

No. 51

MAY, 1962

Price 4d.

"CHRIST THE LORD OF ALL LIFE"



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.

## THE PARISH CALENDAR — MAY, 1962

- May 1. Tuesday. SS. Philip & James, AA. & MM.  
 2. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 Mothers' Union Festival at Tewkesbury.  
 8. 2nd SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.  
 8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).  
 11.0 a.m. Matins.  
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.  
 9. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 7.45 p.m. Mothers' Union.  
 10. Thursday. 7.45 p.m. Parochial Church Council.  
 12. Saturday. Missionary week-end. (Details in Church).  
 13. 3rd SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.  
 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 11.0 a.m. Matins.  
 3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.  
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.  
 16. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 7.45 p.m. Young Wives.  
 19. Diocesan Teachers' Festival, St. Mary's, Headington.  
 Scout Gala Day — Marston Recreation Ground.  
 20. 4th SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.  
 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION.  
 11.0 a.m. Matins.  
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.  
 23. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 Mothers' Union Outing to Mary Summer House.  
 27. ROGATION SUNDAY : Industrial Sunday.  
 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 11.0 a.m. Matins.  
 3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.  
 6.30 p.m. Evensong. Preacher : The Rev. Anthony Williamson,  
 Assistant Priest, St. James, Cowley.  
 29. Tuesday. Evensong at All Saints, Highfield Spa.  
 Preacher : Canon Bryan Green, B.D.  
 30. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.  
 2.45 p.m. Mothers' Union.  
 31. Thursday. ASCENSION DAY. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion:

### THE VICAR'S LETTER

My Dear Friends

Somebody once said : " Why don't the nations get along like one big family ? " and the reply that was given was : " The trouble is they DO ! "

What about your family ? How do you get along ?

Is your family a really happy one, or is it the kind that has been called " an eating place by day, and a parking place by night. "

A nation of sound families means a sound family of nations.

A sound family is a family that is Christ-centred, a family that knows how to make up its quarrels, a church-going family ; a family that cares for the folk across the road with the sick mother, or the neighbours that have just moved in and don't know a soul.

You'll soon be hearing a lot about Christian Family Year which begins this month. It throws out a challenge to parents who are nominally Christian, but who haven't done much about it lately !

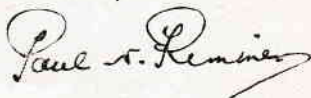
Do you bring your children to Sunday School ? Why not stay on and go to Church at the same time. Many fathers and mothers do. Perhaps

your boy was confirmed recently? Don't let him creep out of the front door on his own when he makes his Communion. You ought to be with him—and I mean **fathers** too. Too often has there been truth in the jingle:

"In the strife of truth with falsehood  
On the battlefields of life,  
You'll find the Christian soldier  
Represented by — **his wife!**"

If you want to make a start, why not come to the Family Communion on the 3rd Sunday of the month at 9.30 a.m.? Come as a family—kneel together as a family at the altar. "The family that prays together stays together." It has its troubles. It has its problems. But at least it knows the Source of an Answer. And the families that find in God answers to their problems can bring an Answer to the world and its problems.

Your sincere friend and Vicar,



#### **ANNUAL VESTRY & PAROCHIAL MEETINGS, APRIL 3rd.**

The Vicar nominated Dr. Cyril Carter as his Warden, and Mr. Bernard Oliver was unanimously elected as People's Warden by the Vestry Meeting.

About sixty people attended the Annual Parochial Meeting. After a brief review of the Council's proceedings over the past year, the Vicar spoke of his hopes for the expansion of the St. Nicholas' Fellowship in the future. "The scheme" he said "is intended to spread from the centre outwards, and depends upon the willingness of every member to chat about it to their friends over the garden wall. The Fellowship is intended to form a nucleus of keen Christians in Marston who will think of the Church not just as the building in which we meet on Sunday, but as a force in the life of the community."

He also outlined a plan of monthly parish meetings to cater for all groups of people, and which would provide opportunities not only for study, but also for fellowship.

Mr. Oliver reported on the financial position of the Church. For the first time through the St. Nicholas' Fellowship, the finance Committee had been able to draw up its budget on a guaranteed income of £1600 per annum.

Dr. Carter reported on the fabric, outlining the scheme to rebuild the gallery, thereby creating a vestry, new ringers loft, and additional seating for the Church. The organ, he hoped, would be resited in the gallery, if permission was granted by the Diocesan authorities.

A most interesting discussion followed on parish policy, and the Mission of the Church ending on a note of thanksgiving for all God's gifts to us in Marston.

The following new members were elected to the P.C.C.: Mr. Sleightholm, Mr. Porter and Mr. Yates.

The following new Sidesmen were also elected: Mr. Ballad, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Sleightholm and Mr. Yates.

Mr. Cattermole was elected as Hon. Auditor for the ensuing year.

#### **CONFIRMATION SERVICE 1962.**

We were delighted to have the Bishop of Oxford with us for the Confirmation on April 13th, when 46 candidates were presented for confirmation, including some from Longworth, Cowley St. John and Blackbird Leys.

The following were confirmed from this parish: Robert Allsworth, David Branch, Lindsay Dunkley, Colin Gratton, David Hartwell, Rose

Heatley, Bronwen Hughes, Nicholas Marsh, Dennis Messenger, David Oliver, Christine Parker, Malcolm Parker, Peter Rogers, Janet Saunders, Susan Silvester, John Tyson, Helen Wardell, Michael Webb, Rosemary Yates.

**ADULTS :** David Biddiscombe, Cynthia Bond, James Boyce, Muriel Burton, Joan Clarke, Lily Gale, Violet Howell, Frank Jarvey, Gerald Jessett, Glyn Jones, Peter Sheppard, Rose Walton, Constance Weaver, Doris Woodward, Alfred Yates.

### **MOTHERS' UNION**

On Lady Day, March 25th, the following were enrolled at Evensong : Barbara Muriel Chrich, Florence Betty Baum, Sylvia May Bolton and Jean Margaret Edwards.

The Deanery Festival Service will be in Tewkesbury Abbey on May 2nd at 3 p.m. The Preacher will be the Rev. John Girling, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Aylesbury.

There will be a Festival Service in Dorchester Abbey on Tuesday, 29th May, when the Preacher will be the Bishop of Buckingham.

### **CHURCH OVERSEAS WEEKEND : MAY 12th—13th**

There will be an exhibition in the Church Hall entitled : Pioneers in Church Unity, on Saturday, May 12th. In the evening the film "Bright Diadem" will be shown, and missionary speakers will be preaching at Matins and Evensong on the Sunday following. Details later.

### **CHURCH HALL**

A letter has been sent out to all who use the Church Hall referring to the amount of damage, and theft that has occurred in recent months. Food stuffs belonging to various organisations have been taken, locks wrenched off cupboards, and bulbs either removed or smashed. A considerable sum has been spent on the repair of the gas heaters, and further outlay has had to be made on curtain fittings and furniture that has been damaged.

It is most important that proper supervision of young people is carried out by leaders, and also that adults report any damage that may have occurred during a session, and take steps to reimburse the Hall for the amount involved.

### **THANKS :**

By the time this magazine is published you will have all had a chance to see the new altar backcloth that has been so expertly and beautifully fitted by Mr. and Mrs. Brough over a wooden frame made by Mr. Fred Smith. We do thank them for all this work which considerably enhances the Sanctuary. The money for the material involved was largely raised through the sale of Christmas cards by Mrs. Roberts, to whom we also express our grateful thanks.

### **SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIANS :**

Our first session on "The Cross—the Crux of Christianity" was taken by the Rev. John Taylor, who has since become the Bishop-Designate of Sheffield. "Both in your time and in the time of Bishop Savage" writes Mr. Taylor "we have had personally and through the Hall close connections with Old Marston and have greatly enjoyed such opportunities as have come to us for sharing in its life and ministering to its people. We shall carry away with us many happy memories of this. It was such a pleasure also to have the opportunity of visiting your School for Christians at the beginning of Lent and to find such an interested and appreciative gathering of people on that occasion."

We shall remember the Bishop-Designate and Mrs. Taylor especially in our prayers as they begin their new work in the Sheffield Diocese.

Other sessions of the School were conducted by the Revs. Peter Moore, Leonard Schiff, Kenneth Martin and Kenneth Packard, to whom we are most grateful for their counsel and help. It was good to see a cross-section

of the parish at all these gatherings, and the question times showed the interest of those present in the subjects of the speakers.

#### ROGATIONTIDE :

The preacher at Evensong on Rogation Sunday, which this year coincides with Industrial Sunday, will be the Rev. A. T. Williamson, who is at present a worker-priest in industry at Cowley, and serves on the local Council.

#### BELLRINGERS :

On Saturday, May 19th, the ringers will be visiting Worcestershire on a day's outing. If anyone would like to join them please contact Noel Deam or Alec Gammon. The fare is 21/- all inclusive.

A peal was rung in St. Nicholas in 19 methods, the first of its kind in this tower. Congratulations to Garth Porter on ringing his first quarter (initial attempt), and to John Walker on "circling" Marston Tower to peals.

#### SCOUT GALA DAY, MAY 19th.

The Scouts will be holding a Gala Day on Marston Recreation Ground on Saturday, May 19th. There will be demonstrations, stalls, sideshows and prizes. Watch for further details.

#### VISIT OF CANON BRYAN GREEN TO ALL SAINTS, HIGHFIELD :

The Vicar of Highfield has extended an invitation to members of the parish to an Festal Evensong to be held in All Saints Church, Highfield, on May 19th at 8 p.m., at which the preacher will be the Rev. Canon Bryan Green, B.D., Rector of Birmingham. The singing will be conducted by Mr. John Long, Organist of St. Aldate's.

#### COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

	£	s.	d.	Communicants
March 4th	47	2	10	30
March 7th. Ash Wednesday				14
March 11th	29	3	3	32
March 18th	25	15	10	65
March 25th	27	7	5	25
Total Number of week-day communicants during Lent including Ash Wednesday				42

#### HOLY BAPTISM

##### Adult Baptisms

- Mar. 17. James Christopher Boyce. Peter Ravener Mace.  
Rosemary Susan Yates.
- " 31. Joan Urania Clarke. Constance Weaver.
- " 25. Michael John, son of John and Elizabeth Lamburn.  
Alison Mary, daughter of Maurice and Eirian Palmer.  
Howard James, son of John and Christine Taylor.  
Alison Patricia, daughter of John and Christine Taylor.  
Michael, son of Reginald and Hilda Moore.
- Apr. 8. David William, son of Frederick and Margaret Gomm.  
Daniel Wylde, son of John and Paquita McMichael.  
Andrew Robert, son of Dennis and Freda Neal.

#### HOLY MATRIMONY

- Mar. 24. Derek Cunningham Harrison and Josephine Ann Hill.  
David Philip Williams and Jean Dorothy Jenkins.
- Mar. 31. Frank William Manning and June Rosina East.  
Anthony Harry Merritt Weston and Monica Constance Case.

*A new venture to help those who are sick in mind, Dr. Joan Mackworth, Warden of*

## Holyrood, House of St. Mary and St. John

*describes the work of this new home of healing*

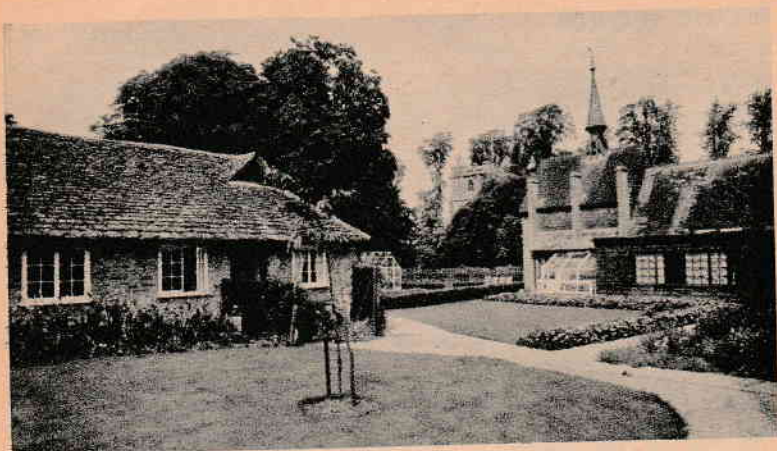
THERE is much talk these days of helping those who are mentally ill and strained. Little groups of Christians up and down the country are trying to learn how to help their sick neighbours with understanding. Holyrood is a pioneer venture in trying to help such people in a residential and homely setting.

I wonder if you know what it is to feel perpetually tired, overwrought, all meaning drained from life, cut off from your fellow men, unable to concentrate, frightened and unable to sleep, in fact unable to cope. The holidays are approaching. To the everlasting activity and demands of Tommy, aged three, will be added two or three school-age children full of energy, appetite and *joie de vivre*. You feel at the end of your tether and have almost ceased to care. You dissolve into tears all the time and may not even be able to face getting up. Perhaps you rush madly from one thing to another in a vain hope of escaping from your intolerable self and to assuage the guilty knowledge of your work undone and your family neglected. If only it were possible to go and be looked after and helped for a while.

You may have heard that such problems are not insoluble, that

dealing with them may even lead to a better understanding of yourself, and to a new way of seeing things. Mrs. X says it is no good, you never get any better. But Mrs. Y says her friend has come home after treatment and is gradually taking on her family again. Mrs. Y says she understands them so much better and doesn't keep picking on them any more, and that she begins to feel a bit of new life where before she was depressed and worried. But she says it takes time and patience and courage to face one's real problems, and that sorting out the confusion and fear, and getting to understand the difficulties better, does demand the patient skilled help of a psychiatrist. She says also that much help is needed not to lose one's faith, but to pass through darkness and misunderstanding with a truer and more mature faith in God.

Holyrood is an informal and friendly household where such treatment is given. About 30 patients live there with doctors and other professionally trained staff who care for them as human beings sick in mind, but probably also in spirit and in body too. Regular time is given to each patient individually by the doctors who with them try to understand the nature of the illness



St. Mary's and Chapel

and its many causes, and to see how the difficulties can be met and overcome, so that life begins to mean something again and the longed-for discovery of what they really are may begin to be a reality.

A resident Chaplain is ready to help any who seek his help. He is also responsible for the daily Eucharist, Meditation and Office in the Chapel in the house. The Christian religion is not pressed on any who come, but is the source of the life of the centre, which is in the Catholic tradition of the Church of England.

Emphasis is laid on painting, modelling, pottery and dance movement also, not so much to encourage artistic merit as to help people to find the value of such creative symbolic language.

Holyrood is a residential medical treatment centre for those who are nervously ill. It takes Anglicans and non-Anglicans, men and women, of roughly between 20 and 60 years of age, who are suitable for this kind of treatment. It is not intended as a permanent home, nor does it take patients who are so ill as to require

hospital care, or are unable to profit by psycho-therapy. Being a private Company it is obliged to charge fees. Great efforts are being made to endow a Bursary Fund to help those who cannot afford the substantial cost of such treatment, too expensive for the most part for the National Health Service to undertake except in very limited ways. So many need to come and so few can afford to do so for long enough to be of any use. Nevertheless, many, both rich and poor, pass through its doors and go out again into life and health.

The house is a large red brick one standing on the hill in South Leigh village near Oxford. Next door is the lovely old parish Church. Beyond, the garden stretches down to the beautiful rural country of Oxfordshire. House and garden provide work and interest for many, and walks and picnics, and the informal life round the swimming pool in summer, provide exercise and refreshment.

For five and a half years Holyrood has been growing. The staff do not ask big salaries. Many friends

*(Continued on page 79)*

# The Stranger Within Our Gates

By THE VEN. S. D. AUSTERBERRY

*Coloured immigrants or visitors to Britain are often desperately lonely and homesick. The Archdeacon of Salop discusses how we, as Christians, may be able to help.*

“**B**E not forgetful to entertain strangers.” The people of this country today have a greater opportunity of entertaining strangers than those to whom the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews wrote. There are more people of other races living in this country than ever before—West Indians, Africans, Indians and people from the Far East. As we walk through the streets of some of our bigger towns we see so many that we may be tempted to take them for granted—unless they happen to move in to live near us, and then we raise objections as the value of the property depreciates, or because we feel the tone of the neighbourhood goes down.

## ***Differing Ways of Life***

Most of these people have come here to find work and to make, if they can, a permanent home. Their way of life often differs considerably from ours, and much misunderstanding is caused through variations in standards and ways of living. Understanding on both sides can only be reached by contact, and the Churches must go out of their way to welcome them into the fellowship. Many churches in the Midlands have choirs with as many black faces as white. At Burton-on-

Trent, an Overseas Week-end was held to pin-point this need to weld the strangers into the full life of the community. These people have come to live here and it is vital that we help them to settle contentedly among us—and they cannot do that alone. We have a duty to make points of contact.

## ***Temporary Sojourners***

There are others who are here for only limited periods while taking courses at universities and colleges. At hospitals there are nurses doing their training and doctors taking post-graduate courses. Unlike those already mentioned, all these will return home as soon as they have finished their course, and the vast majority will never have stayed in any English home. Most of this group are young and are often desperately homesick; they do need to be shown warm-hearted kindness. They may feel shy at finding themselves among strangers and may even experience a certain feeling of inferiority, which is quite unwarranted as most of them are highly educated. Their reserve can be broken down by kindness, and the confidence they can gain through a better understanding is most rewarding. It has been our privilege to give an African girl a home for ten years and it has given us great joy. The confidence and understanding she gained will probably bear fruit in her

*(Continued on page 77)*

# Church Notes and Views

## *More About Corn Dollies*

IN the November issue of HOME WORDS there was a picture showing a plaited corn dolly in the form of a cross. M. Littledale says in the note with it that it is in Chichester Cathedral.

As a maker of these straw dollies I feel I ought to say something about them for the benefit of your readers. Firstly, though the country workman no longer wastes his master's time by sitting in the harvest field making corn dollies, this does not mean they are really a dying craft. They are now made at home, and to some extent by the women as well as the men.

The type in the picture is not the same as the stack ornaments. The latter are made by folding straw and binding it into shape with (to-day) binder twine. Earlier, strands of reed or long grass stems were used for this purpose. The plaited corn dolly has always been made for inside use, such as Harvest Suppers and Church Festivals. Their traditional use was to make sure of a continuity of the crops. In other words, it was a way of storing the best ears of grain for the next year's seed time. The Church ornaments are a thank-offering to God and are often in the shape of some religious emblem such as a crown or crossed keys, or the Cross of St. Andrew or St. George.

The reason they are less common to-day is that the straw which suits a combine harvester is of no use for plaiting, so that unless one can find the right kind of straw in the future, the art of making dollies will become ever more rare.

Corn dollies are supposed to be one of the pagan customs which with the coming of Christianity were incorporated into the Church.—M. LAMBETH (FULBOURN).

## *Bequest Sermons*

I WAS interested in your HOME WORDS inset of October 1961 re Sermons by bequest.

I used to preach two annual sermons at Carleton-in-Craven, Yorks.

(1) Mortality Sermon on Good Friday, fee 10s.

(2) School Bidding of Governors and Sermon, fee £1 1s., when school assembled in church on St. Thomas's Day.—REV. H. WHITEMAN (MARKET HARBOROUGH).



## *Kilpeck Church, Herefordshire*

THIS famous Norman church is now faced with enormous repairs; the whole roof needs re-tiling and some of the stone work also needs renewing. The church was first dedicated to St. David, one of a group close together, probably founded by the Saint or his followers. After the Normans came it was also dedicated to St. Mary. It was probably built by craftsmen from France brought by Oliver de Merlimond about 1140 to build his church at Shobdon in the same county. It has given its name to this rich type of carving found in a few more churches and here at Kilpeck, especially in the chancel arch, south doorway and roof corbels. It is one of the best known churches of the period in England.—M. W. (HEREFORD).



### *Fireplace in a Church Pew*

THE arrival of the refugees from Tristan da Cunha at Merstham in Surrey reminded me of a most interesting curiosity in the little church at Gatton two or three miles away.

During post-Reformation years worshippers demanded more and more comfort while they listened to their weekly sermons and so box pews appeared in many churches. In particular the special pew reserved for the Lord of the Manor was often elaborate and luxurious. In several of these manorial pews there was even a fireplace as at Gatton.—J. C. D. SMITH (CHEDZOY, BRIDGWATER).



### *English Church in the Alps*

THERE are English churches at Grindelwald and Zermatt in the Swiss Alps, but that at Chamonix, in the shadow of Mont Blanc, just over the French frontier, although little known, is, perhaps, in the most beautiful setting of them all. Standing in the station square, the church has as its background the peak of the Brevent, 8,284 feet, emphasising the simplicity of the little building in which British Alpinists have worshipped for the best part of a century. The interior of the church is rather severe and lacks colour, but on the walls are several interesting tablets. The English Church is used regularly by the Reformed Church of France (Protestant) for their services.—CYRIL R. ROWSON (HUYTON, NR. LIVERPOOL).



### *Fifty Years Abuilding*

ST. JOHN'S Parish Church, Great Harwood, Lancs., has just been completed 50 years after it was built. When the building of the church began, in 1911, it was planned to construct a tower later, but the work was never done. Recently it was decided to build a porch instead, with the addition of a white Portland stone cross and electric clock. My photograph illustrates the new with the old of the completed church.—C. K. ROTHWELL (BLACKBURN).



### *Dangerous Mission*

**A**BOUT seven years ago, five young American missionaries planned a daring adventure. They decided to try and take the Gospel to a very fierce, lost tribe of Auca Indians in South America. No one dared go near these people, because it was known that they hated strangers and flung their spears to kill anyone who tried to get near them. No one really knew just where their settlement was, but it was thought to be somewhere in the dense jungle. But these five men took a plane and flew over the jungle until they found the exact place. Then they began a series of flights to drop gifts to the Aucas to show their friendliness. The gifts were dropped in a canvas bucket on the end of a fishing line, because the missionaries did not want to frighten the Aucas by dropping things on them suddenly from the skies.

After several such visits the Aucas seemed to be getting quite friendly and the missionaries decided to risk landing in their territory. At first the Aucas seemed friendly enough, and

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

COMPILED BY PATRICIA HUNT

the missionaries even gave one of them a ride in their plane. But just when the missionaries thought they were making progress, something went very wrong and the Aucas killed all five of them. No one could understand why this had happened.

It sounded as though 'Operation Auca', as they called it, was a failure; but it had such amazing results that it cannot be called a failure.

When the news of the adventure became known, scores of people came forward and offered to take the missionaries' places. Over 1,000 students from various colleges offered themselves for missionary work. Ten men came up to the widow of one of the missionaries and said they loved God enough to die for Him in the same way; and many missionary societies started new plans to reach, not only the Aucas, but other lost tribes as well.

So the five who gave their lives in the service of God were the means of starting the spread of His work much further—which is what they would have wished.

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### *Missionary Quiz*

The following are the titles of 12 *Anglican Overseas Bishops*. See if you can discover, from your atlas, which countries these Bishops work in.

Bombay,	Willochra,
Fond-du-Lac,	Waikato,
Kurunagala,	Shensi,
Grahamstown,	Antigua,
Qu'appelle,	Ibadan,
Osaka,	Masaki.

## Is Your Name Philip?

(St. Philip's Day—May 1st)

How very fitting that the husband of our Queen should be named Philip! It is an excellent name for one who is fond of playing polo, and of riding generally, for Philip means "a lover of horses." We've never had a King Philip of England, but France has had six, and Spain has had five.

Of all the great men who served Queen Elizabeth I, one of the greatest was Sir Philip Sidney—poet, soldier and statesman. Unfortunately he was killed at the Battle of Zutphen, in Holland, six weeks before his thirty-second birthday. As he lay, tortured by thirst and by the pain of his mortal wound, someone brought him a cup of water. Another wounded soldier, who lay nearby, looked with longing eyes at the drink. "His need is greater than mine," murmured the dying Sir Philip, and the water was given to the unknown wounded soldier.

In the Bible we read of two Philips. The first was one of the less prominent members of the band of Our Lord's disciples. The other we read about in the Acts of the Apostles.

G. E. DIGGLE



"The Snapper Snapped": Gloucester Cathedral from the West Gate  
Photo: A. E. Dowdeswell

### Bible Puzzle

1. Who was chosen to fill the place of Judas Iscariot, to make the number of Apostles up to twelve?
2. Who followed Elijah and carried on his work?
3. Whom did John the Baptist say would increase, while he himself would decrease?
4. Which book in the O.T. follows Jeremiah, and also is by him?
5. Which book in the N.T. other than his Gospel is by St. Luke?

### READING THE BIBLE TOGETHER

This month we will read the Parable of the Talents. A Narrator is needed, and a Master (perhaps father), and three people to read the parts of the servants.

St. Matthew, ch. 25:

- v. 14, 15 .....A (Narrator)  
16.....B (Servant with 5 talents)  
17.....C (Servant with 2 talents)

- 18.....D (Servant with 1 talent)  
19.....E (Master)  
20.....B  
21.....E  
22.....C  
23.....E  
24, 25 .....D  
26, 27, 28....E  
29, 30 .....A

# Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY  
MARION HURST

## **Monday—Washing**

Before washing new woollens steep them first for ten minutes in cold water; then wash them in lukewarm suds in the usual manner. This helps to prevent shrinking and also stops the colours running. I have used this method for years, and receive compliments on the freshness of my woollens even after many washings. This method is also very successful for jersey wool garments.—MISS A. D. LEITCH (ROSYTH, FIFE).

## **Tuesday—Sewing, Knitting**

I think you might be interested in the following idea concerning children's clothes. To prolong the life of jeans, jackets, play suits and sleeping bags for fast-growing youngsters, knit ribbed wrists or ankle cuffs in matching—or contrasting—double knitting wool. Use a pattern for cardigan cuffs as a guide for the number of stitches needed, rib for about three inches and cast off very loosely so that the edges will stretch enough to be oversewn just inside the edge of the jacket or trousers.—MRS. A. M. DAVIES (MIDDLETON, NR. TAMWORTH, STAFFS.).

## **Wednesday—Cooking**

To remove cakes (especially sponges) from baking tins easily, place the tin immediately on taking it from the oven on to a damp cloth, bringing the edges of the cloth up close to the edges of the tin. Leave for a few minutes. Then, having a wire tray handy, carefully turn the tin upside down, give a sharp tap, and the cake will slip easily out of the tin on to the tray.—MRS. W. B. MARSHALL (WINSLOW, BUCKS.).

## **Thursday—Nursing, First Aid**

For those painful cracks on lips or feet, fingers or toes which sometimes take so

long to heal up, try applying a small quantity of Friars Balsam. It will soon relieve all irritation and soreness, makes a protective covering and helps to heal quickly.—D. T. CASSON (BRITISH FORCES POST OFFICE 34).

## **Friday—General Household**

It is surprising how many odd uses may be found for a humble paper clip! I have one in the front of the small pocket of every handbag, and under it slip important little bits of paper; for instance, those tiresome chits handed out by shops for claiming photographs or dry cleaning clothes, even a secretly hoarded pound note or my driving licence. Another use: if painted with brightly coloured nail varnish to prevent rusting, these clips will hold light, thin nylon clothes on a fine nylon line. Have you ever used four clips to hold your knitting pattern on to a sheet of cardboard? Or looped a climbing pot plant through one, instead of tying it to the wire frame?—MISS E. M. S. CLARKE (HAILSHAM, SUSSEX).

## **Saturday—Children and People of All Ages!**

A good idea is to collect small screw-top jars during the year, and when making jams, pickles and chutneys etc., to fill a small jar and keep. These make ideal and very acceptable gifts for old people for birthdays and Christmas, and allow plenty of variety. These gifts are also very suitable for Harvest Festival time. Children love them when they are filled with varieties of small sweets, and they make ideal 'produce' for playing shop.—MRS. G. H. BESLEE (POTTERS BAR, MIDDLESEX).

## THANKS

Sweet sun, brave sun, I sing your  
praise,  
You beam benignly down;  
And, with your beneficial rays,  
You fructify the ground.  
You tan the cheek, make laundry  
dry;  
That's useful, without doubt.  
But best of all, you noble guy,  
You take the children out.

JENNIE FARLEY

## Picnics *Can* Be Palatable!

**O**UTDOOR picnics time will soon be with us again, and poor old Mum will once more be called upon, in addition to her many other duties, to think up appetising things to eat.

Gone are the days when just a packet of sandwiches sufficed! These nearly always turned out to be very dull and uninteresting, and now that we have unbreakable containers, polythene wrappings etc., there is much more scope for the provision of something more ambitious for meals which are taken outside.

Vacuum jars are a positive boon for carrying hot soups and foods which are very welcome when the weather is still cool. And even

though these are fairly expensive, they are a good investment, especially for the car-owner who regularly picnics.

Coffee is soon made (or tea if preferred) when the instant variety is used, and tubes of sweetened condensed milk are invaluable. There is no risk of spilling, and the fact that the sugar is already added makes just one less thing to remember to take.

A kettle soon boils on one of the small solid fuel stoves, and will boil even sooner if the *hot* water is previously carried in a vacuum flask and reheated in the kettle to brew the tea or coffee.

MARION HURST

"Shipmates"

Photo: Frank Rodgers



SHORT STORY FOR MAY

# More Lovely Than A Tree

By LORNA DEANE

**H**IS hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, Joey surveyed the frail stump. "Grow, tree, grow," he said fiercely. His young voice, thick with defiance, carried easily, and his concentration on the stump was so deep that he did not realise he alone did not sleep.

"You can't force a tree to grow that way, Joey."

The boy turned sharply, and his face became red with confusion when he saw the vicar.

"I didn't think no one was up," muttered Joey. "Don't you only have church on Sunday?"

"Not only on Sundays," answered Francis Leigham, smiling not too warmly at Joey, because he was a tough little fellow who suspected friendliness.

Joey shuffled his feet, his gaze fixed on the stump. "Mister, is it true that only God can make a tree?"

"It's true, Joey, but why do you ask?"

"That's what old blind Sam sings up at the Gate on Saturday mornings."

"I see," Francis looked up at the billowing white clouds clinging to a mother-of-pearl sky.

"Could God make this tree grow?" asked Joey.

"I think the tree is already dead," replied Francis. "It's the one you broke some weeks ago, isn't it?"

"Sure . . . If it's dead it took some time to die. But I didn't do it deliberately, mister; honest I didn't."

Francis thought of the things he had meant to do in the vestry before the service: he looked at the boy and decided he was more important.

"If the tree *is* dead, Dad'll lam me," said Joey. "Council said if it died he'd have to pay for it."

"Was that why you were telling the tree to grow?"

Joey sniffed contemptuously. "Course not. It's what Gran said. 'Cor, I know she's old—ever so old, but sometime the old 'uns are right. She says if a tree dies *someone* dies too, and it's Tim's tree and he's awful bad at the hospital."

Francis took his pipe from his pocket, and applied a match. Joey viewed him interestedly. "Didn't think parsons smoked," he remarked.

"Didn't you?" Francis puffed, took the pipe from his mouth and stared at it. "If the tree was Tim's, how can the Council ask your father to pay for it?"

"Tim's older'n me, see, and in them days—" (Joey talked as if he referred to 1066) "when the Council made this estate as they call it, and made the lawns and things, the kids had to put some of the trees in—you know, like the Queen plants 'em all over the place—well, the kids did it here, and they sort of belonged."

"So Tim planted the tree several years ago?"

"That's it." Joey's voice was encouraging. "And he kinda' liked that tree, and when he was bad, after they

cut him up in the hospital, he kept asking about the tree—didn't know what he was saying, see—and I thought if 'e 'ad a bit to hold—just a little branch like—". Joey sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "How was I to know the tree was all that soft? It just broke in me 'and, and I didn't get the bit for Tim 'cause the porter saw me and didn't 'arf kick up a row. Dad biffed me then!" Joey sniffed again, this time disconsolately. "I reckon God's mean to kill the tree."

"You killed the tree, Joey, not God."

Joey turned frank eyes to the vicar. "Sure I did, but I didn't mean to. He ought to have known that—'course the porter wouldn't, nor Dad."

Francis felt humble and happy at the urchin's implied tribute that his understanding would be on a par with God's. "I know you didn't mean to kill the tree, Joey, and I'm sure God wouldn't let Tim die because of that."

"But, s'pose he does die: he's awful bad."

"Suppose we ask God not to let Tim die? It's much more sensible than telling a dead tree to live."

"But s'pose God doesn't say 'yes' all that easy? Guess you sort of have to do things to please him."

Francis frowned. "You could plant another tree," he suggested.

"And God'd make it grow and Tim'd get better?" Joey lifted an eager face to the vicar.

Praying silently, but more fervently than at his ordination, Francis said: "Come round to the vicarage tomorrow morning at this time, and plant a tree."

"Gosh, you mean that? Honest?"

"Honest, I do," retorted Francis. "I've got to go now. I'll look forward to seeing you tomorrow."

He hurried towards the church, full of doubt. Where did one buy a tree? Trees had to be planted when the sap was down and when the dickens was

the sap down? Worse than that—far worse—was that he had proposed to a child propitiating the Almighty by bribing. The vicar's serenity was completely destroyed. If he could not buy a sapling, or if he procured one and it should be the wrong time of year to plant it, and it died, the child would lose his simple trust in God.

With drooping spirits Francis put on his robes, but as he prepared the host a new, almost childlike ecstasy of joy filled his being. "What a doubter I am," he thought. "To make a tree grow is not a miracle of magnitude." He recalled Joey's candid eyes: a voice like Joey's seemed to say: "Gosh, to make a tree grow ain't nothing to God."

During the service the answer to the first problem came to Francis. There were sturdy young trees in his garden at the cottage in Westgate. If he got away directly after the service, he could drive down there, dig up the tree, and be back in time for his evening appointments.

Digging up the tree was not as easy as he had expected. For a young tree it had amazingly big roots. It was a very tired and almost starving vicar who arrived back in London, but at 5 o'clock the next morning he was forcing his stiff limbs into action as he dug a deep hole in the vicarage garden.

The sapling had lain in the car all night, packed round with good Westgate earth. To Francis it seemed as fresh and full of life as when he had dug it up.

When Joey appeared at the vicarage gate, his face shining from too much soap and too little rinsing, the hole was ready and the small tree lay waiting to be planted.

"It looks very small—the tree, not the hole," murmured Joey.

"But it's sturdy."

"Sure . . ." agreed Joey placatingly. "Still, we'd better be kinda gentle



Yews at Painswick, Gloucestershire

Photo John A. Long

with it." The vicar looked at the hole, at the sapling, and then at Joey. "Guess you'd better hold the tree," said Joey. "You're not so strong as me. I'll put the dirt in. Be the same as me planting it—to God, I mean. See, if I held the tree I might break it accidental."

Francis shook his head. "You must hold the tree. You must do this for God. You won't hurt it."

Gingerly Joey lifted the sapling and held it while the vicar pressed first the Westgate earth around the roots, and then, sweating, replaced the earth in the hole from which he had dug it two hours before.

When the small tree stood upright and alone in the centre of the vicarage lawn, Joey said: "Spoilt your bit of grass, haven't we? Still, it'll grow again." He scratched his head. "Trees like water. Got a bucket?"

"Try the hose," recommended Francis wearily. He felt exhausted.

After Joey had made a soggy mess

of the lawn, Francis had recovered, but he wished the boy would go. A hot bath was more than a luxury at times.

Joey stood looking at the tree. "That's that," he said, bleakly hesitated, then added: "Guess you forgot something. Didn't we ought to say something to God?"

"Yes, we should . . ." "Out of the mouths . . ." murmured Francis, mopping his face with a huge white handkerchief.

"What?" asked Joey, frowning.

The vicar did not reply. He knelt in the mud. Joey knelt beside him. Francis said: "God, the Father, Maker of heaven and earth, please hear Joey's prayer and answer him." In the distance was the faint hum of London's traffic. Close by, birds twittered joyously.

"Now, Joey, ask God for what you want," prompted Francis.

Joey cleared his throat, then, in a voice as sweet and as fresh as that of

a bird, he said, "God, please make the tree grow—the new one we just planted for Tim, so's Tim can get better and have a tree." He paused before he added coaxingly, "This new tree's ever so much better than the Council's tree I broke accidental, and it'll be safer here in the vic'rage garden where there ain't no rough boys, and only the old reverend pot-ers about, and I never meant to kill the other tree, God, sec?"

Francis said: "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Joey got up and smeared the mud further down in his socks in an effort to brush it off. He grinned at Francis. "Thanks, mister. Guess everything'll be all right now," he said, and marched off whistling.

### THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

(Continued from page 67)

own country for many years. We know her and she knows us.

#### **Our National Reserve a Barrier**

We British take more knowing than is generally realised and we need to let ourselves go more. Our whole attitude is so different from that of other races. We can say, "I am very pleased to meet you," or, "I am sorry you are going," without any change of expression on our faces. This is difficult for others to understand. African children have a game based on this, called "Playing being white people." Thousands come to England and never get to know us as they never have a chance of entering an English home. They live an institutional life in college or hospital, or in lodgings with others of their race. Many, to our shame, come to this country as practising Christians but return home as agnostics. This is due in many cases to the fact that they were never welcomed into the full Christian fellowship, and so the primary failure

It was Saturday morning before Francis saw Joey again. They were both shopping at Notting Hill Gate.

"Hello," grinned Joey. "The tree's O.K., I know. I looked in your garden every morning and night. I thought it might feel lonely-like." He added, flushing, "And, guv, Tim's a lot better. They say he can go to con—con—"

"Convalescence?"

"Sure, that's it," agreed Joey. "Soon, too."

Blind Sam's voice quavered from the gutter:

*"I think that I shall never see,*

*A sight more lovely than a tree . . ."*

Francis dropped a shilling in the blind man's hat, and looked down at Joey's upturned face, at the young eyes gazing fearlessly towards the sky.

is on our part. A Church Assembly Report called "Our Student Guests," published in October of last year, confirms this unfortunate fact.

#### **Our Duty to All**

It does not matter whether these students are Christian, Buddhist, Moslem or Hindu. We have a Christian duty. If we are forgetful to entertain strangers, what impression of English hospitality will they get? It seems to be no one's responsibility to ensure that contact is made, and so we must all be on the alert to do what we can, and to get in touch with the hospitals, colleges and missionary societies. There is a great danger that these students living among us will think that they are unwelcome, when it is just lack of foresight on our part that we do not offer the hand of fellowship to them. Many of these men and women will be the leaders of the future in their own countries, and their good-will and understanding of us is of the utmost importance. Perhaps an extract from the letter of an Indian doctor, after a week-end

(Continued on page 78)

◇  
LET YOUR LIGHT  
◇

**A**N old clergyman was travelling by train. At one of the stops there entered his compartment a man carrying a pedlar's pack. His face proclaimed him a Jew, and the sadness of his features, the lines of grief around his eyes and mouth, aroused the clergyman's sympathy. Leaning forward he said, "Excuse me, but I believe you are a Jew?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply, in apologetic tones, "that is so." "Oh, don't apologise," said the parson, "I never forget that my Saviour was a Jew." The Jew's eyes lighted up with pleasure, and he looked at the old man with respect and gratitude.

Then the clergyman asked to be allowed to inspect the articles in his pack. "Oh no, sir," said the Jew, "I have nothing in which you would be interested." But the old man insisted, and soon, to the amusement of the other passengers, he was buying article after article which he said would be most useful to him. The example was catching, and the other passengers started buying too, until the pedlar's pack was nearly empty. The Jew seemed overwhelmed by such kindness.

Presently the junction was reached, and the old parson got out. "If you ever come to the town where I live," he said to the Jew, "you must be sure to call to see me, if only for the sake of Him who was also a Jew," and he gave him his name and address. When the train moved on the Jew turned to the other passengers and said, with tears in his eyes, "If I could think that Jesus Christ was of the same spirit as that good man, I would have Him for my Saviour too."

The incident illustrates an important theme. A good many modest

Christians worry themselves about what is called "witness bearing." They are disturbed and distressed when told that they ought to "declare their faith," "give their testimony," and the like.

Let them take heart! Our story suggests that the witness bearing that counts is the indirect and unintended outcome of what Wordsworth describes as

"... that best part of a good man's life,

His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

The witness bearing that is most impressive and most effective is unconscious. The testimony that is most eloquent and most influential is that which we give without being aware of it.

A. F.

**The Stranger within Our Gates**

*(Continued from page 77)*

with an English family, will reveal how it appears to our visitors.

"My stay with you for couple of days helped me immensely as I could get in proper mood for examination. I most sincerely thank you for allowing me to stay with you and so meet and see the English family. As for me it was just like staying in my home and I was very comfortable in company of you. It certainly did help me to overcome any home sickness which affects more so at the weak moments of examination. I would certainly remember you for the rest of my life and will be carrying with me memory of pleasant moments I had with you. Conversing with you I learned more about English people and their thinking process of which I could not get proper impression for the last ten months. Only thing I wish that more get opportunity to meet more and more people like you."

His pleasure from the visit was no greater than ours.

# COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

By DOREEN HINCHCLIFFE

**H**OW many of us can say, with complete truth, that we have ever given more than a passing thought to the blind? We have often heard a white stick tapping the pavement and seen its owner's frowning concentration as he tries to feel and hear any little obstacle in his path. We may even have helped him across the road, if we've not been too busy, our smug satisfaction in the noble act far outweighing any compassion we might have felt for the man at our side.

Can those of us blessed with sight even begin to imagine what it must be like to grope one's way in eternal night? Just think for a moment of having to hear about sunsets, flowers, an orchard in full bloom, a field of ripe corn and knowing, without doubt, that you will never be able to see such feasts of the eye for yourself!

What of those who are condemned to live in the lonely world of silence? How should we feel if we were never again able to listen to music, to hear the waves caressing a sunny beach, to thrill to the song of the birds, to warm to a child's happy laughter? How would some of us pass our leisure hours without the relief of those all-powerful drugs the television set, the cinema and the radio?

We might be dumb, unable to express our hopes, our fears, our joys, without laboriously spelling out the words on our fingers, or writing them on a pad. We could be maimed, bedridden, suffering from fits, mentally ill. We could be afflicted with many sad and terrible physical imperfections, but we are not.

Instead of thanking God for His

infinite goodness in having blessed us with eyes to see His wonderful world, ears to hear the beautiful sounds He has created, fine strong bodies so that we may enjoy life to the full and tongues with which to praise Him, we grumble and curse and whine so busily, wallowing in self-pity, envying our neighbours, that we have no time to appreciate the gifts that have been lavished on us.

What if our pay packets are inadequate to meet the rising costs of living? What if we are unable to afford a holiday in the south of France? Does hard work, a highly-priced article and the lack of a washing machine really cause you to suffer in any way? If the woman next door has a refrigerator, a spin dryer and two fur coats to your none, stop envying her so bitterly. She, in turn, might be madly jealous of your healthy children, your figure, your skill at cake-making. . .

If it rains tomorrow, if you ladder your last pair of nylons, if you lose your job, if some cherished plan falls through, if the letter you await so eagerly doesn't arrive, if the bus queue is a little longer than usual, take a deep breath, look well all around you and slowly, with honesty, start to count your blessings!

## Holyrood, House of St. Mary and St. John

*(Continued from page 66)*

help us. Those who come pay their way, as far as they can. Gradually buildings are added and improvements made so that those who are in need may find care and security and skilled help in recovering their place in life, and their peace of mind.

I hope many of you who read this will write to me and ask more about the work which is being done here, perhaps to become Associates and to receive the regular news-letter.

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