

MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 27

MAY, 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.

Vergers :

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.

We shall soon be losing our Parish Worker, Miss Liles, who leaves next month to serve with an old friend of hers, the Rev. Peter Street, in the Parish of St. James', Carlisle. I am not going to say anything at this junction about her invaluable help, particularly during the interregnum, but may I draw your attention to the notice elsewhere in the magazine about a farewell gift for her. Please pray for Miss Liles as she prepares to work in her new sphere, and also that God will supply our need in this parish, so that the person of His choice may join us to serve Him here.

Caravans have been much on our minds recently, and those who have attended the various public meetings about them will have realised that discussion on the Marston caravan sites can always be guaranteed to produce a great deal of heat in a short amount of time! They are a problem, and a problem to which we as Christians must not shut our eyes, or leave to the Civic authorities. Already the Communists have shown that the caravan dwellers of Marston are their concern. Whatever the County authorities decide about sites at Marston—and it is to be hoped that something definite is decided one way or the other, and that either equally attractive sites are provided elsewhere, and that illegal sites are closed; or that such sites which comply with Ministry demands are legalised—then let us never forget that caravans represent homes: fathers, mothers, and children. To leave them an agency of suspense, not sure whether they are to be turned off or not, is cruel.

To allow them to live in conditions which are neither sanitary, or amenable, whilst money, which should be spent on developing the site is withheld because a licence has not been granted, is criminal. As a parish we can pray for a solution to this problem, and press for something decisive to be one way or the other.

Autumn seems quite a long way off, but soon the various parish committees will be meeting to arrange their winter programmes. I would like to ask you all to give special precedence to the question of Christian Leadership, and also Instruction in the Faith.

It is hoped that we shall be able to have a Parish Mission in the Autumn of 1961, but if this is to be, it is most necessary that by then we have a guaranteed number of Christian leaders, who are willing to accept Christian responsibility, who know their faith, and who will then carry the mission through.

There's not much room to say more, so here's a thought for the month:
"Every man — a missionary!"

With sincere good wishes,

Paul R. Remington

"What are YOU doing on June 18th?"

Well, there should be only ONE answer to that question for Marston folk :
"We're going to the Garden Fete at the Vicarage."

We hope in fact that you've been roped in to help, and if you haven't please drop a line to Mr. Cattermole, 36 Brookfield Crescent, Headington. We can do with any number of helpers.

The money from this year's Fete will go to the Interior Restoration of the Church, and any balance will be used to start our Organ Fund.

There will be a notice going up in the church porch about the prizes needed for various competitions, and we should be grateful for any gifts for these, or for sale on the stalls. Don't forget too that, if its used, Mrs. Barnsley has a White Elephant Stall where we guarantee to sell anything from a wardrobe to a white elephant!

PROGRAMMES FOR THE FETE WILL BE ON SALE IN GOOD TIME. PLEASE BE SURE TO FILL IN YOUR COMPETITION ENTRIES EARLY AND RETURN THEM BEFORE THE DAY.

* * *

Diocesan Board of Women's Work :

ANNUAL CONFERENCE AT MARSTON

On May 31st the parish is to be host for the Annual Conference of the Diocesan Board of Women's Work. Invitations will be going out to clergy and laity throughout the Diocese, and a programme of speakers has been drawn up, who will endeavour to inform the diocese about the need and scope for Parish Workers. There will be a special Evensong in Church at 5 p.m., and the parish will be looking after the catering side of what promises to be a most rewarding evening.

If any parishioner would be prepared to give bed and breakfast to delegates to the Conference, especially those who request accommodation at short notice, the Vicar would be pleased to hear from them.

We look forward to having the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and also a former incumbent and friend of the parish, the Venerable Gordon D. Savage, on this day. The conference is a MUST for all women who are wondering whether God is calling them to fulltime service in the Church, and the various speakers at the Conference will be speaking about the many vocations for women workers. Please remember all who organise this meeting in your prayers.

Present for Miss Liles :

Miss Liles will be leaving us on June 20th, and we shall all gather in the Church Hall after Evening Prayer on Sunday, June 19th, to say Farewell to her, and to give her a token of our gratitude for all her help in the parish.

All who wish to share in this gift are asked to send or hand their donation to Mr. B. G. Oliver, or to Mrs. Smith, 4 Windsor Crescent, Old Marston. The collection on Whit Sunday will as usual be given to the Parish Worker, and it is asked that all donations for her present be in by this date.

Thankyous :

To Mr. Lewendon, who assisted Mr. Doman in making the toadstool for the Brownies, and whose name was omitted when this was mentioned. Where do these men get such fairy knowledge!

Another thank you to Mr. Hammond who has made us a presentation of the focussing lights, which so brighten up the sanctuary—and which will be appreciated even more when the church is fully restored in the interior.

To the Youth Fellowship for stalwart work on the church paths, which are wider, cleaner, and tidier. If you don't like the small stones too much, remember the muddy path before and think of D. L. Moody's reply to those who criticised his methods of evangelism: "I like my way of doing it, better than your way of not doing it!"

Scouts :

Mr. A. Brown, 8 Mortimer Drive, has kindly accepted the post of Group Scout Master for the 43rd Oxford, St. Nicholas' Church Troop. He comes to us with experience of Rovering, with boundless enthusiasm, and—as with all his activities—a determination not to let sleeping dogs lie, and to rope in a few more dogs to help!

ALL PARISHIONERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE TROOP (Church Hall), May 3rd at 8 p.m.

We should like to thank all of you who contributed to the Bob a Job Week—the main source of income for Scouting.

Youth Fellowship :

The Youth Fellowship held its usual monthly activities, including a discussion on "Sharing our Faith with Others," introduced by the Curate of St. Clement's, the Rev. Roy Rimmer.

There was a good turn-out for the moonlight hike, and are grateful to Mr. Starmer Smith, and Mr. Hawgood for helping with the transport to Islip. After a glorious walk around Watereaton, and Woodeaton, we returned to Mrs. Beater's for hot soup and potatoes in their jackets. Thank you Mrs. Beater, Rosemary and Gillian for a most enjoyable evening.

Here and There in the Parish.

We rejoice in a newly painted notice board, resplendent in royal blue and gold. This means, amongst other things, that the times of services will remain static for a good while. It has been unfortunate that we have had to change them around so much, particularly the Children's Church, but 10 a.m. (except on the 3rd Sunday of the month) does seem to be the most practical time for the latter.

We hope that more fathers and mothers will come with their children to the Family Communion on the 3rd Sunday. Special arrangements are made for those who are under 8 to listen to a story in the Church Hall, during the time of Communion, but any children who want to come and kneel alongside their parents at the Communion rail, whilst their parents receive communion, are most welcome. The hymns chosen for this service are all well-known, and page numbers in the prayer book are announced. We read the Epistle and Gospel from the lectern, and in every way this is family worship at its best.

The parish of Marston is noted for its river rescues. The Vicar rescued two boys from drowning near St. Clements, Malcolm Parker and a friend saved a schoolgirl who was in distress in the river, and now Mr. Hunt, a local resident, hit the headlines with another river rescue. Congratulations Marston! Keep up the good record!

Very soon the Memorial Garden to the Rev. J. H. Mortimer, on the site of the old Reading Room, will be nearing completion. The main need at present is for a volunteer who will mow the grass and keep this small patch of garden tidy. A small remuneration will be available, and it is hoped that some public-spirited person will take on this worthwhile work.

Mothers' Union :

At a service on the 22nd March in church, the following were presented for enrollment to the Mothers' Union, by Mrs. Barnsley, the Enrolling Member. Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Farquahar, Mrs. Tyrrell, Mrs. Warland, Mrs. Clay. Will any mothers who have recently moved into the parish from other branches, please let Mrs. Barnsley know, and come along to our regular monthly meetings. We welcome new members and would be pleased to hear of others who wish to join the Mothers' Union.

Young Wives :

"Children's Difficult Questions" was the topic of the Brains Trust, during which Miss Liles chaired a panel of speakers which included a doctor, a school teacher, a mother, and a warden of an approved school. The questions were good and the evening was most worthwhile. Mrs. Rimmer introduced an "Easter Anthology" which led us by means of music, poetry, scripture reading and drama, through the sequence of events from Good Friday to Easter.

The Men's Forum :

There was a look of contentment on the faces of the twenty or so men who had made their wives sit in for them so that they may smoke their pipes and listen to Professor Harlow open a discussion on : "Can a Christian be a Communist?" Whatever the Dean of Canterbury feels, the forum considered that the answer is a firm negative.

There was also a decisive feeling that the Christian must have a social concern for these situations, which the Communist so often exploits for a political advantage, and which provide for the Christian opportunity to show the sympathy, and active compassion of Christ.

Bellringers :

One of the most punctual contributors to the Magazine is the Bell Captain, Mr. Roy Jones, who writes :

"It has been said that a "live" church is known by the success of its organisations. This, we find, is correct. In the "Ringing World" Mr. Felstead refers to Marston's rapid climb to the top of five-bell towers. The Ven. Gordon D. Savage writes in the Diocesan Newsletter that although his own churchbells at Whitchurch are at present unringable, he dates his interest in bellringing from his time at Marston "whose bellringers excel in making records!"

In an annual ringers report, issued by a church in Hampshire, there was a reference to the Marston Tower : "We can share in the success of the Marston Ringers because one of its ringers rang regularly with us for two years and is still a member of this tower."

It has surprised many of us how well St. Nicholas' is known for other reasons apart from its bells. The number of times we have been asked "What does it feel like to belong to a church that is really "alive"? is almost embarrassing!

On the 12th March many of our ringers had their first experience of a bellringers meeting when they attended the Quarterly Meeting of the City Branch of the Oxford Diocesan Guild at Beckley. This provided an opportunity to meet ringers from our own branch as well as from all over Oxfordshire. After ringing and attending a service conducted by the Rev. Hugh Benson, the ringers were entertained to tea by the Beckley congregation.

On the 27th March we welcomed Helen Williams and Julia Chandler into our Sunday Service Band. This gives us the first all-ladies band since 1954.

On the 9th April, we tried something new—a Jumble Sale! We should like to thank all those who helped to collect jumble, who provided so much for the stalls, and who patronised the Sale. The “tea-room” was greatly appreciated, and many folk have asked when we are going to hold our next Sale. Thank you to all of you for a splendid effort!

Adult Confirmation Class :

The next Adult Confirmation Class will be on Monday, May 2nd, at 8 p.m. in Church. Will all candidates please make a note to attend.

“ Every Penny Help ”

We should like to thank Mr. B. G. Oliver for donating the entire amount paid into the weighing machine in his shop during the Lenten Season to the Church. The amount realised was £3 5s. 0d.

May we also thank all of you who took home one of the small missionary boxes during Lent. The total sum collected from these was £14 7s. 1d. which will be sent to the C.M.S.

Important Notice about the County Mobile Library Van :

As from the beginning of May, the Library Van will visit Marston at different times than previously ; it will be here during the part of one afternoon one week, and the following week during an evening—we trust that in this way many new members may be able to join.. Corner of Mortimer Drive and Oxford Road, starting THURSDAY, 5th MAY, from 6.15 p.m. to 7 p.m., and then every fortnight. At the back of The White Hart, Oxford Road, starting MONDAY, 9th MAY, from 3.30 to 4 p.m., and then every fortnight. Requests for books not actually in the Van, can be handed in, and are generally available within a very short period. No charge is made for borrowing books—or even fines!

CALENDAR FOR MAY, 1960

- May 1. SS. Philip and James. 2nd Sunday after Easter.
8.0 a.m. and Noon : Holy Communion (Y.F. Corporate Com.).
10 a.m. and 3.15 p.m. Children's Services in Church.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- „ 2. (Monday). 8 p.m. Adult Confirmation Class (Church).
- „ 3. (Tuesday). Annual General Meeting of St. Nicholas' Scout Group. (Please make an effort to attend).
- „ 8. 3rd Sunday after Easter.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. Children's Church.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

- „ 11. (Wednesday). Young Wives' Group : Make-up. Miss Morley of Elliston and Cavell.
- „ 14. (Saturday). 2.30 p.m. Scout Jumble Sale in Church Hall.
- „ 15. 4th Sunday after Easter.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. **FAMILY COMMUNION.**
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
6.30 p.m. **Evening Prayer.**
(Youth Fellowship Discussion in Vicarage after Service).
- „ 17. Young Wives Day of Prayer. (Special notice by Secretary).
- „ 22. Rogation Sunday.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. Children's Church.
11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
Rev. Stuart Blanch, Vice-Principal of Wycliffe Hall.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
- „ 24. 2.45 p.m. Mothers' Union : Special Programme to be arranged by Deanery Branch.
- „ 26. (Thursday). **ASCENSION DAY.**
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.30 p.m. Special Ascension Day Service in Church.
- „ 29. Sunday after Ascension Day. Commonwealth Youth Sunday.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. Children's Church.
11.0 a.m. Special Commonwealth Youth Service.
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

HOLY BAPTISM

- Mar. 20. Alan Graham, son of Leslie and Barbara Belcher.
Rosemary Ann, daughter of Cyril and Freda Foley.
Martin Sean, son of William and Sheila Knelier.
Paul David, son of Alan and Gloria Roberts.
Stephen Paul, son of Brian and Sheila Eyre.
- Apr. 17. Fay, daughter of Ronald and Joan Ayers.
Beverley Jane, daughter of Maurice and Brenda Clarke.
Brian William, son of William and Patricia Hopcraft.
Karen Jayne, daughter of Richard and Jenness Simpson.

MARRIAGES.

- Mar. 26. John Charles Richard Lamburn and Elizabeth Margaret Avery.
Brian Taylor and Kathleen Ann Baughan.
- Apr. 2. Wilfrid John Trevains and Jean Gertrude Laidlaw.

FUNERAL

- Apr. 11. Rose Brooks, aged 69 years.

ANOTHER EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT

Religion In Russia Lives On

★

★

MARJORIE WORRALL

HOW right the Revd. Mark Tweedy is when he says, in your October issue, that religion in Russia today is alive and vital. It is there for even the ordinary tourist to see if he uses his eyes and does not accept blindly the official denial of the 'Intourist' guides.

We were told repeatedly in Leningrad that the churches were closed as the "people had no longer any need for them" or that they had been converted into museums; and after trying in vain to enter St. Isaac's, the great church on Nevsky Prospekt, and the cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan we were inclined to believe that they were indeed closed. Then we tried to capture, by sketching it, some of the bizarre beauty of the colourful Church of the Redemption, with its twisted onion domes, which stands reflected in the Catherine Canal on the spot where the Tsar Alexander II was assassinated in March 1881. We found that the great doors were certainly closed and barred, but in their keyholes were flowers, wild flowers many of them, not yet withered, which in the heat of summer meant that they had been placed there that day. And in the quarter of an hour that we remained there sketching we saw for ourselves the real Russia, and the devotion of a people more genuinely religious than anywhere else in Europe.

A middle-aged man, thin faced and

shabbily dressed, moved round the church to stand in prayer before each of its closed doors; then he crossed himself and knelt to kiss the thresholds, leaving before each door that he could not enter a tiny posy of fresh flowers.

On the side of the church which overlooks the canal hangs a life-size crucifix which was also banked by flowers and, while we watched, a woman on crutches made her painful way to it, not to kneel, for that she could not do, but to gaze with ecstasy on the face of the Christ and to touch with reverent tenderness His wounded side. It was such an intimate moment for her that we instinctively began to move away, till we realised that she was completely oblivious of everything but her Master Whose feet she was now quite literally washing with her tears. Besides, at that particular moment two Red Army officers were strolling past and we wanted to see what their reaction would be to this Biblical scene and how far the toleration, which they now boast has been extended to all forms of religion within the Soviet Union, would be put into practice. For there was the added complication that this particular church also had strong Tsarist associations. They looked at her with curiosity and strolled on, making no attempt at interfering either with her or with a much younger woman who now, in full view of the

crowds who always throng the Leningrad streets, had prostrated herself at full length in the old Russian fashion on the pavement of the square facing the great West door.

These were unforgettable moments, which spoke more eloquently than any party communique.

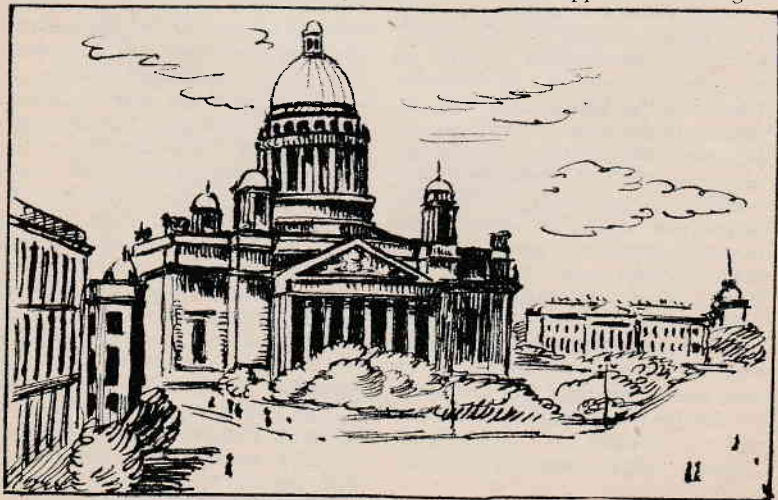
As guests who were receiving generous hospitality from Intourist, it was our policy never even to appear to criticise. But this was something we had to know about and when we asked Nana, our guide, why the Government, which claimed to be meeting the needs of the people in its new Seven Year Plan, was denying them access to their churches for which they were as obviously hungry as for bread, we received a typical answer.

"That church is unsafe inside. It was badly damaged during the siege of Leningrad and it would be dangerous to admit people. If the congregation like to collect enough money for repairs, so that surveyors can pass it as being safe, there is no reason why it should not be opened. The Church in Russia is disestablished, so

the government will make it no grant; it is the responsibility of the people who want to use the church."

Later in St. Isaac's, which we found to be indeed a museum devoted to such incongruous objects as the giant pendulum which hung down from inside the dome to demonstrate to the scientifically minded the proof of the rotation of the earth, Nana expanded the theme.

She had just explained that when the outside of the dome had been originally gilded 1500 serfs employed on it had died from the fumes given off by the use of pure gold leaf. "Now," she said, "it has been regilded without any loss of life, and what is more the State contributed 28 million roubles for the renovation. That is how we persecute the Church in Russia as our enemies say." To our protesting that this conflicted with her earlier statement that non-believers cannot be expected to contribute by means of State funds she answered that St. Isaac's is an historical monument. And that is most likely the truth of the matter, for it has great prestige value. As the traveller approaches Leningrad



St. Isaac's Cathedral

from the Gulf of Finland, the great dome of St. Isaac's (only those of St. Peter's, Rome, and St. Paul's, London, are greater) is a landmark and the first sight which most Westerners have of Russia.

The present position is surely a great improvement on that of the past. One of our party had visited Leningrad in 1935, when St. Isaac's had housed an anti-God exhibition. She said that she had entered with trepidation, expecting to be offended, but that it had proved so innocuous that in the intervening quarter of a century she had forgotten the details and only remembered the overall impression that many of the exhibits would not have been out of place at a vicarage garden party.

In Moscow we only had one Sunday and then we were taken out to see the country estate of the Youssouffoffs. It is Monday, and not Sunday, that is the weekly holiday in the U.S.S.R. Apart, however, from noticing that all the shops were open and doing a brisk trade, both as we left and returned to Moscow, there was no means of judging the position.

Our guide in Moscow was the son of a high Soviet official, and to our surprise it was he who suggested that we might like to spend our Monday driving out to the Troitski (Trinity) monastery, one of the largest in Russia and one which has played a big part in the history of the country. "It is now a training school for priests", he said. "One of my greatest friends is training there and would be glad to show us round. We do not agree and often argue about the course he is taking, but we remain good friends".

It is one of my lasting regrets that most of the rest of our party had commitments that day, and as only four of us were free to go it was not practicable for Intourist to let us have a

coach for a whole day's long drive to the distant Troitski monastery.

So my information about the Moscow situation is second-hand, but a reliable second-hand. On the boat returning to England we had noticed a genial character but had no opportunity of speaking to him till we were docked in the Thames waiting in a queue to go through the immigration inspection on board. We were discussing the dome of St. Paul's looming out of the morning mist, when we noticed him behind us, now wearing a clerical collar. He was informative about St. Paul's, the plans rejected and accepted for its restoration, the details of its finance and its personnel, so that we concluded that his connections with the cathedral were close. He had been in Russia, together with his Russian wife, collecting material in the Lenin Library for a book he was writing on the history of the Church in Russia during the last hundred years. He said that the staff of the library, in fact everyone with whom he had come into contact, had gone out of their way to help him, producing much material from the archives and showing a real and practical interest in his work.

We had just time to ask him what Sunday was like in Moscow and for him to answer that Sunday after Sunday the churches were all of them full, and that the congregations contained young as well as old. "The young are finding that there is something that the secular state cannot provide," he said, and then we were separated by the formalities of returning to our homeland.

As a very ordinary tourist, without any special facilities for observations, one inescapable fact was borne in on me. Persecution has only separated the dross. Refined by the fire, the gold remains and that is the shining devotion of a people truly, and in the real meaning of the word, *religious*.

"Vanity of Vanities," saith the Preacher

Savonarola—

THE FIERY FLORENTINE

BY BERNARD CROFT

ON May 23rd, 1498, the body of Girolamo Savonarola, Italian preacher and reformer, was burnt in the central square of Florence. The fickle crowd had turned against their favourite preacher of but a few months before. Crowds can be like that. We immediately recall another mob which cried "Crucify Him!" so very soon after chanting "Hosanna!"

Today, at the foot of the famous Neptune statue outside the Signoria Palace in the Piazza della Signoria, a bronze disc marks the spot where the preaching Dominican was first hanged and then burnt. A few feet away, throughout the summer months, visitors from many different countries—including our own—sit and sip their cooling drinks as they glance again at their guide-books to what is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and fascinating cities in Europe; a city where, it has been said, there is more fine art—painting and sculpture—to the square mile than anywhere else in the world.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." And Savonarola echoed the words of Ecclesiastes centuries later when he felt himself called by God to preach against the luxurious living of the rich people of Florence under Lorenzo the Magnificent. And, at one point in his career as a popular preacher at San Marco, so successfully

did he preach repentance and a more seemly and austere way of Christian living that there took place the "Burning of the Vanities". Cards, dice, gambling-tables, gorgeous clothing, boxes of paint and perfumes were brought out by the people whose hearts Savonarola had touched. All were piled up in the square and made into a glorious bonfire.

No one, I am sure, would have enjoyed this more than the children of Florence, who loved Savonarola. A great many of them he had enrolled into a junior Crusader movement. They were even provided with little white tunics emblazoned with a red cross, and they must have looked very impressive on their processions through the streets of the city spreading out on two sides of the river Arno.

If anybody reads the works of George Eliot nowadays, they can find in her "Romola" a vivid picture of Savonarola and his times. It is fitting that the commemoration of the day of his death falls so near Ascensiontide; for him, the Lord Jesus was indeed the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Another name one automatically connects with Florence is, of course, Michelangelo. A larger-than-life-sized replica of his "Boy David" stands on the steps of the palace in the same square, and inside the nearby Uffizi



Cathedral Dome, Florence

Gallery is that lovely round picture of the Holy Family by the same hand. The cathedral of different coloured marbles is a striking building, and its dome makes an impressive skyline picture. As at Pisa, its baptistery is a separate building—and famous here for its magnificent bronze doors portraying Biblical stories. There are several other interesting churches in Savonarola's city; and of course there is the famous ancient bridge, the Ponte Vecchio, with its shops (chiefly jewellers) on either side. This, mercifully, was spared when the other bridges over the Arno were blown up during the last war. Several new bridges have now been thrown across the Arno. And I might add, if you do not already know Savonarola's city and are fortunate enough to be able to visit it, there is a little English church in Florence which you should certainly visit and where you may worship according to the English Liturgy.

BOOK REVIEW

LIFE AFTER DEATH

("Is Death the End?" by Carroll E. SIMCOX. S.P.C.K. 4s. 6d.)

Dr. Carroll Simcox is a distinguished priest of the American Episcopal Church, and in this latest addition to the S.P.C.K. Seraph books he has given a compressed but very lucid and readable account of what Christians believe about Death and its related subjects—personal immortality, resurrection, the Last Judgment, heaven and hell.

This little book of 76 pages is just the thing to give to anyone recently bereaved, or to persons genuinely puzzled about what happens to us when life's fitful fever flickers out. It is a book for the ordinary lay man and woman, free from theological and philosophical technicalities, and full of the hope that is in us as followers of Him who said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

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Church Notes and Views

◇

Smallest Sussex Church?

WHILE on holiday last year I came across what is said to be the smallest church in Sussex. This is Lullington church and it has only twenty-two chairs. The story goes that a very small curate preached there one Sunday from the words "Jesus wept", that there were twelve people present, and that the collection amounted to eightpence. The little curate thereupon remarked that it was the smallest church, the smallest parson, the shortest text, the smallest congregation and the smallest collection he had ever heard of!—S. W. BACON (LONDON, E.8).

A RINGING RHYME

ON a board on the belfry wall in the tower of St. Thomas's Church, Newport, is the following rhyme:

"To call the folk to church in time—
I chime.
When joy and mirth are on the wing—
I ring.
When parts the body from the soul—
I toll.

—F. SMITH (OXFORD)

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.**

More Unusual Names

HAVING just read the paragraph headed "What's In a Name?", I think you might be interested in the following unusual combinations of names. In Chelmsford there used to be a chemist's shop bearing the legend:

Early Bunn (late Baker).

In Bridgnorth (Shropshire) a firm of solicitors had their names inscribed on a wire blind:

Messrs. Doolittle and Dally.

In Ipswich there were three tradesmen named respectively:

Appleyard, Howgegs and Shufflebottom.

These names are all authentic. I came across them when I stayed in these various places at different times in the past.—MISS V. E. PERKINS (CROYDON).



A Light Unto the World

ALL Saints', Pavement, York, almost abutting on the Market Place, was once quite literally a light unto the world, for from its lantern tower a light was shown and there are preserved inside the church, lenses from the lamp which used to shine from the tower to guide travellers from the Forest of Galtres into the capital city of the North. The church has a chained copy of Bishop Jewell's *Apology*, and on the door is a beautiful closing ring, said by many to be a sanctuary ring, representing a lion with a man's head in its mouth. Of the many churches in York, All Saints, Pavement, is well worth a visit.—G. C. (KEIGHLEY).



Bellringers' Jug

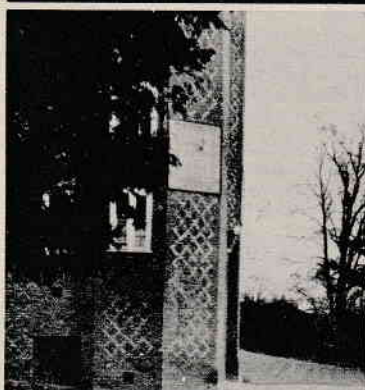
THIS monster jug, now preserved in Bowdon Church, Cheshire, used to be kept filled with ale when the bellringers were in action, so that they might slake the thirst which their job created.

The jug is about 200 years old, and bears the names of six 18th century ringers, together with a picture of the church. —ARTHUR TURNER (LONDON).



Castle Sundial

FARNHAM CASTLE, built originally by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, about the year 1136, after serving as the home of the Bishops of Winchester and latterly the Bishops of Guildford, now stands empty. Its fate, at the moment, is in the balance. My photograph depicts one of the two sundials bearing the motto: *Pretereunt*—'they pass by' on the entrance tower built by Bishop Richard Fox in 1501.—C. T. SPURLING (MAIDSTONE).



18th Century Church Restored

BABINGTON, near Frome, at the eastern end of the Mendip Hills of Somerset, has no village but can claim what is probably the finest Georgian church in the county. Built in 1750, it fully represents its period, and it stands at the end of a long avenue of fine trees, facing smooth well-kept lawns which separate it from the elegant manor house near by.

But in 1952 Babington Church was untidy and in a sad state of decay. However, since then, the 46 parishioners have managed to raise over £900 towards the cost of its restoration, and now the interior has been completely re-decorated in white, gold, and blue, undoubtedly enhancing its "18th century drawing-room" appearance without spoiling its atmosphere of reverence. There is still a little work to be done to the exterior but it is satisfying to realise that the people of Babington, in appreciating their heritage from the classical period of English architecture, have made such a successful effort in restoring it to its former elegant beauty.—GEOFFREY N. WRIGHT (LIMPLEY STOKE).



Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

Monday—Washing Day

Sprinkle *Eau de Cologne* or lavender water on your ironing board and allow to dry before ironing blouses, delicate underwear or bed linen; the heat of the iron makes them sweetly fragrant and the perfume will last until the article is washed again. Your bed linen will smell lovely when this method is used.—MRS. BROCKLEHURST (MACCLESFIELD).

Tuesday—Sewing

When threading tape or elastic, I always use a safety pin. If it is fastened to the tape or elastic, they cannot slip, and the pin does not come unfastened. I choose different sized pins to suit each hem.—MRS. J. E. C. BEATY (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE 3).

Instead of lining curtains with plain material, choose a different type of floral pattern so that they can be reversed when you want a change inside the room.—MISS A. SWAIN (HORSHAM).

Wednesday—Nursing

Anyone nursing an invalid or old person who cannot digest the usual soups or puddings might like to know that those little tins of baby soups and puddings are just the answer to the problem. They save time cooking individual meals, too. I discovered this when nursing my mother-in-law, and found them a great help, especially in the summer months when one would not usually be making much soup or hot puddings.—MRS. J. THOMPSON (BALLINAMALLARD, CO. FERMANAGH).

Thursday—Cooking

To make tasty Sausage Dumplings:
Soak 3 oz. of stale bread in cold water.

Squeeze out the moisture. To this add half a pound of pork sausage meat, 1 large grated apple, 1 teaspoonful of dry mustard, salt and baking powder. 1½ oz. plain flour, 1 well-beaten egg. A pinch of pepper. Beat thoroughly to mix. Drop into boiling water, a dessertspoonful at a time. Cover the pan, and boil for 15 minutes. Serve with carrots and fried onions, and apple sauce, if liked. This makes about ten dumplings.—MRS. V. MILLSON (LEE-ON-SOLENT).

Friday—Household

Here is an excellent tip for household work. A cheap, easily-made, good all-round polish may be made from the following ingredients. 2 parts methylated spirit, 3 parts paraffin, 4 parts cold water. Shake all well together in a bottle. Shake well each time before using. This keeps well, and cleans as well as polishes. It may be remembered as the 2, 3, 4 Polish.—MRS. G. E. CORNER (BURNLEY).

A few drops of lemon juice mixed into freshly made mustard will prevent a crust forming and will keep it fresh for days.—MRS. M. I. BRUCE (LYME REGIS).

To correct carpets which rise at the opening of a door or corners which turn up. Dissolve a teaspoonful of size in the least possible boiling water. Brush this on to the back of the carpet where the trouble is. This will dry in a very short time and will be firm and lie flat.—MRS. COURTNEY (WADEBRIDGE).

Saturday—Children

Don't throw away those holiday post-cards sent by your friends from so many exciting and beautiful places. They will probably be welcomed by your local group of the Spastics' Society, or by a children's Nursery. A folding draught screen for placing around your child's cot or bed might well be brightened up by pasting old post-cards on to it. The same use, of course, can be made of Christmas and birthday cards.—NURSE SHELDON (SHEFFIELD).

* * *

*** 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.

Give Your Electric Cooker a "Spring Clean"

Your bright, new cooker will stay attractive and give better service if you treat it to a 'facial' every now and again, and the best way to do this is to pay every attention to the smallest detail.

First of all, be sure to **TURN OFF** the main switch on the control panel. Lift out or raise the hob.

Ease out the hot plates and wipe with a cloth which has been dipped in warm soapy water. *Never* put the hot plates in water—it is quite sufficient to wipe and dry with a clean sponge or cloth. Wash the hot cupboard, and also the grill pan and grid, in water to which a small amount of detergent

has been added; rinse and dry well. Next, remove the sides of the oven and wash well in hot water to which detergent or soap has been added. Dry well before replacing. Lastly, clean the inside of the oven with a cloth wrung out in warm water, again adding a small amount of detergent to the water. Dry well and then replace the sides, shelves, hotplates and hob. Turn on the main switch and your cooker will again be ready for use.
M. H.

TRUE SIGHT

The loveliest things on earth
To beauty-loving eyes,
Are vested with a spirit
That comes from Paradise.

IRENE H. LEWIS

"Evening Sunlight"—near Leominster, Herefordshire

Eric L. King



Asking for it

THE three days before Ascension Day are marked in the Prayer Book Calendar as *Rogation Days*—days of special prayer for God's blessing upon the springing seeds of field and garden, upon the flowering orchards and upon the teeming waters of river and sea.

The word "Rogation" comes from a Latin word which means "to ask", and the origin of these special days is to be found away back in the fourth century at a time of plague, tempest and consequent famine. The Church authorities in Southern Gaul then decreed that processions should be made to fields and vineyards, and special litanies sung and prayers recited beseeching God to avert the pestilence, to send seasonable weather and to bestow an abundant harvest. These Rogation Days became an established custom and their observance quickly spread all over Western Europe.

It was for use in such processions

and at this season of the year that litanies originally were drawn up. Our Prayer Book Litany is in the direct line of descent from those early fifth-century proto-types put forth by the bishops of Southern France. It owes its existence to the translating skill of Archbishop Cranmer, and it was in fact the first part of our Prayer Book to be put into English.

In the Middle Ages, by a kind of sanctified economy of movement, the Rogation processions were extended to include a perambulation of the parish boundaries. This "beating of the bounds" was a very necessary operation in days when disputes over the ownership of lands were common and when such maps as existed were highly imaginative and unreliable. But the Rogation procession, while it made possible and convenient this admittedly utilitarian proceeding, was always primarily concerned with its spiritual purpose of prayer and supplication.

In England the observance seems more or less to have died out during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to be happily revived about a hundred years ago. It is not nowadays possible to make very much of the actual three Rogation Days themselves, but it is no uncommon sight, on the Sunday preceding them—the Fifth

(Continued on page 78)



Photo: G. Pennethorne

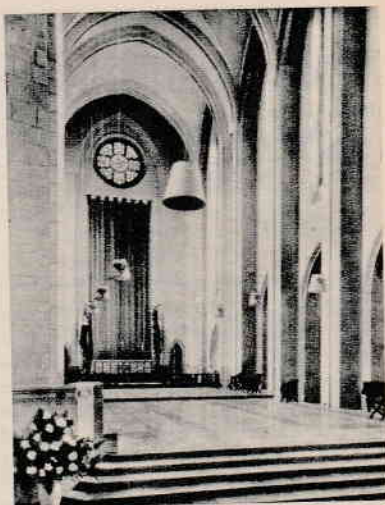
GUILDFORD'S NEW CATHEDRAL IN BUILDING

GUILDFORD Cathedral, the consecration of which has been postponed until next Whitsun, is the second Anglican Cathedral, Liverpool being the first, to be built on a new site since the Middle Ages.

Yet Guildford is in a very special sense the Cathedral of this Age. It is modern Gothic, but with a difference. Its architect, Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., has used reinforced concrete vaulting (to avoid the hazards of fire), acoustic plaster, modern hot water floor panel heating fired by oil, etc.

The site on which the partially completed Cathedral is built is magnificent. The late Lord Bennett of Canada gave £10,000 to provide a large part of the land surrounding it. Hundreds of thousands of visitors who pour into the Cathedral during the year testify to the interest which it rouses in the public mind. What strikes the visitor most forcibly is the beauty of line and the simplicity of it all; also the fact that it is so light and conveys an atmosphere of serenity. One of the Cathedral's many attractions is its exquisite needlework, including some 500 kneelers which have been made by people in the Diocese.

The Cathedral is visited during the summer months by some 10,000 visitors a month, many of these being organised in parties coming from considerable distances. The number of visitors during 1958 was estimated at 100,000 and of these 32,000 bought



bricks at 2s. 6d. each to be built into the structure of the Nave as their contribution to it.

Responsibility for the building of the Cathedral is in the hands of a Council, of which the Bishop is President and Lord Hamilton of Dalzell the Chairman. This Council consists mainly of lay men and women of distinction in the Diocese who are devoting themselves to the task of making possible the building of this Cathedral as the gift of our Age to future Ages.

E. IREDALE, O.B.E.
(Secretary to the Guildford
Cathedral Council.)

THE BUILDERS

We build the Great Church brick by
brick;

For each course must be true.

'Tis waste of work to build too
quick,

Eternity in view.

F. KEELING SCOTT

THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

Summer of our Content

SALLY BURTON

THERE wasn't much content about when Dad first brought home a tinny old car. It was August Bank holiday and I was in the kitchen sponging my blazer. Mum and Dad were in the next room and there was an awful row going on. I heard Mum say, "It's a sheer waste of money. Fancy buying that thing just to keep up with the neighbours. And it isn't as if it does keep up with the neighbours. We'll be a laughing stock!" My Dad said, "Me, keep up with the neighbours? I like that! It's you who can't stop fretting about them. What can I do? I work overtime; I just can't earn any more!" His voice was strained and it made me feel sick and miserable.

It had been like that ever since we moved into this lovely new house. Mum and Dad had worked and saved hard and we thought we would be so happy with a garden to play in and a room each. But the neighbours were all so much richer and sometimes they said things to aggravate my poor Mum. "When are you going to have a car, Mrs. B.? How do you manage without a fridge this weather?" Now this was spoiling our August Bank holiday. Then my Dad tried to be cheerful. He said, "No more grizzles and grumps; we are all going for a picnic in my brand new motor car."

The neighbours were watching us when we rattled off. Mum kept her eyes straight in front of her, but George spoilt things by waving a

cucumber out of the window. (George, in case you haven't guessed, is my eight-year-old brother.) When we were well out of the neighbourhood, Mum relaxed. She laughed when Dad said proudly, "Listen to that engine, Love." She said she was glad she hadn't worn a white blouse with all those fumes about. Dad said, "I don't smell any fumes. Sniff, everyone, and get yourselves a lungful of the countryside." George had started on the chocolate biscuits. I began to sing and everyone joined in, with George scattering crumbs over everyone.

We got out at a lovely place to have our picnic. Dad made us all carry something across a lovely green field. When we got to the other side, we found a little stream, and a big chestnut tree to sit under. Mum sat down and spread out a cloth and I helped her to make sandwiches. George and Dad went off to 'spy out the land' and Mum and I looked at each other as much as to say, 'Why do the women always have to do the chores?' But it was a lovely picnic, and when we were all full up we sat around quietly. This was far nicer than Christmas, but I was afraid it wouldn't last because nice things never do last. "I know what," said my Dad, "let's go on and have a look at the new Cathedral at Guildford."

George put his socks and shoes on, and we all picked up the bits and pieces and set off back to the car.

When we got to the Cathedral there were a lot of posh cars outside, and ours looked very square and defiant when we looked back at it. My Mother got hold of George and pushed his hair down, and Dad picked some grass off his flannels. When we pushed open the revolving doors, it was so white and cool inside. We stood timidly inside, until some people asked us to move out of the way as they wanted to pass. Other people were walking quietly around, and some were standing still looking up at the beautiful stained-glass windows. A man with a band around his arm smiled at us and told us Evensong was about to start in the Crypt Chapel. Mum said "Thank you very much." She didn't really want to go to the Service, but she didn't like to just walk out of the door when the man had been so helpful, so she told Dad to walk that way and we could go out of another door. "Why can't we go to the Service, Mum?" said George (who had never been to a service in his life). Mum said, "Because no-one else wants to go, that's why!" I said I wouldn't mind going just to see what it was like. Dad shrugged his shoulders and said, "All right, then; you asked for it," and we all clattered down the stairs where it said "Silence! Service now commencing."

When we were inside, my Mum and Dad took their books and tip-toed towards their seats. George and I did the same. We didn't know any of the words except 'Our Father'. When the priest got up to give his sermon, I listened to some of it. I liked it in there. It was still again, just like at the picnic. I heard the priest saying, "When two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." When I looked at my Dad, he was listening seriously just like he does when he listens to the football results. Then I saw him look at Mum in a special way and she

started listening properly too. The Vicar was saying, "A family that prays together, stays together." George wasn't listening, but he was quiet. When we got up to sing 'Onward Christian soldiers', I had to nudge him because it's the only hymn he knows, and he was letting everyone else know it. My Dad only smiled.

Mum and Dad were quiet when we came away from the Cathedral. When we got back to the car, Dad stood looking back at the enormous building which still had a lot of scaffolding up. "Fancy, Ellen," he said to my Mum. "Just think of people building a beautiful place like that!" "It would make a smashing aerodrome," said George. "Exactly," said my Dad. "It would make quite a few smashing things, but it's being made into a place of Worship for the likes of you and Sally." Mum caught hold of Dad's arm and I heard her say, "This is it, you know, Harry. It makes the neighbours and the money and everything seem so paltry." "I know," he said. "But, my Love, the neighbours aren't paltry. They're people just like us, who don't know any better than we do. They're not paltry; it's only our concern for their wealth which is paltry." "Yes, I know. I think I meant that, dear," Mum said, "but how can we keep on feeling this way?" "Leave it to me," said Dad; and he laughed and caught hold of my ear and said, "Look at old flap-ears taking it all in!" But it was nice and warm and happy in the car on the way home, and George went to sleep with his bristly head on my shoulder.

All through supper Mum and Dad were talking about serious things, and they were looking as though they had found something out. Dad said, "We can only do as they advise us, and trust that they know best. What do you say, Ellen; shall we give it a try?" Mum said it was worth trying. So after supper Dad

made us all kneel down and we felt ever so awkward—except George, and he likes anything different! When we were all kneeling my Dad looked so tall that I wanted to cry, but I didn't. He didn't know what to say at first, so he just mumbled, "I think we ought to say the Lord's Prayer." When we said this, he just said, "I think we ought to be thankful for all we have." And we all said, "Yes," so he said, "Amen." Then we cleared away the supper dishes.

All this happened last August and everything seems different now. We have prayers every night and my Dad isn't so awkward as he used to be. He remembers to pray for people we know, and when he forgets Mum butts in and it doesn't seem wrong because God knows what we are like. I don't tell everyone about our Family Prayers, because I hate being laughed at, but I tell people that we go to Church on Sundays. Not many girls in my school go to Church and I don't really like to be different

from them. The only thing is that when we are all together in Church I feel so happy that I think it's worth being different, and I think they don't know what they're missing.

I was confirmed last week, and so was my Dad. When I saw him kneeling down looking so tall again with the Bishop's hands over his head, I cried a little bit. But it didn't seem silly. I thought about the great men who kneel before the Queen when they are made 'Sirs', and I remembered my Dad was kneeling before the King of Kings. When I came back from being confirmed, George was looking at me ever so solemn, and outside the Church he said, "What does it feel like?"—the silly ha'p'orth!

I expect you wonder how I thought up the title for this. We were doing Shakespeare at school and I read, "Now is the Winter of our discontent . . ." So I remembered the picnic, and the Cathedral and everything which started . . . 'the Summer of our Content'.

ASKING FOR IT

(Continued from page 74)

Sunday after Easter—to see clergy, choir and people going out in procession after Evensong to some near-by field or farmyard, there to seek God's blessing upon the burgeoning crops and seedlings, upon all "the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them".

In some cases, the farmer and his men, or members of the local Allotment Holders' Association, may be present, in silent acknowledgment that while men may sow and water, it is God alone who giveth the increase.

Rogation-tide is the obvious counterpart of the ever-popular "Harvest Festival". It is as right and necessary for us to say "Please" in the spring of the year as it is to say "Thank you" when all is safely gathered in. Prayers of asking may not be the highest form

of prayer, but they are very important. Our Lord Himself taught us to ask in order that we might receive and, quite clearly, if God's good gifts are worth being grateful for they are worth asking Him for in the first place.

We like our children to ask for what they want and not just to grab things without so much as a "may I?" or "by your leave". They have to learn not to take everything for granted, and so must we when we look for our share of God's bounty. We need this annual reminder that every good and perfect gift is from above, even though it may come to us nowadays by many devious means and complicated processes.

Keeping the Rogation Days is a wholesome reminder that, as the little girl said in her war-time prayers, without God "we are all sunk".

H. A. L. RICE

"To Strive, To Seek, To Find, And Not To Yield"

THESE words are inscribed on the cross marking the spot where Captain Scott died over eight hundred miles from the South Pole. In his last letter the great explorer wrote: "If this letter reaches you, Bill and I will have gone out together. We are very near it now, and I should like to tell you how splendid he was at the end—everlastingly cheerful and ready to sacrifice himself for others—never a word of blame to me for leading him into this mess. His eyes have a comfortable blue look of hope, and his mind is peaceful with the satisfaction of his faith in regarding himself as part of the great scheme of the Almighty. I can do no more to comfort you than to tell you that he died as he lived, a brave, true man, the best of comrades and the staunchest of friends."

We could find no better slogan to take

through life than the words found on Scott's memorial cross.

Men are always striving for an ideal, "striving to enter in at the narrow gate," as St. Luke says: and those who strive are told by Our Lord to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and everything else will come. Christ also promises that those who seek shall find—find the pearl of great price, the kingdom of heaven, eternal life. Perhaps some of us think that having found it we can rest on our laurels and take things easily. Not a bit of it! It is not the end, but the beginning. We have got to take care not to yield. With Bunyan we must be able stoutly to maintain:

I believed, and therefore came out, got into the way, fought all that set themselves against me, and by believing am come to this place.

A. ELLIOTT CANNON



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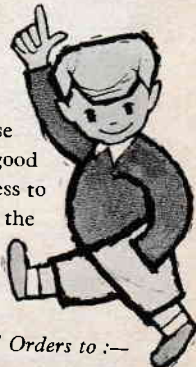
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Radio & Television : Rental, Sales or Service :

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 : Powerful friend. Courtesy of British Railways