

"THE FAMILY THAT PRAYS TOGETHER
STAYS TOGETHER"

No. 40

JUNE, 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.

Verge :

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 3.0 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).

Prayer Group : 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,


I'm sure that you're all coming to the June OLD TYME FAYRE, and I hope that as many of you as possible will dig into your junk rooms and look for any clothes of the Victorian-Edwardian era, which you or your family can wear on the afternoon of the 17th.

The Army will be cooking the Barbecue in the evening, and in between the spells of Open Air Dancing on the Vicarage lawn, there will be exhibitions of Scottish Dancing by the Caledonian Dance Team.

The proceeds from the Fayre and the Barbecue will go towards the repair and maintenance of our Church Hall. Few people realise just how much money is needed to maintain even a small Hall, and we have tried to keep the hiring fees of our own as low as possible, especially for parish activities, so that as many as possible may have the benefit of its use. So please bring full purses, and leave with empty ones on the 17th!

Many people in Old Marston are disturbed at the news of building plans for the old village itself, and it is obvious that the sooner a body of Friends of Old Marston is constituted the better. Old Marston has until hitherto been largely able to maintain its character as a rural community, and the old village has so far withstood attempts at urbanisation. However the news of a threatened concrete roadway through the Recreation Ground, and of encroachments on the Green Belt area do indicate that it is time that parishioners came together to examine fairly the essential proposed schemes of "development," to make sure that the advent of the bulldozer, and the cement mixer do not destroy the character and beauty of our old village that is still pleasing not only to its residents but to the casual visitor.

Yours sincerely,



OLD TYME FAYRE

will be held in the Vicarage Garden, Elsfield Road

on Saturday, June 17th, at 2.30 p.m.

BOWLING :: STALLS :: SIDESHOWS :: BABY SHOW
Come in Edwardian Costume! Prizes for the best costumes—Adult & Child
Admission: Adults 6d. Children 3d. (or by programme).

* * *
DANCING AND BARBECUE, 7.30 p.m.—10 p.m. Admission 2/-

The Barbecue will be run by the 17th Battalion R.A.O.C.
by courtesy of their Commanding Officer.

An Exhibition of Scottish Dancing will be given between dances
by the Caledonian Dance Team.

* * *
All proceeds in aid of repair and maintenance of the Church Hall.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION :

Send in your entries now for the Photographic Competition to Mr. Porter, 95 Copse Lane, Headington, or leave them at Mr. Oliver's shop. All prints to be trade processed and no larger than 5" x 4". (Please put your name and address on the back).

Class I : Entrants under 15 years.

Class II : Entrants of 15 years and over.

There will be a complete Kodak Camera and Flash Outfit awarded at the Fayre for the best entry to this competition.

WANTED — WHITE ELEPHANTS !

Mrs. Barnsley is not leading the Mothers' Union on a "journey into the interior," but she and they would like you all to probe amidst the jungle and jumble of your attics, and fish out anything that can be sold on June 10th at the MOTHERS' UNION GRAND JUMBLE SALE. Jumble may be left beforehand either at "Lanadron," or the Vicarage, Elsfield Road, and if its too big to carry, please drop a P.C. to Mrs. Barnsley, and she will arrange for a car, lorry, or ten ton truck to pick up your jumble.

By the way, don't forget to come along yourself ! This is the JUMBLE SALE of the year, and not even the January sales can touch the bargains (and jumble) that you'll find on June 10th in the Church Hall at 2.30 p.m.

YOUNG WIVES :

Please note the change of date in the Parish Programme.

The Christening Party will be in the Vicarage Garden on June 28th at 2.45 p.m. We're sorry that we cannot invite all the babies and mothers of the parish, but we do invite all babies who have been christened over the past eighteen months to bring their mothers with them to this garden party. If its wet, we'll meet in the Church Hall.

Mothers with other small children in the family are invited to bring them along with them.

SCOUT NEWS :

Our Church-sponsored Troop moves from strength to strength. We are proud to announce that the Troop has earned the County Commissioner's Pennant, and we congratulate our Scouts and Scouters alike.

Congratulations also to :—Luciano Howard and Colin Hales on gaining the First Class Badge—the culmination of a hard year's work.

Nicholas Marsh on the award of the Cyclist Badge.

The six boys who joined the world-wide brotherhood of Scouting by passing the Tenderfoot Test :—Alan Topham, Steven Furber, Michael Webb, Ian Silvester, David Rathbone and Brian Lewis.

The Troop attended the County Commissioner's Farewell at Youlbury on the 13th May and during the Whitsun Holiday the Court of Honour with two Scouters attended a Training Scheme Camp at Long Hanborough.

A. BROWN (G.S.M.).

YOUTH FELLOWSHIP :

Congratulations to our cross-country team, John Harvey, Nigel Starmer Smith, and John Walker, on winning the County Youth Clubs' Competition ; they were 6th, 7th and 10th, respectively.

Stanton St. John Youth Club challenged the Y.F. to a Rounders Match at Stanton on May 11th and after an exciting match the Y.F. won the day, the score being 14—13.

Anne Hawgood and Julian Starmer Smith read the lessons at our Annual Commonwealth Youth Service on May 14th, at which the Mayor and Mrs. Kinchin were present.

CHOIR NOTES :

Jonathan Smith has been awarded his surplice since these notes last appeared. At the same service the Vicar presented two book tokens to David Oliver and Leonard Maund for good attendance. We welcome Martin Bolton as a probationer and would be glad to hear of any male members of the congregation who can sing either bass or alto.

R. A. PORTER.

BROWNIES :

The Brownies gave, just before Easter, two performances of their Concert, which included songs, dancing, and a play, "Magic for the Golden Bar."

The District Commissioner visited the Pack on May 5th to enrol Lorraine Woodward as a Guide. She is now Pack-leader.

The Brownies attended Temple Cowley Congregational Church on May 7th for the Annual Brownie Service, and our own Parish Church for Commonwealth Youth Sunday on May 14th.

ANNE HAWGOOD.

RINGERS NOTES :

On Saturday, 22nd April, the ringers held their Annual Outing. They were joined by the ringers from St. Aldate's, Stanton, Cowley St. James, and St. Ebbe's. During the day the following towers were visited — Buckingham, Stony Stratford, Lillingstone, Lovell, Brackley, Culworth, Helmdon, Aynoe and Croughton. Ringing at Brackley was curtailed due to a broken stay and a missing slider.

Congratulations to Alec Gammon and Roy H. Jones on ringing their 30th peal together. To Noel D. Deam (St. Thomas), and John Walker (Lower Heyford) on conducting their 1st peals; Elizabeth Miller on ringing her 1st peal of doubles (St. Thomas); to Andrew Dunkley on ringing his 1st peal (Lower Heyford); and to Margaret Cozier on ringing her 1st peal "inside."

On May Day nine of our ringers rose early to ring at Magdalen. After ringing they watched the Morris Dancing in Broad Street before walking home. On this occasion the bells are rung up in any order. The jangling of bells is said to drive away the evil spirits.

Peals have been rung at Lower Heyford and St. Thomas, Oxford.

ROY H. JONES.

PARISH PROGRAMME FOR JUNE, 1961

- June 2. MEETING FOR MEN, 8 p.m. Church Hall.
4. 1st Sunday after Trinity.
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion
11.0 a.m. Matins. Mr. Peter Knut.
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Mr. David Hallett.
10. Saturday. 2.30 p.m.
MOTHERS' UNION WHITE ELEPHANT SALE,
Church Hall.
11. 2nd Sunday after Trinity. S. Barnabas, Apos. & Mar.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

- 12 & 13. Monday & Tuesday. Billy Graham relays in Town Hall.
14. Wednesday. 2.45 p.m., M.U. Service in Church.
17. Saturday. OLD TYME FAYRE, 2.30 p.m., Vicarage Garden, 7.30 p.m. Dancing and Barbecue.
18. 3rd Sunday after Trinity.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
Y.F. Discussion in Hall afterwards.
21. Wednesday. Y.W. Annual General Meeting, 7.45 p.m., Church Hall. Suggestions for next year's programme welcome!
24. Saturday. Nativity of St. John Baptist.
9.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
25. 4th Sunday after Trinity. Road Safety Sunday.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins. Rev. C. T. A. Jarvis (C. of E. Children's Society).
3.0 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
28. Wednesday. Christening Party, 2.45 p.m. M.U. & Y.W.
29. Thursday. St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr.
9.30 a.m. Holy Communion.

HOLY BAPTISM

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

- Apr. 23. Paul Michael, son of Brian and June Anne Cooper.
Robert David, son of Colin John and Shirley Ann Fisk.
Paul, son of Neil and Valerie Patricia Townsend.
Lorraine Carron, daughter of Leonard George John and Marlene Lilian Weekes.
- Apr. 30. Julia Linda, daughter of Roslyn Dewhirst and Lilian Mary Heptonstall.
Richard Paul, son of Keith Woodward and Hilary Judy Mears.
- May 7. Debra Jane, daughter of Alan Maurice and Elizabeth Wylie Sullivan.
- May 14. Carol Anne, daughter of David and Valerie Bond.
Philip John, son of Raymond William and Valerie Audrey Longford.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

	£	s.	d.	Communicants
Apr. 9th	13	8	10	21
Apr. 16th	8	16	3	17
Apr. 23rd	22	11	3	28
Apr. 30th	17	1	9	28
May 7th	23	0	2	87

N.B.—There will be a Baptism Service at 3 p.m. on June 11th and 25th. Forms should be completed and sent to the Vicar at least a week beforehand.

Dates for Baptism in July: Sundays, July 9th and 23rd, at 3 p.m.

The World and The Church To-day



By the Revd. DEWI MORGAN
Editorial Secretary S.P.G.

TODAY the world Church is a fact.

It is a humbling thought that of all the generations which have gone before us, none could have made that statement. It is a challenging thought that of all the generations which have gone before us, none has been confronted with as many and as varied threats.

To any who asks the question: How is the Christian Faith getting on in the twentieth century? the only answer must be 'Gloriously, but ...'

Nowadays the last geographical frontiers of the Christian Mission have been crossed. Even formidable redoubts like Tibet or Afghanistan have their tiny Christian seedlings. And continents like Africa—barely a century ago, Livingstone forged into a totally unknown—hear the Word of God in their remotest corners.

Men's bodies have learnt of new hopes as tropical medicine has learnt new skills, and insecticide spraying aeroplanes have freed swamps of death-carrying germs. But, alongside those new hopes have been born the new fears of 'the population explosion', the fact that the world's peoples will have doubled within a lifetime and there is not enough food to go round.

Above all—and this is the most seminal of all today's phenomena—men's souls have awakened and will

not easily return to sleep. Never before has the world been as concerned about religion as at present.

The great Asian faiths such as Hinduism and Buddhism have been charged with a new life—and it is a life motivated by *mission*. They desire to convert everyone to their way of thinking. Christianity's nearest rival, Islam, is sweeping forward in a manner which has not been evident for a thousand years. Even ancient and primitive animisms have a new lease of life—for example in South Africa, where a relentless Government policy drives the Bantu back into his ancient ways.

One could develop this point for hours. And it is a vital one. But space does not allow. Instead, we must put alongside it the fact that Christianity, in a thousand ways, is permeating every culture and its footprints can be seen in ways of life which deny its truth.

And in the middle, there is the World Church. It is a Church which gains new strength from its fresh vision of the unity which is God's will, a Church which shows so much awareness of human needs as well as an awareness of the primary call of God's glory.

It is, as we have said, in every country. But in so many of them it is a thin red line which could so easily be blotted out.

There are countries where we have Anglican dioceses which are sorry



Nurses in Training: Accra, Ghana

Photo: S.P.G.

caricatures of what a diocese should be. Vast tracts of land, vast numbers of people and only a bishop and a handful of priests to minister to them. The need for missionaries has never been more demanding, more urgent than it is now.

There are countries where a shabby mud-hut, pock-marked by termite holes, is the typical place of worship; where local Christians give sacrificially, but from an income so pitiful that it cannot begin to maintain Church life without our help.

There are countries where secular forces range themselves savagely against a Church which has but barely begun. And all the characteristics of the 'not many strong, not many mighty' of the ancient world are only too tragically visible.

But the Church is there in those countries and it is the Rock. So we see it growing with its own people in places of leadership. Not only are there African, Indian, West Indian bishops. Alongside them you will

find Arab and Papuan, Chinese and Japanese. At the last Lambeth Conference every major race group in the world was represented.

And we see it growing in faith as one worldly affliction after another tests it. Is there in Christian history a more moving story than that of the Kikuyu martyrs?

We see it growing, too, in its inner life. The Book of Common Prayer now has a great family of children as adaptations are made to suit local needs. And God is praised in a legion of tongues.

What does it all add up to? Surely it hammers home the fact that we live in a curiously exciting, curiously challenging day.

It is a day which in so many ways seems bigger than us—which is one reason why next month we will have a few tiny pen pictures of some individual areas.

But it is not a day which is bigger than God.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE—

Christian Novelist

By E. M. Watthews

SPECT I just growed.' Topsy's answer to the question 'Who made you?' is world-famous, but for many people it is the sum total of their knowledge of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Oh, yes, we've all *heard* of it; but how many of us have read it? When first published it broke all records for best-sellers in the United States; 'Bleak House', serialised in a magazine at the same time, was completely eclipsed. When Harriet came to Britain, high and low thronged to see her, acclaiming her as the champion of the slaves. Queen Victoria delighted in her books, but dared not receive her openly lest it be thought that the British Government favoured the American Abolitionists. A 'chance meeting' on a railway station was therefore arranged, so that the little Queen might thank the little Republican for her work. Uncle Tom started a civil war; and today he is all but forgotten.

Harriet Beecher was born 150 years ago, in June, 1811, the daughter of a well-known New England clergyman. Although she began writing articles for the religious press while still young, she was considered to be one of the less gifted members of a notable family, as her brothers and sisters made names for themselves in teaching and the Church. Harriet married, as his second wife, a man nine years older than herself, Calvin Stowe, a lecturer at an obscure theological college.

For fifteen years, Harriet led a retired life in which the major events were the births of her seven children, and the death of one of them in a cholera epidemic. Trouble was brewing in the South, and was brought to a head in 1850 by an Act passed by Congress, enabling runaway slaves to be arrested even in the States which did not practise slavery. Harriet was urged to write 'something' against slavery, but it was some months before she knew what or how to write. Then one Sunday, at a Communion service at her local church, her mind full of the evils of slavery, she had a vision of a saintly negro, praying for his enemies as he was beaten to death. When she returned home, she wrote down the scene that had been so vivid in her mind, and so the last act of the tragedy was written first.

She intended to write only a few sketches for an anti-slavery weekly, culminating in the death of Uncle Tom, but once started, the story ran away with her and it was more than six months before she finished the tale. She was a trial to the Editor, for more than once her weekly instalment arrived too late for the press. She was a trial, too, for the Boston publisher who had undertaken to issue her story in book form. He expected a slim volume, which would not cost overmuch to produce, not two volumes of over 300 pages each. He need not have worried; the first edition sold out in two days.

This success would have been remarkable for any book, but it was doubly so for what was first and foremost a work of propaganda. Harriet, who had taught in her sister's school before her marriage, knew that the best way of teaching is by pictures. She realized that a picture of a slave parted from his wife and children, or a mother having her

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Church Notes and Views

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"The Cat and Man" Church

THE Parish Church of Barnborough in South Yorkshire has for centuries been known as the "cat and man" church. It obtained its curious name from an incident which happened there over five hundred years ago. Between the chancel and the North Chapel stands the tomb of Percival Cresacre who lived at Bromborough in the fifteenth century. His effigy in oak has at the feet, an animal which has always been accepted as being the wild cat in the story—it certainly belongs to the cat family. The story is told of how this Percival Cresacre was attacked by a wild cat in a wood near the Church in which the terrified man had hoped to find sanctuary. In the porch, however, he was overcome and fatally injured and there he died, though not before he had been successful, unknown to himself, in causing the death of the cat by pinning the animal against the wall. The red stain on the stone paving of the porch is always considered to be from bloodstains of man and beast indelible through all the years.—A. HUMPHERY FENN (LINGFIELD).

Coloured Clock Face

FEW churches in this country have clocks with coloured faces in their towers. Almondbury (Huddersfield) Parish Church, with two clock faces visible outside, has recently had them painted blue, with red minute indications and gold hands and Roman numerals. There is another blue-faced clock, ten miles away at Cawthorne, where the clock, which is about 100 years old, was painted for the Coronation.—E. ADKINS (HUDDERSFIELD).

A Well-loved Hymn-writer

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW (later Bishop) was instituted by the Bishop of St. Asaph to the Rectory of Whittington, Salop, September 23, 1851. He was Rector of this Parish for 28 years, leaving to become Suffragan Bishop of East London. In 1888 he became the first Bishop of Wakefield.

While Rector of this quiet village, many of his well-loved hymns were no doubt written—such as "For All The Saints" and many others.

A memorial cross to Bishop How stands opposite the church and near the place where his earthly remains lie.—MISS R. COXON (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON).



"The Judicious Hooker"

THOSE who were interested in the reference to Richard Hooker in the December issue (A Church for 1,100 years), may like to know that his effigy still looks down on the choir stalls in the church at Bishopsbourne, which he held in plurality with Barham. The rectory in which he lived for a time was demolished about three years ago, the present rector of Bishopsbourne (now joined with Kingston) now living in a house near the church, "Oswalds," the last residence of Joseph Conrad, the novelist.

A great yew hedge, said to have been planted in the time of "The Judicious Hooker" still stands on the boundary of what was the rectory garden.—WALLACE ARTER (CHILHAM).



Church with an Outside Gallery

THE Norman church at Lurgashall in Sussex has a curious feature—possibly unique. This is a wooden exterior gallery.

The parish is a wide one and in pre-motor days people coming from a distance used to bring a picnic luncheon with them, and the gallery was built to give them a place of shelter where they could eat it between services.—**GEORGE GOSLING (CHICHESTER).**

“Gold Rush” Church

THIS church, almost one hundred years old (considered old in this country), stands in an old ghost town called Barkerville, in Northern B.C.

Barkerville, in 1862, was the richest town west of Chicago, because of the abundance of gold discovered there by Billy Barker. The town got its name from him.

It was a “Honky-Tonk” town, with its dance halls, beer parlours and gambling dens. In the midst of all this was this old church, and those who hungered, not so much for the gold from the creeks, but for the riches of God’s blessings, found peace within its walls.

Years passed, the gold ran out and the town became deserted, except for a few old prospectors and pioneers. The town was a ghost town; no more painted women paraded its streets, no more were the gold nuggets tossed across the counter of the decaying old saloon. The church, however, still kept a respectable appearance, in spite of all the old decaying buildings around. Today, the town is being restored to its original state for its hundredth birthday this year.

The church still stands, without the neglected and forsaken look that the other buildings have, or had, before work was begun on them.—**MAVIS EDWARDS (ROYAL OAK, B.C.)**



Church Beekeeping

AT Much Dewchurch, Hereford, last summer a swarm of bees invaded the roof of the nave and became a menace. So it was decided to have them destroyed and this was done by inserting burning sulphur after first smoking them into quiescence as when taking honey. Nearly all of the unwanted swarm seemed to have been removed in this way.—**M.W. (HEREFORD).**



OUR PAGES FOR YOUNGER READERS

Children's Corner

Compiled by P. J. HUNT

Is your Name Peter?

(St. Peter's Day—29th June)

FANCY an Emperor working in a shipyard! Yet that is what the Emperor Peter the Great of Russia did, both in Holland and in England, at Deptford. He wanted his country, Russia, to be as civilised as the countries of western Europe. So he toured the continent, finding out for himself, at first hand, how other peoples lived. He returned to Russia to make some striking reforms. Another Peter, was the Welshman, Peter Williams, a minister, of Carmarthen. To him we owe one of the most popular hymns of our time, "Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer."

The best known Peter of all was the Galilean fisherman who became one of the first disciples of Jesus. The name Peter, which Jesus Himself gave to him, means "a rock." But at first this Peter was anything but rock-like, as far as his character was concerned. At the Last Supper he boasted that, if every other disciple was disloyal to Jesus, he would remain faithful. Yet, within a few hours, he was assuring a servant girl and the bystanders that he had never even known Jesus at all! But that same Peter grew into the man who told the rulers to their faces that he was a follower of Christ. Peter had become dependable, like his name, "a rock."

G. E. DIGGLE

The Story of St. Alban

ALBAN was a Roman who lived in the City of Verulamium, at a time when the Romans were persecuting the Christians. One day a Christian priest knocked at Alban's door and asked Alban to hide him. Alban took the man in. He became so impressed with the way the priest lived, that he asked if he, too, could become a Christian. Gladly the priest baptized Alban.

Shortly afterwards a Roman soldier came to Alban's house searching for the priest. Secretly, Alban changed clothes with the priest and went to answer the door. Immediately, the soldier seized him, and carried him off to the Roman officer. Meanwhile the real priest had been able to escape.

As soon as the officer saw Alban, he knew that the soldier had brought the wrong man. "You are not the priest. Who are you?" he asked Alban. Alban gave his own name and added that he was also a Christian. This made the officer more furious than ever and he ordered Alban to be put to death. Thus Alban gave his life for his religion.

After his death, the Christians built a church in the place where he had died; and now, at the city which we call St. Albans, there stands a beautiful abbey church reminding us of a saint who gave all that he had for God.



St. Alban's Abbey

Photo: Radio Times Hulton

Trinity

The church is now in the season of Trinity, which will last until Advent (that is, about six months). The word 'Trinity' is not in the Bible, but it is a word which the church uses to help us to understand something of the wonder of God. It means "three in one", and the three Persons who are really one God are: God the Father (Who made us and all the world), God the Son (Who lived and died and rose again for us), and God the Holy Spirit (Who lives in and around us and makes all things holy).

Yet these are not three *separate* Persons but one God and, as we read on this page last March in the story of St. Patrick, it will help us if we think of the three parts of a shamrock leaf, which are not three leaves, but one. Thinking of the Trinity is really like thinking of God in three ways.

Reading the Bible together

This month we have a cheerful psalm to read aloud together. The word 'Selah' at the end of verses 6 and 10 is a Hebrew word; its meaning is not very certain, but it is thought to be a musical direction to the singers, indicating a pause or break. You will need two solo voices, and the rest of the family can read the chorus parts. Find Psalm 24:

Chorus	v. 1 and 2
1st voice	v. 3
2nd voice	v. 4, 5, 6
Chorus	v. 7
1st voice	v. 8a (i.e. first part of verse)
2nd voice	v. 8b (i.e. second part of verse)
Chorus	v. 9
1st voice	v. 10a
2nd voice	v. 10b

Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

Monday—Washing

Cleaning Chamois Gloves. Add a few drops of ammonia to a basin of warm soapy water. Soak the gloves in this for about a quarter of an hour, then squeeze gently and transfer to another basin of soapy water. Wash by squeezing, then rinse well in water to which has been added a teaspoonful of olive oil. Press between a towel, pull into shape and hang up to dry. When damp, rub between the hands to make pliable. Gloves washed in this way look almost like new.—MRS. BROCKLEHURST (MACGLESFIELD).

Tuesday—Sewing/Knitting

Knitted knee caps: Cast on 80 stitches.

1st row: Knit one plain, then two purl, two plain to end of row finishing with one plain; 2nd row: One purl, two plain, two purl to end of row finishing with one purl. Continue this ribbing for four inches. Knit 40 stitches in the ribbing, then: Knit one plain turn; knit two plain turn; Knit three plain turn; Knit four plain turn; Knit five plain turn; Knit six plain turn. Continue thus until you have 50 plain stitches. Knit back to the 15 stitches left on the needle. Knit these in ribbing. You then have 15 stitches each end in ribbing and 50 plain stitches in the middle.

Next row: Knit across 15 stitches in ribbing. Fifty plain and then 15 ribbing.

Next row: Knit in ribbing to plain part; knit 49 plain turn; knit 48 plain turn, and so on until plain knitting is finished. Finish the row in ribbing; knit in the ribbing for another six inches. Cast off. Join up the side. This means you have ribbing top and bottom and sides with a gusset of plain knitting in the centre

which fits most comfortably around the knee.—M. A. HODGES (WEST MOORS, NR. WIMBORNE, DORSET).

Wednesday—Nursing

To reduce forming bunions, gently massage with a drop of warm olive oil, twice a day. Continue as necessary.—MISS S. MAIN (CHARLTON KINGS, CHELTENHAM, GLOS.)

Thursday—Cooking

When cooking liver, always dip each piece into a saucer of milk. Fry very slowly. This makes it very tender and improves the flavour.—MRS. L. F. AMSDEN (SEVENOAKS).

Friday—Household

A handy impromptu sugar or flour sifter may be made by covering the top of a jam jar with greaseproof paper and then punching holes in the paper with a fine knitting needle.

An easy way to thread wool through a needle is to put a double piece of cotton through the eye of the needle, insert the end of the wool through the loop made and pull wool through.—MRS. D. M. BARKER (ST. AUSTELL, CORNWALL).

Saturday—Children

When the little ones come running in with nettle stings, salt and water is a good, quick cure. Better than the time-renowned remedy of dock leaves.—CAROLINE GLYN (ALTON, HAMPSHIRE).

* * * 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.

Grant to Me

Grant that I may walk with Thee, O Lord,
That I may place my hand in Thine,
And walking to the rainbow's end
Find wine to quench this thirst of mine.

And though my faith is not as strong
As I would often have it be,
My courage stems from knowing
this—

That from above You're guiding me.

C. J. F. CILLIERS

The Way To Well-behaved Hair

One of the chief troubles, for those of us who shampoo our hair at home, is to find that for the first day afterwards, we "just cannot do anything with it."

If such a state does happen, it is more than likely we are using the wrong kind of shampoo, and the more we know of the various types the sooner we shall banish that particular problem.

For mainly dry hair a cream shampoo is preferable, while liquid suits the more oily type of hair. Egg shampoo is a wonderful pick-me-up for out-of-condition hair, and a final rinsing water, to which has been added a squeeze of lemon or a drop of vinegar, gives an added lustre to all types of hair.

It is very important to read the instructions on the packet or bottle. Never "just guess," but measure the liquid or cream carefully—the makers know exactly the amount which should be used. It is foolish to try to economise on the amount, and equally wasteful to over-use.

The shampoo should be well massaged into the scalp and plenty of warm rinsing water should be used. A sponge is useful for squeezing the water over the hair if you do not have a 'rose'. Squeeze as much water out of the hair as possible, wrap the head in a warm dry towel to soak off as much moisture as possible, and finish off with another clean dry towel.

If you are one of those with naturally wavy hair, all that is needed is a good brushing and a light set, but if not—clips, combs, curlers, rollers, etc., come into use for your set, and if you are fortunate enough to possess an electric hair-dryer the process is completed.

Instead of being a chore—if you go the right way about it—washing your hair can become a pleasure. Good shampooing is half way to good grooming, and we are all well aware how much a well-kept head of hair is admired by all.

—MARION HURST.

The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat

Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell



THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

Just Mum!

BY PATRICIA DEE

MICKEY BATES leaned over the bridge and gazed at the water, cool and inviting. His hands burned as he rested them on the stone parapet.

"Reckon I'll dive in," he whispered.

He could hear the roar of the traffic passing along the end of the road, but in this quiet backwater behind the Town Hall not a soul was in sight.

Mickey looked over his shoulder at the tall grey Court building he had just left.

"Better not. If I'm caught bathing in me birthday suit that 'ud be me lot." He loosened his tie and grinned.

"Old Cod's Eyes didn't like the way I dressed, did he?" He shrugged his shoulders and frowned.

"What did he say? 'Just because you wear fancy-dress you think you can do just as you please, but if you come before me again, it will be Borstal for you, my boy.'" Mickey gave a coarse laugh and puffed hard at his cigarette. What did he care? He had nothing to lose. His prestige had gone up with the rest of the gang. What he did now would always be a bigger risk.

"Oh dear, now I've dropped it."

Mickey swung round quickly at the sound of the voice.

A middle-aged woman was struggling with a load of parcels. She gave him a smile.

"Would you mind?" She pointed to the parcel she had dropped.

Mickey bent to pick it up.

"Cor blimey! What yer got in this? It's a ton weight."

The woman dumped the rest of the parcels on the ground in a tidy pile and leant against the bridge.

"It *is* a bit heavy with the other things as well. I was silly to try to bring them all home, but things never seem so bad to begin with, do they?" She turned to him and smiled again, then looking back at the river she chuckled and said:

"You know, I feel I would like to strip and jump in there for a cooler."

The youth grinned, "That's what I was thinking." He nodded towards the water and with a saucy look said, "Come on! What about it?"

Her eyes twinkled. "Wouldn't dare." She looked back at the grey building—"What, with that place just up the road?"

She bent down to pick up the parcels again, and sighed.

"Well, better make a move, I suppose."

Mickey instinctively bent down to help her.

"Well now, that's nice of you. Are you going to carry them home for me?"

He flushed. That hadn't been his intention at all. What would the gang say if they saw him? He would never hear the last of it.

Hot words came to his lips, but he never said them. Instead he looked furtively up and down the road and then rather self-consciously began to walk in step with the woman.

He felt her glance sideways at him, and flushed again. He knew she had deliberately tricked him into carrying her parcels, but he didn't really mind. He liked the old girl.

"My name's Mrs. Tomlinson. What's yours?" she asked.

"Mickey Bates."

"Not working today then, Mickey? On holiday, perhaps? Oh yes, I can see you must be; you've such a smart suit on."

Mickey flushed with pleasure, "Do yer like it?" He knew it was a good suit. Well, he paid fifteen quid for it, didn't he? That old buzzard at the Police Station didn't know a good bit of cloth when he saw it.

Mrs. Tomlinson smiled and looked him up and down.

"Why, yes, Mickey. That light blue is *such* a pretty colour."

Pretty! Well, he wouldn't have described his suit as *pretty*. He glanced at her suspiciously. No, she was on the level. She meant well, poor old dear.

After a few minutes they stopped in front of a small house with a trim lawn and flower garden.

"Here we are, Mickey. Come along in. There's a jug of lemonade, just waiting for someone to drink."

He followed her in. He was thirsty and he wouldn't dare go in for a pint of beer in this area. He didn't want to be caught for anything so cissy as "drinking under age."

Mrs. Tomlinson poured him out a large glass of home-made lemonade and cut him a big hunk of fruit cake.

"Smashing cake, Mam. Did yer make it?" He picked up the crumbs before handing the plate back.

Mrs. Tomlinson smiled. "Have

another piece, Mickey. All my youngsters like my 'cut and come again' cake."

Mickey looked at her in surprise; he hadn't pictured her with a family.

"How many kids have yer got, Mam?"

Her face lit up. "Oh, we are a large family. Eat your cake and I'll show you some photos."

Mickey looked round the small kitchen which was spotlessly clean and homely. A big dresser and two well-worn easy chairs nearly filled all the available space.

"Should think it's a bit of a squeeze when they're all in 'ere."

"Well, they're not often here together. Eddie is in the Navy. Bob and Ronny in the Army. One boy went to Australia (that was Bill; he's doing *very* well) and the girls are all married and live away, but they often come home to see me. Come into the sitting-room. I keep my photos in there."

Mickey followed her obediently into the little room leading off from the kitchen. Mrs. Tomlinson turned at the door and handed Mickey her bag.

"Pop this on to the table, dear. Don't know why I'm carrying it about with me."

Mickey walked back into the kitchen and automatically opened the bag. Two pound notes were tucked inside. He put them quickly into his pocket and then sauntered back into the other room again.

The piano, bookcase and walls were covered with photos.

Mrs. Tomlinson was standing in front of the fireplace gazing up at a large picture of a good-looking boy in naval uniform. She was smiling to herself.

"This is Eddie," she remarked, without turning her head. "Isn't he a smart lad?" She touched the photo to straighten it although it looked as if



Now for Home!

Photo: John A. Long

it had been hung with the aid of a plumb-line.

Mickey's eyes were fixed on the picture. He was puzzled. There was something here he didn't understand.

"'ow long's 'e bin in the Navy?"

"Just about a year. He couldn't get in to begin with. He never *was* keen on school and didn't work very hard, so he went to the Technical College to polish up his maths. He was so thrilled when he heard he had been accepted." Her voice shook a little and as she walked away from the fireplace, she said,

"I know it's wrong to have a favourite, but I know he's mine. Perhaps it's because - sometimes despaired of ever seeing him settle down and now he's grown into such a fine lad! She picked up another photo off the piano; this was a group of boys and girls. She put it down again without saying a word. Mickey

knew her thoughts were still on the photo over the fireplace, the one that was puzzling him. He couldn't understand; he had a queer feeling about that picture.

Mrs. Tomlinson was once more explaining the history of the other photos, but Mickey wasn't interested. Every few moments his eyes went back to the fireplace. It seemed as though the picture was alive, every way he looked the eyes followed him. He began to feel uncomfortable. He tried to listen to Mrs. Tomlinson, but after a few words he was lost again in his own thoughts. He knew he had to get away, away from this house and that picture staring down at him. He turned suddenly and made a dash to the door.

"Must go now, Mrs. Tomlinson. Thanks for everything." He ran through the kitchen, nearly knocking the table over. He saw the handbag and remembered the notes in his

pocket. He flicked them quickly on to the table and dashed through the door as though a thousand demons were after him. He didn't stop until he came to the bridge again. He leaned against it and mopped his brow. What was the matter with him? Had he gone soft or something? Fancy getting scared of a picture. Wouldn't the other kids laugh if they knew he had thrown that two quid back! But he couldn't pinch from the old girl. There was something about her; she trusted him. Besides there was Eddie! Yes, Eddie. He *knew* it was Eddie Maynard, even though his hair was cut short and he was in uniform. Eddie, who used to be his hero about a couple of years ago when he was gang leader of the Hell-cats. Mickey grinned when he thought of Eddie. Gosh! he was *never* out of trouble. All the lads said he was heading for the big stuff. Mickey turned and looked into the water. Funny thing he *hadn't* been around for a while. He'd sort of faded out. But Mrs. Tomlinson *couldn't* be his mum. His mum was a drunken old baggage and they lived on the other side of the town. Mickey flicked his hair out of his eyes and frowned.

"Hello, Mickey, thinking over what the Magistrate said to you?"

The boy looked up at the burly policeman towering above him.

"No! What do I want to think about what he said for?" Mickey's face was sullen.

The constable didn't bat an eyelid, but leaned over the bridge and remarked conversationally.

"Looks nice and cool down there."

Mickey didn't answer. He was thinking again. Old Bullet Head, as the gang called him, wasn't a bad sort; perhaps he would give him the gen about Eddie. He hesitated for a moment, then said a bit sheepishly.

"Ever see anything of Eddie Maynard these days?"

"Sometimes, when he's on leave."

"What's he in, Army or Navy?"

"Navy!"

Mickey looked at him sideways. Was he purposely being cagey? Well, he had discovered that the two Eddies were the same person.

He tried again, "Did yer know 'is Ma?"

The constable gazed down at the water and pursed his lips, then after what seemed to Mickey about an hour he said, quite deliberately,

"Which Ma?"

"Well, 'e didn't have *two* ma's did 'e?" Mickey was getting impatient.

"Oh, yes, he did. You knew his first. Then Miss Tomlinson became his second."

Mickey swung round, his face a bright red. "So that's it, is it? Miss Tomlinson, a ruddy Welfare Officer, and she thought she could catch me like the rest of the other poor suckers. Eddie! Fancy Eddie being taken in." Mickey was disgusted and hurt. He didn't quite know why he was hurt, except that he liked Miss Tomlinson, and he felt cheated somehow. He glared down into the water. You couldn't trust anyone in this life; they all turned out the same.

The policeman put a heavy hand on the boy's shoulder, and said quietly, "I didn't say she was a Welfare Officer. You see, Mickey, she just loves kids." He turned to walk away, then as an afterthought, he said, "Why don't you go back and finish that lemonade?"

Mickey looked at him amazed, "How did *you* know about the . . . hey! . . . wait a minute!" Mickey suddenly burst out laughing; then he looked at the policeman and there was a twinkle in his eye as he said, "Just one question, copper. What *does* she fill that . . . parcel with?"

A CHRISTIAN'S CALENDAR-JUNE

THE bells are ringing . . . For me and my gal." Never do they ring more joyfully than in June, the loveliest of all months for weddings.

Marriage is perhaps the most beautiful Biblical symbol for the love of God. "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee," says Isaiah, speaking of Jerusalem. And all through the prophetic books, the nation of Israel is the chosen Bride of God, often faithless and wandering after other lovers, but always loved and longed for by her Bridegroom.

St. Paul adapts this analogy to Christ and the Church. In his letter to the Ephesians he exhorts: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself up for it . . . that it should be holy and without blemish . . . Even so ought husbands also to love their own wives as their own bodies . . . the twain shall become one flesh. This mystery is great, but I speak of Christ and the Church."

A bridegroom vows to "love, comfort, honour and keep" his bride, "and forsaking all other, keep only unto her, as long as both shall live." A bride vows "to live together . . . to obey and serve him, love, honour and keep him . . . forsaking all other."

One must never press an analogy too far, but can anyone doubt that our Lord fulfils these vows to the Church? To "love her": by His self-giving in sacrament, prayer and spiritual presence; to "comfort her": by His sending the Holy Spirit to strengthen and enlighten her; to

"honour her": by His amazing humility in entrusting to her His own work of healing, teaching, reconciling, forgiving; to "keep her": by His promise that the gates of Hell shall never prevail against her; "forsaking all other": by His continued faithfulness in the face of the Church's sin.

And what of the bride? Her vows are less well kept. To "live together" with Christ: has she always frequented His House, been present at His Table, maintained close communion with Him in prayer, lived the kind of life she could share with Him? Or has she sometimes been so pre-occupied with family squabbles that she has forgotten the Head of the Household altogether? To "obey and serve": has she never neglected His needy children, never failed to proclaim His saving love, never persecuted those for whom He died, never compromised the truth of His gospel to fit in with the spirit of the age? To "love, honour and keep him": has she always honoured His name by showing forth His humility, integrity, compassion and charity in her own life? "Forsaking all other": has she never flirted with heresies, been worldly or self-seeking?

Perhaps the Church, as the Bride of Christ, needs to look again at her marriage vows. But the Church isn't only "They"; it is US. Is there any way in which WE can be more faithful to this solemn Marriage?

PATRICIA SPENCER, S.Th.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

(Continued from page 83)

baby taken from her, would have more effect than any dogmatizing.

Harriet is remembered as the author of one book; she had the faults of her age, but her own virtues as a writer. Above all, she was a Christian, convinced that master and slave stand alike before God, and that as a Christian she must do all in her power to right abuses.

The Christian Way on the Road

PICTURE for a moment the lovely town of Minehead in Somerset and all the men and women and children who live there. That will give you an idea of the number of people who are killed on the roads every year. Then think of the bustling cathedral city of Exeter for an idea of the number of people who are seriously injured.

Road safety is one of the most serious problems of our rapidly developing and overcrowded society. Basically it is a moral problem so Christians particularly must set an example in their road behaviour, whether as motorists, cyclists, motor-cyclists or pedestrians.

Many of us have a "near accident" story to tell our friends, the culprit always the other fellow. Are we sure that we ourselves are entirely blameless? Do we always drive with the utmost care and consideration for others? As pedestrians do we always use the roads with proper care and attention?

The 1961 campaign of the Royal Society of the Prevention of Accidents is directed at every type of road user. Anticipate the other man's mistakes and try to counteract them. Never assume that he is going to do the right thing. And remember, difficult though it may be, that you are quite likely to make mistakes too.

The campaign will also emphasise the protection of the two most vulnerable groups: the "Under Fives" and the "Over Sixties." The training schemes for children do not reach the Under Fives. So it is necessary for mothers to instil the correct idea in

the very young and, indeed, for all parents to set a good example.

Another useful act that we can all perform is to spread a new approach to road safety. Discourage the boaster who loves to talk about breaking his own record between A and B by pointing out that such talk is positively old-fashioned. Remind him that every risk he takes means a life endangered, perhaps several.

Perhaps you think "it can't happen to me." You're wrong! It can. And when an accident happens, it affects more than those immediately involved, for instance the nurses and doctors who might otherwise be spending their valuable time fighting disease, and—the taxpayer. Every accident affects us all to the extent that we share in a bill of £200 million a year. A formidable figure. Imagine the good that that money could do in other directions.

This is a campaign to save life in a real urgent sense. While you are reading this article someone, somewhere, is being killed or injured.

Each of us must accept personal responsibility for the safety of our fellows. We must examine our own behaviour first, before we condemn that of others. Say to yourself, do I behave on the roads as well as I should—always? What are my weak points? Do I tend to become impatient, irritable when I have to wait? Am I constantly on the watch for other drivers' mistakes, at the same time letting indignation cause my own concentration to suffer? Have I a secret love of speed? Do I think I know it all?

Having recognised your own faults, be constantly on guard against them.

Teaching and example, those are the things that matter most. If it is every human being's duty to practise these, how much more is it the duty of every Christian?

CAROL ANN PEARCE

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