

"THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING
OF WISDOM"

No. 43

SEPTEMBER, 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.

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 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.

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,

I am pleased to say that we shall be welcoming a new Lady Worker to the parish. She is Miss Olive Lodge, who has until now been the Sunday School Organiser for the Exeter Diocese. She comes to us with considerable experience of this work not only there, but also in the Bristol Diocese. I know that you will give her a warm welcome when she takes up her new post on October 1st. The Youth Fellowship will be inviting her to their Corporate Harvest Breakfast, after Holy Communion.

There will be also an opportunity to meet her as a parish on October 6th, when we shall be having our Parish Party to open this season's Autumn activities.

I hope that newcomers to the parish will note the date, as this year's Party will give an opportunity for the Officers of our various activities to tell us all of their coming programme of events.

Please remember too that this is a Parish Party, and you are invited, whether you come to our Church or not. Tickets for the party will be on sale in September. Details of time and place will be given later.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,



TOPICS FOR PRAYER :

Give thanks : for the coming of Miss Lodge, our new Lady Worker ; pray for the young people's work, especially in the Sunday School ; for all who willingly give time and service for the training of our young people in the Youth Fellowship, Scouts, Brownies and Cubs ; pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit and for Christian leadership in the formation of a Guide Company.

Pray : for the clear leading of the Holy Spirit in the working out of a scheme of Planned Christian Giving for the parish ; for the readiness to surrender our pre-conceived ideas, should the Holy Spirit guide us to do so.
for a greater enthusiasm to win others for the Kingdom of God ; both at home and overseas, and for tact and Christian grace that will draw others to Christ, rather than repel them through lack of sensitiveness to their needs.
for Jehovah's Witnesses, and all members of other heretical bodies : in sorrow for the failure of the Church at some point to meet their needs ; that in God's good time they will " find salvation and come to know the truth " ; for ourselves that we may be prepared to give more time to Bible study, and the understanding of our Christian faith, and the sharing of it with others.

A Prayer : O Lord Jesus Christ, Who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life ; we pray Thee suffer us not to stray from Thee, Who art the Way, nor to distrust Thee, Who art the Truth, nor to rest in any other thing than Thee, Who art the Life. Teach us by Thy Holy Spirit what to believe, what to do, and wherein to take our rest. For thine own name's sake we ask it. Amen.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES :

Have they knocked at your door yet? Quite probably they have done so, if you didn't go to Church one Sunday morning! Of course they didn't say they were Jehovah's Witnesses. Much more likely they said they were representatives of the "Church," or were "Bible students." They may have even tried to sell you a New English Bible. That looks innocent enough!

The result is that many good natured folk, especially those who like to be thought "broad-minded" have invited them in—only to discover to their later regret that they have let themselves in for more than they bargained.

And many of us, if we're honest, have to admit that we've only the faintest recollection of our confirmation classes, and we haven't got the arguments at our finger-tips to martial against the impressive array of texts that are paraded by the disciples of this movement. We have an unhealthy feeling inside that somehow they're wrong, but we just don't know how to answer them. Well, lets have a quick look at the Movement.

1. How they began

Charles T. Russell, one of the founders, was haunted by a fear of hell as a result of lurid and over-literal teaching during his youth. Quite naturally he worked out his own systems, including a denunciation of the clergy, who had been responsible for his early fears. He was not however the scholar he claimed to be, and when a Canadian court confronted him with a Greek New Testament and a Hebrew Bible he could make nothing of them! His homelife was an unhappy one, and his wife was granted a divorce on the grounds of his immoral conduct with members of his own "Church." He also hit the headlines on account of the fraudulent sale of "miracle wheat," which was supposed to have marvellous and pictultural properties.

J. F. Rutherford, who often defended Russell in court, became the second head of the movement until 1942. Although the Witnesses despise "organised religion," he was responsible for a great deal of the movement's organisation, so that now it resembles a vast business concern with its tremendous output of literature, recordings, and a radio station which spans the U.S.A.

2. What they teach

The present insecurity of the world, heightened by the invention of nuclear weapons, has made many people more ready to listen to a type of teaching which treats such books of the Bible as Daniel and Revelations as a kind of Old Moore's almanac. The symbolism, and numbers of these books are explained in a somewhat tortured fashion which bears little or no relation to the historical situation in which they were written.

Occasionally prophecy "backfires" upon the Witnesses. Rutherford prophesied that the Second Coming of Christ would be in 1874, and the end of the world in 1914. When the former didn't happen, Rutherford said it would certainly happen in 1914. The failure of this prophecy was justified on the grounds that Christ had actually come again in 1914, but had come invisibly! Although some of the world's most brilliant scholars have contributed to our understanding of the doctrine of the Trinity, the Witnesses have tended rather to caricature it, and have made little attempt to grasp its significance. All churches they consider to be under the supervision of the Devil, and are therefore Anti-Christ. The clergy are the enemies of God.

Patriotism is abjured, hence the refusal of many Witnesses to fight against Nazism in the last war.

Christ is merely the chief of the angels. "Christ Jesus the divine was born three days after the Crucifixion." The Holy Spirit (without capital letters) is merely any kind of influence which God exerts.

Christ did indeed die, giving His life as a ransom for men. But the "eternal life" thereby secured for men, is in the nature of a second chance—an extension to their present life, as, on account of Adam's sin, they are worthy of death. The bodily resurrection of our Lord is denied. "God disposed of that body in His own way, just as He disposed of the body of Moses."

And so the teaching goes on, enticing the ignorant by its impressive barrage of texts. The ill-informed Christian who fumbles with his arguments, is soon countered by those from their text-book: "Make sure of all things!"

How shall we treat them?

1. With Christian courtesy, but firmness. Tell them that you are members of your Church. Refuse to argue, or to purchase their literature. You live in a free country, in which no-one has the right to brow-beat you by a mistaken persistence.
2. Remember to pray for them, that they may turn from the error of false teaching; and come to the full knowledge of the Christian Gospel.

What can we learn from them?

1. The importance of cultivating in our children a healthy religious attitude of mind. Remember the harmful influence of Russell of a purely literalist interpretation of Biblical symbolism and references to Hell.
2. The need to understand our Christian faith, which is our priceless heritage. This demands painstaking study of the Bible, and the works of reputable scholars.
3. The challenge to our personal enthusiasm in sharing our faith with others. Ask yourself, "Would I be prepared to do as much for my faith and my Church, as the Witnesses are prepared to do for theirs?"

REV. LESLIE WRIGHT:

We send our best wishes to the Rev. Leslie and Mrs. Wright who have now moved to Stowe, Buckinghamshire, where Mr. Wright has become Chaplain of the School, and Vicar of Stowe. He was inducted on July 29th.

CHOIR NOTES:

Martin Bolton was made a full chorister at Evensong on July 16th, and was the first choirboy to be presented with the Certificate of Enrolment. The two Wycliffe students who sang bass with the choir at that service showed us the difference that additional choirmen could make to the choir. Surely the parish can produce two basses and an alto? We are glad to welcome Mr. Sleightholm, formerly choirmaster at Woodford, who will be helping us in the future with our choir training. Mrs. Garner still works wonders with our organ despite its age and decrepitude. A rumour has it that when it developed a strange whistling sound during a wedding recently, she was tempted to play "Birdsong at Eventide."

SCOUT AND CUB NEWS:

Who were that motley group of tramps sitting round a fire in the Vicarage Garden recently? None other than the Cubs celebrating the close of a successful season with a Tramp Party.

Congratulations to Akela Ted Morse and to Balu Brenda Crompton, as well as Roger and other helpers on their good work with the Cubs.

We send special greetings to Miss Crompton who was married at Tredington Parish Church, on August 9th.

The Scouts had a wonderful camp at Weston Turville again. A really fine number of parents visited the camp on Sunday, August 6th. S.M. Gerry Selby was presented with a gift from the Parents Committee by the Vicar, who also took a Scouts Own at camp on August 31st.

We are sorry to lose not only our S.M., but also our G.S.M., Mr. A. Brown this month, on account of pressure of work. He has done simply magnificent work for the Troop, and has visited hosts of sites to inspect possible huts for use as a Scout H.Q. We know that he will still have a real interest in the Troop's activities, and we thank him for all his good work in the past. We now have a new Skipper in Mr. G. Simpson, who has a grand team of Scouters to assist him. We wish him well in the new year, and assure him of our backing in the parish.

Thank you also to Mr. Holt who has done good work as the Troop's Q.M. Those who visited the Camp, and saw the aerial ropeway, and the way in which the camp was so efficiently run, saw real Scouting in action.

BOYS' CLUB :

Mr. Michael Howard is interested in forming a Boys' Club for boys aged 11—13 years. Those interested are invited to the Church Hall on September 12th (Tuesday), from 6—9 p.m.

RINGERS NOTES :

While on holiday the ringers have not forgotten the part they play in the life of the church by ringing for church services when members visited towers as far apart as York and Newport (I. of W.) and Shrewsbury and Linton.

We congratulate Noel D. Deam on ringing his 20th peal (Marsh Baldon) and Elizabeth A. Miller on ringing her 1st Peal in 10 methods.

There have been outings by bus to Warborough and to Watlington and Chalgrove areas.

Peals have been rung at Streatley (Conducted by Roy H. Jones), St. Mary Magdalen and March Baldon (Conducted by Noel D. Deam), and St. Thomas' (Conducted by Alec Gammon).

Three quarter peals have been rung at St. Nicholas—two as wedding compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Capey and Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, and one as a birthday compliment to The Queen Mother, Mrs. P. N. Rimmer, Helen Williams and Elizabeth Miller.

A former Marston ringer, Miss Marian Gould, was married in London to Mr. Michael de la Bastide. We congratulate Marian and her husband and wish them every future happiness.

The ringers will be having a half-day outing on 23rd September in the form of a mystery tour.

ROY H. JONES (Tower Captain).

OLD MARSTON PLAYERS :

Would-be scene-shifters, actors, and all who are interested in drama, are invited to the Inaugural Meeting of the Old Marston Players which will be held in the Church Hall on Tuesday evening, September 19th, at 8.15 p.m. Mrs. Yates, Boults Lodge, Boults Lane, Old Marston, will supply any other information required.

OVER 60's CLUB :

This thriving club begins its Autumn Session on Monday, September 18th. The outing to London Airport will be the following day, and a close watch will be kept to see that no-one slips away for a quick trip to New York and back.

Mrs. Oliver has consented to take on the Secretaryship, on the departure of Mrs. Wood who did such wonderful work in the establishing and running of the Club since its inception, over a year ago. It is largely due to her, Mrs. Tomlinson the Treasurer, and the Committee, under the Presidency of Mr. Bellingham, that this Club has grown to its present number. It has amply fulfilled the need indicated by the Vicar when he first mooted the formation of the Club in the Parish Magazine of February 1960. May the Club go from strength to strength!

HOLY BAPTISM

- “We receive this child into the congregation of Christ’s flock.”
- July 23. Steven, Eric Albert, Mary Gwendoline, Shirley Angela, and Charles; the children of McCormack and Winifred Miller.
- „ 23. Beatrice Margaret Ann, the daughter of George Richard and Harriet Evelyn Proudfoot.
- „ 23. Colin David, the son of Bernard John and Margaret Weston.
- „ 23. Susan Ann, the daughter of Edward Frank and Peggy Joyce Willoughby.
- „ 23. Nicola Jane, the daughter of Peter and Jean Marie Ward.
- „ 23. Martin William, the son of William Smith and Joan Kathleen Hayle.

HOLY MATRIMONY

- July 29. Peter David Vaughan and Ena Joyce Howard.
John Michael Capey and Carole Mary King.
Roy William Jones and June Cynthia Hardiman.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

	£	s.	d.	Communicants
July 2nd	18	16	11	83
July 9th	19	1	5	22
July 16th	18	17	11	47
July 23rd	24	18	11	26
July 30th	25	4	1	23

PARISH CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER

The services will be as usual for September, but please note the following dates:—

- Sept 3. Trinity XIV. Y.F. Corporate Communion and Breakfast.
- „ 10. Trinity XV.
SUNDAY SCHOOL RE-OPENS (Church Hall at 11 a.m.).
Come to Church—and bring your children to Sunday School!
Holy Baptism at 3 p.m. (Forms to be returned a week beforehand to Vicarage).
- „ 17. Trinity XVI.
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION with hymns and short address.
Y.F. Discussion after Evensong.
- „ 18. (Monday). Over 60’s Club re-opens, 2.45 p.m., Church Hall.
- „ 19. (Tuesday). Over 60’s Outing to London Airport.
- „ 21. ST. MATTHEW’S DAY. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- „ 24. Trinity XVII.
3 p.m. Holy Baptism. (Forms to be returned a week beforehand to Vicarage).
- „ 27. (Wednesday). 2.45 p.m. M.U. Service in Church. All mothers in the parish most welcome.
- „ 29. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.

The Third of Our Series of Articles on Christian Stewardship

Will It Work in Our Parish?



By BRIAN RICE

MOST congregations know something now about Christian Stewardship. Often it is high in the top ten items on the PCC agenda and many Councils have discussed the matter at great length. Some have shirked the responsibilities of leadership and done nothing; some have passed a unanimous resolution that Stewardship is very interesting; but a thousand others have done something.

If the clergy and lay-leaders mean business, they are faced with three possibilities. They have to make a decision through prayer and discussion, usually ranging over several months, and then educate the congregation to support them. The possibilities are these:

- (1) employ a professional fundraiser;
- (2) organise a "do-it-yourself" scheme;
- (3) get help and direction from the Diocese.

This is no easy decision and a PCC is well advised to take time and to really pray together about it. The courses of action may be very different in motive and method, but they generally have in common the idea of a Campaign.

Rumours and Facts

What is a Campaign, be it Christian Stewardship or planned giving? Most of us have heard more rumours than

facts in answer to this question. Recently I directed a Campaign in a parish where many of the congregation were terrified because they thought there was to be a means-test. And one parish stalwart went round warning folk that the visitor got a large commission on all the money he got promised to God!

Most of us have a fund of such stories, so it will be good to discover what really happens once the PCC has made up its mind. The intensive period of the Campaign lasts several weeks, depending on the number of Church families; roughly a week for every hundred families.

Dates are fixed in good time to enable the PCC and congregation to give the programme top priority in their commitments. At the same time a nucleus of potential leaders can be gathered and the parish records revised.

The Campaign begins

The Campaign proper begins with the establishment of an office for administration, plus a secretary. A list of cards for each Church family is compiled from parish records. Also, the key positions are arranged—General Chairman, and other Chairmen for Arrangements, Hostesses, Initial Gifts, Publicity, Steering, and Visitors. There is plenty of literature needed in a Campaign and it is useful to make friends with a local printer!



Campaign Committee at Work

Photo by courtesy of Wells Organizations

In these opening days an introductory letter from the General Chairman is sent to every family, usually with a prayer card. This is followed by an invitation to the Parish Supper, which is held two-thirds of the way through. Meanwhile the Steering Committee is gathering the congregation to help: ladies as hostesses, men as visitors, the ideal being one to every ten families.

The hostesses call on every family and ask them to be their guests and sit with them. The men attend several training sessions to equip them with the "know-why" and the "know-how" of Christian Giving.

The Parish Supper

The Parish Supper is thrilling. It is probably the first time the whole congregation has sat down for a meal together. Imagine 600 guests! How many would have come to a meeting in the parish hall? When the caterers have cleared away, a lavish brochure is distributed; it is mailed to those who

do not attend. This parish brochure contains a call to every family to put God first in life, and this summons is continued by the speakers, leading members of the congregation, who speak about the Good News that God cares and that we can respond.

When the visitors go out, the families are expecting them and usually make them very welcome. Often Church families have never thought seriously about the claims of God on their money, and trained visitors can help folk from their own experiences. It is not always easy—especially with families whose income may be £15-20 weekly and who want to sign up to give God half-a-crown—but it is always rewarding to be about God's work.

Each Family Visited

Every Church family is visited within ten days of the Supper and invited to sign a Promise Card stating the weekly family offering. This information is naturally confidential.

(Continued on page 131)

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Church Notes and Views

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Manx Church Restored

HARVEST Thanksgiving was held last year, for the first time for many years, in the little 12th century Celtic Church of St. Runius, Marown, Isle of Man. After the building of the new church, the old one fell into neglect, but it has now been restored. It contains the remains of three runic crosses and there are two fountains: boys were baptized at the larger and girls at the smaller in the 19th century.—(MISS) H. ELLISTON (CROSBY, I. OF M.).

* * *

Another Magazine Collector

REFERRING to your letter "Collectors' pieces," I too am a collector of parish magazines and have acquired my present total of 550 magazines since I came here in 1958. Quite a novelty issue comes from an Essex village where the magazine is edited, printed and distributed by one person.

In addition to magazines I have collected 625 picture postcards of churches and 150 church guide books.

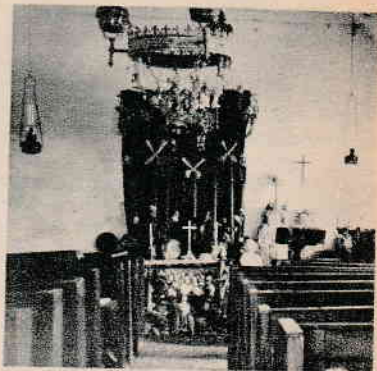
As my collection comes mainly from East Anglia I would gladly welcome any further copies from other counties.—R. W. TRICKER (aged 13), 3, Hamilton St., Walton, Felixstowe, Suffolk.

TO OUR READERS

We offer five shillings for every photograph with notes which we print on this page, and half-a-crown for every paragraph without a photograph which we consider of sufficient general interest for publication. Entries should be sent to: The Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. **Unsuitable contributions can only be returned when accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.**

Scout Ordinations

THE news has just reached me that during the past 30 years eight scouts have been ordained or are in training from St. John's, Carlisle (6th Carlisle Troop). I was the first, so I'm told, to leave for Church Army work, and eventually to be ordained. Is this a record number of scouts to be ordained from one Troop?—**REVD. R. R. WILSON (WIGAN).**



"Pennies from Heaven"

I AM SORRY to disappoint Mr. Trevor Marzetti, but "Pennies from Heaven" is not the title of Highweek Parish Magazine. It was merely a slogan printed on the cover to draw attention to some remarks of mine about money matters in the July issue, 1960.

I try to think up an arresting slogan for each month in the hope of encouraging fresh readers.—**REVD. P. N. LONGRIDGE (NEWTON ABBOT).**

* * *

Hall Beneath Church

HOLY Trinity Church, Oakamoor, North Staffordshire, is somewhat unusual in having its hall under the church itself.

Although far from being a crypt, the room is partly below ground level owing to the steep gradient on which the building stands.

Originally a schoolroom, the hall has been tastefully decorated, pillars removed and a kitchen constructed under the tower.



St. Christopher's, Gan

ONE of the loneliest Service stations in the world must be the R.A.F. staging post of Gan in the Maldive Islands, away out in the Indian Ocean. Mrs. Manson, of Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex, whose son is stationed on Gan, has sent us this photograph of St. Christopher's Garrison Church there, which was consecrated by the Bishop of Maidstone on December 14th, 1960. We understand from our correspondent that the church is usually filled to capacity for the services conducted by the Station Chaplain, Padre Cannon. Mr. Manson describes St. Christopher's as "a very happy Church and Club."

* * *

Sports and Games in the Churchyard

IT was customary in oiden times for the north side of the churchyard to be reserved for the recreation of the parishioners.

At Crasswall, in the Black Mountains of south Herefordshire, a depression in the ground adjoins the north wall of the primitive little church. This is almost certainly the remains of a fives-court as this is one of the games which was very popular. It was usual in some churches to fit external shutters to the windows to protect them while ball-games were in progress.—ERIC L. KING (WORCESTER).

* * *

Sussex Round Towers

ST. MICHAEL'S Church, Lewes, Southeast Church and Piddinghoe Church all have one thing in common. They are the only churches in Sussex to have a round tower. As they are all within a few miles of each other, it is thought they were used as beacons in the days when ships sailed up the River Ouse before the Ouse Valley was reclaimed. My photograph shows Southeast Church, near Lewes.—EDITH M. PARCHMENT (HAUSHAM).

* * *

No Dedication

THE 13th century church of Ryton, near Shifnal, Shropshire, rebuilt in 1710, appears to have no dedication. It is known to have been associated in mediaeval times with Buildwas Abbey, but no historical evidence has come to light showing that the church was dedicated.—G. S. HEWINS (CLEOBURY MORTIMER).



Children's Corner

Compiled by P. J. HUNT

St. Michael's Day—
September 29th

Is Your Name Michael?

MICHAEL is the great Archangel, leader of the good angels against Satan and his angels, in the great and age-long war between good and evil. The name "Michael" means, "Who is like unto God." Maybe near your home there is a church with "St. Michael and All Angels" inscribed on its notice board—one of the 700 churches in England and Wales dedicated to the Archangel.

Michaelangelo (1475-1564) was a genius in two branches of art—sculpture and painting. From a great block of marble, abandoned by other sculptors, he produced his masterpiece, a statue of David. Some of his finest paintings are to be found in the Sistine Chapel, in Rome. Michaelangelo painted these particular pictures while lying flat on his back. His most awe-inspiring picture is of "The Last Judgment."

What *should* we do without electricity in our homes? One of the pioneers of electrical research was *Michael Faraday*, son of a blacksmith, an apprentice bookbinder, who later launched out on his own initiative.

The Spanish form of Michael is *Miguel*—Christian name of the author of one of the world's greatest stories,

"Don Quixote." *Miguel Cervantes* was a very brave, as well as talented, man. Neither poverty nor imprisonment, nor ill-health nor wounds, could embitter him. "Don Quixote" is a cheerful and good-humoured book, a very long book, said to contain no less than 669 characters. It accomplished the task its author intended—to set people laughing at the undesirable, sickly, romantic novels so popular at that time. The weapon of ridicule can sometimes be more effective in fighting wrong than the most fiery and forthright denunciations!

REV. G. E. DIGGLE.

Reading the Bible Together

This month we have the story of Peter and John healing a lame man. This can be read by three or more people; one to read the part of Peter, one to read the part of the lame man, and the rest to read the part of the people. Turn to Acts, Chapter 3:—

Verse 1 read by Peter
" 2, 3 the lame man
" 4 Peter
" 5 the lame man
" 6, 7a Peter (as far
as "lifted him up").
" rest of v. 7, 8. the lame man
" 9, 10 the people.



Bicknoller Church, Somerset

Photo: Reece Winstone

The Story of William Tyndale

WILLIAM TYNDALE was the man who first translated the New Testament into English and he lived in the 16th century. There were many enemies of religion in England at that time, and in the middle of his translating he found that it was no longer safe to stay in the country; so he secretly took a ship to the Continent, and went first to Antwerp and then to Hamburg where he had friends. When he had finished translating, he went to Cologne, where he found a printer who was willing to run the risk of printing the New Testament secretly.

When hundreds of copies had been printed, Tyndale began, with the help of his friends, to smuggle them into England. But the ports were being watched, and Tyndale had to disguise the books in all sorts of ways to make

them look like ordinary merchandise. If the authorities at the English ports discovered any, they made bonfires of them on the quayside.

Tyndale then tried printing Bibles in smaller print so that they would be easier to smuggle, and also would be easier for the people who received them to hide. They were packed in sacks of flour and at the bottom of barrels full of other goods.

But some of the bishops in England did not want the ordinary people to have the Bible in their own language, and they offered handsome sums of money for every copy found. Some of Tyndale's friends gave them several copies, so that they could receive the rewards, and with the money they immediately started to print more Bibles! So instead of stopping the spread of God's word, the bishops were really helping it along by their schemes!

Our Bible has an exciting history, and we should always remember to be thankful that there were such brave people as William Tyndale, who were willing to give their lives for the Word of God.



Make a Harvest Basket

To make a Harvest basket you will need a strawberry punnet or similar basket from your local fruiterer. Decorate the outside with coloured paper or paint, and fill the basket with fruit, flowers, eggs, etc. You can then take it to someone who is sick or old or lonely as part of the harvest thanksgiving. You may also like to make a little card to go with it, perhaps having a verse of one of the harvest hymns on it. Such a harvest gift will be much appreciated, especially by people who cannot get to church.

Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

Monday—Washing

The enclosed hint for washing woollens, mohair, Bri-nylon, etc. keeps them beautifully soft, and white woollens from going 'yellowy.'

One teacup of methylated spirits;
Two tablespoons of oil of eucalyptus;
8 oz. of soap flakes.

Put all the ingredients into a jar, shake well together. Add about two tablespoonsful to the water when washing woollens, etc.—MRS. R. B. M. LOCK (BURLSLEM).

Tuesday—Mending, Sewing

When patching children's clothes (overalls, etc.) choose a gay contrasting colour and cut the patch the shape of a toy or animal.

For the knees of dungarees or jeans, make an artificial pocket and line it with a piece of foam rubber. This protects little knees from the many bumps they get at play.—MRS. U. GAYNOR (ANTRIM, N. IRELAND).

Wednesday—Nursing, First Aid

Uses for salt. Many uses may be found for salt. It is a capital remedy for rheumatism if taken regularly in a glass of cold water before breakfast. A nightly gargle of salt and water strengthens a weak throat and guards against infection. When eaten with nuts, it aids digestion and will relieve heartburn if taken in water.—MRS. F. DANIEL (EXETER).

Thursday—Cooking

A delicious egg dish. Well butter some small shallow dishes, and line them with slices of cheese cut wafer-thin. Break into each dish two eggs and cover with

thick tomato sauce into which a little cream has been stirred. Bake for five to ten minutes in a brisk oven. Garnish with parsley and serve with hot buttered toast.—MRS. C. GIBBONS (STOCKPORT).

Friday—Household

To keep the gloss on paintwork looking fresh, add a dessertspoonful of concentrated size to the washing water. First dissolve the size in boiling water. The size both cleans and deposits a fine film of varnish on the woodwork.—MRS. N. E. WHITE (WOKING).

Saturday—Children

Make a two-inch hem round the edge of the tablecloth and insert elastic in it. The tablecloth will then fit snugly under the edge of the table and will prevent small children from pulling off the cloth and dishes and protect them from possible scalds from hot liquid.—MRS. I. F. WOBY (GRIMSBY).



THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK

Lord, thou hast been our rock and shade

Through each succeeding age;
Before the earth or hills were made
Thou art our heritage.

Our thousand years are but thy day,
A fleeting hour of night;
Like grass we grow, and fade away
At evening, out of sight.

For all our three score years and ten
Our strength is toil and grief,
A tale that ends the life of man
And passes like a thief.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days
That we may turn our heart
To wisdom; lead us in thy ways,
Let mercy be thy part.

O let thy glory round us shine,
Thy majesty reveal;
So shall our handiwork be thine,
Thy grace our sorrows heal.

A. G. MCL. PEARCE HIGGINS.

Winter Decoration for Your Home

To ensure that you have plenty of foliage for your winter floral arrangements as a basis when flowers are most expensive, it is advisable to make plans for your main stocks early.

Beech leaves make a most satisfactory background for a variety of flowers, and now is the time to cut and prepare them for winter. Choose branches which are free from torn and bruised leaves, and place them in a deep vase containing equal parts of glycerine and cold water. Leave for a week or ten days and you will find that all the liquid has soaked into the stems, and that the leaves will retain their glossy sheen for quite some time by this method.

Another useful way to use leaves is to press small branches between thick sheets of newspaper and place them

under a rug for a time, but of course, these become quite brittle and fragile by this method, and are not quite so adaptable, though many beautiful and original arrangements may be made by adding all sorts of other dried foliage as available.

Shells, fir cones, berries, clusters of nuts and even pieces of rock or coal make useful and original 'master-pieces' and it all goes to prove that it is not always the most expensive outlay which makes the most successful decoration.

MARION HURST.

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

"The Scrounger"

Photo: G. Pennethorne



THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

As Clear as Crystal

By AILSA FRANKLIN

I THINK the Tenth Commandment gave me more trouble than all the others put together. I couldn't understand it for a long while. It is quite easy for a child to understand that you musn't tell lies, or steal, or kill, but why on earth should you want to covet people's things anyway? That was how I felt when I was eight.

To my mind our house was the nicest in the street. It was not very grand, but it was cosy and welcoming at all times so that I was not likely to covet anybody else's. At eight I was a bit young to take any interest in wives, nobody round our way had any servants or maids, or oxen or asses, and so the Tenth Commandment was a complete puzzle to me.

I remember my teacher trying to explain it to me.

"You see, Jimmy," she said earnestly, "if somebody else has some sweets that you like the look of and you say, 'How nice! I'd like some like that, I'll get some next time,' that's not coveting; but if you feel that you'd do anything—just anything—to get hold of somebody else's property, then that is coveting."

That summer my grandparents had moved to Devon, right on the coast, and they offered to have us children to stay, one at a time, in the school holidays. I was left until last because I was the youngest.

Gran and Grandpa had the most lovely cottage, very shabby, but quite

perfect for children because there was nothing to spoil. My bedroom was in the attic, right up under the eaves, with a view of the sea and the beach. Gran had made the room bright and gay, with old-fashioned pictures and texts all over the walls. There were ten little square boards marching up one wall like stairs, each bearing the words of one of the Commandments. I had only seen them in a Prayer Book before, and they intrigued me. They looked different somehow, all written out in such large letters, and although I knew them off by heart I read them all through again. There was that word "covet" again. I still didn't understand it, but I was soon to find out what it meant.

I had a wonderful week, making friends with all the village children and going to the tiny church on Sunday. I ran completely wild, on the shore and the cliffs, and I was very unwilling to go home. We were actually packing my things when the telegram came. Mary and Charles had measles and Mother wanted me to stay with Gran. I was overjoyed and settled down for a long stay. I stayed right through September and I was still there when Harvest Festival came.

If I had gone home at the right time I would never have seen Tom Trevelyan's piece of crystal. It was quite a big piece and to me it seemed to blaze and sparkle like ten thousand

diamonds. The moment I saw it I wanted it, to take back to London with me. Mary and Charles had brought back some lovely shells and other treasures, but nothing like Tom's crystal.

I offered to swop it with my precious ship-in-a-bottle that Grandpa had given me, but Tom wouldn't part with it. It was always in his hand and it fascinated me. I had never wanted anything so badly before.

I had awful dreams about that piece of crystal. I woke up sweating one night, after I had dreamed that I had killed Tom and stolen the crystal, but I went on wanting it.

"Why do you think so much of it?" asked Tom one afternoon. "Crystals aren't very valuable, you know. They're just pretty, that's all."

I didn't know, but this was good news. If they were not very valuable I might have enough money to buy one. Tom's father kept the end shop in the village. He sold antiques and china and old-fashioned jewellery, and I had assumed that Tom had got the crystal from his Dad's shop.

I raced back to Gran's and counted my money. I had been given half-a-crown to spend before I had left home and I had not touched it. With that, and the money I had earned helping the neighbouring farmer and running errands for the people in the village, I had the grand total of seven-and-sixpence.

Gran called me and asked me to take the Harvest Festival gifts to the church for the next day. She gave me a basket with apples and marrows from Grandpa's garden and I set off, clutching my money.

The little church was empty but there was a table near the door, already almost covered with harvest gifts. There was also a collecting box for money gifts and as I put my heavy basket down I saw the glint of a silver coin just beside it. It was half-a-

crown. I picked it up and held it. It felt cold against my hot fingers. Seven-and-six and half-a-crown made ten shillings, surely enough to buy a not very valuable piece of crystal? But the half-a-crown wasn't mine; someone must have dropped it while putting their money in the box.

I was saved from breaking the Eighth Commandment by the arrival of some more villagers, carrying fruit and honey and eggs. Before I had time to think I had pushed the money in the slot and run out of the church door. But I still had my own seven-and-six and I went as fast as I could to Mr. Trevelyan's shop. I looked carefully at the jumble of bric-a-brac, but nowhere could I see any pieces of crystal among the glass paper weights and strings of jet beads and silver dishes.

I marched boldly in and told Mr. Trevelyan what I wanted. He looked puzzled for a moment and then grinned at me.

"You are a funny lad, Jimmy," he said. "You don't buy crystal: you find it."

"Find it?" I repeated stupidly.

Tom had just come into the shop and he had heard. He laughed too.

"Of course," he said. "Come with me and I'll show you."

He took my hand and led me out through the back of the shop and on to the beach. He showed me what kind of stones to look for.

"The crystal is inside," he explained. "Sometimes you can see it shining through the cracks. The holiday makers spend a lot of time looking for stones with crystal inside. They take them to the jewellers in the town and have earrings and things made of them—after they're polished, of course. I'll help you look," he added kindly.

I watched Tom hunting among the stones and I knew that he was being kind and good and that I ought to be grateful to him, but I wasn't. He had



Kennack Sands, Cornwall

Photo: D. E. Tyler

laughed at me for my ignorance and I felt humiliated. I hated him with all the hate that my eight-year-old soul was capable of.

I dropped to my knees on the damp sand. There was a rushing in my ears and I felt sick. Perhaps my dream was coming true, the dream where I killed Tom and took his crystal. My hand closed round a big stone and I gazed fearfully at the back of his head.

Just as I raised my hand Tom swung round.

"Jimmy," he cried with delight in his voice, "you've found one!"

The spell was broken. I looked at the stone in my hand and I let Tom take it from me.

"I bet you've got a beauty there," he said: "better than mine. Let's show it to Dad and he'll break it open for you."

Mr. Trevelyan said that my crystal was the best one ever to be found on that beach, and by the time I got back to Gran's I was so excited that I could hardly speak.

I held out my crystal to Gran at the same moment that she held out a telegram to me. It had come while I was out. The measles epidemic was over and I was to go back to London in a couple of days.

Up in my attic bedroom Gran had begun packing my things again. I carefully put my ship-in-a-bottle and my shells and dried seaweed in my case.

"Now, Love," said Gran, looking round the room, "is there anything that you'd like to take home with you?"

"No, thank you," I replied, tucking my crystal under my best shirt. "I've got everything I could possibly want, Gran."

I stood up and smiled happily at her. A bright ray of sunshine was lighting up the wall with the Ten Commandments on it. It seemed to shine more brightly on the Tenth.

"Thou shalt not covet . . ."

Suddenly I understood it at last. . . . It was absolutely clear to me . . . As clear as crystal!

★

BELLS BENEATH THE SEA

★

ARTHUR BIGGS

★

“SOME say you could hear the church bells ring as the sea washed them to and fro.”

The old man, with his grey spade beard, spoke as if I might think the story was nonsense but he wished it was true.

We stood at a barbed wire gate at the end of a lane which was the nearest we could get to the spot once occupied by the Garden of Sleep, of which Clement Scott wrote seventy years ago:

“On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,

God planted a garden, a Garden of Sleep.”

I climbed to the top of the gate and peered over a mass of brambles. A wet mist, appropriately white and ghostly, was blowing in from the sea and shrouding the spot where once the church had stood.

The story of the Garden of Sleep is the tale of coastal erosion. Erosion which, for hundreds of years, has slowly altered the shape of our coastline, especially on that skull-like bump, which holds the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk.

The loss of East Anglian towns to the sea has been heavy for the length of coastline involved. Although the inhabitants have generally managed to escape, they have done so at the cost of their homes and churches.

In the popular seaside resort of Cromer the Shipden Club, close by the lofty tower of the present church,

recalls an earlier Cromer, which now lies afar out under the waves.

As late as the turn of the century, it was possible at very low tides to see the waves breaking on the old town wall, and once a steamer ran aground on Shipden Steeple, or Church Rock, as the ruined church tower was known to seamen.

Three miles to the east, along the old coast road to Yarmouth, twenty years later, the hungry sea claimed the tower and graveyard of Sidestrand church.

It would have claimed the church as well had not the faithful villagers, as the encroachments made disaster inevitable, dismantled their church and carried it inland, leaving only the tower to watch over the dead. This was Scott's Garden of Sleep.

Two hundred years before, in Suffolk, after a north-westerly gale lasting several days, the final collapse of Dunwich came, which reduced the once proud city of 50,000 inhabitants and fifty-two churches to the present population of just over one hundred.

In a bitter battle against the sea, which began in the time of Boadicea, the people of Dunwich saw one glory after another fall victim to the waves. A king's palace, a bishop's home, the Mint, the mayor's mansion, a Franciscan convent, a hostel of the Knights Templars, the town gaol, all were eaten up by the insatiable sea. And, when they died, there was little rest for the departed, for, sooner or later, as the sea advanced, their graves were invaded, and bones and skulls were mixed up into a hopeless tangle on the beach with fallen masonry, the contents of buried treasure chests, and the bells of the churches.

“They do say you can hear the bells,” reiterated the old man, perhaps thinking of this greater disaster.

One thing is certain. The bells are there, if Neptune chooses to ring them.

THE JORDAN VALLEY

MARY COLLIER



IN ages long past, probably about the time of the Flood, a mighty earthquake threw up the sea-bed at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, forming the mountain ranges that extend up through Lebanon, and the great split in the earth's surface that became the Jordan Valley. This split goes down through Arabia into Africa, where it is known as the Great Rift Valley.

The waters of the river Jordan begin as three streams on the southern slope of Mount Hermon in Syria. They merge, and fall through thick undergrowth to Lake Huleh, and ten miles further on reach the Sea of Galilee, 600 feet lower than the Mediterranean. The river, now about 50 feet wide, then takes a looping, serpentine course of over two hundred miles through desolate and lonely country, with the mountains of Judea to the west and the mountains of Moab to the east. Except for the thick undergrowth of reeds and briars that edges its banks, vegetation is sparse, becoming more so as it reaches the salt hills and flows into the vast depression that is known as the Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea has no outlet. Consequently, the great evaporation (eight million tons daily) which takes place in this, the lowest place on the earth's surface, and one of the hottest, causes a great concentration of salts and minerals. No fish or vegetation can survive in the water, or anywhere within a mile of it. Bordering it on one side is the great mountain called Jebel Usdun, 6 miles long and 500 feet

high, which is composed entirely of rock salt.

Every day, the Jordan pours six million tons of water into the Dead Sea, and this, with the subterranean springs of the mountains, brings with it much mineral matter, including bromine from the hot springs of "Herod's Bath" at Zerka Ma'in, a natural spa known to the Romans and still used by the Arabs, who travel great distances to "take the waters." These valuable salts and minerals are extracted on a commercial scale by the Jewish Potash Company.

In summer, the heat and humidity in this region have to be experienced to be believed, yet many people come here to bathe, especially by moonlight. In the East, the moon casts a clear, brilliant light. The waters are considered to be very good for rheumatism, but many people bathe just for the novelty of it, for owing to the extreme buoyancy of the water it is impossible to sink or even to swim properly.

It is a desolate yet strangely beautiful region. The turquoise sea, gently rippling and sparkling under the cloudless sky, is not at all depressing as its name might suggest. It is, on the contrary, peaceful and invigorating, especially in the winter months, for owing to the extra barometric pressure it has a greater percentage of oxygen than any other place on earth. There are two splendid modern hotels, the "Kallia" at the northern end, which is in Jordan, and the "Ramat Aviv," in Israel at the southern end. They are, of course, primarily for winter use, when the weather is warm and sunny at a time when in Jerusalem, only thirty miles away but 400 feet higher, there may be snow on the ground.

People come here to relax and recuperate, for there is a blessed peace and restfulness, so hard to find in the world of today.



CROOKS AND SHEPHERDS

By BERNARD SHOUGH



AT one time the South Downs were famous not only for their huge flocks of sheep but for their shepherds, many of whom were rugged and interesting characters. In those days, owing to his duties keeping him with his charges, a shepherd was seldom able to get to church. It was customary in Sussex for his relatives to place a piece of sheep's wool in the hand of a dead shepherd so that God could see his calling and excuse him his lack of attendance.

The crooks of the Southdown shepherds were once made at Pyecombe, and there is on record a real case of turning the sword into a ploughshare. A Pyecombe shepherd stated that his crook was made from the barrel of a muzzle-loader and was very satisfactory, much more personal than the new-fangled factory-made crooks.

Richard Fowler, of East Dean, Sussex, who died there in 1940, was perhaps one of the last of the old-type shepherds, and during his lifetime tended the flocks on Summerdean, Peak Dean, Bell Tout and Michael Dean. How many sheep and lambs must that man have saved when snow enveloped the downs and the Channel gales blasted shrill across the seaward sides? At least once during his life he was able to assist a fellow shepherd, whose calling was the Church.

Bishop Dr. Walker Andrews, who had been twenty years a missionary in Japan and afterwards held the Bishopric of Hokkaido for twelve

years, was back in England. Occasionally he assisted the Bishop of Chichester, and arrived one day in East Dean for a confirmation service. One can imagine his dismay when he realised that he had left behind his pastoral staff.

But at this time that other shepherd was returning with his crook and dog from the grassy eminence of Bell Tout, where his sheep were safely folded beneath the hill. He was told of the Bishop's predicament and handed over his well-used crook, and Dr. Andrews performed his duties to his flock.

That was in June 1929, but the congregation of the Parish of East Dean will never forget the happy story of the help given by one shepherd to another, because Richard Fowler's crook is hanging in the church beside the pulpit. After the shepherd of the downs passed away his family presented the crook to the church in memory of the occasion.

THE SHEPHERD

However dark the vale or sky above,
However long the day or hot the sun,
When all our earthly wanderings are
done,
The Shepherd leadeth all the Faithful
on
Into the safe fold of His tender love.

IRENE H. LEWIS.

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