations, and meeting in the local church, and in informal and family circles."

I have printed these extracts from this letter, because I believe that this letter is not just an appeal for money to support overseas missions. Rather it is a stern challenge to us here in our parish, as to whether we are really dedicated in our Christian commitments, both at home and overseas.

"We are called" said the Bishops at Lambeth "that we may be sent ; We receive in order that we may give. The world-wide task of evangelism is not an 'optional extra' ; it is the high calling of every disciple."

The signatories to the letter ask : "What is the Answer of the Home Church to be?" Let us ask ourselves : "What is the answer of us here at Marston to be?"

Your sincere friend,



THANK YOU :

.....to all of you who worked so wonderfully for the Fete ; to programme sellers, stall holders, dancers, and those who worked behind the scenes in getting everything ready for the Fete, and who prepared all the teas. I cannot thank you all personally, but I do want to express a special word of thanks to Mr. Maund, Mr. Cattermole, and Mrs. Smith, Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary of the Fete Committee. They have all given of their time unsparingly, and for Mr. Cattermole in particular the Fete has taken all his time, talents—not to mention his timber, for many months past.

THANK YOU ALL VERY MUCH.

CHURCH NEWS

Whit Farthings.

It was wonderful to see the Cathedral so full of children again for this year's Whit Farthings Service, Stephen Mansell and Martin Bolton from our Sunday School presented to the Bishop a cheque to the value of 2492 Farthings—a fine amount collected by the children of this parish towards the work of the Church.

Holidays.

To all those who are going on holiday we send our very best wishes for a very happy holiday, with true recreation of body, mind, and soul. When you go to church, take the opportunity to introduce yourselves and to convey the wishes of our Christian fellowship of St. Nicholas to those with whom you worship. Most people are shy, and its so much better than coming back with the impression that "no-one even spoke to me!"

SCOUT AND CUB NEWS

Help Needed!

We appeal to all members of our congregation who have had practical experience of running a Scout Troop or Cub Pack to come forward and offer their help. In these days the Scout Movement offers a unique opportunity to build up the lives of young people, so that they become healthy, happy, useful, Christian citizens. A sentence from a Scout H.Q. handbook is apposite here:

"Those who aspire to be Scouters must be leaders of character who have the capacity for handling boys, ability to give the necessary practical training, who understand and accept their own obligations to the Church, and who are in full sympathy with the aims, methods, and policy of the Boy Scouts Association."

Any willing to help are asked to contact the Vicar, or Mr. Roy Jones, the Scoutmaster.

St. Nicholas Church (43rd Oxford) Scout Group.

On Wednesday the 10th of June members of the Troop joined those of the 19th Oxford Group at their Campfire. A very enjoyable evening was had by all present.

Cub Pack.

It is hoped to re-open the Cub Pack on July 2nd in the Church Hall. All past members of the Pack as well as any boys who would like to join the Cubs are invited to attend.

Scouts.

There are three vacancies in the Troop for boys (Age: 10½—14 years).

Scout Jumble Sale.

The Scouts will be holding a Jumble Sale on July 11th in the Church Hall at 2.30 p.m. Please save all your jumble, which will be collected by Cubs and Scouts during the week before the Sale.

Parent Association Annual General Meeting.

This will be held on Thursday, July 16th, at 8 p.m., in the Church Hall. All parents of Cubs and Scouts are invited to this meeting, as well as any others who are interested in the future of Scouting in the parish. Light Refreshments will be served.

BELLRINGERS

On Saturday, 30th May, at St. Nicholas Church, in 2 hours 30 minutes, a peal of 5,040 Grandsire Doubles, by members of the Oxford Society of Changeringers.

1. Alec Gammon; 2. John Drewitt; 3. Harry Gardener; 4. Roy H. Jones; 5. Edward Venn (Conductor)

Rung as a welcome to the Vicar and Mrs. Rimmer. This is the 30th Peal on the bells. The next peal will be attempted on July 11th.

Priory Across The Sands

★

WILLIAM R. MITCHELL

IN a quiet valley between the mountains of the English Lake District and the shifting sands of Morecambe Bay stands a Priory which has emerged from seven and a half centuries of useful life with its original walls intact.

Cartmel Priory did not escape the Dissolution. The commissioners of Henry VIII stripped it of its power and its lands. The thick lead was peeled from its roof, and even the bells were lowered because of the value of their metal. Yet the people were allowed to keep the south aisle of the chancel for worship, and saving this aisle led to the restoration of the whole building within the space of a century.

If you visit the Priory Church between the mountains and the sea, you will discover no hint of ruin. Yet the walls standing today are the same as those belonging to the original monastery. Inside are the canons' stalls dating back to 1450. They bear marks of the weathering to which they were exposed during eighty sad years when the Priory was without a roof.

Cartmel Priory looks impressive, its great bulk rising up above the roofs of the little town, which lies like outcropping grey rock on the green floor of the valley. It was built in the Transitional style between the Norman and Early English periods.

The new Gothic style was just coming in, but being new it was not immediately adopted. For about fifty years, therefore, the styles were mixed.

To the north of Cartmel lie the mountains, to the west and east the broad sandy estuaries of Kent and Leven. Southwards is Morecambe Bay, across which travellers, farm stock and coaches made their way in the pre-railway age. There was the perpetual anxiety of being trapped by the merciless tides which swept in twice every 24 hours. The registers of Cartmel Priory tell something of the tragic story of drownings on the sands. There are entries dealing with the deaths of 141 people, from the 16th century until 1880.

Two kings influenced the development of Cartmel by their desire to pacify the country, make it habitable and establish Christianity. At the end of the 7th century, the King of Northumbria gave the lands of Cartmel, "with all the Britons in it," to the great St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne. Then the Vikings came, and once again there was chaos.

Then, in the reign of King John, a certain William Marshall obtained control of the local land and Augustinian Canons were established here in 1188.

Not much of outstanding note happened between 1188 and 1537.

Priors came and went. The brethren lived their deeply spiritual lives. The land was tilled, the Priory further ornamented, and hospitality given to many travellers who had crossed the treacherous sands.

About 1316 and 1322, Scottish marauders raided the district, but the damage at Cartmel was not very great compared with other places that were nearer the principal highways.

The greatest havoc was wrought through the determination of Henry VIII that the material power of the monasteries should be broken. There was by this time only a small community at Cartmel Priory—some ten real canons and a number of servants; the total number probably did not exceed 50. Cartmel was one of the Augustinian priories where parochial rights were claimed. There was a legal skirmish, but eventually these rights were recognised by the commissioners.

The Duchy of Lancaster took over the appointment of the guides across the Kent sands, a function they perform to this day. Yet one should not forget the centuries during which the Priory at Cartmel organised this useful and humane service.

Photo by J. Hardman

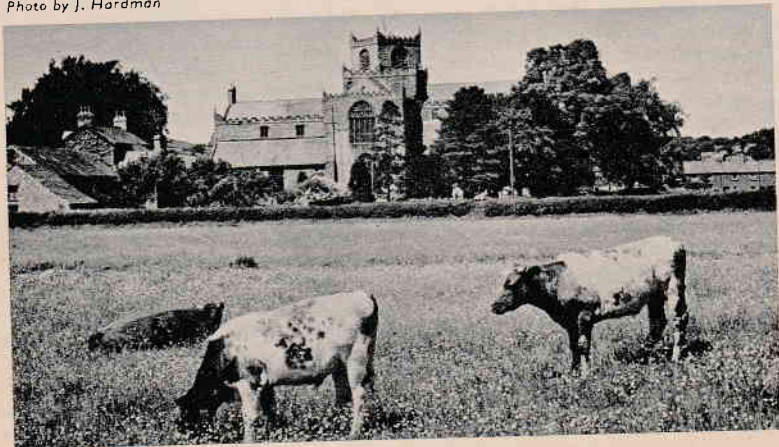
The most distinctive feature of Cartmel Priory when it is viewed from outside is the extension to the central tower, which was placed diagonally. It is a piece of freak building which may be unique in the world.

The picturesque gatehouse, which was built about 1330-1340, is now owned by the National Trust, who have rented it to Mr. Sydney Buckley, the artist.

Until the Romantic Movement brought the first tourists during the 18th century, this district was probably the most isolated part of England. It did not really shake off its isolation until, just over a century ago, a railway was constructed along the northern side of Morecambe Bay, from Carnforth to Barrow-in-Furness.

Lying snugly in its secluded little valley, Cartmel is thronged with visitors in summer, though they have to leave the important "through" roads to reach it. In winter, when the tourist season is over, the old Priory, now a parish church, hunches its shoulders and appears to dream of the past, as it gazes across the shifting sands of the estuaries upon the ceaseless ebb and flow of the waters of Morecambe Bay.

Cartmel Priory



All-Hallows-by-the-Tower

Gertrude A. George

★

“**E**THELBURGA founded me in 675; Samuel Pepys rescued me from the Great Fire in 1666; 1940 the enemy gravely wounded me; 1948 loving friends restored me.”

These graphic words, inscribed on the foundation stone of the restored church, sum up briefly the history of a Christian church with its roots deep in the past. Its old name of “Berkingechurch” points to its having been an ancient possession of the Convent of Barking. Centuries passed, but even today, after the second Great Fire of London, our feet may still tread in the undercroft a tessellated pavement of Roman London, and great names from the past linger in memory. The bodies of many distinguished men, among them Bishop Fisher and Archbishop Laud, who died on the scaffold at Tower Hill, were first deposited here. The father of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, lived in the parish and his famous son was baptised here on the 23rd October, 1644.

With all the wonder of its past history, the church was destined to be linked with one of the greatest spiritual forces of our generation. During the 1914-18 War the Rev. P. B. Clayton, universally and affectionately known as “Tubby,” landed in France as a Chaplain to the Forces. After six months, first in a base hospital, and then with the

First Battalion of the Buffs, he took and transformed a shell-struck house at Poperinghe for use as a soldiers’ chapel and club. Talbot



All Hallows The Nave, Looking West

House, or “Toc H” in the signallers’ code, named after Lt. Gilbert Talbot, who was killed in action in 1915, became for war-weary men going into or coming out of the trenches a veritable home from home. There were other clubs, but none like this one—full of friendship, comfort and laughter, in which all shared. Over the door of the Chaplain’s room appeared the words, “All rank abandon, ye who enter here,” and generals and privates took tea to-

gether and joined in roars of laughter over the wit of their genial host. But the power behind it all was exemplified in the Upper Room. Talbot House was large, and the loft at the top stretched the whole length of the house. This became the Chapel. Of all the furnishings so lovingly made by the men or found upon the spot, none was more significant than the Communion Table—a carpenter's bench discovered in a garden shed. Poperinghe was under intermittent shell-fire, but by a miracle the Chapel remained intact. Here, for upwards of three years, a daily celebration was maintained. On Sunday nights the Chapel was packed with men, and it was always open to those who sought for quietness and peace. On Easter Day, 1916, there were ten celebrations, with every service thronged and the floor below full of men waiting to replace those above.

After the war a hunger arose for the incomparable spirit of Talbot House, and Toc H came into being on a peace-time basis, not only for ex-Service men, but for the "Younger Brethren" of those left behind in Flanders. It began simply and humbly, with no money and no headquarters, but it was born of the spirit, the spirit of Christ, and with irresistible force the movement went forward, extending over the country and beyond the seas. The first generous gift of £10,000 came from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; other gifts followed and enabled a large house to be taken over as the new Talbot House.

In 1922 Toc H was granted a Royal Charter, and Tubby was appointed by Archbishop Davidson to the living of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower, on the understanding that this was to be the Guild Church of Toc H. On the day of the induction the first Birthday Festival was held

in Guildhall, inaugurating the memorable Ceremony of Light and using for the first time the symbolic Lamp, fashioned after the Roman ones used in the catacombs by persecuted Christians. The Lamp, given by the Prince of Wales "in memory of his friends," was lighted first and from its flame all others. Forty branches and representatives of nineteen great English schools received their Lamps, and in their light only, in the darkness of Guildhall, the pledge was made of

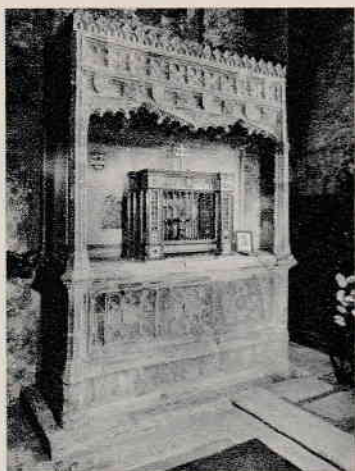


The Rev. P. B. Clayton and "Chippie"

those who in war or peace have left a good example behind them, and of dedication by those present to similar service, through Him who is the Light of the world.

Although All Hallows was now the Guild Church of Toc H, it was never for one moment forgotten that it was still a parish church. True, most of the working population of the City left it at night, but the undaunted vicar, accompanied by his dog, "the best curate I ever had," visited the offices and business houses, where his genius for friendship stood him in good stead. The church was always

open, and an increasing number of workers came in for rest and prayer, the aim being "to give to all a home and a friend where their working lives are spent." There grew up a love of the church which was shown on the night of December 9th, 1940, when a bomb, meant for the Tower of London, crashed on to All Hallows and partially ruined it. When daylight came crowds stood in silent mourning, but all day long unknown people stepped out to offer their



The Lamp of Maintenance

gifts, or to put them in a box, which was filled again and again. A few weeks later the church was completely gutted by incendiary bombs. The walls, the crypt, the undercroft remained.

The witness of All Hallows was still maintained in the Chapel of the Undercroft and the world-wide activities of Toc H directed from headquarters. And these world-wide activities had much to do with the restoration of the church. Men and women of America recognised their link with the church and invited the Vicar to visit the U.S.A. and plead its cause. "Tubby," who had travelled

all over the world for Toc H, accepted the invitation and came back with generous promises of money, steel and timber, as well as a wonderful gift of a carillon from Montreal.

On July 23rd, 1957, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who nine years before had laid the foundation stone of a new north aisle, attended the Rededication Service in the restored church.

All Hallows today is very lovely. Lord Mottistone and Paul Paget, the architects, have given of their best in every detail. The history of the church and of Toc H is recorded in the heraldic windows containing the arms of Poperinghe and Ypres, and of former parishioners. The reredos, a painting of The Last Supper, suggests to all who look upon it the fellowship of the Upper Room. The Forster monument, Cecil Thomas's exquisite memorial to youth of the First World War, is restored and back in its place. The pulpit is from the bombed church of St. Swithun, London Stone, and in the porch may be seen a lighted model of the Upper Room at Poperinghe, minutely complete with furnishings and figures.

The Main Resolution of Toc H sums up its ideals:

"Remembering with gratitude how God used the Old House to bring home to multitudes of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom upon Earth: we pledge ourselves to strive to listen now and always for the Voice of God; to know His Will revealed in Christ and to do it fearlessly, reckoning nothing of the world's opinion or its successes for ourselves or this our family; and toward this end, to think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly, and to build bravely."

❖

Church Notes and Views

❖

An Ancient Welsh Hermitage

ON the remote eastern tip of the island of Anglesey, beyond Beaumaris, stands Penmon Priory in the grounds of which may be seen the ancient holy well of Saint Seiriol. Here, in the 6th century, the saint erected his humble cell and baptized his converts. To the west of the island, near Holyhead, lived at that time another hermit, Cybi, and, being friends, the two men often met in the middle of the island. St. Seiriol, walking westwards in the morning to these meetings, and eastwards in the evenings, always had the sun on his back. St. Cybi, however, always had to walk facing the sun and became extremely sunburnt. Consequently, so the story goes, he became known as "Cybi the Tawny," while his friend was called "Seiriol the Fair."

Close to Penmon Priory lies Glanbach or Puffin Island, also known in bygone times as Ynys Seiriol. Here, possibly, the saint withdrew for Retreat and solitary contemplation.

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.

"Tattingstone Wonder"

WHILST cycling in Suffolk last year, I came across what I thought was Tattingstone church, but after closer inspection I found the building was inhabited. This building, which looked so much like a church with its traceried east window and embattled tower, is known as the "Tattingstone Wonder". It was built by an eighteenth-century squire who wished to provide homes for his workers and a view of a church from his mansion. Thus he achieved both his objects. The story goes that the villagers often wondered at nothing, so the squire gave them something to wonder at!—GILLIAN R. BROWN (HARWICH).



St. Seiriol's Cell

Sunday Morning Visitant

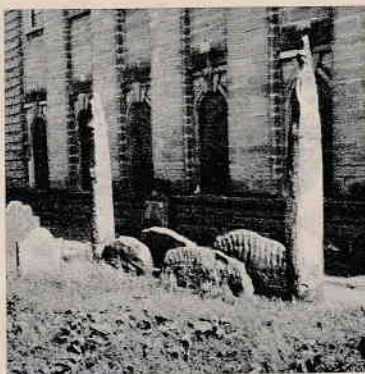
AT Wold Newton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, a traveller from outer space descended on a Sunday morning in 1795. The village heard a noise like a scream and saw half a hundredweight of white-hot stone tear a hole a yard wide in the ground. Fortunately no one was killed and the parish church escaped damage. A monument now stands where the meteorite fell. The strange visitor from outer space itself is at South Kensington in the Science Museum.—F. F. SMITH (OXFORD).



Clun, The Lych Gate

Lych Gate under Repair

THE Lych Gate at Clun, Shropshire, has recently been repaired; it has a strange history. It was first built in 1723; but was sold by the Churchwardens in 1839 to a man who wanted it to make a summer house. Later it was repurchased by a curate of Clun and stood till 1877 at the west gate of the churchyard, not the one at the top of the street to which it was then removed and where it still stands. It is a very beautiful example of wood with stone tiles.—M. W. (HEREFORD).



The "Giant's Grave"

Outside Grave

IN Penrith churchyard are two standing pillars, 15 ft apart, which are believed to mark the colossal proportions of a giant buried beneath them, for the stones are popularly known as "the Giant's Grave." Antiquaries say it is possibly the grave of a Scandinavian settler, who came to the northern counties in the tenth century. Folk-lore says it was a man as big-hearted as he was tall, and that he cleared the surrounding forest of wild boars which were a terror to the people. The sandstone pillars are covered with runic devices, now badly weathered. Hunch-backed stones between the pillars are supposed to represent the backs of boars. A stone head of a cross, nearby, is said to mark the place where the giant's thumb was buried. When the old church was pulled down the runic stones were almost lost, but when they were partially broken up the townspeople made such an uproar that the work of destruction was stopped.—G. CROWTHER (KEIGHLEY).



Southwold, XVIth-Century Table

Elizabethan Relic

IN the parish church of Southwold in Suffolk, the Elizabethan Communion Table was preserved when in 1633 Archbishop Laud ordered all tables to be removed and altars set up and railed in. In 1944, when the Black Watch were stationed in Southwold, they had the use of the church for their services. This Communion Table was then placed in the space outside the chancel and the Sacraments were administered to the men in accordance with the usage of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.—WINIFRED KNOX (LONDON, N.19).

Weekday Pages for Women

Conducted by Marion Hurst

Monday — Washing

Having bought a new clothes line, the rope kind, not the plastic-covered, put it in a pan and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil and boil for ten minutes. Leave the line to dry in the normal way. Treated in this way it will never stretch. When washing woollen blankets add about ten drops of olive oil to the last rinsing water. They will then dry beautifully soft.—ANON (BLACKBURN).

Tuesday — Sewing

To keep stranded cottons in good order, lay the skeins neatly side by side, with the numbers uppermost on a stiff sheet of cardboard about 7½ inches long. A piece 10 inches wide will take about 20 skeins. Strap them at the top and bottom with a strong elastic band. This method will facilitate finding each colour as required and avoid tangling.—MRS. F. C. THORNE (NEWBURY).

Wednesday — Nursing

For cough at night.—To half a teacup of boiling milk add a piece of butter the size of a marble and a teaspoonful of pure glycerine. Give with a teaspoon, not out of the cup. The continual swallowing of the smaller quantity soothes the throat and the child will soon cough no more and fall asleep.—MRS. S. BARTLETT

Thursday — Cooking

Have you ever been overwhelmed with such a quantity of apples that you do not know what to do with them? If so, here is a new way of making a delicious jam. Peel, core and slice 3 lb (when cut up) apples. Partly cook until tender, with about half a teacupful of water. Take off the heat and add 2½ lb of sugar,

¾ lb preserved ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Stir all together until it jellies when tested on a plate. This makes 6 lb of jam.—MISS D. SAYERS (SOUTHBOROUGH).

Friday — Household

Chimneys can be kept reasonably clear of soot if potato parings mixed with a little salt are burnt in the grate at least once a week. This will form a glaze inside the chimney and prevent it from becoming clogged.—MRS. D. GRAPER (CHELMSFORD).

Saturday — Children

A delicious sweet for a children's party. Take a quarter of a one pint jelly of the desired flavour and dissolve in a little less than ¼ pint of water. Empty a tin of evaporated milk into the jug or bowl, add the cooled jelly mixture and whip until thick and fluffy. This gives a whipped cream which is sweetened, coloured and flavoured in exactly the right proportions. It is a firm favourite with children.—MRS. G. L. CHATFIELD (HASTINGS).

★ ★ ★

USEFUL RECIPE

Spicy Cheese Cakes

4 oz shortcrust pastry, 2 oz sugar, ½ teaspoonful mixed spice, apricot jam, 1 egg, ½ oz currants, 2 oz margarine, 2 oz self raising flour, milk if required.

Line the patty tins with the pastry and put a little jam in each. Cream the fat and sugar. Add the egg, beating well. Work in the flour, spice and currants, mixing well with the milk if required. Half fill the pastry cases with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

★ ★ ★

CALENDAR FOR JULY

| | | |
|----|------|--------------------|
| 5 | Sun. | TRINITY VI |
| 12 | Sun. | TRINITY VII. |
| 19 | Sun. | TRINITY VIII. |
| 22 | Wed. | S. Mary Magdalene. |
| 25 | Sat. | S. James, A.M. |
| 26 | Sun. | TRINITY IX. |

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

Formidable Countess

THE photograph shows part of a quadrangle of thirteen dwellings and a chapel. The group comprises St. Anne's Hospital, Appleby, and was founded in 1653 by Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke. Her tomb and that of her mother, Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, is in the parish church of St. Lawrence near by.

The almshouses have great charm and serenity, and are most beautifully kept by the widows who occupy them. Services are held in the chapel twice a week.

The Lady Anne Clifford was born in 1590, and was related by birth or marriage to a remarkable number of powerful families—Percys, Howards, Talbots, Stanleys, Russells,

Whartons, Cecils, Lowthers and Dudleys among them.

She married first Richard, third Earl of Dorset, with whom she lived at Knowle in Kent, and secondly, Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke. She inherited vast domains in the north and was responsible for the restoration of the castles of Appleby, Brougham, Brough, Pendragon, Skipton and Barden.

She was noted for her generosity, particularly towards her tenants, but she also had a firm objection to any infringement of what she held to be her rights. She defied in turn King James I, Cromwell and Charles II. When the latter desired a male holder for the office of Sheriff of Westmorland, Anne maintained the hereditary right of a Clifford to hold it.

As a last act of defiance, she had herself described on her coffin as "High Sheriffess by inheritance of ye County of Westmorland."

Photo by M. Sisson

Almshouses, Appleby



★
The Guild of Health

THE REV. JIM WILSON



THE Guild of Health began as a small research group in Manchester in 1900. Its leader and founder was Percy Dearmer, who later became Canon of Westminster. There were doctors, clergy, psychologists and a few lay people in the group. The background of their thought and theology was the teaching of Frederick Denison Maurice, who had been one of the prophets of the previous century.

They realised the connection between our Lord's teaching about the Kingdom of God and His healing ministry. The coming of God's "Kingdom on earth as it is in Heaven" was to them the joyous news of the Gospel, the fulfilling of His will for His whole creation; a gospel of health and healing and wholeness.

The reason for the start of the Guild was that the Church at the beginning of this century generally taught resignation to sickness, and looked upon disease as sent by God for the discipline of His children or as punishment for sinners. The first members of the Guild could find no justification for this attitude to sickness in the Gospels. Jesus "healed all who had need of healing" and sent both His disciples and the Church forth "to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick." Why was the Church not doing so?

But medical science was not much clearer on this subject than the Church. There was little understanding of the unity of human nature; or even, at that time, of the influence of mind over body.

The aim of the Guild was to recover our Lord's attitude to sickness and disease; to recover the healing ministry given by Him to the Church as a normal part of its ministry; to bring about a closer co-operation between doctors, psychiatrists and clergy in healing; to recall the Church to the ministry of prayer for the sick and to help members of the Guild to live more vitally, so that they might glorify God in the beauty of wholeness.

In 1952 the Guild of Health was able to open a house at 26, Queen Anne Street, Harley Street, London, W.1. This house is dedicated as a memorial to Edward Wilson of the Antarctic, who was my elder brother. A number of his pencil sketches and water colours have been presented to this house.

The house contains a beautiful chapel, a library, a lecture room, offices and consulting rooms where people who are in need of help can be seen by appointment with one of a number of clergy who use the ministry of healing. There is a resident House Warden. Courses of lectures are given to clergy and ministers and to lay people. Regular instruction is given in Contemplative Meditation, not only for the deepening of the devotional life, but as a method of prayer for healing others. Intercession is offered in the Chapel for those who are ill, and many prayer groups throughout the country are linked with the Guild, and are helped to pray effectively and trained to help those who are sick.

Christian doctors, psychiatrists and clergy have met in conference and in this way deepened their understanding of possible ways of co-operation in healing. Regular meetings are held for those who work in professions allied to Medicine. Guild membership is open to people of all

(Continued on page 111)

Our Prize-winning
Short Story

The Broken Trust

RON DAVIS

"WRONG, wrong, wrong." Mary Laurel sighed as her marking pencil traced imaginary zeros over the thumbled examination paper. In all her forty years' teaching she had never allowed her personal feelings to intrude where her marking was concerned. But today . . .

Today was different.

The pencil would not descend with all the scarlet condemnation the boy's stupidity deserved.

Her gaze roved beyond her rostrum desk; rested compassionately on the tousled head in the front row.

"If only Peter could have mastered the simple proportion and the long division," she thought ruefully. His young hands held the cardboard "cut-out" of a jet plane. He was fitting the parts together with patient enthusiasm, deaf to the scratching of pen nibs beside him, unaware of her steady gaze. Peter had been a problem child ever since he joined her class two years ago.

Looking on the faraway face with its dust of freckles, she sometimes wondered if the boy was outgrowing his strength. If so, that would account for his scraping through the subjects that really interested him—like woodwork and drawing—and falling down on maths.

She had so wanted to pass him up with the others this year; to release him from his two years' bondage; to

spare him the lashing sarcasm of Mr. Briskell, her successor . . . Such a nice thought to have taken with her tomorrow, when, the school's presentation clock under her arm, she walked out of the staff room and down the gravel sweep and back to her apartment and retirement.

Now she gripped the sides of her desk, steeling herself for the news she knew she must break.

"Peter," she said quietly.

Her muted command failed to draw the boy's attention from the jet plane. She watched him fix an elastic "motor" through the aircraft's fuselage. She felt grateful for the reprieve. Any other day she would have called out again, with that edge on her voice that never came easily.

But today was different.

"Peter—Peter Haymes." He looked up in flushed surprise, then. "Just one moment, Peter," she said.

She felt a tug at her heart as her hands fell reassuringly on his young shoulders. It wasn't going to be easy . . . telling him he'd have to stay in the form yet another year.

"Thank you for your donation towards my clock, Peter. Mr. Prater showed me the list."

The colour flooded under his freckles. "Oh—that's all right, Miss." He put his hands behind his back and gazed at the floor, one foot swinging nervously back and forth

over the parquet blocks. "I'll be sorry to see you go—that's honest."

She ached with compassion for the boy. How the gaunt Mr. Briskell would sneer if he were watching her now through the glass partition! But she had wanted to make her last hours at the old school happy and generous ones. She had always been able to bear with Peter's weaknesses. When three of your old pupils—all "duds" at figures—rose to be company directors, you did begin to understand.

Briskell would learn in time . . . at this poor child's expense.

"We—we didn't do too well again, did we?" she smiled. "That proportion sum—do try to remember that you can't have three and three-eighths men!"

Her throat ached. Oh, the curse of examinations . . .

Hours later, the image of the scarlet "20" she had awarded seemed to intensify as dusk cast its grey gloom

into her apartment. The faces of school groups in the long framed pictures looked down upon her as she cut sandwiches for tomorrow and wrapped them in damp cloth.

How could she accept the school's clock after the enormity of what she had done? Yet if Peter hadn't had twenty marks for that proportion sum, he'd have stayed in the form another year.

She sat down and had a good "think" over what she had done. It would, of course, be easy to forget that she had falsified the boy's marks; much easier than to admit her wrongdoing to Prater . . .

"No," she decided at last. "I must see Prater after prayers and make a clean breast of things. As Head, he must do as he thinks fit."

She threw open her french windows and stood out on the verandah. The sky was hung with stars, and one by one the lights of the town started to wink. Lights came on

Photo by John A. Long

The Last Load



in the church across the town square, and then the bells rang out sweet and clear in the night air.

Mary Laurel recalled something in the Parish Magazine about "a mid-week Evensong at eight-thirty every Thursday." If ever she felt like going to church, she did now, she decided. She needed strength to use her retirement purposefully; forgiveness for what she had done today.

She took down her Prayer Book and made her way to All Hallows. From down the distant reaches of the aisle the liquid notes of the choir reached her. Her eyes traced the round faces above the snow white ruffs, then closed in anguish as she recognized Peter Haymes. Was there to be no escape from her guilt?

"... Forgive us our trespasses . . . give me the courage to tell Mr. Prater that I falsified a pupil's marks. Make Mr. Briskell try to understand Peter Haymes . . ."

Next morning she felt conspicuously guilty all through the school hymn. All eyes seemed focused upon her in the intervals between verses. If only they knew she was a cheat, not the dear respected Miss Laurel whose retirement was to be suitably honoured at last bell. She was glad when Miss Pascoe shut the piano, and two hundred young eyes were turned toward the exits.

"Ah, Miss Laurel!"

Prater was suddenly sweeping towards her from the Head's dais. "The father of the Haymes boy 'phoned me just before prayers. He's coming to see me at nine-thirty. I imagine he's overjoyed because his boy has passed up —"

"Yes—oh, yes." Miss Laurel felt a liar and a cheat. Confession leapt to her throat. "At—er—nine-thirty," she repeated.

"You had better come, too. Bring

the arithmetic exam. papers," he enthused. "After all, the praise is due to you. A fitting climax to a wonderful career, I'd say!"

She clutched the folds of his gown as he turned to hurry away. "C-could you spare me a few moments? There is something I must discuss —"

Genially, Prater raised an excusing hand.

"It'll have to wait, Miss Laurel," she heard him appeal. "I've got to put through an urgent call to the Ministry about the extension to the gym. I almost wish I were retiring today, too!"

Her guilt lay even heavier upon her during the first period. "I shall have to leave you for a few minutes, boys," she told her class, with a worried look at the clock.

As she chalked up a mensuration problem for them to be going on with, her spectacles mirrored the Haymes boy—his hair now sprucely brilliantined, the clip of a new pen winking at his breast pocket, a glow of triumph on his young face.

Her heart fluttered when she saw the same triumph on Mr. Haymes's face in Prater's study a few minutes later.

Quietly, so as not to interrupt the overjoyed little man's talk, she slid the exam. paper on to Prater's desk.

Prater said: "Miss Laurel here is the one to thank, not me."

She saw Prater's brow knit as his glance met the scarlet "20" opposite the answer: Three and three-eighths men!

A feather of cold horror ran through her. She would see this scene until the end of her days. It cast a dark, irremovable stain on all her golden days at the school.

Prater slid the paper aside without comment as he said:

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Haymes—I didn't introduce you."

Her hand felt like jelly in Haymes's

firm grip. This was it—the moment of truth. She said:

"None of the credit is mine, Mr. Haymes. I only wish that it were. But I must explain—"

"No, no," Haymes insisted. "I won't have that. I don't expect you can begin to understand what this means—my boy making the grade."

She saw Prater's hand cup his chin thoughtfully, caught his anguished sigh as he stared at the floor while Haymes went on:

"Y'see, ma'am, the missus has been more or less bed-ridden these last couple of years. My youngster has never had a real chance to get down to his homework. But he's been as good as any woman about the house."

For a long moment there was stark silence in the Head's study. Then Haymes picked up his hat. His big workmanlike hand smacked a furrow into the crown.

"You should have seen," he grinned, "what a tonic it was to my wife—hearing how Peter had passed up."

"Indeed?" Miss Laurel heard Prater say. There was a distinct softening of his voice. "I am very glad for you. Very."

"Yes"—Haymes touched Miss Laurel's arm gratefully—"it's been a real tonic. I think that worrying about the boy's schooling had kept her back a bit—you understand, a sort of vicious circle. But now . . .!"

When Haymes had gone, Mary Laurel stood by the door, watching Prater tamp tobacco into his pipe. Through splintered eyes she saw the presentation clock on Prater's bookcase; and she thought of young Peter.

Suddenly Prater looked up at her through the lopping match flame, a playful glint in his eyes.

"Saw you at Church last night, Miss Laurel. D'you go often?"

Miss Laurel avoided his glance. "I—I had a very special reason—"

She broke off suddenly. "Oh, Head . . . must you play this cat and mouse game with me? I know I broke the trust that is placed in every teacher."

She was aware that Prater was reaching out and grasping her hand.

"Miss Laurel," he questioned, "how can you have three and three-eighths men, eh?"

"I—I—" she faltered.

"You dear old cheat," he grinned. He sat there sucking on his pipe. Then he closed the manilla folder containing Peter Haymes's examination paper.

"For two years," she heard him say, "young Haymes has been delivering my newspaper, wet or fine. I knew what the poor little devil was up against." He paused. "Oh, yes—when I went through the exam. papers last night I made a special point of looking at Haymes's effort—"

"Then you—you knew?" she gasped.

"Yes, I knew." He got up and took her arm tenderly. "I overlooked it—purposely. A thing I'd never done before in all my teaching career. And I went to the Church to ask forgiveness, too . . ."

He led her out into the sunlit playground.

"A greater Teacher than either of us would have done just the same, Miss Laurel," he said with deep sincerity. "I'm certain He would . . ."

Next Month:

Another delightful Short Story—
"The Light Shined in Darkness," by
Joyce Case.

FAITH

What is this thing called faith?

It is less tangible than summer breeze,

Than song of bees,

And scent of flowers,

Or dreams that vanish with the waking
hours;

Yet mightier far than death.

J. G.

GUILD OF HEALTH

(Continued from page 106)

denominations and there are many groups in Nonconformist churches as well as Anglican, for the Guild is concerned to heal the broken Body of Christ—His Church. A monthly magazine is published through which the many hundreds of members are kept in touch with Guild principles and teaching and activity. One of the aims of the Guild is to teach its members how to live vitally, so that, becoming more whole, they may experience the fulness of life which Jesus spoke of. This brings many people into Guild membership who are not physically ill. A large amount of literature is published by the Guild on the subject of Christian Healing and prayer and meditation. The Chaplain of the Guild is the Rev. Michael Wilson, M.D., M.R.C.P., and he would be pleased to hear from doctors or clergy who need further information.

JERUSALEM BLIND GIRLS

Funds Urgently needed to complete building and equipment of new *Helen Keller Home* in Jerusalem.

Every gift acknowledged. Braille alphabet and literature sent on request.

Chairman of Mission: Anglican Archbishop in Jerusalem.

Please send a gift to the Treasurer

Blind Girls' Fund
BIBLE LANDS MISSIONS'
AID SOCIETY (founded 1854)

172 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.



"Oh! MY POOR LEGS

I simply must sit down!"

Poor circulation is the cause of many everyday ailments, particularly those affecting the lower limbs—rheumatism, swollen ankles, aching feet, and weariness and heaviness in the legs. Sluggish circulation may also mean tiredness and depression. By putting new life into the bloodstream, Elasto goes right to the source of these troubles and the improved circulation, which quickly follows, brings lasting relief to leg-sufferers.

for real relief you need

Get a month's supply from your chemist now.

Elasto
TABLETS

SHARE YOUR FUN
—this summer!



Please remember, as you plan your family's holiday, the 7,500 children who share the family life of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Help them enjoy summer, too!

Please send Cheques and Postal Orders to:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

140, BARNARDO HOUSE,
STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1
1529/N



A Garden of Remembrance

Consisting of a Natural Walling Enclosure and Random Paving (enabling colourful Rock Plants to be grown), complete with Stone Bird Bath, all constructed in the Brown Yorkshire Stone. Erected in any Churchyard, £49. Without Paving, £45. A larger size Picture printed in FULL COLOURS of this singularly beautiful Memorial will be sent with illustrated Booklets and Specimen of the Stone. Post Free on request.

- (1) A Garden of Love and Remembrance
 - (2) Memorial Brasses, Bronze Plaques & Shields
 - (3) Carved Oak Church Furniture & Furnishings
 - (4) Stained Glass Memorial Windows
 - (5) Booklet of Inscriptions & Verses (36 pp.)
- (Kindly state probable needs.)

✠ The Church Craft Studios ✠
G. MAILE & SON LTD. FOUNDED 1785
367 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

Raising the wind!



Huffing and Puffing is not necessary to raise money for your funds. Collecting that badly needed cash is an easy matter—you will not find it difficult to sell our attractive and reasonably priced Christmas Cards, Seals, Gift Tags, Ribbons, Tapes, Wrapping Paper, etc., to your friends and neighbours. Ideal for Bazaars, Sales of Work, etc. Here's a first class

idea—why not cash in on it?

Free Catalogue, post free to all organisers, club secretaries, agents, etc.

Write to

BRITAIN'S LEADING SPECIALISTS

C11, Ivory Cards,
69, Wardwick, Derby,

Telephone: Derby 44385.



ST. LUKE'S NURSING HOME FOR THE CLERGY

(Founded 1892)

This Nursing Home works day and night exclusively for the needs of the sick Clergy and their families.

Nearly 30,000 patients have been helped in the past 67 years. Treatment is given free to all who need it.

The Nursing Home is not under the Ministry of Health and depends entirely on voluntary contributions.

HELP US TO SUCCOUR THE CLERGY IN THEIR TIME OF NEED.

Funds are urgently needed. Please send a donation to-day and remember the Nursing Home in your Will.

The Secretary,

**ST. LUKE'S NURSING HOME
FOR THE CLERGY,**
(formerly the Hostel of St. Luke)

14, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1

Published by HOME WORDS PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, and printed by HARRISON & SONS, LTD., London. Advert enquiries to CHANSITOR PUBLICATIONS, 37, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

Oxford Festival.

On Saturday, July 4th, the Oxford Diocesan Guild of Church Bellringers holds its Annual Festival. During the day many Oxford bell towers will be open to visiting ringers from all parts of England. Our own tower will be open from 3.45 p.m. until 4.30 p.m.

PARISH COUNCIL (Old Marston)

(An abbreviated version of the minutes is given below).

At the first meeting of the new Parish Council on June 2nd, Mr. Rumbold was elected Chairman, in succession to Mr. Jennings.

The following Committees were elected : **Allotments** (Parish) Mill Lane : Messrs. Gunstone, Gammon, Haynes. **Recreation Ground** : Messrs. R. Jones, Gibbs, Gammon, Earl, Mrs. Deam. **Highways** : Messrs. Gardner, Gunstone, Jupp, Kelcher, Mrs. Standing. **Cemeter** : Messrs. Kelcher, Earl, Mrs. Deam. **Caravan** : Messrs. Gibbs, Gunstone, Mrs. Deam.

It was decided to press for suitable Welfare facilities, even if this meant temporary premises.

The Council agreed to lease at a rent of one shilling a year to the Village Hall Management Committee a piece of ground for the erection of a Village Hall. This would be on a 99 year term.

Allotments.

Bad plots would be viewed, and £2/10/- was voted for hedgecutting.

Highways.

The Council dealt with the problems of footpaths, inadequate fencing, collapsing ditches, etc., in various parts of the parish.

Recreation Ground.

It was agreed to re-erect the By-law notices, repair the wire fencing on the East side of the ground, and to enquire into the cost of erecting concrete seats, and repairing the amusements for the children.

Permission was granted to the Labour Party to erect a tent on the Recreation Ground on June 15th.

BAPTISMS

- May 17. David John Edmond, son of Hubert and Edna Underwood.
,, 24. Janet Elizabeth, daughter of Vincent and Nancy Edmonds.
,, 24. Janet Kathleen, daughter of Rupert and Kathleen Gill.
,, 24. Stephen John, son of John and Marie Guse.
,, 24. Michael Edward, son of Hector and Jean Jackman.
,, 24. Kim Marie, daughter of Joseph and Gillian Lively.
,, 24. Sharon Lyn, daughter of Lawrence and Patricia Peachey.
,, 24. Wendy Carol, daughter of Ronald and Shirley Ransom.
,, 24. Michael Peter son of Edwin and Ursula Waugh.
,, 24. Nicolai Mark, son of Dennis and Adelheid O'Connell.
June 7. Michelle Gay, daughter of Alan and Adelene Tasker.

Previously baptised in Hospital, but publicly admitted into the fellowship of Christ's Flock on May 15th, Penelope Anne, daughter of Philip and Margaret Clay.

Oxford Festival.

On Saturday, July 4th, the Oxford Diocesan Guild of Church Bellringers holds its Annual Festival. During the day many Oxford bell towers will be open to visiting ringers from all parts of England. Our own tower will be open from 3.45 p.m. until 4.30 p.m.

PARISH COUNCIL (Old Marston)

(An abbreviated version of the minutes is given below).

At the first meeting of the new Parish Council on June 2nd, Mr. Rumbold was elected Chairman, in succession to Mr. Jennings.

The following Committees were elected : **Allotments** (Parish) Mill Lane : Messrs. Gunstone, Gammon, Haynes. **Recreation Ground** : Messrs. R. Jones, Gibbs, Gammon, Earl, Mrs. Deam. **Highways** : Messrs. Gardner, Gunstone, Jupp, Kelcher, Mrs. Standing. **Cemeter** : Messrs. Kelcher, Earl, Mrs. Deam. **Caravan** : Messrs. Gibbs, Gunstone, Mrs. Deam.

It was decided to press for suitable Welfare facilities, even if this meant temporary premises.

The Council agreed to lease at a rent of one shilling a year to the Village Hall Management Committee a piece of ground for the erection of a Village Hall. This would be on a 99 year term.

Allotments.

Bad plots would be viewed, and £2/10/- was voted for hedgecutting.

Highways.

The Council dealt with the problems of footpaths, inadequate fencing, collapsing ditches, etc., in various parts of the parish.

Recreation Ground.

It was agreed to re-erect the By-law notices, repair the wire fencing on the East side of the ground, and to enquire into the cost of erecting concrete seats, and repairing the amusements for the children.

Permission was granted to the Labour Party to erect a tent on the Recreation Ground on June 15th.

BAPTISMS

- May 17. David John Edmond, son of Hubert and Edna Underwood.
,, 24. Janet Elizabeth, daughter of Vincent and Nancy Edmonds.
,, 24. Janet Kathleen, daughter of Rupert and Kathleen Gill.
,, 24. Stephen John, son of John and Marie Guse.
,, 24. Michael Edward, son of Hector and Jean Jackman.
,, 24. Kim Marie, daughter of Joseph and Gillian Lively.
,, 24. Sharon Lyn, daughter of Lawrence and Patricia Peachey.
,, 24. Wendy Carol, daughter of Ronald and Shirley Ransom.
,, 24. Michael Peter son of Edwin and Ursula Waugh.
,, 24. Nicolai Mark, son of Dennis and Adelheid O'Connell.
June 7. Michelle Gay, daughter of Alan and Adelene Tasker.

Previously baptised in Hospital, but publicly admitted into the fellowship of Christ's Flock on May 15th, Penelope Anne, daughter of Philip and Margaret Clay.

CALENDAR FOR JULY

- July 1. 7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group. Annual General Meeting.
Church Hall.
- „ 2. 8.00 p.m. Discussion Group. Vicarage.
- „ 5. **6th Sunday after Trinity.**
8.15 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion.
8.15 a.m. Corporate Communion for Young People.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- „ 7. 2.45—5 p.m. Young Wives Christening Party. Vicarage Garden.
- „ 9. 8.00 p.m. Discussion Group. Vicarage.
- „ 11. 2.30 p.m. Scouts Jumble Sale. Church Hall.
- „ 12. **7th Sunday after Trinity.**
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- „ 13. 7.45 p.m. P.C.C. Meeting. Church Hall.
- „ 14. M.U. and Young Wives Joint Service and Garden Party.
(Hosts to Whitchurch M.U. Branch).
- „ 16. 8.00 p.m. Annual General Meeting of Scouts Parents Association. Church Hall.
(No Discussion Group at Vicarage this Thursday).
- „ 18. 2.45—5 p.m. Sunday School (K.G. Dept.) Treat
- „ 19. **8th Sunday after Trinity.**
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- „ 23. 8.00 p.m. Discussion Group. Vicarage.
- „ 25. St. James Day. 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
- „ 26. **9th Sunday after Trinity.**
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

ST. NICHOLAS' COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL

Mrs. M. M. Jones who has been a member of St. Nicholas Teaching Staff for more than five years will not be with us in the Autumn Term as she has accepted an appointment at our Secondary Modern School and will take up duty there in September. As Senior Mistress, Mrs. Jones, has made an invaluable contribution to the life of St. Nicholas and the Secondary Modern School will be enriched by her presence on the Staff.

Two new members will join St. Nicholas in September, Miss Shirley Leonard who will help in the Infant Section and Mr. G. Selby who has been appointed to the Junior Department as Master in charge of Music.

Grammar School Places.

As a result of the Selection Examination the following children have been offered places at Grammar Schools:—Susan Bradbury, Carol Scott, Theresa Douglas, Vivienne Walton, Gregory Miller, Stephen Wilkins, Christine Parker, David Clarke and Pamela Chaundy. They have our good wishes for the new kind of education they will be undertaking.

Royal Show.

St. Nicholas will have the honour of giving a Display of Maypole Dancing at the Royal Show on Friday, July 3rd, at 3 and 4 p.m.

Swimming.

These classes are eagerly attended on Tuesday mornings and under the instruction of Mr. R. Jenkins and Miss M. Richards it is hoped that a record number of certificates will be gained.

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.

DIRECTORY

- Bibles & Christian Literature.**
Gospel Book Depot, 57A St. Clements St., Oxford. Tel. 47567
- Butcher (High Class).**
V. C. White (Marston) Ltd., 17 Salford Rd., Old Marston.
Tel. 43177
- Chemist & Post Office.**
B. G. Oliver (Oxford) Ltd., 11 Old Marson Rd., Marston.
Tel. 43824
- Coal Merchant.**
Dunlops, L.M. & S. Wharf, Oxford. Tel. 42421
- Fish & Poultry.**
G. R. Porter, 19 Salford Rd., Old Marston.
- Funeral Directors.**
W. Reeves & Son, 10 Cambridge Terrace, St. Ebbe's; and
83 Botley Road, Oxford. Tel. 42529 & 42034
- General Drapers & Outfitters, Dry Cleaning, Shoe Repairers.**
S. G. McLening & Son, 4 Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61423
- Grocery & Provisions, and Old Marston Post Office.**
L. E. H. Hayle, Oxford Road, Old Marston. Tel. 49668
- Hairdresser, Ladies & Gents.**
S. T. Greenaway, 402 Marston Road, Marston. Tel. 48726
- Hardware Stores & Paraffin Delivery Service.**
L. C. Boiteux, 8 Cherwell Drive, Marston. Tel. 61668
- Launderers & Dry Cleaners.**
Advance Laundries (Oxford) Ltd., Leopold St., Oxford.
Tel. 41077
- Laundry (Dry Cleaning, Dyeing, Mattresses, Carpets, &c.).**
Bicester Modern Laundry, Bicester. Tel. Bicester 205
- Newsagents & Stationery.**
G. C. Green, 13 Salford Road, Old Marston. Tel. 48932
K. A. Baxter (late Hall), 7 Old Marston Rd., Marston.
Tel. 42123
- Plumber, Sanitary Engineer & Decorator.**
A. J. Walton, A.M.Inst.B.E., 1 Beechey Ave., Old Marston.
Tel. 47107
- Taxi—Car Hire (Long & Short Journeys).**
F. W. Passey, 107 Oxford Rd., Old Marston. Tel. 43981