

No. 49

MARCH, 1962

Price 4d.

"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD"



*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.

**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.

My Dear Friends,

A friend of mine said to me recently, "I suppose you will soon be writing in your Vicar's letter—Lent will soon be upon us." We agreed that it would almost have been worth while offering a prize to the cartoonist who could illustrate this time-worn phrase. One imagined two meek church folk walking down the path with some horrifying Thurberish monster (painted in purple of course!) about to drop on them!

Yet the fact is that on Ash Wednesday, 7th March—LENT WILL BE HERE! How are you going to use this holy season? The word Lent comes from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning Spring, and of course this is the time for spring ploughing, and for the spring-cleaning of our houses. Why not make it a time when you ask God the Holy Spirit each day to plough up the ground of your heart, that has become so hardened by the sins—hates—habits—and hurts that we have pressed into it. Ask Him to purge and cleanse your soul so that you may become more and more Christlike each day.

Here are a few hints on how to make use of Lent:

1. Resolve to spend five minutes each day studying a Gospel, pondering it, and applying its message to your own life.
2. Make a special effort to come to the mid-week Holy Communion Service on Wednesday morning at 7.15 a.m.
3. Bring a neighbour to the "School for Christians" on Wednesday evenings in Lent at 7.45 p.m. in the Church Hall.
4. Ask for a C.M.S. Lent box, and put aside for the work of the Church Overseas, what you save, in self-denial, on some luxury.

Remember — Lent is not primarily intended to make us more virtuous, but to help us to draw nearer to Our Lord and to grasp more clearly the wonder of His Love as we see it in the story of His Passion.

Your sincere friend and Vicar,

*Paul A. Remington*

THE PARISH CALENDAR — MARCH, 1962

- Mar. 3. QUINQUAGESIMA.  
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
6. SHROVE TUESDAY.  
Intercession Service in Church, 7.30 p.m.
7. ASH WEDNESDAY.  
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
7.45 p.m. "SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS" in Church Hall.
8. Thursday. 4 p.m. Lent Service for Children over 7, County Primary School.
9. Friday. Women's World Day of Prayer.
11. LENT I.  
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
14. Wednesday. Ember Day. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
7.45 p.m. "SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS" in Church Hall.
15. Thursday. 4 p.m. Lent Service for Children over 7, County Primary School.
18. LENT II.  
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.  
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION.  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.  
Church Parade and Young Peoples' Service (all young people from the Parish are especially invited).
21. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
7.45 p.m. "SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS" in Church Hall.
22. Thursday. 4 p.m. Lent Service for Children over 7, County Primary School.
25. LENT III. LADYDAY.  
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.  
11.0 a.m. Matins.  
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.  
6.30 p.m. Evensong.  
Mothers' Union Enrolment Service.
28. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
7.45 p.m. "SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS" in Church Hall.
29. Thursday. 4 p.m. Lent Service for Children over 7, County Primary School.

**ADVANCE NOTICE :**

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Nicholas Parish Church on Friday, 13th April at 7.30 p.m.

## LENTEN SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS, 1962

Our "SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS" will be held again this year during Lent in the Church Hall on WEDNESDAYS at 7.45 p.m. starting on Ash Wednesday, March 7th.

Make a note of the dates now and do your best to be present when we shall be welcoming the following speakers who will speak on the theme—

### "LIFT HIGH THE CROSS"

"I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

- Mar. 7. "The Crux of Christianity." Rev. F. J. Taylor, Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.
- Mar. 14. "The Cross and World Chaos." Rev. Peter Moore, Assistant Priest, All Saints, Highfield.
- Mar. 21. "The Cross—the Centre of Unity." Rev. Leanord Schiff, Lecturer, St. Augustine College, Canterbury.
- Mar. 28. "The Cross and Christian Commitment." Rev. Kenneth Martin, Vicar of St. Michael's, Summertown.
- Apr. 4. "The Cross and Christian Healing." Rev. Howard J. Rose, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Ditchling.
- Apr. 11. "The Cross and the Christian Mission." Rev. Kenneth Packard, Vicar of Sandford St. Martin. (Author of "Brother Edward. Priest and Evangelist.").

(These talks will form the introductory preparation for a Parish Mission in 1963. PLEASE MAKE THEM A TOP PRIORITY).

## SUNDAY SCHOOL : ARRANGEMENTS FOR LENT

In addition to normal Sunday School on Sundays there will be a special MID-WEEK SERVICE and short instruction for all children over the age of 7 years in ST. NICHOLAS PRIMARY SCHOOL (by the kind permission of the Headmaster) immediately after School on THURSDAYS at 4 p.m. starting on Thursday, 8th March.

## MOTHERING SUNDAY — Sunday, 1st April

There will be a special Service for all Parents and Children in Church at 3 p.m. when we shall look forward to welcoming you all.

## GOOD FRIDAY : 20th April

There will be a special Children's Service at 10 a.m.

The children will be bringing letters home to their parents giving further details and we should be so grateful for your co-operation in helping the children to keep Lent faithfully.

O.J.L.

## CHURCH OVERSEAS

A small "Action Group" met under the chairmanship of the Vicar at 23 Elms Drive on the 8th February. This group has drawn up a programme for the year and hopes to have the co-operation of all the organizations as it seeks to put before the parish the work and the needs of the Church Overseas. There will be a Service of INTERCESSION in Church on Shrove Tuesday, 6th March, from 7.30 p.m. to 8 p.m., for the spread of the Gospel in this Parish and throughout the world. Please do your best to join us. Pray for the work of the C.M.S. and the World Wide Church.

C. Marsh.

## CHURCH HALL

The Hall will not be booked for any social functions during the Lenten Season (other than Wedding receptions). O.J.L.

## THIRD ASSEMBLY OF THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

Come and hear a first hand account of this important Assembly held at New Delhi from the three delegates from Oxford.

Prof. C. A. Coulson, F.R.S. Rev. F. Dalby, S.S.J.E. Rev. Dr. John Marsh.

THURSDAY 1st MARCH, at 8.15 p.m.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, OXFORD.

## BROWNIES :

"Thinking Day" which is observed each year all over the world on the 22nd February as the Founder's Birthday, was celebrated by our Brownie Pack with the rest of the Division.

Our thanks go to all those Brownies who helped in the "anti-litter" campaign in the parish. M.D.

## HOLY BAPTISM

Jan. 20. Steven Philip, son of Heather and Godfrey Nolan.

Feb. 4. Martin Russell, son of John and Audrey Day.

Feb. 18. Hugh Melvin, son of David Edward and Beatrice Deam.

## IN MEMORIAM

Feb. 8. Terence John Hilditch, aged 52 years.

## ALTAR FLOWER GUILD

Rota for March and April

Mar. 4. Mrs. B. Chrich.

Lent. (No flowers required).

Apr. 22. Easter Day. Mrs. Brain.

Apr. 29. Mrs. Bolton.

	£	s.	d.	Communicants
January 7th	33	6	11	52
January 14th	32	1	3	21
January 21st	26	14	4	57
January 28th	31	17	9	30

# What is this "Liturgical Movement"?

*The Rev. Bernard T. Croft, a priest-journalist who is very much in touch with the Movement here at home and on the Continent, explains.*

THE short, simple answer, I suppose, is—the "Liturgical Movement" (here and on the Continent in the Roman Catholic Church) is an attempt to simplify the services of the Church so that they make sense to the common people.

There may be some who are suspicious straight away because there seems to be some link here between the R.C. Church and the Anglican. And such as these may say, Surely our English Church services are already simple enough; it was the intention of the Reformers who produced our Prayer Book to make our services "people's services" and not merely "priests' services". What, some of these may ask, could be more simple than Morning Prayer (or Mattins)?

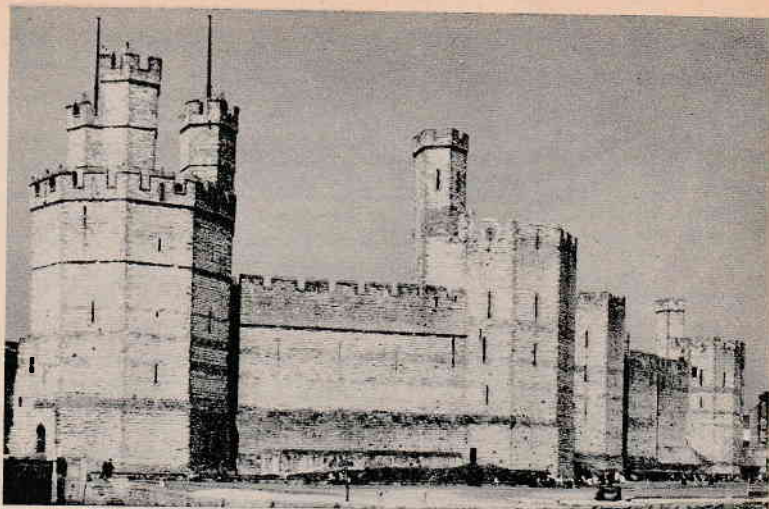
Well, the answer to the last question is simply, the Holy Communion Service. And it is no use denying (and many of us would not wish to do so) that the "Liturgical Movement" has, in fact, brought back the Holy Communion Service to its proper place as the chief service of Sunday morning worship, lifting it from being merely "the early service" as it was, and still is, in many places.

We should remember, too, that our Free Church brethren are also sharing to some extent in this Movement. Many of them for some time have felt that the Holy Communion was not to be regarded as an exceptional, occasional service but the most im-

portant one we have, and some of these have also urged of recent years that "The Lord's Own Service" is the right service for "The Lord's Own Day" and have been celebrating it with more frequency and more of the traditional ceremonies. Not so long ago I was listening-in to a broadcast service of Holy Communion—and not until suddenly one or two words were different from those of the Book of Common Prayer (in the Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church) did I realise that it was not coming from an English parish church, but from a Methodist chapel!

In our English parish churches it may be said to have started with the Parish Communion Movement. This was a move to raise the service from being just "the early service" attended by the faithful few, to a later hour which would enable working people still to have extra time in bed on Sundays (but do they really need this nowadays, anyway, when so many work a five-day week?) and still observe the traditional custom of making their Communion before breakfast. In many places a "parish breakfast" follows in a nearby hall.

And, you know, to those not brought up from childhood in the tradition of Mattins, the Holy Communion service is much more easy to understand. Mattins, indeed, may be said to be the service for the few (the more learned, the more intellec-



Caernarvon Castle, N. Wales

Photo: Eric L. King

tual if you like) and the Eucharist (or whatever name you give it) for the many, being the ideal service of worship for the whole family and not just for those confirmed and intending to communicate.

It is a return to "primitive" Christianity; for it is the "breaking of bread and the prayers" of the early Christians. And to be a follower of the "Liturgical Movement" does not necessarily mean you are very "High Church"—for the service can still be celebrated with the simplest of ceremonial.

It is an attempt to bring the layfolk of the Church more into the service, for although we have it in "the vulgar tongue" already, yet it has largely been a service "of the priest"—with in some places a server only representing the laity in the sanctuary. In churches following the Movement (and it is not of course the kind of Movement you "join") the people are encouraged to say their part more audibly—and more parts are given them to say, e.g. the whole congregation joining in the Prayer of Humble

Access. And to do more in it, e.g. the bringing to the altar at the Offertory (which was never meant to be merely the collection of the alms) of the bread and wine and water for consecration later. In some places a layman reads the Epistle; and in some churches laymen read both Epistle and Gospel.

As I have written in another place, the Movement seems to be working out along the lines of the churches that were very "High" becoming less so and those that were very "Low" becoming also less so. But it would be ridiculous to regard it as a "thin end of the wedge" Rome-wards. It is only Rome-wards in so far as the Roman Catholic Church on the Continent—especially in France—has come to the conclusion that the Lord's Own Service is not one to be *watched* by the people, but *prayed* and taken part in by all present. In France it has meant the return to the Church of many who had been lost; and the Movement could mean that in England too.

1662-1962



## Meeting Modern Needs

### Further Reflections on Prayer Book Revision

SINCE the *Book of Common Prayer* was last revised—300 years ago—great advances have been made in the knowledge of how people worshipped in the early days of Christianity, as well as in the principles of Christian worship in general. Archbishop Cranmer, and those who assisted him to draw up the first services in English, were rightly anxious to do away with the many corruptions and over-elaborations with which the mediaeval services had become overlaid. They aimed at a return to the purer and simpler forms of worship of the Early Church, and a very praiseworthy aim it was.

But unfortunately, they were themselves much too near the Middle Ages in time; they were themselves the products of the mediaeval system and so was their whole outlook and mode of thought. Their intentions were of the best, but their knowledge of Primitive Christianity was deficient. They allowed themselves to be too much influenced by Continental reforming ideas. They abolished many things they ought to have kept, and they retained some things which would better have been done away with.

#### *Sunday Morning Programme*

Furthermore, they lived in a far more leisurely age than our own. They had more time to fill in than we have, and far fewer things to fill it in with. They were quite prepared to

spend most of Sunday morning in church, and a good part of Sunday afternoon as well.

That is why Archbishop Cranmer's arrangements for our Sunday morning worship consist of Mattins, followed by the Litany, followed by the Holy Communion. No hymns, of course, and the sermon, notices, banns of marriage and the collection always after the Nicene Creed at Holy Communion.

That is how we are expected by the Prayer Book (and, incidentally, by the law of England as well) to spend our Sunday mornings. And if you object that, as a regular weekly programme, it is rather too much of a good thing, well—there's yet another reason for revising the Prayer Book in order to bring it more into line with modern habits and ideas!

#### *Patterns of Worship Must Change*

Let us, then, not get too hot under the collar when Revision of the Prayer Book is mentioned, or remark that what was good enough for grandfather is good enough for us. We don't say that about anything else—clothes, household conveniences, modes of transport, farming methods, or ways of amusing ourselves.

We recognize that since grandfather's day, however much some of us may regret it, the pattern of life has

*(Continued on page 46)*

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# Church Notes and Views

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## *The People of Africa*

IN the vast continent of Africa, there are an estimated 240 million people, 86 million of whom are Muslim, 35 million Christian, 75 million associated with primitive religions and the remaining 44 million are in the no-man's-land of "no religion", or materialism. Here is a challenge to the Christian Church in Africa to draw the 75 million into the Christian circle, to evangelize those already lost to materialism, to seek to communicate with the followers of Islam and to strengthen the millions who claim allegiance to Christ.

## *Christian Family Year*

MOTHERS' Union branches in most overseas dioceses have now informed the Union's Central Headquarters that they are eager to join in the Christian Family year, which the Union is planning to hold from May 1962 to May 1963. The purpose of the Christian Family Year will be to emphasise the supreme value of the family in national and international society, and to try to bring whole families back to or into the Church.

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## 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.

## *Church Worth a Visit*

THE Church of St. Michael and All Angels in the village of Bugbrooke, Northants, stands in one of the prettiest settings in this county as the churchyard and adjoining pastureland are planted with lime and horse-chestnut trees. The tower and spire date from the 14th century and the nave and south arcade are of Norman origin. The interior of the church is also of interest but the most outstanding feature is the 15th century carved wood screen with a fan vaulted canopy.—M. JAMES PAYLER (BLISWORTH).



## *More News of Tape*

THE little village of Ulcombe in Kent has been without an organ for some time, but the services are still accompanied by organ music. After the hymns and psalms have been chosen for the Sunday services, a tape recorder is taken to Headcorn Church where the tunes and chants are recorded, then played back to accompany the singing at Ulcombe.—C. A. BASSET (WADHURST, SUSSEX).

## *Curious Entry in Parish Register*

THE parish register of Middleton Scriven, Shropshire, contains a curious entry in 1796. The record runs:

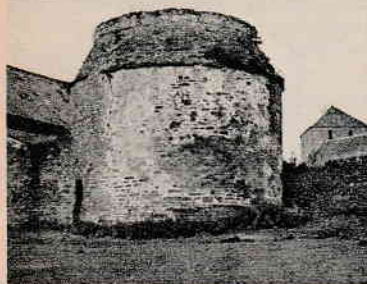
"Buried Samuel son of Richd. and Anne Cork was buried Decr. the 2d. He was killed by the kick of a horse which was forfeited to the Lord of the Manor as a Deodand."—REVD. G. S. HEWINS (CLEOBURY MORTIMER).



### *St. David's, Rhulen*

ONE of the most primitive-looking churches in Radnorshire is St. David's at Rhulen. It is in a beautiful but rather isolated position between the Wye Valley and the Builth to New Radnor road.

Largely 13th century with 14th century additions, it has only two windows. The font bowl is 14th century with an even older base, there is a sanctuary ring on the south door, and the church has two 15th century bells. There is a recess in the east wall for an altar and the porch has ancient timber-work.—ERIC L. KING (WORCESTER).



### *The Garway Dovecote*

CLOSE to the church at Garway, Herefordshire, stands a mediaeval dovecote, the oldest dated building of the kind. Garway belonged to the Knights Hospitallers and the inscription over the doorway reads: "In the year 1326 Brother Richard built this columbarium." There are nesting boxes for 666 pigeons. This dovecote was repaired a few years ago by the Ministry of Works and can be seen on application at the farmhouse. The church is a very interesting one, mostly Norman, and connected by a covered passage to the tower. Originally it belonged to the Templars and foundations of their round church remain. In the churchyard is a "holy well," perhaps a Celtic place of worship before the coming of Christianity.—M. W. (HEREFORD).



### *A Fine Modern Window*

OUR illustration, sent by Mr. E. V. Plant of Grays, Essex, shows St. Cedd, the great Saxon missionary bishop of East Anglia who died in 664 A.D. The small chapel shown is that of St. Peter-on-the-Wall, Bradwell-on-Sea.

The window itself, from the London studios of Messrs. A. K. Nicholson, is part of the east window of Ashingdon church, which stands on an eminence near the site of the battle of Assundun between the Saxons under Edmund Ironside and the Danes under Canute in 1016. Ashingdon church has recently been restored, with generous help towards the cost from friends in Denmark.

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES



COMPILED BY PATRICIA HUNT

## *Is Your Name David?*

**F**ROM Bible times onwards the name David, meaning "beloved," has been a popular one for boys. The Old Testament story tells how David began his working life as a humble shepherd boy, and rose to become the greatest king Israel ever had. History tells of other Davids who began life in a very humble way, but who became widely known and honoured in the service of their fellows. David Livingstone was one of these. As a boy he worked in a mill near Glasgow. As a man he became a missionary and explorer. In his day Africa was called the Dark Continent. David Livingstone not only explored its interior, visiting many places where no white man had ever before set foot, but he also fought the African slave trade, and brought Christianity to the Africans.

David Lloyd George was a Welshman, brought up in a humble but godly home. He became a lawyer, and later, a Member of Parliament. He will always be gratefully remembered as the man who introduced old age pensions, and as Prime Minister during the dark days of the first World War.

Do you like Shakespear's plays? One of the greatest of all Shakespearian actors, especially impressive in parts like Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth and Richard III, was David Garrick. He, too, had few early advantages in life. It was said that he and the future Dr. Johnson arrived in London as young men, seeking their fortune, with but 4d. between them!

St. David is the patron saint of Wales. Little is known of his life, but he has been held in high regard by the Welsh people since the 7th century.—  
G. E. DIGGLE.

## —READING THE BIBLE TOGETHER—

Our passage for reading aloud together this month is Psalm 8.	v. 1	Reader A (medium voice)
Reading together can be done in the family or amongst a group of friends. For this psalm you will need three readers—a deep voice, a light voice and a medium voice.	2	„ B (light voice)
	3, 4	„ C (deep voice)
	5	„ A
	6	„ C
	7, 8	„ B
	9	„ All.



The Railway Mission Coach and Congregation

Photo: Michael Fidgein

## ADVENTURE ON THE RAILWAY

**W**OULD<sup>N</sup>'T you be surprised if one day the church came to you instead of you going to it? But that is what happens in some places in Africa. In many places in Rhodesia and Nyasaland there are little groups of people who are often 50 miles or more from a church—and so the church comes to them, on a train!

Every twenty miles or so along the line you might find these lonely people—a platelayer and his staff, a railway foreman and his family, a farmer or two, and so on. They all serve their country, and they all need God, just as we do. So four or five times a year perhaps, the Railway Mission arrives, and all the people in each little community turn out to meet the train. It is a big day for them!

Part of the train is set out as a church, with an altar at the end of one coach, and here the priest takes services and gives communion to those who are confirmed. Then he visits any sick people in the area who cannot get to the railway—and this may mean a journey of several miles, probably on a bicycle.

The priests and lady workers live on the train and shunt their way round a whole area of line. They can say they have a parish several hundreds of miles long by 3 ft. 6 ins. wide—as that is the width of the track!

The full name of this mission is the "Rhodesia and Nyasaland Railway Mission," and perhaps one day you, or someone you know, will go out to Africa to serve God in this adventurous way.

# ★ Weekday Pages for Women ★

CONDUCTED BY  
MARION HURST

## ★ **Monday—Washing/Cleaning** ★

An excellent and economical cleaning preparation for windows and mirrors may be made from the following ingredients. Place a dessert-spoonful each of water, paraffin oil and methylated spirits in a bottle and shake well to mix. Apply this well-mixed liquid to windows and mirrors with a soft piece of cloth. Rub briskly, and then finally polish off with another piece of clean soft cloth. This makes a lovely glisten to the surface.—MISS E. M. ADAMS (KILLEGAR P.O., CAVAN, EIRE).

## **Tuesday—Sewing/Knitting**

A young reader writes: "If you have a daughter who is a scatterbrained teenager and learning to knit, remember to buy *two* copies of any knitting pattern she uses as one is sure to be lost long before the garment is finished. PS. I am the scatterbrained teenager with a half-finished jumper and a lost pattern!"—MISS C. EARL (LEYTON, LONDON, E.10).

## **Wednesday—Nursing/First Aid**

A really good barley water drink which is refreshing and good for invalids and convalescents is made from the following: Take one teaspoonful of pearl barley and one quart of cold water. Bring to the boil and let it stand for five minutes, then strain well. Add the juice of two lemons and sugar to taste.—MISS M. HERBERT (SALFORD 5, LANCs.).

## **Thursday—Cooking**

Why not try home-made potato crisps—they are delicious! With an ordinary potato peeler, make thin slices of potato. Rinse well under the cold water tap to remove starch and to avoid sticking together. Drain well and then fry in deep hot fat until pale golden brown in colour. Drain well on kitchen paper and

sprinkle with salt. If kept in an airtight tin these crisps will keep fresh and crisp for days.—MRS. R. V. PATCHETT (BELPER).

## **Friday—Household**

If the base of your coal scuttle shows signs of wear and tear, renovate it by the following method and it will last for quite a time longer. Make a paper pattern of the inside of the base and cut out a shape from a piece of aluminium foil (kitchen foil). Stick the foil in place with strong glue and the scuttle will be almost as good as new.—MRS. J. KING (FAVERSHAM, KENT).

## **Saturday—Children**

*A Hint for Baby-sitters.* When baby-sitting, or with an invalid in the house, one must always be on the alert for their call, and the following will be a help when the door must be left ajar. To prevent the door closing, make a pad about 6 in. by 3 in. and cover with some soft material such as velvet or wool. Stitch a loop of narrow elastic on both ends large enough to slip over both the inside and outer handles of the door. With this pad in place, the door cannot close noisily and thus will not disturb the invalid or child.—MRS. J. A. PLAYFORD (BECCLES, SUFFOLK).

## *The Blueprint*

"War, oh, how to prevent it?"

The tired-eyed statesmen say.

"We have talked, we have made long speeches,

But we have not found a way.

We can see dark forces massing  
And storm-tossed flags unfurled,  
Yet we cannot find the blueprint  
For a new and peaceful world!"

Good sirs, there is such a blueprint,

But it's old and simple stuff;

The nations might well reject it  
As not being clever enough.

The first rule is 'Love thy neighbour'

And the second is simple too.

It is merely 'Do unto others  
As you'd have them do to you!'

GRETA BRIGGS

# Take Care of Your Hands!

Even after taking the usual precautions, winter's icy winds are, to say the least, not very kind to one's hands. Now, when Spring sunshine should be on the way, whatever their condition, our hands will appreciate and respond to a refreshing tonic.

Warm the hands for a few moments in front of the fire, and then on each palm place about half a teaspoonful of glycerine and a pinch of sugar. Massage well into the hands, backs and fronts—taking care to work well between the fingers and into the knuckles. It is well worth spending five or ten minutes with this massage movement—it will soften the skin and get rid of any ingrained particles, and after wiping off the surplus with a clean piece of soft rag—it will leave the hands smooth and clean and tingling.

Next, wash the hands in a bowl of warm water, lathering freely with a good toilet soap, again massaging the lather well into the skin. Finally, rinse thoroughly free from any soapiness in clear warm water to which a teaspoonful of lemon juice has been added, and then wipe free from any moisture with a clean soft towel.

Manicure in the usual way, add a spot of your favourite hand lotion or cream and your hands will then feel delightfully refreshed. They will certainly have improved in appearance after their 'tonic-bath'.—MARION HURST.

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

"When day is done"

Photo: D. E. Tyler



SHORT STORY FOR MARCH

Servant of the Lord

BY PEMBURY LEITH

**S**HADOW choked the sunlight thrusting through the workshop doorway. Toby Mallett looked up, one hand caressing the carved oak, the other pushing back the plume of white hair that always fell over his forehead as he worked.

"Mr. Obadiah Mallett?" The voice was young, assured.

"That's my name," said Toby, straightening his back, and looking down all of six feet. "Can I help you?"

"I'm John Burrows. I'm an architect. I'm looking for someone to do a special job, and they tell me you're a real craftsman."

Toby's heart seemed to lift, and his blue eyes glowed in stronger contrast to the russet of his lined face. Work was hard to come by these days, for no-one seemed to want quality any more. People seemed satisfied with slick and shining mass-production, however shoddy the workmanship beneath.

He spoke slowly, fighting the tremor in his throat. "Well, Mr. Burrows, sir, 'tis not for me to say, but a craftsman I am, and have been many years. I can't manage heavy work now, but no matter. 'Tis all machine cut these days, and fits where it touches."

"We can't often afford the best nowadays," John Burrows laughed, glancing swiftly round the small workshop. Like a blackbird, thought Toby. "Machines can't do every-

thing, though. That box, for instance." His hand stretched out to touch the polished surface. "Your work?"

"I made it," said Toby simply.

"It's beautiful. They didn't tell me you were a carver, too. 'Servant of the Lord.'" Burrows's voice held something of reverence as he read. "That *fleur-de-lys* motif is excellent, and those praying hands on either side of the lettering are really lovely. Your own design?"

Toby flushed with pleasure. "All my own work," he affirmed. "We learned our craft when I was young."

"How long did it take you to make it?"

"Five months," said Toby.

"Five months!" John Burrows looked up, sharply. "In between other jobs, I suppose?"

"That box holds all my care and skill. I count five months little enough for that. You will not find a join, nor see where the secret dovetails are cut, I'll be bound."

"Marvellous!" breathed John Burrows. "I didn't know such work could be done today. But five months! Hardly economical, you'll agree?"

"I do no cut-price work," said Toby quietly. "And *this* is a gift for the Church."

Two days later Toby stood beside the architect, gazing unhappily at a heap of oak blocks.

"What's the trouble?" asked John Burrows.

"Mr. Burrows, sir," said Toby,

eying him sorrowfully, "you asked me to lay an oak-block floor, herring-bone, using salvaged blocks from an old house, now demolished. You said you wanted a perfect job, regardless of expense. I would be glad to do it, but look what I see there."

"I don't understand," snapped Burrows. "Those blocks are all right, aren't they?"

"They're good blocks, but look how they've been treated. Cast down in a pile, like—like garbage." He handled a block with tender fingers. "Each of these is living timber," he went on. "Each was cut by hand, from timber seasoned over many months. They should be laid out, free to breathe, not thrown down higgledy-piggledy. Who can tell how many are dented, even chipped, shot out of a lorry like—like gravel?"

"I'll have them laid out," said Burrows, testily, "and we'll see if there's any real damage. After all, they're oak. They should stand up to wear."

"Some wear's fair, and some's not," rejoined Toby. "Now, what about the room? The concrete's laid, you say?"

"Yes, come and have a look at it."

They pushed their way into the house, stepping over putlogs and scaffold boards, round piles of gravel and sand, through a litter of offcuts and assorted ironmongery.

"Proper mess," remarked Toby.

"They'll clear it up," said Burrows, impatiently. "Here's the room. Concrete look all right to you?"

"I'd like a straight-edge, please."

John Burrows beckoned to the foreman.

Shifty-eyed, thought Toby; always was, even as a boy.

"Mornin', Mr. Mallett," the man greeted him. "Goin' to help us out?"

"Maybe, Mr. Coles. Is there a straight-edge?"

"Joe! Straight-edge!"

Toby took the piece of timber,

squinted along its edge, and handed it back.

"What's the matter?" demanded Coles. "Not true?"

"Have a look at it," suggested Toby.

Coles swore under his breath, and went himself to find another. "This one's all right, Mr. Mallett," he announced, presently. "Better check it."

"Thank you. I will," said Toby, grimly.

Apparently satisfied, he tested the concrete screed, then looked up. "They can't have checked the diagonals," he remarked. "Fairly flat in the length, but wavy. Look!" He pointed to a depression under the centre of the straight-edge, then moved and turned the board slightly, rocking it over a bump. "Can't lay a true block floor on that!"

"The bitumen will take that up," growled Coles.

Toby looked at him. "Not if I lay the floor," he asserted. "How long do you think blocks would stay flat, on uneven thicknesses of bitumen?"

"You old 'uns want everything perfect afore you start," retorted Coles, angrily. "No wonder they call you Lord Toby!"

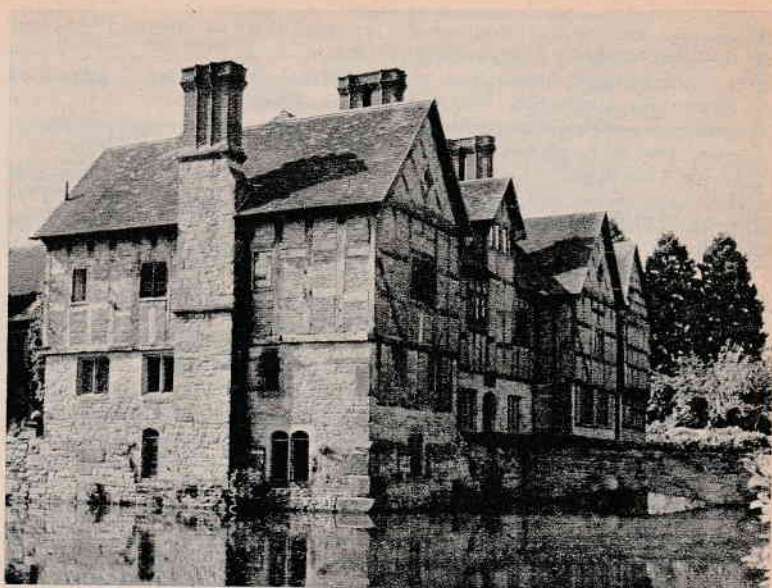
"Mr. Coles," replied Toby, evenly. "This house has stood over four hundred years. Your buildings won't, you know."

"Could you lay a better screed, then?"

"I'd be ashamed of myself if I couldn't."

"Well, you'd better not try it on here," threatened Coles. "My men won't stand meddling in their trades."

"Coles," interposed John Burrows, "there's no question of Mr. Mallett doing anything but lay the blocks. It's up to you to see that the concrete is laid to a true surface. That job is a disgrace. I should have faulted it if Mr. Mallett hadn't done so. You



*Birtsmoreton Court, Worcestershire*

*Photo: Eric L. King*

get a fresh screed laid, and I'll check it myself. Then it must cure for fourteen days."

\* \* \*

"Mr. Burrows, sir," urged Toby, as they walked back to the architect's car, "I don't want to cause trouble. These men won't like me working there. You'd be wise not to employ me, I think."

"Nonsense, Mr. Mallett. There's no reason why you should interfere with them, or they with you. It's a separate job—a sub-contract if you like."

Toby shook his head sadly. This job had meant so much to him, but now his heart was heavy. "Better not, I think, sir," he said doggedly.

"You're not going to let us down, are you?" asked Burrows. "My client wants the best, and he's prepared to pay. He appreciates craftsmanship, you know."

Toby halted, and stood looking into

the anxious face raised towards him. "If that's real truth," he declared, "I'll be glad of the work. But I must ask you to see I have the room to myself. I will try to keep myself apart, and not to speak my mind."

"I'll make it my business to prevent any obstruction."

Toby Mallett stretched out his hand. "Thank you, sir. I will do the work," he promised, "when the screed is cured."

\* \* \*

Toby sat, crouched on a saw-trestle, head bowed in his hands, his shoulders hunched.

"Mr. Mallett?" The quiet voice, charged with misgiving, seemed to come from far away. "Mr. Mallett! Are you all right? You're not ill, are you?"

Toby roused as a hand fell on his shoulder. "Forgive me, Mr. Burrows, sir," he said. "I was—wrestling with myself." He rose stiffly to his feet.

"I came to see if you would be able to start the floor tomorrow. The screed is cured, and . . ."

Slowly, Toby shook his head.

"Of course, if you're not well . . ."

"I am well, thank you, Mr. Burrows, at least in body. I said I would do the work, and I have always been a man of my word. But this I cannot do—now."

"But—but I don't understand."

"Look! Look there!" commanded Toby, rigid arm stretched to point at his bench.

John Burrows turned, and gasped. "Your alms-box," he cried.

"Smashed! Defaced! Who—*who* could have done that?"

"Don't ask me that," returned Toby, sternly. "I know not, neither do I care. It is a sign to me. The money in it is untouched."

"Do you mean that this was done in the church?"

"It was, sir. That was no thief. He used a crowbar to split the top, prising at the lid. A chisel, or a very sharp knife, to hack the carving. A small axe, too, judging from these marks."

"Sheer vandalism! But why?"

"Mr. Burrows, sir, it is first a warning that others will not tolerate my work. Second, it has shown me that my offering was unworthy." He indicated the ravaged box. "I spoke of the care and skill I had put into it, but there was something else. My *pride*! I am a lonely and a stiff-necked man, and 'tis right my arrogance should be humbled."

"You're entitled to be proud of your work," put in Burrows, quickly. "You said you were a man of your word, and your integrity shall not be violated by wanton louts. The builders will be clear in ten days' time. You shall lay the floor when they have gone."

Toby caught his breath. "You are too good to me, sir," he said with difficulty. "Gladly will I do the work,

in humbler spirit, and in gratitude."

"What is on your mind? Why do you call your box unworthy?"

Toby's fingers touched the scarred lettering. "You remember?" he asked.

"Servant of the Lord," murmured Burrows.

"My name, Obadiah, means precisely that. It is as if I had signed my name upon an offering to God."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I shall make another box. It will be built of care and skill—and of humility, not pride. I will work truly for the Lord, in no way for myself."

"What will you carve on it?"

"I shall carve what Our Lord has said to all of us: 'Love thy neighbour'."

### TO OUR CHURCH VISITORS

This, to our thinking, is a House of God,

Where man attempts to make articulate

His sense of homage in a paean of praise.

Hence the hushed voice, the silent tread of feet.

For we, who feel the Sacred Presence here,

Resent intrusion of unseemly things.

If you should differ, leave its sanctity

Within our keeping, and maybe the alms

To keep its ancient fabric in repair.

Depart as friends, yet we would have you share

The Healing Touch that we encounter here,

And hope the awe, that we discover, may

Induce you, friend, to kneel awhile and pray.

(from "Verses of a Verger"  
by Raymond W. Taylor)

◆  
HE IS OUR  
PEACE  
◆

**A** PROBLEM which gives us all great concern nowadays is the problem of racial tension. In the early days of Christian advance among the Maoris of New Zealand, one Sunday morning a Communion service was being held. Two rival chiefs, Tama and Panapa, who had recently become Christians, were present, each without knowing the other would be there. When Tama went up to the Holy Table, he found himself kneeling next to Panapa, who, only a few years before, had killed and eaten his father. This was the first time they had met since then. The spirit of revenge took hold of Tama. Quivering with rage, he sprang to his feet to attack his old enemy. Suddenly he stopped, covered his face with his hands, and rushed out of the church. In a few moments he returned, sobbing like a child, and again knelt next to Panapa. After the service the missionary spoke to him. "What was the matter?" he asked. "When I knelt next to Panapa," said Tama, "I

recognised him as the man who had killed and eaten my father, and I lost control of myself. I was about to smite him to the ground when all at once I saw a Cross and a Man nailed to it, and heard Him say, 'Father, forgive them.' So I went out to recover myself. Then I returned and came back to the altar. It was the love of Jesus that melted my heart and made me eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup with the man who had murdered my father."

The story speaks for itself, and though it takes us back many years it has a present meaning. The jealousy and bitterness and hatred between different sections of mankind—class and class, clan and clan, tribe and tribe, nation and nation—can only be removed by Christ. There is no other way in which a permanent better relationship can be established. St. Paul saw the truth of the matter long ago, and expresses it in immortal language: "Now in Christ Jesus ye who were sometimes far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." The only road to harmony and brotherliness, to peace and progress, to security and happiness, is the way of Christ. A. F.

1662 - 1962 ●

**Meeting Modern Needs**

*(Continued from page 35.)*

changed, and the pattern of worship must change with it if it is not to become a fossilised form of observance and a meaningless relic of the past.

**Revision, not Revolution**

We need not fear that a revised Prayer Book will mean the abolition of the services we have been brought up to reverence and love. The structure of the Prayer Book and of its services will

remain basically the same. But where it now expresses itself in obscure and out-moded terms, some clarification may be looked for. We can expect a shortening of some services, simplification of others, and enrichment of others.

Our new *Book of Common Prayer*, when it is at last completed, will not only be a worthy companion to the *New English Bible*; it will also do for generations of Anglicans still unborn what the Book of 1662 has done for English Church folk during the past 300 years. H. A. L. RICE

# MY MAN OF GOD

By  
ELISABETH SHELLARD

**D**OESN'T every one of us need a man of God? A man, or woman, sent to *you*—at a time when you most need him.

In my case, it was my own vicar. It could be anybody; it could be you!

Every one of us is sometimes the giver of help, sometimes the recipient. Whichever you are, your life is enriched. This is the Christian principle of living.

Before I was taken ill I had known my vicar for three years. Paradoxically, I had never known him at all. His sermons had never reached me; the services in his Church were pleasant but, to me, meant little. The first time he visited me in hospital I was slightly ill at ease; he, brightly conversational. Suddenly, because of homesickness and an urgent desire for an anchorage, I said:

"Couldn't we talk about Christianity?" I added, rather apologetically, that I thought it might help.

This little elderly Irish clergyman looked at me and smiled. Saying nothing to me, he dropped on his knees by my bed and asked God's forgiveness for his own lack of perception.

His action humbled me—that *he* should be taking the blame for *my* lack of active believing. From that moment our friendship never looked back. Neither did my faith nor

my slow but steady recovery.

As the months in hospital passed, my admiration for this small man with abounding love and gentleness of spirit grew and grew.

His parish was a large and poor one. He was not married and lived alone with a Delilah of a house-keeper in a ramshackle, bomb-damaged rectory in a crumbling area of Belfast. At that time he had no curate. His life was further complicated by the loss of an arm in a street accident. Yet there shone from him light, laughter and love. His sense of humour and justice—both must have cracked at the edges on many occasions—never left him.

He showed me a life of unselfishness and devotion and *fun*; a Christian life!

When I left the hospital and returned home, I found his services full of personal meaning and welcome. His sermons, still home-spun and direct, now touched my heart. Yet it was not he who had changed, but I.

A very few months later he was found unconscious and alone in his shabby old rectory, suffering with a thrombosis. He did recover, but was forced to retire from the enormous, and largely unrecognised, tasks he had so unstintingly tackled all his life.

We no longer live in Ireland, but my man of God still lives there. In a boarding-house, possibly a little lost, one of the truest Christians I have ever met. Always a believer, I still had little knowledge of how Christianity can touch every aspect of life. I had wanted that kind of faith. God brought to me this man at exactly the right moment.

To my man of God I am grateful for his friendship and help and example, and I thank God for sending him, as, indeed, He will always send the special help we need *when* we are in need.

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