

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 23

JANUARY, 1960

Price 4d.

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

Vicar : Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A., 11 Elsfield 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.

Vergers :

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.

A Happy New Year to you all!

May I draw your attention to two new important items in our parish calendar.

The Children's Church. Although we are delighted to see them, our small church can no longer take in the influx of children below the age of 11 years at Morning Prayer. We are therefore starting a Children's Church especially for their benefit. This will be at 9.30 a.m. each Sunday except on the third Sunday of the month. The service will last about forty minutes, and parents who wish to accompany their children will be most welcome.

The Family Communion. As we have mentioned in a previous issue, there has been a growing demand for a Holy Communion Service with hymns, and short address at a later hour than the 8.15 service. So on the third Sunday of the month at 9.30 a.m. there will be a Family Communion Service, of this nature, when, we hope, fathers and mothers and their children will attend. Although the children will not of course receive communion, we hope that parents who so wish will bring them up to the communion rails to kneel with them.

Please remember the times—

FAMILY COMMUNION : 9.30 a.m. (3rd Sunday of the month).

CHILDREN'S CHURCH : (4's—11 years) 9.30 a.m.
(every Sunday except Third in month).

With sincere good wishes,



Confirmed by the Bishop of Dorchester in St. Nicholas Church
on December 3rd, 1959 :

Noel David Deam, Andrew James Davis Dunkley, Alexander Macfarlane Brown, Mary Frater Brown, Susan Audrey Cecilia Baker, Mary Doman, Ann Veronica Franklin, Audrey Mary Harley, Evelyn Anne Hawgood, Teresa Mary Hilditch, Rosalind Elizabeth Jenkins, Dawn Lewendon, Sylvia Mary McNamee, Kathleen Margaret Mason, Sylvia Mary Pywell, Lorraine Ann Woodward.

PARISH BUDGET FOR 1960

You are asked to study the Parish Budget, which has been approved by the P.C.C. Meeting, and which, it was suggested should be published so that all members of the parish can see the extent to which we are committed financially.

Part One : Outside the Parish

	£
Overseas Missions	100
Diocesan Funds (Quota)	53
Bishop's Appeal for New Churches	50
	£203

Part Two : Inside the Parish

Incumbent's Stipend	75
Expenses	63
Licensed Lay Worker	227
Other Church Workers	
Organist and Choir	83
Verger	26
The Church	
Cleaning	35
Heating and Lighting	77
Insurance	16
Repairs	50
Maintenance of Services	10
Sunday School (Hire of S/M School)	40
Parish Magazine	5
Ordinary Expenditure	50
Reserve and Fabric Fund	50
Endowment	10
	£807

Totals of Part One and Two £1010

Income (Jan. — Dec., 1958)

Ordinary Collections	276
Envelopes	220
Special Collections	62
Donations	11
Freewill Offerings	20
Covenants	23
Interest on Investments	76
Alms	40
	£728

Notes :

1. A further £4 a week is needed during 1960 to balance the budget.
2. Missionary giving should be considered as a Christian commitment, and not an optional extra.
3. No account has been taken of the Fete, as it was felt the Church should not depend on this as a major source of income, on the grounds of both principle and expediency.
4. The Diocesan Quota which is the same as last year will be greatly increased in 1961.

Here and There in the Parish.

Since our last issue we have celebrated Bell Sunday, when the preacher at Evensong was the Rev. Hugh Benson, Vicar of Elsfield, himself a ringer. On the Friday previous the World Record Tablet was dedicated at a special ringers service in church.

The Bishop of Dorchester confirmed sixteen candidates from the parish at a moving service on December 3rd, and all made their 1st Communion on St. Nicholas' Day. On this day the Rev. Derek Eastman of St. Andrew's, Headington, preached a most interesting sermon, in which he wove much fresh historical information about our neighbouring parishes.

The Rev. Peter Cottingham, Rector of St. Clement's, preached at Evensong on the "Authority of the Bible." This was most appropriate as our Patronal Festival fell on Bible Sunday.

On the Saturday previous, many of us attended the supper in the Church Hall, organised by Mrs. Heatley, in aid of World Refugees. Mr. Offen from Oxford Famine Relief introduced two films, which dealt with relief work and the need for support. During the discussion which followed a Committee was formed to arouse village interest in order to sponsor a child for a period of seven years, who would be brought over to England from the Ockenden Refugee Camp in Germany, and boarded and educated at the special home at Guildford. It is hoped that all village organisations will join in raising the £156 needed each year for this venture.

On the 13th of December our new A. and M. (Revised) hymn books, choir psalters and chant books were dedicated. Their purchase was made possible by a bequest, and many have expressed their joy at the change. It is hoped that perhaps an occasional congregational practice may help choir and congregation to agree in the matter of the pointing in the Nunc Dimittis! On one occasion the choir arrived at the Gloria one verse ahead of the congregation!

The Mothers' Union and Young Wives joined on December 15th to produce a simple yet devotional series of nativity tableaux and readings, under the direction of Mrs. Carter. The final tableau was made most effective by the arrival from all parts of the church of characters in international costumes, together with children who acted in a most spontaneous and reverent manner.

The Men's Forum on the same day was addressed by Mr. Norman Jones, the County Youth Organiser, who introduced the topic: "The Teenager—a contemporary challenge!" It was good to see such a good cross-section of men from the parish, and the discussion was very worth while, leaving us all with the inner question: "Are the Youth always to blame..... or might we do more to help?"

The Scouts and Cubs held their party on December 17th, and thanks to their Parents Committee, had an excellent tea, followed by a film show. During October the Troop were conducted round the Oxfordshire Police Headquarters by Sgt. Kersey of Old Marston, whilst in November they saw the production of the Oxford Mail from start to finish, at the Mail's Offices. Many thanks to the Scouters, and Parents who are doing everything to put the Troop on the map, and provide an interesting programme for it!

Where there is a community spirit, such as we have in our parish at Marston, there are never lacking good folk who do necessary jobs for the church in quiet ways. One cannot thank everyone, but a word of thanks must go to the washersup at parish functions, the men who worked night after night to get the church ready for Christmas, the caravan artist (who also watches stars!) who painted the wording on all our Christmas posters, the members of the Youth Fellowship who addressed and delivered parish Christmas cards, and the immortal soul, who takes time off from auditing the church accounts, only to spend it in putting in screws in the pews, and does not like to see his name in the "News!"

An Apology.

We inadvertently referred to Mrs. Cattermole in connection with the Dr. Barnardo's collection made in the parish. This should of course have been Mrs. Bangs, to whom we extend an apology for the error.

Advertisers.

Thank you — to all advertisers who use our Alphabetical Directory. We are glad to see some new names appearing this month, and can assure them that, although their subscription is a considerable help in producing the Marston News, it is by no means just a "gift to charity." Many people have said how much they rely on the Directory which tells them at a glance where they can purchase or ring up about their needs.

A Vacancy.

Clerk to the Marston Parish Council.

This part-time post will fall vacant on 1st April, 1960. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons. Duties involving the secretarial and accounting work of the Council. Some knowledge of local government and/or committee work would be an advantage. Salary £60 per annum payable quarterly.

Apply in writing in the first instance to C. F. Mettem, Clerk to the Council, 61 Delbush Avenue, Headington, Oxford.

A Holiday.

There may be snow on the ground when this reaches you, but nevertheless there's no time to waste if you're thinking about spending this year's holiday at Lee Abbey in North Devon. Full details about this economic, attractive and holiday "plus" centre are posted in the church porch. The Vicar and Mrs. Rimmer are anxious to know of any who would join them in forming a parish party to go there, preferably during August. Any who are thinking about this should contact them immediately, and bookings ought to be in by mid-January, otherwise it will be too late.

PARISH CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

- Jan. 1. New Year's Day. Circumcision of our Lord.
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 3. 2nd Sunday after Christmas.
8.15 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).
9.30 a.m. Children's Church.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 5. 7.30 p.m. Y.F. Party.
- " 6. Epiphany of our Lord. 11 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Young Wives :
Miss Turner : "Work among the Cockneys."
- " 7. 7.30 p.m. Parish Intercessions (Church).
8.0 p.m. Bible Study (Vicarage).
- " 10. 1st Sunday after Epiphany.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. Children's Church.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 13. Parish Party (organised by M.U. & Y.W's.).
- " 14. 7.30 p.m. Parish Intercessions (Church).
8.0 p.m. Bible Study (Vicarage).
- " 17. 2nd Sunday after Epiphany.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evensong. (Y.F. Discussion afterwards).
- " 19. 8.0 p.m. Men's Forum (Vicarage).
- " 20. 7.45 p.m. Mrs. Harlow on "Australia" (M.U. & Young Wives).
- " 21. 7.30 p.m. Parish Intercessions (Church).
8.0 p.m. "Prayer and the Church Overseas"—an informal meeting at the Vicarage.
- " 23. Sunday School Parties. (See Youth Notes).
- " 24. 3rd Sunday after Epiphany.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. Children's Church.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
4.0 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 25. Conversion of St. Paul. 11 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 26. 8.0 p.m. P.C.C. Meeting.
- " 28. 7.30 p.m. Parish Intercessions (Church).
8.0 p.m. Bible Study (Vicarage).
- " 31. 4th Sunday after Epiphany.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. Children's Church.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

New Year's Resolutions.

Have you made yours? If not, what about these?

1. An anti-grumbling campaign, beginning from NOW!
2. A daily time for prayer and quiet with God—beginning from TODAY!
3. A definite decision to accept Christian responsibility, or leadership, if God calls me to it.
4. A determination to LOVE people—and, when I fail, to LOVE again.

Young People's Notes.

N.B. The Sunday Schools Christmas Parties will be on Saturday, 23rd January. Infants : 3—5 p.m. : Older ones : 6—8 p.m.

Youth Fellowship.

On December 13th, 20 young people came forward at Evensong to be enrolled in the new St. Nicholas Fellowship. The Fellowship is primarily for confirmed young people over the age of 14, but Associate Membership is open to those of this age who are not confirmed, but who agree to attend confirmation instruction, or who belong to another denomination, and are in accord with the Fellowship's Aim.

The Fellowship has planned a Hockey Match on January 2nd between the Old Crocks and the Young Bloods, and on January 5th a Members Social will be held in the Church Hall. We look forward to great times together in the days ahead!

The Pathfinder Girls.

Advance news of the Pathfinder Girls Holiday Camp at Prestatyn from August 18th—September 1st. The cost will be £6 for the fortnight plus railway fare (c. £1). Girls of eleven and over who attend the Pathfinder meetings will be eligible to go to this fine holiday centre, for which a boarding school has been hired. Those who wish to go are asked to place their holiday bank account with Miss Liles, who will act as Treasurer.

Choirboys.

Under the expert coaching of an ex-professional player for Luton Town, Mr. Mullens, the choir boys have won the following victories at football :

Blackbird Leys 0	St. Nicholas 10
Littlemore Church 0	St. Nicholas 20

BAPTISMS

“Admitted into the flock of Christ Church”

- Nov. 22. Deborah Ailene, daughter of Norman and Leslie Haynes.
Virginia Mary, daughter of Michael and Freda Day.
„ 29. Marita Jane, daughter of Joseph and June Morkin.
Dec. 5. Judith Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Philip and Rachel Wicks.
„ 13. Kathryn Ann, daughter of Walter and Marion Dunkley.
Joanne, daughter of Michael and Janet Edwards.
Nicola Jane, daughter of Arthur and Diana Pollard.

MARRIAGE.

“Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder”

- Dec. 3. Valroy Durham Taylor and Judith Mary Bayliss.

IN MEMORIAM

- Nov. 28. Frederick George Weller, 75 years.

THE CHURCH'S TRAINING COLLEGES

Training Christian Teachers



GARTH CHRISTIAN

“OUR most valuable work is done out of school hours,” said the Headmaster of one of our best grammar schools. I knew what he meant. Those school trips to France and Germany when the masters in charge really come to know their boys; that Scout camp in the New Forest; that pilgrimage to the Cathedral; and, not least important, those minutes of silent, secret prayer when masters who regard their profession as “a special kind of priesthood” seek divine blessing on their pupils—and leave the rest to the Holy Spirit.

“Who touches a boy, by the Master’s plan,

Is shaping the course of a future man . . .

. . . Is dealing with one who is living seed,

And may be the man whom the world shall need.”

No wonder the people in the parishes, through the Diocesan Quota and in other ways, are asked to contribute an ever-growing sum towards the Church’s Training Colleges. For few tasks can be more important than the provision of Christian teachers, not only for the Church’s 3,500 Aided Schools and 3,800 Controlled Schools, but also for the State-owned county schools.

How is the Church meeting this challenge?

Visiting the Church Training Colleges in London, Derby, Chichester or elsewhere can be an exciting experience. And sometimes one which offers scope for much sombre thought. For in Christian England, quite a large number of the young men and women who apply for admission to the Training Colleges have had little or no experience of Christian fellowship. They possess all too little awareness of what it is to “be the Church.”

This fact provides Churchmen in the Training Colleges, and those outside who pray and pay for them, with special difficulties and opportunities, for under a rule introduced as long ago as 1908, no more than fifty per cent of those seeking places shall be rejected on religious grounds. This wise measure ensures that a typical cross-section of our best young men and women find their way to the Training Colleges and learn, often for the first time, what it is like to live in a Christian community.

Yet at all the Church Training Colleges that I have seen, it is made quite plain to new students that it really is a Church College. Attendance at worship is not compulsory, but all are expected to take part

willingly and regularly in the services of the Church.

Many students also welcome opportunities to serve their Master in the parishes. For a healthy Training College is no self-centred community. The life of hard work in the science laboratory and the gymnasium, the club room and lecture hall aims at helping the young people to look outwards with minds that are sympathetic and informed. They are encouraged to make their own music and drama, to read widely and to think straight. But in a Church Training College they are also urged to find before the altar that inner strength and faith that should inspire and sustain their work in the classroom.

Since the War, the Church Assembly has committed the Church of England to spending more than £2,500,000 on our Training Colleges. The first £1,300,000 has already been spent; and with the Ministry of Education issuing grants on a fifty-fifty basis, total expenditure on the improvement and expansion of the

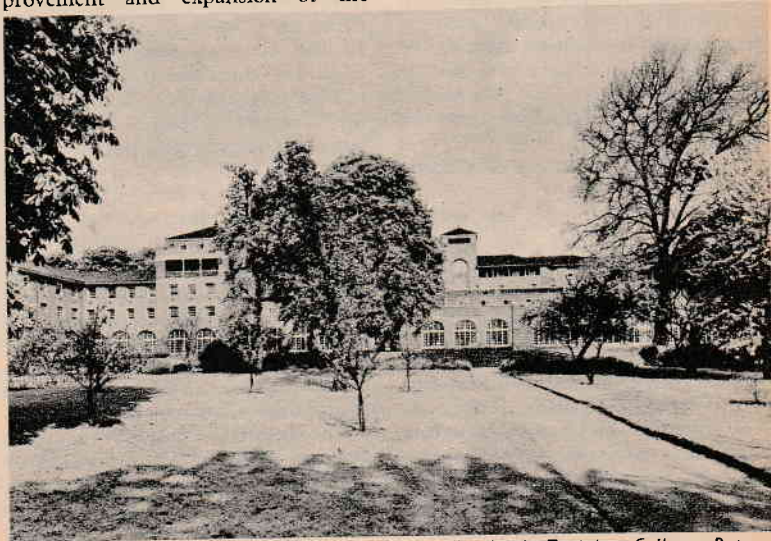
Colleges was long ago estimated at about £2 million.

That is not enough if we are to meet the needs of a world where education—Christian education—is at last beginning to gain its proper due. Thus, early in 1959, the Church Assembly decided to make available a further £1,200,000, and to increase the number of students in the twenty-six Church Training Colleges from about 5,000 to 7,715. Special attention is rightly being given to meeting the need for science teachers. And a new College is to be opened.

Money well spent? Most visitors to the Church's Training Colleges would surely agree that it is. Those who prepare to dedicate themselves to the most important work of teaching need the prayers and practical help of Christians everywhere. For it is no light responsibility which they undertake.

“Who touches a boy, by the Master's plan,

Is shaping the course of a future man . . .”



Whitelands Training College, Putney



The Grandeur of Beverley



WILLIAM R. MITCHELL

AT the very centre of Beverley Minster is a tomb slab which commemorates a Christian who died more than 1,230 years ago, but whose spirit still lingers in what is now the capital of fertile East Yorkshire. His name was John, and he was a Yorkshireman by birth, though in those days the area was called Deira, an Anglian kingdom within Northumbria.

John, who founded the Christian settlement at Beverley, became Bishop of York, and counted scholarly Bede among his pupils. He lighted a lamp of Christian witness which has burned during most of the recorded history of Britain. He retired to Beverley when he was 78 years old, and he died three years later, in A.D. 721. Three centuries later he was canonised, and his shrine became a notable point of pilgrimage.

There is a statue of him in the exquisite greystone reredos in Beverley Minster. It looks down a lofty, spacious building that is one of the ecclesiastical glories of England. The Minster is 333 feet long inside, and 65 feet separate the stone slabs on the floor from the fine roof vaulting. The towers soar greyly to a height of 162 feet.

Yet this vast building is simply a parish church, supervised by a Vicar. It lies within the diocese of York, and it is not the only architectural gem in Beverley. St. Mary's Church,

built mainly during the 14th and 15th centuries, is another local building which makes visitors shiver with delight. Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," spent many of his holidays in Beverley, and it is not unlikely that he was struck with the possibilities of a carving beside a doorway in the north aisle of St. Mary's—a rabbit carrying a satchel. Was it the basis of the White Rabbit of the famous book?

St. John's relics, which drew pilgrims by the thousand in medieval England, were given their present brick vault in the Minster as recently as 1726. In the 11th century they rested in a shrine of jewelled and precious metal, but this has long since disappeared.

The monastery founded by St. John about 693 was an unpretentious building in the woods of Deira. It was enlarged some 13 years later. Marauding Danes destroyed it. The refounding was by Athelstan, first king of all England, who, while warring against the Scots in 937, spent a night prostrate before the tomb of St. John, imploring his aid. When he left for battle, his dagger remained on the altar and he vowed that if he was successful he would redeem it with princely gifts. The battle was won and Athelstan was as good as his word, for he founded a College of Secular Canons and granted the monastery the right of sanc-



The Minster's twin towers rise to a height of 162 feet

tuary, a privilege which was enjoyed until 1609.

It was a right worth having in 1069, when Norman William ravaged the North Country, for he spared only the territory of St. John of Beverley. In the Minster today you can see the 1,000-years-old stone sanctuary chair, or "frid stool," which was used, on an average, by about ten people every year.

A Norman church arose at Beverley, the third building on the site, and of it there remains only a font. Then began the long years of creating the "exquisite poem in stone," which is the present Minster. It began to take shape early in the 13th century, with the building of the East End, in Early English style. It continued into the 14th century, with the creation of the Nave, in Decorated style, and it reached its culmination early in the 15th century, when the West End was completed, the style being Per-

pendicular. The Great East Window dates from 1416.

Then, in 1547, the College of Secular Canons was dissolved and about this time the Chapter House was destroyed. A decade passed, and when Queen Elizabeth re-established the Minster it became a parish church. Although the fabric has often received attention down the years, it has kept its old-time purity of design. Yet the vibration caused by modern traffic and by the ringing of the bells, coupled with the steady erosion by weather, has meant that an appeal had to be made in 1954 for £25,000 to carry out urgent repairs.

On my last visit to Beverley Minster I was captivated by the wizardry of Perpendicular architecture—by grey flagstones, grey columns and grey vaulted roof, to which the eyes are constantly straying. I looked with admiration at the details, including the decorated Percy Tomb. In it is commemorated Lady Eleanor Percy,



The Nave, looking West. Set in the floor is a tablet commemorating St. John of Beverley



The 1,000-year-old Sanctuary Chair
The right of Sanctuary was abolished in 1609

wife of the first Lord. The family is usually associated with Northumberland, yet originally they settled in Yorkshire, and the family had a branch in Beverley.

I met Great John, the seven-ton bell of Beverley Minster which booms out the time, and saw a unique clock—the only one on earth that strikes on bells in two towers. Also unique are the tunes for the quarter chimes, for they were composed by a Minster organist, John Camidge.

The organ, almost 200 years old in its essentials, has about 4,000 pipes. That figure of 4,000 is significant. The sum of £4,000 is needed annually to maintain Beverley Minster. Although it is a heavy burden for the local people, it is surely a comparatively small price for maintaining one of the Gothic splendours of Europe.

Letters

The Spirit saith unto John,

“Write.

Hear the great Word, send it on,
Speed its flight—

Strengthen seven struggling bands
Of My Church in pagan lands;
Mine the power, but thine the hands:
Write.”

The Spirit saith unto Paul,

“Write.

Jew and Gentile, send the call
Forth in might!

Spread the tidings of the Lord,
Love victorious, Love outpoured;
Send epistles far abroad:
Write.”

The Spirit saith unto me,

“Write.

Letter overdue from thee
Send, ere night!

Someone waits whom I may teach
In kindest word of common speech;
Someone only you can reach:—
Write.”

MRS. L. S. ANDERSON

Church Notes and Views

Grosmont Cross

THE churchyard cross at Grosmont, Monmouthshire, is not as it was first built. Like so many, it lost its carved head after the Reformation. But some years ago, the then Vicar found a very interesting carving in a builder's yard and brought it to the church, where it now forms the head of the cross. It is early Norman work and similar to much that is found in the neighbouring county of Hereford—M.W. (HEREFORD).

Re-Illuminated

THE following incident, related to me by a parson friend who was curate in a Midland parish some time ago, may perhaps amuse your readers.

One of the parishioners, after many years of married life, had just lost his wife and on her tombstone inscribed the poignant words: "The Light of my life is gone out." Notwithstanding this, he married again within a few months.

The day after his wedding it was found that an unknown hand had chalked beneath the epitaph on his first wife's grave: "You . . . soon found another match!"
—H. E. EVANS (CAMBERLEY).

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. Entries should be sent to: The Editor, II, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.

Courtesy

THE article "By Their Fruits," in the June issue of *Home Words* has inspired me to recount a little experience of my own. Certainly chivalry is still delightfully alive.

Recently I was about to board a bus just behind a party of five young men, one of whom happened to turn and see me. "Come along, dear," he said cheerfully; "girls before men," and they all stood aside while I passed in before them. I could only say "Thank you," but I felt like hugging them. I am 75. There is no doubt that our boys, of all ages, are the salt of the earth. Britain for ever!—K.O. (SUTTON).



Our Open Churches

HOW pleasant is our English custom of leaving churches unlocked during the daytime! In Holland, for example, churches of all denominations are usually only open for services. Larger, more important churches are sometimes open to allow sightseers to see their interiors; if so, an admission fee is often charged.—S. HUGHES (WALSALL).

Long-Service Vicars

WHEN Canon Evan Jones, Vicar of St. Michael's, Beguildy (Knighton), retired recently, it was discovered that only eight Vicars had served the parish since 1665, and the length that each had served is as follows: 35 years, 38 years, 39 years, 30 years, 45 years, 41 years, 36 years and 29 years.

Much is known of the last five Vicars. A Curate's stipend was available from 1740 until 1916, but only thirteen Curates can be traced, the last eight from 1885-1915 are well remembered.—M. E. JONES (KNIGHTON).



Two-Faced Dial

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY Lissan Church, near Cookstown, County Tyrone, N.I., of which parish the Rev. George Walker was incumbent prior to the Siege of Derry, has this unusual sundial built into the south-west corner stone. The dial has two faces, and it is reputed to be the only one of its kind in Ulster.—R. J. TWIGG (COOKSTOWN, CO. TYRONE).



Lych-gate cum Stable

THE church of St. Ystyffan at Llanstephan, on the western borders of Radnorshire, has an unusual Lych-gate. Built on to the gate is stabling which, in former days, was used by the parson to house the horse which he had ridden to the church when attending services.

The church at Llanstephan is largely 13th century with an early 14th century chancel; it has a bell of about 1450 and a 14th century font basin. Standing high above the valley of the Wye, which here forms the western boundary of Radnorshire, the church commands fine views.—ERIC L. KING (WORCESTER).

An Illustrious Family

MONUMENT in Mancetter church, Warwickshire, to the last member of one of England's noblest families, which was associated with the county for seven centuries, and claimed descent through Lady Godiva of Coventry, bears this proud epitaph:

"In memory of Charles Bracebridge: the last of that most ancient family, descended from Alfred the Great, John of Gaunt, and Robert Bruce. A Christian gentleman, he worthily closed this noble and royal lineage, 13th July, 1872."—G. H. (ATHERSTONE).



The Travellers' Bell

THE lonely downland village of Berwick St. John, Wiltshire, has a beautiful 15th century tower. A bequest was made by a Vicar of the parish, during the course of the 18th century, to enable a bell to be rung for fifteen minutes every evening, from the 10th of September until the 10th of March, to guide lost or might-be-lost travellers safely to the village.—J. DENTON ROBINSON (DARLINGTON).

★ ————— ★

Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

★ ————— ★

Monday—Washing

Before washing blankets that have soiled spots on them, make a few stitches in coloured thread round the spots. They may then be easily located when the blankets are wet and a great deal of time is saved.—MRS. A. STOPS (NORTH-AMPTON).

Tuesday—Sewing

If you do a lot of sewing, keep a magnet in your work basket; it will pick up steel pins and needles off the floor so easily.—MISS L. SELBY (BROMLEY).

Wednesday—Nursing

Many people find difficulty in swallowing pills. If a small piece of bread is masticated in the mouth and, just before it is swallowed a pill is put in, both will easily slip down the throat together.—MRS. E. PARHAM (WIMBORNE).

Thursday—Cooking

Rhubarb and Lemon jam.—5 lb. rhubarb, 5 lemons, 6 lb. sugar. Cut the rhubarb into small pieces, put on a dish and sprinkle with sugar. Leave 12 hours or overnight. Boil the lemons until tender and leave to drain. Bring the rhubarb to the boil, add warmed sugar, cut the lemons into very small pieces, (remove pips) and add to the rhubarb. Boil until setting point is reached (5 mins.). Pot and seal. This makes about 12 lbs. of jam.—MRS. E. PINKS (EXHALL, COVENTRY).

Friday—Household

To undo stubborn metal rings on Kilner or similar jars, rotate the jar rapidly, whilst holding the metal ring *only* near a gas jet, for a few *seconds* only. A similar result may be obtained by immersing the *ring only* in boiling water

for one minute. Some screws and nuts and bolts may sometimes be moved if they are *tightened* first.—ROB. G. PAYNE (SHERWOOD, NOTTINGHAM).

Saturday—Children

I am sure many mothers will find this a time-saver in what can be a tiresome job. When you want to replace old elastic, lightly sew the ends of the old and the new together. When you draw out the old, the new follows.—MRS. E. SMITH (RUABON).

• • •

PATERNOSTER

He can't have been more than four years old. There he stood, dressed in his Sunday best: peaked cap, mute brown tweed overcoat, and tucked under his arm a Sunday newspaper. The weather was breezy, and a passing shower made the road and the pavements gleam as the sun came through the fleeting clouds. It seemed, even to me, a morning full of promise; to him it was obviously charged to the full with joyful anticipation.

A very big man came forth from the shop, a sack over his shoulder—not at all in Sabbath array, but, as I thought, off for a morning's work on his allotment. He was tall and broad and his face was bronzed and weather-beaten. The child looked up at him with a world of admiring trust in his gaze. He was apparently ignored, but he trotted along at the man's side, and presently a large left hand was held down towards him and into it he thrust his small right one. No word passed. They proceeded in complete mutual understanding and harmony.

So, I thought, might Joseph have held out his hand to the very young Jesus; for Him, the first faint image of the Fatherhood of God. G. A. B.

• • •

•• 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.

Household Hints

To remove grease marks on wallpaper.—Mix fullers earth powder to a thick paste with cold water and apply fairly thickly to the grease marks. Leave until thoroughly dry—preferably overnight—and then brush off with a clean soft brush.

To clean a tannin stained teapot.—Fill it with hot water to which has been added a little soda or borax. Allow to stand for half an hour. Clean with a brush and cloth and rinse thoroughly. The teapot will then be ready for use again.

Friendship

Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorises you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come in relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity—which are rare—leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them!—
O. W. HOLMES.

Dear Lord, I Pray

(Based on the prayer on Woman's Page for May, 1959)

Help me, dear Lord, I pray
To do my work each day
Most faithfully.

Lift from the earth my eyes
That I forget not skies,
And stars to see!

Though dreams of castles bright
Come not within my sight,
Patience teach me!

For good and sweet home-ties,
And golden memories,
All Praise to Thee!

When falls Life's twilight hour,
Still may Thy gracious power
Gentle find me.

F. M. M.

Footprints in the Snow

Photo: H.S.B.



Bitter - Sweet

by MARTHA KNOTT

IT was our Grandmother on our father's side who told us stories when we were children. We lost our mother when we were very young. It was in 1901, the year Queen Victoria died, and there were four of us. My brother Tom was ten; I came next, being eight; then there was my younger brother, who was six, and we had a little sister who was just four years old. We must have been a handful!

Now Grandma came every Thursday evening, expressly to fine-comb our hair, and see that we washed ourselves properly. Each in turn was called in from play, and woe betide us if we dared to disobey. She would sit with her spectacles at the end of her nose as she combed out and pulled our curly hair. My hand would move nervously to my head, only to receive a sharp slap, my shoulders would be jerked and my tender twitching body held firmly between her firm, hard knees. After washing, she would inspect each one of us. I disliked the operations; so did my little brother. He was as stupid as a mule, Grandma declared, and I have seen her tie him to the oven door, and at another time douche his head under the cold-water tap.

But when she told us a story, Grandma was different. She would speak of her friends and relations. There was Cousin Sarah at Huddersfield, who gave me a pink cup and

saucer in a box lined with velvet which clicked with a magical clasp when you closed it. Cousin Sarah's husband kept a public-house. One night, Grandma whispered, the policeman went, because he saw a light after hours. He demanded the name of Cousin Sarah's husband. "You shall have it," she said. "Shadrach, Simon, Malachi, Saul, Solomon, Jonah, Timothy, Paul, Peter, Jesse, Jeremy, Ned, Obadiah, Ezekiel, William, Fred, Harry Mellor." Not being able to catch up with her diatribe, he let her husband off.

She told us of the Canon at the Church, who lost five children in infancy; how his wife was as fair as a flower in May, and how she loved my father and uncles, when they were little boys. One Sunday, though, the Canon brought my father out of his place in church, and made him stand up in front of the pulpit, where he could keep an eye on him. The news soon reached my grandma's ears. Suffice it to say that her slipper was waiting for him when he came home, and it wasn't a carpet slipper, either! At another time she would speak of Miss Agnes, the Canon's only surviving child, who combined her father's cleverness and wit with her mother's beauty, and, added Grandma with a smile, "Your Auntie Sallie is called after her, Sarah Agnes."

Often Grandma would talk of her own father, and "I am like him," she

proudly asserted. We never knew our great-grandfather, but Grandma had wavy hair and rosy cheeks. Plenty of soap and water she believed in, and so did he; he lived to be 92, and had two rows of teeth, his own, and he didn't wear spectacles, either. He rose with the sun and went to bed at sundown. He didn't "brun t'condle at boo-oth ends." He worked in the daylight. He wove shawls on his hand-loom in the garret of his little cottage and if you looked carefully over his door you would see carved out of the stone, "Wentworth Cottages." Grandma could trace her ancestry to Sir Thomas Wentworth, who was a great soldier and statesman ever so long ago. On the wall of the garret he had two pictures, one of "Little Goody Two-shoes" and the other of Mr. Disraeli.

But he thought highly, too, of Mr. Gladstone, for hadn't he once had a private audience, and been closeted with him for a whole hour, telling him about his craft; how he fringed his shawls, and how he put a cotton warp into a woollen weft? Mr. Gladstone patted him warmly and said, "Well done; Milton!" For that was his name, and people called him, "Owd Milton."

Then there was Blind Joe, the bellman, whose monument was in Alexandra Park in Oldham. When a child was missing he went around, ringing his bell, and calling out, so Grandma said:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!
Lost, stolen or strayed,
A child wi' bonny blue ecyn.
His mouth daubed with traycle
Lawst toime he wur seen."

She told us of Baden Powell, who relieved Mafeking, and who slept with one eye open and the other shut. And of General Gordon, who rode on a beautiful charger, and always carried his Bible with him. Grandma

had a great regard for soldiers and sailors. And that reminds me. It was one Christmas; my little hands were swollen with chilblains and I cried. Grandma said, "You mustn't cry. Cousin Jim didn't cry when he had frostbite." And then she told us about him. He was a soldier when King George IV was on the throne. Yes, it is a long time ago, but you must remember it was Grandma who was telling the story. Cousin Jim was "ansome, six feet two inches tall, with a sandy, waxed moustache,



which stood out and gave him a military look. You father is like him, and I used to be sandy too," she said.

She was mighty proud of Cousin Jim, in his scarlet coat and gold braid and buttons. He held his shoulders well back, and his head erect, and then my two brothers sat up straight, and I went to look in the mirror to see if I was sandy, though what it meant, I didn't know. My little sister just sat and wondered.

When Cousin Jim came up the street, he knew, like Tommy Atkins, just how to walk and where to put his feet, and in his white duckcloth

trousers and pork-pie hat he looked so very neat. Then Grandma's eyes filled with tears, and she lifted up the corner of her big white apron. "Please, don't cry," we said. "Tell us more about him." So she told us that he fought, when Napoleon of France was a general, under the great Duke of Wellington whom they called "the Iron Duke." He went to the Peninsular War, and that was in Spain.

"Had he any little girls?" I asked. "Yes, just one; her name was Esther." "Was she like me?" "Yes, she had curly hair." "Did she learn to be a soldier?" "Girls don't be soldiers," said our Tom. "They be nurses like Florence Nightingale."

But Grandma was growing tired. She looked at the clock and told us to go to bed. So Edward led the way, and there was a "tramp, tramp, tramp," of four pairs of feet, and Grandma's heavy tread following. Soon we were all wrapped in slumber sweet, where golden dreams awaited us of Kings and Queens and Generals, and soldiers in scarlet and gold, and Cousin Jim was the captain of them all, every inch a soldier.

Now we didn't hear the rest of that story for a long time. But one day my father told us, for Grandma had herself heard the Great Roll-call and her soul had gone marching on. It was quite true that Cousin Jim had fought in the Battle of Corunna, and that Sir John Moore had led his soldiers bravely through the mountain passes covered with snow; and that many of them fell sick with frostbite and that Cousin Jim was one of them. His hands were crippled, so that he could not hold his bayonet. He was so weak that he fell by the way and was left behind in a small hamlet. There he noticed a dog-kennel and he crept inside. The dog licked his poor hands and feet and shared its food with him,

until he could move on and pick up with some of the regiment, who took him to a sick-bay. He had a letter in his pocket which told him of Esther's baby, Christine, and in his delirium he called out, "Esther, Christine; Christine, Esther."

Time passed and Cousin Jim was well enough to be invalided home, and eventually he returned to his native town—Salford. Suddenly, he caught sight of a little child holding an enamel mug. Could she be Esther's little girl? He called out "Christine! Christine!" and strangely enough she came up to him with her mug of treacle. They were going to have treacle dumplings for dinner. Taking him by the hand, she led him to her home and there was Esther. Father, daughter and child were re-united. "My daddy was a sailor," said Christine, "and you are a real soldier, aren't you?" "Yes! and I'm your Grandpa, too." And then it was that Esther told her father about her sailor husband, whom she met after her father went to the war. He never saw little Christine. He was killed in a skirmish and buried at sea, wrapped round with a Union Jack. But Christine was "the spit of him." Cousin Jim told my Grandma that tears as big as peas rolled down his cheeks when he heard the sad news. But now he had come safely home, and would take care of them both.

With the memory of that eventful meeting, I will leave Grandma's Cousin Jim with Esther and Christine, and with the echo of my father's words still ringing in my ears: "Life is like that. It has its joys and sorrows; it is bitter-sweet. It *has* to be that way. For did not the dear Lord Jesus lay his glory by, to teach us this very truth, on earth? 'Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?' That is the very essence of Bitter-Sweet."

★
★
THE MESSAGE OF THE
BELLS

Ringin' The Changes

MICHAEL STEVENSON
★
★

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of
gold;

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier
hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
(1809-1892).

★ ★ ★
FOR many centuries bell ringing
in England was recognised as a
highly-skilled profession, and
much of the country's history can be
traced through the story of the bells.

In the Middle Ages it was generally
supposed that bells had supernatural
powers, and certainly some of the
tales connected with bell ringing do
much to support this superstition.

As early as the seventh century,
bells made history, when the Bishop of
Aurelia rang them to warn his people
that they were being attacked. The
enemy, who had probably never heard
bell-ringing before, fled at the sound
which they believed to be the devil
preparing to destroy them. Thus
the people were saved, and soon there
spread a general belief that bells

had power to heal the sick, drive
away evil spirits, calm storms and
save people from plague and pesti-
lence. In the event of death, the
death knell was rung to chase away
the devil from the soul of the de-
parted.

So strongly were these powers
believed that in the seventeenth cen-
tury funds were presented to St.
Sepulchre's, of Old Bailey, to provide
bell-ringing on the day condemned
prisoners were executed. A special
service was held, and then as the
prisoners left the church each was
handed a nosegay of flowers.

In country districts bells were used
to call the people to the fields. There
was the 'Seeding' and the 'Harvest'
bells, and the 'Gleaning' bell to warn
the people that it was time to start
and finish their work. In some rural
areas there was a special 'Pancake'
bell which was rung on Shrove Tues-
day to remind the villagers of the
season of Lent.

On market days a bell was rung to
indicate the time to start selling, and
at a later date an 'Oven' bell was
introduced to warn the people that
the Lord of the Manor's oven was
hot, and they could come and bake
their bread.

One of the superstitions connected
with bells suggests that they have
the power to ring themselves. One
story relates how after the murder of
Thomas à Becket, the bells of Canter-
bury began to toll. The inhabitants
of the city were terrified, and their
fright became even more acute when,
peering into the Cathedral, they could
see no one, only the bell ropes going
up and down of their own accord.
Similarly, the great bell at Saragossa
was said to toll before the death of a
Spanish monarch.

Then there are the stories of mis-
fortune that has overcome those who
have misused the bells.

In the town of St. Gall, in Switzer-

land, the man employed to cast the bell stole some of the silver and used instead some inferior materials. When the bell was finished no one appeared able to ring it. This angered the maker, who, in his rage, grasped the rope and pulled so hard that the clapper crashed down on his head and killed him.

In England, in the sixteenth century, Sir Miles Partridge gambled with Henry VIII for the bells of St. Paul's. He won, but it was not long before he met his death by execution. Then again, there was Arthur Bulkeley, Bishop of Bangor from 1542 to 1553, who sold the bells of his Cathedral. He went to the docks to see them safely shipped, where he is said to have been struck blind for his sin. There are many other stories of the sale of bells. In some cases the seller has been ruined, while in others the ships carrying the bells away have been sunk in mysterious circumstances.

There are also stories of bells which have been punished. When Ivan the Terrible was murdered in 1591 the church bell at Uglich sounded the alarm. For this great sin the bell was sentenced to 300 lashes and was exiled for almost as many years. The punishment was carried out, and the bell was sent in disgrace to Siberia!

On New Year's Eve the Bells of Britain, and of numerous countries overseas, ring out their message of hope and peace to men of good will. Christian people everywhere will be

praying that that message may not fall on deaf or unwilling ears, but that all who hear them may resolve, nations as well as individuals, to "seek peace and ensue it."



WORLD RECORD

BY taking part in 1,800 full peals of 5,000 changes and over, on both church and handbells, Ernest Morris of Leicester (above) holds a world record in that he has rung more than any other living person. Since the introduction of this "English Art" of ringing the changes in the 16th century, only two other men ever reached this total. Mr. Morris is the Ringing Master of St. Margaret's Church, Leicester, and in addition to his activities in the belfry, he has written several standard works on this subject.

FACTS AND FIGURES

The Church's 26 Training Colleges contain about a quarter of all students in teacher training colleges throughout England and Wales.

* * *

While the Church's Colleges strictly speaking have accommodation for only 5,500 students, such is the de-

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* * *

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Cover picture : Easter candles. C. W. Clarke