



# MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING  
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 33

NOVEMBER, 1960

Price 4d.

## ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

**Vicar :** Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A., 11 Elsfeld 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.

**Vergger :**

### 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.

How wonderful the love of God is!

If only we would open our lives more and more to its influence, and let it permeate our whole being. And so we may, with a brief prayer at the sink, whilst waiting for a bus, or sitting by the fire: "Lord, I open wide the doors of my life to You. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit of Love." He will do so, and warm our hearts, and lighten our burdens. He will put a new light in our eyes, and lift us above plane of petty hates, and injured pride.

We shall often come across those about us whom others, sometimes Christians, have hurt through callousness. They have become hardened and bitter towards God. They have shut their lives to Him. But, as Frank Laubach mentions in his little book on Prayer, even though God cannot reach such folk directly, He can often do so through their friends towards whom they are still "open." If we are such friends as these, God often uses us to bring His love to them, to melt their bitternesses. Sometimes we are apt to get depressed because there is a lack of response for Christian activities, or so few attended the service or gathering which to us seemed so vital. But the fact remains that we cannot expect people to attend such gatherings, to help us in some Christian cause, or to worship with us as a Christian family, until the love of God has become real to them.

The man who has come to know the healing power of the love of God when his home was about to break up, the person who came to know Christ more deeply and fully when on the edge of a nervous breakdown,..... these kind of people never need to be asked. Perhaps all our activity is starting from the wrong end? Rather than concentrating on invitations to meetings and services and suchlike, should we not rather aim in all our daily contacts to help particular people to begin to discover for themselves something of "the breadth, and length, and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge."

This we can never begin to do until we have made the discovery for ourselves.

Your sincere friend,

*Paul v. Remington*

**CONFIRMATION AT WOODSTOCK**

The parish rejoices to welcome into full membership of the Church twelve adults who were confirmed by the Bishop of Dorchester in Woodstock Parish Church on October 11th. There was a large congregation and the Bishop gave a most moving little address based on two verses from one of the set Psalms for the day: Psalm 56, vv. 12 and 13.

"Unto Thee, O God, will I pay my vows: unto thee will I give thanks. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling: that I may walk before God in the light of the living."

After the service the Parochial Church Council most kindly entertained the candidates and congregation to light refreshments in the Town Hall.

Will you please remember in your prayers all those who were confirmed and extend to them—metaphorically and literally—the right hand of fellowship as they join with us at Holy Communion, and in the corporate life and witness of our Church.

Those confirmed were: Colin Ernest Gudgeon, Dreda Marie Gudgeon, Glynne Rhedynog Howells, Christopher Paul Jennings, Sylvia May Boulton,

Audrey Elizabeth Day, Louisa Anne Cummings, Marie Louise Guse, Elizabeth Wylie Sullivan, Kathleen Patricia Timms, Barbara Lilian Warrell, Joan Mary Yates.

### REFUGEE REPORT

350 people braved the rain to support the Boys' and Girls' Exhibition and Autumn Sale at St. Nicholas School which having itself just raised £16 for the Ockenden Venture by a Harvest Festival, gave every assistance to us.

For the exhibition we are much indebted to Mrs. Jones (Dolls), Mr. Steinberg (Pictures), Miss Logan (Nursing), Messrs. Howes (Model Railway equipment), and the Oxford University Press (Books). Members of the W.I. Drama Group brought home to us the bleakness of refugee life, after which Mrs. Frost and the Canteen ladies restored us with tea. Seven village organisations ranging from Cubs to the Over Sixties ran six stalls and eleven side-shows with invaluable help from individuals and many generous gifts of goods and money.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Henderson, Warden of the Abbey, Sutton Courtenay, and already a friend of Youth Fellowship decorators. He told us that the first eight refugee girls aged 10—14 had arrived and were settling in well. He hopes that they will be ready to start school in Abingdon next term. Meanwhile any indoor games we can spare, or copies of children's classics would be much appreciated.

We hope that the children's arrival and the fact that the Sale raised £116, will reward everyone who worked so hard for its success.

### OXFORD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES : Inaugural Meeting, Nov. 23rd.

After a great deal of deliberation and discussion—especially about the name—the Christian communities of Oxford have at last decided to come together and form the above Council.

One High Anglican was said to declare honestly : "Well, I can't say I'm personally keen on the idea, but it does seem to be the Will of God!" His sentiments do remind us that any coming together of Christians is not easy, that is if it is going to be more than a purely superficial level. Marcus Ward in writing about the inception of the Church of South India says : "Three Churches died that one might live." In South India the pressures that brought Christians together were those of the Holy Spirit, and also the demands of a missionary situation. It will be these pressures, rather than a vague friendly feeling towards each other, that will bring us together in Oxford. "Work for great kingdom ends" writes Stanley Jones, "and you will achieve fellowship as a by-product." Please remember our delegates from this parish, Mr. Alan Anderson and Mrs. Mary Smith, and pray that the formation of this Christian Council will lead to some practical action for the extension of Christ's kingdom in Oxford.

### NOTES FOR THE ORGAN

We are grateful to Mr. Smith and to Mr. King for making two devices to show the progress of this fund. At the time of writing the fund stands at about £350, and pound notes have arrived from many outside the parish, as well as a generous donation from Richard Henry of London and Rome, who auctioned some "hairdos" for the Organ Fund during their visit to the Young Wives Group. If you have not sent in your pound note yet, please do send one as soon as possible, so that the barometer at the church may record a healthy amount of "notes for the organ."

### THANK YOU

To Mrs. Collier for the repair and cleaning of the kneelers at the Holy Communion Rails.

To all who have helped in the stripping and refitting of the church during the time of its cleaning and redecoration.

*HOLIDAY HOME WITH A DIFFERENCE*

## Lee Abbey, Devon

*Described by one of its Staff*

**I**N November it is difficult to remember clearly one's last season's holiday, but there will be over three thousand people who will recall vividly the week or fortnight which they spent at Lee Abbey, an old country house near Lynton on the North Devon coast. These people will not be of any one type, either in age, occupation or degree of connection with the Church. They will vary in age from the teens to the seventies, and some will be children who came with their families. Lee Abbey's visitors vary considerably in occupation, so that at one table at a meal there may be a clerk, a nurse, a policeman, a teacher, a shop assistant, a factory worker, a clergyman, a housewife or two, a student and a Justice of the Peace. They come from every part of the British Isles and from most other European countries. There have been some from Africa, Asia and the American Continents and Australasia. Some are Christians active in Church work in their home towns, others come seeking to know more of God or to solve a special problem. Some acknowledge no particular Christian connection at all, and may at first be very surprised to find that this is a Christian household.

**CHRISTIAN FAMILY**

For at Lee Abbey those who come to stay find themselves part of a

Christian family. About a hundred and thirty guests live with over sixty men and women of the community—some married, most single—who are running an estate of two hundred and sixty acres, and a house and buildings large enough to accommodate about two hundred people. The members of the community are as varied as their guests. Some are doing the job for which they are qualified as farmer, gardener, maintenance man, cook, secretary or priest. Others, from many occupations and professions, are, for the time of their community membership, working as farm or estate labourers, as kitchen helpers or washers-up. An ordinand may be stoking the furnaces and a state registered nurse cleaning the bathrooms. There is one factor common to them all. They are those who are committed to Christ and prepared to grow in faith and practical Christian living.

**CENTRE OF  
EVANGELISM**

The community life is ordered to serve the purpose for which Lee Abbey was taken over in 1945 and dedicated by the Bishop of Exeter in 1946 as an Anglican centre of evangelism. Since then it has become the focal point of a movement for the spiritual renewal of the Church,



spreading throughout this country and in many parts of the world. Through Holiday House Parties, Conferences and Training Courses, men and women are being brought into a vital, personal relationship with Christ, built up in the faith, made more responsible members of the Church, and then are going out to seek to bring others to a knowledge of God.

#### **FELLOWSHIP AND PRAYER**

To this end those coming to join the community accept certain conditions of membership which are based on a life lived in fellowship and founded on prayer. Most are members of the Church of England but there are, from time to time, one or two of other denominations, including European Protestant Churches. The clergy and speakers and departmental leaders will come for years as they would go into any other Christian service. Others come before further training, or between jobs for a year or

two, or for the main House Party season, mid-March to mid-October.

#### **HOUSE PARTIES**

The House Parties vary from holiday weeks to special courses for special groups of people. Always the day ends with the Epilogue in the Octagonal Lounge, and most guests are glad to be there with the whole company at that time. There are one or two sessions most mornings which lead to many lively and interesting conversations afterwards. Between lunch and dinner there is plenty of time to bathe on the private beach, walk through the woods of the estate or farther afield on Exmoor, or perhaps join in suggested coach and boat trips. The coast-line can only be seen to be believed, and the whole countryside is a glorious setting for explorations on foot or by car. The full flavour of a holiday at Lee Abbey is something which must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

D. J. R.

REMEMBRANCE DAY—

NOVEMBER 13th

## “Known to God”

Marjorie Bell

THE coach was filled with a party of English holiday makers visiting Europe. The driver, a young Belgian, raced along the autobahn at fine speed, while the attractive girl courier, one of his compatriots, pointed out places of interest and cheered the whole coach with her gaiety and wise-cracks.

Then her voice changed and she said quietly, “We are now approaching the cemetery at Arnhem. When one is on holiday it is not pleasant to be reminded of the tragedy of War, but whenever I come this way I like always to pause there for a few minutes just to say ‘Thank You’ to those boys who lie there. Shall we do that?”

There was a general murmur of assent and she added softly, “Who knows? You might pick the right one.”

Pondering over these strange words, we entered the gateway and walked in the brilliant sunshine between the well-tended rows of white crosses.

Our hearts were too full for speech as we read the names and noticed how young were the occupants of those graves.

And then we understood those last poignant words which our young courier had spoken, for dotted amongst the other graves were many which gave no details but bore the simple inscription, “A Soldier” and



“We Will Remember Them”

Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell

beneath it the words:

“Known only to God.”

As the tour progressed, we passed many other British cemeteries; we did not visit any of them, but always as we drew near the courier would inform us that we were approaching one, and the break-neck speed would change to walking pace, so that we could look towards that quiet resting place and pay our silent homage to those who, although we could not name any of them, were all “known to God.”

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## Church Notes and Views

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### *Parish Register Records Great Storm*

IN the register of baptisms and burials of the parish of Eaton-under-Heywood, Shropshire, 1759 to 1812, there occurs inside the cover the following entry:—

“22nd July, 1807. A most awful and tremendous storm of Thunder, Lightning, Hail, and Rain. Hail fell in the neighbourhood four to five inches in length, resembling broken ragged ice. The wheat cut off at the heads, windows destroyed everywhere the Hail could reach. Fruit and gardens nearly destroyed. In short—it was an awful visitation. May it ever be remembered in this neighbourhood.”  
—REV. G. S. HEWINS (CLEOBURY MORTIMER).

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### *Parochial Rake's Progress*

EXAMPLES of unconscious humour are often found in “side-slips” of local newspapers. Glancing through a Parish Magazine recently, I noticed that the editor was urging his readers to “support the advertisers”. Three advertisements attracted my attention. Those of a well-known brewery, the local pawnbroker, and the undertaker—in that order! Was this a “side-slip” or a subtle warning?—W. G. (MORLEY).

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### *Those Names Again!*

WITH reference to unusual names, it may be of interest to your readers to hear that I was once teaching in a school where there was a Miss Raisin, a science mistress; Miss Plum, a gym mistress; and Mrs Currant on the domestic staff.—MACFARLANE (LUTON).

### *The Grave of a Poet*

AGAINST the north wall of Ludlow church is the grave of the well known poet, A. E. Housman, author of *A Shropshire Lad*, first published in 1896. Although he was born in Worcestershire, his name will always be associated with Shropshire because of these much loved poems, and so it is fitting that he should lie near the magnificent church of Ludlow, beneath the Clew hills.—M.W. (HEREFORD).



### *Fruitful Fig Tree*

A FAMILIAR sight to thousands of visitors to Cornwall in the summer is Manaccan Parish church, near the Helford River. Growing out of the south wall and reaching almost to the battlements of the church tower is a magnificent fig tree.

Although a fine sight, it has been feared that the tree might damage the fabric of the building and so it is to be pruned. Lovers of the tree have been assured that this pruning will not seriously affect the tree.—E. J. MILLAR (MEVAGISSEY).

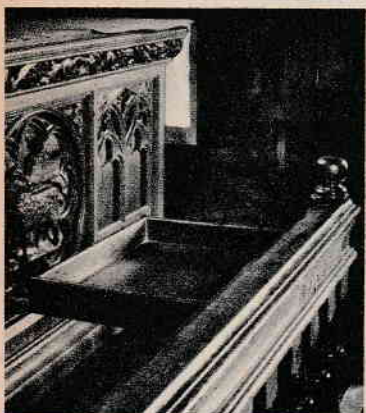
### **TO OUR READERS**

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**



### ***A Saxon Tower***

**T**HE church at Earls Barton (Northants) owes most of its fame to an ornate and well preserved Saxon tower built in the tenth century. The church possesses work ranging from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century, and the doorway which one passes through on entering is one of the finest Norman doorways in the county. In the church is a carved fifteenth century chancel screen, the panels of which in recent years have been delicately decorated with figures of the apostles. The result is wonderfully effective.—M. JAMES PAYLER (BLISWORTH).



### ***Unusual "Alms Dish"***

**T**HE little church of St. Beuno at Llanycil, near Bala, N. Wales, which stands on the western shore of Lake Bala, has a rare collection tray attached to the communion rail.

The tray, which bears the date 1739, was formerly used at certain funerals. The congregation would put money in this tray, and the contribution was in lieu of a fixed fee.—ERIC L. KING (WORCESTER).



### ***Stove-Load of Starlings***

In our church, St. Margaret's Langrick, we had this summer a nest of starlings in a stove. Their mother got in by coming down the chimney. When they were old enough we let them go.

ROY PEPPER

(Age 11—BOSTON, LINCS.)

What a pity they were not coal-tits!  
—ED.

### ***Saint Pandiana***

**T**HE lovely church at Eltisley, Cambridgeshire, with its 14th century spire surmounting the tower is dedicated to St. Pandiana and St. John the Baptist. St. Pandiana was the daughter of an Irish king and was buried in the church in the 14th century.—J. DENTON ROBINSON (DARLINGTON).

# CHILDREN'S CORNER

PAGES FOR YOUNG READERS

Compiled by P. J. HUNT

## Is Your Name Andrew?

CHRISTIAN names bestowed by royalty upon their children help to set the fashion in names. Since the new baby prince has been christened Andrew, we are likely to hear of many baby boys given that name in the coming years.

We get the name Andrew from the Greek word "andros," which means "a man." St. Andrew, in the New Testament, was a follower, first, of John the Baptist, and then of Jesus Christ. Though he did not write any of the Gospels or Epistles, nor was he recognised as a leader of the early Church of the standing of St. Paul or St. Peter, yet he was a very important man. For he was the man who introduced his brother, Simon Peter, one of the greatest of the early Christians, to Jesus. Tradition has it that St. Andrew suffered martyrdom for his Lord, and was crucified on a cross shaped like an X. Hence the St. Andrew's cross on the Union Jack, for St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. Mention of Scotland leads us naturally to think of a very generous Scot, who spent most of his life in the U.S.A.—Andrew Carnegie. After thirty-five years in the U.S. steel industry Carnegie retired with a fortune worth £100,000,000 in our money. He spent the remainder of his life giving away this money to deserving causes. He helped poor students with their college and university courses. He provided funds to reward life-saving heroes. Other funds provided parks for tired and jaded city workers. Next time you visit your public library, look around and see if there isn't a plaque or tablet telling how Andrew Carnegie helped to build and stock it, as he did thousands of public libraries in Britain and the U.S.A. The promotion of world peace was another cause Mr.

Carnegie helped. When he died he had £5,000,000 left—and what a lot of fun he'd had giving away £95,000,000!

REV. G. E. DIGGLE.



Here is a most useful piece of Church work. On one evening each summer, in the parish of Bury in West Sussex, forty or fifty of the parishioners gather to tidy the churchyard. The men scythe the long grass; the women trim round the grave-stones and the shrubs; the boys faghook the mounds. In the photograph some of the children are seen weeding the paving. Perhaps Sunday Schools, Guilds, Scouts and Guides, or Young People's Groups elsewhere may be inspired to follow this excellent example.

N. T. FRYER.

## Look Out for Churchyard Crosses

The Cross is, of course, the symbol of the Christian religion, and if you keep your eyes open you will see crosses outside church buildings as well as inside. Sometimes you will see one in an old churchyard, or perhaps it may only be the remains of a cross, if the weather has worn it away. These outdoor crosses were used as preaching places and were put up to remind people of the death of Jesus on the cross. If the cross had steps, the preacher would stand on these and teach the people who gathered round. He would be able to point to the cross as he spoke and so help them to understand. Anglo-Saxon crosses were usually beautifully carved, and later ones often had figures—of Christ or the saints—sculptured on them.

You will also see crosses carved on gravestones in some places, and they may also be placed on the points of the gable of the roof. In newer brick churches, a cross is sometimes worked into the brickwork outside by using a different coloured brick or stone.



**T**HIS month begins and ends with important days in the Church's Calendar. November 1st is All Saints' Day and November 30th is St. Andrew's Day.

*All Saints' Day* is one of the great festivals of the church and is the day when we remember all the people who have tried to follow Jesus and who are commemorated by a special day of their own. They are not to be found in pictures or stained glass windows with haloes round their heads. St. Paul, when writing his Epistles (letters), addressed the people as Saints. Look at Ephesians ch. 1, verse 1, and you will see "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, to the saints which are at Ephesus . . ." Similarly at the beginnings of the Epistles to the Philippians and the Colossians, you will find that the church members are addressed as "saints."

### *Reading the Bible Together*

This month we have one of the great passages from the book of the prophet Isaiah. Even if you are not old enough to understand the meaning of these words fully, you will be able to feel how grand and beautiful the language is. You need one person to read the part of the prophet, one or more for the heralds and the rest for the people of Zion.

Isaiah ch. 52:

Heralds	v. 1, 2.
The Prophet	v. 3, 4, 5, 6.
People of Zion	v. 7, 8.
Heralds	v. 9, 10.

### *Biblical Puzzle*

Can you sort out the following pairs of people correctly?

CAIN	—PAUL
RUTH	—MARY
ESAU	—ABEL
MARTHA	—JOHN
JACOB	—BARNABAS
NAOMI	—JAMES

# ★ Weekday Pages for Women ★

CONDUCTED BY  
MARION HURST

## Monday—Washing and Ironing

*A Time Saver.* When damping clothes before ironing, you will save time and distribute the water more evenly if you punch five or six holes in the cap of an ordinary screw-top sauce bottle. This makes a fine sprinkler.—MRS. A. BENTLEY (OSWALDTWISTLE, LANCS.).

## Tuesday—Sewing

*When making buttonholes* in thin material, mark the position, insert two pins, one on either side the length of the button hole. Cut between the pins and work the button hole, stitching carefully over the pins. They make a rigid foundation and are easily withdrawn when the stitching is finished.—MRS. C. ELLIN (DRIFFIELD, EAST YORKS.).

## Wednesday—Nursing

*A good sick room hint.* When nursing a patient—if there are more than one patient in the room—never whisper! Speak quietly, but naturally, as whispering disturbs the patient and may make him suspicious.—MRS. —(no name submitted) (BLACKBURN).

## Thursday—Cooking

*Apple Marmalade Charlotte.* Left-over bread and butter or thin slices of plain bread (about half a pound), 2 oz. of marmalade. Half a pint of milk. Half a pound of apples. 1 egg. Sugar to taste. Put a layer of bread into a greased pie-dish and cover with a layer of sliced apple and a little marmalade. Cover with bread. Fill the dish in this way, and then pour over the well-beaten egg and milk. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.—MRS. E. HOLLAND (BIRKENHEAD).

## Friday—Household

*Bootees with Zip Fasteners.* Bootees with zip fasteners are inclined to become stiff sometimes, so put a spot of olive oil on your finger tip and smear up and down the zip. You will find the zip will then slide easily.—MRS. R. RABY (ST. HELENS, LANCS.).

## Saturday—Children

Don't throw away those pretty post-cards, Christmas cards or delightful birthday cards. Cut them into various shapes and sizes (keeping each card in a separate envelope) and you will have lots of splendid small jig saw puzzles for your children for a rainy day or whenever they have to spend the time indoors.—MISS F. C. TOUT (WESTBURY, WILTS.).

## A Warm Knitted Scarf

Materials required: 6 oz. double knitting wool, a pair of No. 5 needles, a medium crochet hook. Using No. 5 needles cast on 39 stitches and knit one row, knitting into the back of the stitches to give a firm edge.

1st row K 1 down, \*p. 1, k. 1 down; repeat from \* to end 2nd row P. 1 \* k. 1 down, p. 1; repeat from \* to end.

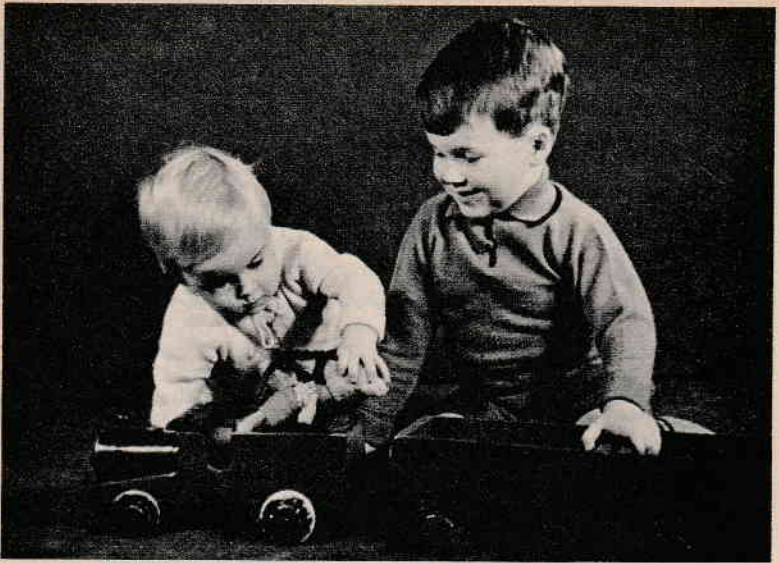
These two rows form the pattern and should be repeated until the work measures 42 inches.

Cast off in pattern.

Cut 4 pieces of wool 5 inches in length, fold them in half and with the crochet hook draw the looped end through the 1st cast on stitch, now pull the cut ends through the looped end and pull until tight. Make tassels all along the cast on edge and the same at the cast off edge. There should be about 18 tassels at each end. No pressing is required.

## A Winter Delicacy—Date Spread

**C**HOP up one pound of dates, add half a pint of water and bring slowly to the boil and cook over the lowest possible heat for half an hour. Add half a pound of sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and boil until thick, stirring well all the time. Because of its composition, this jam cannot be tested in the usual manner—by wrinkling of the surface on cooling—but it thickens when sufficiently cooked. This is delicious on toast on cold winter days.



"All Aboard"

Photo: C. T. Shephard

### **Remedy for a Dark Hall**

**M**IRRORS are effective in giving a feeling of space, and if you have a really large one fixed at one side of the hall you would also add light, especially if you had wall lamps on either side instead of the usual overhead light. Large mirrors can still be found in second-hand shops for a pound or two. Another way to add width to a hall is to have one side in a darkish colour and the other extremely light. If you wish to have cream paintwork, the dark wall could be deep rose and the light wall very light pink, which also adds warmth.

\* \* \* \*

Keep your heart from hate, your mind  
from worry;  
Live simply, expect little, give much,  
sing often, pray always.  
Fill your life with love, forget self,  
think of others.  
These are the true links in contentment's  
golden chain.

\*\* 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.

### **THANKSGIVING**

Thanks be to God for homely things,  
The cheerful song the kettle sings,  
The happy chink of plate and cup,  
The cleanly smell of washing up.  
A child to love, a meal to cook,  
A cat to stroke, a friendly look,  
A hole to darn, a bulb to plant,  
A good-night kiss, a wish to grant.  
For all the joys that loving brings,  
I thank thee, God, for homely things.

VERA TAYLOR.

THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

Lorna's Luck

DOROTHY CLARKE

"SO long, Lorna! It's been lovely to see you again. Don't ruin your complexion with infants and chores!"

"Bye-bye, Lorna! And do try that new stylist—she'll do wonders for your hair."

"Thanks, I will—when I have time . . . Come again soon!" But she didn't really want Sally and Vera to come again soon, though she hadn't seen them for years. It had been one of those unlucky days when nearly everything had gone wrong, and they had arrived unexpectedly just as she was starting some belated ironing. At tea, Robin and Caroline, aged four and two, had both shown off badly, doing no credit to their mother's upbringing. And Sally had tactlessly remarked that Rockingham china was very nice, but it was a pity that the shape of the cups let the tea get cold—and Lorna's Rockingham tea service was the one really good thing she and Bill possessed! And Vera had said that Robin was a nice name for a little boy, but would sound silly when he grew up! And then their parting shots . . .

"I *know* I'm badly made-up and my hair's a mess," Lorna murmured, half aloud, "but what time have I? And anyhow I *have* a decent skin—which is more than Sally has—and my hair *does* look *clean* . . ." Then she felt ashamed. She wasn't really a catty

person.

Well, they were gone, thank goodness! The children seemed to be playing contentedly, so she was preparing to wash up the tea things when a call from Robin stopped her.

"Mummy! Caroline's being sick!"

"Oh, Caroline, darling! It was naughty to gobble up all those bickies when Mummy wasn't looking."

She coped with the situation, then found that Robin had upset her work-basket—which was certainly in its wrong place—and pins, needles, buttons, lay scattered on the floor, while reels of cotton—becoming more and more unreeled—rolled in all directions. Exasperated—she was not red-haired with stormy blue eyes for nothing—she seized her son and gave him several sharp slaps, which resulted in shrieks of temper and vicious kicks to the debris—making matters worse. Restraining herself with an effort, she ignored her turbulent offspring and meticulously picked up all the contents of the basket—she was a careful mother—then . . . Gracious! It was nearly six o'clock—time for the children's baths! And she had meant to cook a nice little hot meal for Bill and now there wouldn't be time—bad luck! She must open a tin of meat and they must have the remains of yesterday's salad—which wouldn't be too fresh now! Anyhow, he wasn't likely to be

home before seven—there was a beastly bus strike on . . .

"Come on, Caroline," and she took the child up to the bathroom. Oh horror! The water was almost cold! She had forgotten to stoke up the boiler! Rotten luck that they couldn't run to an immersion heater!

"Caroline—stay here, darling." She ran down and replenished the fire—it wasn't too bad and should heat the water in twenty minutes . . . But in twenty minutes' time it was only tepid and Caroline cried. Robin, however, unexpectedly enjoyed it, and screamed when Lorna, more and more irritated, lifted him out. He struck out at her, wailing repeatedly, "I wanted to sail my boat". She just managed to keep her temper; but by the time both children had said their prayers and were tucked up comfortably in bed she felt utterly exhausted . . . and just then Bill came in . . .

"Hullo!" she exclaimed with forced brightness. "I didn't expect you till sevenish and nothing's ready."

"Well, it's five to seven now, my good girl! I got a lift from the station—the tubes were worse than ever." He added, wearily, "I'll just go up and say good-night to the brats."

This took less time than usual—evidently he was not in the mood for a romp. Lorna was struggling with a tin-opener. "For goodness' sake open this for me, Bill."

He obliged her, with a "You're not very bright at this sort of thing, are you, darling?" Then, glancing at the table with its weary-looking salad—and little else—he ejaculated, "Oh, Lord! Is this all we're going to have?"

"You're lucky to get that," she snapped, and then found she had forgotten to switch on the electric kettle. Hardly had she done so when screams from above caused Bill to dash into the hall and shout "Shut up!" while she ran upstairs to find

Robin fiendishly brandishing Caroline's beloved Teddy just beyond her reach—Caroline howling to the full extent of her powerful lungs. Lorna bundled Robin back to bed, comforted Caroline with a restored Teddy and went down to find Bill making the tea. He said, irritably, "Can't you possibly get the kids quiet a bit earlier than this? I come home dead beat after a brute of a day at the office, and then—"

"And what sort of a day d'you think *I've* had?" she flashed. "Been sitting with a book and a cigarette and a nannie to cope with the children, I suppose? Instead of stupid visitors being devastatingly rude and everything going all hay-wire?"

"Oh, I daresay—but you don't have to deal with a lot of fools all day as I have, anyway."

She laughed, irritatingly. "And now you've come home to deal with another fool, I suppose you think!"

At that moment screams—temper screams—again broke out from above . . . And then her control snapped . . .

"I can't stick it any longer—I'm going out to the Pictures. You can cope yourself . . . Caroline'll probably be sick, but I don't care . . ."

She slipped a coat on in the hall, snatched up an old handbag and was off, slamming the door before her husband had finished gaping his astonishment.

She walked quickly and very soon felt ashamed of her outburst. But it was nice to be out alone for once in the cool evening air. Bill was quite able to look after the children for an hour or two, and he wouldn't stand any nonsense. She decided not to go to the Pictures but to walk as far as her favourite bridge . . . Here she stopped and leant her arms on the parapet, while she gazed down at the dark river. She considered the situation, deciding—Lorna had no illusions about herself—that she *had* been

rather a beast to Bill, who was probably just as tired and fed-up as she was. And really, she adored him . . . He was not particularly good-looking nor particularly clever, and he would probably never make a lot of money. But they had enough to live on—with care. He was loyal and loved her, and he was the man she loved . . . At this point she heard a woman passing by say to another, "Think she's going to chuck 'erself over? Looks a bit daft-like!" And the reply, "Dunno—p'r'aps we'd better mention 'er to a bobby just in case—"

"Heavens! I must look a fool! I'd better get on," Lorna thought. "That'll amuse Bill, anyway!" It was a blessing that they generally thought the same things funny. She jerked herself back and as she did so the strap of her ancient handbag—inefficiently repaired by herself—broke from its moorings and . . . the handbag was precipitated into the river

below.

A passing workman saw what had happened. "Bad luck, Missie! You won't never see 'im again, for certain!"

"No—well, it can't be helped—stupid of me!" She walked away, trying to remember what was in the bag. Nothing much—it was an old one, containing just a few worthless oddments . . . Then she remembered—and stopped dead . . . Bill had given her the housekeeping money—seven pounds—that morning and she had slipped it temporarily into that bag for safety. *Safety!* And now it was at the bottom of the Thames and there was nothing she could do about it. She could hardly expect the police to retrieve a handbag dropped in the river! The notes would be a sodden mess by now! . . . Well, the only thing to do was to go straight home and break the news to Bill. It was rotten luck and very humiliating—she had put herself in the wrong all

Autumn Ploughing at Chelsham, Surrey

Photo: The Times



through. And she really hated to hurt Bill, who had worked hard to earn the money. Probably he would just laugh about their quarrel—they had had flare-ups before—but he would hardly laugh at the loss of a precious seven pounds! . . . Then a cheering thought struck her . . . The Rockingham tea-set was her own, not Bill's . . . she would . . .

Her latchkey had been in the bag too, she remembered miserably as she rang the bell. Bill opened the door, but without the tolerant laugh for which she had hoped.

"Hullo! So you didn't go to the Pictures after all? Forgotten your latchkey?" He looked worried.

"No—at least, it's at the bottom of the river—and the money—seven pounds . . . Oh, Bill, I'll tell you—"

He hardly seemed to hear, but interrupted with—"Lorna—a ghastly thing's happened—" she interrupted in her turn—"The children?"

"Oh, they're all right—little devils! But listen—"

But Lorna, true woman, got her story in first. She rushed it out with every detail, ending with "I was a worm—going off and leaving you to cope—and then the money . . . But,

darling, I've been thinking—I'll sell the Rockingham tea-set and that'll help to make up the seven pounds—so don't let's worry!"

Bill broke into the laugh she loved. "My good girl! I've been trying to break it to you—if you'd only stop gassing . . . You can't sell the Rockingham—I've broken it!!! I washed it up—" ("Oh, I forgot all about it!" from Lorna.) "and I was carting it to the china cupboard when I caught my foot in that beastly bit of carpet I've been meaning to nail down for ages and the whole caboodle's gone to blazes—except the bits you didn't use . . ."

Lorna laughed rather wildly and seized his arm.

"Oh, my dear, what unlucky fools we both are! Well, we'll just have to economise for a bit—eat margarine instead of butter—" ("No!" very definitely from Bill). Ignoring this, she added, thoughtfully.

"You know, we're not *really* unlucky—not in the big things. We've got each other and the children—and that's luck anyway . . ."

"You couldn't be more right, darling," her husband agreed—and kissed her.

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A great part of these outrageous deeds centres around the infamous "Wolf of Badenoch", whose splendid tomb may be seen in Dunkeld Cathedral and who exceeded himself in the burning of churches and controversies in connection with them. For his great conflagration of the churches, he did penance at Blackfriars Church, Perth—another building of great historic interest. The "Wolf's" quarrel with the Bishop of Moray was a lengthy one beginning in 1380, when the "Wolf" summoned the Bishop to appear before him on the "Standing Stones", a Roman Stone Circle on the site of the Parish Church, a mile from Kingussie. The "Wolf" later claimed that the church lands were his, but the Bishop paid no heed. The "Wolf" then seized the Bishop's lands and set fire in 1390 to the towns of Elgin and Forres, the church of St. Giles, the Cathedral of Elgin and eighteen of the Canons' houses. For this he was excommunicated. He left no legitimate heir, but one of his

five natural sons managed to retain the lands which should have reverted to the Crown.

Another Cathedral of great antiquity is that of St. Magnus, Kirkwall, Orkney, which was founded in 1137 by the Norsemen, and boasts the title of the "Pride of the North". The clerestory is filled with many relics of the hardy Norsemen and Scandinavian sagas. There is no protecting parapet and a sheer drop into the nave and chancel. The Cathedral dignitaries occupy the oldest house in Orkney; it is known as Tankerness House, and dates back to pre-Reformation days. This building, with adjacent ancient houses, is a complete foil to the magnificence of the Cathedral.

Another church which attracts many visitors is at Kinneff in the Mearns, and a picture on the wall of the church records the hiding of the Honours of Scotland there. The smuggling of the Honours from Dunnottar Castle close by is a most thrilling story; it was carried out by a woman who had them hidden about her person, to prevent them from falling into Cromwell's hands. One of Kinneff's parish church ministers was a Mr. Mearns, who kept his sermons in a churn and took out a sermon every Sunday. One particular Sunday, the sermon he took out was somewhat tattered and when he turned to the congregation he said, "The mice I'm afraid ha'e been at my text, so we shall ha'e to begin where the mice left off, and ye can gether as ye gang". He was extremely fond of toddy and cycling home one evening, far from sober, he ran into two horses and a carriage and was killed.

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## MOTHERS' UNION FESTIVAL

Over two thousand Mothers came together from all parts of the Diocese for the Mothers' Union Festival which was held in Winchester Cathedral on October 3rd.

## THE YOUTH FELLOWSHIP

The Fellowship asked Mr. B. G. Oliver, People's Warden, to become Vice-President of the Fellowship, and he has graciously agreed to accept this office. The Corporate Communion and breakfast is well attended, but is a reminder that some of the "saints"—young and old—have preferred to rejoice in their beds!

The Stall at the Ockenden Sale, manned and stocked with books and toys by the Y.F. after nights of street collecting raised just over £9. During October there will be a colour film and talk on World Food and Agriculture by a U.N.O. representative, and also Mr. Wright of Dr. Barnardo's will be opening a discussion on Family Life.

## THE MEN'S FORUM

Father Slade gallantly opened a discussion on the title: "Has the Church lost its grip" on Sept. 28th. His firm conclusion was that the church had not lost but rather changed its grip. The discussion ranged in its scope from topics such as planting cabbages, churchmanship, and Teddy boys, and neither he nor the Forum pulled any punches. It was the kind of discussion that left us all talking, and which—thanks to Father Slade's friendly and positive manner of approach—lifted the topic from the trivial to the universal conflicts which face all Christians everywhere, and on which all must be united if the Church is to maintain its grip. He did remind us that although many of us tend to think in terms of tomorrow, God thinks in terms of Eternity.....and that we should not be too surprised if we were put on a Committee immediately we arrived in the Hereafter!

## CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER, 1960

- Nov. 1. Tuesday. All Saints Day.  
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
- Nov. 2. Wednesday.  
7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group: "What the Mothers' Union Does." Mrs. Carter.
- Nov. 3. Thursday.  
7.30 p.m. Evensong and Intercessions.
- Nov. 4. Scout and Cub Campfire and Sing Song. Church Hall (1/6).
- Nov. 6. 21st Sunday after Trinity.  
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Confirmation Address.
- Nov. 9. Wednesday.  
7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group: "Introducing the young child to the Church." Miss Clare Adams.
- Nov. 12. Saturday.  
2.30 p.m. Brownies Rummage Sale.
- Nov. 13. 22nd Sunday after Trinity. REMEMBRANCE DAY.  
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
11.0 a.m. Special Remembrance Day Service. (Please arrive in good time so that the Two Minutes Silence may be observed. The British Legion will be attending the service). Preacher: Rev. J. P. Thornton Duesberry, M.A., Master of St. Peter's Hall.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

- Nov. 14. Monday.  
7.45 p.m. Oxfordshire County Youth Public Speaking Contest, Marston Area.
- Nov. 16. Young Wives Group. Theatre and Supper Outing.
- Nov. 17. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Intercessions.
- Nov. 20. 23rd Sunday after Trinity. "Stir-up" Sunday.  
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION (with hymns and short address). We welcome parents with children.  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Confirmation Talk.  
(Y.F. meets in Church Hall after Service).
- Nov. 23. Wednesday.  
Inaugural Meeting of Oxford Council of Churches.  
2.45 p.m. Mothers' Union: "Heresies and How to meet them."  
Miss Robinson.  
8.0 p.m. Men's Forum: "The Church and Disease."  
Dr. Richards.
- Nov. 27. ADVENT SUNDAY. The Beginning of the Church's Year.  
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion (Corporate Communion for M.U.).  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
4.0 p.m. Baptism Service.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong and Confirmation Talk.
- Nov. 30. Wednesday. St. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.  
11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group: C.M.S. Films.

#### COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

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September	11th	...	18	19	1	21
September	18th	...	16	6	1	54
September	25th	...	17	2	1	21

#### HOLY BAPTISM

- "Received into the congregation of Christ's flock."
- Sept. 25. Gavin Lynton, son of Maurice Lynton and Zena Doreen Judges.  
Geoffrey, son of Gerwyn John and Mary Winifred Roberts.  
Paula Daryl, daughter of Trevor James and Gloria Ann Stallard.  
Derek Robert, son of Sydney Robert and Doreen Louie West.
- Oct. 9. Lynda Janet, daughter of Derrick Claudias and Marjorie Phyllis Haughton.  
Shirley Ann, daughter of Terence Gilbert and Patricia Diana Smith.  
Colin Ernest Gudgeon (Adult).

#### HOLY MATRIMONY

- Sept. 24. David Llewellyn Cook and Valerie Elizabeth Brown.  
" 26. Eric John Phillips and Jean Rose Plumley.  
Oct. 8. Theodore George Bentley Osborn and Marjorie Hope Sabine.

#### IN MEMORIAM

- Oct. 14. Cecil Charles Little. Aged 57 years.

## CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC

### CHURCH.

- Bell Ringers.** Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.  
**Bible Reading Fellowship.** Sec. : Mrs. A. Anderson, 6 Haynes Road.  
**Choir.** Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 31 Oxford Road.  
**Cubs.** Leader : Mr. Morse, 44 Townsend Square, Oxford.  
**Marston News Magazine.** Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.  
**Men's Forum.** Sec. : Mr. H. Starmer-Smith, 15 Rippington Drive.  
**Mothers' Union.** Sec. : Mrs. N. E. Green, 60 Oxford Road.  
**Parochial Church Council.** Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.  
**Pathfinders.** Leader :  
**Scouts.** G.S.M. : Mr. A. Brown, 8 Mortimer Drive.  
**Scouts.** S.M. : Mr. G. Selby, 47 Cherwell Drive.  
**Scripture Union.** Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.  
**Young Wives' Group.** Sec. : Mrs. P. Clay, Above Mead, Barton Lane, Headington.  
**Youth Fellowship.** Sec. : Miss K. Mason, 18 Raymund Road.

### LOCAL.

- Allotment Association.** Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 129 Oxford Road.  
**British Legion.** Marston & District Sec. : Mr. Gratton, 13 Cherwell Drive.  
**Cricket Club.** Sec. : Mr. J. Cements, 8 Lewell Avenue.  
**Parish Council.** Chairman : Mr. Rumbold, 8 Beechey Avenue.  
**Refugee Committee.** Miss E. Warburton, Cross Cottage, Elsfeld Road.  
**Teacher-Parent Association.** St. Nicholas County Primary School.  
Mrs. A. Smith, 4 Windsor Crescent.  
**Teacher-Parent Association.** Old Marston S/M School.  
Mr. F. Maund, 4 Ashlong Road.  
**Women's Institute.** Sec. : Mrs. J. L. Harley, 20 Oxford Road.  
**Youth Club.** Leader : Mr. Thornton, 13 Fairacres Road, Oxford.  
**Over 60's Club.** Sec. : Mrs. J. Wood, Alan Court, Mill Lane.

### USEFUL INFORMATION

- District Nurses, 6 Broughton's Close, Old Marston. Tel. Oxford 44417  
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*Cover picture :* Father, in Thy gracious keeping . . . *The Times*

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