

No. 48

FEBRUARY, 1962

Price 4d.

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD"



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

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

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

Parish Worker : Miss O. J. Lodge, The Flat, 15 Mill Lane, Old Marston.

Churchwardens : Dr. C. W. Carter, Eaglesfield, Jack Straws Lane, Oxford.
Tel. : Oxford 41167.

Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13 Jack Straw's Lane, Oxford.
Tel. : Oxford 47997.

Organist : Mrs. E. A. Garner, "Barn Gates," 31 Oxford Rd., Old Marston.
Tel. : 41888.

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.

Senior Catechism : 10.0 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.

Senior Catechism : (Boys and Girls, 11—13 years), 10 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.

WEEKDAY SERVICES :

Matins — 7.15 a.m. (Daily except Saturdays)

Evensong — 5.15 p.m. (Daily except Saturdays)

Holy Communion — Wednesday, 7.15 a.m. (in place of Matins)

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.

GAMBLE TO LIVE!

"I gamble like a man. I bet my life
Upon one side in life's great war. I must,
I can't stand out. I must take sides. The man
Who is a neutral in this fight is not
A man. He's bulk and body without breath,
Cold leg of lamb without mint sauce. A fool.
He makes me sick. Good Lord! Weak tea! Cold slops!
I want to live, live out, not wobble through
My life somehow, and then into the dark.
I must have God."

So wrote the 1st World War padre, Studdert Kennedy, in his poem
"Faith." How right he was.

I've taken the liberty of quoting these few lines, because I'm sure they
will stir up some of us who may have become neutrals in "life's great war."
To them this poem shouts out: "For God's Sake, Wake Up! For
your children's sake, take sides..... Come out into the open as a Christian!"

We cannot build a New World on crumbling moral foundations, on a
nation that has forgotten its Creator, the Lord the Giver of Life.

If you're a lapsed Church member, turn over a new leaf. Come back
to Church. If you've never been to Church in your life, begin NOW!
There'll be a tremendous amount you won't grasp all at once, but make the
effort. Ask questions! Get to know your fellow Christians. The Church
is on the march these days. She needs fighters of all kinds. She needs you,
because Christ needs you.

Are you willing to gamble your life on God?

"I bet my life on Beauty, Truth,
And Love, not abstract, but incarnate Truth,
Not Beauty's passing shadow but its Self.
Its very self made flesh, Love realized.
I bet my life on Christ — Christ Crucified."

(With acknowledgements to Hodder and Stoughton. "The Unutterable
Beauty" by Studdert Kennedy).



THE PARISH CALENDAR — FEBRUARY, 1962

- Feb. 2. Friday. Purification of the B.V.M.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- Feb. 4. EPIPHANY V.
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).
11.0 a.m. Shortened Matins and Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Feb. 6. Tuesday. Men's Forum Dinner at the Marlborough Arms,
Woodstock. (Details from Mr. Starmer Smith, 15 Rippington
Drive).
- Feb. 7. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group: "Borneo." Film. Mrs.
Armstrong.
- Feb. 11. EPIPHANY VI.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

- Feb. 14. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. M.U.: "Christian Family Year." Mrs. Smith.
- Feb. 16. Friday. PARISH MEETING in Church Hall. All invited.
- Feb. 18. SEPTUAGESIMA.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Feb. 21. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Young Wives Group: Recipes—Taste and Talk!
- Feb. 24. Saturday. ST. MATTHIAS, Apostle and Martyr.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- Feb. 25. SEXAGESIMA.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Feb. 28. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
2.45 p.m. M.U.: "China." Dr. Mary Watson.
7.45 p.m. Men's Forum meets at Vicarage.

HAVE YOU JOINED YET?

The response to the Fellowship of St. Nicholas has been remarkable, with over 130 members in it. For the first time, the Church has an guaranteed figure with which it can budget, and, quite apart from casual collections there is a minimum sum of £1300 pledged.

The Fellowship also means that there is a committed group of keen Christians who have pledged themselves to do all in their power to further the Kingdom of God, both here and abroad.

If your name was not on the Electoral Roll, or the Communicants list, you may not have been approached personally or by letter to join, but we still want you! Many people in this category joined as a result of hearing about the Fellowship in Church, and responded to the suggestion that they should ask for literature.

If YOU haven't heard about the Fellowship, or perhaps have heard but have not been approached personally, and would like to take this step forward by joining, please drop the Vicar a line, and you will be sent all the relevant information and can join the Fellowship NOW.

F.W.O. ENVELOPES:

One or two parishioners who are not in the Fellowship of St. Nicholas but who wish to give regularly to Church funds, have asked about envelopes. The old F.W.O. envelopes run out in May, and all who have subscribed under the old scheme will be sent new envelopes before this date.

WANTED:

The Vicar is often approached by parishioners who want to borrow books on this or that subject, and the result is that after a time many gaps appear in his study shelves. If any parishioners have finished with books borrowed he would be grateful for their return.

"I'M NOT SIGNING ANYTHING!"

Quite right! But one of the things you ought to have signed by now, if you are a Communicant member of the Church, is the Electoral Roll. This will ensure that you are kept in touch with parish affairs, have a vote at the Annual General Meeting, and are regarded as an integral member of your Church. Forms are available in Church, and even if you are not sure whether your name is on the Roll, please sign one just in case it isn't. There are far too many regular worshippers at Church whose names are not on the Electoral Roll, and this ought to be remedied as soon as possible.

A GATHERING FOR EVERYBODY :

The word "Parish Meeting" is enough to put anyone off, and makes one think of draughty halls with brown paint, undrinkable tea (not at Marston), and Miss Worplesdon talking about Life in the Antipodes. But here is a PARISH MEETING that is different—on Friday, February 16th at 7.45 p.m. in the Church Hall.

At this meeting we shall be hearing about future plans in the parish, the parish budget will be explained to us, and there will be time for discussion. Make a note of the date, and BE SURE TO BE THERE.

BROWNIES :

Congratulations to Elaine Johnson and Helen Brough on gaining their 1st class badge.

We welcome Mrs. Aries who is hoping to become a Guider.

M. DOMAN.

GIFTS TO THE CHURCH :

First of all, a very belated "Thank you" to Mr. B. G. Oliver who gave four very fine oak chairs to the Church for use in the Chancel. These are particularly useful for the "overflow" of the Choir, and also during a Wedding when the bride and bridegroom are now able to sit together and face the altar, during the Address.

Thank you also to Mr. Casterton for designing and making such delightful oak flower troughs, which give the members of the Flower Guild a great deal more scope than the narrow necks of brass vases, which are only suited to certain types of flowers.

"SING WITH UNDERSTANDING !"

The Royal School of Church Music has always urged choirs to do this, and it was a privilege to welcome Mr. Brough from St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, when he came as a Special Commissioner from the R.S.C.M. to visit our choir. "A first rate choir in so many ways," is how he describes us in his report, even though he didn't play down our weaknesses, and gave valuable advice. We celebrated his visit by all going to the Pantomime on the following evening—a well-deserved treat for a choir that almost outnumbered the congregation, and turned up in full strength when "the snow lay round about."

MISSING — 50 BELLRINGERS !

It was said by someone connected with the ringing world that there must be some 50 bellringers dormant in Marston. Where are they? We have an excellent team of youngsters who put Sunday ringing as a priority. But where are the **adult ringers** who are hiding their abilities? It would be good to see them coming along to ring, even if they were not able to ring every Sunday. If you can handle a bell, come along and join the Ringers on Friday evenings for practice at 8 p.m. (Learners : 7.30 p.m.).

JUKE BOX JURY :

It was surprising that many people were unawares that Juke Box Jury was held in Marston on January 12th. The audience was most appreciative of the verdicts of Mr. Fallowfield, La Belle Helène, Inspector Maigret, and Olga Schloffenheimer, the Olympic ski jumper. Apart from the fact that David Edwards put some of the records on at the wrong speed, the evening was a great success.

P.S. Many of the audience commented on the resemblance of the team to Andrew Dunkley, Helen Williams, John Harvey, Elaine Lines, and Nigel Starmer Smith. It was of course pure coincidence !

WYCLIFFE HALL :

This term we welcome two members of the Hall who will be taking part in the services. Mr. Tom Barnes is a Lancastrian, who will be ordained at Michaelmas, and hopes to work in the North. Mr. Michael Kelsey comes with experience of missionary work in Nigeria. We hope they will be very happy with us.

HOLY BAPTISM

- Dec. 10. Nigel Geoffrey, son of Trevor and Margaret Herman.
Dec. 24. Christopher John, son of Herbert and Gwendoline Ballad.
Dec. 24. Sally Jayne, daughter of David and Hazel Bidois.
Dec. 24. Received into the Church :
Andrew Alan, son of Alan and Meirwen Giles.
Jan. 14. Martin, son of Ronald and Sylvia Smith.
Jan. 14. Kerrin Barnaby, son of Timothy and Evelyn Sutton.
Jan. 14. Althea Monica, daughter of Ronald and Christine Whittam.

IN MEMORIAM

- Dec. 23. Sandra Marie Hayes. Aged 5 months.
Jan. 2. Walter Stanley Dyer.
Jan. 2. Christopher Denton.
Jan. 11. Annie May Broughton.

ALTAR FLOWER GUILD — ROTA FOR FEBRUARY

- Feb. 4. Mrs. Hawkins.
Feb. 11. Mothers' Union.
Feb. 18. Mrs. Starmer-Smith.
Feb. 25. Mrs. Jennings.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

	£	s.	d.	Communicants
October 1st	31	19	3	65
November 1st (All Saints' Day) ...				8
Nov. 30. St. Andrew's Day				5
Dec. 3. ADVENT SUNDAY	28	18	0	140
Dec. 6. St. Nicholas' Day				6
Dec. 10.	18	8	5	21
Dec. 17.	21	14	1	33
Dec. 21. St. Thomas' Day				3
Dec. 24. Christmas Eve	39	14	7	15
			Midnight—	155
Dec. 25. Christmas Day	26	2	3	53
Dec. 26. St. Stephen's Day				6
Dec. 31.	11	2	9	9

MORNING CHRISTENING (Feb. 4th)

There will be a Christening as part of the morning Service on Sunday, Feb. 4th, at 11 a.m. Parents with young children will be most welcome, and the significance of the service will be explained as it proceeds.

How Did You Get Your Vicar?

The Rev. Bernard T. Croft (Vicar of St. Jude's, Birmingham) explains the Church's method of appointing vicars and rectors.

IN what is still a small country parish in Yorkshire (where this parish magazine inset has been read for very many years) very well-known to me, a new vicar has recently been appointed.

"How are they chosen?" is a question asked by thoughtful lay-people; and I was called upon to answer this the other day.

In that particular place I imagine the procedure went something like this, though I do not claim to have any inside information!

The patron of the living is the "squire" (though he has never been called this up there) who still lives in the Hall—actually in another parish (and he is patron of that living too).

This means that way back one of his forbears came to have the right of appointment—maybe as a reward for services rendered to the church. It must not be forgotten that in many parishes where there is still "private patronage," that family has down the years given a great deal to the church—to the vicarage or rectory, the property and the incumbent—though the stipend of the incumbent does not of course come from them. Nor—we cannot apparently repeat too often—does it come from State funds (i.e. out of taxes). It comes from the Church's *own* money, which is now handled by a central authority known as the Church Commissioners. These are financial experts and of

recent years they have vastly increased our resources by their astute business methods. The only clergymen paid out of State funds are those employed as chaplains in HM Prisons, the Forces and such institutions as Approved Schools, "Borstals" etc.

And among these of course are ministers of other denominations as well as priests of the Established Church.

We will call this particular patron Colonel X—and the parish Moorland; and if there is a parish with this name I am not referring to it! (No matter how hard we writers strive to invent odd names, we nearly always find later there is someone or some place of that name!)

The living of Moorland fell vacant, the vicar being appointed to another which suited his particular circumstances better. Colonel X was then faced with the task of finding a new vicar. He, personally, did not know of any priest to whom he could offer the living; nor could any of his family and close friends recommend anybody. So, naturally, he had a word with the bishop of the diocese and told him how things stood, saying he would be glad to interview any priest the bishop liked to recommend to him as a suitable man for that particular place. (A good many private patrons have handed over their patronage to the bishop of recent years; but I still think there is some-

thing to be said for private patronage where it is exercised carefully and prayerfully.)

The bishop—like most bishops—was already short of men in his diocese; but he did suddenly remember that a priest had written to him some time before asking whether he might be kept in mind if a small country parish fell vacant. (There are, I know, some people who still think it is very wrong for a priest to suggest a move for himself, and that he should wait to be “called.” Well, he still has to wait to be called—but bishops are only too glad nowadays to have a list of men by them who are seeking a change of sphere—though they don’t like the incumbents they already have to be doing too much changing.)

So the Bishop of A put the Rev. BC (not the author of this!) into touch with Colonel X who interviewed him and liked him; and offered him the living, which he accepted.

And so Moorland got its new vicar and no doubt the bishop of the diocese—if he was able to perform the Institution of the new vicar himself—reminded the people that every parish was the bishop’s—and the vicar was his permanent representative there. He may well have also reminded the congregation that the new vicar would need the prayers and other practical help of the people. The Parochial Church Council, for instance, is meant to be a body of regular communicant churchpeople who will do all they can to assist their vicar in his work—they are not only there to deal with money matters. And they are certainly not there to be the Opposition!

The bishop of the diocese, as mentioned earlier, is often the patron of the living. Sometimes it is a university college; and sometimes a Church society—“high” or “low.” Or it can be such a body as one of the ancient trade guilds. And it *can* be

another vicar!

In the case of a university college, those responsible for a new appointment naturally tend to appoint a man who was once a member of that college. But very often they cannot find one and so have to look wider. A church society, equally naturally, is apt to appoint a man of their own “colour,” though mercifully, in these days, such distinctions are becoming much less noticeable. A more secular body of patrons would no doubt take the advice of some prominent churchmen within their body—or, like the private patron often does today, leave it to the bishop. In cases where the patron is the incumbent of another living—usually one of the great town livings—he, of course, is likely to be in touch with suitable men to fill the vacancy. And today there are not a few cases where the patronage is in the hands of a body of people—made up of clergy and laity—known as the diocesan board of patronage, and there are many who think this is the ideal arrangement. There are also what are called “Crown” livings to which, officially, the reigning monarch appoints; and also “Lord Chancellor’s Livings.”

The question arises: Would it not be a good thing if the people of the particular parish were permitted to choose their own vicar? On the whole, I think not. But nowadays the parochial church council are empowered to suggest to the patron *the kind of man* they want as parish priest. And, as many of you who are reading this will know, this often leads them into troubled waters; for, naturally, every parish where there is a vacancy demands the Rev. Admirable Crichton—who just does not exist!



1662-1962 ●

Does The Prayer Book need Revising?

ONE of the topics which is in the air at the moment is the subject of revising the *Book of Common Prayer*, or at any rate parts of it.

Now, there may be some people who are inclined to ask, "Why revise the Prayer Book? What is wrong with it as it is?" Before I attempt to answer these questions in detail, I would like to remind you of one or two important facts.

Firstly, we must bear in mind that the Prayer Book was first printed in English in 1549, which is a very considerable time ago. There are very few documents or institutions which, after more than 400 years, are not in some need of overhaul or revision, and the Prayer Book is no exception.

Then and Now

England in 1549 was a very different kind of country from what it is to-day. Its population then was less than four millions and a mainly rural one at that. The majority of the people were uneducated, and only a small proportion were able to read.

The English language was very different, too, from our modern English. Many words which were familiar then are certainly no longer so, and many more have entirely changed their meaning. The spiritual and intellectual needs of sixteenth-century English folk were very simple compared with those of our complex modern civilisation.

In this short article we consider a few of the principal reasons for believing that the time has now come to tackle this problem.

Revised Four Times Already

There is really no need, therefore, for surprise or alarm at the thought of our Prayer Book being in need of revision. After all, Archbishop Cranmer himself, who was mainly responsible for drawing up the first English Prayer Book in 1549, revised it again only three years later. It was revised again in 1559, in 1604 and yet again in 1662—four times altogether in less than 120 years.

Yet we are still expected to use a Prayer Book which took its present shape three hundred years ago. This is not a good thing for the life and worship of the Church. Nothing in this world stands still, and it is not desirable, surely, that it should do so. If our public forms of worship are to express what we *sincerely* believe and feel, they must be phrased in language which bears some relationship to the ordinary educated speech of the day. It is very good of you to come to church and confess that you are *miserable sinners*, but is that what you really feel about yourselves?

Anglican Growth

Another thing we need to remember is that when the Prayer Book was first drawn up, the Anglican Church consisted only of the two provinces of Canterbury and York. To-day it has spread all over the face of the earth, and instead of the 20 or so dioceses of which it consisted in 1549 there are to-day nearly four hundred. All of those Churches—in

(Continued on page 30)

◇

Church Notes and Views

◇

Coffee After Church

A FORMER curate of an Essex church has recently introduced an after-church coffee hour at St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Melbourne. It attracts hundreds of young people, who sit at tables in the crypt talking, drinking coffee and listening to modern music.

The innovator is the Very Rev. S. Barton Babbage, who was curate of Havering-atte-Bower, near Romford, Essex, from 1939 to 1941 and has been Dean of Melbourne since 1953. His experiment in the crypt has been far more successful than anyone in Melbourne expected.

Samaritans in Manchester

THE Telephone Samaritan movement is now being taken up in the Manchester diocese, where an appeal has been launched for £1,000 to provide a Counselling Centre with rooms for interviews and a telephone manned night and day in a church near the city centre.

The appeal is commended by the Bishop of Manchester (Right Rev. W. D. L. Greer), who observes that the object of the Manchester and Salford Telephone Samaritans, like that of their counterparts in other dioceses, is to help those contemplating suicide or in despair. "I am sure", says the Bishop, "that there is a real need for such a specialist service of love and friendship in all our great centres of population. This is just the kind of thing that the Church in Christ's name should be doing."

The Rev. E. G. Greening, 11, Highfield Avenue, Sale, is Secretary of the Manchester and Salford Samaritans, and Mr. M. Roberts, 63 Corporation Street, Manchester 4, is the Honorary Treasurer.

Sardinia Goes Contemporary

THE enclosed photograph, taken recently by Mr. Denis Bullock, shows a new church now nearing completion at Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia. It is dedicated to St. Catherine and St. George, and is designed to meet the needs of a new residential area, mostly consisting of blocks of flats. The interior of the church, Mr. Bullock tells us, is a perfect circle, only interrupted by a raised high altar.



Does any Reader Know ?

"ISN'T it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that dance in sawdust
rings,

And ordinary folk like you and me,
Are builders to all eternity.
Each of us has a box of tools,
Some wood, some stone, and a measuring
rule,

And each of us builds ere the race be run,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

I believe that this anonymous rhyme is carved somewhere in an English church. Please, can anyone tell me where?

Replies, please, *direct* to:

(Miss) D. H. NICHOLSON
14 Orchard Street,
Bury St. Edmunds,
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.



Railway Station into Church

AN Australian reader, Mrs. H. S. Collett of Eden, N.S.W., sends this interesting photograph of a church at Ainslie, a suburb of Canberra, the Federal capital. It was once a railway station at Rookwood, a suburb of Sydney. Adjoining it was a cemetery and years ago coffins were brought to it by train for burial. With the advent of motor hearses, however, the station became redundant; it was dismantled, taken to Canberra and re-erected as a church. Mrs. Collett tells us that it is most attractive inside and a credit to the Rector of Ainslie and his parishioners.



The Vine Around the Door

OF all the plants, the vine has perhaps the most significance in the Christian religion, and one church at least has a vine around its door. This is the church of Holy Cross at Bobbington, Staffordshire, near the Shropshire border. Last year, when this picture was taken, the vine bore a good crop of grapes.

The vine was planted many years ago by a patroness of the living, a Mrs. Mozley, and it continues to flourish without any special treatment.—VIVIAN BIRD (BIRMINGHAM).

Are Missionaries Still Wanted ?

THE Bishop of Ibadan, in Western Nigeria, says:

"My answer to that is a definite YES. Missionaries are still wanted, especially missionaries from overseas. In my diocese, for instance, if C.M.S. could send me five graduates, especially women graduates, per annum for the next five years, I should absorb all of them."



No Longer Tree-borne

IN our August 1960 issue we published a photograph of a bell suspended from the branch of a tree at Thornton-le-Fylde parish church, near Blackpool. This unusual arrangement was a temporary measure made necessary by the building of a new campanile. This has now been completed and Mrs. E. Kitching, who sent us the original photograph, has kindly sent us this further one depicting the bell's new quarters.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES



COMPILED BY PATRICIA HUNT

★ ★ ★
*St. Blaise—
Patron Saint of Woolworkers and Invalids*

ST. BLAISE was born at Sebaste in Armenia, the child of wealthy parents. When he grew up, he studied medicine, because he longed to help the sick and suffering. He liked to retire to lonely places in the mountains, because he loved their beauty and also because he liked to be among the birds and wild creatures. He often went to a cave in Mount Argus and there the wild beasts of the neighbourhood would come to him to be cured of their diseases. It is said that if he was praying when they arrived they never interrupted him, but waited patiently until he had finished.

But the Governor, Agricola, had orders to persecute all Christians and sent his soldiers to search them out; when they found Blaise in his cave,

they hurried him off to the Governor. On the way two poor women stopped him; one brought her child who was dying from swallowing a bone, and St. Blaise healed him; the other told him a wolf had run off with her pig, and Blaise ordered the wolf to restore the pig, and it did so.

The Governor, however, was not impressed by these works of mercy, and cast Blaise into prison. He had him tortured—one of the instruments being a sharp comb, such as wool is carded with—and then he was beheaded. In the Prayer Book Calendar you will find that St. Blaise is remembered on February 3rd; he is sometimes referred to as the Patron Saint of Woolcombers because of his torture.

FEBRUARY FILL - DYKE

That was one of the old names for this sometimes rather chilly month.

Yet there is much in February to cheer us—the first snowdrops, aconites and crocuses; lambs in the fields and catkins on the hazel trees; the first signs of our feathered friends setting up house again.

And right at the beginning of the month is a day which brings us a

message full of hope and brightness—February 2nd, *the Feast of the Purification*.

This is the day upon which we remember Mary and Joseph presenting the Infant Jesus to God in the Temple, and the aged Simeon singing his *Nunc Dimittis* as he beheld the “Light to lighten the Gentiles” and the glory of all God’s people.

LOOKING AT CHOIR STALLS

The word "choir" comes from a Greek word and means a band of singers, and the choir stalls are where the members of the choir sit. They may be at the back of the church but are often at the front in the chancel. In the Prayer Book, in the services of Morning and Evening Prayer, you will find a rubric (a direction to the people) which states, "In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem," and "Quire" is the old spelling of the word "choir."



"Hurry— we're late !"

Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell

The choir is not there mainly to sing for us, as though they were giving a concert, but to help lead our singing to God, so that we may all join together in God's praises. We must never feel that we have no part in a service, or that the choir and others are there to do our part for us. St. Aldhelm, who was Abbot of Malmesbury in the 7th century, knew this, and he would take his harp into the marker-place and play. When a crowd had gathered, he would teach them hymns and chants so that they could join in properly when they came to services in the Abbey.

Unusual Church Clock

You may remember reading about church clocks on this page last May. A reader tells us of an unusual clock which could be seen on the church of St. Nicholas in Bristol until it was destroyed by enemy action in the war. This clock had a seconds hand, which is a most unusual feature for an outside clock, and also had what was claimed to be the heaviest pendulum in the world; it weighed two thirds of a ton.

READING THE BIBLE TOGETHER

This month's reading is some wise words from the Book of Proverbs, words which we could well learn by heart. The passage may be read by three readers, A, B, and C.

Proverbs, ch. 3: verse 1 read by A
" 2 " B
" 3 " C
" 4 " A
" 5 " B
" 6 " C
" 7 " All.

Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

Monday—Washing and Ironing

When woollies have been washed, try pressing on the right side under a sheet of clean newspaper. Only a light pressure should be used, and you will be pleasantly surprised with the results. This method gives a really professional finish to hand-knitteds.—MRS. G. LOMAN (DELABOLE, CORNWALL).

Tuesday—Sewing

This is a novel way of using up odds and ends of material left over from garments, and bright printed cottons are especially useful. Cut out a pattern of an apron in kitchen paper, and then pin the scraps of materials in jig-saw fashion on to the paper. Fold under one piece to overlap another and tack firmly. Take away from the paper when the whole pattern has been covered and machine the tacked pieces firmly. Finish off with a pretty matching bias binding round the edge of the apron and add ties. These make attractive articles for your stall at a bazaar.—MRS. J. GREENFIELD (LOUTH, LINCS.).

Wednesday—First Aid

A few first-aid articles should always be kept handy in all houses—especially where there are children—and a very tidy hygienic way of keeping them is to buy, beg or borrow a glass sweet jar. Cotton wool, various sizes of bandages, ointment, plasters, etc. will then be clearly visible and will be kept perfectly clean. A first-aid kit kept in this way is ideal, as one may then see at a glance what is lacking or is to be replenished.—MRS. M. HAYES (EAST HARTING, PETERSFIELD).

Thursday—Cooking

From South Africa comes a recipe for a

supper dish. Take two cups of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Rub the dry ingredients into fine breadcrumb consistency with the butter and add one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well. Stir in cold water to make a firm pastry. Roll out and divide into two pieces. Cover a pie plate with one piece and then grate over this some Cheddar cheese to cover well. Chop three rashers of bacon finely and cover over the cheese. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, then add the other half of the pastry. Bake in a medium oven for about 30 minutes until the pastry is nicely baked.—MRS. DAVINA KEYS (EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA).

Friday—Household

It is very difficult to hammer in a nail in an awkward corner. Try holding the nail in position by placing it in the loop of a hairgrip. Slip the grip away before you drive the nail in firmly.—MRS. V. DAWNEY (HORNBURCH, ESSEX).

Saturday—Children

When taking hardboiled eggs to eat on a picnic or to school, it is a good plan to shell them first and wrap them in a lettuce leaf. They keep perfectly fresh this way, and are more easily handled. Children like them this way—it saves preparation at the picnic or school lunch, and leaves no messy shells to tidy up!—MRS. COCKIN (HURTHWAITE, YORK).

AS A LAKE

May I be as a still lake before Thee,
That I may reflect Thy light in glory.
As a smooth mirror to give out Thy
rays,
Untroubled by the wind or wrath of
days.
As a clear glass through night's
tranquillity,
So that Thy moon may see her face in
me.
As a still lake though hope be far or
dim,
So that a star may shine upon my rim.
O! make my soul a lake so calm and
still,
To ripple only at Thy perfect will.

IRENE H. LEWIS

Borax—and Old Lace

Lace is now very firmly established back in fashion again, and if you are fortunate enough to possess "some of Grandmother's" you are very lucky indeed!

Some of these old pieces are very beautiful, but may with age have become yellow and discoloured. Do not despair; with careful laundering, they may soon be made to look almost like new again, and may be worn in many ways with the modern dresses to make a wonderful effect.

Large pieces—like wedding veils—are very difficult to launder, and are best left to the experts, but small

* * * 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.

pieces such as collars and cuffs etc. may be cleaned and revitalised by the following method.

First of all, wash very carefully in warm water in which some good soap flakes have been dissolved. Do not rub, but swish the lace about in the bowl of water and the dirt will soon loosen. Rinse well in clear warm water to which a small quantity of powdered borax has been added and then finally rinse in warm water to which a *very weak* solution of starch has been added. Squeeze the lace very gently to take out as much of the moisture as possible—be sure never to wring! Place the lace on a clean towel and smooth into shape and leave until almost dry. Then press very lightly with a warm iron over a piece of clean cloth.—MARION HURST.

"Tranquillity"—Tal-y-Llyn Lake, between Towyn and Dolgelly

Photo: Eric L. King



THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

Breaking The Ice

BY JOHN JAMIESON

CAREFULLY Alice Tutt pulled aside her blue gingham kitchen curtains. Yes, Mrs. Bradley was in her garden. This was the chance she had been waiting for.

Alice felt as excited as a schoolgirl as she wrapped her best shawl round her shoulders and straightened her silvery hair. Now that she had got neighbours life would be so much more interesting.

Honeysuckle Cottage, with its bright rooms and neat little garden, was the sort of home she had always dreamed of, but it had one big drawback. The nearest house was over a hundred yards away. Even Alice had to admit that at her time of life a hundred yards could be a long way on a dark night or if she were feeling poorly. And she missed having someone to talk to.

Then suddenly people had started coming in cars to inspect the field next to her home. Before long pegs appeared in the ground, a load of bricks arrived and building started on the Bradleys' bungalow.

Eagerly she had watched every stage of its progress, until the previous evening a large furniture van had heralded the arrival of her new neighbours.

First impressions always count for most, Alice told herself, as she tripped along her weed-free path. She'd let the Bradleys know they

were welcome.

Mrs. Bradley was carrying old packing boxes into the garden, so Alice coughed loudly to attract her attention.

"Good evening! I thought we ought to introduce ourselves," she began brightly, as the other woman looked up. "I'm Alice Tutt."

"How do you do," Mrs. Bradley spoke pleasantly, but there was a coldness in her eyes which made Alice feel strangely unsure of herself. She was younger than Alice had thought, not more than 25, and very pretty. Her dark hair was tied back with a blue ribbon which matched her eyes perfectly.

"I hope you'll like it here," Alice ventured. "You've got a very nice bungalow."

"We are rather pleased with it. Roger had it designed specially."

"If . . . if there's anything you want to borrow, please don't be afraid to ask."

Mrs. Bradley gave her a smile Alice would have described as mass-produced. "I think we've got everything we need, thank you."

"Would you like a cabbage? I've got plenty."

"No, thank you, Miss Tutt. I bought one in the village."

Somewhat deflated, Alice allowed her eyes to wander towards the corner of her garden. This year her marrow

plant had produced the biggest fruit she had ever seen, a specimen she had been proudly preserving for a special occasion. Surely this was it.

"Do you like marrow? I've got a beauty that's far too big for me."

Mrs. Bradley eyed the marrow disdainfully. "I'm afraid neither of us touch them. Now, if you'll excuse me, I really must get on."

Alice found herself staring at the Bradleys' closed back door. The introduction hadn't gone at all as she had planned.

She forced a grin. Of course, Mrs. Bradley must be very busy. It had been foolish to hinder her. And she herself had a lot to do. There were the tea-cosies to finish for the jumble sale, and she had hoped to split up her pinks.

A cloud of smoke made Alice look up from the flower border that afternoon. Mr. Bradley was having a bonfire.

He looked rather a poppet, she decided; slightly older than his wife, tall and with a shock of fair hair which hung lazily over his forehead.

"Having a burn up?" Alice realised as she said it how stupid the question must sound.

"Yes . . . just a few old boxes. Is the smoke bothering you?"

"No. Not at all." Alice paused. "You've got a nice big garden. Plenty to dig, eh?"

"Oh, I shall get someone in with a mechanical digger." Mr. Bradley seemed shocked at the suggestion that he himself would dig the ground.

"You'll be having a lawn, I expect," persisted Alice. "Would you like some aubretia for the borders? So pretty, I think, and it spreads like wildfire."

"No thank you. We've planned a rose border all round the lawn." His manner was courteous but firm.

To Alice's left was a clump of tall

white daisies tinged with red of which she was rather proud. "How about a piece of this? It's rather large but it fills up an odd corner."

"I don't think so." There was an unmistakable note of irritation in Mr. Bradley's voice. "We've got our garden planned out, you see."

Alice's eyes misted over as she retreated indoors. Her new neighbours appeared determined to reject her friendship.

She had so looked forward to having someone live next door, someone she could talk to and get to know. But it seemed she had expected too much.

After all, she told herself, the Bradleys' bungalow was rather a grand affair, and their shiny new car standing outside gave a clue as to their means. She couldn't really expect them to bother with an old stick-in-the-mud like her. They would be busy living their own lives.

Alice hardly saw her new neighbours for the rest of that week. Roger Bradley left for work early and his wife kept herself to herself.

Then one day, as Alice was clearing away the tea things, she heard hurried footsteps on the path and a sharp knock at the door. "Why, Mrs. Bradley!" Alice was surprised, to say the least.

"I wonder if I could ask a favour of you, Miss Tutt," began Gwen Bradley, her cheeks flushed. "I . . . I've run out of bread."

"Of course," Alice smiled kindly.

"Roger has just 'phoned up." The words began to tumble out. "He's bringing the managing director and his wife home to coffee. I completely forgot the baker didn't call today."

"You poor thing." Alice couldn't help feeling sorry for the girl. She suddenly seemed so young and helpless. "We'll see what we can do. Have you got anything to put in the sandwiches?"

(Continued on page 30)

ROBERT L. STOREY VISITS

The Old Church ★ of Martindale

PASSING Howtown, which lies on the side of Ullswater, and taking the Martindale road up the steep Hause with its hairpin bends, one comes, almost a mile farther on, to the old St. Martin's Church standing on the left opposite Wintercrag Farm. This little House of God is not of Norman or Gothic architecture, but just a small, solid structure little larger than a cottage. Yet it has a simple beauty of its own.

Its exterior measurements are roughly twenty-four by eight yards. The walls are about nine feet high and three feet thick. I imagine they would originally be of the dry-stonewalling of the Lake District, similar to the wall surrounding the churchyard.

One fine August afternoon, I wandered along the narrow road to the church and seemed, as I entered the churchyard, to step straight into the distant past. The dale was deeply still. Away upon Thrang Crag I could hear faintly, at intervals, the scream of a peregrine falcon.

Behind the church stands a yew tree said to be seven hundred years old and, like the church, still sturdy. It is now the only yew in the district, and was perhaps one of the trees from which the bowmen of Martindale came to get wood for their bows. I came to the Birkett tomb which lies at the South corner of the churchyard: the tomb of the first Vicar.

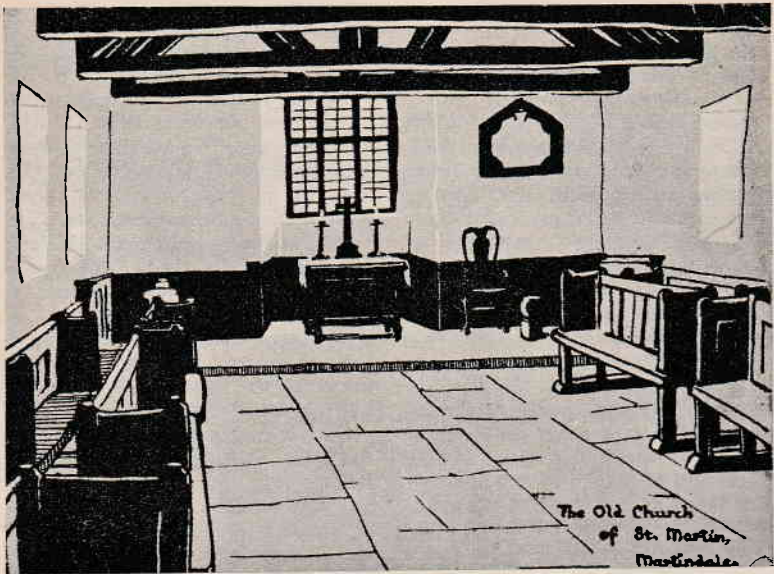
Richard Birkett was inducted to the

living on June 16th, 1633. It is said that this parish of Martindale was carved out of the ancient parish of Barton, whose priests served it until the middle of the 17th century. It was constituted a separate parish on the appointment of Richard Birkett. Tradition says that there was a chapel in the Dale before the 13th century, and this old church replaced it. Richard Birkett served here faithfully for nearly 67 years, and died on Christmas Day 1699. He left a hundred pounds towards the better maintenance of a godly, sober and religious minister to follow him. Richard Birkett's stipend on appointment was the grand sum of £6.13.4 per annum!

It was a little difficult to read the epitaph inscribed on the tomb; but after a while I was able to make out the following:

"Here lyeth interred Richard Birkett clerk, who procured this Chappell to be consecrated with parochial rights. As Curate he remained here 67 years, and as a benefactor he gave to ye Chappell one hundred pounds. As a most affectionate husband he left to his wife a comfortable subsistence, who in token of her gratitude and to perpetuate his memory caused this tomb to be erected. Dyed on the 25th of December in the 95th year of his age. Anno Domini 1699."

I left the tomb, and walking round to the West end, opened the old studded door and passed through the long porch into the quiet, peaceful



church with the sunshine streaming through the small windows. I stood for a few moments, filled with the feeling that always comes to me on entering an empty church, of being somehow in touch with the spirits of past generations of worshippers.

The inside is very simple. The old box pews are placed lengthways of the church, facing each other across the aisle. I remember my grandmother telling me, when I was a boy, that in the church she attended as a child the pews were facing each other, running longways down, and the women sat on one side and the men on the other.

The reading desk on the right had at one time been a double-decker, but at some period half had been cut down. It was presented to the first incumbent by Mr. John Dawes, and on the desk lies a very old Bible, one of the earliest copies of the 1611 translation. The floor is flagged, and I was informed that the flagging was done in 1714 to cover the old earthen floor.

The Old Church of St. Martin, Martindale
(Reproduced by kind permission of the artist, Mrs. E. M. Barraclough)

The font, at the East end of the church on the North side, had been a Roman altar found on the High Street which runs along the top of the hill of that name behind the church. It is marked near the base with small grooves said to have been made by the bowmen in sharpening their arrows.

On the communion table is a plain wooden cross. The two altar candlesticks are formed of the fore-legs of red deer on wooden bases.

There have been minor repairs done during the 300 years, but the only major restoration was in 1883, when the whole roof had collapsed. It seems peculiar that on the day of the consecration of the new St. Martin's church, which stands at the top of the Hause, the roof of the old one should fall!

I came out into the sunlight, and imagined the folk of Martindale long

(Continued on page 30)

1662 - 1962 ●

Does the Prayer Book Need Revising?

(Continued from page 19)

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the U.S.A., South Africa, the West Indies, and so forth—which derive their existence from the Mother Provinces of Canterbury and York—have also inherited the Book of Common Prayer. They worship according to its principles and, broadly speaking, according to its forms of service.

But none of them has been content with the Book of 1662 *exactly as it stands*. They have nearly all adapted and revised it to meet the needs of their own particular part of the world and of their own day and age. The latest of the Anglican Churches to bring out its own revised Prayer Book is the Canadian Church, and a very fine revision it is.

The sons and daughters of Canterbury and York have felt themselves free and able to bring their Prayer Books up-to-date; is it reasonable or right that poor old Mum—the Church of England here at home—should have to make do for ever with the one she has inherited from the reign of King Charles the Second? Magnificent as it is, it is surely not surprising if, after 300 years, it shows signs, here and there, of creaking at the joints!

H. A. L. R.

THE OLD CHURCH OF MARTINDALE

(Continued from page 29)

ago, flocking to the little church, on foot, on fell ponies, or with horse and trap.

The sharp hoot of a motor horn made me turn quickly to see a luxurious car trying to weave its way through a flock of sheep which had strayed on to the road.

Back to the world of today!

BREAKING THE ICE

(Continued from page 27)

"I . . . I've got some cheese . . ."

"Go and fetch it. We'll cut them round here," ordered Alice. "And I'll give you a tin of dressed crab. It's lovely with a dash of vinegar. Oh, and I've just baked a batch of cheese scones. You're welcome to those."

Half an hour later a relieved Gwen left with a box of sandwiches, scones and mince pies—and a bunch of daisies for the table.

"I hope the scones have got enough cheese in them," Alice murmured to herself as she saw a sleek saloon car pull up outside the Bradleys'.

But she need not have worried. As soon as their visitors had gone Roger and Gwen Bradley came hurrying round full of thanks.

"It really was magnificent of you," said Roger with a flashing grin. "Mr. Rollenshaw ate four of your scones."

"I'd have been in a terrible mess without you," admitted Gwen. "I'm just lost when it comes to anything like that. By the way, Roger thinks he's clinched his promotion."

Alice chuckled rather self-consciously, and murmured something about helping one another. The Bradleys suddenly seemed different people, warmer, more human.

"Can you come and have tea with us tomorrow, Miss Tutt?" Gwen asked eagerly. "We'd like to show you round now we're straight." She smiled infectiously. "I'll make sure we've got enough bread."

"Mr. Rollenshaw was admiring your garden," said Roger. "He said we'd have to ask you to advise us over ours."

Alice felt a warm glow inside as she drew her curtains that evening and noticed the Bradleys' lights winking out. It was going to be fun to have Gwen and Roger living next door—now that the ice had been broken.

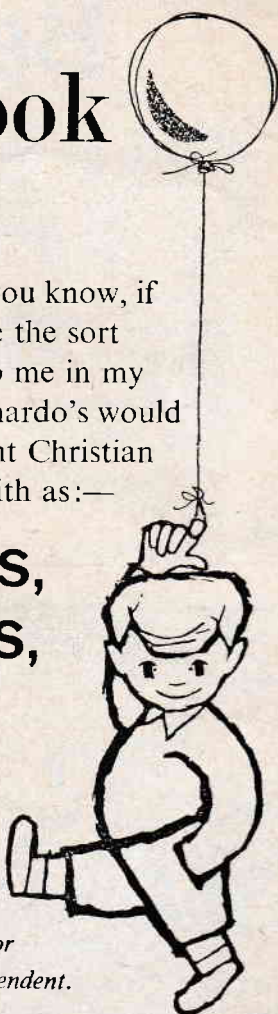
Won't you come and look after me?...

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