

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY"

No. 37

MARCH, 1961

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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.

Verger :

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,

The season of Lent is well on its way now. How are you using it? There is no virtue in giving up things, whether its smoking, or sweets, or spending, unless we are at the same time becoming more disciplined, easier to live with, and a little more Christlike. We all know the story of the man who gave up smoking for Lent but ate walnuts instead. They cost him more in the end, and left him bad-tempered as a result!

I want to commend again our **SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS** which is for everyone—and is held on Wednesday nights in Lent at 7.45 p.m. in the Church Hall. Don't become shackled to your T.V.! This is a unique opportunity to hear good speakers, and there is ample opportunity for you to ask questions. We'd like to see plenty of men, and the older teenagers with us.

On Good Friday evening we are having our first **UNITED SERVICE** in the County Primary School at 7.45 p.m. The service will be taken by the Rev. Charles Attridge, Minister of the Marston Road Congregational Church, and myself. The Preacher will be the Rev. Donald Knighton, of the Methodist Church, and who is also Staff Secretary of the S.C.M. in Oxford. We hope that **ALL** Christians, no matter what denomination, will make this service an act of witness, and a public demonstration of our common unity in Christ.

For all members of the Church of England, Easter Day marks a day of obligation as regards their attendance at Holy Communion. The Prayer Book states very clearly "..... and note that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one." The C. of E. is sometimes criticized for not being more definite in its regulations, and leaving more to the responsible decisions of her members. Nevertheless, this is one of the occasions where the Church states a "MUST," and I hope that everyone will keep this rule, and rejoice with other members of the Christian family on this glorious Festival.

May God bless you and yours.

Your sincere friend,



ANNUAL PAROCHIAL CHURCH MEETING

Tuesday, March 7th, 7.45 p.m., in the Church Hall.

This will be preceded by the Vestry Meeting at 7.30 p.m. for the appointment and election of Churchwardens.

All those whose names are entered upon the Electoral Roll of the parish are entitled to vote at the above meetings. It is hoped that all parishioners will do their utmost to be present at these very important meetings.

Overheard at a P.C.C. Meeting: "Well, I suggest that we scrub White Elephants at our next Fete."

IN MEMORIAM

Albert Wesley Priestley, Vicar's Warden 1935-53.

On Monday, February 13th, Albert Wesley Priestley passed to his rest in his 96th year. He was one of the old village's most beloved members, and all who knew him spoke of his old world courtesy, quiet kindness, and Christian piety. He truly belonged to "the old school," but only in the sense that he typified all that was best in a world that once seemed secure

and unshakeable. As the Vicar reminded us at his memorial service, Mr. Priestley was born the year that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, and when Lister first introduced antiseptic surgery to Glasgow. He had lived through a century which had conquered space and outer space, and which had brought to birth wireless and television.

Yet Albert Wesley Priestley, who loved to have his books about him, was no hide-bound conservative. He took infinite pains when he read the lessons to discover the meaning of the original Greek texts, and produced a "modern translation" Sunday by Sunday—all this long before the day of the paper back versions. The church clock may stand still, but Time never did so for Mr. Priestley. He lived his life by a routine which he did not like disturbed, and the many years of his retirement spent at Marston, were made even more happy by one who understood his needs before they were uttered, and who ministered to him with loving care to the end.

No greater tribute could be paid to the kindly and scholarly Headmaster than the attendance of so many of his old "boys"—some of them Headmasters themselves—who came to pay their last respects to one who had endeared himself so much to them.

Mr. Priestley died in peace, and perhaps the lesson that many of us will have learnt from him is to "let our ordered lives," like his, "confess the beauty of God's peace."

MOTHERS' UNION :

On the 29th January the following were enrolled as Members of the Mothers' Union during Evensong :—Muriel Howe (Associate), Jessie Dunkley, Hazel Sargeant, Winifred Louisa Tomlinson.

The service was recorded by Malcolm Cardy, and the Vicar sent greetings to the parish of All Saints Nowra, in Australia, with whom our local branch has a strong link. The tape will eventually be sent to this parish, so that they may share in our worship, and we hope that they may be inspired to send to us a tape of one of their services in return. The following members of the Deanery Branch were welcomed into St. Nicholas' branch of the M.U. at the same service, as the Deanery Branch has now come to an end :—Mrs. Cardy, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Cattermole, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Hansford, Mrs. Deacon.

We shall be glad to welcome them to all our M.U. activities.

DRIVING TUITION :

Please note that Mr. McParlin's address on the cover should read St. Christopher School of Motoring, Rose Villa, Church Lane, OLD MARSTON

We apologise for putting "OXFORD" and hope that prospective Marston drivers will contact Mr. McParlin forthwith!

SCOUT NOTES :

The Troop Meeting on February 16th saw the traditional Scout "Going Up" ceremony for six Wolf Cubs whose next step will be to pass the tenderfoot test. We welcome our new Scouts :—S. Furber, B. Lewis, D. Rathbone, I. Silvester, A. Topham, M. Webb.

The ceremony was witnessed by other Cubs, parents and members of the Group Committee who later joined with the Troop watching Scouting films. Our sincere thanks to Mr. Swaine who so kindly gave up an evening to bring his projection equipment and show the films.

Scout dates for your diary :—

18th March. Camp Fire and Barbecue. Our previous venture was a great success, strains of well known songs could be heard competing with other "musical noises" from the belfry!

Date—18th March. Place—Vicarage Garden. Time—7.30 p.m.
Price—(Inclusive of one "Hot Dog") 1/-.

"Bob-a-Job" Week. April 3rd to 8th.

The aim of each Scout and Cub is to earn at least £1 during the six days, all money earned in excess of 5/- per each member of our group will

This month sees the publication of an important new English translation of the New Testament

The Making of Our Bible ★



by J. H. HAYWARD

THE original manuscripts of the books of the New Testament have perished, which is not to be wondered at when one remembers the persecution to which the early Christians were subjected and how they were scattered. Fortunately for us, copies of the originals were made for brethren in other cities and it was not long before books that had hitherto been on individual rolls were grouped together in codex form, that is in sheets folded into quires.

After nearly three hundred years of ruthless persecution, during which most though not all of these copies were destroyed, the acceptance of Christianity by the Roman Emperor Constantine put an end to the need for concealment. Copies of the Christian books were openly and officially wanted, and so was born the New Testament as a collection of the various books into one volume, written in Greek on vellum. Of this and of translations into other languages, thousands of copies were made, all written laboriously—though not always carefully—by hand, until the invention of printing in the fifteenth century.

When Christianity returned to England at the end of the sixth century, the Bible used was the Latin Vulgate, a revision made two centuries before by St. Jerome from an earlier Latin translation. This was the

version used by the English Church for the best part of a thousand years. During those years, portions of the Bible were written in the English of those times, notably by Aldhelm, Bede, Aldred and King Alfred, but it was not until the end of the fourteenth century that we had a complete Bible in English manuscript. This was the work of John Wycliffe and his helpers and though it had many defects it was a landmark in our history.

Two great events coincided in the middle of the fifteenth century—the invasion of Europe by the Turks with its consequent migration of scholars to the west, and the invention of printing; the one event providing the incentive, the other the means, for the revival of learning and the desire of western European people to have Bibles in their own languages. In England, however, through fear of mistranslation, of heresy, or of the revolutionary effects of a Bible that all could now read for themselves, the bishops opposed the translation embarked upon by William Tyndale in 1523.

Tyndale gave his life for the English Bible—he was strangled and burnt at the stake for “heresy”—and though only one perfect copy of his New Testament still exists, even before his death, the first complete printed Bible in English—Coverdale’s—was



The joint committee of the churches on the new translation of the Bible, meeting in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster Abbey.

issued, prompted and protected by Thomas Cromwell. Two years later this was followed by Matthew's Bible, a revised combination of Tyn-dale's and Coverdale's versions. Then Coverdale was employed by Cromwell to produce a revision of Matthew's Bible. Because of its size, this was known as the Great Bible and by royal decree copies were set up in all churches.

Largely thanks to the instigation of James the First, a team of leading scholars and divines, working assiduously for nearly three years, revising the Bishops' Bible and using the available translations, produced the Authorized Version. That was in 1611, exactly three hundred and fifty years ago, during which time it has entwined itself in the affections of the English people.

Since 1611, manuscripts and versions unknown to the translators of the Authorized Version have continually come to light, while knowledge of the original Greek and Hebrew texts has greatly increased. In 1870, therefore, the Convocation of Canter-

bury initiated a revision, and the Revised New Testament was published in 1881, the Revised Old Testament in 1885. This Revised Version is clearer to understand, closer to the original texts, and far better for study than the Authorized, though it lacks the verbal glory.

Another chapter in the great story opens in the middle of this month when a completely new translation of the New Testament will be issued, after thirteen years of work by a panel of some of the greatest scholars, using the best available Greek texts, a task undertaken on behalf of all the Christian bodies of the British Isles (except the Roman Catholics). Compared with the work of previous translators, their work has perhaps been lightened by their higher level of scholarship and the wider understanding that time has brought, though increased in respect of the much greater amount of material that has recently been discovered, material not only valuable in itself, but also for the new interpretation

(Continued on page 47)

★
 A CHRISTIAN'S
 CALENDAR—
 MARCH
 ★

IF March lives up to its reputation, it will "come in like a lion and go out like a lamb."

Several writers have looked forward to a golden age of peace in which the lion and other fierce beasts of the jungle will lose their savagery and adopt the peaceful characteristics of the lamb. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;" writes Isaiah, "and the calf and the young lion and the fating together; and a little child shall lead them . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

Such a vision seems to be against the facts of nature. It poses the question whether God intended the animals to prey upon one another, or whether the conditions we know are the result of some Fall which involved the whole creation, and are in fact against the will of God.

Certainly St. Paul draws a picture of the whole creation "groaning and travailing in pain together" while it waits to be "delivered from the bondage of corruption."

If the vision of animals living together in peace seems to us to be contrary to their animal nature, is such a vision contrary also to our human nature? Can there ever be a time when human beings shall not hurt nor destroy one another, or is this too only another-worldly dream? Certainly in the same passage St. Paul hints at this, for he goes on: "and not only so, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves

groan within ourselves, waiting for our adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

If our redemption can never be completed in this life, is there any point in working for peace, or are we, like the animals, condemned always to prey upon one another, to hurt and destroy not only our enemies but even those we love best?

Perhaps the answer lies in St. Paul's parenthesis, "which have the first-fruits of the Spirit." Unlike the animals, our redemption has already begun. By our baptism we are already reborn "in Christ," and, though not yet perfected, we have received grace sufficient to set us some distance along the road to perfection.

"The leopard can't change his spots," we are told; "you can't change human nature." Maybe we can't: but *God can*, and has, many many times. The life of any saint will illustrate this.

To those, then, who say: "Why work for peace? It's against nature," the answer might be that only as we work for it can it ever become natural.

To work for peace is more than to march in processions with banners. It is for each one of us so to open our own hearts to God's love that we ourselves become incapable of inflicting hurt, whether physical or mental. It is to allow the "first-fruits of the Spirit" to expand in our hearts, so that the redemption already accomplished in us takes possession of an ever-increasing portion of our lives. PATRICIA SPENCER, S.Th.

SIR,

Whilst in South Devon recently I saw the following on a Church notice board:

"What on Earth have you done today for Heaven's Sake!"

Yours faithfully,
 W. HUMPHREY.

27, Mill Street, Hereford.

◇

Church Notes and Views

◇

Even Harder to Beat!

IN a recent issue of *Home Words*, the parishioners of Merton Parish Church (St. Mary's), London, S.W., stated that their cathedral-visiting record would take some beating. I thought I would let them know it has been beaten. I have visited the cathedrals of Gloucester, Lincoln, Norwich, Truro, Chichester, Ely, St. Paul's, Canterbury, York, Chester, Lichfield, Salisbury, Notre-Dame, Tours, St. Davids, Chartres, Hereford, Wells, Sacre-Coeur, Liverpool and the abbeys of Tewkesbury, Bolton, Whitby, Glastonbury, Jervaulx, Rievaulx, Valle Crucis, Pershore, and Leominster Priory. Also sixty-eight parish churches and thirty-three castles.

I am interested in cathedrals, churches and castles, as I should like to be an archaeologist when I am older.—JUDY COLLINS (aged 14) (UPTON, WIRRAL).

Fruitful Family

THIS very interesting inscription is found on a sepulchral slab in the chancel of St. Mary's Church, Conway:

Here lyeth ye body of Nichs Hookes of Conway Gen. who was ye 4th child of his father Wm. Hookes Esqr. by Alice his wife and ye father of 27 children who dyed ye 20th day of March 1637.—ERELYN ROBERTS (CONWAY).

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.

Cedar from the Lebanon

IN the churchyard of the beautiful Thames-side village of Clifton Hampden there is a fine cedar tree which has grown from a seed brought from the Lebanon. The Rev. John Lomax Gibbs, who was Vicar of the parish, planted the tree in 1866, after his return from a visit to the Holy Land and the Lebanon.—A. G. SMITH (OXFORD).



Collectors' Pieces

YOUR letter, "Collectors' Pieces," in the August issue, was of considerable interest to me. Your correspondent is quite correct; names for Parish Magazines like *Living* and *The Fisherman* are very definitely the exception, for in my own collection of over 470 magazines, I have only between 35 and 40 such titles, the most amusing being *Pennies from Heaven*, published by Highweek Parish Church, Devon, and the most ingenious, *The A23*, the magazine of Christ Church, Salfords, Surrey, situated on the London to Brighton A23 main road. Incidentally, can any other collector beat my total quoted above—all personally collected during visits to parish churches since July, 1958?—TREVOR J. MARZETTI (ANERLEY).

TREVOR THORN writes: I would like to thank all those readers who contributed towards my collection of Parish Magazines. Owing to the tremendous response, I regret that I am unable to reply personally to each sender, but the fact that well over two hundred magazines have arrived as a result of the note on "Collectors' Pieces" makes this impossible.



An Unusual Church

THE tiny church of *St. Peter's On The Quay*, at Minehead, on the north coast of Somerset, is the only church in England which is a part of a licensed hotel.

It forms part of the Pier Hotel and was formerly the salt-store cellar belonging to Robert Quirke, who also founded Quirke's Almshouses at Minehead.

Robert Quirke, a Master Mariner, in the year 1630 was caught in a violent storm whilst in the Mediterranean. His ship and crew were miraculously preserved from harm, and Robert Quirke thereupon resolved to sell his ship and cargo and devote the proceeds to the church and the poor.—ERIC L. KING (WORCESTER).



Partrishow Church

THE church of Partrishow, hidden in a cleft of the Breconshire Black Mountains, stands at over 1,000 feet, and the parish has never contained more than 100 people. The churchyard cross dates from about 1300 but the carved head is a restoration and now bears, besides the usual Crucifix, figures of St. Ishow, to whom the church is dedicated, and Archbishop Baldwin, who came there in 1188 preaching the Third Crusade. Along the south wall is a bench so that sermons could be preached from the cross, to which a lectern is attached, also a restoration. Inside is one of the finely carved oak screens which date from the 16th century, and many other interesting features.—M. W. (HEREFORD).



What's the Right Time ?

IT is interesting to note that ancient and modern methods of telling the time don't always agree, even after making allowance for British Summer Time!

Incidentally, this church (St. Mary-the-Virgin, Staindrop, Co. Durham) has *inside* it a Saxon sundial as well as the tomb of Ralph Neville, the victor of Neville's Cross. Its little sacristy for chantry priests was once used as the town 'lock-up', while an upper room with a fireplace and an oblique squint on to the high altar was probably the lodging for a priest.—D. E. SCRIPPS (EVENWOOD, CO. DURHAM).

Children's Corner

PAGES FOR YOUNG READERS

COMPILED BY P. J. HUNT

The Story of St. Patrick

ST. Patrick's Day, as you probably know, is March 17th, and he is the patron saint of Ireland.

As a youth of sixteen, he was captured and carried off to Ireland as a slave, where he remained for six years. Eventually he escaped to France and later he returned to England, but he had decided that he must go back to Ireland to help the people there. He had visions and dreams in which the Irish asked him to come and help them. So he studied and became a priest, and then went over to Ireland as a missionary. There he founded many churches and baptised hundreds of people.

The hymn known as "St. Patrick's Breastplate" is said to have been written by him, and can be found in many hymn-books today. It begins—"I bind unto myself today the strong name of the Trinity . . ." St. Patrick is always connected especially with teachings about the Holy Trinity which is the Three Persons in One God,—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. He used a shamrock leaf, which has three leaves in one, as a little picture to help people understand what he meant by the Trinity.

Look up the hymn in your hymn-book; it is a good one to learn.



Reading the Bible Together

We are now in the season of Lent, which is the time when Christians try and take stock of their lives to see how they can be improved. This month's passage for reading aloud together is the story of how one man came to realise that he had not been firm enough to admit that he was a follower of the Lord Jesus. This happened just before the Crucifixion.

You will need one person to read the part of Peter, one to play the Narrator, and three to read the maids' parts.

Turn to St. Luke, chapter 23.

Verse 54	Narrator
.. 55	Peter
.. 56	1st Maid
.. 57	Peter
.. 58a	2nd Maid
.. 58b	Peter
.. 59	3rd Maid
.. 60a	Peter
.. 60b-61a ..	Narrator
.. 61b-62 ..	Peter



A Prayer

O Lord Jesus Christ, bless, we pray Thee, all children everywhere who are trying to follow Thee. Help us all to understand more clearly the things that a Christian should do. May we be truly sorry for the deeds which we do wrong, and please, dear Lord, give us the strength to do better each day.

Look Out For— Fonts

In Saxon times church fonts were mostly made of wood; in Norman times there were some of lead; but many more are of stone or marble. Often they are beautifully carved, and if you look closely, you may see figures of people or animals, or scenes from



An Ancient Stone Font Photo : Eric L. King

the Bible. There are many other types of decoration, too.

In olden times, it was the custom to keep the water in the font, but the holy water was often stolen, and so it became necessary to put a cover on the top of the font. Many of these covers were beautifully carved on wood. The Prayer Book now says at the beginning of the Baptism service that the font is to be filled afresh for each baptism.



A Font with a Cover Photo : John A. Long

Something To Do

Mr. Brown once picked up a book which his son, Peter, had brought home from Sunday School. He looked at it and said, "Fancy! I never knew our church was so old." Peter's book was called *A Guide to Our Church* and he had made it himself. He had found out all he could about his parish church and had written up all the facts in his book. There was the age of the church and interesting facts about the altar, the lectern, the pulpit and windows. Peter had drawn many of these things and had

written up some of the church's history too. He had found a picture of the church and had coloured it and stuck it on the cover. On the first page was a little prayer he had written to be said on entering the church; and on the last page a prayer to be said before leaving.

Visitors to the Browns' house were pleased to take Peter's book with them when they went to the church.

Can you make a guide book for your church? Your Sunday School teacher may help you. It may take several weeks to complete, but it will be a worthwhile job when it is finished.

Helps In The Kitchen

If you wish to store some of your cooking utensils for a time, rub them with a little pure lard and wrap them in clean newspapers. This will prevent any risk of slight rust and they will need very little attention when you start to re-use them.

Wooden salad bowls sometimes become dry and slightly cracked if not in use regularly, and this may be remedied by rubbing the wood with coconut oil. After the bowl has been treated thus, leave for at least 24 hours, then wash in tepid water

and dry thoroughly with a clean cloth.

When doing the washing on a frosty day, put a handful of common salt in the final rinsing water. This will prevent the clothes from freezing when drying outside.

An extra polish for glasses for a party table makes all the difference! Try rubbing them with soft tissue paper just before laying the table, and it will give them an extra special sparkle.—MARION HURST.



"Spring Sunshine"

Photo : D. E. Tyler

A HOUSEWIFE'S WEEK

- | | |
|---|---|
| On Monday wash away the doubts that worried you last week. | On Friday clear up a few things that you have lately planned. |
| On Tuesday iron out the fears that cross words made you keep. | On Saturday relax a bit, and see just where you stand. |
| On Wednesday cook up happiness and season it with smiles. | On Sunday, just remember, raise a thankful heart to Heaven |
| On Thursday shop, but keep your joy through the usual snags and trials. | To One who has bestowed His love for seven days out of seven. |

KAY ARMITAGE.

THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

Someone To Play With

E. M. VANCE

JULIAN knelt on the red hassock, his elbows on the ledge of the pew in front, his face in his hands, and prayed for a twin brother. Ever since Tony and Tim Spikes started school—living proof that such a magical thing existed—Julian had longed enviously for a twin.

By his side, Great-Aunt Celia, fat and rustly in her purple silk dress, said her prayers aloud, in a funny, dribbly voice, as if she had some soft toffee in her mouth.

Suddenly, everyone stood up. Julian struggled to his feet and took the book Great-Aunt Celia passed him opened at the next hymn. He was pleased that she thought he could read, after one term and a bit at the Kindergarten, and he pretended all the way through six verses, so's not to disillusion her.

With diminishing hope, Julian watched the choir walk into the vestry, two by two, when the service ended. He was mistaken then, in thinking they were coming down the church for him to choose a twin from amongst them.

Soon they were out in the sunshine, walking through the meadow towards Great-Aunt Celia's house. Julian climbed swiftly over the stile separating the meadow from the lane, and waited whilst Great-Aunt Celia, purple silk dress hitched in her sash, pantingly negotiated the hurdle.

Great-Aunt Celia's house was almost as big as a palace. It had

white pillars at the front porch, and two front doors, one behind the other. The first one had a huge brass knocker, and was left open in the daytime, but the second one was kept shut. Mrs. Fish, the housekeeper, would come to open it if you pulled the white china knob of the doorbell, because that sent a jangling noise down the hall and into her kitchen.

The staircase was wide, and turned round two corners before it reached the landing. The red carpet was so thick that no matter how he tried, Julian could not make a sound with his feet going upstairs. His room was next to Great-Aunt Celia's, and was almost as big as the village hall at home. The bed was wide, and so high that Julian had to climb on a chair to get into it. He slept in the middle, for fear of falling out on one side or the other, his body making a small dent where he lay. The bed linen smelled richly of lavender.

Great-Aunt Celia didn't seem to have any children anywhere in her palace, which was very disappointing, because he was sure Mummie had said something about having someone to play with, when she kissed him "good-bye" yesterday and went off to the hospital place with Daddy, just before Great-Aunt Celia brought him here. It was lonely without Mummie. He didn't know why she wanted to go to hospital, because she wasn't ill, and people who went to hospitals usually came home without things—

they took away William Martin's tonsils, and Sheila Brown's appendix, didn't they? Following Great-Aunt Celia into her palace, Julian vowed that he would consider doing without a twin, if only Mummie returned to him quite complete.

In the dining-room, Great-Aunt Celia sat at the table sharpening the carving knife. Julian held his teeth tightly together while the horrid, steely noise was going on. At home, Julian always had his dinner on the little plate with yellow, blue and mauve pansies in the middle; and he had to guess which pansy was under the potatoes, and which under the meat and sprouts. Always he finished every scrap.

Today, he could still hardly see any of the blue pattern on his plate, although he had been eating for ages and ages. With a sigh, he put down his knife and fork for a rest, and immediately, to his surprise and relief, Mrs. Fish gathered up the plate and replaced it with a bowl of red jelly. Julian managed to empty this with little effort, wiping his mouth afterwards on the stiff white napkin, and following Great-Aunt Celia out into the garden. At home, Julian and his mother had tea laid on the dining-room table, but Great-Aunt Celia had hers sitting in an easy chair by the fireside in the drawing-room, with a plate balanced on her purple silk lap, and the tea-things on a trolley at her side. Julian sat uncertainly on a large round hassock, with his cup of milk on a stool beside him.

In the bath, which was in the middle of a big polished kind of box, Mrs. Fish covered him with soap, then rinsed him all over with a prickly sponge, before standing him out for drying. His feet made wet patterns on the cork mat while Mrs. Fish rubbed him briskly with a cold rough towel, not a bit like the warm one Mummie dried him with at home.

Julian was glad to be in the middle

of the big bed again. He had said his prayers quickly, because Mrs. Fish was watching, but now the door was closed and he was alone. He leaned up on his elbow and was ashamed that he hadn't asked God to see that Mummie didn't have anything cut off in hospital. Julian regretted, too, that he hadn't asked again for a twin brother, like the Spikes boys. If only he could have a twin, he wouldn't be lonely any more. He sighed; perhaps he wasn't praying hard enough; perhaps he wasn't really praying at all, only wishing—but he always said "amen" at the end, and that made it a prayer, didn't it?

Through the window he could see the meadow drenched in moonlight, and at the far side, Great-Aunt Celia's church with its tall steeple. Suddenly, Julian sat upright in bed. Supposing he went across the meadow now, in the moonlight, to say his prayers properly in Great-Aunt Celia's church? God would hear him better if nobody else was praying at the same time. There would be plenty of room in this big bed for a twin if he got one to-night. Great-Aunt Celia would have a surprise in the morning, but he guessed she wouldn't mind much.

Julian slipped out of bed and struggled into his dressing-gown and slippers. The light was still burning on the landing, and when he turned the first corner on the stairs, the moon sent a brilliant shaft of silver on to the red carpet.

He managed to open the inner door silently. The second one was still open; Mrs. Fish and Great-Aunt Celia hadn't gone to bed yet. The night air was sweet with the scent of flowering shrubs. The driveway curled round to the big gates, and felt stony beneath his slippers. An owl hooted overhead, and another answered from across the meadow.

(Continued on page 46)

BERNARD CROFT *visits*

Ely and Cambridge

and remembers Hereward the Wake
and Rupert Brooke

OXFORD men love to tell the story of how in a certain guide-book to England—written by a foreign gentleman!—there appeared at one time a note under the heading “Cambridge”—“may be omitted if pressed for time.”

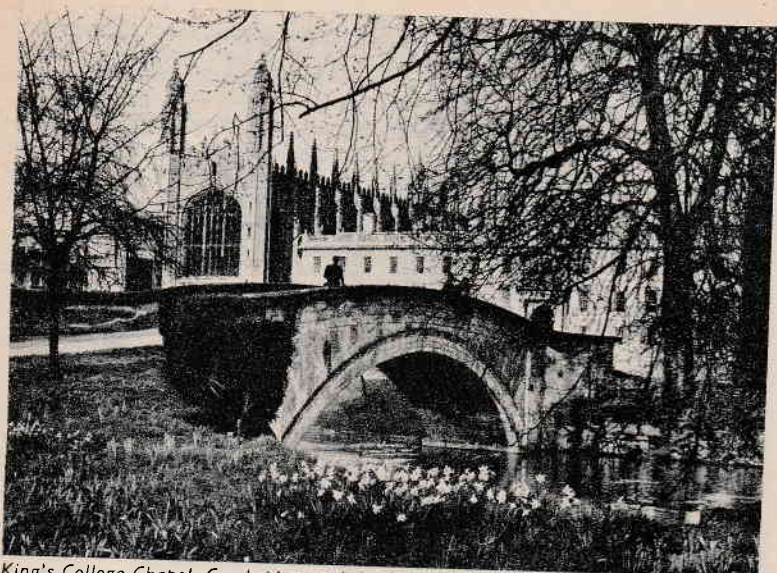
As I am neither an Oxford nor a Cambridge man (I was trained for the sacred ministry by another mediaeval method; that of the seminary) I feel I can write impartially about both places. But having been for some years in charge of a district church on the edge of Oxford, I naturally know Oxford better than “the other place.” So I was glad when the opportunity presented itself of seeing something of Cambridge and nearby Ely on a recent motoring tour.

It was a glorious day in early summer (June, actually, though Cambridge was keeping its “May Week”!) and I approached the ancient university city with the words of Rupert Brooke much in mind. He wrote his poem, “The Old Vicarage, Grantchester,” whilst living in Germany before the first world war and in it he makes some amusing comments on the inhabitants of villages he knew well around Cambridge; Haslingfield, Coton, Royston, Over, Ditton, Shelford, Barton, Madingley, Cherry Hinton, St. Ives and Babraham. And though he declared that Cambridge

people rarely smile, “being urban, squat, and packed with guile,” (whilst Grantchester folk were all that people should be, of course) he maintains that “Cambridge of all England is the shire for Men who Understand.”

This was not my first visit to these parts, for during the war I was once sent on a chaplains’ course to one of the Cambridge colleges. And, later on, I was posted temporarily as chaplain to the R.A.F. hospital in Ely. But I had seen enough of both places then to make me want to revisit them. I was, it must be admitted, somewhat pressed for time; but I did spend an evening and a morning in Cambridge and came away completely on the side of Mr. John Betjeman and “all agin” his Town Clerk who declared “Cambridge, I fear, is living in the past; she needs more factories, not useless things, like that great chapel which they keep at King’s.”

Besides seeing that glorious chapel again (made famous by the broadcasting of its Nine Lessons and Carols Service at Christmas time) I found time to see something of the Round Church (of Crusader days), one or two other colleges besides King’s and to walk through the meadows by the river-side—the famous “Backs.” I sauntered round some of its narrow streets (admiring again that splendid row of chimneys in



King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and the River Cam

Photo : Reece Winstone

Trinity Lane) and entered into the bustle of the market round Great St. Mary's church. Like Oxford, by day its streets are full of bicycles; and motor-cars, of course. Indeed while I was there a motor-car appeared on the roof of one of the colleges. But I had nothing to do with that! And at night I had a meal amid the hubbub of talk provided by long-haired and long-scarved young members of the university. It made me feel quite old!

Next morning I was off to Ely. Here, by way of contrast to the noisy town, was the quietness of a small cathedral city. For just as small and quiet Southwell with its great Minster includes within its diocesan boundary the great industrial city of Nottingham, so Ely with its great and in many ways unique cathedral rules ecclesiastically from its cloistered quietness over Cambridge.

"The Isle of Ely"—like "The Soke of Peterborough" not very far away—is, of course, Hereward the Wake

country and I was reminded of that firm favourite of my schoolboy reading days; the hero who made the last stand against the Normans and whose adventures were so excitingly written of by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, some time Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. It was his last completed novel, and holds its own very well with "Westward Ho!" and "The Water-Babies."

Like so many other cathedrals and great parish churches up and down the land, Ely, I found, was appealing for money to carry out much-needed restoration work. Let us hope the money flows in! For what a wonderful church it is, with that great lantern tower and its glow of colour within. I could not help envying the Canons and all the cathedral staff and the students of the Theological College here who have the privilege and opportunity of worshipping in this lovely shrine.

Someone To Play With—Continued

Julian scurried down the lane to the stile. Here, his dressing-gown bothered him a little, but remembering what Great-Aunt Celia had done with her purple dress, he tied the cord very tight, and hitched the wrap short enough for climbing.

Once through the little gate into the churchyard, where the moon made pools of light between the shadows of bushes and trees, Julian had the peculiar feeling that it was someone else, and not he, who was going to church in the middle of the night. He walked thoughtfully up the path and into the porch. The door was locked! He looked round urgently and found the key on a nail with the notice board.

His hands trembled with excitement as he turned the key in the lock, and the door creaked protestingly as he pushed it open.

The shadowy church looked bigger to-night than it had this morning. The moon shining into the middle part made the corners very dark. Julian found the hassock he'd knelt on that morning and, bending his small, weary legs, he arranged his dressing gown round them and put his head in his hands. It was hard to pray when you were cold and very tired. Julian screwed his eyes tight shut to help concentration.

"Please God," he whispered, "bring my Mummie back soon." Then as an afterthought: "And let her be all complete. Amen."

Julian took a deep breath and said "Please God, will You send me a twin brother?" four times before he had to take in some more breath.

He looked expectantly round, but he was still alone in the big, cold church. He yawned sleepily, and wished he was back in the big, soft, lavender bed, all warm and curled up.

He must have slept a little, because it was quite light when he was roused by voices and Mrs. Fish wrapped him in a blanket. Great-Aunt Celia, sniffing by his side, planted a bristly kiss on his forehead. A man was with them—Julian recognised him as the one who collected the hymn-books in church that morning (or was it yesterday?) and all three were trying to pick him up. It was the man who carried him back over the meadow, with Mrs. Fish and Great-Aunt Celia on either side. Going over the stile held high in the man's arms was like flying in an aeroplane. They waited—the man with his back turned—while Mrs. Fish helped Great-Aunt Celia over.

"Perhaps you will tell us now," said the man, looking down into Julian's small, pale face, "why you wanted to spend the night in church?"

"I only went to ask God to send Mummie back—and for a twin," he added.

"Your father," said Great-Aunt Celia, breathing heavily, "telephoned at dawn. It was when I came to tell you, that I found your bed empty."

"Wh-what did he say?" anticipation reduced Julian's voice to a whisper.

"He said that your mother will be home next week—and that she is bringing you a baby brother!"

"A BABY?" The disappointment was sharp. Whatever good was a baby?

"He'll soon grow." Great-Aunt Celia's brisk cheerfulness was comforting. If he couldn't have a twin, he supposed the next best thing was a baby brother who would grow. And Mummie would be home next week!

At the porch of her palace, Great-Aunt Celia took him from the man and hugged him tight.

"... just what he wants;" her dribbly voice was saying as they went indoors, "someone to play with."

The Making of Our Bible—Continued

that it gives to older documents. It is indeed these new discoveries and the desire for a Bible in contemporary English that are the reasons for this translation, the Old Testament portion of which will follow in a few years.

The translators and their literary advisers will have done their work with all the care and knowledge possible. In judging the result, we shall no doubt miss some of the glorious phrases that have captivated our hearts since childhood, but we must bear in mind the intention—a faithful translation, more possible now than ever before, written in a style as natural to 1961 as that of the Authorized Version was to 1611. If it is appreciated and accepted, the whole English-speaking world will be the gainer.

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be used as Group funds. Can you help? Can you provide a "Job"? Gardening, painting, car cleaning, window cleaning—anything undertaken.

YOUTH FELLOWSHIP :

The Y.F. held a rip-rearing Western Style Party in the Church Hall. "Haybarn" on Shrove Tuesday. The Hall was decorated with genuine "Dodge City" posters, and Sandy Dunkley who drew them has been "dodging" local worthies ever since he pinned them up. The noose in the middle of the "barn" warned everyone to restrain themselves, and Miss Baker, who called out instructions for the "Lucky Seven" Square dance managed to use up any surplus energy there might have been. The Committee—and especially Vivien Roberts and Theresa Hilditch who looked after the food side—ought to be congratulated on this grand party. We'd like to thank John Walker too for his capable work as M.C., and also his friends from Stanton St. John who provided additional entertainment.

Although the party ended late (i.e. for those who stayed on to clear up afterwards!) it didn't stop a good number from turning up on the following morning for the Pre-breakfast Bible study at 7.15 a.m. We are studying the lessons used at Matins on the following Sunday, and if the first Discussion is anything to go by, we can look forward to some illuminating times together.

CHOIR NOTES :

The choir are practicing a new setting for the Benedicite which will be used during Lent. The music is more varied than the setting previously used, and the congregation should not find much difficulty in joining in.

Jonathan Smith has joined the Trebles and should soon earn his surplice. Your choir would be much more complete if there were someone to sing the alto part. Volunteers (male) will be most welcome. We have two excellent basses, but unfortunately neither can attend as regularly as he would wish, and so another regular bass would be gladly received. Any offers?

(These notes have been sent in by Mr. Porter, who is now our Choir Correspondent. Ed.).

RINGERS NOTES :

During January ringers from Marston took part in the ringing for the 80th Birthday of the Oxford Diocesan Guild with various peals.

Annual General Meeting of Ringers

This was held on 3rd February and was attended by 18 ringers and the Vicar. The following officers were elected:—Captain—R. H. Jones, Vice-Captain—A. Smith, Tower Steward—Noel D. Deam, Secretary and Treasurer—Alec Gammon, with Vicar as Chairman. The officers and the following to form a committee: Elaine Lines, Helen Williams, Margaret Cozier.

Congratulations to Margaret Cozier first peal and first attempt, also Elizabeth Miller first quarter of doubles, and first quarter of doubles inside for Margaret Cozier.

PARISH PROGRAMME FOR MARCH

- Mar. 1. Wednesday. St. David's Day.
7.15 a.m. Pre-Breakfast Bible Study (Youth) in Church Hall
(Cups of tea provided. Meeting lasts $\frac{1}{2}$ hour).
7.45 p.m. SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS. 2: "I believe in
.....the Crucified Christ." The Rev. Geoffrey Rogers,
Warden of Lee Abbey, N. Devon.
- Mar. 2. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Said Evensong and Parish Prayers.
- Mar. 4. Saturday. Over 60's. Coffee Morning in the Church Hall.
Bring and Buy Stall.
- Mar. 5. 3rd Sunday in Lent:
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Corporate Breakfast).
11.0 a.m. Matins. Preacher: Mr. Peter Knut (Germany).
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

- Mar. 7. Tuesday. 7.30 p.m. Vestry Meeting.
7.45 p.m. ANNUAL PAROCHIAL CHURCH MEETING.
- Mar. 8. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Pre-Breakfast Bible Study, Church Hall.
7.45 p.m. SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS. 3: "I believe in
.....the Risen Christ." The Rev. the Hon. A. C.
V. Elphinstone, Vicar of Worplesdon.
- Mar. 9. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Said Evensong and Parish Prayers.
- Mar. 12. 4th Sunday in Lent. MOTHERING SUNDAY.
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
3.0 p.m. Special Mothering Day Family Service.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Mar. 15. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Pre-Breakfast Bible Study, Church Hall.
7.45 p.m. SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS. 4: "I believe in
.....The Holy Spirit." The Rev. Howard J. Rose,
Vicar of Ditchling, Sussex.
- Mar. 16. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Said Evensong and Parish Prayers.
- Mar. 18. Saturday. Scout Barbecue in Vicarage Gardens.
- Mar. 19. 5th Sunday in Lent. (Passion Sunday).
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. Family Communion Service (Hymns and Address).
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Mar. 22. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Pre-Breakfast Bible Study, Church Hall.
7.45 p.m. SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS. 5: "I believe in
.....the Church and the Sacraments." The Rev. F.
J. Taylor, Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.
- Mar. 23. Thursday. 7.30 a.m. Said Evensong and Intercessions.
- Mar. 25. Annunciation of the B.V.M. 11 a.m. Holy Communion.
- Mar. 26. 6th Sunday in Lent. (Palm Sunday).
(Please return all Missionary Boxes on this day).
8.0 a.m. Holy Communion with Blessing and Distribution of
Palm Crosses.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
4.0 p.m. Baptism Service.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Mar. 29. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Pre-Breakfast Bible Study, Church Hall.
- Mar. 30. Maundy Thursday. 8 p.m. The Lord's Supper.
Holy Communion with Hymns and Address.
- Mar. 31. GOOD FRIDAY
8.0 a.m. Ante-Communion.
11.0 a.m. One Hour's Devotion.
7.45 p.m. UNITED SERVICE (St. Nicholas County Primary
School). Preacher: Rev. Donald Knighton, Methodist
- Apr. 2. EASTER DAY.
7 a.m., 8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
6.30 p.m. Festival of Easter Lessons and Hymns.

Throughout Lent a special serial story: "The House at the Right Side of the Road" will be told to children (7—11s) in Church at 4.15 p.m. Every child who attends will receive a stamp book with special stamps for each session.

House Communion Services will be held throughout Lent in homes in the parish. Those still wishing to arrange for a House Communion on a week night are asked to contact the Vicar as soon as possible.

N.B. Owing to shortage of space Baptism and Wedding Notices have been held over until next month.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC

CHURCH.

- Bell Ringers.** Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.
Bible Reading Fellowship. Sec. : Mrs. A. Anderson, 6 Haynes Road.
Brownies : Brown Owl : Mrs. Doman, 26 Cavendish Drive.
Choir. Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 31 Oxford Road.
Cubs. Leader : Mr. Morse, 44 Townsend Square, Oxford.
Marston News Magazine. Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.
Men's Forum. Sec. : Mr. H. Starmer-Smith, 15 Rippington Drive.
Mothers' Union. Sec. : Mrs. N. E. Green, 60 Oxford Road.
Parochial Church Council. Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.
Pathfinders. Leader :
Scouts. G.S.M. : Mr. A. Brown, 8 Mortimer Drive.
S.M. : Mr. G. Selby, 47 Cherwell Drive.
Scripture Union. Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.
Weekly Offering Envelopes : Mr. H. Starmer Smith, 15 Rippington Drive, Old Marston.
Young Wives' Group. Sec. : Mrs. P. Clay, Above Mead, Barton Lane, Headington.
Youth Fellowship :

LOCAL.

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

USEFUL INFORMATION

- District Nurses, 6 Broughton's Close, Old Marston. Tel. Oxford 44417
Infant Welfare Clinic : Church Hall, Thursdays, 2—4 p.m.
Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths : 22 Oxford Road, Thursdays
4—4.30 p.m.

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