

No. 16

JUNE, 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 7.30 a.m.
- Holy Baptism.** Fourth Sunday of the month at 4.0 p.m.
Notice must be given.
- Holy Matrimony.** Banns to be given in at the Vicarage.

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS & MEETINGS.

- Bible Study & Prayers.** All welcome. Thursdays at 8 p.m.
- Mothers' Union.** Fourth Tuesday of each month in the Church
Hall at 2.45 p.m.
- Young Wives.** First and Third Wednesdays of each month in
the Church Hall at 7.45 p.m.
- Pathfinders.** Each Friday (Girls) in the Church Hall at 5.30
p.m. onwards.
Tuesdays (Boys) in the Church Hall at 6.30 p.m.
- Cubs.**
- Scouts.**

* * * *

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

MOTTO FOR 1959 :

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

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends,

I hope that by now you have drawn a ring on your Calendar around June 20th—OUR GARDEN FETE DAY. Let us make this day a great success, by working hard, spending much, and bringing others along.

We need £400 urgently to pay for the equipment in the Church Room, and here is a chance to clear off our debt—and ENJOY OURSELVES into the bargain.

There are jobs for ALL, so please don't wait to be **ASKED**, but come forward, and do **something** !

Also talk about the FETE, advertize the Fete (a programme in your window, or on your mantel-piece will help) and above all PRAY for blessing on our work together.

May God bless and use us all this month.

Your sincere friend,

PAUL N. RIMMER.

GRAND FETE

in aid of St. Nicholas Church Hall Funds
to be held in the Vicarage Garden, Elsfield Road,
OLD MARSTON

on Saturday, 20th June, 1959.

- 2.30 p.m. The Fête will be opened by Mrs. Rimmer.
2.45 p.m. Fancy Dress Competition. Entry fee 6d. (including admission to Fête). Please use Entry Form obtainable from Mrs. Branch, 366 Marston Road, or Mr. Oliver (Marston Road G.P.O.) or from Programme Distributors. Entries to be made by June 3rd, though some late entries may be received on the day.
There will be three prizes for each class (10/-, 5/- and 3/-).
Children's Class No. I : Children of 5 years and under.
Children's Class No. II : Children of 6, 7, 8 and 9 years.
Children's Class No. III : Children of 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 years.
- 3.30 p.m. Baby Show. Entry Fee 6d. Entries to be in by June 1st to Miss Liles or Mr. Oliver (Marston Road G.P.O.).
Classes : (a) 1—6 months ; (b) 6—12 months ; (c) 12—18 months.

3.30 p.m. onwards. TEAS.

4.30—5.30 p.m. Distribution of Prizes.

Stalls and Sideshows for your entertainment throughout the afternoon.

Competitions for Young and Old. (Aunt Sally, Darts, Skittles, Quoits, Etc., Good Prizes for highest score. Country Dancing.

Stall Holders : Gift Stall—Mrs. Carter ; White Elephant Stall—Mothers' Union ; Children's Clothes (Schoolwear), etc. ; Produce Stall—Mrs. Raymond Haynes ; Bottle Stall—Choir and Bellingers ; Household Stall—Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Maund ; Handicraft Stall—Miss Liles ; Homemade Cakes and Sweets—Mrs. Narracott (Young Wives).

Teas—kindly arranged by a Committee of Ladies.

Soft Drinks—Miss Smith and Mrs. Brain.

Ices—The Misses P. & E. Warburton.

Note : We shall make an Act of Dedication of all our efforts at the Evening Service on Sunday, June 14th, at 6.30 p.m.. We shall make an Act of Thanksgiving for God's blessing on our efforts at the Sunday morning Service (June 21st, 11 a.m.) on the day after the Fête.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord."

CHURCH NEWS

Alfred England — William Brain

During the past few weeks Marston has lost two of its loved and respected parishioners.

Alfred England passed on peacefully at the age of 90. He had sung in our choir and worshipped with us for many years. It was indeed significant and very wonderful that the last time he was at Church was on Easter Day.

The death of William Brain, our Verger, Bellringer, and Chairman, came as a great shock to us all, and our hearts were heavy as Professor Harlow spoke to the P.C.C. the same day paying tribute to "Bill Brain's quiet dignity, kindness, and love for his Lord."

His memorial service was a triumphant one, and attended by people of all walks of life—bus drivers and conductors, members of Keble College, police inspectors, bell-ringers, and members of the Legion. Although we were sad at our loss, our hearts and voices rose in gratitude for Bill Brain's life and example, as we sang Crimond. In his address the Vicar described him as a "great man" in every sense of the word and concluded: "God has taken him away from us, as He gave him to us that we may show our gratitude for his life and service by bringing as he did, fresh light, and hope and strength into the lives of others, and by doing the common things of life with the dignity and grace that makes them Christlike."

We offer our deep sympathy to all the bereaved and pray that Christ will be very real to them in their loss.

Confirmation Class.

It is hoped to have a Confirmation in the Autumn and all who wish to be confirmed should fill in one of the forms available in Church and return it to the Vicar or Miss Liles as soon as possible. The date of the commencement of the Confirmation Talks will be announced at the Church services.

Any adults wishing to be confirmed are also asked to complete one of the forms and to return it personally to the Vicar.

Commonwealth Youth Sunday, 1959.

A good congregation including 2 Indian members of the Commonwealth gathered to mark Commonwealth Youth Sunday on May 10th. The form of service used was that published for use throughout the Commonwealth, and we were privileged to have a special message from Her Majesty the Queen, sent specially for the occasion. Professor Harlow, our Warden, preached on the theme of "Challenge," and spoke the response of 3 men in the New Testament who were faced with the Challenge to discipleship: "The Man who couldn't take it," "The Man who put it off," and "The Man who rose to the occasion." We were glad to have the Scouts with us, and to receive their colours. We hope to see them with us often, and take this opportunity to extend a special welcome to all young people to worship with us regularly at their parish church.

St. Nicholas Old Marston Scouts.

The Church Scout Troop is meeting regularly on Thursday evenings at 7.15 p.m. in the Church Room. All boys wishing to join the Troop should contact Mr. Roy Jones.

The Choir.

We are grateful to the Choir for all the help they give in leading the worship in church. New boys are always welcome, and we are particularly anxious to have some men who can sing tenor or alto. The Choir are already rehearsing an anthem for Choir Sunday, details of which will be announced later.

Joke for June.

"There's a sermon in every blade of grass," said the Vicar in his sermon. A few days late, as he was mowing the Vicarage lawn, old George, looked over the fence: "I'm glad to see you're keeping your sermons short, Vicar!"

SEEKING THE PAST IN CYPRUS



In the Steps of St. Barnabas

Bernard Croft



"HE was a good man . . . full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." When I hear these words each year on the Feast Day of St. Barnabas my thoughts go back to the pilgrimage four of us made one hot summer's day in Cyprus . . .

We set out on hired cycles from Famagusta, pedalling out to the road which skirts the mighty walls of the Old Town and rode on between the orange groves with the Great Sea of the biblical world only a mile or so to our right—making for Salamis.

I had not done any serious cycling for some twenty years, so I was glad enough to stop less than half-way at one of the little roadside cafes and drink the most wonderful lemonade in the world.

After resting for half an hour or so we pedalled on, until we reached the cross-roads where to our left there led off a track inland, to the monastery of St. Barnabas. Along this we pushed our cycles, the surface being too rough for riding, and stopped half way to inspect the tiny ruined "Chapel of St. Catherine."

There was, we found, about as little left of this as there is of its namesake at Guildford and we pushed on until we came to the monastery of St. Barnabas.

The Son of Consolation was a native of Cyprus and returned there with young John Mark after a dispute

with St. Paul who may not always have been the most amicable of travelling companions. And it was at Salamis, it will be remembered, from *Acts*, that earlier in the missionary journeys Paul and Barnabas started their tour through the island to Paphos in the far south-western corner.

Here, tradition has it, the remains of St. Barnabas were discovered in A.D. 478, after the apostle had appeared to the then archbishop in a vision, indicating the resting place of his body, where was also found a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in the saint's own handwriting. This miraculous occurrence induced the Emperor Zeno to declare the Church of Cyprus autocephalous i.e. self-governing; and from then onwards the archbishops signed their names in red ink, as did the Byzantine emperors.

At the monastery we were most courteously received by the three brothers of the community, who gave us cups of coffee and showed us round the church and also their workroom, from which their ikons and other religious paintings go out to Orthodox churches all over the world.

By the time we left there the sun had grown more fierce. We turned off the Famagusta-Cape Andreas road and pushed and rode our machines through the woods along the track leading to the custodian's

house. He and the forest-guard were then the only permanent residents of ancient Salamis. We paid our piastres and made our way on foot down to the beach, after a brief inspection of the fallen pillars of a one-time Roman temple near the lodge.

Cyprus claims—and I would certainly not dispute it, after fairly extensive explorations around those parts—to have some of the best bathing beaches of the whole Mediterranean, and this lonely stretch of shore where the tideless ocean sips at the sand is surely one of them.

For some way out the pale blue-green water is not deep and there is a reef of weed-covered rocks to negotiate before swimming water is reached.

Down below the water, and buried in the sands and shingle, are the remains of a once proud city which was a great commercial centre and a city-state of Rome. Later, after

relaxing for a while on the beach, we climbed the hill again and searched the fallen pillars, the scraps of mosaic pavement, the foundations of forum and basilica which are hidden among the acacia trees, the stunted pines and eucalyptuses.

Then, as the fiery sun went down, we made our way back—much more energetically than we had come—to Old Famagusta, where, we sat at a little table outside a cafe in one of the narrow streets commanding a view of the partly ruined church of St. Nicholas—a one-time Christian cathedral, now a Moslem mosque, like St. Sophia in Nicosia—eating the little bits and pieces always supplied here when drinks are ordered.

An hour or so later, sun-drenched and tired, we rode back into Varosna to wallow in baths provided by a very modern sort of hotel, thinking over the pleasures of the day.

Famagusta, from the Ancient City Walls



Crown Copyright Photograph

Where Are The Men?

asks IAN PETTITT
General Secretary of C.E.M.S.

THERE seem to be two major problems concerning men and the Church: (1) how to get them there, and (2) how to make the right use of them when they do come. The oft' uttered cry "Where are the MEN of the Church?" can be one of exaggerated pessimism. Whilst it is certainly true that the number of people attending church to-day comprises only a very small part of the total population, it is becoming increasingly noticeable that the proportion of men to women is evening up, and it is by no means true to say that 'it is only women and children' who go to church. As one who visits hundreds of different churches and preaches to congregations in every part of the country, I can make this statement as an experienced fact and not just as wishful thinking.

There are undoubtedly many 'men in church' to-day—but are they in a true sense "CHURCHMEN"? This seems to me to be a vital question. If we had more real Churchmen—men who were all-out committed Christians—there would be many more men in church. Quality always breeds quantity, and men to-day are not interested in merely going to meetings and being asked to join "this or that organisation", unless by doing so they are really able to express themselves and give themselves in some realistic way to God and the Church and,

indeed, to the service of the world.

A real Churchman is one who does not merely think in terms of "going to Church", but rather of "being the Church". The committed Christian layman sees himself as part of a Christian family—in church, at home and in the community within which he works. It is a far too frequent experience in the life of a clergyman visiting in his parish to be confronted on the doorstep of a home by a father who, upon opening the door, immediately exclaims, "Oh! you want the wife. I'll go and tell her you're here". Yet the great need of the Church is *family* worship; father, mother and children all together in the Lord's House on the Lord's Day.

We hear so much about home and family life from the mother's side, and in all moral issues the woman seems to take so large a place. But what of the men? A child certainly needs its mother—but also its father too. And if its father is a good Churchman, he can do so much to show his children something of God the Father. The real Churchman will make his home an extension of the living Church, and family prayers in the home will become just as natural as family worship in church.

Again, a similar situation exists at work. A true Churchman will not think of his work just as something which he has to do in order to earn a



living. It will be an extension of his worship on Sunday. There is a serious 'gap' in the relationships between the worshipper in the pew and the worker in the world. If we face facts, by and large the working man is *not* in church to-day. Why? Because he sees no relevance between what goes on in church and life as he has to live it in his job in the world. Whilst it is very necessary to have factory chaplains in industry, yet these men, good as they are, can never by themselves solve the problem of the spiritual vacuum in industry. They are there to prepare the way, as it were. Churchmen themselves must be the living Church at their work, and by their witness and good example win other men to Christ.

The great need to-day is for

committed Churchmen who put their life of prayer and worship first, and who go forth to their daily tasks in the true spirit of witness, fellowship and service. We need in every parish up and down the country a body of men prepared to pray and study and *act* for Christ and His Church; men who are primarily concerned with 'being the Church', so that they only segregate into men's groups in order to realise their true place within the Christian Family.

The Church of England Men's Society is not just "another organisation" or social club for men run under auspices, but a body of committed Churchmen living under a Rule of Life—"In the power of the Holy Spirit, to pray to God every day; To be a faithful Communicant,



Procession of Witness

and by active witness, fellowship and service to help forward the Kingdom of Christ." Thirty thousand communicant men are living under this Rule in this country alone — in parishes, in the Services and where they work.

We shall get the men in the church

when we have more real Churchmen. And C.E.M.S. exists to make them so. It is really only a means to an end, yet it is a most vital force in the Church's work for men to-day. And its objective?—Every parish a Branch; every male Communicant a member; and every member a Missionary.

Church Notes and Views

Restoration Font

A NUMBER of churches had new fonts after the Restoration of King Charles II in 1660, the original ones having been destroyed or taken away during the Commonwealth period. But Credenhill has one dated 1667, which seems rather late to replace its predecessor if it had been done away with in the sixteen-fifties. It bears a curiously worded inscription. "The guift of John Squier who liveed at Colford 1667." This was the parish where Traherne, the mystical poet of the 17th century, was for some years the Vicar. The church stands below a hill-top fort of the Britons, round which the Roman Watling Street makes a detour, four miles from Hereford.—M. W. (HEREFORD).

Eighty-six and still Bell-ringing

ALTHOUGH she is now 86, Mrs. Emily Weatherby is still ringing the bell twice every Sunday at the little church of Adlington, near Macclesfield. She has been doing this for over forty years.

She has happy memories of the church which she watched being built when she was a little girl, and whatever the weather she never misses a Communion Service. One of her greatest pleasures is cleaning the Communion plate ready for the Sunday services.—E. J. MILLAR (MACCLESFIELD).

Woeful Wail

EPITAPH of a milkman found on a tombstone over 200 years old, dug up at Earl's Barton churchyard, Peterborough:

Milk and water sold I ever,
Weight and measure gave I never.
Woe! Woe! Woe!
To the devil I must go.

THE REV. H. W. ST. LEGER-CHAMBERS
(HAWLEY).

A Devon Mystery

ON the south external wall of the parish church of St. Peter, Barnstaple, there are a number of memorial tablets, among which is the following:

"Beneath lie the remains of John Wheatley, a native of Salisbury, who died an unprofitable servant, the 21st day of September, 1774, aged 82 years".

It seems to have been removed from the churchyard, which is now largely paved, but nothing seems to be known of Mr. Wheatley, or why, in his ripe old age, he was thought to be "an unprofitable servant".—C. G. SLADE (SOUTHGATE).

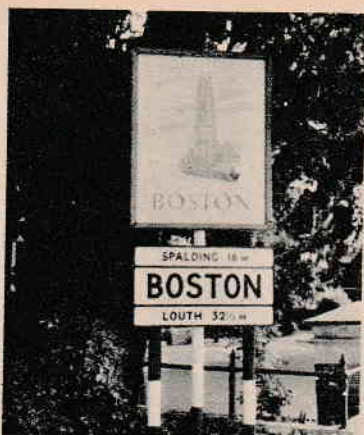


Pocket Parish

THE ancient parish of Silvington, Shropshire, which has a church dating from the 13th century, contains only eight houses. It possesses no post office, shop, inn, smithy, petrol station, or telephone kiosk, but it does boast a wall letter box.—REV. G. S. HEWINS (CLEOBURY MORTIMER, SALOP).

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.



Another Church Road Sign

NOT to be outdone by the photograph we published some months ago of Lincoln Cathedral portrayed on a road sign, a reader has sent us this picture of a rival Lincolnshire church similarly publicised. This is the tower of Boston Parish Church—the famous “Boston Stump,” which of course is a well-known landmark for many miles around.

We are very grateful to Mrs. E. Paul of Boston, Lincs., for kindly submitting this very interesting entry.

Fake Clock

SPROTBOROUGH Church, near Doncaster, has a clock face which hoaxes visitors.

It has no mechanism attached, and the single hand is screwed firmly in position. This oddity is thought to be a unique style of hatchment in memory of Sir Godfrey Copley, who was buried at Sprotborough in 1709.

He was a distinguished scientist and founded the Copley Medal, still awarded annually by the Royal Society.—ARTHUR GAUNT (BRIGHOUSE, YORKS.).



School Bell A Link

A BELL that once called children to their lessons at Pevensy Church of England School, will be calling coloured people to worship at a mission church in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. Mr. H. J. R. Tyrrell of Pevensy acted as head server at Salisbury Cathedral under Bishop Paget, and as old Pevensy School had no use for this bell, the Rev. H. H. Jones, a former vicar of Pevensy, suggested sending it to South Africa, as a memorial to Mr. Tyrrell, from his home town.—F. F. SMITH (OXFORD).



The Driest Parish

THE massive parish church at Great Wakering, Essex, has an unusual two-storied building built on to the Norman tower.

Great Wakering is noted for being the driest place known in our islands, with an average annual rainfall of only 18.4 inches.—J. D. ROBINSON (DARLINGTON).

Weekday Pages for Women

Conducted by Marion Hurst

Monday—Washing and Cleaning

Sawdust is excellent for cleaning carpets. Damp the sawdust, sprinkle lightly over the carpet to be cleaned and then brush off with a stiff brush. It leaves no stain on the most delicate coloured carpet.—MRS. M. HENRY (CARRICKMACROSS, CO. MONAGHAN).

Tuesday—Sewing

Has the stiffening at the back of your house-slippers worn down? I have successfully repaired several pairs by sewing inside a piece of old collar—the semi-stiff kind. Sew well in, top and bottom and the sides. This will prolong the life of your slippers.—MRS. A. BIGGS (LONDON, E.6).

Wednesday—Nursing

An emergency table may be made by using an ironing board placed alongside the patient's bed. This makes a very handy light-weight table and is the right height for drinks and plates to be placed. It is quickly removed and folded, giving much more room for bed-making etc.—MRS. BENNETT (WINKLEIGH, DEVON).

Thursday—Cooking

Many people have difficulty with custard tart, the crust often rising through the egg and milk mixture. I always make a boiled custard with two eggs and half a pint of milk in a small jug. Stand in a saucepan half full of boiling water and keep stirring until it thickens. Take out and sweeten to taste. Line a sandwich tin with pastry. Pour custard in, grate a little nutmeg on top and then cook in the usual way, until the pastry is baked.—MRS. F. STARLING (BASILDON, ESSEX).

Friday—Household

For a quick polisher I cut a piece of foam rubber about 6-8 inches and impregnate with a few drops of polish. I find this quick and easy to use and a rub with a soft dry duster produces a brilliant shine. I also use a larger piece of foam rubber instead of a floor cloth—with excellent results.—MRS. K. LOVIBOND (BURNHAM-ON-SEA).

Saturday—Children

Here is a hint which I find of great use and may be helpful to mothers with children at school. When the sleeves of a cardigan or jumper are worn at the elbow, take out the sleeves and put the right sleeve into the left and the left into the right. You will find the sleeves wear all round and this saves a darned elbow.—MRS. V. HOUSE (ANDERSON, DORSET).

RECIPE CORNER

Cheese Scones

One pound of self-raising flour; two teaspoonsful of salt; 1 level teaspoonful of dry mustard; four ounces of margarine; four ounces of finely grated cheese; cold milk to mix.

Sieve the flour, salt and mustard. Rub in the fat till the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs; add the cheese and mix to a soft, but not sticky, dough with the milk. Knead quickly, roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, and cut into 3 in. rounds. Put on to a greased baking sheet and brush the tops with milk and bake at Reg. 8 for 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold well buttered.

Lemon Curd

Stand a stone jar in a pan half full of boiling water. Put into the jar two ounces of butter, half a pound of loaf sugar and two tablespoonsful of water, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of one and a half lemons. Beat up two eggs in a basin and when well beaten strain into the jar. Stir the ingredients well and allow the water in the pan to continue boiling until the curd thickens; then remove the jar from the pan and cover with a saucer. It is ready for use when cold.

Another Special Effort

THE VICAR IS GIVING AWAY POUND NOTES! Those who take them are asked to embark on trading schemes, and to hand over the result at the end of the year to swell the Restoration Fund. No bankruptcy is allowed.

The idea has taken on. Jam, marmalade, and pickles, aprons, towels, and baby clothes; all are being peddled feverishly. Someone is taking orders for Christmas cards, and another has neat bundles of firewood for sale. It is indeed a case of taking in one another's washing, but enthusiasm is running high.

It seemed to me that I alone was idle. I have grim memories of my own attempts at this sort of thing, and know my limitations. Although born into a nation of

shopkeepers, I am a dead loss as a trader.

Then I heard someone saying that it was a case of giving away sprats to catch mackerels. Some sprats! I thought. To many of us, a pound note is getting on for mackerel-size.

It was at that moment that the idea struck me. Why not a mackerel to catch sprats? Boldly I applied for my pound, and put it into my money box.

Having it nestling there, I just have to do something about it. Sixpences, three-penny-bits, pennies—even odd half-pennies, keep trickling in to join the haul. It may not sound very different from ordinary saving, but it certainly feels more interesting.

There will be many larger amounts than mine, at the end of the year, but I feel sure that my little haul of sprats will not be despised.

IVY WATKINSON

Walnut Creams

Half a pound of icing sugar; 1 egg white; shelled walnuts; coffee essence.

Crush all the lumps from the sugar, beat up the egg white to a froth and add it to the sugar with the coffee essence. Knead well. Roll out and cut into rounds. Press half the shelled walnuts into the top of each and leave to harden for a few hours.

Just a Thought

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—(CHARLES DICKENS).

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

Willington, near Derby



POTTER'S GREEN PRIDE

BY MOLLIE FIELD

Chapter VI

WHEN THE TELEPHONE bell rang Anne gripped the arms of her chair. She and Meg listened intently to the Vicar's comments, and she suddenly realised she was holding her breath.

"Not too bad," said Timothy Marks as he replaced the receiver. "They think it's a simple fracture, and that he will be able to come home in a couple of days."

As Anne relaxed colour flooded her cheeks to her extreme confusion. The intensity of her own feelings surprised and startled her, and she lay awake all night, endless arguments hammering themselves out in her mind. Her chief concern was whether Charles would approve of what she had said? Would he hear of her action? Would it restore his confidence in her? When he came home, could she call and see him? Gradually the uncomfortable realisation came upon her that she had fallen in love with the headmaster without even knowing if he liked her. 'What a complete and utter fool I am!' she thought. 'How can I possibly stay on here at Potter's Green, unless I manage to fall out of love again?' She thought of his coolness to her recently and knew she couldn't bear it. She supposed she would have to give a term's notice.

Charles Hassall was brought back to the Vicarage next day, and lying in state on a sofa, in the sitting-room, he

received a stream of visitors, and among the first was the village constable.

"I thought you would like to know, sir," he said with a touch of pride. "We've brought the crime home to Jim and Eddy Barron. That cigarette lighter was covered with Eddy's prints. Of course they tried to say they had had the lighter pinched from them, but the fact that you heard Jim call to Eddy clinched the matter."

"I suppose their father or uncle had worked them up to it?" asked Hassall as he handed his cigarette case to the constable.

"I think so. Not perhaps in so many words—but just directing their tendency for larking towards sabotage of the Appeal. Anyway they're put on probation, and they know that if there is any more trouble it'll be Borstal for them both."

Among the visitors who left the deepest impression on him were Mr. and Mrs. Tuck, with a vivid account of events at the Protest Meeting.

"As brave as anything she was," declared Mrs. Tuck. "Old Barron was having it all his own way and only Miss Wiles dared stand up to him! We were so worried, knowing the Vicar was ill, and you not turning up. But Miss Wiles was so simple and yet so definite, you felt she was speaking from her heart, and people like that."

Charles had heard a good deal of talk about the meeting, but no one

had put it more clearly than Mrs. Tuck. Contrition swept over him for his misjudgment of Anne. He felt a worm for having suspected her of repeating his confidences. He could see now that she had said no more than she might utter in all innocence in normal conversation with her landlord. He hoped passionately that she had not noticed his withdrawal from her in the last fortnight, but as day after day passed by and she did not come to see him he became seriously

"I thought she was in the Barron camp, and I think I let her see it. I may have hurt her, and being tied here like this I don't know how to put things right again."

"I'll ask her round for a meal," Meg suggested. At that moment the telephone bell rang and she went to answer it.

"Poor old Tom Todd has gone at last," she said when she returned.

Timothy Marks was distressed when he came in and heard the news.



Southdown Summer

disturbed about it.

"I am worried about Anne Wiles," he said to Meg as they sat at tea one afternoon. "All the other school staff have been in to see me."

"Perhaps she's shy about it. After all, she is very new here, isn't she? She may feel she doesn't know you well enough."

"But she does..." he stopped, looking rather unhappy. Meg waited quietly, hoping he would say what was on his mind. She thought she could guess, but she could say nothing unless he mentioned it first.

"I'm afraid I was rather hard on her recently," he said hesitantly.

Without waiting for tea he hurried out again to see Mrs. Todd. He hardly had time to remember that the old man's legacy would be coming to the school at exactly the right moment.

The next day he met Major Canning in the High Street in Chilborough.

"I say, Vicar," he asked. "Have you heard the gossip about Tom Todd's will?"

He took Marks's arm and drew him into a deserted doorway. "Rumour has it that the legacy has been left to the Chairman of the Parish Council . . .!"

"Instead of the Parochial Church Council? It couldn't be!" exclaimed

Timothy Marks. "How do you know?"

"They were talking about it in the 'Dog and Cat' last night. I gathered that the Barron brothers had been in earlier in the evening, crowing and rubbing their hands in unholy glee."

"But this is dreadful. If by any misfortune dear old Todd willed the money wrongly by mistake we don't stand much chance of getting it for the Appeal, do we?"

"Not unless the School Appeal is specified, and from what they were saying last night it is to be used at the discretion of the Parish Council for educational purposes."

"And that could mean extra amenities for a new State school. Well, thank you for the information, Major. I'll try and find out some more about it."

It was not easy for Marks to broach the subject with the widow, without seeming to be grasping. How to avoid seeming to criticise the dead man, if he had really made a mistake? It might be Mrs. Todd herself who had made the blunder. After all, the Todds were very simple and trusting folk.

He need not have worried, however. The moment he entered the house he could see that something more than her husband's death was upsetting the widow.

"Oh, Vicar, I don't know how to tell you. Mrs. Peters came in this morning and she was telling me what her husband heard Councillor Barron saying in the 'Dog and Cat' last night about Tom's will."

"Never mind, it probably isn't true. Sit down and tell me."

"Oh, but it is true!" She sat down and burst into tears. "It's all because of following that man Barron's advice. Tom would be upset if he knew what he'd done."

Bit by bit the story came out. The friendly sick visit from the man-of-

the-world Councillor, talk about the school, a reference to the money the old man intended to leave for the Appeal, the Councillor's detailed advice about the correct wording.

"He said the legal title was the Parish Council and not the Parochial Church Council. Then poor Tom asked about leaving it to the Vicar and Churchwardens, but that wretched Barron said it would be quite wrong, and Tom had such a high opinion of the man's intelligence he believed him. How could he know that Barron wouldn't pass on the money to the Appeal? But you'll be able to make him do so, won't you, Vicar?"

Marks shook his head regretfully. "I will go into the matter with the lawyer and see if there is any loophole, but knowing Barron I doubt it."

"It was a cruel trick to play on a dying man, Vicar. Using the money for a new State school was not what he intended, and if Barron tries to do that, I shall make sure that everyone knows the dirty trick he played."

"Now don't distress yourself about it," said the Vicar as he prepared to go. "We believe that God wants us to continue our Church School in Potter's Green. If we pray about it, a way out will be shown to us."

Marks, however, was a man of action as well as a man of prayer, believing as he did that the two were inseparable. He talked to lawyers; he tackled the jubilant and unrepentant Barron; he discussed the matter for hours on end with Hassall and the churchwardens, but they could find no loophole. Barron had taken the precaution of writing down the wording for the codicil and the lawyer, who had no particular knowledge of Todd, had accepted it without query. Nor when he talked to Barron could he prove that the Councillor had known what Todd's real intention was; he merely insisted that it was a misunderstanding.

BY THEIR FRUITS

THE train I was in was on its way to London, where I was to spend the week-end with friends. My suit-case was on the seat beside me—too heavy to lift on to the rack—and I had a compartment to myself. I opened my magazine and settled myself comfortably in my corner. But I found my thoughts wandering to my children—my recently married daughter, my eldest son just starting in a new job, and my youngest in the Army doing his National Service.

At the next station the door was opened and the compartment filled with men on their way to work. They all sat down except the last one to enter, a youth dressed in teddy-boy clothes.

"If you wouldn't mind lifting my case up on to the rack," I said, "there would be room for you to sit."

Without a word he removed my case, sat down and, taking a copy of *Dandy* from his pocket, was soon engrossed in his reading.

Glancing at him, I guessed that he

would be about the same age as my youngest boy, Charles; but if his hair was not too long by *his* standard it certainly needed washing by anyone's!

At Finsbury Park all the workmen got out, leaving only the young man and myself in the carriage. Visions of newspaper headings—"Woman Attacked by Teddy-Boy"—"Middle-aged Woman Robbed in Train"—flashed across my mind, so that when the train was running into King's Cross and the youth stood up and lifted down my case, I mentally said good-bye to it.

How mistaken I was!

Opening the carriage-door he stepped out, placed my suit-case on the platform, turned and helped me down.

"Thank you very much," I murmured. "It was very kind of you."

And as I watched his shabby figure, in its over-long jacket and too-tight trousers, walking away to the exit I felt very small indeed.

A. W.

After several weeks of prayer and deliberation the Vicar electrified his Church Council by announcing firmly that plans for building would go ahead, and to the astonishment of the village, workmen appeared, a foreman's shed was placed on the site, and foundation digging began.

"Have faith," said Timothy Marks, "and the money will come somehow." With these signs of positive action, even the faint-hearted were swept along on a tide of optimism.

* * *

The time came when Meg Marks decided she would have to bring Charles and Anne together. She

commanded Anne to appear for supper one evening, and after eating it sitting round the fire with Charles reclining on the sofa in the centre of the circle she firmly refused Anne's offer of help in washing up and only accepted her husband's assistance.

Anne was panic-stricken at being left alone with Charles Hassall, but she could do nothing about it without appearing rude. He sat and smoked, and for the first time Anne wished she liked smoking too. It would be something to do with her hands.

"How are choral rehearsals doing?" he asked, not looking at her. "Are you managing to get to them?"

"I had to miss one week because of the snow. Otherwise the buses have been convenient."

"Sorry I shall miss the concert. Perhaps I could come and listen, but I'd rather sing."

"It's a shame you'll be out of it."

"I wondered if we could start a school choir next year—something more than the ordinary singing classes. What do you think? Could you pick out enough good voices?"

She twisted her handkerchief unhappily and looked down.

"I think I shall give my notice to leave at the end of the summer term."

"What!" Charles exploded, and nearly jumped off the sofa in his agitation. "But you can't!"

"I can, you know."

"But why on earth? Aren't you happy here?"

She remained silent, trying to nerve herself to speak. At last she blurted out: "You don't like me very much, do you? I'm not the right sort for you. I am sure you could find a more congenial teacher."

"That's quite impossible," he said slowly. "As far as I'm concerned, you are irreplaceable."

There was a long pause while he wondered if he had put his foot in it completely, and she tried frantically to make sure she was hearing him aright. With an effort she forced her eyes to meet his, and she read in them everything he had left unsaid. Silently he held out his hand to her. She slipped across the room and knelt on the floor beside him.

At that moment there was a sound of footsteps and voices in the hall. The two Marks boys were on their way to bed after doing their homework in the kitchen. They always came in to say goodnight to Charles. He clutched her hand tightly.

"Quick. Before they come in. Will you marry me?"

"This is really sudden. I didn't

even know you liked me in the least!" she gasped breathlessly.

"Hurry. They're at the door now!"

"Thank you—I will!"

The door opened and the whole of the Marks family trooped in. They made no attempt to ignore Charles's arm round the girl on the floor.

"Congratulations both of you. Well done, Charles!" said Meg and Timothy delightedly, while their sons goggled with astonishment.

When the excited chatter had died down to reasonable proportions, Timothy stood up, knocked out his pipe in the fire, and turned round solemnly. They all knew from his attitude that he had something important to tell them. He drew a letter from his pocket and tapped it with the stem of his pipe.

"This has just arrived. Can you guess what is in it?"

They made wild guesses ranging from a summons to Buckingham Palace to an invitation to become Archbishop of Canterbury.

"I know what it is," said Charles with a laugh. "A cheque for £1,000."

"How *did* you guess?"

"Not really? Is it a cheque?"

"Indeed it is," said the Vicar happily. "A cheque hot from the Parish Council. At the meeting this evening they decided by a large majority that the bequest the chairman has just received on behalf of the Council should be given to the P.C.C. for the School Appeal Fund."

"How wonderful," they all breathed. "But this is a miracle if ever there was one."

"The power of public opinion is staggering," said Charles.

"The power of prayer even more so!" retorted the Vicar. "God's Will always triumphs in the end. Our Church School is saved, and Potter's Green has preserved its Pride!"

THE END

THREE-MINUTE SERMON

"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS"

Alice thought of the mirror over the fireplace as a window into Looking Glass House. She stepped through it, right into the middle of a topsyturvy world.

Now let's pretend that life is like that looking glass. It is the Mirror of Life. One person peering in it sees only himself and his background. That is because he is self-centred. Another will say the mirror is misty and he can't see a thing. He can't make sense of life and so, frightened of it, hides his head like an ostrich. Another may say cynically: "It's only Alice's stupidity. You can't fool me. I see through it!" He sticks his neck out for the Queen to shout "Off with his head!"

C. S. Lewis has said: "The whole point of seeing through something is to see something through it. It is good that the window should be transparent, because the street or garden beyond is

opaque. How if you saw through the garden too! To see through all things is the same thing as not to see."

Then the Christian looks at the mirror. He sees it as a window into another room. It may seem topsyturvy to him but, like Alice, he finds logic in it all the same. Christianity is full of paradoxes, and to the sceptic it is all nonsense. But to the Christian they make sense. You cannot explain life without them. To all who believe they are the Power and the Wisdom of God.

That is what St. Paul meant: "Now we see, as we look in the Mirror of Life. It may be 'in a riddle'" (a better translation than "darkly") "but we see enough to make us believe that some day we shall see all."

Now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face. Now we know in part, but then shall we know fully, even as we have been fully known.

A. ELLIOTT-CANNON



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Sunday School.

Many parents who have had their children baptised will remember they made three very important promises to God, on behalf of their children; namely, to encourage them to not follow the vain glory of this world, to believe in the whole Christian faith as stated by our Creed, and to obey God and walk steadfastly as Christians.

These are very great standards to maintain, as you all know, and are impossible to be brought to fruition without the Power of the Living God within us. We therefore have our Sunday Schools, to teach the children these truths of the Christian Way of Life, and thus helping the parents to form the Christian homes that were promised before God at Baptism.

The children are not just taught haphazardly, but are given the Bible truths, coupled with the Prayer Book, and thereby we are seeking to lay a foundation for their future as Christians.

The children enjoy their time of worship together, by praising God in hymns and choruses, by reading the Bible, having Bible Quizes, and having individual classes for the different age groups, and also praying together.

If you would like further chats about the books to encourage your children to read, the prayers they can pray, and how to really make the Bible "live" to their children: please see the Vicar or Miss Liles.

ST. NICHOLAS' COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL

End of Summer Term, July 24th. Re-open on Wednesday, Sept. 9th.

May Celebrations. May Queen Jennifer presided over the Annual May Celebrations on Friday, May 1st. A fine display of Country & Folk Dancing was watched by a large crowd of parents and friends. Almost a hundred guests were entertained to tea afterwards.

The School outing this year will be a train trip to Southampton and a tour round the docks. The date--June 19th.

Swimming Classes will continue throughout the Summer Term on Tuesday mornings at Long Bridges Bathing Pool. Last year the children gained 29 certificates for swimming distances from 10--50 yards. This year we hope to improve on this figure.

On June 9th a party of the older Junior children will be attending the Oxford Children's Concert in the Town Hall, this will be the climax to the lessons on Music appreciation which they have been taking regularly.

Sports Day this year will be held on July 9th when we anticipate the usual keen competition for the Shield.

LOCAL NEWS

Local Government. As a result of the recent Elections our two representatives on the Bullingdon R.D.C. will be Mr. Raymund Haynes and Mr. P. R. Hall. It was encouraging to see a decided increase of interest in local affairs.

The new Parish Council will consist of:--Mesdames B. Deam and R. B. Standing; Messrs. E. C. R. Earl, A. Gammon, A. J. Gardner, E. J. Gibbs, H. H. Gunstone, R. A. Haynes, R. H. Jones, W. T. Jupp, R. A. Keleher, and F. H. Rumbold.

At the last Parish Council meeting it was decided to enlist the help of Mr. John Hay, M.P. for the division, on the question of the unlicensed caravan site in the village. It was noted with satisfaction that the Dump in Mill Lane was rapidly disappearing.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE

- June 3. Young Wives Group: Miss Wiles on "Character Studies of Women of the New Testament.
 " 4. 8 p.m. Bible Study Group at Vicarage.
 " 7. 2nd SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 8.15 a.m. and 12 noon. Holy Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
 3.0 p.m. Children's Service in Secondary Modern School.
 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
 " 11. St. Barnabas' Day.
 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
 8.0 p.m. Bible Study Group at Vicarage.
 " 14. 3rd SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 8.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m., Holy Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
 " 15. Sunday School Outing to California-by-the-Sea.
 " 17. Young Wives Outing to Waterperry.
 " 18. Bible Study Group at Vicarage.
 " 20. GARDEN FETE AT VICARAGE, 2.30 p.m.
 " 21. 4th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
 " 23. Mothers' Union Service in Church (see Church Notice Board for details).
 " 24. Nativity of St. John Baptist.
 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
 " 25. 8 p.m. Bible Study at Vicarage.
 " 28. 5th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 8.15 a.m. Holy Communion (Corporate Communion for Mothers' Union).
 11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
 4.0 p.m. Baptisms.
 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
 " 29. St. Peter's Day.
 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.

BAPTISMS

- Easter Day (29th March)
 Susan Lesley Cooper, daughter of Ronald and Dorothy Cooper.
 Jane Anne Cottrell, daughter of Peter and Ella Cottrell.
 Raymond Hubert Harris, son of Hubert and Mary Harris.
 Apr. 26. Christine Jean Coull, daughter of James and Sylvia Coull.
 Stevan Roland Jeffery, son of Ronald and Joan Jeffery.
 Melvin Charles Phipps, son of Albert and Joyce Phipps.
 Janice Linda Tong, daughter of William and Constance Tong.
 May 3. Graham John Timms, son of John and Kathleen Timms.

WEDDING

- Apr. 4. Gordon Harold George and Brenda Patricia Rosemary Bentall.

AT REST

- Apr. 7. Donald John Maling, aged 3 months.
 " 24. Alfred England, aged 90 years.
 May 18. William Ewart Brain, aged 68 years.

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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