

"THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH"

No. 36

FEBRUARY, 1961

Price 4d.



THE MAGAZINE OF —
St. Nicholas Church, Marston

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 :

Organist : Mrs. E. A. Garner, "Barn Gates," 31 Oxford Rd., Old Marston.

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 : 11 a.m. in Hall.

Morning Prayer : 11 a.m.

Pathfinder Bible Class : 10.15 a.m., Sunday. (Hall).

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 :

(As the covers are printed in advance you are advised to consult the Notice Board in the Church Porch, in case of alteration of times).

Intercessions : Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. in Church.

Mothers' Union : Alternate Wednesday afternoons (2.45 p.m.), and Evenings (7.45 p.m.).

Young Wives' Group : Alternate Wednesdays in Church Hall, at 7.45 p.m.

Men's Forum : Monthly on Wednesdays at 8 p.m., as announced.

Youth Fellowship : First Sunday, Holy Communion and Breakfast, also Third Sunday after Evensong, and as announced.

Pathfinders : (Boys and Girls, 11—13 years), 10.15 a.m., Sundays.

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

Cubs : Mondays, 6.15 p.m. in Hall.

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

THE COVER PICTURE depicts the Marston Chalice, reflecting on its bowl the spires of the University, the factory chimneys of Cowley, and homes with T.V. Masts—all symbolic of the life of our village. The design is by Mr. Brian Cairns.

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends,

"BEING ALL OF THEM NEAR ENOUGH TO THE
CROSS TO TOUCH THE WOOD, THEY ARE NEAR
ENOUGH TO TOUCH EACH OTHER."

These moving words of an old Indian evangelist are quoted in the January issue of the C.M.S. Outlook, in reference to the coming together of the Christians in South India.

It could be applied too in our church life, and in our relations with one another in our homes. It contains the answer for world peace.

But how close to the Cross do we Christians really live? Are we humble enough to kneel there as sinners, and receive the forgiveness and cleansing that Christ alone can give.

Are we strong enough to put our shoulder under the Cross, as Simon the Cyrenian did, and take some of the weight of the world's suffering from our Lord?

Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, February 15th, and during Lent we must all try "to come near enough to the Cross to touch the wood." We've heard and read about the story of the Crucifixion so much that there is danger that it may become nothing to so many of us who pass by.

THE SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS beginning on February 22nd is a wonderful opportunity to hear first class speakers talk on the cardinal facts of our faith. Members of the Youth Fellowship will also be rising early for a weekly Bible Study on Wednesdays at 7.15 a.m.

What are you going to do this Lent that will bring you closer to the Cross, and consequently closer to our Lord and to each other?

Whatever you decide to do, don't leave it "in the air," but act on your decision.

May God bless you richly during this season.

Your sincere friend,



N.B. I shall be celebrating Holy Communion in homes and, I hope, caravans, in the parish during the week-nights of Lent. The dining table will become the Lord's Table, and the bread used in the service will be from the kitchen loaf. This will help to remind us that the Church is not the building, but the people who use the building, and who are bound to Christ by profession of faith. The service will be the usual Prayer Book service with a short address. Friends and neighbours in the area should be invited, and, if so desired, stay on after the service for a cup of tea, and time of fellowship. I would be grateful if those wishing me to celebrate communion in their homes would contact me without delay, suggesting alternative dates.

P.N.R.

PARISH CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY, 1961

- Feb. 1. Wednesday. 7.45 p.m. Young Wives: "Spirella Foundations."
Mrs. Deeley.
- " 2. Purification of the B.V.M.. 11 a.m., Holy Communion.
7.30 p.m. Said Evensong and Intercessions.
- " 3. 7.30 p.m. Bellringers A.G.M. (Church Hall).
- " 5. Sexagesima.
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).
11.0 a.m. Matins and Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

- „ 7. Tuesday. 7.45 p.m. P.C.C. Meeting.
 „ 8. Wednesday. 7.45 p.m. M.U. "Oberramagau" : Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Barnsley.
 „ 9. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Said Evensong and Intercessions.
 „ 12. Quinquagesima.
 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Matins.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.
 „ 14. Shrove Tuesday. Y.F. Party in Church Hall.
 „ 15. ASH WEDNESDAY. 1st Day of Lent.
 7.15 a.m. Y.F. Bible Study Group (Church Hall).
 11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 7.45 p.m. SERVICE IN CHURCH.
 „ 16. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Said Evensong and Intercessions in Church
 „ 19. 1st Sunday in Lent.
 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION
 11.0 a.m. Matins.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.
 Y.F. Discussion after Evensong.
 The preacher throughout this Sunday will be the Rev. P. D. Peter, B.D., B.T., M.T., who is a presbyter from the Church of South India.
 „ 22. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Y.F. Bible Study Group in Church Hall
 2.45 p.m. M.U. Mrs. Bonninksen. Marriage Guidance.
 SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS BEGINS.
 7.45 p.m. All parishioners most welcome. (Sessions will be held in the Church Hall).
 1. "I believe in The Incarnate Christ."
 Speaker : Mr. Patrick Hamilton, Editor of "The Layman and Christian Stewardship."
 „ 23. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Said Evensong and Intercessions.
 „ 24. Friday. St. Matthias, Apostle and Martyr.
 11.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 „ 26. 2nd Sunday in Lent.
 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Matins.
 4.0 p.m. Baptism Service.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.

CHRISTIAN GIVING—Report of a Parish Meeting held on January 17th.

About 40 parishioners, representatives of nearly every organisation in the parish attended the parish meeting, which was addressed by the Rev. Derek Eastman, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Headington.

As our own Vicar, explained from the outset, this meeting was not an attempt to "brainwash" the parish, or to impose a ready made new scheme, but rather to face our commitments squarely, and to hear from our sister church the lessons, good and bad, which they had learnt about the question of Christian Stewardship. The Vicar of St. Andrew's said that any consideration about Christian Giving must begin from the thought : "Freely we have received, freely give." He also pointed out "the need of the giver to give" from the point of view of his own spiritual state. So often we think of the needs of the church, when we should begin with the thought of what it is right for each of us to give personally. He illustrated from the experience of St. Andrew's Church how a church could become a "Giving Church" rather than a "Begging Church" when every worshipper pledged to give sacrificially and regularly to God, and brought his offering in person to the church.

The speaker was questioned on every aspect of Christian Giving from the desirability of fetes, to the questions asked by canvassers, and it was largely due to the spiritually challenging manner in which these questions were answered that the meeting voted by an overwhelming majority in favour of discontinuing the present method of money raising in church, and adopting a method more akin to the sacrificial and in many ways exhilarating one outlined by Mr. Eastman.

THE POUND FOR A ORGAN FUND :

This fund closed on December 25th, and the amount raised was a little under £600, less than half the minimum target of £1200 for an organ.

Out of this there were some £113 separate pound notes for the organ, and the remainder came from larger donations including anonymous ones of £100, of £50, and one of £25, and carol singing money of £14.

Whilst we are more than grateful for the generosity of many, and the services of our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Jenkins, and the Men's Committee who met at Mr. Day's house to send out the brochures, it will be seen that a far more realistic approach to Christian Stewardship is demanded from the great majority of worshippers, if our Church is to meet its commitments and become a Giving Church and not merely a Begging Church, as mentioned in the article above.

YOUTH FELLOWSHIP :

The year began with the Annual General Meeting, attended by 36 members. Three retiring committee members reported on the year's activities under the headings of Joy, Witness, and Service : the three aims of Fellowship. After the treasurer's report the following members of the new committee were elected : Andrew Dunkley, Ann Franklin, Anne Hawgood, Teresa Hilditch (Secretary to the members), Kathleen Mason, Vivien Roberts (Catering Supervisor), Jonathan Starmer-Smith (Treasurer), Julian Starmer-Smith (Secretary to the Committee), Nigel Starmer-Smith and John Walker.

DECEMBER CONFIRMATION — Errata.

We do apologize that two names were conflated in the list of those confirmed by Bishop Savage on December 4th. They should of course have read :

Pamela Elizabeth Lee
Elaine Carol Lines.

COUNTY YOUTH CLUB :

This has been re-started, and is fortunate in now having a paid leader, well experienced in Youth Work, Mr. A. D. Wickson. The Club has been offered temporary accommodation in the Church Hall on Monday evenings, when it will meet at 7.45 p.m. Membership is limited to thirty, and those wishing to join must be between 15 and 19 years. The initial joining subscription is 2/6, and members will be charged 1/- per Monday evening session. It is hoped that all interested in becoming members of this club will contact Mr. Wickson as soon as possible on a Monday night.

MARSTON PARISH COUNCIL MEETING (January 3rd, 1961)

The Council discussed the Oxford Roads enquiry and expressed their concern that the Clerk had not been allowed to state a case against the Headley Way, Marston Road, as this was not on the agenda. It was reported that there are nine vacant plots on the allotments. The need for additional street lamps was discussed and this was to be remedied.

In view of the parking problem it was suggested that the Bus Stop outside St. Nicholas Church be moved to Mill Lane.

The Bullingdon Rural District Council requested that councillors obtain the necessary permission before visiting the Bullingdon site in Mill Lane.

A. GAMMON.

RINGERS NOTES :

The St. Nicholas' Church Ringers have become one of the largest and most "go ahead" ringers of the Diocesan Guild. 1960 has been the Tower's best year since 1954.

There have been two successful outings to Moreton-in-the-Marsh and Great Rollright, and other outings to various towers in the Guild.

Almost every member has rung a quarter peal and attendance has been good at both practices and also as required for Sunday services. I should like to congratulate the Tower on its fine performance during 1960, and trust that this will continue in 1961.

May I also thank the Officers for their help, the members for their support, and Mr. Gammons for being responsible for the handbell ringing. Special congratulations go to Margaret Cozier on ringing her first quarter of doubles at Beckley, and to John Walker on ringing his first peal "inside," Helen Williams on ringing her first quarter in two methods, Andrew Dunkley, John Walker, and Julie Chandler on ringing their first date touch, and Fred Smith on ringing his first quarter.

On the 4th January the Ringers had their first Supper, which was attended by some 36 people. We should like to thank all our guests for their support, and felt that this social occasion was a very fitting end to a successful year.

ROY J. JONES, Tower Captain.

(Congratulations to the Tower Captain and ringers on a fine year of ringing, appreciated by all who worship at St. Nicholas'. We regret that space does not permit the long list of peals rung in various parts of the Diocese. Ed.).

Marston, 26th December, St. Stephen's Day :

A peal of 5040 Plain Bob Doubles. Treble : Rev. H. Jones. 2. John S. Walker. 3. David C. Woodward. 4. Alec Gammon (Conductor), 5. Neel D. Deam.

CHOIR :

On the morning of January 8th, three new choristers were enrolled as members of St. Nicholas' Choir during Matins. They were Robert Allsworth, Stephen Furber, and Ian Ray. We are delighted to welcome these three enthusiastic young people. It is noticeable that the Colour Parties of both Scouts and Cubs have been composed entirely of Choirboys, plainly indicating that the choirboys of St. Nicholas' Church are good "all-rounders."

On January 11th the choir and friends went to the Pantomime, Dick Whittington, at the New Theatre, and a most happy time was spent by all.

Leonard Maund has been appointed Choir Librarian, and does the most useful and responsible work of preparing and caring the choir books used in the services.

HOLY BAPTISM

"We receive this child into the family of Christ's flock."

Dec. 18. Kim Toinette, the daughter of Ronald Alfred George and Eliza Iddon Southard.

HOLY MATRIMONY

Jan. 7. Michael John Richard Oram and Mary Frances Barnsley.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

				£	s.	d.	Communicants
December	4th.	28	17	10	57
December	11th.	17	8	10	76
December	18th.	29	13	0	29
December	24th.	11	18	0	155
December	25th.	24	1	1	79

WORLD VIEW

NO. 1

1961



Young Indians learning to repair agricultural implements

DO YOU NEGLECT YOUR FAMILY?

A preposterous suggestion? And yet, as Anglicans, we are members of a world-wide family, and how little most of us in Britain know about the other members! How about making the acquaintance of one small part of it now—the Diocese of Nasik in North India.

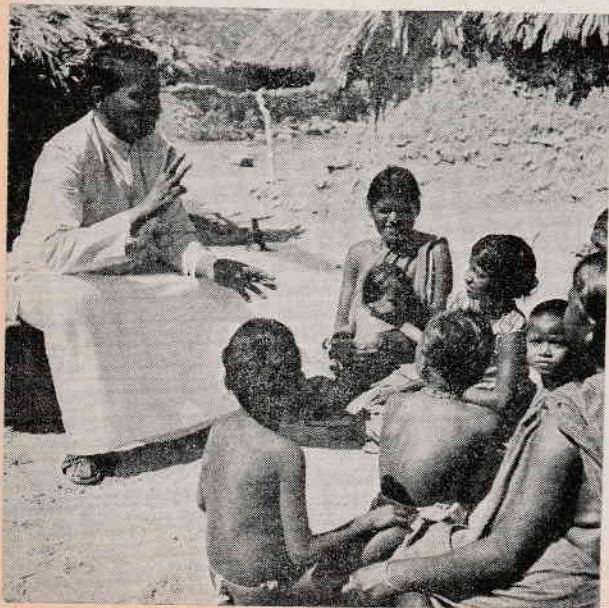
Nasik lies north-east of Bombay, at the head of the Godavari River. In common with the rest of the Church of North India it is taking part in two important developments—the move from mission area to national Church and the move toward unity.

The first of these processes has involved gradual replacement of foreign clergy by Indians, culminating in the consecration of an Indian bishop in 1957. Indian Christians rejoice that their Church now looks less foreign to hostile critics. The diocese is now struggling towards

financial independence—no easy task, as we shall see.

The second move, toward unity, involves negotiations between Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, the Church of the Brethren in India, the Disciples of Christ, and Presbyterian and Congregational Churches already united. It is spurred on by the example of the Church of South India, but is following a different plan. Each diocese has to report on the plan to the Provincial Synod. Nasik is to make this vital report in May.

But if you were a village Christian you would know little of these large-scale developments. There, Christians coming mainly from the lowest class, are officially tolerated, but sometimes in fact refused things like scholarships and land allocations. They are wretchedly poor and very



★
*Christian teaching:
a small village
class meets in
the open air*

★



A poor villagers' home, a typical mud house, with a mud floor. The livestock live with the family.

largely illiterate. The need to work from childhood up often prevents their going to school.

Under such pressure many weaken and pretend to be Hindus. The condition of the half-and-half Christians who have to be debarred from Communion and belong to neither the Hindu nor the Christian community, is miserable in the extreme.

But many do not weaken. With no possible material advantage to gain, with lifelong poverty and perhaps persecution to face, they stand firm in the Faith, growing stronger rather than weaker through their adversities. They prove to the unbeliever by their example that Christianity is no mere instrument of foreign imperialism, nor a western religion that has to be propped up by western prestige and the promise of

western aid, but that Jesus is Lord of India too and sufficient in himself for those who trust in him.

Split Personality?

Have you ever wondered about the missionaries who are neither clergy nor professional evangelists, but have a secular job, as accountants, say, or engineers or agriculturists? In what sense are they missionaries? How do their two jobs fit together? Perhaps you picture the agriculturist directing irrigation trenches with one hand and doling out tracts with the other.

In reality they don't have to struggle to do two jobs at once. They are missionaries both through their secular work and in their whole lives. For example, take a missionary accountant, keeping the accounts of a diocese. In his job he is serving

the Church rather than the state, freeing the clergy for pastoral work. Yet he makes contact with businessmen and contractors, and is able to show people how to handle money honestly and spend it wisely.

Or take missionary builders. They will employ boys and give them four or five years' training in the course of which they become their personal friends. Against a background where Christian morality is not known nor even nominally observed, an ordinary Christian who is always honest, always courteous, always fair, always generous, and who really cares for the people he meets, cannot avoid being conspicuous. The task is exacting—especially in a community where no one has any inhibitions about peering through a stranger's window at all hours, and one is always "on show"—but faithfulness can hardly fail to bear fruit in the lives of others.

Missionary Mechanics

An opportunity to do just this kind of work arose recently in Nasik, where there are a number of lads from Christian homes who have had a certain amount of schooling, but not enough to qualify them for an office job or further education. They have little chance of getting a decent job.

But India has a serious shortage of garages for reliable maintenance and repair work on motor vehicles. The Bishop of Nasik therefore wanted to start a training class for motor mechanics, where these boys could learn a useful trade.

What they needed was a competent motor mechanic, who could handle any kind of car repair and maintenance work—and who would not be above doing a repair job on a horse-drawn cart.

He had to be a keen Christian with experience of work with boys. The diocese is providing a house where some of the boys will live with the missionary, who will thus be warden of the hostel as well as a teacher. He will have to learn the local language, Marathi.

Jobs such as this provide a wonderful opportunity for the right man in helping a succession of lads to know Christ personally and to witness to their faith by the honesty and good quality of their service. He has the chance to turn young toughs into sturdy Christians.

Opportunities of this kind are always arising overseas. Whatever your particular skill is, it's well worthwhile enquiring whether it can be used. Anyone interested in serving the Church overseas in this way should write to the Recruiting Secretary at the address below.

News of other overseas needs can be found in the Opportunity Plan folder: THE SECOND MILE, which is free, and in greater detail in the booklet: OPPORTUNITY AND YOU, price 6d. (by post 9d.), both obtainable from the Manager, Publishing Department, C.M.S.

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

BIBLICAL TREASURE TROVE



The Dead Sea Scrolls



MARY COLLIER

IN the steep mountains of Judaea bordering the shores of the Dead Sea, some of the most important finds in the whole history of Biblical archaeology have been made in recent years. These finds, in the form of scrolls, are the oldest Biblical manuscripts known, and their existence was quite unsuspected until the summer of 1947, when a Bedouin shepherd boy, searching for a lost goat, found himself near a narrow crevice in the rock face near Khirbet Qumran. Arab boys spend half their time picking up stones and throwing them aimlessly about; this one shied a stone into the cave, and was surprised to hear the sound of something breaking within.

He squeezed through the crevice and found he had smashed an earthenware jar. The cave proved to be full of jars, containing rolled-up manuscripts of great age. He took them to a dealer in Bethlehem, who was able to place them in the right hands.

Other Discoveries

Thus began an intensive search in the Dead Sea caves, and many other scrolls and relics have been discovered. Written in Hebrew or Aramaic, they consist of Biblical texts older by a thousand years than the earliest Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament (A.D. 895), and

together they comprise the whole of the Old Testament with the exception of the Book of Esther. They are thought to have been written by monks of the Jewish sect of Essenes over a period of two centuries, mostly before the birth of Christ. Recently uncovered ruins at Qumran show traces of an extensive settlement, with the remains of a large monastery.

The monks lived here until the invasion by the tenth Roman Legion in 68 A.D., during the Jewish-Roman war of those days. The Roman writer Pliny said: "From early times, strange Jewish ascetics have lived to the west of the Dead Sea. They possess neither wives nor money. They are a people who perpetuate themselves not by begetting progeny but by attracting novices whose aversion from the world urges them to join their number." This sect lived in tents and booths, using the communal buildings for their meals, work, and prayers.

Dried Ink Remained

One large building seems to have been an assembly hall. Two inkpots, one with dried ink still in it, were found on what had been a table, and here, too, was a tiled bench. This may have been where the manuscripts were written, especially as jars similar to the ones in the cave were also found here.

The monks must have had warning



The Wilderness of Judaea, Jordan, from the Mount of Olives

of the approaching army and hid their precious manuscripts in the caves, no doubt hoping one day to retrieve them, but obviously they were unable to do so. Gradually the settlement, with its potteries, grain mills, furnaces, and large water conservation plant, became obliterated by sandstorms, and was not uncovered until excavations began in 1951, following the discovery of further scrolls.

Fragments found in an eagle's nest in February 1960 comprised sixteen verses of the Book of Exodus, and in one cave were fragments of no less than sixty manuscripts of books of the Bible. Fortunately, this cave had not been looted by Bedouin, so its contents were intact; among them were pieces of phylacteries and parts of the Book of Tobias.

Team of Experts

An international team of scholars is working on these 2000-year-old finds, in the Archaeological Museum in Jerusalem. Some of the scrolls are of leather and some of papyrus; two are of bronze, riveted together to form a plaque. The delicate task of unrolling the last two was entrusted to the College of Technology at Manchester University, for the metal had

completely oxidised and was very brittle. One leather scroll was over twenty feet long, and contained the whole of the Book of Isaiah in the original Hebrew, dating from the first century B.C.

The skins of the leather scrolls were stitched together with flax or dried tendons. The writing was between the lines, not on them, and there was no punctuation, which made the work of translation even more difficult. Spaces of one or two lines marked the division of chapters.

According to one of the scrolls, a fabulous two-ton hoard of gold and silver and other treasures was buried more than two thousand years ago in South Jordan. A British expedition, led by Mr. John Allegro, archaeologist and lecturer in Semitic languages at Manchester University, is searching an area some two hundred miles long between Hebron and Nablus (ancient Schechem), help for the expedition being provided by His Majesty King Hussein of Jordan.

Apart from the treasure, Mr. Allegro is hoping that further scrolls will be found during the search.

A CHRISTIAN'S CALENDAR

—FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY Fillydye." In February, the snows melt and fill the ditches and dykes, soaking into the land to irrigate it with life-giving water. (At least, I take that to be the theory behind the traditional name for this month!)

Not being an agriculturist, my mind turns rather to the many, many images conjured up by the word "water" in the Bible.

As an element of God's creation, water is subject to the over-riding authority of the Son of Man. "Who then is this," ask the disciples wondering, "that he commandeth even the winds and the water, and they obey him?"

"A cup of cold water" given in the name of Christ is the least possible requirement of charity. Who could give less?—yet even this is promised a breath-taking reward. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Water can be the basis of miracle. "Fill the water-pots with water," is our Lord's command at the wedding feast; and the water was transmuted into the best wine. However insignificant our offering, our Lord can take it up, transform it, and use it for His purpose.

Water is the means of an act of humility: as when Jesus stripped and girded Himself with a towel to wash the feet of His disciples.

Water is the instrument of our cleansing. The earliest disciples stepped right down into the water to

be "buried with Christ through baptism into death." Their sinfulness left at the bottom of the river, they emerged (as Christ Himself had emerged from death) to walk in newness of life with Him. Each one of us did exactly that as we left the baptismal font.

But water alone may not be sufficient for cleansing. Pilate "took water and washed his hands," claiming to be innocent of the blood of Jesus. History has pronounced its own verdict on that claim. We need to be born again not only with water but with the Spirit also; and then to drink constantly at the "fountain of living water" which irrigates our parched souls. This water both comes from God and leads us to Him. When our Lord's act of redemption was complete and His side was pierced, there gushed out blood and water. And in Revelation we see "the river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

So we find Jesus in the Temple precincts crying aloud: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink . . . whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water which I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up into eternal life."

The Bible speaks with many voices; strange, how in the end they all seem to be saying the same thing.

Patricia Spencer,
S.Th.

* * *

Friendship that flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring cannot congeal in winter.

(FENNIMORE COOPER)

Church Notes and Views

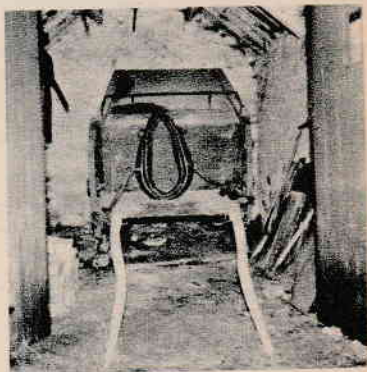
Bathing Machine Vicarage

I WISH to correct a statement which Mr. Elliott Cannon made in the July issue of "Home Words" in his otherwise excellent article on village parsonages. The Reverend Mr. Price of Llanbedr-Paincastle in Radnor did not, as Mr. Cannon would seem to assert, live in his bathing machines merely out of a sense of novelty. He lived in them because his stipend was small and the parish possessed no vicarage. Most of the parishioners were at that time either dissenters or ne'er-do-wells, and so church collections could not provide a more suitable parsonage. The bathing machines, incidentally, came from Aberystwyth. Among this vicar's eccentricities was his desire to wed beggars, who seem to have abounded in the parish, with a bait of five shillings per couple. Some businesslike couples allowed themselves to be married more than once since the Vicar's sight was rather poor. He also attracted congregations by presenting sixpence to each enthusiast who appeared. For the practical, cooking was also allowed during the sermon. Naturally Price sank into a state of neglect and in an attempt to raise him from his unhygienic condition his friends nearly caused his death. In spite of this his preaching was forceful and he perfected a system of shorthand during his incumbency at Llanbedr-Paincastle.

For these details I am indebted to Percy Thoresby Jones's *Welsh Border Country* (Batsford), which, in spite of the devastating criticisms of Victorian architecture, is a most reputable and entertaining book.—RICHARD BRINKLEY (BOLTON).

A Sombre Relic

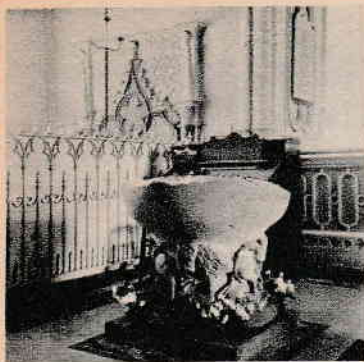
THIS old horse-drawn hearse was used continuously in the Parish of Llanfachreth, Merionethshire, from 1892 to 1944, and is, I believe, one of the last of its kind. As soon as the hearse came in sight, accompanied by the mourners who would all be on foot, the bell began to toll, and at the churchyard, the coffin was transferred from the hearse and strapped to a hand bier which was carried shoulder high up a flight of very steep cobbled steps, worn smooth by the feet of generations of worshippers, to the lychgate, where it was received by the Vicar.—MISS M. CORBETT-HARRIS (HERNE BAY).



Memorial to an Arm

A CHAPEL at Glasbury-on-Wye, Radnorshire, has a very unusual tombstone. It appears that in a threshing accident a man's arm was completely severed. The arm was duly buried and a commemorative stone erected over it. However, the owner of the arm survived the amputation and was still active in 1939.

It is probable that this man, who was able to visit the grave of his arm, has now passed on; but it is not recorded whether the arm was re-united with the rest of his body after his death.—ERIC L. KING (WORCESTER).



The Shobdon Font

SHOBDON, Hereford, had a Norman church of the "Kilpeck School," which was found to be in bad repair by the mid-18th century and was demolished. A new church was built and opened in 1756. This is a unique building, painted throughout in white and blue. Some time later, the original font was found in use as a garden ornament and restored to the church. It has carved lions around the stem; the bowl had suffered some mutilation during its absence from the church.—M. W. (HEREFORD).

A Fortified Vicarage

ON a recent visit to Corbridge, near Newcastle, I took this photograph of the fortified vicarage near the church. These fortifications were necessary in the turbulent times of the Scottish border raids, and they are a silent monument to the courage of the priests of those days.

The church itself is particularly interesting because parts of it were built in Saxon days of stones direct from the Roman Station (Corstopitum), half a mile from Corbridge. Many of those stones and tombstones which were incorporated in the actual building bear the original Roman inscriptions.—E. KITCHING (BLACKPOOL).



Continental Church

JOHN FULLER of Norwich, who is 12 years old, spent a holiday last year in Holland and while he was there he took this photograph of the new Anglican and American Episcopal church at The Hague. This fine building replaces the former one which was unfortunately destroyed in a raid on German installations, by the R.A.F., during the war. John, who attended the morning service there, tells us that many Dutch people worship with the English and American colony and visitors.



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**

Children's Corner

PAGES FOR YOUNG READERS

Compiled by P. J. Hunt

The Story of St. Werburgh

YOU may not have heard of this unusual name—but St. Werburgh was a Saxon princess and is the patron saint of Chester Cathedral. We remember her on February 3rd. She was the beautiful daughter of a king of Mercia, and although lots of princes and other young men wanted to marry her, she refused them all and decided to become a nun. Her father was not very pleased, but he allowed her to go to Ely to fulfil her ambition.

She remained a nun and in time became an abbess—i.e. chief of an abbey—near Chester, where she was much loved and where she ruled with wisdom.

There is a story about a flock of wild geese doing much damage to the corn crop near Chester. It is said that Werburgh sent for the geese and that they flocked obediently to her. She told them they must remember they were God's birds and must praise Him, rather than ruin the corn crops. Because she loved not only people but animals and birds as well, she knew that "the Lord God made them all."

When she died, she was buried at Chester and over her grave was built the shrine and abbey which later became the Cathedral. Celebrations are still held in Chester in the summer in honour of St. Werburgh.

Keeping Lent

Has mother begun spring-cleaning at home? Lent begins this year on Feb. 15th (Ash Wednesday) and it lasts six-and-a-half weeks until Easter. It is *not* a time when we Christians should go about with long, mournful faces. It is a growing time, a sort of special spring-cleaning time for our souls. We should try and get rid of at least one bad habit of our lives before Easter. Many wise people give up something during Lent—sweets, comics, pictures, etc., and give the money they save to some good cause. Most likely you will see some little missionary collecting boxes (Lent boxes) in your church. Ask for one and take it home and use it. Make sure that you remember to bring it back to your church—with some money in it—at Easter.



Bible Puzzle

Can you write down the names of the Twelve Apostles? Write down as many as you can remember and then check with the lists in:—

St. Matthew, ch. 10, v. 2-4.

St. Mark, ch. 3, v. 16-19.

St. Luke, ch. 6, v. 13-16.



Look Out—

for Yew Trees

Is there a yew tree in your churchyard? If there is, it is probably very old; in some cases they are older than the church itself. You will notice that the trunks of old yew trees are very twisted and gnarled, but they will stand up against fierce gales and storms. Edward I ordered the planting of yew trees; they grow very close and form a protection for the church against high winds. It is said that a post of yew will outlast a post of iron.

The trunks often look like a lot of trees clustered together, and it is said that it is the yew which gave the stonemasons the idea of forming columns in cathedrals and churches to suggest groves of yew trees.

Look out for yew trees in churchyards and stone columns inside which look as though they were suggested by the trees.

*Yew Trees at Hubberholme in
Wharfedale, Yorkshire*

Reading the Bible Together

This month we will read aloud together the story of Moses and the Burning Bush. Probably you know this story, but you may not know it in the words of the Bible. You will need 3 people to read this (one to read Moses, one the angel, and one the words of the Lord). If there are more than three of you, read it a second time, with different people reading the parts.

Find Exodus, chapter 3.

Verse 1. *Moses.*

„ 2. *Angel.*

„ 3. *Moses.*

„ 4. *The Lord* (up to “Moses, Moses”).

Rest of v. 4. *Moses.*

Verse 5, 6. *The Lord* (up to “God of Jacob”).

Rest of v. 6. *Moses* (very quietly)

★ Weekday Pages for Women ★

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

★ Monday—Washing ★

If pyjama cords are pegged along the clothes line at centre and ends, small articles such as children's bibs, d'oyleys, stockings, gloves etc. may be attached to them. When a shower threatens, all can be 'whipped in' (and later hung out again) just by the removal of three pegs instead of perhaps 18.—MRS. J. PRENTICE (ST. ALBANS).

Tuesday—Sewing

When discarding old frocks, jumpers etc. with zip fasteners, remove the fasteners and use when making new cushion covers etc. This saves much time and labour when removing the covers for washing.—MRS. M. DELVE (BRAUNTON, N. DEVON).

Wednesday—Nursing—First Aid

For tired aching feet.—Place two tablespoonfuls of paraffin oil in a footbath and bathe the feet in the ordinary way with warm water and plenty of soap. The slight odour quickly disappears, and the relief and comfort is lasting. The paraffin oil gives a fresh soothing feeling.—MRS. BENTLEY (OSWALDTWISTLE, LANCS.).

Thursday—Cooking

When making an apple pie, try sprinkling some mixed spice on the top of the apples (with the sugar). This gives the pie a lovely flavour.—MRS. A. THREADGOLD (STOCKPORT).

Friday—Household

If your aluminium saucepans are stained, boil rhubarb leaves in them. The leaves contain oxalic acid and the stains vanish like magic. Wash thoroughly before using, as oxalic acid is poisonous.—MRS. M. E. DER EPPS (CHICHESTER).

Saturday—Children

When baby starts to crawl, make some overalls for him, putting a patch on each knee and enclosing a square of rubber foam. There will then be no more scratched or sore knees.—MRS. M. ARMSTRONG (BISHOP AUCKLAND).

*. 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.

* * *

WVS GOING TO GAN

(Indian Ocean)

In response to a request from the Royal Air Force a WVS member, Miss Gwen Caton of 23 Fillebrook Avenue, Leigh on Sea, Essex, is being flown to Gan to organise club, recreation and welfare work for the airmen stationed there. At the moment she is in Singapore doing last minute shopping for herself and the club. She will be on Gan for a year, with a short break in the middle of this period.

Gan is the little island, only 1½ miles long and ¾ mile wide in the Maldivé Archipelago where the RAF have established a base. It is six hundred miles south west of Ceylon and nearly two thousand miles from both Singapore and Aden. It will be Miss Caton's job on this tiny island to keep the men happy and occupied in their leisure hours, which should not be too difficult a task for her as she is well known for her friendliness and understanding. All club amenities such as darts, table tennis, records, books, magazines etc. will be at her disposal and she will probably try to organise barbecues, under-water swimming and amateur theatricals.

Miss Caton joined WVS in 1954 when she went to Germany to do troops' welfare. In 1958 she volunteered to go to the Far East and worked first in Penang and then at the NAAFI Coronation Club in Kuala Lumpur. She was popular with the RAF who used this club and was working there when she was asked to go to Gan.

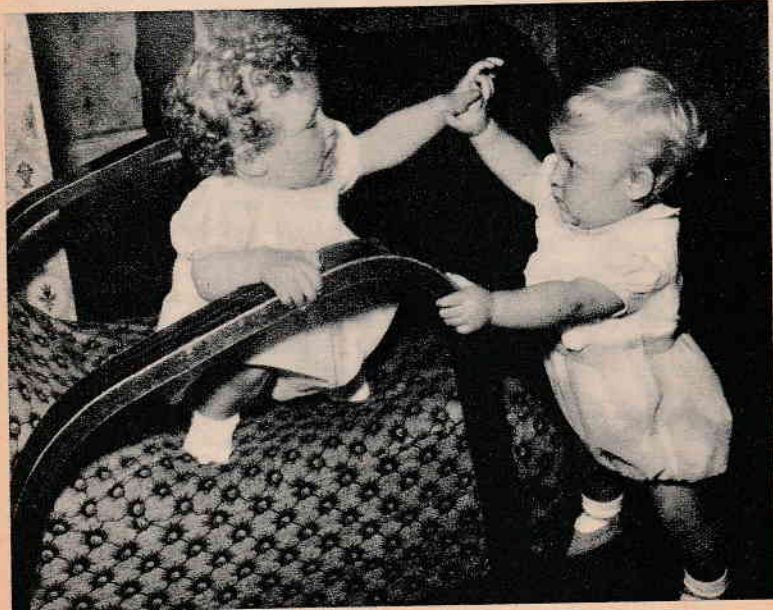
Although WVS has been to many out-of-the-way and sometimes dangerous places—Korea, Christmas Island, Iraq, Jordan, Canal Zone, Malayan Jungle to name but a few—this is the first time that one WVS member has been posted to such a small and isolated place.

Getting ready for the Spring Clean

When cleaning paint, try adding a handful of powdered borax to the water. This makes the water soft and makes it much easier to get the dirty marks off the paint work.

When preparing a ceiling for the new glossy painting, make sure that all the old powdery surface is off. Scrape well with a scraper, and wash well to get down to the really matt surface. If any small flakes are left on it will spoil the whole of the paint surface, and it is well worth while spending the time and patience in preparation, as it makes all the difference to a really professional finish.

"Strained Relations"



THE PROMISE

Now, unadorned by leaf or flower,
The meadowlands and forests lie,
While harshly screams the bitter wind
And darkly broods the sullen sky.
Yet, 'mid these bleak, unsmiling days,
Our hearts rejoice, remembering
That under winter's sombre cloak
Sleeps all the loveliness of spring.

EILEEN B. EDGE

From 'A Lancashire Dialect Writer's Memorial'

"When we lay deaun life's shuttle
an ston before th' greyt Judge, He'll
want to know what soort of a piece
we've wooven, and how many floats
there's in it. He winnot care abeawt
ear hee seaundin names an wordly
possessions; He'll ax us how we geet
'em and what we did wi' 'em."

Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell

This Month's Short Story

Miss Toddington's Afternoon

TIMOTHY MORGAN

"NO, indeed, I do not." Miss Toddington was very firm. "I have no wish to have my photograph taken, and if I had I should visit a professional photographer—in a studio."

From the minute that she had set eyes on him Miss Toddington had been on her guard. She was used to these salesmen people thinking that she was "easy money." But even if she appeared to be frail on the outside she was anything but frail inside.

She gave a snort: "Photograph indeed—and on the sea-front too."

In any case, she couldn't afford to have her photograph taken. She certainly wouldn't have been in Brightsea at all if Sally hadn't insisted that she spend a month or two there.

"Brightsea will do you all the good in the world, Dolly dear," Sally had said, "and what's the use of your sister and brother-in-law taking over a seaside boarding-house if you're not prepared to take advantage of it?"

So she had accepted. She hadn't needed a lot of persuading really. She would have been on seaside holidays before too—if she could have afforded it.

And now here was this . . . this seawall photographer demanding that she pose for a pavement photograph. She had not given him the chance to say more than a very few words. Oh, certainly he was a very charming young man. Miss Toddington would not deny that. But she had learned

to beware of charming young men. They were always after her money. "And when you're seventy-three," she reflected, "and living on your pension and the kindness of your relatives, that's enough to make you beware."

Something stirred within her, and suddenly she felt that she must tax this particular young man about his 'goings-on.' Somebody ought to tell him what old ladies thought of him, and those like him, and, to her intense surprise, she found herself bravely deciding that she was the one to do it.

"No," she repeated, "I have not the slightest desire to have my photograph taken—and most certainly not here." She gave him a long hard look and had a feeling that she had seen him somewhere before.

He smiled politely: "Just as you like, madam," he said, "but it really wouldn't cost you anything at all unless you decided to buy it."

"I seem to think that I have heard something like that before," she answered coldly, "and I have always been sorry if I've believed it."

Miss Toddington noticed that he looked a little crestfallen.

"All part of the act," she thought disgustedly. "Oh, they're all actors to the very marrow, these people."

The last time she had accepted a street salesman at his face value she had handed over five shillings without the slightest suspicion.

"Of course," she murmured, "I was much younger then, and much sillier."

She had never set eyes on the man again—or her money. The fact was that she had been far more ashamed of her own stupidity than she had been angry at the loss of her five shillings.

"But never again," she had determined. "You'll be wiser next time, my lady." And, if she had admitted the truth of the matter, she had ever since been rather looking forward to another meeting of this sort. Then she could prove that she was not such a simple old thing—and here was her opportunity.

Miss Toddington found that she was becoming quite excited.

"He was a charmer last time," she muttered.

"I beg your pardon?" The photographer was looking puzzled.

"I . . . never you mind, young man. I must have been addressing my thoughts aloud."

"I see." But it was apparent that he did not see. Quite obviously he did not meet people like Miss Toddington every day.

He flinched as she spoke again:

"It's a sin, nothing more nor less."

"Madam?" The unfortunate photographer was looking almost frightened as Miss Toddington warmed to her theme.

"The way you, and your sort, earn a living."

"But really . . . it's quite respectable."

"Respectable nothing. It's . . . it's false pretences, that's what it is," she said, naming the first criminal activity that entered her head. "Picking on the silly ones, or the ones that look silly. An easy catch."

He tried, in vain, to register his protests.

"I wonder that you're not ashamed to look old ladies like me in the face. I don't expect you would have been quite so sure of yourself if I had happened to be a robust young man?"

"But really, I try everyone. I . . ."

But Miss Toddington felt that now was the time to withdraw. She had made her point. There could be no doubting that.

The photographer had lost all his buoyancy now. He looked as if the whole world had fallen upon his shoulders.

Miss Toddington was well pleased with herself.

"If you're quite sure then, madam?" the young man put in hesitantly.

"Quite sure?"

"I mean . . . that is, if you are certain that you wouldn't like me to take just one picture. I mean, I'm so sorry that you feel the way you do about me and my friends—I'd be pleased to take one and forward it to you free of charge.—A sort of peace offering," he added hopelessly.

She looked at him sharply and once again had the feeling that she had seen him before—without his camera.

"Probably," she thought, "whilst engaged on some other shameless money-making scheme."

She gave him one last haughty glance, and said with an air of finality: "Good-afternoon, young man."

"I . . . er . . . good-afternoon, madam."

And with a confused expression he watched her walking determinedly and triumphantly away from him, until she mingled with the crowd and disappeared from sight.

* * *

Miss Toddington was feeling strangely elated as she walked into her bedroom at the boarding-house. She was very well satisfied with herself.

"Well," she said with a contented sigh, "that was a good afternoon's work; very good."

She felt, somehow, as if she had settled an old and bitter score, not only on her own behalf, but for the sake of all the others—those like herself—who had been taken in by these people in the past.



"Morning Mist"

Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell

She moved, in jubilant mood, to the dressing-table and put down her gloves and her . . .

"Oh, my goodness gracious me," she screeched in horror, "it's gone—I've lost it!"

And she sank back in her chair, the elation gone in a second and replaced by that indescribable sinking feeling which an old lady experiences when she loses her handbag containing most of her money.

"Oh dear," her breath came in sobs, "oh dear, what shall I do?" She felt quite incapable of thought.

"But I have to think," she muttered, "where?"

She got up and started to pace about the room, her face puckered up into an expression of agony. She couldn't remember.

"Now," she murmured with a little more determination, "I . . . I must re . . . reconstruct the day's events.

"This morning? No, it can't have been, because I came back for lunch with Sally and Alan, and I had it then because I remember using my comb before I went out this afternoon.

"This afternoon, then . . . I must have lost it this afternoon. But where—when?" And her mind flew back over the afternoon's scurry of events.

Through the park, and a chat near the bandstand with Mrs. Wilks.

"But I know I kept it in my hand then," she reflected with certainty.

Miss Toddington recalled the half-hour of window-shopping after she had said goodbye to Mrs. Wilks and left the park.

"But even then," she remembered, "I didn't go into any shops. I just didn't have any opportunity to leave go of it." She suddenly became quite desperate as the full realisation of what had happened swept over her. She

(Continued on next page)

REDEEMING THE TIME

SIR Arthur Quiller-Couch, the eminent novelist and Cambridge professor, once told his students an interesting story of his early days. "Just on forty years ago," he said, "I went in for an examination, and outside the schools I bought a penny-halfpenny cork penholder. I did not do at all well in that examination, and when I heard the result I took up the penny-halfpenny penholder and said to it: 'Now, my boy, you and I have somehow or other to redeem this.'" And Sir Arthur went on to say how that determination had been carried

out: "With that penholder I have written every one of my books, and I have it here for my notes today."

Some men would have reacted quite differently to that penholder. Looking on it as the instrument of failure, or at any rate as associated with it, they would have said, "I'll never use that thing again." They would have thrown it away as "unlucky." Sir Arthur's method was the finer one.

The spirit of the famous author's attitude to his penholder, is the attitude called for with reference to all the difficulties of life, all the mistakes we make, all our falls and failures. None of them need by a final liability. There is not a single error that cannot be turned into an asset for the future.

We speak of irrevocable mistakes. There are no such things. Nothing is irrevocable in a universe governed by the love of God.

A. F.

Miss Toddington's Afternoon

—continued

dropped into the easy chair and leaned back hopelessly, tears welling into her eyes.

A knock came at the door and her sister came in.

"Somebody to see you, dear—a young man too."

Miss Toddington rose hurriedly.

"A young man—why—who . . . ?"

Her acquaintance from the sea-front entered hesitantly. He was trying to cover up his camera with his arm as if ashamed of it.

There was something dangling from his hand.

"You! I . . . oh . . . my handbag!"

"You put it down on the wall when you were . . . that is . . . er . . . when you were speaking to me."

And he turned away, and bolted from the room.

* * *

Miss Toddington sat with a very straight back in the second pew from

the front. She and her sister always sat in the same place in church. There was a good view.

For once Miss Toddington did not seem to be paying very much attention to the sermon. She was staring hard at one of the men in the choir. He was a young man. Instead of his white surplice, she fancied that she saw a leather case slung across his chest—a camera.

"So that's how he knew who I was," she muttered. "He must have seen me sitting here with Sally week after week."

Tears came to her eyes and, for a moment, she was filled with remorse, and felt even worse than when she had thought her handbag was lost.

To make herself feel a little better she glanced down at her gloved hand and opened it.

"It really is a wonderful likeness," she thought happily, as she gazed down at the newly developed photograph of herself—taken by the sea-wall.

★
 THE
 BELL
 RINGERS
 ★

THEY gather usually on Wednesday evenings.

George (who first introduced me to 'solly' and 'tag') is Master of the Ceremonies of Bellringing. Big, red-faced, gentle George, who lives in a thatched cottage, buried in flowers at the end of the village. He has been ringing bells and opening the innings for the cricket team for more years than he can remember, and what he doesn't know about either of these pleasant pastimes is hardly worth knowing. George will be the first of the bellringing band to reach the church, except perhaps for Vic, the tubby little verger, who can ring a bell as neatly as he places the prayer-books along the pews. Then will follow Ernie, Alf, and Mr. H.; farm-workers, except for Mr. H. who is the husband of the village schoolmistress, and although city-bred is struggling to persevere in the age-old and established traditions of country life.

His contribution to the village's social welfare is considerable. He is the Parish Clerk, a member of the Church Council, a humble and obedient servant to 'solly' and 'tag,' and helper and adviser to whist drives, miscellaneous gatherings and dances in the village hall.

These are the principals who collect themselves on winter nights, in the cold stone belfry-tower of one of England's many Norman churches, to practise the changes. The bells ring out over the dark fields and farms and meadowlands, and like a candle in a lonely cottage, their sound is a symbol of comfort and loving-kindness. In the tower the men are rhythmically pulling the ropes and concentrating as carefully as competitive whist players. When they rest, their conversation is close to the common earth by which they live, and the college of Nature does not give a lot of attention to the vanities of speech. They talk of the mud in the gateways down at . . . the threshing box at the White House . . . the headlands where the fox binked . . . the hedgelaying which makes such a difference at the turn by the spinney . . . the rain last night . . .

Then they spit on their hands and get ready to try the Oxford Treble Bob.

DENIS GRIFFITHS.

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The controlled, melodious madness
 Of the changes on the bells.

"Treble going—are you ready?"

—Each in turn her story tells;

Soberly in rounds proceeding,

Tenor last, and treble leading,

Handstroke, backstroke, on the bells.

Then the changes, dodging, dancing,
 Weaving, interweaving spells;

Patterned tumult, sounding, singing,

Till the very tower is swinging,
 Rocking, swaying, with the bells.

Stedman Triples, Grandsire Caters,
 How the music calls, compels,

Loud it speaks to all on Sunday,

But for us it sings on one day

—Monday when we ring the bells.

B. J.

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No. 36

FEBRUARY, 1961

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

Radio & Television : Rental, Sales or Service :

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

Spirella Foundations made to measure :

Mrs. Freda C. Deeley, 345 Marston Road, Oxford.

Taxi — Car Hire (Long or Short Journeys) :

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

Old Marston.....Tel. 47197

Wavy Line Grocer :

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

Oliver & Son (Oxford) Ltd., 73 George Street.

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