

# MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING  
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 24

FEBRUARY, 1960

Price 4d.

# ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

**Vicar :** Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A., 11 Elsfeld Road, Old Marston.  
Tel. : 47034.

**Parish Worker :** Miss M. S. Liles, The Flat, 15 Mill Lane, Old Marston.

**Churchwardens :** Prof. V. T. Harlow, C.M.G., M.A., D.Litt., Fir Tree House, Old Marston.

Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13 Jack Straw's Lane, Oxford.

**Verger :**

## SERVICES :

**Sundays :** Holy Communion 8.15 a.m.

Also on First Sunday of the month, 12 noon.

Family Communion : 9.30 a.m. on 3rd Sunday of month.

Children's Church (4—11 yrs.) 9.30 a.m. (except on 3rd Sunday).

Morning Prayer : 11 a.m.

Pathfinder Girls' Bible Class, 10.15 a.m., Sunday. (Hall).

Pathfinders Boys' Bible Class, 10.15 a.m., Sunday. (Hall).

Sunday School, 3 p.m., in S/M School Hall, and Service in Church, first Sunday in month at same time.

Evensong, 6.30 p.m.

**Saints' Days :** Holy Communion as announced.

**Holy Baptism :** Fourth Sunday of the month at 4 p.m.

Notice must be given.

**Holy Matrimony :** Banns to be given in at the Vicarage.

## CHURCH ORGANISATIONS AND MEETINGS :

**Intercessions :** All welcome. Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. in Church.

**Discussion Group :** Thursdays at 8 p.m. in Vicarage.

**Mothers' Union :** Fourth Tuesday of each month in Church Hall, at 2.45 p.m.

**Young Wives' Group :** Alternate Wednesdays in Church Hall, at 7.45 p.m.

**Men's Forum :** Third Tuesday of each month in Vicarage, at 8 p.m.

**Youth Fellowship :** First Sunday, Holy Communion and Breakfast, also Third Sunday after Evensong, and as announced.

**Pathfinders & Girls' Clubs :** Fridays in Hall from 5.30 p.m.

**Pathfinders & Choir Boys :** Tuesdays in Hall from 6 p.m.—8 p.m.

MARSTON VICARAGE,  
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends.

How up to date are you in your thinking?

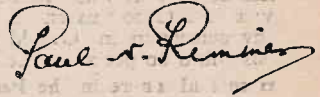
I am constantly amazed at so many people's ideas about what the Church teaches. Any religious bookseller will tell you that theological books become out of date quicker than any others. God is a Living God, constantly revealing Himself to earnest seekers after Truth. Although "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever," remember also that Paul refers to the "unsearchable riches of Christ." The more we ponder the Christian revelation, the more the Holy Spirit leads us on into deeper truths. Everyone should have some book on Christian teaching, behaviour, or Biblical background, which they read alongside their Bible. There are lots of good paper backs which will be an enormous help in keeping us up to date in our thinking. Have you read "Mere Christianity" by C. S. Lewis, "A Plain Man looks at the Bible," by William Neill, "The Meaning of Paul for Today," by C. H. Dodds — all at 2/6, and printed by the Fontana Press.

How up to date are you in your thinking about the Worldwide Church? I must admit that, until I went to India, missionary work was still associated with elderly ladies in white dresses and topees, afternoon tea meetings and the inevitable "visiting speaker." If you still think in that way, then you're out of date! Missionaries today work in settings where Communists are out to win over the minds of those about them, where the new nationalism often tends to make Christians forget that the church is international. The result is that the missionary is often opposed by powerful minorities in the church, just because he is an alien, and it takes a supernatural amount of grace and patience to stay on, and work in that atmosphere.

Many countries abroad are developing their industries on a vast scale, and vast development projects bring new communities into being almost overnight. Local pastors find that they have to cope with pastorates which cover enormous areas, and in which live non-Christians who are technically skilled, and often university trained.

The Church abroad is not a separate entity. We are all standing in the same battle-line and fighting the devilish forces which are out to subvert men and nations. If the Church goes back in Birmingham, then the Church in Bombay suffers. If the Church goes forward in Mombasa, then we in Marston go forward with it. "No man is an island"..... We are baptized into the Holy Catholic Church, which embraces Christians in every land, of every colour, and which is linked with those who have gone on before, and who are one with us in the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

With sincere good wishes,



#### NOTES AND NEWS.

##### In Memoriam

This past month we have heard of the passing of two friends of the parish, Mary Davies, and Henry Willmott.

Mary Davies had been ill for a long time, but had borne her suffering with courage and cheerfulness. We remember her kindness, and her presence in our parish activities, with gratitude, and assure her relations of our prayers.

Henry Willmott was a member of Highfield parish, but a friend of our own. He organised the trip to the Lee Abbey Re-union Service at St. Paul's, and also invited our Y.F. to his home to meet the Highfield Wayfarers. Our prayers go out to Elizabeth Willmott and her family in their great loss.

#### **Quiet Day — February 4th — Visit of Rev. Dr. Michael Wilson**

We hope that many will make the special effort to spend this time with us at St. Nicholas' Church. Dr. Wilson is Chaplain to the Guild of Health, and is a well-known speaker, and broadcaster, as well as being the nephew of the famous "Wilson of the Antarctic," who was on Scott's last expedition. Dr. Michael Wilson is unique in that he is both a priest and a doctor, and all those who are interested in the topic of Divine Healing from both the medical and religious point of view will find his visit most valuable.

He will be giving devotional addresses in church, and there will be an opportunity for informal talk and questions. Cups of tea will be provided, but those coming are asked to bring a sandwich lunch.

Dr. Wilson will also be speaking to the Mothers' Union and Young Wives Groups on Wednesday evening, Feb. 3rd, at 7.45 p.m. in the Church Hall.

The Programme will be roughly as follows :

10.0 a.m. 1st Devotional Address and Prayers in Church.

11.0 a.m. Coffee served in Church Hall.

11.30 a.m. 2nd Devotional Address in Church.

12.30 p.m. Sandwich Lunch in Church Hall.

1.30 p.m.—3 p.m. Questions and Informal Discussion in Vicarage.

A charge of 2/6 a head will be made to defray expenses.

It would be greatly appreciated if any hoping to come to the Quiet Day would drop a P.C. to the Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, Marston Vicarage, Oxford.

Anyone interested in this subject will be most welcome.

#### **Old Age Pensioners of Old Marston — A suggestion**

It has often been said that there is nothing in Old Marston for Old Age Pensioners, and that it would be a great benefit if anything could be arranged for them locally. To this effect we invite any Pensioners who are interested to come along to the Church Hall on Wednesday, February 3rd, at 2.45 p.m. If a sufficient number come along, it may be possible to arrange a regular meeting on Wednesday afternoons on their behalf from 2.45 p.m.—4.45 p.m. Although the suggestion for the gathering has come from church members, it is not intended that the proposed group be a church association, and it will be left free to decide its own programme and future plans. Already we have one or two volunteers who have expressed willingness to come and help with the arrangements, and any others (either Pensioners or not) who are willing to give active help, are asked to drop the Vicar a P.C. to this effect. It would be appreciated if parishioners will let any pensioners in the Old Marston area know of this meeting. The local bus will drop people at the Church Hall door just in time for the meeting.

#### **Here and There in the Parish**

What a wonderful Christmas we all had!

The children who brought toys on the afternoon before Christmas will be glad to know that they were handed onto a Children's Officer to give to poor children. He was so grateful to have them, as he had only just learnt that the church which usually gave him some, was no longer able to do so.

Our Candle Service was absolutely packed, with people sitting in every available space—even amongst the choir, and on the cushions by the Communion rails. It was most telling, with the commencement of the service

in total darkness, and the Procession with the Yule Candle to symbolize the entrance of Christ into a sin-darkened world.

The attendance at the midnight Communion on Christmas Eve exceeded all expectations, and, together with those who made their communions at the other celebrations, the total number of communicants was nearly double that of last year.

On the Sunday evening after Christmas, a housewife, a university student and a joiner spoke on the topics: "What Christmas means to me—at home,—away from home, and in my job." Many people have expressed their gratitude for the simple and sincere way in which they brought home the fact that Christmas is not of significance for one day alone, but really lasts for ever.

Our bellringers, and choirboys, together with some willing parishioners sang themselves hoarse on the nights before Christmas, and the collection raised over £23, the major part of which was sent to World Refugees. We are grateful to those who gave refreshments on each night. Never was a cup of tea so welcome!

Miss Mary Turner gave a most interesting talk to the Young Wives on her work amongst the Cockneys, and in January the M.U. and Young Wives organised an excellent Parish Party. It was a bitterly cold night, but a grand number turned up. Everyone joined in the games, and one lady who went for a quiet evening ended up by doing the Gay Gordons.

The liveliness of the older members of the parish is well illustrated from the fact that the team of Old Crocks beat the Y.F. team of Young Bloods at Hockey 6—2. with a little help of course. Mr. Starmer Smith and Miss Liles both prevented goals from being scored in a spectacular yet effective manner.

May it always be said that the parish of Marston knows how to worship, work, and enjoy itself as a Family!

#### **The Commissioner and the Choir**

It was a privilege to welcome Dr. Lumsden, the organist of New College, Oxford, who came to visit us on behalf of the Royal School of Church Music, and as one of their official Commissioners.

Although he did not come up to the expectations of one choirboy, who hoped he would have a beard, he surpassed those of the rest of the choir by his words of encouragement, advice, and understating of our problems.

A full report of his visit has been sent to the choir which will be a great help in the future.

Suffice it to say that he refers to them as "this grand choir," and makes the plea that additional men should come forward to balance the boys voices. We hope that any interested will contact Mrs. Garner as soon as possible.

#### **Visit of Rev. J. Nathaniel from South India**

On February 14th we shall welcome to our pulpit the Rev. J. Nathaniel, an Indian presbyter of the Church of South India, at present studying in this country. Both he and the Vicar worked in the same area, although Mr. Nathaniel's special work was amongst the Kurumbas, and Punyas, jungle tribes of the Wynaad. It is hoped that everyone will make a special effort to worship with us on this Sunday.

#### **Youth Notes**

The Youth Fellowship grows apace, and reference has been made to the Hockey match arranged by them with the Old Crocks (whom they assisted in their victory!).

No-one has so far been poisoned from the breakfast cooked after Holy Communion on the first Sunday of each month, and indeed this has been a most enjoyable get-together. We hope more will join us.

The Christmas party was planned, and carried out by the members, and those who saw how tastefully the Hall was decorated would realize how much work went into it. Supper was served in the back room, on well-spread tables, lit by candle-light. A great feature of the evening was a This is Your Life programme arranged for Miss Liles. Apart from minor discrepancies, the Fellowship is to be congratulated for unearthing so much of our Parish Worker's past history, and she on her part is to be congratulated for standing up to the strain for so long!

A question night was arranged in January, at which Professor Harlow, Dr. Clay, Miss Liles, and Mr. Christopher Byers acted as the Brains. The Highfield Youth Fellowship joined us, and the Brains were not allowed to sleep over such problems as: "Is the age of miracles past?" "What do you feel about serious boy and girl friendship amongst teenagers?"

**Adventurers (for boys from 11—13 years old)**

This is a new idea for boys of this particular age group, who will meet on Tuesday evenings from 6 p.m.—7.30 p.m. The first hour will be devoted to games, training in boxing, etc. and (when possible) outdoor escapades. The last half hour will be training in our Christian faith, and we shall be having a number of outside speakers who will be giving Christianity with a "punch" in it!

To qualify for membership, all boys who come along must attend one service in church on the previous Sunday.

Special note to Parents: If you have a son who comes within this age range, please encourage him to come along. Our attempt is to encourage young people to worship regularly, and to develop them physically and spiritually, so that they may grow up to be keen, active Christian citizens.

If you can help us in any way, either with the religious or physical activities please let us know. **THE CHURCH NEEDS LEADERS!**

**Brownies (for girls from 7—11 years old)**

We shall be starting a Brownie Pack for girls, as from Friday, February 5th, at 5.30 p.m. in the Church Hall. It will be an "Open-attached" Church Pack, being organised entirely by the Church; although we shall of course admit any other children who are not of our denomination. Girls from 7 years to 11 years will be eligible to join us.

It is sincerely hoped that the girls who have formerly been junior Pathfinders will join this Pack where the work we hope to accomplish will be very similar to what has been taught at the junior Pathfinder Club.

**Senior Pathfinder Club**

This Club will still continue from 7 p.m. on Friday evenings for girls of Secondary School age. Besides games we shall be pursuing a course in Cookery by an experienced friend; the Careers talks will also be held once a month.

**BAPTISMS**

"Admitted into the flock of Christ's Church."

- Dec. 19. Thomas Henry Anthony, son of Paul and Irene Holmer.
- Dec. 27. Ruth, daughter of Arthur and Joan Burrough.
- Lynn Bernice, daughter of Frank and Kathleen Downie.
- Julie Vera, daughter of Colin and Dreda Gudgeon.
- Stephen George, son of Ernest and Jean Silvester.
- Neill Antony, son of Anthony and Barbara Warrell.

**LAI D TO REST**

January, 1960. Mary Davies.

**COLLECTIONS**

**COMMUNICANTS**

Week ending	December 5th ...	3 10 8	(Confirmation service)	
	December 6th ...	35 2 3		70
	December 13th ...	15 5 1		19
	December 20th ...	25 12 5		18
	December 25th ...	27 0 1		233
	December 31st ...	15 13 8		13

**PARISH CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY, 1960**

- Feb. 2. Tuesday: Purification of the B.V.M.  
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
2.30 p.m. Pram Service.
- Feb. 3. 2.45 p.m. Old Age Pensioners Meeting in Marston Church Hall  
7.45 p.m. Dr. Michael Wilson on Divine Healing (M.U. and Young Wives).
- Feb. 4. Quiet Day at St. Nicholas Church—to be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Michael Wilson (Guild of Health). 10 a.m.—3 p.m.
- Feb. 5. 5.30 p.m. Inaugural Meeting of Brownie Pack.
- Feb. 7. 5th Sunday after Epiphany.  
8.15 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).  
9.30 a.m. Children's Church.  
11.0 a.m. Matins  
3.15 p.m. Children's Service.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Feb. 14. Septuagesima.  
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
9.30 a.m. Children's Church.  
11.0 a.m. Matins. Rev. J. Nathaniel (South India).  
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Rev. J. Nathaniel.
- Feb. 17. Husbands and Wives Dinner, followed by talk on Lee Abbey by Mr. Wilfrid Debney.
- Feb. 21. Sexagesima.  
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION (Parents and children welcome).  
11.0 a.m. Matins  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Feb. 23. Tuesday. 7.45 p.m. M.U. Meeting: Mrs. Barnsley on "Dr. Barnardo."
- Feb. 24. Wednesday. St. Matthias' Day.  
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
- Feb. 28. Quinquagesima.  
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
9.30 a.m. Children's Church.  
11.0 a.m. Matins  
4.00 p.m. Holy Baptism (after arrangement with Vicar).  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

There will be parish intercessions every Thursday in Church at 7.30 p.m., followed by Bible Study at the Vicarage at 8 p.m., unless otherwise announced in Church.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD

*writes on*

# The Church and Healing

★ THE RIGHT REVEREND A. S. REEVE, D.D.

IT is the firm belief of all Christian people that a man does not merely consist of a body and a mind, but that in addition he possesses a soul or spirit. Further, we believe that as long as the man is alive in this world these three parts of his make-up can never be regarded as in any way separate entities, but are inextricably bound up together in unity.

If we are right in our contention, then it follows that if a man should be overtaken by illness the whole of his being needs treatment. It is very commonly recognised now that physical symptoms can be the direct result of a deep-seated spiritual *malaise*; and it is our contention that in a very large number of cases a patient can never become really "whole" again, as Our Lord made people "whole," unless he comes to possess the inner peace and calm which is the fruit of true penitence and the assurance of God's forgiveness.

In a short article such as this it is not possible for me to elaborate these statements, and it must not be assumed that I am necessarily implying either that peace of soul will invariably bring physical recovery, or that all illness is traceable to spiritual causes, which would be absurd. But having said this, it is equally true that it is surely the duty of the Church to help forward by every possible means in its power the work of healing, and whenever a cure is effected the Chris-

tian gives thanks directly to God, thanking Him also for those human agents, such as, for instance, the doctor and the nurses who have helped to bring God's healing power to him.

It therefore follows that the Church has a very definite part to play in the whole work of healing, and that this is recognised today by the medical profession is shown by the fact that all the leading professional organisations which represent doctors and nurses are now directly associated with the Churches' Council of Healing. This is not only a most encouraging development, but also a fact of deep significance which should be widely known by the general public.

My purpose in this article is to try and make clear some of the ways in which this attitude to healing can be fostered at what I might describe as the local or parochial level; and the steps which might be taken are as follows:

(1) All parochial clergy should do their utmost to encourage vocations to the medical and nursing professions from amongst the young people in their congregations who are of the right type for this particular work. It is absolutely essential that the work of healing should be carried out by people who do not merely regard their daily tasks as being in the nature of a profession, but as a vocation in the truest and deepest sense, and we should do all that we can to encourage

really convinced Christian people to offer themselves for this work.

(2) It is very desirable that doctors and clergy in any locality should be on friendly terms with one another, and if they can meet from time to time, perhaps in groups, to discuss together the whole question of the right approach to the work of healing this is of great advantage. More and more such groups are now springing up in various parts of the country and this is a most desirable development. Further, it is found that when doctors and clergy really get to know one another and are on terms of mutual trust, they can frequently work side by side for the benefit and healing of a particular patient.

(3) We should encourage our people in the parishes to pray most earnestly for the sick. It is, of course, very often the case that prayers for the sick are offered up at the normal

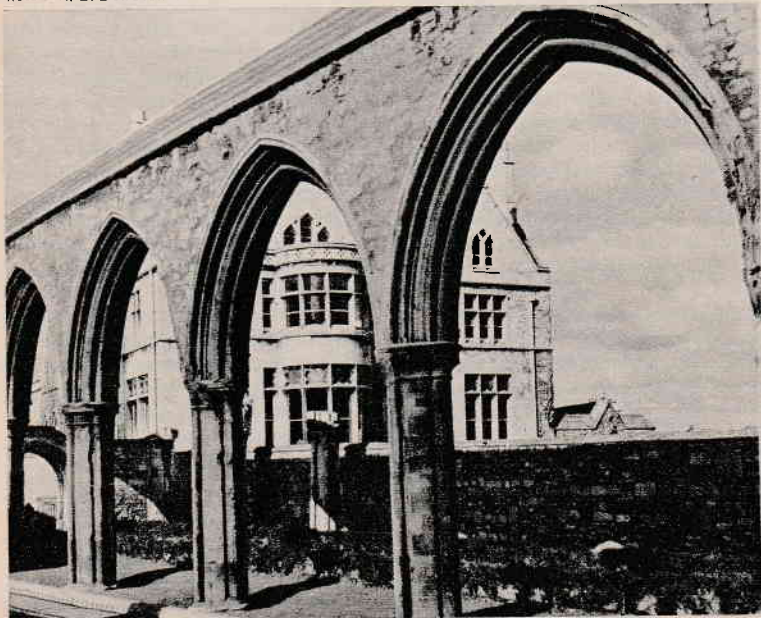
public services, but in addition to this it may well be possible for groups of people to meet together at regular intervals, perhaps on a week-day evening, study the Bible together, and pray together with special intention for the sick.

(4) The visitation of sick people should always be placed in the very forefront of the pastoral ministry of the Church. In these days of shortage of men for the Ministry it is unfortunately true that the parochial clergy do not find as much time for pastoral visitation as they would like, but no matter what may be the difficulties, the visiting of the sick must never be neglected, and it is emphasised that although all hospitals now have chaplains, visits which are paid by parochial clergy to their own people when they are ill in hospital are enormously appreciated,

*(Continued on page 30)*

Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell

*Infirmary Arches. Gloucester Cathedral*



A FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S  
LAST RESTING PLACE



# Sir Francis Chantrey's Church



ARTHUR GAUNT, F.R.G.S.

**A** GREAT many people must have heard of the Chantrey Bequest, the fund founded by Sir Francis Chantrey more than 100 years ago for the purchase of outstanding works of art on behalf of the nation. Many noteworthy acquisitions have since been made and are housed at the Tate Gallery, London.

Sir Francis himself was a talented sculptor, among his works being huge busts of British admirals for the Admiralty, a statue of George III for exhibition at Guildhall, London, and busts of such celebrities as Scott and Wordsworth. He executed statues of the Duke of Wellington, George Washington (for erection at Boston), and Sir Joseph Banks.

Perhaps his best-known statue-group is "The Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral, which has been admired by countless visitors. His sculpture is to be found in India, too—a life-size carving of Bishop Heber confirming two children, which stands in St. George's Cathedral, Madras, is Chantrey's work.

But how many people know much of Chantrey's inspiring life-story, or can say which English church is most closely associated with him? When he died in 1842, he was not buried in Westminster Abbey as expected. At his own request he was laid to rest in the little churchyard he had known as a boy, in the attractive village of Norton, near Sheffield.

Francis Chantrey was born at this



Statue in Norton Church

place in 1781, and although he rose to fame and wealth he never forgot his birthplace or his humble origin. As a lad orphaned at twelve by the death of his father, the village carpenter, he worked as a donkey boy, taking milk to Sheffield. But his heart was set on becoming a sculptor, and with the help of a wealthy local lady he was apprenticed to a wood-carver and frame-maker in the city.

Here he started modelling in clay, and making pencil sketches which attracted the attention of Raphael Smith, the mezzotint engraver. Smith gave his promising, young pupil lessons in portrait painting, and

Chantrey succeeded in becoming a student at the Royal Academy. His first work to be exhibited there was hung in 1804, when he was only 23.

Only five years later he had become so well-known that he was commissioned to execute busts of Nelson, Howe, Vincent, and Duncan for the Greenwich Hospital. Their excellence led to many other commissions, including the statues and busts already mentioned, and at his death he left most of his fortune to the Royal Academy.

Norton remembers him in several ways. In the north-west corner of the village church can be seen a most life-like plaster cast of this distinguished local son.

Norton Church, indeed, is a gem of great interest historically, as well as by reason of its links with Francis Chantrey. With its Norman arch over the entrance door, and its stone faces from Saxon days, it has connections with the murder of Thomas à Becket in 1170.

A beautiful feature of the church today is the font, a rare example of Early English art. On one face is carved a salamander, a creature reputed to live on fire and therefore typifying the Devil.

Francis Chantrey's grave is in the south-west side of the churchyard, where his mother and father also lie. Norton remembers him further by a stone obelisk on the village green.

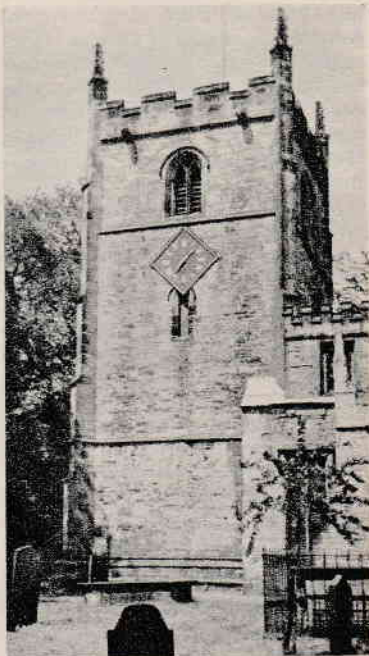
Appropriately the column bears only one word—Chantrey—an apt epitaph for the unassuming sculptor who did not let fame cloud his appreciation of early encouragement in his native village.

A singular fact is that although Norton is in Yorkshire, Derbyshire can rightly claim him as one of its sons. This anomaly arises because the village was in the latter county until the boundary was altered a few years ago.



*The Early-English Font*

*Norton Church, near Sheffield*



★ ————— ★  
*COSMOPOLITAN CHARMS*

## Geneva and its Neighbourhood

BERNARD CROFT

★ ————— ★  
**I** FIND it difficult to decide which is the fairest city of Switzerland—Berne (the capital), Zurich, or Geneva.

Thinking of Berne in summer time with flowers massed around the many street fountains and others in hanging baskets along the arcades of shops, I am inclined to award the palm here. But then I think of Zurich—in winter,

with the snow-covered roofs of the Old Town and the intriguing shops and restaurants along the left bank of the lake; and the easily accessible winter sports resorts.

Geneva, however, is a fascinating city in summer and winter alike; especially if one links with it Lausanne, only a few miles away along the lakeside—the lake we usually call the Lake of Geneva but locally known as Lac Lemman.

Zurich, Basle and Berne are larger—but, surely, Geneva is the best.

It has, of course, been much in the headlines again recently because of the Foreign Ministers' Conference there last summer. But its name has constantly been in the news, down many centuries of history. We heard

*(Continued on page 30)*

*Geneva: the Cathedral*



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## Church Notes and Views

◇

### Detached Bell Tower

A PEAL of bells in a detached bell chamber in the churchyard is a feature of the church at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, the birthplace of Constable, the painter, whose pictures show many of the scenes in the neighbourhood, including the well-remembered one of Flatford Mill only a short distance away. The tower of St. Mary's church is unfinished and the bells are hung at ground level on timbers. They are rung by pushing short levers instead of pulling the long ropes which are customary. The house in which Constable was born was long ago demolished, but his father was also the owner of Flatford Mill, which is now in the care of the National Trust. The road to the mill from the village is much frequented and tortuous, but there is one-way traffic and another road to return. It is a picturesque, unspoilt spot and well worth a visit. The detached bell chamber (shown below) is probably unique.—G. CROWTHER (KEIGHLEY).



### Church with a Look-out

THE ancient port of Bosham, Sussex, is steeped in history. The Venerable Bede remarked that a monk named Dicul had a small monastery "at a place called Bosanham." The place was associated with King Canute, and according to one account was the spot where he made his famous but futile request to the sea. His young daughter is buried in the church near the Roman-based chancel arch. Bosham is represented in the Bayeux tapestry, where Harold, son of Earl Godwin, is seen entering the church to pray and feasting in his house by the sea, before embarking on his expedition to the Continent. The central shafted windows in the upper part of the church tower were a one-time look-out for raiding Norsemen. An old legend tells how the great bell of the church was captured by Norse pirates. It was placed on board their vessel and they tried to get away while the monks rang the remaining bells in the tower and prayed that St. Nicholas would not allow the Christian bell to be carried off by pagan hands. The great bell answered the call from the tower by dancing about on board among the Norsemen, and eventually fell through the vessel and sank in Bosham Creek. When the peal of six bells is rung today, it is said that the old tenor still chimes in from the depths, known to this day as Bell Hole.—J. W. G. GODECK (CHICHESTER).

### Ticket Holders This Way!

**A**N old gentleman of my acquaintance remembers that over eighty years ago, at the parish church of St. John-at-Hackney, there would be ten pew-openers on duty on a Sunday—all women. They were elderly and wore dresses of dark-grey alpaca and lace bonnets trimmed with black velvet, with lapels resting on their shoulders on either side. Each of these women was in charge of a large block of the high, old-fashioned pews which had brass drop-handled latches. They were expected to open these doors and usher in the 'top people' seat-holders.

In the central aisle were open forms with book-rests; these were the "Free Seats" where humbler members of the congregation could sit where they chose.

Sections of the galleries were reserved for children of the Free Parochial Schools. Yet another was set apart for the local truant school; 'bad lads' with close-cropped heads; black, peaked caps; rough, blue-serge tunics; brown corduroy trousers and hobnailed boots.—FRANK RICHFORD (BEXHILL-ON-SEA).

### Ancient Gateway

**I** FEEL sure this lovely gateway into the churchyard at Shere, one of the most delightful of England's villages, will interest your readers.

With a stone-covered roof upon which grows thick moss, it presents a very picturesque sight which will appeal to all country lovers and to connoisseurs of ancient churches.—J.D.R. (DARLINGTON).



### Splendid roof timbers

**T**HE Church of St. John the Baptist at Findon, Sussex, shows much architectural interest. My photo here shows the unique roof construction, which has one span some 45 feet across. The central plate measures 1 ft. 8 in. in width.—C. S. HARDING (BOGNOR REGIS).

### What's in a Name!

**A** NUMBER of years ago there resided within a radius of the Parish Church of S. Benedict, Cambridge, the following people, all of whom had somewhat unusual surnames:

- Grief—a builder;
- Sadd—a jeweller;
- Pain—a chemist;
- Starr—a photographer;
- Moon—a hosier;
- Death—The Mayor of the Borough.

Several of the above were in one way or another connected with St. Benedict's! REV. A. J. GILLSON (BISHOPS STORTFORD).

### TO OUR READERS

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

★ ————— ★

## Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY  
MARION HURST

★ ————— ★

### Monday—Washing and Ironing

When washing net curtains, do not wring them, but hang them dripping wet. The weight in the curtains will keep them in good shape for ironing and hanging, and makes the tiresome job of pulling into shape almost unnecessary.—MRS. J. WILLIAMS (BRIERLEY HILL).

*To iron soft collars (loose or attached to the shirt).* Squeeze the collars in milk, then place a piece of cotton material along the collar and iron with a moderately hot iron. Take off the cotton material and iron again. This method gives a glossy finish to the collars.—MRS. M. WILKINSON (DUMFRIES).

### Tuesday—Sewing

A waste paper basket placed near the chair when one is sewing or mending is useful for putting in all scraps of cotton, wool, material, etc.—thus saving much time and trouble when the room has to be tidied.—MRS. KNAPMAN (LONDON, W.3).

### Wednesday—Cooking

*Quaker Oat Biscuits.*—8 oz. Quaker Oats; 5 oz. margarine; 3 oz. soft brown sugar or granulated sugar.

Heat the fat and sugar together. Allow to cool slightly and add to the oats. Knead well together and roll out. Cut into rounds and bake in a moderately hot oven (Reg. 3) for 20 minutes. Do not remove from the baking tin until the biscuits are cold.—MISS B. M. WHITE (PENARTH).

### Thursday—Nursing

A light tray for an invalid may be made from an old picture frame. Remove the back and picture, leaving the glass only. For a few shillings a fancy plastic tray cloth may be bought at any stationers. Lay this between the glass and a strong



“Ready for Anything”

Photo: Mrs. E. Carding

plywood back and you will have a very useful tray on which an invalid's dainty meal may be served.—MRS. J. A. PLAYFORD (BECCLES).

### Friday—Household

*To make the most of lemons.* Add a few drops of the juice when boiling rice to whiten it—it helps to keep the grains separate. Use the juice for lemonade, the rind for flavouring sauces, the pulp for removing stains from hands.

To clean brass use pulp to which salt has been added. The pips used with salted water will clean discoloured glass bottles. The juice mixed with a little carbonate of soda is excellent for curing a headache. Before squeezing, heat the lemon thoroughly and you will obtain nearly double the quantity of juice.—MRS. JOHNSON (CHELMSFORD).

### Saturday—Children

Here is a good hint for using up old Christmas cards or birthday cards. Take out the inside sheet, leaving only the outer pictures and back sheet which is blank. These can be used for short letters or notes, saving notepaper and giving an interest to children or sick folk.—MRS. GRINDON (NEWPORT, I. OF WIGHT).

### Household Hints

Ball point ink stains may be removed by a special remover which is obtainable from most stationers and costs 1/- per bottle.

*Mildew.*—Mildew is caused by moulds which are present in the air, but which only develop under certain conditions of moisture and temperature, particularly in damp weather. Therefore it is a great preventative to keep rooms and cupboards well aired and ventilated. If rising damp through walls is helping the condition, a small electric light bulb kept burning in a damp cupboard or wardrobe will provide sufficient heat to prevent mildew—provided the space is not too large. To get rid of mildew already present, place a small open tin of solid calcium chloride (obtainable from chemists) in the bottom of a wardrobe and leave until it becomes liquid. Replace if necessary.

### Economical Handcream for chapped hands

Mix well together equal parts of glycerine, cold milk and surgical spirit. Bottle

and add a small drop of perfume if preferred.

\* \* \*

### Words of Wisdom

"It inna by the deal that's said, but by what is in the things said, that you can know a person. Just as it inna the length nor breadth of a gown that keeps you warm—but the quality of the stuff."—(Mary Webb).

\* \* \*

### *Speed the Plough*

"We plough the fertile meadows  
And sow the furrow'd land;  
But yet the waving harvest  
Depends on God's own hand.  
It is His Mercy gives us  
The sunshine and the rain  
That paints in verdant beauty  
The mountain and the plain.  
*Success to the Farmer.*"

Words found on a very ancient jug.

\* \*. 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.

*Ploughing in Cumberland*

Photo: The Times





# The Six-Inch Nail

By R. S. MAIDEN



"JOHN HAWKSBY was a great fellow," said Colonel Youhal, looking over my shoulder.

I had been a guest at the Somme Dinner of the Loyal Ludlow Light Infantry, better known by their Army nickname of "The Gentlemen Rankers."

Dinner being over, I was following the crowd of men to the ante-room of the Mess, when my eyes caught the wink and glitter of the Regiment's plate and trophies. Displayed upon tables along the walls of the Mess, the focal point was an enormous gold salver with the Regimental Crest and Battle Honours inscribed upon it. At its foot, in a space specially cleared for it, was the most interesting exhibit of all.

Mounted upon an ebony plinth about four inches high was a brightly polished six-inch nail, and at its head and point were two pieces of bright copper wire twisted round it. A small polished silver tablet bore the name "Signaller John Hawksby," and under it a date that coincided with the Battle of the Somme.

As I bent to examine it closer, Colonel Youhal, the Commanding Officer, continued: "That is the Regiment's most treasured possession." He picked up the ebony plinth with the polished nail gleaming in the light.

A burst of song surged into the Mess from the ante-room. The Colonel smiled. "The youngsters are getting a bit noisy in there," he said. "Pull a chair up to the fire; it's quieter in here."

There was a pause, while the Colonel stroked the nail almost caressingly—then, with a sigh, he began his story.

"Yes, Jack Hawksby was a brave man, and I once misjudged him badly."

I leaned back in my chair, waiting for what was to come.

The Colonel cleared his throat and, gazing into the fire blazing cheerfully on the hearth, he continued quietly:

"Jack Hawksby's father was Vicar of Foxley, in the heart of our Midlands hunting country. He was a keen follower of hounds, preached a good sermon, and was the life and soul of our Hunt Dinners and Balls. We liked each other."

Colonel Youhal glanced at me, and went on: "I was Master of the Foxley Hounds in those days, and had just got my Captaincy—the world was a jolly good place in those years before the 1914 flare-up!"

He leaned back, still holding the plinth, and went on with his story.

"Jack's mother detested me! She

was the quiet retiring type, not given to social life at all. There was one thing, however, that turned her into a veritable tigress, and that was the taking of life, either human or animal. She hated hunting; and I, as M.F.H., ranked low in her estimation!"

Colonel Youhal gave a short laugh, and resumed his story.

"Jack was their only child, and he was his mother over again in his hatred of killing."

As the Colonel stirred the fire thoughtfully his face had the expression of one reviving old memories that are not altogether pleasant.

"During one of his holidays from his Public School, I met Jack coming out of the Foxley post office. 'Hello there, Jack!' I hailed him. 'We are meeting at the Foxley Arms tomorrow morning. Care to turn out?—Don't worry about a mount,' I continued. 'I have one or two in the Manor stables that could do with a day's exercise; you can have your pick of them'.

"Jack reddened up and replied awkwardly, 'Thank you, Sir, but—but I'm afraid I can't manage it.' His manner annoyed me, and turning on my heel I left him with a curt, 'Just as you please!'

"As I turned away, I almost bumped into Bill Rudd, our huntsman. 'Is young Master Jack turning out tomorrow, Sir?' he asked with a twinkle in his eye. 'No, Bill,' I replied. 'I invited him, but he turned it down—the lily-livered young puppy. Takes after his mother!'"

There was a pause, during which the chorus of men's voices from the ante-room came muffled to our ears through the closed doors—"Old soldiers never die; they only fade away," they sang.

The Colonel smiled as he took up his story once more.

"That was a perfect hunting morning. We found in Blakey Meadow,

and our fox gave us a splendid run for our money. He was beginning to tire, and hounds were gaining on him when, suddenly, he swerved towards the woods at the foot of Fenley Hill—and vanished into thin air! We cast about trying to pick up the lost scent, with no luck at all.

"Bill Rudd had just ridden up to suggest that we tried our luck further up the stream that runs through the woods, as he felt sure Reynard had used the water to throw us off his track. I was just about to assent, when I spotted Jack Hawksby coming out of the wood a little way above us. He had obviously been for an early morning walk, and was on his way home.

"I hailed him, and as he trotted up I asked, 'Have you seen anything of our fox, Jack?'—'Yes,' he replied. 'As I came down Fenley Hill, I saw him making across that field behind you, Sir. I should say he was cutting away to Barnby Copse, after giving you the slip!'

"'Good,' I replied. 'We'll corner him there!' and we made for Barnby Copse as hard as we could go. However, we didn't find that day, and I went home in a filthy temper.

"Later that evening, my man knocked on my study door, and showed Jack Hawksby in. He didn't look very happy, and I was still fuming at missing our fox.

"'Well, Jack!' I barked at him, 'What can I do for you? By the way, you were wrong about our fox making for Barnby Copse today!'

"Jack reddened and stammered, 'It's—it's about that I've come to see you, Sir.'

"'Well,' I snapped back, 'What about it? Don't stand there like a poacher caught red-handed. Out with it!'

"'I lied to you today,' said Jack in a shaking voice. Then, taking a pull on himself, he continued firmly,



“As I came down Fenley Hill, I spotted your fox dead-beat, making his way up-stream through the brook that runs along the bottoms there. I “froze” behind a tree, and watched him drag his weary body past me and go to earth under a large tree further up.”

“Why the devil didn’t you say so when I asked you?” I shouted, my temper getting the better of me. “We could have had him out of there in a few minutes.”

“I couldn’t do that, Sir,” replied Jack. “The poor beast was all-in; he wouldn’t have stood a ghost of a chance, so—so I sent you off on the wrong track.”

“You interfering young fool!” I raged at him, and struck out with my hunting crop, making an angry red weal across his cheek. “Get out of this house!—And don’t let me see you again!”

There was a long pause. Colonel Youhal sat gazing before him into

the fire, while I sat still, not daring to break his train of thought. Then he continued.

“Jack Hawksby was a brilliant scholar, and was at Cambridge when the 1914 war began.

“The Rankers were among the first across in France; I was their Adjutant then. The Regiment got a terrible mauling in those early days, and promotion came quickly to the lucky few who got through.

“When the Battle of the Somme began, I was in command.

“I remember we had been ordered to relieve a regiment in a particularly warm part of the line, and the evening before we moved up, a Signals party reported for duty with us.

“As we moved off near midnight, I heard the Sergeant in charge of the Signallers say in a hoarse whisper to one of his men. ‘You lay the telephone line from headquarters to our trenches. Keep the wire as close to the hedges as you can.’

"I heard the man's 'Right you are, Sergeant!' and saw him plod away paying out the wire from one of the heavy reels attached to the harness he was wearing.

"The change-over was made without incident. I found the trenches in a shocking state of disrepair after the shelling of the day before, and gave orders to start shoring up the trench walls with baulks of timber, with cross-members of stout boards nailed to them.

"The men fell to with a will, stuffing their pockets with large six-inch nails and driving them home with anything that seemed likely to serve as a hammer.

"With the coming of daylight, we discovered to our cost that the enemy had also been busy during the night. They had moved a battery up under cover of some rising ground in front of our trenches, and now began to shell us pretty accurately.

"I ran down the steps of my dug-out, and made for the telephone over in a corner, where the Sergeant and a Signaller were on duty.

"I want the Artillery Officer at headquarters at once, Sergeant!" I shouted. "We must get them to silence that battery behind the hill without delay!"

"The Sergeant handed the receiver to me, saying as he did so, 'Headquarters on the line, Sir!'

"I had just begun to speak, when there were a couple of heavy explosions overhead, and the telephone went dead.

"Line's been cut, Sir!" said the Sergeant. Then turning to his assistant he said. "Go out and repair it, Jack. You know the run of the line best of all—an' hurry!"

"The Signaller picked up his repair kit, and hurried out of the dug-out."

Once again the Colonel paused in his story, while the fire threw a ruddy reflection on the brightly

polished nail.

"What happened we only discovered later," the Colonel went on quietly.

"There was a long wait in the dug-out, while the Sergeant repeatedly tried the telephone, but without success.

"At last he handed the receiver to me with a grin, saying, 'Jack's repaired the line, Sir!—You are through to headquarters now!'

"My talk with H.Q. soon brought results and in about twenty minutes the enemy battery was silenced.

"I was taking stock of the damage in our trenches, when the Signals Sergeant reported to me that Signaller Hawksby had not returned from repairing the telephone line.

"I ordered a search party to go out and look for him; and as they filed past me with a rolled-up stretcher, the Sergeant's words seemed to re-echo in my mind: 'Signaller Hawksby' he had said, and I remembered him calling him 'Jack' in the dug-out. Jack Hawksby? Could it possibly be—?"

"On the impulse of the moment I followed the search party.

"It was the Sergeant who found him.

"'He's here, Sir!' he called as I hurried up to him. 'He's dead—shrapnel through his head!'

"Then, looking up at me as he knelt beside the dead man, he pointed to Jack Hawksby's hands which were still gripping the two bare ends of the copper telephone wire to the head and point of this six-inch nail.

"Yes, it was the same Jack Hawksby who hated killing, and whom I had mistakenly thought lily-livered. The wire in his repair kit had been just those few inches too short, and he had made the connection through the nail.

"Many of us here tonight owe our lives to him and this six-inch nail!"

When the Colonel finished speak-

ing, there was a long silence that neither he nor I seemed to want to break.

Then a log broke in two in the fire, sending up a shower of sparks, and at the same time through the closed doors came the sound of lusty voices singing:

"D' ye ken John Peel

With his coat so grey—"

Colonel Youhal rose stiffly from his chair, and carefully replaced the six-inch nail in its place of honour among the Regimental Plate, saying with a wry smile as he did so, "I don't think he would have liked that song!—He was a great fellow, Jack Hawksby!"

## GENEVA AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

*(Continued from page 21)*

a good deal of "The Geneva Convention" again during the last war. This is the international agreement drawn up for the purpose of improving the condition of wounded soldiers and prisoners-of-war, originally adopted at a conference held there in 1864 and replaced in 1906 by further agreements made at Geneva.

It is also, of course, a city for ever closely associated with the Reformation. Today, the population of Geneva is roughly half-and-half Catholic and Protestant. And I might add that one of our oldest-established and most charming little Anglican churches on the Continent is to be found there; and there is another at nearby Lausanne. In one of the great parks of the city there is a striking memorial to the leaders of the Reformation—Calvin, Luther, Zwingli, Knox, Farel and Beza, recalling the momentous years 1536-1602.

To the Anglican visitor the interior of the old cathedral strikes a somewhat forbidding note. It is immediately

apparent that the Reformation here—and on the Continent generally—took a very different line from that at home in England. But it is a fine building, and from the tower there is a glorious panoramic view over the city roof-tops to the lake.

Here also are still standing the Headquarters buildings of the old League of Nations—symbol of that dream of good men at the end of World War I, which did not come true. And just outside Geneva are the Headquarters offices of The World Council of Churches.

Geneva makes a wonderful centre for excursions to many lovely spots not very far away. I have already mentioned Lausanne. The "cathedral" here is more attractive, I think, than that at Geneva. It has an ornate and very lovely west doorway and stands on top of the hill above the town, with its steep streets going down to the water's edge.

And not too far away—a delightful ride through the vineyards of the Valais—is the village-resort of Champéry, situated at the foot of the Dents-du-Midi; a place worth knowing for summer as well as winter holidays. It is not a sophisticated—or expensive—resort. And there is a little English church there, too, served by temporary chaplains in the high summer and winter seasons.

## THE CHURCH AND HEALING

*(Continued from page 18)*

perhaps more than we always recognise at the time.

In conclusion, mention of the hospital chaplains leads me to say that the Church must do all it can to help the clergy concerned to carry out their duties in the most efficient manner. There is a good deal which has to be learned by a priest before he can really adequately discharge his spiritual duties in a hospital.

# "Oh! MY POOR LEGS



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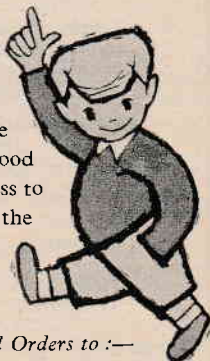
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