

No. 57

NOVEMBER, 1962

Price 4d.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE CHURCH."



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 : Tuesdays, 7.0 p.m.

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.

PARISH CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

- Nov. 1. ALL SAINTS' DAY.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 2. Friday. 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.30 p.m. Y.F. Halloween Party (altered from Oct. 31st).
- " 4. 20th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast).
11.0 a.m. Matins.
6.30 p.m. Evensong. "Is hope possible?"
- " 7. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Men's Forum (Vicarage).
Subject: The Vatican Council 1962.
- " 8. Thursday. Initial meeting for Confirmation Candidates, 7.30 p.m.
at Vicarage.
- " 11. 21st SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Remembrance Day.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.55 a.m. Remembrance Day Service.
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong. "Is charity necessary?"
- " 13. Tuesday. 2.45 p.m. Women's Institute.
- " 14. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Women's Meeting.
"Coventry Cathedral"—Rev. H. A. F. Best, Vicar of Dorchester.
- " 18. 22nd SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 21. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.30 p.m. Oxford Council of Churches A.G.M., John Wesley
Room, Wesley Memorial Church.
8.00 p.m. Study Groups throughout the Parish.
- " 25. 23rd SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
11.0 a.m. Matins.
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 28. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
2.45 p.m. "Mothers' Union Overseas." Speaker: Mrs. Crowley
- " 29. Thursday. **Eve of St. Andrew's Day.**
Day of Prayer for the Extension of Christ's Kingdom throughout
the Parish and the whole world.
- " 30. Friday. **ST. ANDREW'S DAY.**
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.

HOLY BAPTISM

- Aug. 26. Maria Lorraine Cockram, 70 Arlington Drive.
Stephen Travis Topson, 19 Marsh Lane.
Louise Elizabeth Ann Topson, 19 Marsh Lane.
Karin Tracey Gee, 84 Cherwell Drive.
Paul David Young, 39 Ferry Road.
- Sept. 9. Peter Nigel Ralph Fair, 9 Fairfax Avenue.
- " 23. Karen Edith Colley, Canons Farm, Elsfeld Road.
Stephen John Ward, Lamburn Close.
- " 30. Alan George Whitton, 51 Cherwell Park.
- Oct. 14. Christopher Ian King, 35 Marsh Lane.
Jill Robbins, 17 Gordon Close.

HOLY MATRIMONY

- Sept. 1. Clive Holloway and Mary Kay Wilkins.
 „ 8. James Christopher Boyce and Sylvia Heather Clarke.
 „ 29. Edward William Morse and Patricia Anne Lane.
 Oct. 6. David Job and Diana Mary Winifred Jones.

IN MEMORIAM

- Aug. 28. Francis James Haynes, 76 years.
 (Lodge Hill Crematorium, Birmingham).
 Oct. 3. George Sharp (Leicester).
 „ 15. William Boulwood, 65 years.
 „ 25. Lena Victoria Hulcup, 39 years.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

		£	s.	d.	Communicants
Sept. 2.	Trinity XI	29	12	10	46
„ 9.	Trinity XII	30	17	7	28
„ 16.	Trinity XIII	41	8	9	61
„ 21.	Feast of St. Matthias				7
„ 23.	Trinity XIV	30	3	1	41
„ 29.	Feast of St. Michael & All Angels				6
„ 30.	Trinity XV	36	6	6	19
	Total Number of Week-day Communicants				30

ALTAR FLOWER ROTA

- Nov. 4. Mrs. Harley.
 „ 11. Mrs. Vernede.
 „ 18. Mrs. Bellingham.
 „ 25. Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Spray.

THE VICAR'S LETTER

My Dear Friends.

November marks the season of Remembrance

It begins with the glorious festival of All Saints when we rejoice in that wonderful fellowship of the Christian Church, and by the Church I mean not only the visible Church here on earth, but those who have loved and served their Lord down the ages, and who are now in His nearer presence. How conscious we are of them as we draw near to God at the Holy Communion service and join in praise—"with angels and archangels, and with all the company of Heaven." As we draw near to God, so we are brought nearer to each other.

During November too we hold our Remembrance Day services. If we're not careful these can become but a hollow mockery of the sacrifice of those who died in the world wars. What point is there in holding our parades, carrying our standards, and placing our wreaths, if we do not determine afterwards to dedicate ourselves afresh to the cause of peace, and building the Kingdom of God in our midst?

Peace is not an idea. It means people becoming different. It demands a willingness to sacrifice our selfishness for the sake of our nation, rather than the nation for the sake of our selfishness.

If we are not careful, we shall see our nation becoming a C3 nation morally and spiritually, paying lip service on state occasions to the Almighty, but living our lives for the most part without reference to God.

November begins with Remembrance Sunday. It ends with Stir-up Sunday, and the Festival of St. Andrew, the first missionary.

"Stir up we beseech thee, the hearts and wills of thy faithful people" runs the Collect and that's a most worth while prayer at this season of Remembrance. When we pray these words, we dedicate ourselves to sharing the Christian Gospel with those about us—by what we say, think, and do.

I hope that as a first step, many of you will make a definite act of commitment by joining the St. Nicholas Fellowship, which has a triple basis of discipleship, service, and giving. Miss Warburton, Cross Cottage, Old Marston, will send details of the Fellowship to anyone interested.

And for those who are already in the Fellowship, the Annual Dedication Service on Advent Sunday, December 2nd at 9.30 a.m., can be a time when we say: "Lord, what is the next step for me?"

Your sincere friend and Vicar,

Paul v. Remond

THE NEW VILLAGE HALL

We are grateful for the use of the new village hall for our Infant School on Sunday mornings.

May we take this opportunity of reminding our readers that the New Village Hall is not Church property, and that any communications in connection with it should be addressed to Mr. Earl, 112 Oxford Road, Old Marston. This will save confusion in the future.

A MONTHLY COMMUNION SERVICE

On November 2nd (Friday) there will be a Holy Communion Service at 10.30 a.m. with a brief address. This will be held regularly on the first Friday of every month at the same time. There will be an opportunity at this service for those who have been prepared beforehand to receive the Laying on of Hands.

STUDY GROUPS

The Study Groups on the Christian Faith are now meeting on the 3rd week of the month at various times. If you would like to join one for an hour or so please send in your name to the Vicar, and you will be put in touch with a group. The book which forms the basis for discussion is "The Call of God" by Canon H. G. Herklots, and copies are available through the church.

CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH

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

"Ye are to take care....." Public Baptism of Infants.

Christ's Flock—the Church—The People of God in any one place. We are the Church—Week by week children of this Parish come into the care of the Church.

It is the aim of all our work with the children to bring them into a living relationship with God our Heavenly Father, through the person of Jesus Christ our Saviour and King in the power of the Holy Spirit, and so lead them on from the Sacrament of Holy Baptism to Confirmation, thus helping them to become faithful worshipping members of His Body the Church, "militant here on earth." We endeavour to do this by instruction, example and experience, with the help and co-operation of parents. This is our aim for the very youngest soul who comes into our care in the Nursery Department.

With the new Village Hall in our midst, we now hope to be able to enlarge that Nursery Department and so bring young families into touch with the Church through our Baptismal Roll which is now in use. Hitherto we have had to restrict this age group to 4—5 years, but as from the 2nd SUNDAY IN ADVENT i.e. 9th December, WE SHALL WELCOME ANY CHILDREN AGED 3 to 5 years old, at the New Village Hall at 11 a.m. on Sunday morning. Our Nursery Department will remain in the

Village Hall and not return to the Vicarage. A "thank-you" to all the parents who have co-operated so well during the temporary re-organization of our Sunday School. We shall be returning to the Church and the Church Hall as soon as it is practicable.

O.J.L.

PARISH MAGAZINE

If there is little news in this month's parish magazine, you must blame the Vicar who has had to write the major part of it himself, as scarcely any contributions were sent in by our various church organisations. Secretaries are reminded that anything for the magazine should arrive not later than the middle of the month, and should be written out in full, and if possible, typed. This will add a great deal to the interest of the magazine.

PARISH PROGRAMMES

These are available in church free of charge and you are invited to take one at anytime for yourself, or your friends.

CONFIRMATION TALKS

The first Confirmation Talk will be on Thursday, November 8th at 7.30 p.m. in the Vicarage and forms are available in Church. Candidates should be at least 13 years old, and will be expected to attend every session.

THE GALLERY, THE LIGHTS AND THE ORGAN

At the time of writing the main beams have been cemented into place for the ringers loft, and soon work will begin on the part of the gallery to be used by the congregation.

In the very near future the organ will be dismantled for repair and overhaul and then will be resited in the gallery.

Expert advice has been sought on the question of church lighting, as the church will have to be rewired as a result of the deterioration of the present wiring system over the years.

The Bishop of Oxford has most kindly consented to come and dedicate the gallery at a special service on St. Nicholas' Day, Dec. 6th at 7.30 p.m.

THE SCOUTS

Mr. Fred Smith, our G.S.M., has just returned from a strenuous ten days at Gilwell, arranged for Group Scoutmasters. 96 Group Scoutmasters were on the course, including some from overseas. The course dealt with all aspects of scouting, and those present had to take an active part in all projects, games, and scout activities.

A special word of commendation ought to go to Mr. Smith for throwing himself so readily in to his G.S.M.'s responsibilities, and for sacrificing at least one sports coat and a pair of trousers during the distemping of the inside of the Scout Hut.

Our S.M., Carson McCartney, reports that there have been four investitures recently: Stephen Carder, Peter Dodgson, Ian Ray and Colin Webb. We welcome Paul Harvey also into Scouting.

As there are one or two vacancies in the troupe, any boys who are interested in taking up practical scouting with all its wonderful scope of out door activities are asked to come along any Thursday night at 7 p.m. and contact any Scouter.

GUIDES AND BROWNIES

When the Guides and Brownies organize a Jumble Sale in Marston, there are few people who are unaware of it.

At their last sale they raised £22 1s. 5d. Such a mountain of articles were collected for sale that many young stallholders stood on chairs in order to be seen by the customers.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Airies and to Mrs. Cousins for all their help in Brownie activities.

Mrs. Clarke has now been handed her Warrant as Guide Captain. We wish her every success in the future with her enthusiastic company.

W. R. MITCHELL TELLS OF AN ABBEY

In The Vale of Nightshade

WHICH BECAME ONE OF THE LARGEST
CISTERCIAN HOUSES IN ENGLAND



JUST over a century ago, in 1857, the railway came to Furness, north of Morecambe Bay, and the old approach to the district, across miles of sands at low tide, was abandoned as travellers and goods were taken the easier way to Barrow and the Cumberland coast. A short distance from Barrow, the railway-builders entered a secluded little valley, the Vale of Nightshade, and broke the 700-years-old peace of Furness Abbey. Soon trains were clattering within sight of where the High Altar once stood.

Farming Pioneers

Furness Abbey, in mediaeval times, was one of the largest and most progressive Cistercian houses in England. The Abbot seemed almost as powerful to the folk in Furness as the King. He presided over a large organisation which had as its primary purpose the worship and service of God, but which also pioneered trade and farming in a then remote and almost unknown part of the Kingdom.

The Abbey's possessions were enormous, ranging northwards into the Lake District; eastwards into Yorkshire and Lincolnshire; westwards to Ireland and the Isle of Man. The Abbot did not need to go into lodgings when he visited York, for he had a mansion there.

All this prosperity began when a small group of Savignian monks

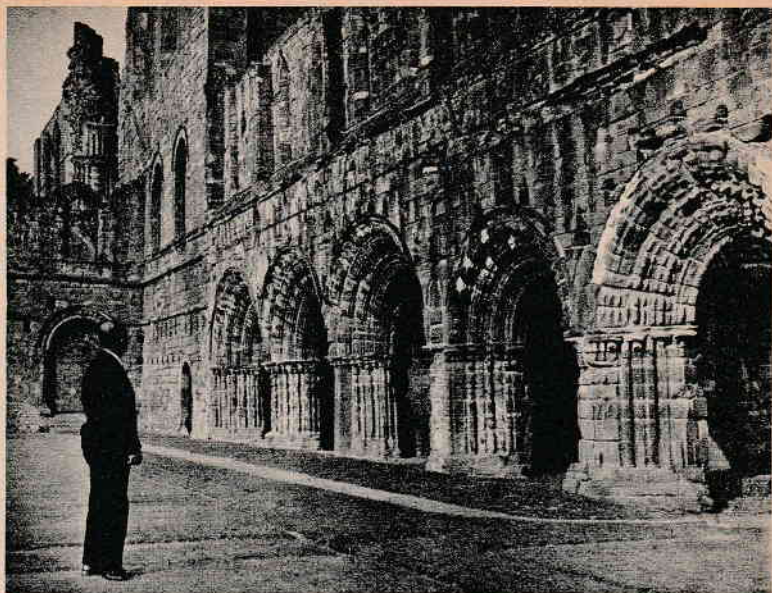
braved the terrors of Morecambe Bay's shifting sands in 1127. It ended with the dissolution of the monastery almost four centuries later.

Secluded Site

The red sandstone ruins of Furness Abbey lie on the outskirts of Barrow-in-Furness, yet they are still delightfully secluded, except from the gaze of railway travellers. The station that intruded last century is now closed to passenger traffic, though many goods and passenger trains pass along the line which shattered the peace of the Vale of Nightshade, so called because of the old-time profusion of deadly plants of that family, scarce, but not extinct, today.

Built to last

One of the last buildings erected at Furness was the western tower. It was tackled so late, in fact, that some historians have wondered whether it was completed before the havoc of dissolution. The remains rise in their perpendicular majesty, and on the buttresses you see niches in which statues were placed. The monks were skilful builders, for when the superstructure of this western tower fell, forming a great heap on the ground, and being drenched by rain over the years, it became so strongly cemented together that gunpowder was needed to break it up for removal.



13th Century Arches flanking the Chapter House.

Photo: The Author

Hardly anything remains of the Norman nave.

As you stand in the presbytery, and see the stub of the great east window, ponder on the fact that it must have been nearly 50 feet high when completed. The best preserved feature of Furness Abbey is here: a combined sedilia and piscina. The sedilia were stone seats, richly canopied, which were used by the priests ministering at the altar.

Scene of Surrender

Also well preserved are five semi-circular arched openings, put in place about 1230. Two of them led into book closets, and another was the entrance, through a vaulted vestibule, into the Chapter House.

It was in the Chapter House that the saddest event in the history of Furness Abbey took place. What King Stephen gave, Henry VIII took away. In 1537, the deed of surrender

was signed, and the property was handed over to the Crown. The "lamp of our Lady of Furnesse was extinguished for ever." The monks dispersed, each clutching 40s.; the King's Commissioners began to sell up the wealth of the Abbey, and valuables were removed. Then began pillage and destruction. Within a very short time a thriving Abbey was just a cluster of ruins.

Many Owners

Since the 16th century there have been a succession of owners—Curwens, Preston Patricks, Prestons, Lowthers, Cavendishes—and in 1924 the ruins became the concern of the country, through the Ministry of Works. They set to work tidying up the seven or eight acres of hallowed ground which had degenerated into a playground, and they preserved the masonry, which lay like the stumps of old teeth on a gum of verdant green.

To Comfort All That Mourn

GRIEF, bereavement—do these words bring to mind a picture of someone inconsolable, broken, overwhelmed, someone who is openly expressing his sorrow for a loved one? It is not difficult to be aware of such a person's need or to recognise his cry for sympathy, encouragement and support. Many people, however, are shy and withdraw into themselves because they are vulnerable—but their need is for someone who will reach out to them and who will not be deceived by the strength of their reserve.

A family who have been hit by some desperate tragedy may meet the crisis by a brave attempt not to let the tragedy get them down. They may react by controlling every expression of emotion, may push aside the grief and cover the hurt and try not to let it affect them. What of such families, do they want our help or are we unwelcome intruders? We often comfort ourselves by saying that they are better left alone, better helped to forget, better distracted from their sadness rather than encouraged to feel it. Because we are uneasy we cannot tolerate the expressions of their grief, we cannot stand being involved. We have not the compassion that will suffer with them, but only the pity of the outsider. Experience, however, in clinics and hospitals shows that grief that has been pushed aside may be the cause of anxiety, depression and failure to function fully in later life.

A child failing in school work and unable to make friends, or another who is overactive, restless, des-

tructive and antisocial, or one with physical symptoms for which no organic cause can be found, or with anxieties and fears, may be reacting to the loss of brother, sister or parent for whom he cannot express his mourning. Depression, instability, moodiness, or symptoms of physical illness may be the adult's reaction to a death the pain of which has been denied and repressed and these symptoms may be prevented if the sufferer is helped to mourn deeply and to grow through the experience.

When we love someone we can also feel angry, critical and irritable with them, so death brings not only sorrow but genuine feelings of guilt, and the sharing of these feelings is of positive value; by this sharing sympathy, love and support can be experienced. Then if the pain of this experience has been deeply felt, truly shared and spontaneously expressed the family or individual can emerge from the suffering stronger and more mature.

To comfort those that mourn means understanding the validity of the guilt feelings, knowing the true value of the expression of grief and sorrow, sharing the feelings and supporting the family who may be unable to make demands and may try to close in on themselves.

To do this means discarding all the hearty efforts to cheer them up, to help them forget and think of other things. It means avoiding all advice however well meant. It involves being in the situation with them, not trying to get them out of it. It may sometimes mean asking for specially skilled help from priest or doctor; it may sometimes mean encouraging the family to get help from a psychiatric clinic, but it will always mean for the comforter a time of testing when his capacity to help will be measured by the quality of his listening and the strength of his compassion.

DR. MILDRED POTT

Church Notes and Views

Choir Relations

FEW members of St. Nicolas' church, Pevensy, are not related to one or more fellow members. In keeping with this tradition the vicar, the Rev. J. E. Robertson, recently admitted two brothers, Gavin and Stephen Turner.

Already the 30-strong choir includes the brothers Mr. F. and Mr. H. J. Miller. H. J. has two daughters, Suzanne and Pauline, in the choir, and two nephews of the brothers, Hugh Miller and David Trott, are joined by their cousin, Mrs. Pamela Tomsett, and her husband.

The deputy organist, Mr. W. S. J. Woodward, sings in the choir, as does his son David; so do Mr. and Mrs. Clements; and Mr. John Wootton and his daughter, Miss Mary-Jane Wootton.

The Fuller family provides three girls—the twins Yvonne and Christine, and sister Jean—their father, Mr. Roy Fuller, being also a bell-ringer. Frances and Pauline Cheshire have the company of their brother Martin; Brenda Chapel attends with her sister Rosemary; and José Turner and her brother Martin are joined by their married sister, Mrs. Barbara Richards.

Recently a relation of the Miller family who had been out of touch for many years heard of the appeal for £3,000 initiated by choir members to defray the cost of a new organ in place of the present very ancient and dilapidated one.

He remembered that an ancestor of theirs, Samuel Albert Miller, was for 60 years organist at the church. In 1930 he died, at the age of 84, and is buried in the churchyard. His photograph still remains in the vestry as a reminder of his long service.

In gratitude for this, the relation sent a donation to the organ restoration fund.

D. M. HOLDSWORTH
(PEVENSEY).

Saxon Carvings at Langford

THE beautiful church at Langford in Oxfordshire has some Saxon carvings built into the much later porch. In the group at the Cross the figures of St. John and St. Mary have been transposed from their usual positions; always they are found looking up to the Cross instead of away from it as now. For their great age the figures are well preserved.

M. W. (HEREFORD).



New Church's Link with Abingdon Abbey

THE new church of Christ Church, Northcourt, near Abingdon, which serves a new housing area of 7,000 people, many of whom work at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, has been converted from a 15th century tithe barn which was built by the monks of Abingdon Abbey, and much of the conversion work has been done by voluntary labour. The Right Rev. Frank Houghton, former Bishop of Eastern Szechwan, China, preached at the Harvest Festival last year.

The history of the tithe barn is recalled in the new church's furnishings. The Abingdon Cross is used as the focal emblem of the Christian faith, and its square design is repeated on the Altar. The Lectern is of stone from Abingdon Abbey, and the stone for the pulpit base comes from the old Abbey Mill which the Barn supplied with corn for grinding. A threshold stone from the ancient Northcourt Manor has been used as material for the Font.



Church Tower at Cascob

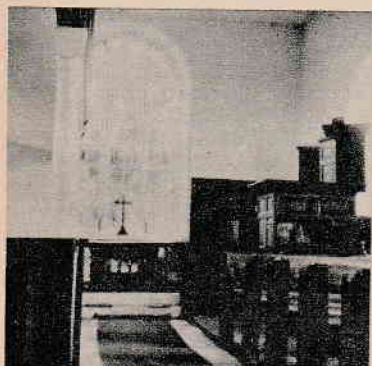
AT Cascob in Radnorshire, the lower part of the western tower has a mound of earth heaped round it. Probably this is later than the building of the tower, as was found recently by excavation at Bleddfa in the same county. And excavation might reveal the same origin, the mound containing the remains of an earlier or perhaps the upper part of the tower, which had fallen. In the latter case, it would seem to have been replaced by the timber-framed bell chamber, probably a few centuries ago.

M. W. (HEREFORD).

Well Worth Preserving

THE spire of the modern Church at Pilling can be seen for miles over the Fyde district between Blackpool and Lancaster, but when the new Church was built, the old one, a field away, was not closed and is still used for funerals. With its unusual gallery on one side only, its three decker pulpit and beautiful plain glass window behind the altar, it is certainly worth a visit.

E. KITCHING (THORNTON CHEVELEYS).



The Face of Famine

WE are living in a world of hungry mouths. Nearly half of the world's population—perhaps more—will lie down to sleep today, not merely without having eaten as much as they would like, but suffering in some positive degree from malnutrition.

There are something under 3,000 million people in the world; between 300 and 500 million are suffering from acute malnutrition; another 1,000 million suffer from malnutrition in varying degrees.

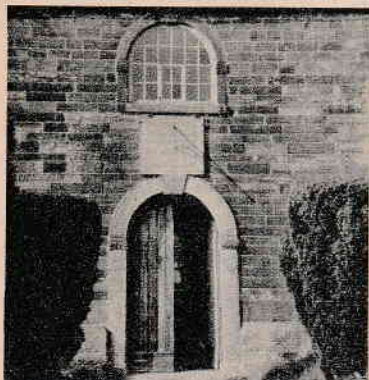
In the last ten years some 800 million children have come into the world. Of these, 100 million are already dead from hunger and disease.

Graceful Epitaph

IN the parish churchyard of Great Linford in Buckinghamshire, I came across the simple grave of a young girl.

The surrounds are of ordinary brown stone and the following inscription neatly carved on a small stone at the foot of the grave presented to me a true picture of the damsel as she was in life:

"It was as if she were a rose tree which climbed the garden wall, but blossomed on the other side." A. LYNCH (BEDFORD).





Church Tower at Cascob

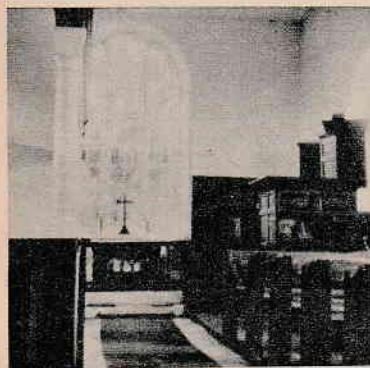
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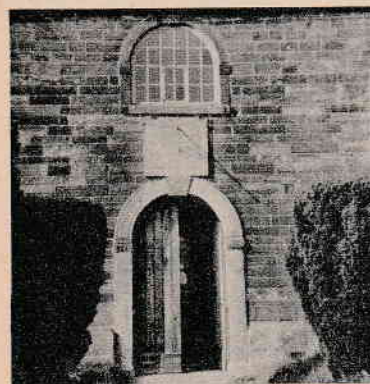
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Is Your Name Martin?

St. Martin's Day is November 11th. Who was St. Martin? He was a Roman soldier, and his name, Martin, comes from Mars, the Roman god of war. "Belonging to Mars" is the meaning of the name Martin.

But it is not for his exploits as a soldier that we remember St. Martin. One very cold winter day a shivering beggar asked St. Martin for alms. But St. Martin found himself without any money at all. Drawing his sword, St. Martin cut his military cloak in two, and gave one half to the poor beggar. When he had finished his term of military service St. Martin worked as a missionary in France for some years, and was eventually appointed Bishop of Tours.

The lives of other bearers of the name Martin remind us that we can show courage, even if we're not soldiers. Martin Luther, for example, was a very brave man. By fearlessly denouncing the evils that were spoiling the work of the Church in his day, he risked his life as much as many a soldier.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

ARRANGED BY PATRICIA HUNT

The Englishman, Martin Frobisher, who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth I, was a gallant explorer. He was one of those who, in a frail little ship, risked his life in trying to find the North-West Passage to India.

Martin Rinkart was a brave German pastor who refused to leave his people when a great plague was killing thousands. When at last the plague was over he wrote a hymn we still love to sing, "Now thank we all our God." Another brave German pastor in our own day was Martin Niemoller, whose church was in Berlin. When Hitler and his Nazis persecuted the Church, Martin Niemoller was the leader of those who resisted them.

G. E. DIGGLE

Reading The Bible Together

Here is a reading for All Saints' Day, November 1st, for which you will need four people to read the parts:—

Revelation, ch. 7

v. 9.....	Narrator
10.....	Saints
11-12	Angels
13.....	Elder
14-17	Narrator

Bequest Boards

In the porch of your church you may find boards on which you may read what people in the past have said shall be done with the money

they leave when they die. Some have left a certain sum of money to provide bread for the poor, or to give necessities to the sick and needy. You may think that the amounts left—perhaps only a pound or two—do not sound very much, but you must remember that at the time the money was left it was worth much more than it is today. Some of the details of these bequests make very interesting reading.

S. P. G.

The oldest society in the Church of England for sending out missionaries is the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, known as S.P.G. It was founded in 1701. With its money, it sends out clergy, teachers, doctors and nurses, and helps men and women to train for service overseas. It builds churches, schools, colleges, hospitals and dispensaries. In the Far East it has had to help to rebuild the Church which suffered very much during the War. We must always remember that the Church Overseas is part of *our* church, and it is up to us to learn as much as we can about it, to give to it and to pray for it regularly.

Why Do We Keep Sunday?

The answer to this is because it is the day on which Our Lord rose from the dead—the day of the first Easter. Every time we say the Apostles' Creed we say "The third day He rose again from the dead", and this was such an important event in the history of the world that it was decided to keep it as the first day of the week, and as a specially holy day for all Christians. So every Sunday is like a little Easter, and we go to church to offer God our worship and praise.

Prayer Book Puzzle

What is the people's response when the priest says the following?—

- O Lord, save the Queen.
- O Lord, open thou our lips.
- O Lord, save thy people.
- O God, make speed to save us.
- Give peace in our time, O Lord.
- Endue thy ministers with righteousness.
- O God, make clean our hearts within us.

Check your answers in the services for either Morning or Evening Prayer in the Book of Common Prayer.

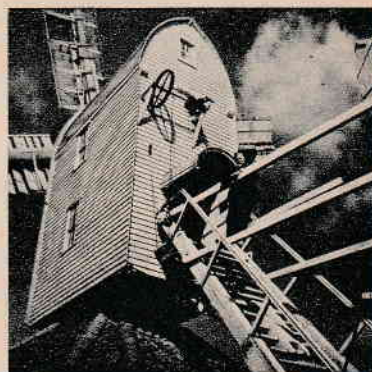
A Young Organist

After being Deputy Organist at St. Ann's Church, Tottenham, for two years, Nigel J. C. Gotteri was this year appointed Organist and Choirmaster with effect from 1st January, 1962.

Nigel is the youngest person ever to hold the joint office at St. Ann's, and at 14 years of age is possibly the youngest Organist and Choirmaster in the country.

The Deputy Organist, Roger G. Green, who is only 15 years of age, is following hard on the footsteps of Nigel.

Thorpeness Mill, Suffolk Photo: E. Wells



Women's Pages for Weekdays

CONDUCTED BY
MARION HURST

Monday—Washing

I keep a plastic soap saver, the colour of my bathroom scheme, on the washbasin in my bathroom. All odd remains of toilet soap are put into it, and if used with hot water, I find it gives just the right amount of soapy water for rubbing nylon stockings through. An easy economy and good, because it saves the shiny patches which sometimes come if soap is rubbed on nylons.—MRS. I. H. SMITH (MATLOCK).

Tuesday—Sewing/Knitting

When the band round a cardigan is knitted in with the pattern, it is sometimes rather loose, so instead of backing it with ribbon as some people do to keep it firm, I knit a piece exactly the same (with the button holes as well) but on a size smaller needles, and then stitch it neatly on to the back of the band, buttonhole over buttonhole.—MRS. HUDDLESTON (EASTBOURNE).

Wednesday—Nursing/First Aid

Two tablespoons of honey melted with a little hot water, and then mixed with a fruit salad will give a delicious new flavour. Honey is also an excellent remedy for coughs. Two teaspoons of it and half a lemon mixed in hot water will soothe a sore throat.—MISS M. CHILVERS (PRESTON).

Thursday—Cooking

An economical and delicious pudding! Take three quarters of a pound of stale bread (or bread and cakes) and steep in cold water. Squeeze out and mix in a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, two ounces of shredded suet, half a pound of mixed dried fruit, quarter of a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda, three ounces of plain flour. Mix all together to a soft consistency with a little milk, put in a basin, cover and steam for about two

hours. Serve hot with white sauce or custard.—MRS. H. M. WILDING (FRODSHAM, CHESHIRE).

Friday—Household

To make a novelty log for the fire on a cold winter's night, take an empty round cardboard canister and fill with any saved spent matches and coal dust. It will burn for quite a long time.—MRS. A. TAYLOR (DALTON, HUDDERSFIELD).

Saturday—Children

A chocolate and banana pudding, a special favourite with children: Take two slices of stale chocolate cake and one pint of custard (made from custard powder) and one banana. Break the chocolate cake into pieces and place in buttered pie dish. Slice banana on top of cake and pour over the sweetened custard (thinly made). Bake for about half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve (if liked) with a chocolate sauce.—MRS. L. EVANS (FRESHWATER, I.O.W.).

Motherhood

What greater proof of God's eternal love,
Than this, the ageless miracle of birth?
To thus fulfil His purpose from above
Exalted far above our lowly worth
An instrument of Heaven and of earth,
And glimpse, in one brief moment
filled with grace
Through tempering pain, a vision
of His face.

What greater trust than that a living soul
Should be confided to our tender care
To shape, through love and faith
into a whole
Meet in God's sight, His promises
to share
A trust that long ago, in stable bare
First brought salvation's hope to
all mankind
And motherhood for evermore
enshrined.

DORA RICE



Sunday Morning, Broadhembury, South Devon

Photo: Eric L. King

Party Decorations

A pretty and unusual decoration may be made by fixing evergreens and baubles on to an ordinary coathanger.

Following the lines of the coathanger, fix on (with sellotape) greens—such as holly, laurel, etc.—interlaced with fir cones, coloured berries. Next cover the wire hanger part with metal foil and tie on a brightly coloured bow of ribbon or crepe paper. Fix small cup hooks in the wood on the underside and use to hang on coloured balls and pom-poms.

These arrangements are specially useful in a large hall and make economical splashes of colour at very little cost. Holly balls may be made by using raw potatoes in various sizes. First push a piece of pliable wire right through the centre and join the ends by twisting them to form a loop for hanging. Stick into the potato small pieces of holly or other evergreens to form a complete ball. Decorate with bright coloured ribbons or tinsel and hang where required.—MARION HURST.

Party Games

Potato peeling can be great fun.

First give each player a large potato (everybody should have equal sizes) and a knife or potato peeler. Tell them to peel the potato as quickly as they can and in as few pieces as possible.

When they have all finished, give them each a handful of pins and tell them to pin the pieces back on to the potato so that it looks as if it has not been peeled.

The one who completes his potato first is the winner and the idea is to put the peel back so that the pieces fit together and looks whole once again.

The main thing is not to tell the players the second part of the game until they complete the first.—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.

It All Comes Right in the End

BY EILEEN WEBB

GLORIA Swannage edged herself carefully out of her armchair, retrieved her silver-topped walking stick from the floor and, without a glance at the other old ladies in the large, sunny lounge, left the room.

She had overheard matron telling the housemaid that a newcomer was expected at eleven o' clock, and she wanted to be the first to see her. If she liked the look of her, she would wait until the housemaid left her in her bedroom, then she would knock on her door and bid her welcome. She hoped she would like her, because, although she got on quite well, superficially, with the others, there was no one for whom she really cared. They were not her kind; too narrowly domestic in their interests.

She walked across the red-carpeted hall to the self-operating lift, and pressed the button. Such a silly fuss most of them made about the lift; it was obvious they had never travelled far from home.

In her own bedroom, she drew a chair up to the window and watched the drive. Two minutes after the hall-clock struck eleven, a woman, carrying a small suitcase, walked through the open gates.

Gloria felt her heart contract with disappointment. The woman had the scrubbed-clean look of an old kitchen table, and just as stripped of unessentials. A faded grey coat, limp and washed, clung to her thin

figure, and a blue hat, too bright for her pale face, slipped to a rakish angle over wispy grey hair.

Never judge a sausage by its skin, she reminded herself, unwilling for her own sake to condemn. What finally brought a look of martyred disgust to her blue eyes was the gait of the newcomer. She appeared to have no control over her body as she proceeded along the drive. She lurched into the privet hedge on the left, and from this impact scuttled forward in an oblique direction to the herbaceous border on the right. Her small suitcase swung out from her hand and fell with a thump against her thighs, and all the time her pale face wore a beatific expression of wonder and delight.

With an impatient gesture, Gloria got up from her chair.

"What a crab!" she said in a clear ringing tone to the empty room.

She crossed the green carpet to her limed-oak dressing table, took a pink lipstick from her cosmetic case and traced in the shape of her small mouth. Her fingers patted the waves of her silver hair, then fluttered nervously at the froth of white collar round her neck.

It was no use; she just could not bear it here any longer. Living exclusively with a lot of old ladies was like playing *ten little nigger boys*. *Then there were nine . . . then there were none!* She wished she did not live here with its reminders of life's

transiency, but where could she go ? Clive and she had lived extravagantly, and now she had only a small personal income.

"For the moment, Mrs. Swannage," Matron said, "I want our new friend, Mrs. Agnes Roberts, to share your table."

She was glad of company, even if it was this old crab scuttling into her seat. *One of the little nigger boys had shared her table until last week, and anyone was better than no one.* She took her table napkin from its silver cylinder and spread it across the lap of her blue silk dress. She had difficulty suppressing a delicate shudder as Agnes Roberts whipped a scarlet apron round her middle.

Agnes had bright brown eyes, and they darted exploringly round the oak-floored dining room. "This is the most beautiful house I have ever seen," she enthused. "It shows that people care for us even though we are old."

"The grounds are lovely, too," Gloria said politely.

Chops, new potatoes, garden peas on their plates, and not a smear of gravy left when Agnes Roberts had finished.

"I was very lucky to get into this home," she confided as they waited for the sweet course. "Mrs. Fielding pulled a few strings for me, otherwise I wouldn't be here."

"Oh, I had no trouble," Gloria replied. "Of course, I pay."

"Well, it's only right if you have the money, isn't it ?"

Agnes seemed oblivious of any distinction. "It must be terribly expensive for the council. The furnishings and decorations are so colourful and modern. You know," she went on in a lowered voice, "I'm not one of those who haven't a good word for anything modern. Same with the youngsters ; I'm all for them. I've spent most of my life

working in a small hotel for stage folk, and, believe me, the youngsters with their coloured hair and jiving are no worse than our own generation."

Sitting still in her chair, the newcomer looked as normal as any of them. Her face, though it lacked fine breeding, revealed an intelligent, lively interest in everything. Gloria felt a stirring of warmth towards her.

"I was on the stage, myself," she offered tentatively.

"Go on ! I wonder if I knew you ? 'Swannage' the matron said, didn't she ? Swannage . . . Swannage—not Gloria Swannage ?"

Considering it was thirty-five years since Clive had insisted she give up the stage, Agnes Roberts had a good memory. She would know some of the others, too. What exciting things they would have to talk about.

"What I remember best about you on the stage," Agnes began, and she waited quite hungrily for her, "was when you played *Deidre* in—oh, what was it ?—*Waiting for Love*, and you recited that beautiful poem about not being afraid to love, even though you know you're going to get hurt. Some of your company were in our hotel, and I meant to get hold of a copy, but I never did."

"I haven't forgotten it. I will write it out for you, some time."

She was almost afraid to encourage the newcomer in spite of her longing to exchange reminiscences, and after she had her afternoon rest, she joined some of the other ladies. They sauntered into the near-by public park and looked at the flowers and the children playing. She did not see Agnes until they were returning for tea. She was coming out of the wood at the south side of the park, scanning the trees and referring to a small book in her hands.

"I've always wanted to know the names of trees," she said when they were having tea. "And now I have



Water Mill, Fairford, Gloucestershire

Photo: Reece Winstone

the chance. Isn't it wonderful here ? Plenty of time to learn about all the things that matter."

This was a refreshing change from family and domestic chatter.

"I know the names of most of the trees in this area. In the morning we will go together, and I will point out their distinguishing features. You will soon learn."

As the days passed, she found herself looking forward to Agnes's company. She was bright and chatty, learning quickly about nature, and knowing so many people in her own profession there was always plenty to talk about.

On the first Sunday morning, they sat together in church. She loved the music and atmosphere, but God seemed far away from her, and she was never able to resolve her doubts. She could not tell what Agnes was thinking, but occasionally she would look away from the preacher, and her

bright brown eyes would rest lovingly on the beautiful scriptural windows. Her voice, when they were singing, was thin and sweet, slipping easily into a lower octave when the notes were too high, as though nothing should stop her from singing her praises.

Walking home together, Gloria suddenly wanted to KNOW what Agnes believed. "If some very clever men are atheists," she began, and stopped when Agnes interrupted her with a rich chuckle, "There's a big difference between cleverness and wisdom !"

She seemed short of breath and was beginning her oblique lurching along the drive. Gloria caught her arm in a firm, steadying grip.

"Agnes," she said, and did not notice that she had used her Christian name, "Agnes, do you believe we go to Heaven when we die ?"

Agnes was silent for a moment,

then she said carefully, "I don't believe we shoot straight up into God's presence, as though we had taken off in one of those new-fangled rockets. A few people might be good enough, but I know I'm not one of them."

She leaned against the privet hedge. Her intelligent brown eyes were dancing lights of encouragement.

"We are only pilgrims on our way to God, dear. Like in that book, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and we keep stumbling; but we get there in the end—when we have earned our Heaven."

This seemed very reasonable. But what if you went on making mistakes?

"You won't if you don't want to," Agnes said. "The Angels are there to help you; they're not 'fairies, you

know. They are *real*; God's messengers who will help us on our journey, if only we will let them."

She could understand that; it was silly to be afraid when they were watching over her, even *now*, just as she had been taught in her childhood, but had forgotten as she grew older. She felt happy now, after talking with her new friend.

"Have you got your wind back, yet?" she asked her. "Well, come on, then, or we shall be late for dinner."

She kept hold of Agnes's arm and was content to let her lead. Together they swayed towards the herbaceous border, and back again to the privet hedge; but their footsteps were purposeful and forward as they proceeded along the drive that took them home.

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All Saints' Day—
November 1st
Top People



WHO are the "Top People"? According to the advertising department of a very famous newspaper they are the persons who have the sense and discrimination to read that journal.

But who *are* the Top People? It all depends, does it not, upon what kind of standards we judge people by.

By Top People do we mean those of *highest rank*—Her Majesty the Queen, the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor?

Do we mean the *best-known* people—Stirling Moss, Peter May, John Gielgud, Miss Angela Mortimer, Mr. Kruschev?

Do we mean those who receive the *most money* for what they do—film stars, television "personalities," "pop" singers, big business tycoons?

Do we mean those who have *done great things*—Sir Edmund Hillary, Sir Winston Churchill, Helen Keller, Major Gagarin, President de Gaulle?

Well, I am not sure about the big money makers, but I suppose the others could all claim, in one way or another, to be Top People. Yet, at the same time, it is difficult not to wonder whether it is really the people who hit the headlines most frequently who are the folk who *do* matter most.

I wonder what God thinks about it all. Somehow I cannot believe that *He* worries very much about newspaper headlines, or television appearances, or titles, or bank balances, or fantastic salaries, or publicity.

I have the impression that God is much more interested in what a person is like *inside*—in character, and in those personal qualities which

most of us admire when we don't let our eyes become dazzled by fame or rank or wealth. I seem to recollect that Jesus had something to say on the subject of "Top People." Do you remember?

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," the meek, the peacemakers, the pure in heart, the mourners, the seekers after righteousness, the persecuted.

Well, there it is—we can take our choice: the Beatitudes or what old John Bunyan called Vanity Fair. It all depends, I suppose, upon how deep our Christianity goes; whether it is the real thing or just a polite surface decoration, for Sundays only.

On the first day of November we keep All Saints' Day, in honour of those who would never make the headlines or achieve what the world reckons as fame; men and women whose standards were those of the Sermon on the Mount rather than those of Vanity Fair. This great festival should remind us, too, that it is by the standards at which the Saints aimed that we shall all be judged in the end, and that it will not necessarily be the world's "Top People" who will count for most in the Kingdom of Heaven.

H. A. L. RICE

A DOUBTER'S PLEA

Tell me, O Believer, pray tell me, is it true,
There's a life beyond the veil,
peace, and joy anew?

Life may treat us hardly, life seem cold and drear,
Yet we fain would hold it, when the end is near.

Teach me, O Believer, from thy wisdom's store,
Give me understanding, and faith,
to doubt no more.

M.F.



I simply must sit down!

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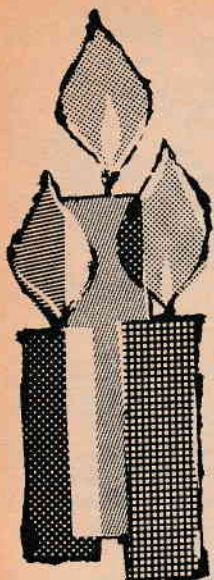
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Mr. D. G. Balsdon, 15 Cromwell Close.
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