

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 28

JUNE, 1960

Price 4d.

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

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

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 8.0 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.) 10 a.m. (except on 3rd Sunday).
Morning Prayer : 11 a.m.
Pathfinder Girls' 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 3.15 p.m.
Evensong : 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days : Holy Communion as announced.

Holy Baptism : Fourth Sunday of the month at 4 p.m. unless otherwise announced. 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' Club : Fridays in Hall, 7 p.m.

Adventurers (Boys 11—13 years) : Tuesdays in Hall, 6.15—7.45 p.m.

Brownies : Fridays, 5.30 p.m. in Hall.

Cubs : Mondays, 5.45 p.m. in Hall.

Scouts : Thursdays, 7.15 p.m. in Hall.

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends.

May I first of all thank each one of you for all your help and encouragement over the past year, and for your generous gift this Eastertime.

St. Nicholas' Church Fete has become a legend, and the increasing number who have attended in recent years are ample evidence of its popularity. Everyone who comes is sure of a time of rollicking entertainment, some good bargains (who is there in Marston who has never heard of "Mrs. Barnsley's White Elephant Stall?") an attractive tea—as well as the knowledge that the money they spend is going to a good cause.

Many of you will have heard the exciting news that one of Britain's leading experts on wall paintings visited the church during May, and revealed, amongst other things, that there were traces of three super-imposed murals on the wall area above the chancel arch, the earliest dating back to the 14th century, and the latest—a Royal Coat of Arms—of the post-Reformation period.

The money from this year's Fete will go to the complete interior decoration of our church, and most probably the restoration of the earliest of these murals. So please ear-mark the date. Bring your family and friends. Spend as much as you dare, and enjoy yourselves to the full.

Your sincere friend,



MARSTON'S SUMMER FETE

in aid of the Interior Redecoration of St. Nicholas' Church
to be held in

The Vicarage Garden, Old Marston

on

Saturday, 18th June, 1960

To be opened at 2.30 p.m. by MRS. E. WILLMOTT.
(Bus No. 8 from St. Aldate's to Old Marston Church)

PROGRAMME 6d.

(Entry Form for competitions in this Magazine).

Miss Liles :

We shall have an opportunity to say Farewell to Miss Liles at an informal gathering in the Church Hall after the evening service on June 19th, at 7.45 p.m. Any who have not yet subscribed to her present are reminded that donations may be sent to Mr. B. G. Oliver, or to Mrs. Smith, 4 Windsor Crescent.

Mrs. Bing's Coffee Morning, 10.30—12. Whit Monday.

Mrs. Bing will be holding her ever-popular Coffee Morning, and this year the proceeds are to be divided between the Marston Refugee Fund and the Church Decoration Fund. Gifts of produce, cakes, tinned goods, and flowers, etc., will be most acceptable. There will be soft drinks for children.

Here and There in the Parish.

Spring is in the air, and Marston look its best with the blossom on the trees. How many stop to admire the Judas tree which stands next to Church Cottage. Were the swallows early this year? They were seen on April 6th on the telephone wires near Mr. Jennings' house—but perhaps even swallows musn't be late for school!

The Church was beautifully decorated for the Easter festival, and there can be fewer more enchanting sights than that of the sun streaming through the East Window and lending an additional radiance to the Easter flowers.

At the Easter Annual General Meeting the Vicar gave a resume of parish activities over the year, referring to recent additions such as the carpet down the centre aisle, vestry curtains, and chancel lights.

One interesting fact to be noted is that communicants had increased by 50% on the previous year. In his final remarks he urged that the question of a vergier-caretaker for the Church and Hall should be faced, as the parish lacked both. He also asked that secretaries of church societies should include in their Autumn programmes talks and discussions on Training in Christian Leadership, and "What a Christian believes and Why?" This was to be part of a long term policy, which aimed ultimately at making an evangelistic impact on the parish.

The Short Guide to St. Nicholas' Church has been completed, and will shortly be on sale in Church. It is based on the most recent information available, and there is no doubt that every parishioner will want to have a copy. The price will be announced later.

Adventurers :

This Parish Group was quite inadvertently omitted from the activities in the cover when this was recently revised, and we tender our apologies for its omission. Under its Leader, Mr. Anderson, 6 Haynes Drive, and assisted by various friends a weekly programme of strenuous games, rounded off with a challenging talk is provided for 11—13 year old boys. Helpers are urgently needed, and we should be glad to hear of any men in the parish who are keen on offering to youngsters "Christianity with a punch in it!"

Brownies :

The 26 Brownies of our Church Pack are progressing very satisfactorily with their "Golden Bar" Testwork. Many parents will have noticed their prowess with knots. Great stress is laid in the Brownie programme on "Road Sense," and the Pack is also learning the composition of the Union Jack. This summer we hope to have more outdoor activities, as well as a "Sausage Sizzle."

If any readers have had Brownie or Guide experience in the past, or would consider being trained to help with the Brownie or Guide work will they please contact the Vicar.

Pathfinders (Girls) .

This older age-group of girls are now busily preparing more Cane-work baskets for the Fete. Fifteen girls will be going to camp with Miss Liles in August.

Children's Church and Sunday School :

The Annual Outing for all members of the above will be to Wicksteed Park on June 7th. Completed forms and money should be returned to Miss Liles as soon as possible. Prices : Children 3/6 ; Grown-ups 7/6.

We do encourage parents to come with their children to the short Children's Church from 10—10.30 every Sunday morning in Church (except the 3rd Sunday when Family Communion is at 9.30 a.m.).

Scouts :

Annual General Meeting, May 3rd, 1960. About 20 parents attended the Scouts A.G.M. which was addressed by the new Group Scoutmaster, Mr. A. Brown, who, with the Scouters and Cubmasters outlined their plans for the future development of the Group. Mr. A. Smith and Mr. Tasker were re-elected as Chairman and Treasurer of the Parents Committee respectively, and Mr. Tulk was elected as Secretary. It is hoped that special effort will be organised to provide the necessary equipment for the Scouts and Cubs, for a future Scout Hut of their own.

Ringers Notes :

This month's notes have been sent in by Mr. Alec Gammon, and it is regretted that lack of space has forced us to abbreviate it substantially.

Ringers Annual Outing, April 23rd :

Twenty-nine people went on this year's Ringers Outing, including sixteen ringers from Marston, their friends, and one or two ringers from nearby towers.

The trip was to the Cotswolds, and stops were made at the towers at Taynton, Great Barrington, Great Rissington, The Slaughters, Little Compton, Long Hanborough, Moreton-in-the-Marsh and Bourton-on-the-Hill.

The Party were welcomed to coffee at Great Rissington by the Vicar, the Rev. Bates, stops for lunch and tea were made at Stow-on-the-Wold and

Moreton-in-the-Marsh.

Many people in the various villages, where often the bells had not been rung for a long time, expressed their appreciation of the ringers' efforts. The Rector of Little Compton said that he hoped the sound of the bells would inspire a band to come forward and ring at his tower again. At Stow-on-the-Wold, where St. Edward's Tower has a 27 cwt. Tenor bell amongst the fine set of eight, a ringer of 40 years standing so much enjoyed hearing the Marston Party ring this fine set of bells that he donated a pound note to the Ringers Fun.

The organisers of the Outing must be congratulated on its timing, and the necessary preparations which must have been put in before this marathon tour of towers.

A special word of congratulation must go to Mr. Alec Gammon who with the peal of All Saints Doubles rung on Easter Monday by the Oxford Diocesan Guild in 2 hours 35 minutes, became the first ringer of this tower with 25 peals to his credit on St. Nicholas' bells. Many people expressed their appreciation at hearing the bells ring on the Wedding Day of H.R.H. Princess Margaret and Mr. Anthony Jones.

* * *

New Shops

Many readers will be delighted to know that all the shops in Salford Road are now occupied. During this past month Miss Organ has opened a Ladies' Hairdressing saloon. A month or two earlier, Mrs. North opened a Hardware business. May we wish them prosperity in this new venture.

PARISH CALENDAR FOR JUNE

- June 1. Young Wives and Mothers' Union—at 7.45 p.m. in Hall.
Talk by Mrs. Rimmer on the Church of South India.
2. Young Wives Rally in Reading.
7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
5. Whit Sunday. Holy Communion 8 a.m. and 12 noon.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer. Preacher: The Rev. John de Satge.
3.15 p.m. Children's Service.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
6. Whit-Monday. "Elevenses" in Church Hall. Organised by
Mrs. Bing. 10.30—12 noon.
7. Sunday School Outing to Wicksteed Park. Depart 10 a.m.
8. Young Wives Deanery Meeting in Church Hall. Speaker: Mrs.
Shipp. 7.45 p.m.
9. C.M.S. Missionary Group Meeting at 8 p.m. in Vicarage.
7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
11. St. Barnabas Day. Apostle and Martyr. (Transferred to 14th).
12. Trinity Sunday.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
14. St. Barnabas Day. Holy Communion 11 a.m.
15. Mothers' Union Deanery Quiet Afternoon in Church, 3—4 p.m.
16. 7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
18. CHURCH FETE. 2.30 p.m.
19. First Sunday after Trinity.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer (Y.F. meets afterwards for discussion).
22. Young Wives' Evening Outing.
23. 7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
24. St. John the Baptist's Day. Holy Communion 11 a.m.
26. Second Sunday after Trinity.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
4.0 p.m. Baptisms.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
28. Mothers' Union Service and Annual General Meeting.
29. St. Peter's Day. Holy Communion 11 a.m.
30. 7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.

HOLY BAPTISM

- Apr. 28. Alison Denise, daughter of William and Dorothy Payne.
May 15. Christopher Thomas Henry, son of Kenneth and Jean Edwards.

MARRIAGE.

- May 11. Daniel Marriott Mickelthwaite to Winifred Hilda Griffin.

FUNERAL

- April 25. Alice Drewitt, aged 75 years.

COLLECTIONS

January	£85	7s.	11d.	(5 Sundays)
February	£70	6s.	10d.	(4 Sundays)
March	£81	19s.	1d.	(4 Sundays)
April	£99	3s.	1d.	(4 Sundays)

(This includes the Easter Offering given to the Vicar of £44 15s. 11d.).

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH FETE

JUNE 18th, 1960

ENTRY FORM

FANCY DRESS PARADE

To be judged at 2.45 p.m. at the Fete, 11 Elesfield Road.

Entry fee 6d. (including admission to Fete). Please return this slip to Mrs. Branch, 366 Marston Road, to Mr. Oliver. or the Vicar before the 18th.

Three prizes for each class : Class 1. Children 5 years and under.

Class 2. Children 6—9 years.

Class 3. Children 10—14 years.

In material or paper.

Please enter :—

Names Address Date of birth Class

.....
.....
.....

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH FETE

JUNE 18th, 1960

ENTRY FORM

BABY SHOW

To be judged at 3.30 p.m. at the Fete, 11 Elesfield Road.

Please return to Miss Liles, Mr. Oliver or the Vicar before the 18th.

Class 1. One month to six months.

Class 2. Seven months to twelve months.

Class 3. Thirteen months to eighteen months.

Please enter :—

Names Address Date of birth Class

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ENTRY FORM

ART COMPETITION

- Class 1. Children under 11 years.
- Class 2. Children 11 to 15 years.
- Class 3. Adults.

Subject : Optional : in paint, oils, crayons, pencil, or ink.
Paper : Not larger than 15 x 12 inches. Not smaller than 10 x 8 inches.
Rules : All entries must have name of Artist clearly on the back.
 Classes 1 & 2 must bear on the front, age in years and months.
 All entries to be given in by **Saturday June 11th** to Mrs. Smith,
 4 Windsor Crescent.

Entry Fee : Adults 6d. Classes 1 and 2, 3d.

Name	Address	Class
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ENTRY FORM

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

- Rules :**
1. All photographs to be taken by entrant, but printing may be done professionally.
 2. Entrant's name must be on all prints, which should be unmounted.
 3. The minimum size of prints should be "EN-PRINT" and the maximum 10 x 8.

Entry Fee : For ages 7—14 years, 6d. per print. 15 upwards, 1/- per print.

- Subjects :**
1. Inside or outside St. Nicholas' Church.
 2. Open subjects.

All Entries to be given in by **Saturday, June 11th** to Mrs. Smith,
4 Windsor Crescent. Excellent Prizes.

Name	Address	Class
.....
.....
.....

BERNARD CROFT DESCRIBES

★

The Passion Play Village

*Oberammergau And Its
Vicinity*

★

IT is now clear that there will be a great number of English church-folk among the visitors to Oberammergau for the Passion Play of 1960. Organized parties are going out there from many parishes and from at least one diocese—Wakefield.

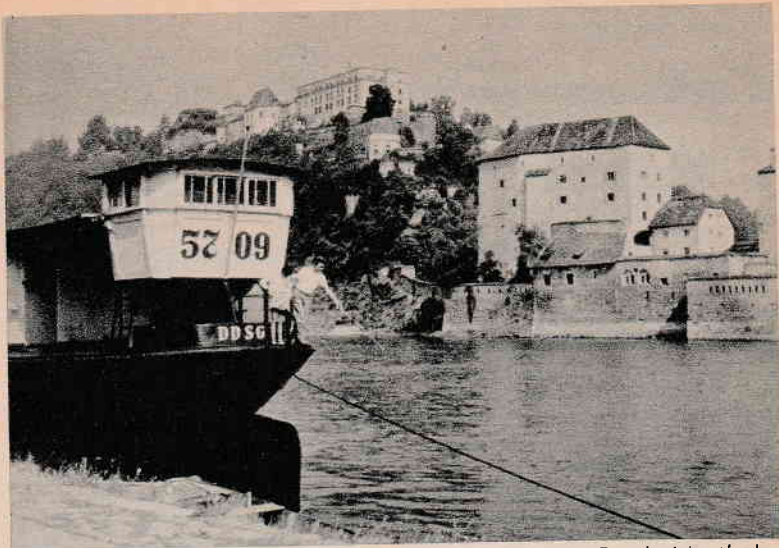
It is three hundred and twenty-eight years ago now since this tiny Bavarian village on the extreme southern border of Germany was ravaged by the dread "plague"—brought there, it is thought, by a soldier returning home from the Thirty Years' War. When the death roll had reached frightening figures,

a dozen elders of the village went to the village church and took a solemn vow that if they were spared they would present the story of our Lord's Passion every ten years. From that day, so it is said, no more people died of the plague. And for three and a quarter centuries the villagers of Oberammergau have kept their vow.

What is more, they have managed to keep the presentation of the Play an act of solemn worship and in a remarkable way to preserve it from the wrong sort of commercialisation. In one way or another, nearly all the villagers take some part in the Play—

Salzburg: from the Castle Walls





Passau: Where the Danube joins the Inn

on or off the stage.

The white walled houses, with their gay coloured murals and bright windowboxes of flowers, are naturally fully booked for accommodation during the Play many months ahead. Indeed, pilgrims to the Play can only book board and lodging in the village itself for a night or two; so travellers from England and other foreign countries must spend the rest of their stay at some other town or village. But there are many places of interest in the district to choose from; and all are easy of access whether you go by road or rail.

The village itself is in one of the most delightful parts of Germany; great mountains, green meadows and, everywhere, friendly people who will give you a Christian greeting whenever they meet you about the streets of the towns or along the pathways of the countryside.

Some people, I know, are hoping to combine a visit to the Play with another to the Olympic Games in Rome. But that, of course, means

considerable travelling. There are many other, nearer, centres of great interest. To the north there is Munich—the capital of Bavaria—which is, however, a busy, sophisticated city and may well not be everybody's idea of a further holiday-centre. But I can recommend Augsburg—an ancient city which has figured prominently in the religious history of Europe. It is the city of Holbein, Luther, and Mozart. You will love the main street of "Burgher" houses—and "The Fuggerie"—the first housing-estate in Europe!

Then, to the south (over the Austrian border) there is Innsbruck; with its wide main street, the *Mariatheresastrasse*, the house with the "golden" roof (actually it is brass!) and interesting churches and museums. And to the south-east—Salzburg, one of the loveliest cities in Europe and famous of course for its Festival. And outside Salzburg is the "Salzkammergut" or Lake-district (S. Wolfgang of "White Horse Inn" fame—and a

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Stately Home or White Elephant?

The Country Parsonage

A. ELLIOTT CANNON

DO you feel sorry for the "Vic-aress" in your village, trying to run a monstrous place on a shoe-string budget? Countrywomen know how inconvenient these houses are—cold, draughty places where the pump freezes in winter and there is dry rot in the bedrooms. Yet many townswomen, I feel, still envy the lot of creatures who live in such pleasant-looking houses. Perhaps the Victorian novels of Anthony Trollope are responsible for the vision of a tranquil existence of genteel leisure.

Margaret Paston in the fifteenth century gives us a pleasing picture of a country rectory in those far-off days:

"The dwelling place of the parsonage is adjoining to the courtyard, well-housed and repaired, hall chambers, barn, dove-house, and all houses of offices . . . and it hath two large gardens with fruit, with free land, arable, pasture, and meadow."

And Robert Herrick, the seventeenth century Devon poet, was well content with his house:

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof . . .
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,

Who thither come, and freely get

Good words, or meat;

Like as my parlour, so my hall

And kitchen's small . . .

A hundred years later, Oliver Goldsmith portrays a country parsonage in *The Vicar of Wakefield*:

"My house consisted of but one storey, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well-scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third with two beds for the rest of the children."

Snug, and cosy, but by no means large houses for the Rector of Dean Prior and the Vicar of Wakefield.

These country parsonages appear to have been pleasant enough; but not all were. A vicarage near Totnes is described thus by Baring Gould:



Photo: Reece Winstone

Somersby Rectory, Lincolnshire (Birthplace of Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

"Now this house has but a single window looking outwards, and that is the great hall window. All the rest look inwards into the tiny quadrangle, which is almost like a well, never illumined by the sun, so small is it. The sitting room was dark as a vault."

A certain John Price, Victorian Vicar of Painscastle in Breconshire, had novel views on housing. This saintly eccentric chose to dwell in three old bathing machines. When they were destroyed he took up residence in a hen-house!

William Barnes's Rectory at Winterbourne Came, in Dorset, is more orthodox. It is described by the poet's daughter:

"A cosy little nest—a thatched cottage with wide eaves and wider verandah, on whose rustic pillars roses, clematis and honey-suckle entwine. It has a flowery lawn in front, and a sheltering veil of trees at the side."

And lovers of Jane Austen will remember the discussion about Edmund's Vicarage in *Mansfield Park*:

"I think the house and garden may be made comfortable, and given the air of a gentleman's residence without very heavy expense."

The criterion, "Is it a *gentleman's* residence?" is far removed from the homely, half-timbered parsonages of Rye and West Hoathley in Sussex, and Prestbury in Cheshire. Comfortable cots, which had satisfied the clergy and their wives in former days, were replaced in the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries by the grand mansions which are now millstones round the necks of poor Vicareesses!

It was all very well in the spacious days of low wages, horsedrawn carriages and well-kept conservatories; but today many ladies of the vicarage would no doubt be glad to move into a village council house!

TAKING THE FAMILY TO CHURCH

PATRICIA SPENCER,
S.T.H.

"MUMMY, can I take my doll's pram? Well, my scooter, then? Why not? Well, what CAN I take?"

When you take your small child to church for the first time the question of what to let him take with him presents something of a problem. It is surprising how much noise even the tiniest model car can make in an otherwise silent church!

I started taking my two to church regularly when they were about seven months. They are now four and six years old. Many times I have come out after the service saying "never again", but somehow we are back next Sunday.

Luckily, I have always lived where Vicars and congregations are genuinely glad to have the children in church, and will put up with a reasonable amount of noise. They don't mind the little boy singing lustily all through the hymns, even if he is only singing "Humpty Dumpty" or the alphabet!

I try not to feel self-conscious or worry about disturbing other people, and I am no longer afraid to sit down and have one of them on my lap for a while when others are standing or kneeling.

The best service to which to take a small child is one in which there is some action. For instance, a Holy Communion service interests them more than Morning Prayer, because there is "something going on". Since they were babies in arms, my two have

always come up with me to the altar at the time of the Communion. Their own Vicar gives them a blessing, but sometimes when we are on holiday the priest isn't quite sure what to do. One once winked at them, another patted them on the cheek. No-one has ever objected.

When the children get old enough, it is best to have one or two points in the service at which they can really be asked to stop playing and join in. For instance, at the appropriate times I whisper to them, "This is where we say we're sorry for what we've done wrong", or "this is where we pray for other people", and suggest a few words they might say. Sometimes they add a prayer of their own.

Some of the best-known prayers which the congregation say aloud, I teach them during their evening prayer-time. They are delighted to recognise some words they know, and will usually join in. Now that the little girl is beginning to read, I follow larger parts of the service for her with my finger in the pictorial service books provided for the children.

A child's need to communicate is, of course, urgent and immediate. If one of them has something he really must say or ask, it is useless to say "Ssh", or "Tell me later"; this only drives him mad with frustration. It is better to let him get it off his chest as quietly as possible.

You may well be wondering, "Why bother? The children cannot possibly understand the service yet; you will probably put them off for life by taking them so young."

Children can catch an atmosphere of worship long before they can understand what it is about. They are learning, too, that church on Sundays is an important part of life. It becomes, if you like, a habit.

Some people are horrified at the idea of going to church as a habit, and think we should go only when we

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Church Notes and Views

◇

Decently and in Order

THE following is an extract from statutes dated 1283 in the 800 years old Parish Church of Lanchester, Co. Durham.

"Let everye vicar going from his house towards the churche, and likewise returning, endeavour hymselfe to goo with a modest and grave pace; None of the vicars shall brawle or chide in the quier or without; but let them keepe silent, not mormoringe, gaynsayinge, or contendinge with one another: neither yett laughinge, staring or casting vagabond eyes towards the people ramayninge in the same churche. Let the vicars read, and singe aloude, and without skipping or cuttinge the words, not protractinge the last syllable too long, mush less interminglinge any profaine, or dishonest speches."

The foregoing is, of course, an old English translation, but I wonder why it was necessary to make such unusual regulations?—JOHN L. THORNTON (DURHAM).

The "vicars" in question, of course, are clearly "vicars choral" or, as we should say, gentlemen choristers. We have known choirs, though fortunately not many, where such sound admonitions might not have come amiss!—ED.

Two Families—159 years

THE list of Rectors of the little village church of St. Helen, Thornby, near Northampton, shows that three members of the Langham family held office for a total of eighty-five years, and three of the Cotton family for a continuous total of seventy-four. William Langham 1559-

1603; Richard Langham 1603-1624; Edward Langham 1628-1648. The three Cottons, all named Nathaniel, held the benefice 1767-1798; 1798-1814, and 1814-1841.—MISS WILLCOX (WELLS, SOMERSET).

Historic Oak

THE name Cressage, in Shropshire, comes from *Christ Eche*, or "Christ Oak". The original gospel oak has long since gone but a large fragment of the shell of its successor, the medieval Lady Oak (Our Lady's Oak) survives. Immediately against it, in the place that must once have been the centre of the Lady Oak, grows a younger oak. Cressage's Lady Oak is not in the village but stands away to the north, lonely in a field, yet clearly visible from both main road and railway.—P. STEPHENS (MINEHEAD).



Trousers from Trees

A WOOD on the south side of East Hoathly Church, Sussex, has been known for over two hundred years as the Breeches Wood, so named because it was left to the Rector and his successors in office for ever by a lady to provide for the reparation and renewal of the rector's nether garments. She had observed that those of the incumbent of her time were exceedingly shabby and worn out! This wood still forms part of the glebe.—VIOLET TURNER (EASTBOURNE).



Riverside Pew

I ENCLOSE a photograph of a wooden pew in the riverside churchyard of All Saints', Bisham, Berkshire. There one can sit and enjoy all the peaceful beauty of the River Thames.—B. RESTELL (SOUTHSEA).



Kirkdale's Saxon Church

AT Kirkdale, in North Yorkshire, is one of the most interesting Saxon churches in the country. Above the south door, now sheltered by a porch bearing a sundial, is the famous Saxon dial, first recognised as such in 1771, with an inscription, the longest that survives from the period 1055-1065, which dates the building of the church. There are many fragments of carved work and crosses of the period built into the walls and inside the church at later restorations: the tower was added in 1827.—MISS M. WIGHT (HEREFORD).



One Mile to Church

IT is surely very rare for a milestone to mark the distance to a church. In Trumpington Road, Cambridge, there is a giant milestone bearing the Arms of Trinity Hall and the words "I MILE TO GREAT SAINT MARIES CHURCH CAMBRIDGE". This stone, which was erected in 1729, measures the distance to the University Church of Great St. Mary. The stone itself is said to have been originally a Roman milestone, and when it was put up in its present position it was claimed to be the first milestone to be set up since the days of the Romans.—N. M. WOODHALL (HASTINGS).

TO OUR READERS

We offer five shillings for every photograph with notes which we print on this page, and half-a-crown for every paragraph without a photograph which we consider of sufficient general interest for publication. Entries should be sent to: The Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London. E.C.4. **Unsuitable contributions can only be returned when accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope**

Green For "Coolth"

One of the most cooling and refreshing sights, on a hot summer's day, is to have a floral arrangement in your room made up entirely of 'greens'. All sorts of things may be used, and produce a wonderful effect. A good idea is to fill a fairly large white or cream bowl with crumpled chicken wire and in it place as many different shades of green as you can lay your hands on. One delightful bowl I saw was made up of tiny, frilly rhubarb leaves, cow parsley, poppy seed heads, mint, thyme and lavender. Some feathery pincushion heads of onion had been added and looked lovely! (The smell of the onion quickly vanishes after they have been in cold water for a short time). Various field grasses, collected from

the hedgerows, make a useful addition and it is surprising how many varied kinds are available if one only takes the trouble to look for them.

Now is the time to start collecting and drying things ready for winter decorations. Poppy seed heads should be gathered and dried (head downwards to keep the stems straight); fir cones which are invaluable for Christmas decorations should be dried and stored ready for 'frosting' or painting. Small branches of leaves may be dried between sheets of newspaper and placed under the rug. All these will make the basis of many novel decorations for the wall or bowls later in the year when flowers and leaves are harder to come by. M.H.

* * *

** 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.

"Hay-Ho!"

Photo: D. E. Tyler



THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

HELEN

DOROTHY H. STREET

"OH, Bill, let her come! Think of all she's been through," Joyce pleaded. She looked up at her husband as he stood with one arm on the mantelpiece, gazing into the fire with a frown on his usually good-tempered face. "Let her come, Bill, *please*", she repeated. "After all, she is a relation of yours."

Bill Richardson was not proof against his pretty young wife when she took it into her head to plead, and she knew it. He pushed back his fair hair with a characteristic gesture, and made a sound between a grunt and a laugh. "You women beat everything for finding telling arguments," he remarked, and Joyce saw that he was weakening. "I know Helen's a relation of mine, and a jolly distant one at that. Well, Joy, if you are so keen on it we'll have her for a short visit, but it must be strictly limited. I will not have you worn out with extra work just now of all times."

Joyce's brown eyes lit with happiness at this reference to her coming child. "I am so well, darling," she said gently, "and the enjoyment of having Helen will be good for me."

This time Bill Richardson laughed outright. "All right, you win," he said.

Helen Dale arrived in due course. Bill and Joyce, the former still slightly disgruntled, went to the station to meet her train. Neither of them had seen her before, and that night when, tired from her journey, their visitor had

gone to bed, they compared notes.

"She's lovely, Bill," Joyce said enthusiastically. "I'd no idea—photographs can be so deceptive."

"I was quite taken aback when I saw her at the station," Bill admitted. "I wasn't prepared for such a beauty. Talk about the face that launched a thousand ships! That was another Helen, wasn't it?"

Joyce shook an admonitory finger at him. "Now, Bill, don't make me jealous!"

Bill threw back his fair head in the way Joyce loved, and laughed. "No other girl for me, sweetheart," he declared with his arms round his wife, and his cheek against the dark waves of her hair.

Helen fitted easily into the life of the little household, and soon it seemed as if she had been a part of it for a long time. She was very beautiful, with Irish blue eyes inherited from some far back ancestor, and a flawless skin. Her charming ways as well as her lovely face made her very good company, and the Richardsons' friends, as well as they themselves, were soon devoted to her.

Helen received admiration, as she received everything that was done for her benefit, as a matter of course.

At first the three went about together, and enjoyed many a trip in Bill's little car, but after a while Joyce dropped out. She was a little tired, she said. No, there was nothing wrong; it was the spring weather.

Besides, there was still a good deal of sewing to do for the happy event which was coming.

So Joyce stayed at home and Bill took Helen out. At first this arrangement pleased Joyce, for her husband was essentially an out-door man, and she was glad to think he had a companion on his walks, even when she herself did not feel like accompanying him. She saw with amusement that Bill had fallen a complete victim to his lovely relative's charms, but the amusement began to give place to a sense of irritation as he became more and more preoccupied with her.

When the demon jealousy got in Joyce never knew, but as she sat trying to sew one lovely Saturday afternoon she realised that he was there, well entrenched in her heart. She looked out at the lane down which Bill and Helen had set out, well content with each other's company, half an hour ago. Bill had taken it as a matter of course that she would not go with them. He had not even put his usual anxious question—"You are quite all right, darling?" And yet—this was what rankled so—last week Helen had caught a cold. It was nothing serious, but Bill had been quite ridiculous about it. Joyce would have laughed even now if she had not felt so miserable.

Bill's adoration of Helen was even remarked upon by the neighbours. Joyce had heard scraps of gossip over a garden fence. "Mr. Richardson's properly lost his heart to her, hasn't he? . . . a relation, I believe. Yes—only survivor from a car smash, I heard . . ."

Joyce stuck her needle in her work rather grimly. Lost his heart, had he? And what about her, and her coming child? "I believe he's even losing interest in the baby!" she thought desperately. As she rose to put away her work, she caught sight of herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece,

and felt a shock of apprehension as she saw the tired face, unhappy eyes and untidy curls. "No wonder Bill prefers Helen!" she said aloud, and burst into tears.

It was just a week later that matters reached a climax. For long afterwards that dreadful Saturday evening seemed like a confused nightmare of shrill telephone bells, taxis, the running to and fro of feet, and then—silence, while in the Nursing Home people fought for Joyce's life. Fought for her because she was too weak to fight for herself. Fought, too, for her baby—a hopeless struggle, this, from the beginning.

Mrs. Stewart, the Richardsons' next door neighbour who had always been a good friend to the young couple, offered at once to put Helen up. Bill hardly noticed when she went. He was bitterly self-reproachful by this time. How blind he had been, how selfish! If he had not been so taken up with his beautiful relative, he would have seen that all was not well with his wife. And now it was too late. The baby was dead, and Joyce—would Joyce ever forgive him?

Poor Bill haunted the Nursing Home in agony of mind. He went every evening, armed with flowers, and sat dumbly beside his wife as she lay, not speaking, seemingly hardly conscious of his presence.

At last the day came when Joyce went home, a mere shadow of the pretty young wife she had been. She sat with her husband in their dainty lounge, drinking a cup of tea before she obeyed the doctor's instructions and went to bed, and trying for his sake to be cheerful. He, too, was making a great effort to behave as if this were a happy occasion, but both felt that there was a barrier between them. And so it was the next day, and the next. Helen was hardly mentioned between them. Mrs. Stewart had become attached to her, and she still

stayed on in the house next door. During the day she was in and out, and Joyce saw quite a lot of her, but when Bill came home she generally remained with Mrs. Stewart.

One evening, when husband and wife were alone, Joyce thought the time had come to broach the subject which was always uppermost in her mind. "Bill," she said gently, "I want to talk to you about something very important to us both."

Bill Richardson swallowed suddenly. "You mean—Helen? Must we talk about her, Joy? I don't like even to think about the way I went off with her whenever I had the chance, and neglected you."

Joyce put up a hand and stroked her husband's unruly hair. "I don't want to talk about Helen—yet," she said. "There is something else—I haven't told you—somehow I couldn't. Bill, we shall never have a family now. There's no more hope, and oh, Bill, I know how much you wanted . . ." Her voice broke, and Bill sat staring at her incredulously.

"No more hope?" he said at last.

"Oh, Joy, my poor darling!" He took her in his arms. The barriers were going down now, washed away, on Joyce's part, by a flood of tears.

Presently Bill said, to divert her thoughts, "Am I forgiven, darling, about Helen?" His wife raised her head. "It is I who should ask for forgiveness, Bill," she replied. "I see now the absurdity of being jealous—yes, I'll admit I was—of Helen. She and I have been seeing a lot of each other since I came back, and if you are willing, Bill, I would like her to make her home with us."

Her husband gazed at her, incredulity, amazement, and joy chasing each other across his open face. "Do you mean—" he began, when Joyce held up her finger. The door opened and Helen herself appeared with Mrs. Stewart behind her. Joyce rose with a transfigured face, and brought Helen to her husband. "Meet your new daughter, Mr. Richardson," she said, with a return of her old gaiety.

"Two is a lovely age," added Mrs. Stewart, beaming.

Tewkesbury: Abbey, Mill and River Avon

Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell



Random Reflections



Christian Stewardship

THIS is a subject which has come to loom very large, and rightly so, in our religious thinking these days. For too long we have, most of us, been content to coast happily along with our old, conventional habits of almsgiving—a shilling or two from our pockets whenever the plate came round in church; five bob extra perhaps, at Easter; nothing at all if we were too busy or too ill or too lazy to get to church. We have been living on the generosity of past benefactions and at long last we are waking up to the fact that it just isn't good enough.

All kinds of schemes and methods are being introduced in parishes throughout the land, from the employment of professional money raisers (and highly successful they invariably are!) to the modest "weekly envelope" scheme which can be launched in even the smallest and most conservative country parish.

It is not the method employed which is important—what really counts is the realisation that Christian Giving is not so much a *duty* as a *privilege*; an opportunity vouchsafed to us to express in terms of tangible currency the gratitude, the love, the loyalty which we, as constant recipients of God's bounty, know we *ought* to feel and yet find so very difficult to express in words.

Giving is *thanks-giving*; it is praise and worship and honour and love; it is the gold and the myrrh and the incense which we lay at the feet of the King of Kings, Who was born in a stable and died on a cross so that we might inherit eternal riches.

We do well to remember that God is the final Auditor of all our personal and parochial accounts.



Whatsoever Things Are Pure

Just over 250 years ago, an Anglican clergyman, the Reverend Jeremy Collier, wrote an attack on "The Prophaneness of the English Stage" which brought down upon him the fury of some of the most eminent of the dramatists of his day—Congreve, Vanbrugh and others. The theatre of Restoration England had become a byword for its cynical and unrestrained licentiousness, its deliberate exploitation of lust and immorality. Collier's forthright denunciations brought about a considerable improvement in all this sniggering nastiness; even his enemies admitted as much—and they were both numerous and influential.

To anyone reading with moderate diligence current book reviews, film and dramatic criticism, or inspecting the wares offered on railway book-stalls and elsewhere, there might well appear room for another Jeremy Collier today. Even that tough-minded cleric, however, would doubtless be appalled at the extent to which at the present time pornography is peddled for commercial profit and at the apparently insatiable appetite of a considerable part of the public for such stuff. The bawdiness of late seventeenth century drama at least made no attempt to appear other than what it was. Its perpetrators made no nauseatingly hypocritical pleas of being the authors of works of art; their object was to pander to what was lowest in human nature and they made no bones about it.

It is surely time that Christian

public opinion began to make itself felt in opposition to this current trend for wallowing in filth—whether in the shape of American “realistic” novels, French plays or Scandinavian films. There will be abundant charges of “narrowmindedness” flung at us by those who make a pretty packet out of the weaknesses of their fellow men and women. There will be the usual outcry about censorship from those who are apparently unable to differentiate between liberty and licence.

But unless Christian people are prepared to face such onslaughts, unless they are ready to protest in the name of religion and common decency against this progressive degradation of public standards, they are in effect denying the Lord and Master whom they claim to serve, and even by their silence tacitly condoning what may well prove to be a disastrous step in the direction of moral suicide on a national scale.

H.A.L.R.

THE PASSION PLAY VILLAGE

(Continued from page 82)

very lovely church—among them) where you can stay at modest guest-houses for as little as a pound a day.

I will mention here only two more places—Ulm, to the west, and Passau to the east. Ulm with its fine cathedral is a delightful spot; not very large, but very lovely. But Passau, on the Danube (and two other rivers which flow together here) is in my opinion the most fascinating city of them all. I love the market outside the cathedral, the walks by the banks of the rivers, the music at night in the courtyard of the bishop’s palace, and all the lovely buildings—floodlit by night. Passau is on the far eastern border of Germany, and you could go (by river-steamer if you like) on to Vienna, the Austrian capital, which is not too

far away if you have a few days to spare.

I might just end by saying that in all these places it is possible to find simple, clean accommodation in small hotels or guest-houses for eight or ten shillings the night (single—without meals of course) and adequate main meals for five shillings or so. A good place to eat in German towns is the railway-station, or the Town Hall (“Rathaus”). But you will also want to take some meals at other places that you will discover; often, out-of-doors.

TAKING THE FAMILY TO CHURCH

(Continued from page 85)

feel like it. But the less we go, the less we shall feel like it! The children can understand that God is their loving Father who wants them to talk to Him often, and to visit Him in His house on His own day. If we never speak to or visit our own friends or relations we gradually lose touch with them, and when we do occasionally meet we have nothing to say to them. If we want to keep friendly with them we have to make an effort sometimes to go and see them, even if we would rather be doing something else. I believe the same thing applies to our relationship with our heavenly Father.

Whenever, after a particularly nerve-racking morning, I am tempted to give up, I remember the scene described in the gospels when people were crowding round Jesus, listening to His teaching, and some proud mothers pushed their offspring forward to ask Him for a blessing. His friends, trying to control the crowd and push the children away, earned a sharp rebuke from Jesus: “Let the little children come close to me and do not forbid them; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

IS YOUR NAME JOHN ?

OF all the Christian names given to boys John is, and has been for many centuries, the most popular of all. In a census of Christian names recently taken in a boys' school in northern England one boy in every ten was called John. It has been like this for hundreds of years, which is the reason why the typical Englishman came to be called John Bull, and the typical English sailor Jack Tar.

If we go overseas we find this name is just as popular. In France it is Jean, in Spain Juan, in Germany Johann, in Russia Ivan. Nearer home the Welsh form is Evan, and the Gaelic, sometimes given to English boys, is Ian.

Not only is John short, and easy to pronounce, but it has a fine meaning—the grace of the Lord. Down the years there have been countless

worthy bearers of this name. As the name John is of Hebrew origin we find in the Bible John the Baptist and John the beloved disciple. Since Bible times many distinguished followers of Christ have been called John. Here are a few of them—John Wycliffe, John Bunyan, John Wesley; John Howard, the prison reformer; John Newton, the converted slave dealer and hymnwriter (he wrote, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds"), and John Milton. In the realms of exploration we have had John Cabot and John Franklin; in literature, Keats, Masfield, Drinkwater and Galsworthy; in music Bach, Strauss, and Sibelius. You will have noticed that we have only had one King John of England. He was such a bad lot we've never risked another! REV. G. E. DIGGLE.



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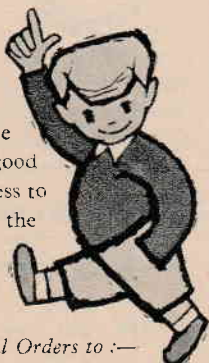
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