



# MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING  
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 32

OCTOBER, 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.

**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.**

By the time you receive your magazine, the whole church will have been cleaned, treated with pest killer, and decorated in the traditional style. I hope that you'll all be at the Harvest Festival to see the improvement. But please don't become a "Oncer"—paying the Almighty a state visit, as it were! We're delighted to see you, and we'd like to welcome you to share with us regularly in our worship and in all the activities of the parish. Sometimes people say to me about both church and our week-night activities: "No-one ever spoke to me!" Has it ever occurred to you that your neighbour is thinking the same? Step outside your English reserve and make an effort to get to know someone new. The Christian is the one person who may not "keep himself to himself." If you're new to the parish, make yourself known to me or to the Wardens and Sidesmen. And whether you're new or not, make sure that you're name is on the electoral roll. In one street of the parish with over eighty houses there are less than half-a-dozen who have signed one of the electoral roll forms, which enables them to be considered as responsible and active supporters of the parish in their area.

I hope that some of you will manage to come over to Woodstock Parish Church when our adult candidates will be presented for Confirmation on October 11th, at 7.30 p.m. They will value your prayers at this time.

One final motto:

Know the Faith! Live the Faith! Spread the Faith!

Your sincere friend,



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**HARVEST FESTIVAL**

SUNDAY, 2nd OCTOBER

8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion.

11.0 a.m. Matins. Preacher: Rev. J. Cocke, Vicar of All Saints, Highfield.

3.00 p.m. Children's Gift Service.

6.30 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: Rev. R. H. Faulkner, Vicar of Thame.

Collections for Church Overseas. Produce to be sold in aid of Ochenden Venture at Sale in County Primary School on October 8th.

"Come, ye thankful people, come!"

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**NOTES FOR THE ORGAN!**

Thank you to that vigorous paper, the Oxford Mail, for making a mention of our Organ Appeal.

You will have received a letter inviting you to give as much as you can to provide an instrument worthy of God, and also worthy of installation in our old church.

The figure of £1200 is of course the absolute minimum required for a single unit organ, and it is possible that a great more may be needed if this is finally considered to be inadequate.

However, judging already by the response from many it is obvious that the need for an organ is considered a worthy priority in our spending.

Give what you can, and help to provide more NOTES FOR THE ORGAN!

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL**

Most of you will now have heard about the new plans for the Sunday School. Instead of Children's Church at 10 a.m. and Afternoon Sunday

School in the Secondary Modern School at 3 p.m., there is now MORNING SUNDAY SCHOOL at 11 a.m. in the Church Hall, Elsfield Road, next to the Church.

The change has been made for a number of reasons:—

1. Many parents wished to go out with their children on Sunday afternoons, found it impossible to do so on account of afternoon Sunday School.
2. Other parents who wished to attend church together found it impossible to do so and also to bring their children to the Children's Church at 11 a.m.
3. Many adults were quite prepared to help with a morning Sunday School but not an afternoon one.

Already the initial attendance at the Morning Sunday School has been most encouraging, and a number of parents have said how much they have appreciated being able to come to church together and to leave their children at the Sunday School at the same time.

We hope it may be possible to squeeze the children into a Special Family Morning Service with their parents occasionally, but in any case there will be a SPECIAL CHILDREN'S HARVEST SERVICE on the afternoon of October 2nd, at 3 p.m.

We would ask all parents who have cars to co-operate in bringing their children and their friends to church. Better still—come to church with your children on Sunday mornings. They can either stay with you in church, or go across to the MORNING SUNDAY SCHOOL at the same time.

Remember also that on the 3rd Sunday of the month we have the FAMILY COMMUNION at 9.30 a.m., when fathers, mothers and young people are all welcome. We'll be glad to see you of course, even if you haven't got a family to bring with you!

#### **CHURCH NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION**

Monday, October 31st, 2.30 p.m. to Saturday, November 5th, 4.30 p.m. at the Examination Schools, High Street, Oxford (opposite Minty's).

Craft workers will be at work restoring old pieces and making new, at periods during the week.

No charge for admission but detailed catalogues at 1/- each will be on sale to help defray the expenses.

On Friday, November 4th, at 3 p.m., all interested in forming or in joining Church Needlework Guilds in the Oxford Diocese are invited to a Demonstration Lecture in the Examination Schools. Tickets 2/- each are obtainable from Mrs. G. D. Parks, Keble College, Oxford. Please send stamped addressed envelope with your application.

#### **PATHFINDERS**

The Pathfinder Bible Class will meet as usual on Sunday mornings at 10.15 a.m. in the Back room of the Church Hall, and then go across to the Church for part of Matins.

Boys and Girls from 11 plus to 13 years are especially encouraged to join the Pathfinder Group which exists for their benefit. Bring a friend and a Bible and join the "Back Room Boys and Girls of the Church."

#### **YOUTH FELLOWSHIP**

After suspending their activities for the month of August, the Y.F. has resumed its energetic programme. Five members, led by Andrew Dunkley, helped to prepare Abbey House, Sutton Courtenay, for 25 refugee girls.

A Podex match was followed by sausage rolls and jiving in the Church Hall on the 8th September.

At the Discussion after Evensong on the 18th September the members who went to Lee Abbey gave their own impressions of a fortnights holiday there.

## LIFE IN AN AUSTRALIAN PARISH



## Beneath The Southern Cross



PAUL ATKINS

THE contrasts between life in my Australian parish and my old parish back home in Kent are sometimes difficult to take in. After a Christmas Day which entailed over sixty miles by car, we had a typically English Christmas dinner on an open verandah and then lay talking on the lawn in the warm starlight. In January we went away for our summer holiday, only too glad to find cold nights and rather dull days by the sea. From that we returned to celebrate a Harvest Thanksgiving, in which bunches of grapes were the predominant decoration, before getting down to Lent. On Palm Sunday our Church was decorated with green palms from the next door garden and we carried green Palm Crosses made by ladies in the parish. And then Easter. The Church fresh and gay with white and gold, a Calvary and Easter Sepulchre as in England; but roses and Michaelmas daisies the only flowers, with ripe pomegranates, to symbolise eternal life, on the font. Outside, in place of the green hedges and the primroses and other spring flowers, the countryside is the ripe-corn colour of late autumn; and almost all country life, unlike the springing new life of England, is at a standstill awaiting the coming of the first rains since last September.

The contrast, too, in actual Church life is one that takes a lot of getting used to. For instance, my old parish in Kent was a real country village with a population of under 2000. I managed it on a bicycle and could walk to any house in the parish in less than an hour. Here my parish is about 30 miles by 60, just about the size of the whole Diocese of Canterbury, but with a population of hardly more than 3000 souls. In this one year I have covered some 15,000 miles and still have not been down every road in the parish. I am still finding houses I did not even know existed, and still far from having visited more than half of them. I suppose there are about 1500 to 1600 miles of road in the parish, but only about 50 miles of them have a metalled surface, and very often a farm house will be two, three, even six miles off the road. Scattered over this immense area there are two principal churches, another we only use once a month, a fourth we only use once a quarter, a hall where we have a monthly service; and, over 50 miles away, there is an "all-denominations Trust" church, maintained by the Methodists.

These churches vary considerably. In Beverley we are lucky in the possession of a singularly beautiful church, and another, the oldest

church in the district, has a great 'charm of its own. But for the most part churches seem to me to be not very well furnished. They have an old-fashioned appearance which reminds me of the out-dated "High-Churchiness" that marked some English village churches forty years ago. Congregations in such conditions tend to be very small and very conservative. Things that I have taken for granted for many years are regarded as very new and rather daring, though new ideas seem not to be as suspect as they very often are at home.

The real contrast is in Church management. After all, the parish priest's work is much the same the world over. But the tools with which he does it and the support he gets in doing it make all the difference. Freed from any suspicion of "Establishment" the Australian churchman knows that he has got to run his own

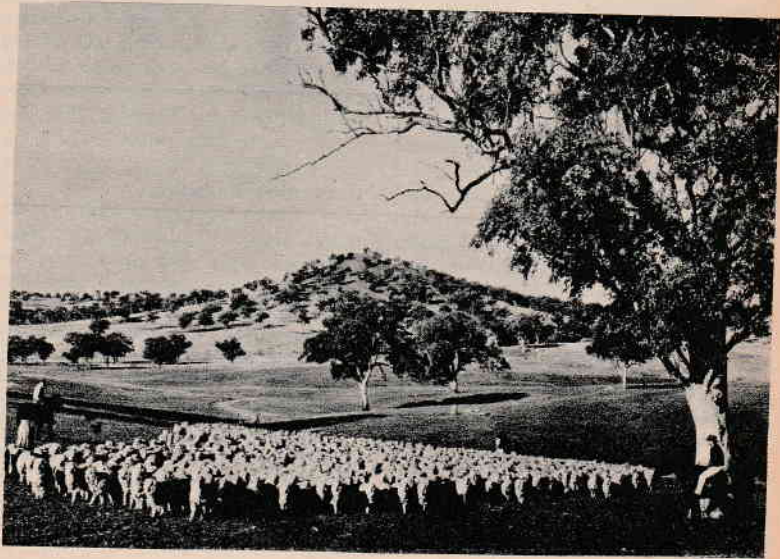
church and that it has got to be done on business-like lines. The first obvious sign of this is seen in the difference between an average Australian Vestry and an average English P.C.C. The Vestry, consisting of Rector, two Churchwardens and eight or twelve members, is nearly always made up of business men. It meets without fail every month. It is entirely responsible for the maintenance of the Church, the Rectory, and the Rector. Every month the whole of the Rector's stipend must be found and paid to the Diocesan Office, and with that there goes one month's instalment of the Diocesan Quota (amounting in our case to £275 per annum), the Missionary Assessment (£80 p.a.) and all the usual rates, taxes, insurances etc.

In addition to that, the car is the Vestry property. A new one, at about £1200, is bought every three or four

*(Continued on page 154)*

*Merinos mustered for shearing—  
Benangaroo, N.S.W.*

*Photo by courtesy of Australian News and Information Bureau*



## Children's Corner



Compiled by P. J. HUNT

*The Story of St. Francis*

**S**T. FRANCIS' Day is on October 4th. He was born at Assisi in the year 1182, the son of a very rich family. At first he led a very gay life and was always seen in company with all the smart young men in the city. Then, after a bad illness, he realised that the sort of life he was leading was not being of any use to anyone—not even himself. It was a very selfish sort of life, and selfish people are seldom happy. Francis decided he must do better, and as there was nothing half-hearted about him, he gave up all his riches and fine clothes, and resolved to live the rest of his life in the service of the poor and the sick, and the lepers.

It was not long before he had a small band of men following him, all of them ready to serve God and to live the life of St. Francis. They came to be called Franciscan Friars—a friar means a brother—and they wore long, coarse grey cloth robes with a cord round the waist, and pointed hoods. They were poor and humble, but very gay, and did a lot of good in the world. St. Francis loved all birds and animals and addressed them as his brothers and sisters. You may have seen pictures of him talking to them. He set himself to follow Christ and to show the world what a really joyful person one of Christ's disciples should and can be.

*Reading the Bible Together*

This month the family, or a group of friends, can read aloud together, one of the adventures of St. Paul. You need one person to read St. Paul, one for the woman, one or more for her masters, one or more for the multitude, and one for the jailer. Find Acts Ch. 16.

St. Paul	verses	16, 17a
Woman	„	17a, 18b
St. Paul	„	18b
Masters	„	19, 20, 21
Multitude	„	22, 23
Jailer	„	24

The letter 'a' after a verse means the first part of that verse, and the letter 'b' means the second part of it. You will be able to tell from the sense of the verse which character should read which part.

*Bible Puzzle*

The following jumbled words are all names of books of the Old Testament. Can you sort them out?

EGISSEN  
SHERET  
SGINK  
DUYMOONTREE  
VORSPREB  
SUITCLIVE  
DUESOX  
SEDJUG

# Church Notes and Views

## Miserrimus

IN the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral is a most unusual grave—a plain slab with only one word on it, "Miserrimus", that is "most wretched one." The unhappy man buried there was the Rev. Thomas Morris, a minor Canon of the Cathedral and vicar of Claines, who refused to swear the oath of allegiance to William III after the deposition of James II. In consequence he was deprived of his offices and for the remaining 59 years of his life had to rely on the generosity of wealthy supporters of the exiled James.

His last wish on his death bed in 1748 was that his grave should give no details of his life except that he died as he had lived—"Miserrimus". This epitaph has fascinated several writers, notably William Wordsworth, who wrote a sonnet about it.—R. M. WILDING (WORCESTER).

## Good Advice

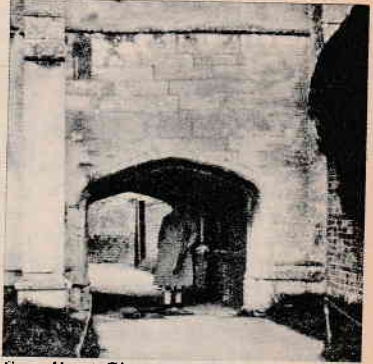
ATTACHED to one of the pillars in Biggleswade Parish Church in Bedfordshire, in old English lettering, beautifully framed, may be seen the following, which I thought perhaps your readers may like to share:—

"Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday  
Design the structure of tomorrow;  
Lay strong corner stones with strength  
and purpose;  
Great blocks of wisdom from past  
despair;  
Strong mighty pillars resolve to set  
Deep in tear-wet mortar of regret,  
Work well with patience, tho' thy toil be  
slow,  
Yet day by day thine edifice shall grow.  
Believe in God and in thine own self  
believe,  
Then all thou hast desired, thou shalt  
achieve."

(Anon.)  
A. LYNCH (BEDFORD).

## Church on Right of Way

WHEN the splendid church of Walpole St. Peter, Norfolk, was built, it was found that it would encroach upon an ancient right of way through the churchyard. So the chancel was raised upon ten steps, so as to allow for a richly groined passage to be built under it, by which the footpath could go on its way.—MISS M. WIGHT (HEREFORD).



## Smallest City?

I WAS interested to read of the claim of St. David's to be the smallest city in Britain. I am wondering, however, whether this claim is justified as somewhere I read that London is the smallest city in the world. Its boundaries, unlike those of most cities, have never been extended beyond the line of the original walls.

It was stated recently in Parliament, however, that its resident population is increasing, so perhaps on a population basis it is not the smallest city in the world. On an area basis it must have a pretty good claim.—REVD. JOHN SIMPSON (CLIFTON-UPON-DUNSMORE).

## 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**



### *St. Beuno's Church, Pistyll*

THIS church is to be found on the Llyn Peninsula, North Wales. It is Celtic in origin and dates back, it is thought, to 500 A.D. Moss, instead of mortar, was used between the stones of this church, and the oak in the roof has petrified. A stone seat is found around the altar and under the altar is an ancient tomb—probably the tomb of the Abbot of Pistyll. On the north side is a Leper's Window—on the outside of which lepers stood in order to see the Blessed Sacrament. But perhaps the most interesting object is the Baptismal Font on which is carved the ancient creed of an order of mystics in symbolic writing. This lovely little church is still used and is well worth a visit.—B. FRADIN (HATFIELD).



### *Axbridge Church, Somerset*

THE porch is rich in carvings, and inside you will see four splendid roofs. One of them, dating back to 1636, is among the finest in Somerset. There are many treasures, among them a 15th century font; and, most endearing of all, a beautiful tapestry worked in 1670 for a side altar. Abigail Prowse put in seven years of loving work on it.

Outside the Church the War Memorial stands in a charming garden.—N. WILMOT (BOURNEMOUTH).



### *Carved Bench End*

THE Parish Church of St. John the Baptist in the Derbyshire village of Tideswell is famed for its superb wood carvings. The photograph shows a carving of St. Chad, the first Bishop of Lichfield; Tideswell was in the Diocese of Lichfield until 1884. The carving shows the Saint holding a copy of the Lichfield Gospels and standing by a model of the Cathedral.

Although the present church building can be traced back to 1340, the carvings are relatively modern, having been carved towards the end of the 19th century.—K. I. P. ADAMSON (DONCASTER).

# ★ Weekday Pages for Women ★

CONDUCTED BY  
MARION HURST

## ★ Monday—Washing ★

A teaspoonful of powdered borax added to boiled starch will help to stiffen shirt fronts, collars, etc. and all glazed materials. A handful put in the wash boiler will soften the water and will help to whiten any badly coloured 'whites', such as those left in the linen cupboard too long. Sprinkled freely near where these pests appear, it will clear away cockroaches and ants.—MRS. E. M. SHEMMING (ALDEBURGH).

## Tuesday—Sewing

If you sew a loop of narrow elastic on all your towels, you will find it wears much longer than using tape.—MISS E. HARTLEY (SHIPLEY).

## Wednesday—Cooking

For a tasty supper dish, take 2 onions, 4 oz. grated cheese, 2 rashers of bacon. Prepare the onions and boil them in a small quantity of water. Beat in the grated cheese, mince the bacon and add. Season with pepper and allow to cool. Place this filling between two crusts of pastry on a plate and bake in a hot oven until golden brown. This may be eaten either hot or cold.—MISS S. G. FLEET (LYNTON).

## Thursday—Nursing

A 'toddler' with teething troubles will benefit considerably from a drink of orange or lemon barley water—warm—with added glucose, three or four times a day. This helps to counteract acidity and other troublesome tummy upsets. Furthermore, it is not regarded as medicine, but just a fruit drink.—MRS. M. SPENCER (LOUGHBOROUGH).

## Friday—Household

When washing expensive and delicate china and glass etc., place a piece of plastic foam on the draining board. The foam will soak up the moisture and give protection against chipping.—MISS K. M. ELVIN (LOUTH).

## Saturday—Children

In our downstairs bathroom and toilet we always keep a scented geranium plant, near the window. This seems to make the room fresh. After washing my hands, I always touch the lower leaves with my finger tips—result—a really refreshing fragrance and cleanliness. Even 12-year-old boys like me smell nice! MASTER DOUGLAS DAVIES (WOLLASTON, STOURBRIDGE).

★\* If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, Women's Page, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.

## BE PREPARED!

Why not be early this year, and get your Christmas present preparations well in hand? Each year one has good intentions to have everything ready, and each year there is the inevitable last-minute rush!

It is a good idea to buy presents whenever a suitable opportunity occurs—I have even bought some of mine when on holiday in the summer—and if they are parcelled, labelled and be-ribboned, they may quite safely be put aside to await the Festive Season. It is very satisfying to see them—after a few weeks' collecting—all nicely packed and looking very gay. And if they are done in this more or less leisurely fashion, there will be no hastily packed parcels to make up at the last moment.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

We again offer our readers an excellent variety, from Verse Cards at 48 (6 of 8 designs) for only 5s. to Series 3 Contemporary Designs at 28 (2 of 14) for 10s. With envelopes. Post free. Stamp for leaflet.

Particulars of other Series next month. Postal orders, etc., payable to "Home Words," addressed to 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.

## Plan for Colour

**I**T is never too early to start getting ready for the Church Bazaar but do try and make it look less like a trestle leg and box affair. Early collecting of materials is essential and will help you to get working together in groups just after your holiday. Go round to radio dealers and shops where they have large sheets of brown paper and particularly corrugated cardboard. Get some of the men of the organisation busy with wallpaper, paste and brush and paste these sheets all up into "skirts" for the trestle tables. This gives them a solid and business-like block shape and you can then decorate them with fringed crepe paper, paper flowers and foliage.

Corrugated cardboard will take emulsion paint so why not pastel

shades for the whole scheme throughout? Have a committee for this job. Decide on three good shades and buy the crepe paper in bulk. Most of it, (the best) is about 1/2d a fold, that is, 10 ft. by 20 ins. There are about 30 shades, all good. Any stalls for foodstuffs and sweets should be in white/pale green—always an eye-catcher for such items. Canary and orange are the main "stunners" so get a counter or table at the extreme end in these shades. Make the folks walk down to it—they always wander back to the entrance. Have a real money-spinner on the left of the door—Fair people tell me this is a paying proposition. They should know; they are the greatest money-makers from stalls.

Don't forget the old round kitchen table. That is ideal with a brilliant coloured "skirt" and selling sweets, just in the doorway.

Castle Combe, Wiltshire

Photo: Reece Winstone



# Britain's Strangest Chapel

N. W. KIEFFER

THE southernmost tip of Pembrokeshire, where the land juts out into the Bristol Channel, is known as St. Govan's Head. Here in a cleft in the great rock cliffs, miles from anywhere, is a tiny chapel with an earthen floor and two slits for windows. It is very old; no one knows when it was built, nor can anyone begin to think of the reason why a chapel was built in this most inaccessible place.

To get to it you have to drive for miles and miles from the nearest village. First there are a few scattered farms, then nothing but wild moorland—over the last part of which you have to walk, as there is no road. Then suddenly you come to a cleft in the cliffs, a passage-way down to the sea, and built right across the path from rock face to rock face is this little chapel.

St. Govan's Chapel. Or, as it is sometimes spelled, St. Gowan's.

The guide books tell you that long ago, this was where Gawain, King Arthur's knight, lived for a while. And the more you think of it, the more reasonable this explanation seems to be as to why a chapel came to be built in this lonely place.

Amongst the legends of Arthur's times, there is the story of how Gawain married the hideous Lady

Ragnell to save his beloved King from death at the hands of Sir Gromer Somer Joure. To Gawain's amazement, after they had retired to their apartments when the ceremony was over, the revolting twisted thing he had married suddenly became a damsel of the most exquisite beauty.

It appears that she had been bewitched by the wretched Morgana le Fay. Only an act of the greatest chivalry, such as Gawain had performed in marrying her, could break the spell, and even then her beauty could only last for twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

His nobility and unselfishness were equal to the occasion. "You," he said, "are the one who will suffer most. It is for you to choose, and in your choice I will do my utmost to sustain you."

But now the spell was broken completely. The Lady Ragnell remained beautiful at all times through the unselfishness of her husband.

For seven years they lived most happily, and then in some mysterious way she disappeared. The ancient Welsh sagas claim that it was to the wild forests of that country she fled for some unknown reason.

What more natural than that



*St. Govan's Chapel, Pembrokeshire. The notice says: "Please respect this holy ground."*

Gawain should go in search of her? And from the Court at Caerleon or in Somerset, it was in the coastal villages he must first make inquiries. And perhaps the tides and winds swept his small craft in great circles. For days he might have been tossed about in some storm.

Then one morning, half dead, he might have found himself cast on to a small shelf of land. Starving and faint, he would crawl up a little way and lie on the grass in the warm sun until some strength returned. He would have noticed that there was a tiny stream of fresh water flowing from the rocks, there were gulls' eggs he could eat, and fish in the sea.

So on this gentle slope of earth, the only one in miles of steep cliffs, he built his hermit's cell. From this point he must have searched for Ragnell, though he never found her. The dwellers on the coast, the few

people who inhabited this headland, must have wondered at his gentle ways, his great chivalry, and so to them he became a saint.

All this is folklore, but it is a fact that for hundreds of years this little building has withstood the great force of the gales and hurricanes that sometimes beat upon this coast. The stream became a Holy Well, with great powers of healing, cripples coming here to be cured as recently as 1840.

So others must have lived here, perhaps the first being a monk from Glastonbury who admired the legends of Arthur's Court which are strong in Somerset. But today, as you look at the shiny stone slab which forms a seat, and think of the years that it took for this rough-hewn rock to become so smooth, you are tempted to believe it is old enough to have been fashioned by someone living in those far-off times.

## Beneath The Southern Cross

(Continued from page 146)

years. Petrol is 4s. 4d. a gallon. At 15,000 miles a year at 28 m.p.g., the reader can form his own estimate of what the car costs the parish a year. It will be seen that my Churchwarden-designate "had something" when he said that too many Churchgoers had the "florin-in-the-plate" habit. But my memory of England is that Communicants average well under 1s. per head at 8 o'clock celebrations, and even at Easter the entire congregations for the day never averaged as much as 2s. 6d.

Here we have only recently begun a pledged envelope scheme. It is an old idea in England but very new here and greeted with some suspicion. But never in England have I seen it carried out on such a scale. The cost of launching the original scheme came to over £1000 before one single penny was collected! It has not been as successful as was expected, but in 18 months it has brought a struggling parish out of debt and enabled it to embark on a forward policy of repair, reconstruction and new building without the usual constant demand for jumble sales, whist drives and raffles. If we have a Social it is simply a Social, and any expenses come out of the vestry funds. The ladies' Guilds devote themselves solely to social activities and to the provision

of the non-essential but pleasant extras, to specific items of equipment, and to Church cleaning, decoration and furnishing. When it is remembered that the English parish pays but a tiny fraction of its Parson's very small stipend, that it regards an £80 quota as an enormous burden, and grumbles at every penny that goes to foreign missions, the contrast with an Australian parish becomes very great.

A further result of the greater responsibility of the Australian Vestry as compared with an English P.C.C. is seen in the greater importance of the Diocesan Conference. Attendance at this is not a job for anyone on the Vestry who has nothing better to do, but for some one who will really represent his Parish by speaking and voting on matters that will considerably affect the parish and the Church as a whole. The last Synod in Perth took up three whole days. An immense programme of legislation, covering every aspect of the life of the Diocese and affecting all Churchmen, was carried through. As a newcomer, one could not but be struck with the contrast between the average English Diocesan Conference and this brisk, business-like, predominantly male, assembly of Church people who have never learned to take their parish church for granted but who know that its very existence depends upon their own efforts and value it accordingly.

## Twilight on Dartmoor

Old Dartmoor be 'ushed tonight—

I can't a' tell 'e why;

But sittin' in th' dimsey-light

With sunset in th' sky,

There's summat drives all care afar

And worrit turns to calm;

As if an angel in a star

Did sing a vesper-psalm!

Th' smoke curls up th' chimney  
there—

A teeny spire o' grey;

It mingles in th' misty air

With cloudlands far away.

A bird do twitter—while th' scent

O' bracken, swate an' strong,

With 'eather and with gorse be blent,

On Dartmoor—down along!

LILLIAN GARD

THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

# Your Way is My Way

BY CECIL LEIGH

ALL through the week Veronica had told herself, and anyone who would listen to her, how thankful and happy she was.

"To be FREE!" she cried. "It's just too wonderful!"

Her engagement to Geoffrey was over; finally dead. It had been in a shaky condition for some time, though still retaining a semblance of life, but now it was dead. She had sent back his ring, and her parents had written out an announcement for the newspaper. "We announced it, my dear," said her father, "so we must dis-announce it, if I may coin a word."

She felt a little light-headed at first. A draught seemed to blow round the finger where her ring had been for so many months. It was hard to believe that this had really happened; hard to believe that never again would Geoff drive up to their door on Saturday afternoons, in that awful old car of his, and pack her in with a picnic basket to go for a country run. Hard to believe that never again would she say in a tentative way—"There's an awfully good film on at the Odeon, Geoff—" and hear his answer: "Oh, sweet, we can't waste a fine day stuffing in a cinema!" Never again would she spend long evenings sitting beside him on uncomfortable seats in the Town Hall, listening to

chamber music. At first it had been lovely to go to concerts with him; later, when she was more used to being with him, it simply seemed boring.

The week had slipped by, and now it was Sunday. The bells of St. Peter's church were ding-donging at the end of the street. Veronica usually went to church, but this morning—No. Geoffrey would be playing the organ, deputising for the regular organist, who was ill. (Why did he have to play such a solemn, ponderous instrument? Why not something more sociable?) She knew he would be squinting down from the organ loft to see if she was in her accustomed seat. But she wouldn't be; he would have to look in vain.

She was going to spend the day with her Cousin Helen, an inquisitive old dame who wanted to hear all about the broken engagement. The journey was rather tiresome, first a train and then a country bus, but Veronica looked forward to the trip. She was fond of Cousin Helen, and it was a delightful house to visit. She waited till the last of the congregation were safely inside St. Peter's, and then set off for the station. She could hear the roll of the organ as she passed the church.

It was one of those exhilarating days when the staleness of late summer is freshened by the first tang of

autumn in the air. Veronica stepped out briskly. Cousin Helen was waiting for her by the garden gate.

"Come along in, my dear," she said. "I won't ask you any questions till we've had something to eat. Afterwards, I give warning, I'm going to ask a lot."

Question time began as they were drinking their coffee.

"Now tell me," said Cousin Helen, "when did this thing begin to go wrong?"

"But it hasn't gone wrong," Veronica asserted. "It has gone right. Any other way would have been wrong."

"I thought he was a nice young man. I liked him very much. I liked his eyes, and that thin, keen face. I liked his ideas about things. He seemed a very straight-forward, simple sort of fellow; no swank or nonsense about him. I thought you were doing very well for yourself. But I suppose you know your own business. What faults did you catch him out in? Or was he too good?"

Veronica wrinkled up her forehead. "Oh, no, he wasn't too good at all. I think his faults were chiefly being obstinate, and not seeing other people's point of view. Everyone had to go his way."

"Selfish, eh?" said Cousin Helen. "So many men are. They take their wives for granted, and never consider anyone but themselves. I think you were right to break it off, if he was that sort. You don't want to be made a doormat when you're young, and be neglected when you're old."

Veronica was shocked. "Oh, Geoff would never have neglected me. He was always terribly considerate. I must be fair. We just hadn't the same tastes."

The old lady put down her coffee cup, and looked out of the window. Her garden was bright with dahlias, Michaelmas daisies and tall red-hot-

pokers. Her little Cairn terrier was nosing among the bushes. But she barely noticed these things. She saw herself and Hugh, as a newly-married couple, with entirely different tastes—and yet—she stifled a sigh, and brought her mind back to Veronica's affairs.

"No. He works in a town, but I think he is a countryman at heart. As I am a countrywoman. Your heart is more in the gaieties of town life; parties and cinemas and dances. Does he dance?"

A crimson flush spread over Veronica's face. "He used to pretend he couldn't dance, but after—after everything was over, someone saw him with Julia Evesham at the 'Queen of Hearts'—that road house place, you know."

"Was he dancing with this Julia?"

"Yes, yes. That is the point. He was. All the evening."

Cousin Helen produced a neat little handkerchief, and blew her nose. A handkerchief can hide a good many things; smiles as well as tears. "Oh, dear!" she said.

"Julia's a snake," said Veronica savagely. "She always laughed at Geoff—at his organ and his awful old car. Of course, it is an awful car. No one can pretend otherwise. It bumps and rattles and looks all the wrong shape."

"And a streamlined girl is worthy of a stream-lined car?"

"Don't laugh" said Veronica, a little ruefully. "It wasn't only the car—"

"I know, my dear. The car was only a symptom that pointed to a fundamental incompatibility. There are two good words for you. Well now, we won't discuss it any more; but I rather hope your Julia won't get him. I'd hate to see him caught by a snake."

Presently they took the little dog for a run through the wood that bordered



October's "Mellow Loveliness"

Photo: D. E. Tyler

the garden. "He does enjoy this walk," said his mistress. "The wood is full of glorious scents. Isn't it sad that the human race has so nearly lost its sense of smell? What we must miss!"

"Geoff always said he loved to smell the moss in a wood," said Veronica; and then felt annoyed with herself. Couldn't she stop talking about him?

It was lovely among the tall beech trees; fallen leaves underfoot made a little rustling accompaniment to the dog's ecstatic barking. A squirrel leaped lightly from branch to branch ahead of them; a jay, with a flash of blue wing, rose up protesting discordantly at their presence.

"I have a plan brewing in my mind," said Cousin Helen after a while, "and I'm wondering if you would feel inclined to share it. Would you like to come to Switzerland with me after Christmas? Could you take a winter holiday? There's a

little mountain place, St. Augustin, that I'd like to see again. I daresay you hardly remember your Cousin Hugh—he and I spent our honeymoon there. Perhaps it is silly to try to recapture past joys—when the person who made the joy is no more. But it was wonderfully beautiful there. I shall never forget waking in the morning and seeing the pink of the sunrise on the white mountain tops; and how the snow sparkled in the sun—we seemed to be walking on diamonds. It was a gay little place—plenty going on, dancing in the hotel, and so on. I expect it is even gayer now. I think you would enjoy it."

"Oh!" breathed Veronica. Enjoy it? Well, yes, indeed she would enjoy it! And how wonderful, she thought, that she was free to accept this marvellous invitation! Suppose she had been marrying Geoffrey early in the New Year, as once they had planned—she switched off that line,

and concentrated instead on how much more amusing it would be to dance in a Swiss hotel than to listen to String Quartets in the draughty Town Hall.

"Stay till the late bus, my dear," the old lady said, when they got back to the house. "I want to show you some pictures of St. Augustin."

So they looked at old photographs taken in Switzerland when Hugh and Helen were young; they laughed at the funny clothes people used to wear, and when at last Veronica said goodbye dusk was falling and the air had an autumn chill in it.

As she waited at the bus stop her imagination feasted on a dazzling kaleidoscope. She saw herself, gay and glamorous, in ski-ing outfit and dark sun-glasses. Glittering white, white snow. Towering peaks. Fair-haired, bronzed young men laughing with her, dancing with her. Darling, kind Cousin Helen! Wonderful, wonderful Switzerland! . . .

The bus seemed to be late. She looked at her watch. Yes, it was very late. Could she possibly have missed it, she wondered? The gay pictures vanished, and she felt vaguely depressed. It was getting cold; stars were beginning to twinkle. She wished she had come away earlier. She wouldn't get home till goodness knew what time. There was no sign or sound of the wretched bus.

Then suddenly a suspicion dawned on her. What if the late bus only ran till the end of summer time? Now they were into October.

"What shall I do?" she thought in dismay. "I'll have to thumb a car."

As if in answer to her thought, she heard a distant car approaching. It was not yet visible, but the sound of its coming preceded it, and Veronica felt a sudden clutch at her heart. It reminded her of Geoffrey's old rattletrap. And suddenly, quite

unexpectedly, she found a hot tear trickling down her nose.

She stepped into the roadway as the car's lights came in sight, and held out her hand in signal. Something warned her then; she knew what was going to happen when it was too late to withdraw. The car was slowing down.

Geoffrey was leaning forward in his seat, looking at her.

"Do you want a lift?" he asked.

"I—I've missed the bus," she stammered.

"Come with me, then," he said, opening the car door. "We're going the same way."

Without another word she got in and sat beside him. (Oh, joy to be back where she belonged!) Geoffrey accelerated, and the old car chugged off along the deserted road, scorning the silence of its human occupants.

"What are you doing down here?" she asked at last.

"Well," he said slowly, "young Jim let out where you'd gone—and funny things do happen!"

She saw that he was smiling at her, and almost she smiled back, but then she remembered Julia.

"Why did you dance with Julia at the 'Queen of Hearts'?" she demanded.

"Julia?" said Geoffrey. "I'm not out this evening to talk about Julia. I want to talk about us. Did you expect me to let you go without a kick? I tried it for a week, and that was long enough for me."

"Oh, for me, too," cried Veronica.

"So, to make sure it doesn't happen again, I think we'll get married at Christmas."

"I don't see how we can do that. Cousin Helen is taking me to Switzerland—"

"Oh, no, she isn't," said Geoffrey. "I'm taking you there."

The stars up above twinkled merrily—as they were doubtless twinkling over the snow-capped mountains round St. Augustin.

**Oh! MY POOR LEGS...**



***I simply must sit down!***

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## BROWNIES

On the 23rd September, Mrs. Doman officially received her warrant as Brown Owl of the St. Nicholas' Church Brownies, from the District Commissioner, Miss Axtell.

ANNE HAWGOOD, N.R.

## SCOUT AND CUB NOTES

Troop and Pack meetings resumed during September and badge work is already in progress. We hope to be able to announce soon that some scouts in our St. Nicholas' Troop have earned their First Class badges.

Congratulations, David Crich, on winning your Camper's Badge! Au Revoir and Bon Chance to Mike Gibbs! Mike, who has been such a staunch lieutenant to Scouter Gerry Selby, is now reading for a degree in Pharmacy at London University, and we wish him every success in his studies. His help as A.S.M. at Troop meetings was surpassed only by his service as Quartermaster at Summer Camp, and the Troop is delighted to know that he has offered to help us again during the long vac. next year.

G.S.M. A. BROWN.

## BELLRINGERS

A few of our Tower visited the well-tuned eighth of Gt. Haseley, Drayton St. Leonard (5), Long Wittenham (6), and Little Wittenham (5).

### Peals and Quarter Peals

Peal of 5040 Mixed Doubles rung at St. Thomas the Martyr for Princess Ann's Birthday: 1. Noel D. Deam. 2. J. Pladys. 3. Alec Gammon. 4. Roy H. Jones. 5. E. Venn (cond.). 6. J. S. Walker (1st Peal).

Quarter Peal of 1260 Grandsire Doubles rung at Stanton St. John to mark the election of Ven. G. D. Savage as Bishop of Buckingham.

### Miscellaneous

Three ringers, with the help of a visiting ringer, have been improving the conditions of the Tower. They have whitewashed the walls, cleared the staging and woodwork, and the bells. They have also painted the headstocks in five different colours.

Several ringers visited the St. Giles Fair on the second night in a party, St. Andrew's Church for the quarterly meeting of the Branch, and St. Aldate's and Wolvercote from time to time, in order to further their knowledge of ringing.

NOEL D. DEAM, Tower Steward.

## PARISH CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER, 1960

- Oct. 2. 16th Sunday after Trinity. HARVEST FESTIVAL.  
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion  
(Y.F. Breakfast after 8 a.m. service).  
11.0 a.m. Matins. Preacher: Rev. J. Cocke, M.A., Vicar of All Saints, Highfield.  
3.0 p.m. Children's Gift Service.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: Rev. R. H. Faulkner, M.A., Vicar of Thame.
- .. 3. Mothers' Union Festival at Winchester.
- .. 4. 8 p.m. in Church. Meeting of all adult candidates who will be presented for Confirmation at Woodstock on the 11th.
- .. 5. Wednesday. Young Wives, 7.45 p.m. Hairdressing Demonstration by Richard Henry of London and Rome.
- .. 6. 7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
- .. 8. Saturday. 2.30 p.m. Boys and Girls Exhibition and Sale in the St. Nicholas' County Primary School. In aid of the Ockenden Venture.
- .. 9. 17th Sunday after Trinity.  
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

- „ 11. Tuesday. Adult Confirmation candidates to be confirmed at Woodstock Parish Church at 7.30 p.m.
- „ 12. Wednesday. Mothers' Union. Theatre and Supper Party. Details later.
- „ 13. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
- „ 16. 18th Sunday after Trinity. Ringers Sunday.  
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION  
Come together as a family!  
11.0 a.m. Matins. Preacher: Rev. D. H. Ruddy, M.A., Rector of Longworth.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- „ 18. St. Luke's Day.  
Consecration of the Ven. G. D. Savage as Bishop of Buckingham in St. Paul's Cathedral.  
8 p.m. Women's World Day of Prayer Gathering at 43 St. Giles.
- „ 19. Wednesday. 7.45 p.m. Young Wives: Mrs. Rimmer on "Life in India."
- „ 20. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
- „ 22. Saturday. Lee Abbey Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral and Re-union Meeting in Central Hall, Westminster.
- „ 23. 19th Sunday after Trinity.  
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
11.0 a.m. Matins. Preacher: Rev. Michael Wilson, Chaplain to the Guild of Health.  
4.0 p.m. Baptism Service in Church.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- „ 26. Wednesday. 2.45 p.m. Mothers' Union: Mrs. Smith: "Presenting the Young Wives to the Mothers' Union."  
8 p.m. in Church Hall. Men's Forum: "The Government System in America."
- „ 27. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Intercessions in Church.
- „ 30. 20th Sunday after Trinity.  
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: Mr. A. J. Wright (Dr. Barnardo's).  
(Discussion for Y.F. led by Mr. Wright after service).

#### HOLY BAPTISM

- "Received in the Fellowship of Christ's Flock."  
Aug. 28. Linda Mary, daughter of John and Ida Clements.  
Jacqueline Anne, daughter of David Maxwell and June Ann Pryer.

#### HOLY MATRIMONY

- Aug. 20. Keith Patrick Blunt and Ida Isobel Ethel Chapman.  
Sept. 3. Joshua Edward Carson McCartney and Susan Mary Jennings.  
Colin Shirley and Annette Eadle.

#### IN MEMORIAM

- Sept. 6. Herbert Ernest Ward. Aged 83 years.

#### COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS FOR AUGUST

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## 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. Clements, 8 Lewell Avenue.  
**Parish Council.** Chairman : Mr. Rumbold, 8 Beechey Avenue.  
**Refugee Committee.** Miss E. Warburton, Cross Cottage, Elsfield 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  
Infant Welfare Clinic : Church Hall, Thursdays, 2—4 p.m.  
Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths : 22 Oxford Road, Thursdays  
4—4.30 p.m.

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Old Marston.....Tel. 47197
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*Cover picture :* God be with us at the ploughing,  
Touch our harvest at its birth. *Mustograph*

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