



MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 25

MARCH, 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.

Prayer does change things. And God is active in the world about us. Because she knew that her husband had been upheld in prayer regularly by the parish, a friend writes: "Please tell the people of your Church about Arthur and give them our thanks, and say how their prayers have helped him. It is so very obvious that he was not expected to survive the operation and that he has, nurses and doctors are surprised and delighted."

Another friend can write a week or two after a sudden bereavement—"Thank you for your prayers for us all—I have experienced the most wonderful joy and peace which passes all understanding these last two weeks—and I know it is a gift of God."

In answer to prayer, we are seeing fresh local leaders coming forward to accept responsibility for the work of God in the parish, amongst the young and old, and in various practical ways. Some have felt led to offer their homes to be used for Christian cell meetings, so that they may discuss and pray together about the practical questions of Christian faith and life.

And now Lent is upon us, beginning with the services on Ash Wednesday, March 2nd. We shall pray throughout Lent that "God will create and make in us new and contrite hearts." In other words we pray that we may become more Christlike in our homes and in our work. We pray too that we may become channels of spiritual power.

And God will answer our prayers, if we really mean them. We shall see Him changing the lives of those about us as well as ourselves. We shall see the increased financial commitments of the parish being met, almost miraculously. We shall see new faces in church, new children at Sunday School. We shall experience more and more the Wind of Spirit sweeping through all our parish activities, invigorating our friendships, cleansing out what is unworthy, and bringing new Life and Power to our Church in these tremendous days of challenge.

May God bless you in your use of these Forty Days ahead.

With sincere good wishes,



P.S. The Bible Reading Fellowship have published a little booklet of Lent Readings, entitled: "Our Ordered Lives," price 1/-. The passages selected and comments are admirable for those who want to start Lent by a special devotional study of the Bible.

SHROVE TUESDAY

March 1st. 8 p.m. Parish Get-Together in the Church Hall. This will be like our last Parish Meeting when all members of the parish are invited to bring along any suggestions, questions, or topics for discussion of general parish interest. There will be light refreshments, and time for relaxation. All welcome!

ASH WEDNESDAY, March 2nd.

11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.

6.30 p.m. Children's Film Strip in Church:

"Jesus, the Saviour of Men."

8.0 p.m. SPECIAL LENT SERVICE IN CHURCH.

**WOMEN'S
WORLD DAY OF PRAYER**
INTERNATIONAL and INTERDENOMINATIONAL

**UNITED SERVICES
FRIDAY, MARCH 4th, 1960**

THEME :
' LABOURERS TOGETHER WITH GOD '

10.30 a.m. ALL SAINTS CHURCH, Highfield, Headington.
Leader : MISS WATSON.

2.45 p.m. ST. ALDATE'S CHURCH
Speaker : MRS. MORWENNA SHIPP

Young Members' Representative, M.U., Oxford Diocese

7.30 p.m. TEMPLE COWLEY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Speaker : MRS. CARPENTER

7.30 p.m. ST. CLEMENT'S MISSION HALL,
(Next to Gospel Book Depot)
Leader : MRS. LLOYD JENKINS

Speaker : REV. GERTRUDE OYSTON, B.D.

Before each Service there will be ten minutes of United Quiet
Please arrive in time for this.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, SUMMERTOWN
The Church will be open all day for private prayer in the LADY CHAPEL.
Orders of service will be available.

Here and There in the Parish :

The week that brought His Grace the Archbishop of York, and also Father Trevor Huddleston to Oxford for the University Mission, also brought to us Dr. Michael Wilson, Warden and Chaplain to the Guild of Health. His talk to the joint meeting of Mothers' Union and Young Wives on Divine Healing was greatly appreciated, and about 50 people attended the Quiet Day on the same topic, which Dr. Wilson conducted for us. On February 14th, the parish was given a glimpse of some of the problems facing the Christian church in South India, by one of its presbyerns, the Rev. J. Nathaniel. It was an eye-opener to many who had not hitherto appreciated some of the difficulties which face the church in non-Christian areas. Mr. Nathaniel also spoke about his work amongst the jungle tribes, and illustrated his remarks with coloured slides at the Evening Service. It is hoped to establish through the C.M.S. a permanent link with the evangelistic and medical work carried on from Gudalur. His visit was of personal interest to the Vicar, who had worked with Mr. Nathanael in the same area of the Nilgiri-Wynaad.

Our horizons were also widened by a talk on Australia to the Mothers' Union, given by Mrs. Harlow, and illustrated by slides taken during Professor and Mrs. Harlow's recent tour.

The Men's Forum.

This stimulating gathering of menfolk meets once a month in the Vicarage for a lively discussion on some topic of interest. Last month three questions were dealt with by small groups who reported back to the whole. One question was "What constitutes a live church?" and this particular group was fortunate in having two Methodists to add their comments. All men of the parish will be most welcome and the next meeting on March 15th (8 p.m.) will be dealing with the topic : "Apartheid."

Bellringers.

Although many of the regular ringers were not able to be present at the Annual Meeting, held at the Vicarage on the 29th January, it was good to see a keen number of "probationers," who are being trained in the art of ringing. Mr. Roy Jones was re-elected as Captain, Mr. Smith as Vice-Captain, Mr. Gammon as Secretary, and Mr. Noel Deam as Tower Steward.

Youth News:

Boy Scouts.

The Troop is fortunate in gaining the services of Mr. G. Selby as its new Scoutmaster. Mr. Selby is a teacher at the St. Nicholas County Primary School, and brings to the Troop his previous experience as a warranted Scoutmaster. Hitherto the Troop has been run by Mr. Roy Jones with the assistance of Mr. Ivor Brough, who have both felt that on account of additional responsibilities laid upon them, they could not give the Troop the time and attention it demanded. We should like to express our gratitude to them for all the help they have given to the Troop, and for all that they have been able to accomplish during the time they served it.

Cubs.

The Cubs continue to thrive under the leadership of Edward Morse. During the past month they have also had help from Mr. Malcolm Cooper, a member of Pembroke College, and we are now glad to welcome Miss Brenda Crompton, who has come to reside in the parish, and who has had experience as a Cubmaster.

Brownies.

The Brownies got off to a good start, with over twenty girls waiting to be enrolled on March 15th by the District Commissioner.

On February 12th a selection of Road Safety Films were shown by P.C. Hastings of the County Police Force, as a result of which several girls (Brownies and older Pathfinders) agreed to take the Cyclists' Proficiency Test organised by the Oxford City Police.

On April 2nd the Area Guide and Brownie Concert will be held in Oxford. If any parents would like tickets, please contact Miss Liles.

Adventurers.

Nineteen boys turned up for the first meeting of this new club for 11-13 year old boys. The programme is divided up between an hour's vigorous games, organised by Mr. Anderson, and followed by half-an-hour in groups working on the Crossbeare cards. These cards give a graded course of religious tests, which have to be worked out by each boy, and which train him in the knowledge of the Bible, Prayer Book and practical Christian living. Awards will be made to those who pass each stage successfully.

Pathfinders (Girls).

Seventeen girls hope to go to North Wales for their camp on August 18th until September 1st.

At our Friday evening club recently Miss Rosemary Beater gave a most enlightening "Careers" talk on the work of an occupational Therapist. The puppets, weaving, and handicraft produced much excitement, especially when the puppet, "The Ancient Mariner" began to walk across the Church Hall floor.

The Youth Fellowship

Apart from their regular activities of a Corporate Communion and Breakfast, and the 3rd Sunday Discussion, the Y.F. held a Balloon debate, in which members pleaded the right of such figures as Marty Wilde, and Winston Churchill to stay in the "balloon." One member became so identified with her part that she arrived dressed as Dr. Barbara Moore!

A Rummage Sale in aid of Y.F. Funds and World Refugee Year is being organised at the end of January, and a Hockey fixture with Highfield Y.F. is in the offing.

PARISH CALENDAR FOR MARCH

- Mar. 1. Shrove Tuesday.
8.0 p.m. Parish Get-Together. (Light Refreshments).
- Mar. 2. Ash Wednesday.
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
6.30 p.m. Children's Service (Film Strip).
8.0 p.m. Special Service for Ash Wednesday.
- Mar. 4. Friday. Women's World Day of Prayer (see ref. in magazine).
- Mar. 6. 1st Sunday in Lent.
8.15 a.m. and Noon : Holy Communion (Y.F. Corporate Com.).
9.30 a.m. and 3.15 p.m. Children's Services.
11.0 a.m. Matins
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Mar. 7. Monday. P.C.C. Meeting, 8 p.m., in Vicarage.
- Mar. 10. 8.0 p.m. Lenten Service.
- Mar. 13. 2nd Sunday in Lent.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Mar. 15. Tuesday. 8 p.m. Men's Forum (Vicarage).
- Mar. 16. Wednesday. 7.45 p.m. Gardening Questions. (Yg. Wives).
Subject : Apartheid.
Panel of Speakers.
- Mar. 20. 3rd Sunday in Lent.
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION.
11.0 a.m. Matins
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
Y.F. Discussion in Vicarage after Evensong.
- Mar. 22. Tuesday. M.U. Service, 2.45 p.m.
- Mar. 24. Thursday. 8 p.m., C.M.S. Films (Church Hall).
- Mar. 25. Friday. Lady Day. (Annunciation of B.V.M.).
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
- Mar. 27. 4th Sunday in Lent. (Mothering Sunday).
8.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins. Rev. Gordon Hewitt.
3.0 p.m. Special Mothering Sunday Service.
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Rev. L. R. Melling.
- Mar. 30. 7.45 p.m. Young Wives : Children's Difficult Questions.

COLLECTIONS

January 3rd	£18	6	5
January 10th	£16	10	0
January 17th	£16	13	6
January 24th	£13	12	6
January 31st	£19	13	10

COMMUNICANTS

67
21
24
27
27

BAPTISMS

- Jan. 24. Stephen Ivor, son of Ivor Fredrick and Carole Ann Hall.
- Jan. 24. Lynda Catherine, daughter of Kenneth Gordon and Peggy Harriett Roberts.

IN MEMORIAM

- Jan. 25. Lynda Gertude Amanda Ward, aged 88 years.
- Feb. 22. Edward Woodward, aged 39 years.

WORLD VIEW

NO. 1

1960

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HELPING HANDS

A lamp burns dimly in the ward. A doctor and a nurse wait anxiously by the bed of a patient near to death. In this tiny Christian hospital in a remote part of India there are just this one doctor and a few nurses. Around them stretches an ocean of need—need which could barely be met by a large, up-to-date hospital, fully staffed and equipped. As he waits by the bedside the doctor is almost overwhelmed by weariness, but he and the nurse maintain their vigil through the small hours.

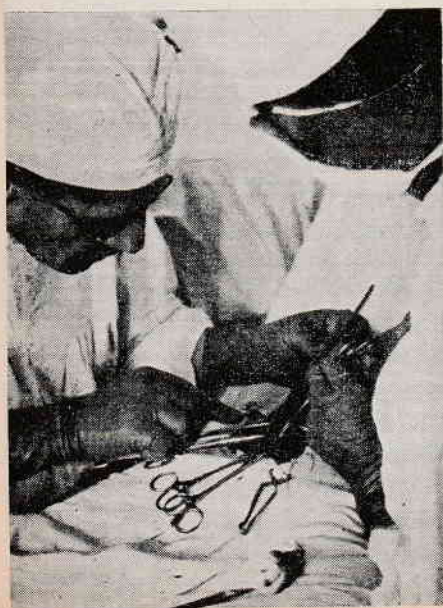
Suddenly there is a change in the patient's condition—the change they have worked and prayed for. They kneel in thankfulness by the bed. Later that week, the doctor writes home (for he is a missionary)—“Give

thanks with us for this miracle of healing and continue to pray for all of us. . . .”

In a small Japanese church several people are being baptized. A young woman watches with joy in her heart as her husband and his parents are signed with the cross. She has long been a Christian, but married into a family of Shintoists. Her in-laws expected her, in typical Japanese obedience to her elders, to go with them to the Shinto shrine, and after talking it over with her vicar she decided it was the right thing to do, providing she prayed to Jesus.

For three long years she did this, and was never able to go to church. Her vicar assured her, however, of the prayers of the congregation, and a missionary friend of his told her of fellow-Christians as far away as Britain who prayed, not just for their own friends, but for people in other countries too.

It was lonely for the young woman, but one day those prayers were answered and her patience rewarded. Unknown by her, the gentle love and obedience she had shown had impressed her mother-in-law. “You have come to our temple,” she said. “Now we will come to yours and see how you worship.” The young woman was overjoyed. And now, months



These hands can be helped by . . .



. . . . these hands.

later, she watched her family become part of Christ's family. In her thanks to God she remembered those who, though thousands of miles away, had still been faithful to their family responsibilities in prayer. . . .

In Southern Sudan a small group of Christians were meeting for worship. The Sudanese pastor looked round and said: "We are here to-day as the result of other people's prayers. Missionaries and others in the past have longed and prayed for there to be such a group as this here and now their prayers are being answered. . . ."

These stories are typical of the many that missionaries often tell about prayer. They know how vital prayer is to their work, to them and their fellow-Christians throughout the world. Their letters are full of requests for prayer: "Please pray about this

situation. . . ."—"Remember X in your prayers, he greatly needs such help. . . ." "We are deeply grateful for your prayers, which are being so wonderfully answered—please go on praying. . . ." The Rev. Keith Cole, C.M.S. missionary, closes his recent book *Kenya: hanging in the middle way* with these words: "In God's name we ask for your prayers, for your understanding, for your support that Christ's Kingdom may come in Kenya."

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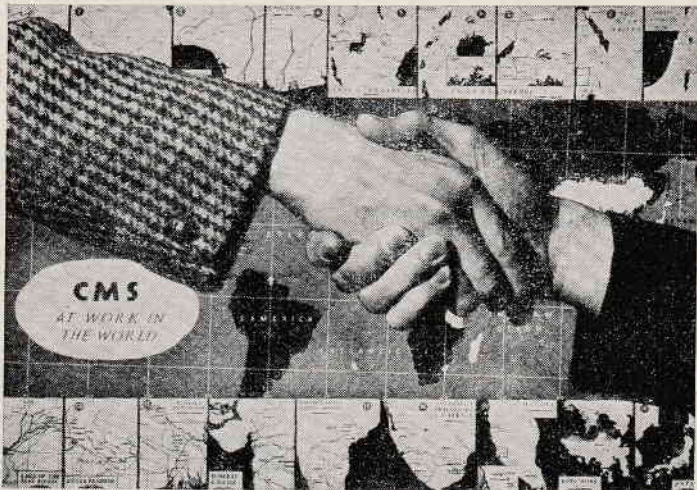
How are you answering these appeals from your fellow-Christians? They know all too well that a great deal more prayer is needed if Christ's Kingdom is indeed to come to more people. That is why prayer is put first in the C.M.S. Opportunity Plan, part of a great new adventure in taking the Gospel to millions who have

never heard it. "Brushing aside the humbug and pretence . . ."—says the folder outlining this Plan—"let us admit the truth: most of us pray little, if at all, outside church on Sundays. In particular, neither in our churches nor in our homes is there nearly enough missionary intercession."

Are you going to go on stopping your ears to cries for help from your brothers and sisters over-

seas? Or are you ready to do something about them? Here is one thing you can pledge yourself to do *now*. Printed below is the C.M.S. Family Prayer. Cut this out and keep it by you. Learn it off by heart and use it once each day. If you will do this faithfully and regularly, great things can happen in the world-wide Church to which you belong. *Will you do it?*

O GOD of love, whose will it is that all men should be saved, bless the Church Missionary Society and all who have gone forth in its fellowship to preach, to teach and to heal. Guard, guide and use them; raise up more people in thy Church at home to pray and to work, to care and to understand, to give to thee and to go for thee, that thy Church may grow, thy will be done, thy kingdom come, and thy glory be revealed through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



If you would like this prayer, printed on a card with other simple prayers for the missionary work of the Church, or samples of other prayer helps from C.M.S., please write to "World View" at the address below.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY : 6 SALISBURY SQUARE : LONDON E.C.4

WHERE THE BRONTES LIVED

★

The Parsons of Haworth

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ARTHUR NETTLETON, F.R.G.S.

THE most visited parsonage in the world must be the one at Haworth, Yorkshire. Now a museum of Bronte treasures, it was the home of the Bronte family from 1820 until their respective deaths, and was occupied by the Rev. Patrick Bronte for more than forty years.

Today, the parsonage museum attracts some 50,000 visitors a year, and they come from all over the globe, but it is entertaining to surmise whether Haworth would not have had a measure of fame even if the gifted literary family had never lived there.

While it is true that the grey township, with its cobbled main street straggling steeply towards the church, would never have become world-renowned without the Brontes, it had its notabilities before their day. The most outstanding was undoubtedly the Rev. William Grimshaw, who became perpetual curate at Haworth in 1742 and was destined to influence the religious life of the neighbourhood remarkably.

A link with his appointment can be seen in Haworth churchyard today, for the old stone font preserved there bears his name and the year when he came to the town. The present parsonage did not become the official residence of Haworth incumbents until the Rev. John Richardson went there in 1779, and

two other houses ("The Cook House" and "Sowden's") shared the honour of accommodating the ministers before then.

William Grimshaw's incumbency



at Haworth lasted 21 years, and by his example, forceful preaching and religious fervour he exerted an enormous effect on the lives of the inhabitants. This colourful clergyman, who sometimes drove unwilling parishioners to church with a horse-whip and who addressed his congregations in what has been described as "market language," was equally well-known for his devotion to the needy and the sick.

A friend and admirer of the Wesleys, he took up many of their ideas in spreading the Gospel. He introduced cottage meetings for his

parishioners, and adopted the Wesleys' itinerant preaching in a modified form by making a twice-weekly tour of his parish as well as holding the usual Sunday services at Haworth. His ministry also included long journeys on foot into Lancashire, Cheshire, and even into Derbyshire and Cumberland!

He invited the Wesleys to preach at Haworth, and George Whitefield, the almost equally famous Methodist, accepted similar invitations on more than one occasion. Without ever denying his loyalty to the Church of England, Grimshaw increased the average congregation at Haworth Church from a mere dozen or so to well over 1,000. His greatest monument, in fact, is the present church itself, he having been responsible for its extension. Under his direction two bays were added to accommodate the greatly increased congregations which he attracted.

He also had a handsome three-decker pulpit installed, and though

Haworth Parish Church



Main Street, Haworth, from the Churchyard Gates

this was removed a good many years ago a section still survives in the tiny church at Stanbury, near Haworth. The Rev. Patrick Bronte, as well as the Rev. William Grimshaw and the Wesleys, preached from this pulpit when it was at Haworth.

Another incumbent of the church there who merits notice was the Rev. John Collyer, a Royalist incumbent, who suffered ejection in 1654 for his loyalty to the Crown. His Royalist sympathies are revealed by an entry in the parish registers relating to the execution of Charles I, though he evidently tried to keep his attitude secret by inserting the entry between notes about the weather.

At least one Haworth incumbent was ejected by the church trustees themselves. The Rev. Samuel Redhead suffered that ignominy after only three weeks, and it was immediately after this sorry affair that the Rev. Patrick Bronte was invited to exchange the living of Thornton, near Bradford, for the one at Haworth. It says much for his ability and character that he stayed at Haworth longer than any other minister, and it has been truly said that by any standards his public life was notable, though its worth has been sub-



Haworth Parsonage

merged in the literary fame of his family.

Though he had eccentricities, modern biographers agree that he won the affection, devotion and respect of his parishioners, and that he not only steered the parish safely through ecclesiastical difficulties but was also a skilled administrator in secular matters at times of national and local unrest.

The influence of the various Rectors of Haworth, indeed, can still be seen not only in the village itself, but further afield. Oxenhope, on the edge of the moors between Haworth and Hebden Bridge, merits notice for its associations with the Rev. J. B. Grant. He was appointed by the Rev. Patrick Bronte to be in charge of the Oxenhope part of the parish. No church existed there, and the first services were held in cottages.

But Mr. Grant persevered in an

effort to get a church erected, and Charlotte Bronte records that he wore out fourteen pairs of shoes in begging for funds. He had the satisfaction of seeing the foundation stone laid by the Bishop of Ripon in 1849, and when the church was completed he was appointed vicar. He remained in charge for 35 years, and in addition to his church duties he coached young men in Latin and Greek.

Oxenhope Church is an attractive edifice in the Early English style, and a cherished possession is the altar vessels, for these articles were given by the Rev. Patrick Bronte. The font is a copy of an old one at Durham.

A stained glass window in the chancel is in memory of the Rev. J. B. Grant, thus providing a reminder of the link between this grand village church and the parsons of Haworth.

Just Like People

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"I AM glad that I now have time to sit quietly looking out of my window at the garden," said the old lady. "I find it so interesting to watch the birds. I notice, not only that the species differ, but that every bird seems to be an individual with a definite character of its own. 'Just like people,' I say to myself.

"Recently I watched a pair of sparrows feeding their fully fledged family. They worked hard, flying hither and thither to bring dainty morsels to their hungry youngsters. They were no longer the sleek plump birds of their courting days; they had grown shabby and thin trying to fill the wide open beaks. The young birds were fat, round and well covered with feathers. Did they show any gratitude for the generous self-sacrificing care of their parents? Not they! They flapped their wings

impatiently and cried repeatedly, 'More! More! More!'

"'Just like people,' I thought to myself. 'Seldom do we remember to thank God Who has been so generous to us. We approach Him only to say, 'More! More! More!'

"I am very fond of a song thrush who comes regularly to feed in the garden. How carefully he approaches! He flies to the lilac bush and looks well round. Then he spends a few minutes on the arch surveying the garden from all directions. When he flies to the ground he does not at once alight close to the food, but from a little distance again makes sure no enemy is near. Even when he reaches some desirable tit-bit he looks round before he eats. 'Wise bird!' I say to myself, 'He has learnt from past experience that he must go carefully in this dangerous world.'

"When evening comes, he chooses a branch high up on the elm tree where he is safe from all enemies. There he pours out his heart in song, repeating several times the little phrases he likes. No regrets for the past disturb his evening thanksgiving. Soon after dawn the air again resounds with his joyful song. No fears for the future spoil his morning hymn of praise. I wish I could say, 'Just like people!'"

E.G.B.

The Thrush

The thrush is back,
I heard him call,
In the warm sunshine by my wall;
And though his song is still unsure,
The notes ring trumpet-sweet and
pure.

The daffodils are in his note,
A primrose-song stirs in his throat.
The sunshine trembles in his song,
He heralds summer's flowery throng.

If ever I win past that Gate
Where Peter guards God's fair
Estate,
I hope in heaven's choir there'll be
A thrush upon a hawthorn tree,
And daffodils upon some lawn
Where babies, waiting to be born
On earth, roll laughing, fair and
free,
Or play about our Lady's knee.

P. HOOLE JACKSON

Because He Was Little of Stature

WILL JENKINS

IT is well over forty years since I joined the choir of St. Mary's, Old Bodlington, as a scared treble. I now contribute a rather worse-for-wear tenor.

I've seen a few vicars and curates come and go in my time, but the man I remember best of all is the Rev. John Brown, despite—or perhaps it is because of?—his lack of inches.

It was the Rev. John's first parish. The choirboys adored him. As for the men, most of us worked on farms in and around Old Bodlington and were big and brawny. It says much for the impact of the little curate's character and personality that every man without exception looked up to the Rev. John Brown as his spiritual adviser and trusted friend, and would unhesitatingly have sought him out in time of trouble.

I well remember the Friday evening when I saw the crowd in front of the vicarage. I went over to see what was going on—even at the risk of being late for choir practice. I need not have worried. The choir-master himself was there, so were all the boys and most of the men.

The centre of attraction was the Vicar's cat. That cat was the apple of his eye and the pampered darling of his wife and three little daughters.

Puss had almost reached the top of the tall tree in front of the vicarage and was mewling pitifully. The usual thing had happened: puss had scampered up the tree, probably to escape from some belligerent dog, and was now gazing down on the sea of up-

turned faces in sheer feline panic.

"Come on, Ginger; do your stuff!" This was from rosy-faced little Jackson, the butcher's youngest.

Ginger Robinson was well known for his ability to climb trees—to which many stark boughs in nearby orchards could bear witness. He was pushed forward by a dozen who were well content with a watching brief in the proceedings.

Ginger assumed a grim and determined expression, spat on his hands, clung desperately to the treacherous trunk for a few seconds—and then dropped thankfully to the ground. That trunk had no hint of a hold for hand or foot.

By this time the Vicar, viewing the scene from his porch, was looking apprehensive. His wife was doing her best to comfort their three little girls, all of whom were in tears.

"What we want," said the Vicar, "is a ladder. I'll ring the fire brigade."

At this point, however, the curate appeared on the scene and took in the whole situation at a glance.

It all happened in a few bewildering minutes. One moment the Rev. John was pushing through the crowd; in the next he had the scared creature purring happily in his arms. What a reunion that was! Those three little girls simply didn't know how to express their gratitude.

"That was marvellous, man!" I exclaimed, clapping the little fellow on the back when all the cheering had subsided. "I've never seen anything like it. Talk about a limpet!"

"I've always made it my business to be able to climb," said the curate in his unassuming way. "We undersized fellows never know when it may come in useful. Remember Zaccheus? Why, he would have missed seeing Our Lord Himself if he hadn't shinned up that tree in pretty quick time!"

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Church Notes and Views

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War and Peace

WHICH was the first English church to be damaged by bombing from the air? Quite possibly this sorrowful honour belongs to the church in the tranquil village of Essendon in Hertfordshire. On the dark night of September 3rd, 1916, a harassed Zeppelin airship loosed its deadly load, to destroy a number of cottages and the chancel of the church. The airship then found its doom as a column of flame close to the nearby village of Cuffley.

The nave of the church dates from 1883, and the chancel, of course, is modern, but a number of older monuments have been retained, including two interesting brasses.

The tower, however, is ancient, and upon its north-west buttress is a small tablet that tells a poignant story. "A young man who suffered at Hertford for theft in 1758 begged a grave in this churchyard, and prayed to God that his suffering might prove a warning to others."—C. G. SLADE (SOUTHGATE).

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**

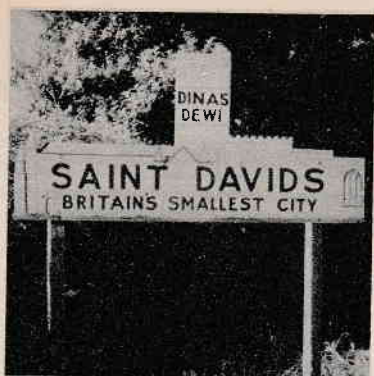
Amberley Church

ST. Michael's church, Amberley, Sussex, is well worth a visit if only for its superb chancel arch which was part of the original Norman church put up in about 1100 by Ralph Luffa, bishop of Chichester. The bishops of Chichester had for centuries possessed a castle in Amberley and they spent a good deal of time there; among them were St. Richard of Chichester (bishop, 1245), 1253) and Bishop Neville (1224-1244—who rebuilt the chancel in the Early English style. He made it 41 feet long, as long, in fact, as the nave, probably to add dignity to episcopal ministrations on great occasions.—BRIAN R. KEMP (READING).



Peripatetic Parishioners

FOR a cathedral-visiting record, the parishioners of Merton Parish Church (St. Mary's), London, S.W., surely must take some beating. Organised by the Mothers' Union, parties, usually filling two motor coaches, have visited the cathedrals of Canterbury, Norwich, Gloucester, Rochester, Chichester, Peterborough, Worcester, Ely, Winchester and Guildford, in addition to Romsey Abbey, Christchurch Priory, Tintern Abbey, Rye (St. Mary's-in-the-Castle), as well as churches in Oxford, Cambridge, Banbury and Stratford-upon-Avon. The Rev. S. H. Heaton-Renshaw, the Vicar, and Mrs. Renshaw, often accompany the parties, who attend Evensong at the centres visited.—MRS. M. TULL (MERTON PARK).



Another Striking Road Sign

THE road sign at the approach to the village "city" of St. David's, Pembrokeshire, goes even one better than those of Lincoln and Boston, which you recently published. The shape of the sign shows a fairly accurate profile of the shape of the cathedral. With a population of a little over 1,500, St. David's can surely justify its claim to be "Britain's Smallest City," as well as for the originality of its welcome to visitors arriving by road.—ERIC L. KING (WORCESTER).

St. David's Day is March 1st.



Angel Font

THE church at Bullinghope near Hereford was entirely rebuilt in 1880, and among its fittings was a new font of unusual design. It is in the form of a marble angel holding a shell to contain the water.—M. W. (HEREFORD).



St. Gertrude

TO those who bear the name of Gertrude it may be of interest to know that I have seen a stained glass window in the church at Newry, Co. Down, depicting this saint, who was distinguished for her care of the poor, her culture of mind and deep devotion. She is shown to be so absorbed in contemplation and meditation that a mouse is seen to be quietly climbing up the pastoral staff at her side.

One sees many windows of the better known saints, but those of some of the saintly women are more rare.—GERTRUDE ARMSTRONG (BOURNEMOUTH).

N.B.—St. Gertrude's Day is March 17th.

A Saxon Crypt

BENEATH the church of St. Wystan, at Repton in South Derbyshire, is a wonderful crypt, all that remains of a Saxon Monastery. Repton was then the capital of the Kingdom of Mercia, and here were buried kings and princes. Christianity came here from Northumberland in 653 and radiated from the monastery to the far corners of Mercia, an area now covered by 18 English counties. The church of St. Wystan is dedicated to a Mercian prince who was buried in the crypt.—F. RODGERS (DERBY).

★ Weekday Pages for Women ★

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

★ Monday—Washing ★

Here is a laundry hint—To prevent clothes from becoming streaked with blue, add at least two tablespoonsful of milk to the blue water before rinsing clothes in it. This is an excellent preventative and white clothes show no signs of streaks or specks of blue when this method is used.—MRS. H. RUSHTON (STOKE-ON-TRENT).

Tuesday—Sewing

When letting down babies' and children's frocks at the hem there is often a dark line which is rather unsightly. Camouflage this with a line of chain stitch or french knots alternating with running stitches, using an embroidery cotton in a contrasting colour. If it is a plain frock, the stitching may be repeated round the neck and sleeves. If the frock is smocked the colour of the cotton used for smocking may be used to great effect.—MRS. E. L. HOOK (ELSTEAD).

Wednesday—Nursing

To keep the labels on medicine bottles legible—Pour medicine out from the side or back of the bottle. The instructions can then be read quite easily, the label not being stained.—MRS. BOOTHROYD (MANCHESTER 9).

Thursday—Cooking

Cake-baking. There is no need to grease or line a cake tin. When starting to heat the oven, place the empty tin in it, and by the time you have mixed the cake or sandwich and have the oven at the correct heat, the tin will be hot enough to put the mixture in. When the cake is cooked and removed from the oven,

let it stand for a few minutes; then slip a knife round the edges of the cake and it will turn out perfectly.—MRS. STODART (ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA).

Friday—Household

To remove stubborn brown stain from bath—Apply a paste made with cream of tartar and 20 vols. hydrogen peroxide. Leave for a while; then rinse thoroughly. The most persistent brown stain will disappear like magic.—MRS. P. HASLAM (BOLTON).

Saturday—Children

Empty breakfast cereal packets make excellent picnic or lunch containers for children. Cut one third of the packet below the top opening with a sharp pair of scissors. Punch two holes about an inch apart on either side, thread a length of string through these and tie to make handles. Give each child one of these carriers with his lunch wrapped in the waxed paper that was in the packet. The carriers are very useful to put flowers or other small objects in on the return journey.—MRS. I. MCCAUSLAND (BELFAST).

★ ★ ★

*** 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.

★ ★ ★

Budget Quiz

What proportion of my income do I set aside for:

- (a) Household expenses (food, fuel, light, rent, rates, etc.);
- (b) Clothing;
- (c) Books, newspapers and other reading matter;
- (d) Holidays;
- (e) Amusements (car, cinema, television, etc.);
- (f) God?

Can I conscientiously sing the fourth verse of Hymn No. 108 A. & M. (English Hymnal No. 107, verse five)?

RECIPE CORNER

Extra Nourishing Soup

Egg makes a very tasty and quick thickening for soup. This makes it taste much better than adding flour and is more nutritious. Let a soup-spoonful of the soup cool, add to it a well-beaten egg, stir back into the saucepan of soup, but do not re-boil.

Raisin Pie

8 oz. short crust pastry. Filling: 4 oz. seedless raisins; 4 dessertspoonsful golden syrup; quarter of a pint of water; 1 level teaspoonful cornflour; 1 oz. butter; grated rind, and juice of a lemon.

Put the raisins, syrup, butter and lemon rind into a saucepan and bring to the boil. Boil for 15 minutes. Blend the cornflour with the lemon juice, stir into the mixture in the pan and boil for two or three minutes. Allow to cool. Line the plate with the pastry and pour the cool mixture in. Cover the top with pastry and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve either hot or cold, with cream or custard sauce.

Spring Comes to Whipsnade

* * *

When making pasties from the "left-over" meat, try adding a small quantity of dried sage to the filling and they will taste delicious!

When shampooing your hair at home, try adding a drop of vinegar to the final rinsing water. This will give it a lovely sheen.

A HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER

O God, Who givest each new day, help me to guard the words I say,

Lest angry thoughts cause me to spurn Thy priceless gifts at every turn.

Then as about my work I go, be with me as I cook and sew.

I often falter, patience flies, depressing others with my sighs.

Be at my side when things go wrong, Thy hand to guide the whole day long.

Then I can face what may come after, be it tears and sorrow, joy and laughter.

KAY ARMITAGE

* * *

Thought for the month:

"In Nature there's no blemish but the mind; None can be called deformed but the unkind." (Shakespeare—"Henry V".)

The Times



Keeping Up With Pauline

BY E. B. WORTH

AT seven o'clock in the morning Amanda had finished her breakfast and was at the window, peering out for the ten-past bus, twisting and creasing the curtain in her eagerness. Outside it was raining and hardly light, the worst possible September day. And suddenly my heart contracted with apprehension and misgiving.

Amanda was small for eleven, and Elton County Grammar School was so big compared with what she had been used to. There had been only fifteen pupils at the little village school she had previously attended. Now she had so far to travel, setting off as early as seven and not getting home until half-past six. Of course Ted was taking her as far as Bladen, and today she would meet her cousin Barbara there, but still . . .

Ted looked across at me from where he sat, placidly finishing his breakfast. He would never hurry. "There's plenty of time to catch a cold," he would say. And yet the curious thing was that for all this seeming indolence he was never late.

He had an uncanny knack of reading my thoughts. At this moment he gave me a faint, reassuring grin. "Amanda's a big girl now," he declared. "She can look after herself."

"'Course I can," said Amanda scornfully, her attention still glued to the road.

"Be careful of the traffic," I warned her for the thousandth time.

But Amanda had seen the bus. "It's coming, daddy," she cried. "'Bye, mummy! I'll tell you all about it tonight." She was gone like a small whirlwind, with her flying pigtails, her empty new satchel, and her hat, with the shiny new riband.

"I bet she's not always as eager to be out at a quarter-past-seven," said Ted with a twinkle as he followed her. I stood on the step and watched the bus leave, with Amanda waving vigorously. Then they were gone.

The house had an empty feeling. There was a clutter of used breakfast things. The curtain was still crumpled where Amanda had held it. Absurdly I felt tears pricking at the back of my eyes.

If we had only been able to afford a car, Amanda need not have left until eight o'clock. She would have avoided the long, cold wait at Bladen, and crossing the town, and changing buses. I could drive, even if Ted could not. But pipe dreams, I told myself severely, were no good to anyone.

I was busy during the morning, dusting, polishing, carefully replacing the easy chairs in their original positions so that they hid the worn places in the carpet.

Ted worked in Bladen. We were always scheming to get a house there, but somehow the ones within our price range were snapped up, usually before we even saw them. Our present cottage at Polburn, twelve miles out of Bladen, was

inherited from Ted's parents. Even as things were, however, Ted could have been back for lunch if we had had a car. But we could not afford one. It was the first time for years that I had been alone for lunch, without even Amanda. If Ted had only had more push, I thought, instead of standing aside and watching other people fight for promotion.

Amanda was back on the six-fifteen bus. I controlled myself and did not go out to meet it. I knew how much she would have hated that, revelling as she was in her new grown-up status.

She was full of her day. The too quiet house was instantly filled with her chatter and laughter. Her form mistress was called Miss Slinger. She had brought home some new maths instruments. Barbara was a prefect—had I known that? She sat next to a girl called Pauline Grayson.

When her father came home on the next, and last, bus, the seven-fifteen, all this information had to be repeated. An outsider might have thought that Ted was not much interested, from his undemonstrative manner of listening, but Amanda and I knew better.

Pauline had apparently made quite an impression.

"She lives in a house called 'Grey-stones'," said Amanda, "and she has a pony of her very own. He's called Topper."

"Lucky girl!" said Ted.

And so the day ended, with Amanda tucked up in bed and still talking. "Pauline says I can ride Topper if I go and see her," she murmured sleepily.

The following days repeated the pattern of the first.

Amanda continued to leave at seven and come back just after six. I continued to miss her and to wish for a car and a house in Bladen.

Pauline figured more and more in Amanda's conversation.

"At Pauline's they have three televisions."

"Pauline's mother gave her a gold watch. It isn't her birthday, either."

"Pauline has a pen that you fill with pellets instead of ink. It's terribly expensive. Her father sent her it."

The continuous repetition of "Pauline has this", "Pauline has that" grew extremely irritating, so much so that even Ted was at last moved to protest.

"Your Pauline," he declared sternly, "sounds a very conceited little girl, who has a lot more than is good for her."

"Oh no, she isn't, daddy," said Amanda. "You wouldn't think so if you knew her."

"Then why don't you ask her to tea on Saturday. I'd like to meet her."

Amanda was overjoyed by this rather gruff ending to the conversation. I, on the other hand, was horrified.

Amanda had been to tea once with the Graysons, and had come back full of stories: of the parlourmaid, the enormous lounge, Pauline's bedroom with a heart-shaped, pink satin eiderdown, the wonderful china tea service, and innumerable other marvels. I certainly was not going to trust eleven-year-olds with my best china, even if it matched Mrs. Grayson's, which it quite evidently did not. No doubt Pauline ought to be invited back, but not so soon.

I could hardly wait for Amanda to go before I tackled Ted.

"What on earth did you say that for?"

He grinned unrepentantly. "I'm curious to see Her Royal Highness."

"Well, I'm not. How do you think I'm going to feel knowing she'll go straight home and tell tales about us to her mother? We don't even have a car to take her back, and

there's no television to keep her amused."

Ted was staring at me with a thunderstruck expression, as if suddenly seeing something he had never seen before. "Our house is clean and respectable," he said quietly. "I think it's a lot more than that, but if that were all it was it would still be good enough for our friends, and Amanda's too."

"It's nothing like Mr. Grayson's."

Ted snorted. "Don't be childish. I'm sorry for Pauline. I wouldn't have Amanda brought up in that way for a thousand pounds. Caviar and pink champagne might be all right for grown ups, but they don't do children any good at all."

I knew in my heart he was right, but I couldn't stop myself replying. I don't like to remember the rest of the quarrel even now. In the way that such incidents do, it grew out of all proportion to the original cause. All the bitterness I had been slowly accumulating since Amanda went to her new school burst uncontrollably forth. Ted is very slow to anger, but once roused he can make me look like a harmless firework.

We were still not speaking, except in front of Amanda, when Saturday arrived. Pauline came on the bus. I had half expected her mother to bring her in the car. However, I was not to meet Mrs. Grayson until nine o'clock, when she was calling to take her daughter home.

I was quite proud of the way Amanda looked after her guest and introduced her to me. Contrary to what I had expected, Pauline seemed almost shy. She was a small, dark girl, very dainty, but with a rather babyish air.

After the first glance my eyes instinctively went to her clothes. Please don't misjudge me. Of course I don't usually look at Amanda's friends in that way, but we had

heard so much about Pauline's riches. They were expensive clothes. Simple, suitable enough, but definitely also expensive. Moreover, she had had a permanent wave . . .

We sent the two of them to play in the garden until tea-time. It was a lovely day, sunny and slightly frosty. The beech trees looked almost incandescent in their brief, golden, autumnal glory. Ted gazed out of the window at the children. Presently, his stern, moody look relaxed.

"Come and look," he said.

Amanda was up the apple tree, encouraging Pauline to follow. It was a perch Amanda frequently used and there was no great danger. I was a little alarmed nevertheless.

"Her dress!" I murmured, but weakly, because it seemed so long since Ted had invited me to enjoy anything with him. He slipped his arm round my waist and gave me a quick, furtive squeeze. The quarrel was over. I was so happy, I never thought of shooing Amanda and Pauline away from the apple tree. Luckily when they came in there was no apparent damage to their clothes.

As I looked round at the home-made cakes, jelly and blancmange, I felt sure after all that Mrs. Grayson could produce nothing better. It was a hilarious meal. I think Ted and I were feeling the reaction from the quarrel. At all events we both seemed to be in a thoroughly irresponsible, madcap mood, and laughed as much as the children.

Then Amanda began to talk about our last summer holiday in Cornwall.

"I can go swimming whenever I like," said Pauline, "because we have a swimming pool at the bottom of our lawn. It has a diving board too."

"In that case you ought to be a very good swimmer," said Ted winking at me. "How many lengths can

you do, eh?"

But Pauline looked uncomfortable. "Well, actually," said she, "Daddy was going to teach me, but he's gone to London now, so he can't."

"That's too bad. But I expect he'll teach you when he comes back."

But Pauline's bright, eager expression had vanished.

"He's not coming back. Not ever," she said. "He told me so when I went to London to see him. Mummy's going to marry Mr. Saunders, and she'll be Mrs. Saunders then, not Mrs. Grayson any more. But I'll keep my own name. Won't it be funny, Mummy's name not being the same as mine?"

"Yes, I suppose it will. But you know it's not really so very unusual," answered Ted, in an effort to be consoling.

Amanda had no inhibitions. "Do you like Mr. Saunders?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. He bought me a lovely dressing case with a mirror in the top. And there's a lady in London that Daddy knows, and when I was there she bought me a dressing gown, so I think perhaps she's going to marry Daddy. Isn't it funny how when your parents are divorced you get so many more presents?"

I wondered, with a mixture of pity and dismay, if it really meant no more to her than that. Then I noticed her tense little fingers crumbling the cake on her plate. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "But I don't like Mr. Saunders as much as Daddy. I wish he would come back."

Gradually we led the conversation back into safer channels and recaptured something of the party atmosphere.

"I'll help you with the washing

(Continued at foot of column 2, page 45)

"All Friends Together"

Photo by C. F. Snow



Random Reflections



Religion By Proxy

"We don't go to church ourselves, but we always send the children." If I had a five pound note for every time I have had that remark (or some similar one to the same effect) made to me, I should be considerably better off than I am at present! It always seems to me more than odd that anyone should think that they have fulfilled their duty towards God by getting their children to do their worshipping for them. What the Church needs most today is not parents who *send* their children to church, but parents who *bring* them. We cannot expect to qualify for eternal life on the grounds that our *children* were regular in their religious duties.

* * *

Other Times

It has been pointed out recently, that whereas in the 18th century, when the clergy were ill-trained and lax in the performance of their duties, churches drab and ill-cared-for, services slovenly and dreary and sermons inordinately lengthy, the laity on the whole went to church in great numbers; in the 20th century, when the clergy are better professionally qualified than ever before, the churches more cared for, sermons shorter and services more reverently performed, the laity as a whole have become proportionately more lax in the matter of churchgoing. Very odd!

H.A.L.R.

Book Review



KIRKBRIDE AND COMPANY

by HARRY BLAMIRE (S.P.C.K. 15/6)

In *The Kirkbride Conversations*, Mr. Blamires set out to present certain aspects of the Christian Faith by means of imaginary dialogues between a wise and witty priest, Canon Kirkbride, and some earnest, modern seekers-after-truth. In this later book the Canon is reintroduced as the hero of what purports to be a straightforward piece of fiction in novel form.

Many who enjoyed and profited by his earlier work may well feel that this time the author has been less successful. There is very little "plot" and nothing much happens beyond a great deal of talk. The Canon is almost too good to be true; his urbanity is unflinching, his arguments impeccably irrefutable. The other characters are little more than sparring partners for him, and the total effect is rather that of an elaborate piece of shadow boxing.

Nevertheless, the book is well worth reading as a sound piece of Christian apologetics. Mr. Blamires may lack the inventiveness of an Austen, a Dickens or a Trollope; as a theologian, he is streets ahead.

KEEPING UP WITH PAULINE

(Continued from page 45)

up," offered Ted, when Pauline had gone and Amanda was in bed.

We worked in silence for a while.

"Poor little mite!" said Ted eventually.

I had believed Mrs. Grayson a lucky woman and envied her her car, her china, her whole expensive way of life. But all the time I had been the one who had been granted all that truly mattered.

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A. J. Walton, A.M.Inst.B.E., 1 Beechey Ave., Old Marston...Tel. 47107

Radio & Television : Rental, Sales or Service :

W. R. Hammond, 76 Oxford Road, Old Marston.

Taxi — Car Hire (Long or Short Journeys) :

Marston Taxi Service, Mr. & Mrs. Leach, 2 Cavendish Drive,
Old Marston.....Tel. 47197

Wavy Line Grocer :

Harwood, Salford Stores, 15 Salford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 43174

Cover picture : As souls, new born. *John Topham*