

"I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE"

No. 44

OCTOBER, 1961

Price 4d.



*THE MAGAZINE OF —  
St. Nicholas Church, Marston*

# ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

Vicar : Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A., 11 Elsfield Road, Old Marston.  
Tel. : 47034.

Churchwardens : Prof. V. T. Harlow, C.M.G., M.A., D.Litt., Fir Tree House, Old Marston.  
Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13 Jack Straw's Lane, Oxford.

Vergger :

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

## SERVICES :

**Sundays** : Holy Communion 8.0 a.m.

Also on First Sunday of the month, 12 noon.

**FAMILY COMMUNION** : 9.30 a.m. on 3rd Sunday of month.

Children's Church : 11 a.m. in Hall.

Morning Prayer : 11 a.m.

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

Evensong : 6.30 p.m.

**Saints' Days** : Holy Communion as announced.

**Holy Baptism** : Fourth Sunday of the month at 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).

**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.

**Girl Guides** : To be arranged.

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

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

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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.

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY,  
AND FOR EVER"

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS  
OF THY YOUTH"

MARSTON VICARAGE,  
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends.

"When did you last see your father?"

I for one can answer "Last week on T.V." It was a pleasant surprise to spot him sitting with the Prolocutors of the York Convocation at the enthronement of "the Most Reverend Father in God, Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England."

And what an inspiring service it was for those in the Minister as well as the millions who heard and saw the service relayed by radio and television! Dr. Coggan didn't pull his punches. Listen to this:

"Many organisations which now occupy much time and energy in our churches could well die a comely death. (The) activity of producing intelligent Christians with an infectious faith is at once one of the main reasons for the existence of the Church and one of the most clamant needs of the world."

What about the society to which we belong in our church? Is it helping to do just this—or not?

And again,

"We can no longer think in terms of overseas missions as over against the work of the Church at home. This is one work, as there is one Lord, and one faith, and one baptism."

It is much more important that the Christian task should be got on with in Africa than that my parish church should have a new luxury organ."

I wish I could quote the whole sermon, but there isn't room in this short letter, and these two quotes give plenty to think about.

We all of us need to see our Christian faith on the broad canvas of world need. I am heartily sick of those who proclaim only a "party" viewpoint in the Church, and can only look at the world through "Evangelical" (Low Church) or "Catholic" (High Church) spectacles. Thank God that to be "Church of England" means that one inherits the best of Catholic worship and devotion, as well as the freedom and zeal of the Evangelical Gospel. As I have quoted before, "The most important thing is not whether one is High or Low in the Church, but whether one is "Deep."

It is only the "Deep" Christians, who are in close touch with Christ all the time, who have that "infectious faith," of which Dr. Coggan spoke, "which is one of the most clamant needs of the world."

Yours sincerely,



**HARVEST FESTIVAL — SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1st.**

8 a.m. and Noon. HOLY COMMUNION (YOUTH FELLOWSHIP CORPORATE BREAKFAST).

11.0 a.m. MATINS. Preacher: The Rev. John Girling, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Aylesbury.

3.00 p.m. CHILDREN'S GIFT SERVICE. Parents most welcome.

6.30 p.m. EVENSONG. Preacher: The Rev. Peter Nixson, Priest Missioner of St. Mary's, Bayswater.

**PARISH PARTY — FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6th.**

7.30 p.m. In the St. Nicholas' County Primary School. Tickets 3/6 (including refreshments). Come and help to make this a truly "PARISH" party!

**NEW PARISH WORKER:**

Miss Olive Lodge is now with us. Please make yourself known to her and remember to pray for her as she begins her ministry in Marston.

#### **FRIENDS OF MARSTON :**

Mr. M. Garner, Secretary to the Parish Council, has asked me to say that a short Parish Meeting is being summoned on October 3rd (Tuesday) at 7.30 p.m., when the Council will state their views on the formation of such a body, and why they are unable to constitute it.

The date unfortunately clashes with that of our P.C.C., but it is hoped that as many others as possible who are interested in this matter will make it their business to attend. The meeting will be held at the St. Nicholas' County Primary School.

#### **"WHERE'S MY PARISH PROGRAMME?"**

You'll soon be saying that, if you want to know what's going on in the parish. If you haven't collected yours from Church, please ask for one, and don't wait for any official invitation to join us at any activities which appeal to you.

We particularly hope that newcomers to the parish will make themselves known to us at the various gatherings, so that we may get to know each other.

#### **"YOUR LIFE AND YOUR MONEY!"**

The Sidesmen don't ask for your collection at the point of a pistol, but as a Christian we do believe that our lives and our money belong to God who gave them to us. That means that our lives must be spent in Christ's service, and our money must be spent in the way He directs.

One schoolgirl who, like many, does a job in the holidays, tithes her savings, and gives 2/- a week through the Weekly Envelope Scheme. If she can do that, then many of us can give more.

By the way, don't be afraid to let the plate pass by you, if you've given your offering at the early service. The Sidesmen will quite understand.

#### **CONFIRMATION CLASSES :**

Many young Christians are eager to become full members of the Church, to "confirm" their baptism vows, and to be "confirmed" (i.e. made firm) through the help of the Holy Spirit.

It is hoped to have a Confirmation Service in Lent, and talks in preparation for this will begin on October 29th at the Vicarage at 10 a.m. Candidates should be at least 14 years old by next Spring, and will be expected to attend ALL classes, but will attend the Family Communion Service on the 3rd Sunday of the month. The talks will last about 40 minutes and candidates will then go on to Matins for part of the service. They will as a result receive not only instruction, but share in the corporate worship of the Church.

It is hoped that parents also will back them up by their own example in regular Sunday worship. If you have got out of the habit of going to Church, now is a good time to begin, and John and Mary will appreciate it all the more Dad and Mother come with them.

#### **MEET THE MISSIONARIES :**

October 30th. Oxford C.M.S. Rally in Oxford Town Hall, at 7.30 p.m.  
Chairman : The Lord Bishop of Oxford.

A Team of Missionaries introduced by the Rev. L. G. Fisher, C.M.S. Home Secretary. Community Hymn Singing from 7.15 p.m. Please be sure to attend this gathering.

#### **DO YOU KNOW WHAT A WHAT-NOT IS?**

According to the Dictionary it is "a stand or piece of household furniture having shelves for papers and books, etc."

Well, you may not be able to part with one of these, but at any rate you've certainly got plenty of other whatnots which could be sold at the

**BROWNIE JUMBLE SALE** to be held in the **CHURCH HALL**

on October 14th at 2.30 p.m.

If a Brownie hasn't called on you and you have some Jumble, please let the Vicar know and he will arrange for the Brownies to collect it.

### WEDDING BELLS :

"HAVING BEEN RESPONSIBLE for her early tuition as a bell-ringer" writes Mr. Alec Gammon our Ringers Secretary, "I would like to wish Christine Woodward and her husband all happiness on behalf of St. Nicholas' Ringers."

The wish is echoed by many in the parish who have known Christine not only as Tower Captain, but also as a Sunday School Teacher, and also an active Secretary of the Management Committee of the local County Youth Club. Christine was known in other local towers, and this month's ringers report announces that our band has been ringing at St. Mary Magdalene, St. Cross, Oxford, as well as at Langford and Lechlade.

This month also brings news of the forthcoming departure of Mr. Roy Jones, our Tower Captain, who moves to Worcester, where he will be both studying and teaching. We send him our best wishes for the future and would like to say "THANK YOU" to him for all that he has done to put the Marston Tower on the Map, and into the "Ringers World."

Mr. Fred Smith will become Tower Captain, with Mr. Noel Deam as Ringing Master, and it is hoped that some more men will enroll as ringers in the Marston Tower.

### UNIQUE HOLIDAYS :

"When the engine seized up on the Autobahn in the Eastern Zone of Germany, we were a bit apprehensive at first, but the People's Police came along and were most helpful." This was one of the experiences of Andrew Dinkley who spent a unique and useful holiday with other Christians in a building project for mentally handicapped children in East Germany. Staying in West Berlin, they journeyed across the border at a time when American tanks faced the water cannons of the Eastern Zone. The general impression was that of the apathy on the faces of the majority of East Germans, all except the Christians. "The Christian Church there needs our practical help," said Andrew "and there's one thing we can all do for them now—pray for them." Descriptions of other holidays in France, North Wales, Scotland, and North Devon, were given by other members of the Y.F. Two young people from Paris and Bonn, gave the meeting an international flavour, and we were delighted to welcome them to this our 3rd Sunday Discussion Night for teenagers.

### MARSTON TO SANDHURST :

Julian Starmer Smith, our popular Y.F. Secretary, and winner of the Duke of Edinburgh's award is now in training at Sandhurst as an Officer-Cadet. We shall look forward to seeing him in a few weeks time on his first leave and send him our good wishes for the future.

### MRS. ENID SAGE :

Although officially attached to St. Mary's Church, where her husband is Churchwarden, Mrs. Enid Sage was a good friend of St. Nicholas', and a Magazine distributor. Her sudden death was a great shock to all who knew her, and we are grateful to remember her as a gracious and good mother, whose kindness and natural friendliness will be missed in the village. We send our deepest sympathies to her husband, Rosemary, Valerie and Daphne.

### HOLY BAPTISM

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

- July 23. Steven, son of Horace Stanley and Mabel Frances Marsh.  
Sept. 10. Anthony John, son of Ivor Frederick and Carol Ann Hall.  
Paul Edward, son of John Francis and Audrey Marsh.  
David, son of Keith Victor and Patricia Anne Spencer-Matthews.

### HOLY MATRIMONY

- Aug. 12. Colin Richard Peter Wood and Joan Kendall.  
 „ 19. Roy Edgar Waters and Judith Ann Tasker.  
 Sept. 2. Keith Croxon and Wendy Haddleton.  
 „ 9. Geoffrey Lanegan and Christine Mary Woodward.  
 „ 9. Albert Baker and Margaret Elizabeth Ward.

### IN MEMORIAM

- Aug. 21. Thomas Henry Smith.  
 Sept. 1. Enid Bridger-Sage.  
 „ 16. Herbert Percival Cummings.

### COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

	£	s.	d.	Communicants
August 6th	21	17	6	77
August 13th	15	12	9	16
August 20th	14	2	4	13
August 27th	13	14	10	20

### PARISH CALENDAR

- Oct. 1. Trinity XVIII.  
**HARVEST FESTIVAL** (See Magazine Notes).  
 Oct. 3. (Tuesday)  
 7.30 p.m. Parish Meeting re Friends of Old Marston  
 (St. Nicholas' County Primary School).  
 8.00 p.m. P.C.C. Meeting, St. Nicholas' Church Hall.  
 Oct. 4. (Wednesday)  
 7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group. Hair Styling by Peter Sloane.  
 Oct. 6. (Friday)  
 7.30 p.m. **PARISH PARTY.** St. Nicholas' County Primary  
 School. Tickets 3/6.  
 Oct. 8. Trinity XIX.  
 Baptisms at 3 p.m.  
 Oct. 11. (Wednesday)  
 7.45 p.m. M.U. "The Magistrate" — Mrs. Parsons.  
 Oct. 14. (Saturday)  
 2.30 p.m. Brownies Jumble Sale.  
 Oct. 15. Trinity XX.  
 9.30 a.m. **FAMILY COMMUNION.**  
 Oct. 18. (Wednesday). St. Luke's Day  
 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group. "Why Baptism" The Vicar.  
 Oct. 21. (Saturday)  
 Over 60's. Coffee Morning, Bring and Buy Sale.  
 Oct. 22. Trinity XXI.  
 Baptisms at 3 p.m.  
 Oct. 25. (Wednesday)  
 2.45 p.m. M.U. "Spiritual Healing" — Rev. Lloyd Jenkins.  
 7.45 p.m. Men's Forum.  
 Oct. 28. (Friday). S. Simon and S. Jude  
 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 Lee Abbey Reunion — St. Paul's Cathedral and Central Hall,  
 Westminster.  
 Oct. 29. Trinity XXII  
 10.0 a.m. **FIRST COMMUNION TALK** (Vicarage).  
 Oct. 30. (Monday)  
 7.30 p.m. **TOWN HALL**—"Meet the Missionaries."

# Scargill



*the New Christian Centre in the Yorkshire Dales*



described by the Assistant Warden

THE REV. DICK MARSH



ONE of modern man's great needs is to find peace, quiet, and time to think without having to act, and some means of "getting away from it all" for short periods. We know that Christ taught His disciples the necessity and the rightness of this "coming apart to rest awhile." Yet where in a busy crowded life, spent perhaps in the noise and bustle of a big industrial city, is it possible to do just this?

In the heart of the Yorkshire dales, fourteen miles from the nearest town but by no means inaccessible, stands a large country house, behind it a steeply-pointed chapel roof, dominating the quiet scene of country road, river and hills rising up to the open moor. Just two years ago this place, Scargill House, Kettlewell, became a Christian holiday and conference centre, dedicated to the service of God and His Church in the North of England, and already

over four thousand people from all walks of life and from every part of the country have passed through its doors.

The house was acquired in a remarkable way. For some years previously individual Christian people had been aware of the need for such a centre in the North, and in 1957 one man saw that Scargill was for sale and realised its possibilities as a Christian holiday and conference centre. A handful of friends joined him, and after praying together they became sure that God would have them buy this house. None of this little group was wealthy, but between them they found the money for the necessary deposit and then, in faith, they each wrote to ten or twelve personal friends asking for financial help. Simultaneously, the Friends of Lee Abbey (an already established Christian holiday centre in North Devon) were invited to help too. Within a month, £43,000 had been received, either in gifts or interest-free loans, and this indeed seemed God's mandate to go ahead. The house was paid for, alterations and additions were made to fit it for its new purpose, and it was comfortably furnished throughout in contemporary style to accommodate 90 guests. On 27th June 1959, it was dedicated by the Bishop of Coventry.

While the house was being thus



prepared, the community of people who would work in it and care for its guests, was being built up. The first Warden, the Reverend Arthur Barker, was appointed, and his assistant, also an ordained man. The remaining fourteen or fifteen Community members are lay men and women who come from many walks of life—a hospital catering officer, a civil engineer, a nursery nurse, a teacher, among others. All members of the Community live, work and worship together. They all receive the same pay regardless of their particular job, and all share in the policy and planning of the work of the house. All take part in entertaining and caring for the guests, socially and spiritually. All have a clear belief that this is where God would have them be.

Still at the beginnings of its work, Scargill is largely experimental, but certain trends are seen to be developing. During the summer months and at Christmas and Easter, holiday house-parties are held; these are open to families, small groups, or individuals. Walking, swimming, caving parties etc. are arranged, there is a weekly coach trip, in the

evenings there are indoor social activities, and each day closes with an informal Epilogue. During the remainder of the year, the house is used for conferences of great variety: the Church Army, the Nurses' Christian Movement, lay-readers, the newly formed College of Preachers, youth-training and parish week-ends, and many others. Pilot schemes of courses for Borstal boys, for factory apprentices, and for school-children have been added to the scope of the work over the past year.

The most recent addition to the house has been a lovely Scandinavian-style chapel, designed by George Pace, the York architect, and built by local craftsmen. This chapel was

*(Continued on page 156)*



# SERMONS BY BEQUEST

ARTHUR GAUNT

**O**UR Church anniversaries cover a wide range, and among the most curious are those involving annual sermons in fulfilment of old wills. A surprisingly large number of our churches, indeed, have bequests which require special discourses to be given on a certain date each year.

Benefactors in bygone times seem to have had a great liking for promoting their favourite religious interests in this way, by making wills to ensure that successive generations of church-goers should not lack instruction on the subject.

Thus, a Grantham innkeeper who particularly deplored drunkenness arranged for the preaching of a regular sermon against it, and for just on 250 years a temperance discourse has been given annually in the parish church. The innkeeper was Michael Solomon, who owned the "Angel," once the property of the Knights Templar.

Downham Church, Lancashire, is the setting for a sermon of greater antiquity, and even the text was specified by the testator responsible, Ralph Assheton. He realised that congregations were usually largest when the preacher was a visitor, so he willed £70 to the church authorities for the payment of a stranger to preach at Downham and Whalley respectively.

The special sermon was to be given at Whalley Church each February, and the one at Downham was to be

given on the anniversary of the testator's death, the interest from the legacy to go to the ministers concerned. Ralph Assheton's will expressly excluded the incumbents of Downham and Whalley from the bequest, and when he made it nearly 300 years ago he stipulated that the texts were to be taken from either Job XIX 23-27 or Colossians III 3-4.

An Amersham (Bucks.) lady who died in 1730 was deeply concerned lest future generations might forget the implications and sanctity of the Communion. As a reminder she made a charitable bequest to the parish, and included a condition requiring four sermons upon the Holy Communion to be given each year. That condition has been faithfully and religiously observed throughout the ensuing years. The lady concerned, Mrs. Elizabeth Bent, also has a tablet to her memory in the church, and it is singular because it was put there several years before her death.

Rotherham parish church received a legacy nearly three centuries ago for a St. Thomas's Day sermon, but there is now some doubt about the donor. It is not known whether the bequest was made by a Mr. Taylor or by his widow, but in 1667 or 1671 property was left to bring in £2 a year for such a sermon, as well as to provide for eight needy widows.

Strange circumstances surrounded the founding of an annual sermon at St. Katherine Cree Church, in Leadenhall Street, London. Known as the Lion Sermon, it takes place on October 16th each year, and owes its origin to an incident in the life of Sir John Gayer, a 17th-century Lord Mayor of London.

A keen traveller, he was once making his way through Arabia when he became separated from his companions and had to spend the

*(Continued on page 157)*

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# Church Notes and Views

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## **A Great Thunderstorm**

ON Sunday afternoon, October 21st, 1638, while the Vicar of Widecombe-in-the-Moor was in his pulpit there was a terrific thunderstorm.

The north-east pinnacle of the church was struck by lightning and fell through the roof of the church, and a great ball of fire came in at a window and passed through the building. Four of the congregation were killed and sixty-two injured. Superstition attributes this storm to a visitation of Satan, coming to claim a man who was to be his when he was found asleep where he ought not to be.

The landlady of the inn at Poundsgate, some four or five miles from the church and in the parish, testified that on that Sunday afternoon a horseman called for a drink, and she noticed that as the ale passed down his throat it sizzled as when water is poured on to hot iron. Thus she knew who was riding for Widecombe. Arrived there he hitched his horse to one of the pinnacles, found his victim asleep, dragged him to the top of the tower, and in loosing his horse overthrew the pinnacle into the church and vanished amid thunder and lightning.

This superstition evidently still survives, for not so very long ago a school-mistress in a Devon school asked one of the children, "What do you know of your ghostly enemy?" and received the reply, "If you please, ma'am, he lives to Widecombe."—REV. C. K. BURTON (TAVISTOCK).

We offer five shillings for every photograph with notes and half-a-crown for every paragraph without a photograph, which we print on this page. Entries should be sent to: The Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.

## **A Dickensian Church**

CLIFFE Church stands on the edge of Cliffe marshes. This small picturesque church is that mentioned in Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations," as readers of this well-known classic will recollect. Standing in the churchyard are the thirteen graves of the parents, brothers and sisters of "Pip," Dickens's central character in "Great Expectations."—PAULINE J. HEAD (ROCHESTER).



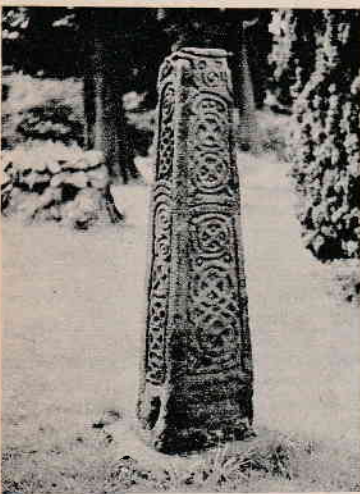
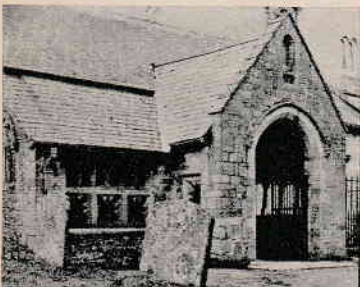
## **Oldest Sunday School?**

THERE has been a Sunday School at Forest Green, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, since 1775. When Robert Raikes was visiting villages, during his campaign, he was pleased to find, on visiting Forest Green, that there had already been a Sunday School there for five years. This may well be the oldest in Britain.

My grandparents taught in the Sunday School at Forest Green for many years, as did my father until he moved to Stroud. My grandmother, Mrs. Gertrude Guy, died in 1956 at the age of 86, and all her life had taken a great interest in Forest Green Sunday School.—JILL R. GUY (STROUD).

## **"Waterloo Church"**

IN celebration of the Battle of Waterloo, a Government grant was made for the erection of churches in various parts of the country, and one of these is the church of St. Peter, Delamere, Cheshire. This church was erected in a clearing of the Forest, which was Crown land. The church bell has the inscription, "The sands of the desert shall blossom as the rose."—REV. G. S. HEWINS (CLEOBURY MORTIMER).



### Roman Relics

THE Parish Church of St. Wilfrid's at Ribchester, in a glorious stretch of the Ribble Valley, North Lancashire, although mainly dating from the time of Henry the Eighth, stands probably on the site of a temple to Minerva, for present-day Ribchester was once the Roman legionary fort of *Bremetennacum*. Inside the church the minstrel gallery and organ loft is supported by Roman pillars of Tuscan design, which came from the ruined bath-house of the fort, built about A.D. 211, whilst in the churchyard is the base of another much larger column. Just behind the Sunday School are the low walls of the granaries and a portion of the gate of the fortress. But in addition to these Roman remains St. Wilfrid's has one of those unique mediaeval wall paintings (14th century), representing St. Christopher with the Holy Child; also eastern lancet lights.—CYRIL R. ROWSON (LIVERPOOL).

### Mystery Chapel

AT Kingsland, Herefordshire, there is a very unusual feature, called the Volka chapel, adjoining the porch. It has an east window and one on the north low enough to be seen into by anyone kneeling outside. There is no sign of glazing nor of a door to the entrance from the porch. Under the east window is the platform for an altar and against the church wall a stone coffin. It is said that this was opened in 1826 and the remains of a woman and child found. Many suggestions have been made as to the origin of this "chapel" such as a hermit's cell or, more probably, a chantry with the tomb of the founder: if so, it might have been Dame Matilda de Mortimer, a benefactor, who died in 1301. The name Volka is probably a corruption of Sepulchre; it has been used from as long ago as the 17th century.—M. W. (HEREFORD).

### "New" Saxon Cross for Bakewell Church, Derbyshire

UNEARDED 50 years ago in a field at Darley Dale, Derbyshire, and standing in the grounds of The Holt, Darley Dale, for the past 35 years, this Saxon Cross is being given by Mr. Wain, who found it, to Bakewell, his native town. It will be erected close by the south door of the church.—FRANK RODGERS (DERBY).

★  
OUR PAGES FOR YOUNGER READERS  
★

## Children's Corner

●  
Compiled by P. J. HUNT  
★

### The Beloved Physician

**S**T. Luke's Day is October 18th, and as you probably know, he was a doctor and is often referred to as "the beloved physician." He was a Gentile and is believed to have been born at Antioch. He went with St. Paul on his 2nd Missionary Journey from Troas to Philippi, and from Philippi to Jerusalem on the 3rd Missionary Journey; you may like to find these places on the map. He was also with St. Paul during his captivity at Rome.

Apart from the Gospel of St. Luke, he also wrote the Acts of the Apostles, which really continues the Gospel and gives us a series of wonderful pictures of life in the early church. If you look at the first few verses at the beginning of both these books you will see that they are both addressed to the same person.

The Collect (i.e. the special prayer in the Prayer Book) for St. Luke's Day, says that St. Luke's praise is to be found in his Gospel; then it asks God to heal the diseases of our souls by the medicine of the doctrine which St. Luke's teaching gives us.

Will you remember to say this Collect in your prayers on St. Luke's Day? Ask someone to help you to find it if you do not know where it is in your Prayer Book.

### Reading The Bible Together

About this time of year, we have been thanking God at our Harvest Services for all his wonderful gifts to us. The Psalm of praise that we shall read aloud together this month tells of some of the wonders of nature. Three parts are needed—A, B, and C; if possible, 'A' should be a strong voice—(father, perhaps), 'B' medium, and 'C' a lighter one. Find Psalm 148:—

Verse 1	... All	Verse 8	... B
„ 2	... A	„ 9	... C
„ 3	... B	„ 10	... B
„ 4	... C	„ 11	... A
„ 5, 6	... All	„ 12	... C
„ 7	... A	„ 13, 14	All

### Bible Puzzle

Here are some of the things which Jesus said the Kingdom of Heaven is like; they are all to be found in the Gospel of St. Mathew.

Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten ... (Matt. 25, v. 1.)  
The kingdom of heaven is like to a ... of ... seed ... (ch. 13, v. 31.)  
The kingdom of heaven is like unto ... which a woman took and hid in three ... of ... (ch. 13, v. 33.)  
Again the kingdom of heaven is like unto ... hid in a field ... (ch. 13, v. 44.)  
Again the kingdom of heaven is like unto a ... seeking goodly ... (ch. 13, v. 45.)

*One of Britain's Smallest Churches*

ONE of the smallest churches in Great Britain is at Lullington, in the Cuckmere Valley, Sussex (illustrated below).

It is a most picturesque building, with a quaint little bell tower. Its internal measurements are only about 16 feet square and there is room only for a congregation of about twenty.—J. D. ROBINSON.



*In His Father's House*

Last month on this page, we talked about the church as our spiritual home. Here is a true story about an old man who lived in a village in France. He often used to go and sit in the village church and the priest had noticed him do this. The old man would leave his cottage two or three times a day and would walk into the church, and there he would stay—sometimes for as long as two hours. One day the priest asked the old man what he did during these times. Did he say his prayers to God? “No,” replied the man, “I just sit there looking at Him, and He looks at me.” The priest nodded wisely; he understood that the old man had found his spiritual home and loved it. He felt as happy there as he did in his own cottage.

*St. Denys's Day—*

*October 9th*

*Is Your Name Denys?*

THE boy's name Denys (or Denis) and the girl's name Denise are contractions of the Greek name Dionysus, in Greek mythology the god of wine. Greek boys were named after this pagan god, and in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 17 and verse 34, we read how a man of this name was converted to Christianity, at Athens, under the preaching of St. Paul. He is said to have become the first Bishop of Athens, and to have suffered a martyr's death in the persecution ordered by the Roman Emperor Diocletian.

St. Denys (or Denis) is the patron saint of France. He was actually born in Italy, but Pope Fabian sent him as a missionary to Gaul, as France was then called. He became Bishop of Paris, and built a Christian church on an island in the river Seine. But paganism was hard to overcome in France, and the pagan priests persuaded their Roman rulers to take and behead St. Denys and two of his principal helpers, on the hill of Montmartre. Four hundred years later a church and an abbey were erected on the spot where the martyrs met their end. This abbey of St. Denis contains many of the royal tombs of France. St. Denys is also the name given to one of the working-class districts of Paris, in the north east of the capital.

So, if your name is Denys, or Denise, though you may not be proud of its origin in the drunken, heathen god; yet remember that brave and faithful Christian men have brought to it honour and glory.—REV. G. E. DIGGLE.

# Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY  
MARION HURST

## Monday—Washing

When washing curtains, try placing the brass hooks in a little vinegar for a short time, then take them out and dry well with a soft piece of rag. Finally, rub with a rag and a little floor polish—thus treated they will come up almost like new and will be much easier to replace into the curtains.—MRS. F. M. VATCHER (SHOOTERS HILL, LONDON, S.E.18).

## Tuesday—Sewing

When replacing a loop on a coat, try using quarter-inch elastic instead of the usual tape. This has been found very effective for heavy overcoats, as the elastic 'gives' with the weight and is not so easily broken or torn from the garment.—MRS. E. LOVELESS (SWANAGE, DORSET).

## Wednesday—Cooking

To make a creamy rice pudding, extra special, cover the rice with boiling water and leave for five minutes before adding the milk. It will take less time to cook in the oven as the boiling water breaks the husk. A little shredded suet sprinkled on the top of the milk makes another added creaminess.—MRS. B. GRIFFITHS (ILMINSTER, SOMERSET).

## Thursday—Nursing—First Aid

Don't throw away lollipop sticks! The flat broad ones are quite useful for many things, and when well washed, can make a useful addition to your First Aid Box. They are useful for emergency finger splints, and may also be used for spreading poultices on gauze, and applying ointment to bandages, etc.—MRS. R. WINROW (HEYWOOD, LANCS.).

## Friday—Household

Readers may be pleased to be reminded of this useful way of using up old newspapers as fire lighters. Roll one double newspaper page lightly, crosswise, from corner to corner and then roll the newspaper 'tube' lightly round the hand, tucking in the 'loose' end to prevent the 'lighter' from becoming unrolled. The more lightly and loosely the 'lighter' is made, the better it will light your fire. A small carton full of these lighters, kept in a dry place, will be ready for your fire-lighting and used (5, 6 or 7) according to your need, with only a little wood or a part of a bought firelighter, your coal fire (or possibly coke) will soon be burning brightly.—MRS. V. M. FISHER (WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE).

## Saturday—Children

I use up all my old felt hats in making toy animals; these I send to hospitals at Christmas, and it is amazing how many felt hats I have collected or had given to me by my friends, and what a varied collection of toys I have made during the past few years.—MRS. V. LAW (DARTFORD, KENT).

## The Unknown

This very calm and peaceful eventide  
I lonesome rest beside the harbour  
wall;

I linger there to watch the drift wood  
glide,

In hushful silence far beyond recall.

Out to the sea, out to the vast unknown,  
Far from my sight, and never to  
return;

Whilst I am waiting here, bereft,  
alone

To solve that great unknown my senses  
yearn.

If I should travel listless with the tide,  
Out to the ocean, there to find all  
truth;

Should I find peace that would for  
aye abide?

Should I find God? *Could* I drift  
far enough?

D. M. H. SELF

## CUPBOARD LOVE

**A** FRIEND of mine is the very proud possessor of a lovely little country cottage. It is in an ideal setting in a small garden, entirely free from damp, the rooms are just right for the type of furniture she has, and she takes a great pride in her home—but as often is the case, there is a snag. She has a huge wardrobe on the landing upstairs which she disliked intensely.

It is one of those huge affairs, which must have housed the entire apparel of the whole family, with room for all sorts of things besides, and to top it all it was very dark inside. For a long time it had been a great temptation just to dump things inside, which of course led to a clutter of untidy 'junk' which had to be gone through each spring-cleaning time.

Last Christmas, when the prepara-

tions for packing of presents began, we had a wonderful idea! We bought sheets and sheets of the brightest and most elaborate designs of wrapping papers we could find, all colours and patterns, and set to work inside the great wardrobe. We papered the walls all over, patchwork fashion, and now instead of the dark dreary 'hole in the wall' she has a bright and interesting place for her odds and ends.

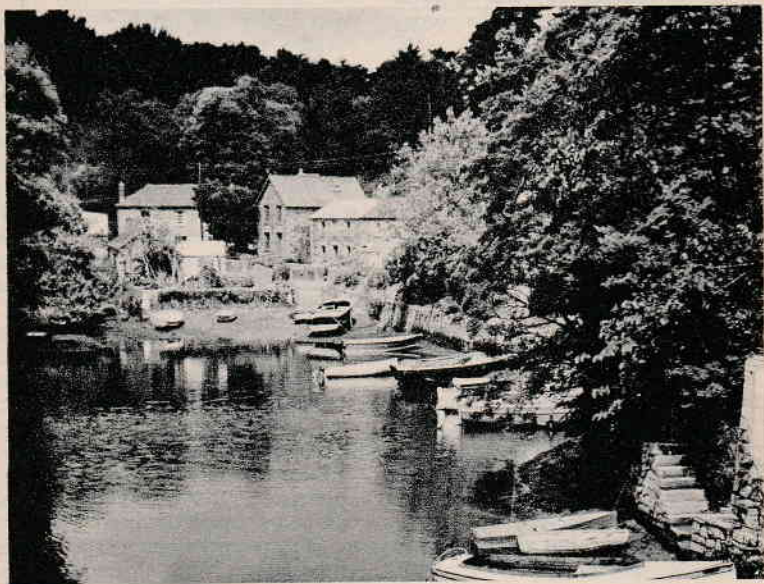
The amusing part of it is, she no longer feels like using it for junk, and now takes a pride in keeping it as tidy as the rest of her cottage!

MARION HURST.

**\*\*** 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.

The Harbour—Port Navas, Cornwall.

Photo: D. E. Tyler



SHORT STORY FOR OCTOBER

# Miss Rendell's New Home

By STEPHEN RICKARD

MISS Rendell stood for a moment at the door of her cottage, and looked lovingly into the little room with its faded curtains and torn carpet.

The mantelshelf looked bare without the pair of vases, which she had packed carefully inside her shopping bag.

She closed the door and walked slowly down the garden path.

There were a few primroses in bud in the narrow border. She wondered sadly if she would be in the cottage when they came into flower.

Feeling the keen wind against her old face, Miss Rendell paused to button her black coat more closely round her tall thin body. Then, she began to walk down the lane towards the 'bus-stop.

She could not explain to the Vicar all that she felt about her home. She knew it was shabby, and she could no longer look after it properly: but she loved it. The thought of it being pulled down to make way for modern houses for farm workers was a great blow.

She hoped she had not sounded ungrateful when the Vicar had offered her a place in the Old People's Home.

"I can assure you you will be well cared for," he had said. "And it is fortunate that at present the Home is able to take you. But you have spent your life looking after other people.

Now it is only right that you should be cared for yourself."

Miss Rendell thought about the people in the two adjoining cottages for whom alternative accommodation had been found. If only she had enough money to pay the higher rent required perhaps the Vicar would find somewhere else for her to go.

He had been very kind—giving her time to think things over. Then she had thought about the vases Miss Emily had left her. And had decided to try to raise money on them. Just enough to tide her over.

If only the rheumatism in her hands would get better, she could take in sewing again. She was sure it would get better now that spring had come.

There was Mrs. Bond, the postman's wife at the 'bus-stop, and old Mr. Green from the farm, with his little grandson. They all greeted Miss Rendell, for she had lived in the village for many years.

She remembered when she had first come to work at the big house. She had come straight from the Orphanage when she was fifteen, and had stayed with Miss Emily until her death ten years ago now.

She hadn't told the Vicar about the Orphanage. It was so very long ago now and she didn't want to talk about it. Yet, when he had spoken to her of the Home, it had all come back to

her. She saw it in her imagination. The bare scrubbed boards, and hard chairs. The smell of soda and antiseptic.

No! She could not go back to that now she was old. She could not bear the thought of ending her life as she had begun it. In an Institution.

For, in spite of all the nice things the Vicar had said about the Home, she could not really believe that it would be any different.

As the 'bus rattled through the country lanes, Miss Rendell pulled her wide straw hat forward, shading her old eyes from the fierce light of spring. She looked out at the pale green hedges. The hawthorn was in bloom, and the swollen buds of the chestnut near to bursting. In the still fields she saw the first lambs. Then she saw the Home—a large, mellow building standing back from the road. Approached by a tree-lined drive. Strange, it looked such a pleasant house outside. Would she have to go there, after all?

So much depended on the vases.

As Miss Rendell alighted from the 'bus, she clutched the shopping bag carefully against her and made her way to Mr. Betts's shop in the High Street.

Mr. Betts's round, jolly face beamed at her as she entered and he greeted her cordially, for he had bought from Miss Rendell before.

She stood, watching him anxiously as he carefully examined the vases. His face had become serious, and it was some moments before he spoke.

"I am afraid these are of no real value, Miss Rendell," he said. "They are decorative. That is all we can say. I could not give you more than a pound for them."

Miss Rendell's heart sank. So it was no use, after all.

"Do you want to sell them?" asked Mr. Betts.

"No," she said quietly. "No, I don't think I will part with them after all."

Suddenly, she felt very tired. So it was all over. She would have to go to the Home.

When she came out of the shop, Miss Rendell decided to go in for a cup of tea before catching the 'bus home.

She sat in the cafe sipping her tea, whilst her mind wandered back into the past.

She was in Miss Emily's room, remembering the wide windows which looked out across the park. The vases used to stand at either end of a low table by the door. Miss Emily's sampler was hung above the mantelshelf. She had worked it when she was a child. It was a text.

*'All things work together for good to them that love God.'*

Miss Rendell had remembered the words all her life. Thinking of them now gave her courage.

Feeling refreshed, Miss Rendell began to walk to the 'bus-stop. She had no idea of the time until she passed the post office. She must have stayed in the cafe longer than she thought.

A hot flush spread over her face and neck, as she realised that she had missed the 'bus by about five minutes. She stood for a moment, with a feeling of panic as she remembered there wasn't another 'bus for an hour.

Then, suddenly, she felt calm again. After all, there was nothing to hurry for. She would walk part of the way, and when she got tired she could wait for the 'bus to overtake her.

She kept her head high as she went stiffly along the lanes. Presently her legs began to pain and it was difficult to keep moving. She realised that she had reached the bottom of the drive leading to the Home.

Could it be, she wondered, that



"Light at Eventide"

Photo: John A. Long

God was leading her here? The text was still in her mind. Perhaps she had been wrong to fight against the inevitable. In any case, she was tired. Now it didn't seem to matter so much to her where she went. She wanted to sit and rest somewhere.

She decided she would call at the Home, and see for herself what it was like.

By the time Miss Rendell had walked up to the front door she was breathless and near to tears. She rang the bell, and leaned against the stone-pillared porch. . . She heard footsteps. . . Then, she seemed to slide downwards and crumple up on the step.

\* \* \*

When Miss Rendell opened her eyes, she found herself in bed.

At first she thought she was back at the big house because there were the vases on a table by the door. She was warm and comfortable. There was a bowl of primroses on a little table by the bed. Then, as she looked across the carpeted floor to the wide windows, she could see a green lawn and the edge of a line of trees.

There was someone standing by the bed. A young girl with smiling eyes.

"You're going to be all right, dear," said the girl. "We will take care of you."

Suddenly the old lady's eyes were full of tears. She had been so blind—but the text had come true for her, after all.

## SCARGILL

(Continued from page 146)

dedicated in April of this year and has already become, not only the dominating feature of the landscape in the dale, but also the pivot and centre of the house's activity.

Scargill is still a very young project. From the demands already made upon it and the uses to which it has already been put, it is clear that there was a real need for a Christian centre such as this in the North of England and it is hoped that the work will widen and deepen to meet this need and help to make Christianity vitally relevant to modern life.

## SERMONS BY BEQUEST

(Continued from page 147)

night alone in an area infested by wild beasts. He prayed for deliverance and solemnly vowed that if he came through the ordeal alive he would give all the profits of his expedition to religious causes. Even as he prayed, a magnificent lion approached and prowled round him, but eventually it strolled away and Sir John met the morning still unharmed. He kept his vow by making many gifts for the relief of poverty in his London parish, and at his death he left £200 for similar purposes on condition that a sermon be preached regularly to commemorate his escape from the lion.

Another London church, St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, badly damaged during the war, got a sermon bequest under the will of Thomas Fairchild, who died in 1729. As a keen gardener he was always thrilled by the annual rebirth of flowers, and he instituted a sermon on the certainty of the Resurrection as shown by the wonders of Nature.

Some of our old livery companies or merchants' guilds have long had special sermons as part of their rituals. Thus, the Skinners' Company, London, has long included in its rules a clause for the payment of a small sum to a preacher when the members attend a church service in state, on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday.

There are even sermons to mark anniversaries of such historic events as the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the foiling of the Gunpowder Plot. These important occurrences in our national history are commemorated at St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, a certain Peter Jackson having left money to pay for sermons on the subject more than 320 years ago.

Still another annual sermon was instituted at Fenny Stratford, Bucks., by the lord of the manor in 1730. The



Amersham Parish Church, Bucks.

discourse is given on St. Martin's Day, and is preceded by the firing of six tiny cannons in the churchyard!

### Content

How can it profit Man if he  
Shall gain new worlds, and lose  
tranquillity  
Which can be found midst natural  
things?  
What profit gained should he take  
wings  
Encased in steel, and ringed with  
dials,  
To show his progress through the  
miles  
Of silent atmosphere, all but a void?  
Strange worlds he seeks, yet leaves  
behind.  
The simple beauty of his native Earth,  
Where God and Nature have com-  
bined  
To make a wonderland beneath our  
sky.  
The surging tide, the boisterous wind,  
The scudding clouds, the singing  
birds,  
Are wonders still for such as I.

D. H. HILLESLEY.

A CHRISTIAN'S  
CALENDAR—

OCTOBER

THE changing tints of the trees remind us that soon we shall be approaching the Fall.

"But," you will say, "the Fall happened centuries ago; isn't it mixed up with original sin and all that?" And, of course, you will be quite right.

It is fashionable in this space age to decry the book of Genesis as a quaint old fable; but, when we empty out the bath-water, it is as well to make sure that we do not tip out the baby as well. Is there anything at all in the stories of the Garden of Eden which throws any light on our human experience?

I would like to isolate three facts. The first, that at the end of creation, "God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." No matter whether the "days" of creation lasted twenty-four hours or several million years, the creation as God made it was very good: and now it is not.

The second fact is, that after Eve and Adam (yes, in that order, I'm afraid!) had eaten of the forbidden fruit, they could no longer walk with God in the same innocent, loving fearlessness as they had before, but hid themselves from His presence.

The third, that, as a result of their sin, Adam and his wife were condemned to return to the dust of which they were made, and banished from the Garden lest they should claim immortality in their own right. They became subject to death.

The remainder of history is really

a commentary on these three facts. They are the basis of the whole Christian story.

The history of the Jews (as also of more primitive religions) describes how man continually tried to bridge the gap which his sin had opened between himself and God by an elaborate ritual of sacrifice and offerings. But he failed, for (because of the fall) no sacrifice he could offer was good enough. God Himself, as foreshadowed in the story of Abraham and Isaac, had to provide the Perfect Sacrifice by sending His own Son to earth.

By the offering of His perfect life and death, Jesus Christ made God and man once more "at one." No longer did man need to hide in the bushes from the face of God.

This separation had been symbolised by the veil hiding the Holy of Holies in the Temple at Jerusalem (the nearest that man could approach to God), where none but the High Priest could enter. At the climax of our Lord's perfect offering the veil of the Temple was torn in two from the top to the bottom (from Heaven to earth). The approach to God was reopened.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews elaborates this. Christ, he says, "entered in once for all into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption." Christians, therefore, have "boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus . . . For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

For those who are "in Christ," the law of death is abolished; the "Fall" is reversed; man can again walk with God in fearless innocence into eternity.

PATRICIA SPENCER,  
S.Th.



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