

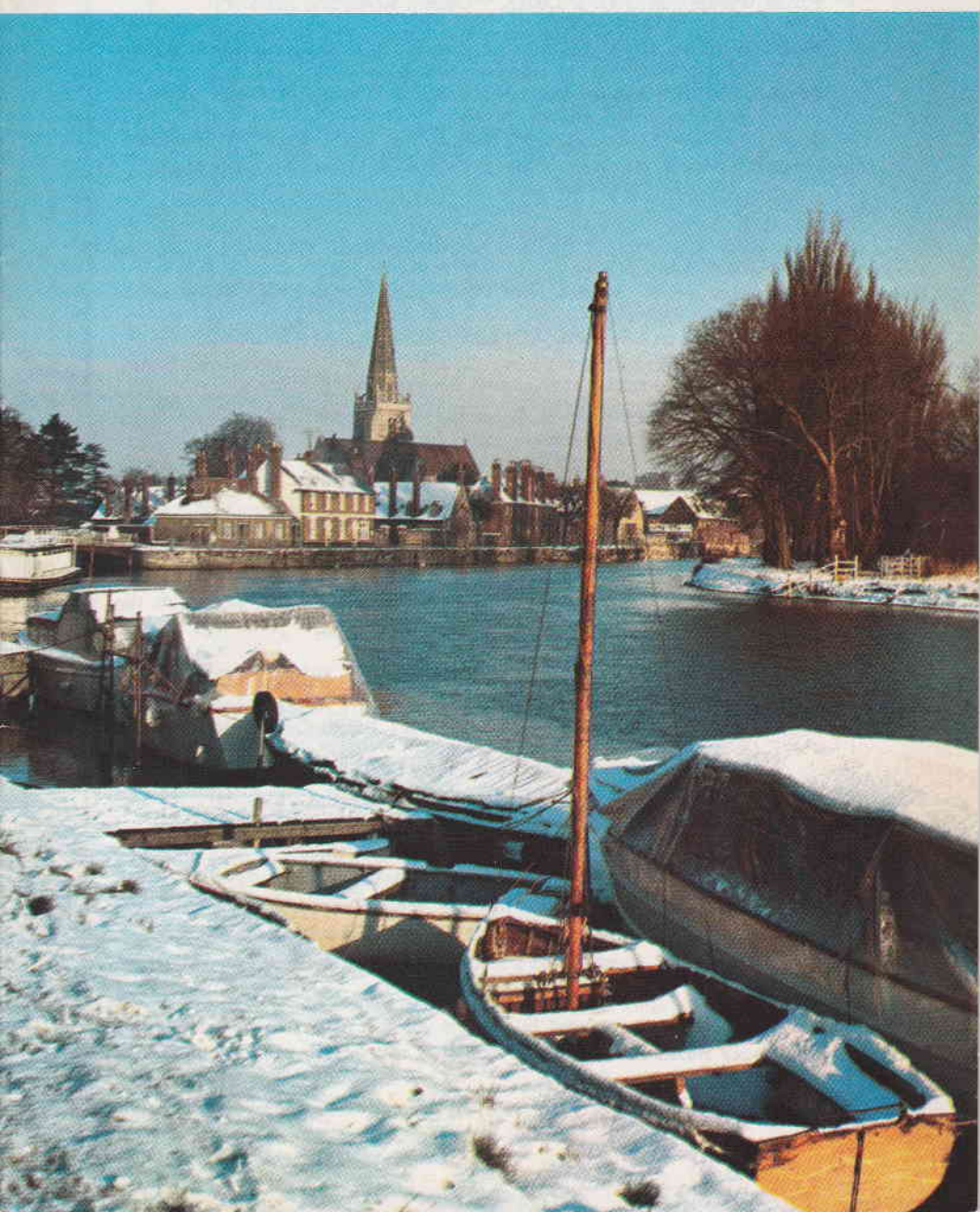
marston news

parish church of st. nicholas

No. 155

Price 3p.

JANUARY



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

Vicar and Rural Dean of Cowley : Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A.
11 Elsfield Road, Old Marston. Tel. : 47034.

Reader : Mr. W. H. Saumarez Smith, O.B.E., M.A., Bishop's Wood End,
Cuddesdon.

Parish Worker : Miss O. J. Lodge, 5 Elsfield Road, Old Marston.
Tel. : Oxford 47956.

Vicar's Warden : Mr. V. C. Cardy, 110 Staunton Road, Headington, Oxford.
Tel. : 61116.

People's Warden : Mr. A. W. Sidebottom, Melandra, Old Road, Shotover,
Oxford. Tel. : Oxford 62654.

Secretary of the P.C.C. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Old Marston.

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

SUNDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion : 8 a.m.

Parish Communion : 10 a.m. New Communion Service (followed by Coffee
in Church Hall).

Evening Prayer and Sermon : 6.30 p.m.

Holy Baptism : Second and Fourth Sundays of the month at 3 p.m. unless
otherwise announced. Notice must be given.

Holy Matrimony : Banns to be given in at the Vicarage.

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion : Wednesdays and Saints Days at 7.15 a.m.
3rd Friday at 10.30 a.m. with Laying on of Hands for sick.
And at other times, as announced. (See Notice Board).

The Daily Services of Morning and Evening Prayer are usually said each day
at 7.15 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. (except on Saturdays). Wednesday :
Morning Prayer is at 9.15 a.m. but it is **advisable to consult the
notice board in the Church Porch.**

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS AND MEETINGS :

Children's Instruction : Confirmation School and Crossbearers, 10 a.m. in
Church Hall. 1st Sunday in month - Parish Communion.

K.G. and Juniors : Sundays, 11.15 a.m.

Nursery : Sundays, 11.15 a.m. in Mortimer Hall.

Mothers' Union : 4th Tuesday. 7.45 p.m.

Young Wives Group : Alternate Wednesdays, 7.45 p.m. in Church Hall.

Bellringers : Practice Night — Friday nights, 7.45 p.m.

Brownies : Monday, 6 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

Girl Guides : Monday, 7.30 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

Cubs : Tuesday & Thursday, 6.15 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

43rd St. Nicholas' Scout Troop : Friday, 7.15 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

**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.**

PARISH CALENDAR : JANUARY

- Jan. 1. THE FESTIVAL OF THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 3. CHRISTMAS II. 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 6. Wednesday. FESTIVAL OF THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Young Wives in the Church Hall. "Solid Fuel." Film and talk on Installation. Speaker : Mrs. Ayre.
- " 7. Thursday. Prayer Group will meet in Church, 8 to 8.30 p.m.
- " 10. EPIPHANY I. 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism (after prior arrangement).
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 11. Monday. Over 60's Club re-opens.
- " 13. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 14. Thursday. The Institution of the Rev. E. Goodman to the combined living of Clayton with Keymer, Hassocks, Sussex.
- " 15. Friday. 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion with laying on of hands for the sick.
- " 16. Saturday. K.G. and Nursery Party, 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. in Church Hall.
- " 17. EPIPHANY II **Beginning of Week of Prayer for Christian Unity.**
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 20. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Young Wives in Church Hall.
- " 21. Thursday. 7.45 p.m. Prayers and Meditation on Christian Unity at St. Anthony of Padua, Headley Way.
- " 24. EPIPHANY III. 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
3.0 p.m. Holy Baptism (after previous arrangement).
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 25. Monday. **Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul.**
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
Over 60's Club visit to the Pantomime.
- " 26. Tuesday. 7.45 p.m. Meeting of Mothers' Union.
- " 27. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 28. Thursday. Meeting of Synod of the Cowley Deanery Synod.
- " 31. EPIPHANY IV. 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

ALTAR FLOWER ROTA

Jan. 3rd—Mrs. Rimmer. Jan. 10th—Mrs. Williams. Jan. 17th—Mrs. Sidebottom.
Jan. 24th—Miss Warburton. Jan. 31st—Mrs. Kensington.

HOLY BAPTISM

- Oct. 25. Jeremy Paul Webb, 5 Linden Walk, N. Baddesley.
Robert Charles Wilkinson, 32 Nicholas Park, Old Marston.
- " 26. Stephen Edmund Rice, "Thornhill," Harberton Mead.
- Nov. 22. Andrew George Ward, "Hillview" Mill Lane, Old Marston.
Aaron James Ward, 32 Horseman Close, Marston.
- Dec. 13. Sarah Jane Forty, 12 Queens Road, Cholsey, Berks.
Rachel Louise Goddard, 7 Stanley Road, Oxford.
Emma Louise Higgs, 26 Ewin Close, Old Marston.

HOLY MATRIMONY

- Nov. 28. Annie Wilhelmine Woodcock and Archibald Simpson.

IN MEMORIAM

- Nov. 25. John Roberts.
" 26. Percy Ralph.
- Dec. 4. Percy Horwood.

VICAR'S LETTER

My Dear Friends,

May I wish you a very Happy New Year, with all God's blessings of health and true contentment of mind. These are great days to be alive.

"Now God be thanked, who has matched us with this hour" wrote Rupert Brooke years ago. They are true for today. These are the days of the Church's greatest opportunity, when every Christian—young and old—counts for one. New services, new patterns of Church government may help, but they are not going to make a radical change in the world. Only Christians filled with the Living Spirit of God—Christians who are loyal to each other—who deny themselves the luxury of hurt feelings—Christians who are open to the creative original ideas that come from centring our thinking on the Bible, and letting the Spirit direct our thoughts.

So, if you've not done much about your membership of the Church lately, now is the time to move out of the shadows, and begin the exhilarating life of committed Christian living.

This magazine has a new cover and a new inset. I hope you like it. Its rather wonderful to think that three million copies of parish magazines are printed each month. Sometimes we grumble at them, but the "Parish Mag." is part of our British way of life, and still exerts its influence in the land.

Some members of the House Group have also undertaken to print and distribute a parish news leaflet free to every home in the parish. This in no way replaces the Parish Magazine, and we hope that not only will you be glad to receive both, but also increase the circulation of our present magazine, and so defray its cost to the parish. The price in the New Year for individual copies will be 3 new pence for the parish magazine.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,



WEEK OF PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY

If you're impatient with the slow progress of Christian Unity in this country, here's something you can do about it. COME TO THE CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA on THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21st at 7.45 p.m. ANGLICANS, FREE CHURCH, AND ROMAN CATHOLICS WILL BE MEETING TOGETHER FOR PRAYER AND MEDITATION ON THE THEME OF UNITY.

We are grateful to Monsignor Doran for this kind invitation, and hope that all who feel a concern for Christian Unity will make a special effort to be present at this gathering, which will be shared by representatives of the three denominations.

P.C.C. REPORT

At the recent P.C.C. Meeting on Friday, Dec. 4th, three sets of minutes had to be signed, including the minutes of two extraordinary meetings, one concerned with the raising of the mortgage on the purchase of Miss Lodge's cottage, and the other concerned with the possible production of a parish newsheet. At the last of the extraordinary meetings Mr. Roy Sharpe had passed round a specimen copy of the latter, and it was agreed to send this out four times a year, and continue with the parish magazine, but with a new cover and inset. At this current P.C.C. meeting a letter was read from

FRANKLY SPEAKING

A HAPPY NEW YEAR, BUT...

That word 'But' is the curse of the English language.

It is a word which keeps us in a condition of half-people. Half-Christian: half-humane: half-compassionate. Half-baked economically. Half-hearted in our efforts to put this country straight.

If we didn't use that wretched word so much the country would not be in the thundering mess it is today.

It could be a Happy New Year for everyone...

But!

On the industrial front:

'I know the strike isn't doing the country any good, but...'

'I know there's a lot of waste (or fiddling, or knocking-off), but...'

'Of course, it doesn't really belong on my expense account, but...'

On the national front:

'Yes, I know there are two million people still living in slum conditions in the country, but...'

'No, I've got nothing personally against coloured people, but...'

'Yes, I suppose with the economy in the mess it is we should all work harder, but...'

On the international front:

'Of course I think it's all wrong to sell arms to the Israelis and Arabs, but...'

'Oh yes, the way the war drags on in Vietnam is shocking, but...'

'No, it's terrible that millions

throughout the world are undernourished and under-housed, but...'

On the Christian front:

'I know we're supposed to love our enemies, but...'

'Well, I suppose it isn't really Christian to criticise Mrs. So-and-So, but...'

'Yes, I know it's claimed to be true about the resurrection (or the nativity, or the miracles) in the Bible, but...'

But... what? And ultimately there is only one answer. But I am going to make quite sure that I don't get personally involved, because it might cost me something in money or emotions, and I've got to look after Number One!

Spiritual desert

And that is basically why, for the past couple of decades, we have not been able to straighten out our affairs nationally or internationally, and why individually great numbers of us are living in a spiritual desert.

We have been too busy looking after Number One. Too anxious making sure that I have got my share of this world's goods. In the last analysis too involved in trying to build a private, individual, material anchor, and ignoring the fact that fallible, mortal man must have spiritual security — or he destroys himself.

The pools of self-giving which stand out against the drabness of

recent years shine all the brighter because of the background of selfishness against which they have taken place. And it is one of the more heartening facts that the deepest concern for others, and the greatest rebellion against material pettiness, seems to lie with the young.

On the whole the young people of today are against material selfishness and they do not bother with ifs and buts in their over-simplified creeds.

They are against institutional hypocrisy.

Against the folly of spending untold millions on weapons of destruction. Against the sin of one half of the world living in plenty while the other half goes hungry.

They are the ones—the young—who go on long Christian Aid walks. Go out to the ends of the earth as V.S.O. volunteers. Who are questioning a lot of the rot and corruption on which modern society rests.

They are, of course, the most criticised section of society: that is

inevitable. That a proportion of them are doing daft things with sex and drugs and crazy pseudo-philosophies is also inevitable: for that is part of their rebellion.

The fact remains that they do not like cant and humbug: they do not like the word 'But', while too many of the rest of us do.

'A Happy New Year to you all. . .'

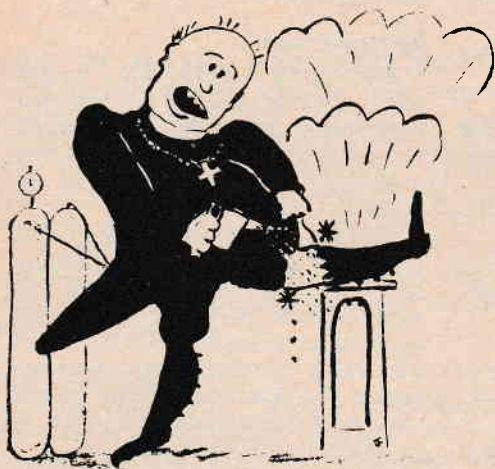
But how can it be when personally, nationally and internationally so many things are in such a mess?

Only by every last one of us getting rid of that word 'But'. Only by those of us who dare to call ourselves Christians in this far from Christian country having the guts to stand out against wrong priorities, gross materialism, hypocrisy, dirt, lies, sham and second-rate shoddiness, in the same way that Christ stood—and stands—out against these things.

It could mean a mass of minor crucifixions.

It would also mean a happier new year.

THE EDITOR



FUN WITH FORREST

Show a Leg

*A Bishop, who read in the papers,
The current sartorial capers
Was found, somewhat later,
Removing each gaiter,
By means of a blow-pipe
and scrapers.*

LOOKOUT ON FAITH

No. 16: THE HOLY SPIRIT

by Preceptor

'The Holy Spirit' is one of the splendid names which Christians give to God. It is one of the best ways of describing God in action. The world of nature throbs as the creative power of God makes things grow and come to many kinds of beautiful perfection. This is the Holy Spirit at work, bringing life and beauty out of the interplay of earth, air and water, sun and wind, and all the other natural elements. 'Creator Spirit' is one way in which God has been described as he works in nature.

The Holy Spirit is more than a creative force. He is intensely personal. The personal work of the Holy Spirit is seen in many wonderful gifts which God gives to people. The great writers, artists and musicians have all produced works which we call inspired. This means that they have a 'plus quality' beyond what cleverness and skill would normally be expected to produce. The real explanation is that God the Holy Spirit has worked through human beings to produce effects which arouse reverent wonder in the souls of those who see or hear. The Holy Spirit thus works on both the practitioner and the perceptive admirer to proclaim mysteries that lie beyond the commonplace.

But the most wonderful work of the Holy Spirit is in the realm of human character and behaviour. Through the ages he has inspired God's spokesmen to declare the eternal truths that men need to know. He touches human wills and consciences, thoughts and feelings, and helps people to act like citizens of heaven. Some of the gifts he brings this way are Christ-like love and faith and hope, courage and the power

of self-sacrifice, resolution to enable people to put first things first, and humility to help them to forgive one another. So he is the Spirit of fellowship, joy and peace. He also gives wisdom and guidance to overcome perplexity and temptation. The Holy Spirit is, in fact, the Spirit of Jesus active in people's lives. Jesus promised that the Father will give the Holy Spirit to anyone who asks for him. This is why many Christians make a prayer out of the well-known hymn, 'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.'

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L. A. Bartlett, Kenilworth

Don't play with her, she's black!

by MICHAEL BRISTOW-SMITH

I am angry; angry, not with the self-pity of many of the writers of the fifties, but angry with a ferocity which makes me dimly understand the anger of Christ at the Temple money-changers.

It is the first day of term at the local infants school. In cars, on foot, pushing prams, carrying shopping-baskets, come the mothers, each with her own little darling. For the most part, the children are scrubbed,

fresh-faced, well-nourished and cared-for. There are also of course, the children of the ne'er-do-wells, the spongers and the drunks, ill-clad, pale, peaky. But even these, in company with their more fortunate fellows, have one inestimable advantage—their skins are white.

For this term, among the crowd of 'new ones' is a little negro girl. And so the colour problem comes to our small country town.

Seeds of death

The child is clean and tidy in neat blue and white uniform. A matching blue ribbon sits in her black, woolly curls. She has white socks and bright-shining shoes. She is as bewildered, yet as interested, as the rest, clutching her foster-mother's hand, but looking around her, shyly ready to answer any welcoming smile.

And, thank God, there are welcoming smiles: from some of her future classmates and her teacher. But—there is a stir among some of the mothers. Heads are bent low and there are whispers into five-year-old ears. Five-year-old faces change and five-year-old eyes stare. Where there had been just another one of themselves, there was suddenly someone strange, someone different—someone inferior.

'It would be better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea'. Read 'she' for 'he' and you have an idea of what Christ meant, for those whispers were sowing the seeds of prejudice and hate, evil and, yes—death. Those whispers and the thoughts that they engendered were such as could plunge the world into yet another generation of conflict and misery. Those whispers were all much the same:

'Don't play with her, she's black!'

Better-educated, more in contact with the world than ever were their own parents: aware, by television, of what race-hate can do; not even able to plead ignorance, those mothers were yet warping the young minds of their children, stamping on them indelible impressions which would, in many cases, never be erased.

Respectable, house-proud, worthy, no doubt, are those mothers. But, on that morning, their sin was greater by far, than any they had ever before committed. Maybe, in church, 'meekly kneeling upon their knees', some of them had made the ritual confession to 'things which they ought not to have done' though they would not, actually, have been sure of what those things were. If anyone had accused them of adultery or theft or sluttishness, they would have sued for slander.

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But there is no legal penalty for poisoning the mind of your own child; the law, while making due provision for the care of that child's body, says nothing about the corruption of his mind. So, you see, in their own prejudiced eyes, those mothers had done nothing wrong at all.

No parable

Mercifully, those mothers were only a small minority; mercifully, some of their offspring, with the sturdy commonsense of childhood, would realise, as they came to know her, that the little girl was exactly the same as them but for the colour of her skin. But in other minds, the evil would, and has, taken root; and it only needed one, crazy, racist Hitler to murder six million Jews.

This is no parable. It is no fable. I only wish it were. The little coloured girl has settled in happily at the school. She is, herself, a happy child and a good friend of my own small daughter. But she cannot fail to be aware of the sidelong glances and the whispers, repeated time and time again:

'Don't play with her, she's black!'
(And race-hate works both ways.)

VERGING ON THE EXTRAORDINARY

A young clergyman, who liked being tidy and well turned out in church, was visiting a parish to take duty there. In the vestry he found no glass to help him comb his hair and settle his surplice. 'Have you a glass?' he asked the verger. 'I'll get you one,' said the verger. After a pause he returned, rather out of breath. 'You see, sir,' he said, 'It wasn't really opening time: but seeing how it was for a clergyman, he give me one.' And he handed over a foaming glass of ale.

—Church Times

Family with a future



L. A. Bartlett, Kenilworth

by **TERRY CROSS**

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Coventry Evening Telegraph)

You could call John Kelly a family man. He and his wife, Ann, live with their eight children in a large 18th century house tucked away in the village of Stoney Stanton, a mile off the busy Coventry-Leicester main road.

They lead the normal life of any large family; one of domesticity, in which everyday problems are solved and minor crises overcome; a superficially haphazard existence underpinned by a fundamental stability.

Mr. Kelly pursues his profession of raising alpine plants. Mrs. Kelly obviously has her hands full in supplying food, clothes and maternal affection. The children alternately play and squabble in two secluded

acres of ground, with terraced lawns, rough grass, a pond and a tree house.

Quite unremarkable? Mr. Kelly wouldn't thank you for implying anything other. And indeed, almost the only unusual thing about his family is its rather larger-than-usual size. Almost...

When John and Ann Kelly moved into Stanton House in January three years ago, they had two children. By May, they had eight, and were providing the first real home that the six newcomers to their family had known.

Practical humanity

The Kellys are one of seven couples who belong to the Children's Family Trust, a unique organisation founded soon after the war which brings an approach to children's

welfare that is both practical and humane.

The concept behind the Trust might be described as 'anti-institutional'. Its practical aim is to provide homeless children with something more than the maternal necessities of life; more than the competent care they would receive from a Children's Department; more even, than the affection they would receive from welfare workers or foster-parents.

Part of the scene

The Trust aims to give children a genuine family environment, in which they feel they belong, and in which they can receive the love and the individual attention they need. It does this simply by 'creating' families, or rather by providing financial and practical basis for couples like John and Ann Kelly to build a family.

The Kellys were married nine years ago. 'We first heard of the Trust six years ago, when two friends told us they were joining,' said Mr.

Kelly. 'We thought that was fine for them but not for us, because it would mean me abandoning my career. I was a medical rep., then.

'But later, we both became aware that it would be right for us, too. We spent a weekend with the organising secretary, and met Paul Field, the Trust's founder. We were accepted as parents, but then had to wait another two years for our family.'

The Trust bought Stanton House ('nineteen rooms, including the loos, so there's plenty of room for us'), and soon Mr. and Mrs. Kelly had furnished it and moved in.

Within three months their family had arrived, coming from all over the Midlands. But not for another nine months did Mr. Kelly start his alpine nursery. 'We decided to get the children settled first.'

The children—Judy (13), Yasmin (11), Fasil (9), Cade (8), Timothy (7), Michelle (6), Christopher (4), and Clare (3)—are lively but well-man-

to page 12



The advantages of a family when it comes to logging!

Report from Fleet Street

Dewi Morgan comments from St. Bride's, at the hub of the newspaper world, on matters both domestic and international.

Two-way traffic

The days when a wealthy England dispensed 'charity' to poor countries overseas whose function was to accept and be grateful have gone.

An announcement last year from Christian Aid shows just how far they have gone. For this organization has allocated £30,000 for work in the United Kingdom—to support immigrant welfare schemes.

Not long ago this page carried a note about money being similarly spent in the U.S.A. on the Mississippi Delta project—where people are starving.

This two-way replacement of the old one-way traffic is important. In the first place to us: for it reminds us that we are all interdependent. And it helps to relieve us of the pride we may once have suffered.

In the second place, it adds to the dignity of the Churches overseas. For they, through Inter-Church Aid and the World Council of Churches, become givers as well as receivers.

It all makes the world a better place to live in.

Surprising figures

For a long time a good many people have been convinced that Islam was growing in Africa a lot more quickly than Christianity. Recent figures have indicated otherwise.

Significantly those figures come from Tanzania, a region where for all sorts of reasons one might expect the Muslim to be more popular than the missionary.

'In Tanzania, the Christian Church is growing at a rate of about 9% a year, while the country's population is growing at 3%. Protestants and Roman Catholics are growing at an equal pace,' says L. W. Swantz, Director of the Christian Council in Tanzania's Urban-Industrial Project in Dar-es-Salaam.

In 1902, 1.5% of the population was Christian. Today the figure is around 40%.

It is also of considerable interest to notice that the greatest growth rate seems to be among the educated parts of the population and those who are the more enterprising in every way.

Systematic help

Just under a quarter of a million British people leave these islands every year to work abroad.

Whether they like it or not, each one of them is inevitably regarded as a representative of Christ, for this is still regarded as a Christian country. Quite certainly, such a belief is valid in that all of them have heard the name of Christ and had the chance to become Christians.

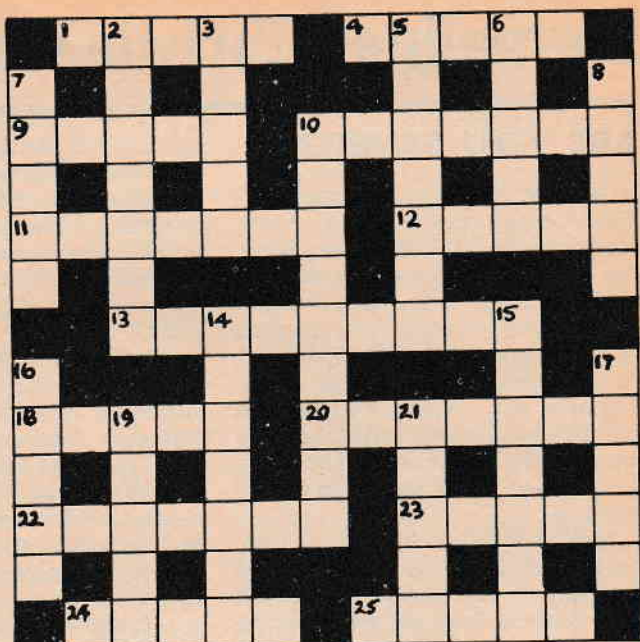
But probably only about one in ten of them are practising Christians, which means that those ten per cent have the challenge of making up for the deficiencies of the rest.

Which makes all the more welcome a systematic attempt to help ordinary lay Christians to show the flag properly when they go overseas.

It is called *Christian Preparation for Work Abroad* and its leader is the Rev. Robin Crawford, 2 Eaton Gate, London, S.W.1. Get in touch if he can help you.

PRIZE CROSS- WORD No. 6

Entry date for prize Competition No. 6 is January 31. The first correct, neat entry opened on that day will receive a Book Token for £1. Send to The Editor, The Window, c/o A. R. Mowbray & Co Ltd, The Alden Press, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 oEG



ACROSS:

1. Wife of Elimelech (5)
4. 'There is neither Jew nor—' (5)
9. '... astrolgers that were in all his—' (5)
10. Where Jews were in captivity (7)
11. 'For it is—that our Lord sprang out of Juda' (7)
12. A Jebusite (5)
13. Father of Zerubbabel (9)
18. Son of God (5)
20. It perished even unto Dibon (7)
22. Evil King of Israel (7)
23. '... : and—a right spirit within me' (5)
24. Herod's steward (5)
25. Coin brought to Jesus Christ (5)

DOWN:

2. Husband of Sapphira (7)
3. Plain (5)
5. Master (7)
6. King of Moab (5)
7. '... one another with an holy kiss' (5)
8. Son of Elieonai (5)
10. Birthplace of Jesus Christ (9)
14. Temanite (7)
15. 'OPEN thy doors, O—' (7)
16. Son of Reuben (5)
17. '... from a child thou hast—the holy scriptures' (5)
19. 'A several—deal unto one lamb' (5)
21. 'No man can—two masters' (5)

The winner of Prize Crossword No 4, (September issue), was W. B. Berkley, of 109, Southport Road, Ormskirk, Lancs, who receives a Book Token for One pound.

PET ANSWER

In the Sunday school infant class the teacher was stressing the importance of kindness to pets, illustrating the lesson with stories of Christ's gentleness to animals. One child asked if Jesus had

owned any pets when he was young. Before she could reply, a superior six-year-old supplied the answer: 'Of course he did,' said the young voice scornfully, 'Haven't you ever heard of Jesus and his twelve opossums?'

Emmeline Christie's page

ARE YOU SAVED?

It was the last bus. As usual there weren't many people up top. A few coming off the late shift at the pottery, one or two elderly couples who had obviously been visiting, now tired and looking forward to their last cuppa and bed. Everyone staring blankly ahead, or out through the windows at the darkening sky, taking a sly peep now and then at their own reflection, or at someone else's. Not much here in the way of copy for a struggling young journalist.

In front of me sat an elderly woman. Unmarried, I had decided. She had that sort of 'untouched' look about her. Next to her was an attractive young woman. Suddenly the older woman turned to her—'My dear, are

you saved?' she asked, and she said it loud enough for the rest of us to hear.

The girl jumped, obviously taken by surprise: 'I beg your pardon?'

The other woman smiled brightly: 'I said—are you saved?'

Whose business?

A man in front turned round. 'Why don't you mind your own flaming business?' he asked beligerently. 'Aint nobody's business but their own, that.' He looked round—'Is it?'

From the back of the bus an educated voice remarked tartly: 'Pity you can't leave people alone. Who are you to assume any of us are, or are not saved?'

'Saved from what, I'd like to know?' enquired an apparently inoffensive little man. 'Hell and damnation like as



not,' contributed someone else.

'Anyway, it's not for her to go pestering a youngster,' the beligerent man put in indignantly. He gave a loud 'Hic!' then started singing: 'Tell me the old, old story. . .'

'Tight,' I thought.

Undeterred, the elderly woman opened a book on her knees. 'Unless you are sure, it's pretty obvious you need help,' she said, 'Now, let me read you this. . .' The girl sat quietly. The rest of us subsided. The voice droned on.

All change!

When we reached the depot the conductor called 'All change!' One by one we got up. Polite kid, I thought. Good job the old girl didn't pick on some of the 'late night special' students we get sometimes: they'd have torn her to shreds! The woman closed her book, looking around at us, her face alight with zeal, confident of her mission. 'Goodnight, my dear,' she said, 'I shall pray for you, wherever you may be, that you come to know the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The girl smiled. 'Thank you,' she

* * *

Henry and Henrietta Gardening notes

*Last year my 'Resolutions'
Were not at all well kept.
Readily I make them,
And at breaking I'm adept!
There's one thing, tho'
I'm certain to keep
In my silly head—
To bring in all my pot plants
Before I go to bed.
They very soon develop
Temperamental ills,
If left behind the curtains
On cold and frosty sills!*

said gently, 'You're very kind. Pray for my people, too.'

'People?'

'Yes—I'm a missionary. I sail for Peru tomorrow.'

The old boy in the corner laughed loudly, changed his song and lurched over to the elderly woman.

'Throw out the Life Line!' he sang lustily, 'Throw out the Life Line . . . and do some re-thinking today!'

As I clattered downstairs I had the nasty feeling that he wasn't tight after all.

* * *

Competition

PROFESSIONAL GREETINGS

It's rather fun to fit a 'greeting' to a person. For instance:

Doctor: How are you?

Magician: How's tricks?

Pilot: What's up?

Can you think of one? If so, send a postcard with your suggestion (remember your name and address) to Mrs. Christie, c/o The Window, A. R. Mowbray & Co Ltd, The Alden Press, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 OEG.

* * *

LIGHT SODA SCONES FOR TEA

1 oz butter

8 oz Flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon cream of tartar

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda

Milk to mix to a soft dough.

After you have sieved flour, rub in butter, mix salt, soda and cream of tartar into the flour. Mix to a very soft dough with the milk. Roll out quickly to about $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Cut into shapes—if you haven't a cutter a small tumbler is useful. Bake at about 500 degrees for approx. 10 minutes. Serve hot for tea with butter and jam.

Look back in love

by JOSEPHINE HILTON

Long-standing readers of THE WINDOW will remember the name Josephine Hilton as the writer who headed the women's section for seven years after its first publication. Now, after a long absence, she looks back in love.

I am in hospital. A few days ago when I was struggling back from unconsciousness to sickness and pain I heard a voice whispering to me through the blackness. Gradually the words formed a pattern 'Take deep breaths. Each breath is a prayer. Don't think . . . don't struggle . . . just breath out your pain and fear. Breath in life and love. God's love.'

Later on I was to discover that the voice had a face. It was the dedicated Night Sister who taught me a lesson in prayer that I hope to pass on to others.

Heading memories

But for the time being I relaxed and rested, floating somewhere between earth and heaven. The years slipping away and I was a child again going to Church with my grandparents. The child grew to girlhood and to womanhood and lived a life divided into three parts . . . home, school and work, and church. Three parts divided and yet plaited together like my own hair. I wondered why I had ever puzzled my head about the Trinity. Three in one and one in three . . . it was all so simple.

I felt to be floating on a sea of Sundays. The two mile walk to Sunday School. Me playing for the hymn singing with little skill but much enthusiasm. Morning service and then a missionary meeting. The long

pull up the hill and home for Sunday dinner. Back again to Sunday School where I was encouraged to make my first timid attempts at public speaking. The leisurely walk home for tea and back once again for the evening service. Communion . . . memories too precious and sacred to be put into words.

I felt young again. Soothed and serene my mind and spirit were so refreshed and revitalized that pain seemed to belong to someone else. I didn't *remember* those vanished days . . . they came unbidden bringing love, joy, and peace. But how I thank God, and those of my blood who have gone before, that long ago I *lived* those happy days so that in unconsciousness I could *re-live* them.

Now I sit in a chair, looking out through the big windows, looking back in love. . .

FAMILY WITH A FUTURE *from page 7*

nered, mixed in race, and in temperament. Yasmin has a shy charm, while Christopher is an out-and-out extrovert, with very winning ways.

'Like all brothers and sisters, they sometimes come to blows, but they are very loyal to each other,' says Mr. Kelly.

Judy and Yasmin go to Heathfield High School at Earl Shilton. The others go to the village primary school. Judy and Yasmin go bell-ringing with their mother. The younger children go to Cubs and Brownies. The whole family go to church on Sundays. The Kellys have become part of the village scene.

Mr. Kelly's nursery is now thriving, and putting money into the Trust (it is, gardeners may like to know, one of the best in the country, its catalogue

TRYING TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS

Send your questions to the Rev. Peter Croft, c/o The Window, The Alden Press, Osney Mead, Oxford OX2 0EG. They will be treated as confidential.

Making the best of it

Mrs. X from Hartlepool has had a pretty terrible seven years. Everything seems to have gone wrong. She has had her mother to look after, her husband has been ill, she has suffered a nervous breakdown, and a daughter has left home. 'My husband never complains, just plods on, yet I could cry. When he looks at me I see the accusation in his eyes—'What a mess our life has been these past 7 years!' Is it our Lord's will—or just the luck of the draw?'

FAMILY WITH A FUTURE

from opposite page

containing some real gems among rock plants). But he still reckons he spends more time raising children than plants.

Mrs. Kelly runs the large spacious house with an hour's help from a 'daily' and assistance from an au pair for a few weeks during the summer. She has just completed a course in social studies at Vaughan College, Leicester. Family holidays are spent camping.

Non-human members of the family are a very companionable cat, two goats, four rabbits, and seven domesticated mallards who waddle unconcernedly between pond and out-buildings.

Life at Stanton House has a relaxed,

You do seem to have had a packet these last years. Now let me be quite honest. I can't answer questions like, 'Could I have left my own mother on her own after such a sad loss'—only you can answer these. And you have answered them. It's no use wondering whether you were right or wrong in what you decided, because whatever we do it's a mixture of both.

But when you look at the circumstances which forced you to make the decisions you made, your main question is: 'Is it our Lord's will or just the luck of the draw?'

I think it's basically the luck of the draw.

Some people die young of cancer, others have rheumatoid arthritis for years, others have awkward children, or mothers-in-laws; others are constitutionally lazy.

But when you're dealt a hand at cards the main thing is to make the most of it. Some people are such bad card-players one feels that even if they were dealt all thirteen trumps they'd still end up losing tricks. Whereas

unhurried quality missing in a good many suburban semis, though it has its small dramas; Timothy got stuck in the tree house, is rescued by a customer; customer gets stuck, is rescued by Mr. Kelly. . .

One senses it intuitively rather than observes it factually, and it sounds slightly ponderous when put into words, but there is no doubt that the Kellys are a family in the truest sense of the word.

The children call Mr. and Mrs. Kelly 'Mummy' and 'Daddy' in an unaffected completely natural manner. And when I asked Mr. Kelly how many of the children were his own, he said 'All of them.'

I never asked which of the eight were Mr. and Mrs. Kelly's natural offspring. It seemed irrelevant.

others may have a poor hand and do marvels with it. It depends on what you do *with* the cards you're dealt.

In life we may have an awkward mother-in-law. Everything depends on how we deal with this. We can get angry about it; we can pretend she doesn't exist; we can accept the fact and become miserable; we can accept it and learn patience. Any sensible person has to accept the things he's dealt—a Christian has to do more, he has to try and find out what God wants him to do with those things he's dealt, try and find out how to get the best out of them and put the best into them.

I don't believe in Fate with a capital F or even with a little f. To believe in Fate is to believe that God has got everything worked out for us (if we can believe in God at all). We're puppets on a string—or, if you like, things on rails that can't change direction—it's all fore-ordained . . .

'There was a young man who said
'Damn!'

It is borne in upon me I am
An engine that moves
In predestinate grooves,
I'm not even a 'bus, I'm a tram.'

Christians believe we're 'buses!
We're free!

We can alter course when we like. Our future is in *our* hands. The way we react to events is our way not someone else's. When Christians pray 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven'—we know there are stacks of people who refuse to do God's will. Jesus is the only man who's consistently managed to go God's way. God's way is to take things as they happen and make the best of them—not closing your eyes to them or running away from them, but trying to produce good from whatever cards you're

The god of our society

Kevan Tailby reviews *MONEY*, published by Fontana Books at 8s (40p)

This book contains 13 essays written for the 1970 Daily Telegraph Magazine Young Writers Competition on the theme 'Money in Britain Today'.

There are essays on the effects of money on people, what people do with money, what they think of it, and, in nearly every essay, how money dominates people, particularly the search for it.

Many aspects of life are explored. For example gambling, the advice of father to son, Social Security, personal thoughts of a bank clerk during a day, a rich man's mistress, addicts in search of heroin, and boys soliciting for financial gain.

So often the statement of St Paul remains true: 'The love of money is the root of all evil things.'

There is one essay (not the winner incidentally) which is thought-provoking. In 'Money' by Chris Macgregor, he tries to be objective about what money should do, and is in fact theological.

'Money does things. It can be put to use, made to work, either for or against people, life, humanity, tolerance etc. . . Money has no point, no existence, except as a force for

dealt. Christ was betrayed and crucified but he produced a winning hand. He showed that love can conquer all that the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune can hurl against us. Love did with him. May God's will be done—starting with you, and me.

changing things, anything, a car, a house, an environment, a world.'

He writes strongly about using people for statistics. 'They make you out to be a machine tool which consumes food and gives forth work.'

His concern for humanity, for human beings as persons is a fine piece of Christian writing, and is alone worth the price of the book.

'Every child who dies of starvation is not a child *who dies of starvation*, but a *child* who dies of starvation. If you tell me that a million people were killed in the Second World War I don't react by saying that n million were killed in the first. I react by saying something which indicates the horror of my realisation that each one of those n million was a human being, with parents, friends, relations, feelings, loves, hates.'

Perhaps an odd book to choose for review, but money after all is a god of our society.

VIETNAM PEACE VILLAGE

Kevan Tailby, regular book-reviewer for *THE WINDOW*, is now a chaplain with H.M. Forces in Germany. He sends this report on a positive scheme being undertaken in Germany to help child victims of the Vietnam war.

In all the ravages of a hopeless war, healing and a future have been brought to a few children from Vietnam.

1967 saw the beginnings of a Peace Village in the Ruhr District of West Germany, in Oberhausen, started by the vision, inspiration and strength of a Lutheran Pastor, determined to help children suffering through war.

The Project which started the

Village has not looked back. What happens is that children are brought from Vietnam to Oberhausen and given the treatment they need. Most of them will return home when the treatment is completed, and in the case of older children when they have learned a profession.

At the moment there are 30 children receiving treatment. Building has been completed of a further clinic with special accommodation for 22 paraplegic children, together with school-rooms, playrooms and workshops.

Significant Contribution

The children who will occupy this new house are at present in various German hospitals, where they have been since they arrived last April.

Also under construction is a rehabilitation centre, complete with operating theatre, a swimming pool for the underwater massage, a special gymnasium, and other facilities for the treatment of paraplegics.

It is also planned to bring a further 20 children later, and to return some of the children now having treatment to Vietnam.

Not content with that, the Peace Village are planning to construct a Village in Vietnam itself, with a rehabilitation centre. They already have a plot of land 300 kms from Saigon, and it is intended to build in Germany a mobile operations centre to send to Vietnam with a team of German medical staff.

An offer to take 100 war wounded children from North Vietnam was refused, but the Village was able to supply medicine.

The Vietnam Peace Village is a small but significant contribution to the mending of broken bodies; Christians responding to Christ's command to heal.

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67 Monmouth Street, London, WC2*

the House Group offering to publish and circulate the news sheet free in the parish. The offer was accepted, with one abstention, although it was agreed the parish magazine should continue. The Vicar announced that the Harvest Home had not only paid for itself, through the generosity of donors, but also made a profit of over £13 for Church funds. Alarm was expressed at the need to curtail our missionary giving because of the high parish share and other commitments, and the Churchwardens expressed a firm hope that more people, who now took envelopes, would be willing to covenant their weekly offering, and so benefit the Church both at home and overseas. A brief reference was made to the Deanery Synod's discussion on Christian Initiation, and the date of the Annual Church Meeting was fixed for TUESDAY, March 30th, 1971.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD

The Right Reverend Harry Carpenter retired on December 14th after sixteen faithful years as Bishop of the Diocese. He was also patron of the living of Marston and ultimately responsible for the appointment of our present Vicar.

"I have been sometimes said to be the most cautious person in the Church of England" said the Bishop at the crowded farewell in the Sheldonian. "If this is so, I am gratified, for I have got away with more things than many people have grasped!"

The Bishop has often been to Marston for Confirmations, for special services, such as the commissioning of Parish Workers, and to preach at the Parish Communion. He has always been available when his advice has been sought, and he has always been scrupulously fair in reaching his decisions.

Mrs. Urith Carpenter endeared herself to the diocese not only through her work as Diocesan President of the Mothers' Union, but in so many warm and human ways through her concern for people of all walks of life.

To accept the office of a Bishop in these days, is in many ways to attempt the impossible.

The generous gift of over £3,000 made by the Diocese to the Bishop and Mrs. Carpenter, shows that in the eyes of many they achieved a rare measure of success in this aim. Above all it revealed the affection in which both are held by so many people in this vast diocese.

OVER 60's CLUB

At the Christmas Party, on December 7th, Mrs. Tomlinson our former Treasurer was presented with two beautiful pieces of Wedgewood pottery by the members in appreciation of all that she has done for the Club.

The new session begins on January 11th, and the Secretary, Mrs. Joan Yates, 81 Woodstock Close, would be very pleased to hear from anyone who would give half an hour's entertainment to the members. Many people show their colour slides. We should like to hear from you if you have any interesting hobby, or can entertain the Club for a brief space.

The members are an appreciative group, and welcome all who come to visit them. Anyone who can help to transport members either to or from the Club on a Monday afternoon are asked to contact Miss Lodge. This is an urgent need.

MARSTON BELLS

A surprise visit was made by Radio Oxford to Marston Tower, and those of you with VHF must have been delighted to hear the bells of

Marston ring out on the morning of December 5th. Mr. Gammon spoke a little about change ringing, and gave a good testimonial to the ringers of Marston, who have a record-breaking plaque in their bell-chamber.

THANK YOU

To the Marston Players for their Christmas Anthology "Sounds of Christmas." As a result of this they raised £5 17s. 0d. for Church expenses. In addition the Young Wives raised over £10 on their Coffee and Mince-pies, bring and buy stall and raffle. To all who helped in any way a special word of thanks and also to those who made the Christmas Party for the Over 60's Club possible once again this year. The gratitude of the Club also goes to Mr. & Mrs. Weeks of the "Jack Russell" who have raised about £100 to be used for the Club and its activities during the year. Also to all the boys and girls of the Church who kindly brought gifts and toys for distribution at Christmas time. The Children's Department have said how much they have been appreciated.

IN MEMORIAM

Our thoughts and our prayers reach out to those who have suffered bereavement through road accidents during the past months as tragedy hits Marston once again. Percy Horwood was known to so many people. Young and old remembered him too for his many acts of kindness and generosity, very often unknown except to those close to him. To his wife, Marlene, and her family, we extend our sympathy and assure her of our prayers. Also to Mr. & Mrs. John Ryan of Lewell Avenue whose young daughter and son-in-law were involved in a car crash returning home from their parents Silver Wedding Celebrations.

Two old friends have passed into the Nearer Presence of Christ too. John Roberts and Percy Ralph, both very keen gardeners. Mr. Ralph was a grower of prize chrysanthemums and always delighted to talk about his hobby. To both widows and their families we extend our sympathies and assure them of our prayers.

WELCOME TO OUR NEWLY CONFIRMED

The Bishop of Dorchester entered a packed St. Nicholas' Church when he came on the 1st December and we are delighted to welcome the following into full membership of Christ's Family.

Roger Adkins, Andrew and Nigel Haynes, Paul Kelsey, Nicholas Ray, John Teasdale. Dawn Abbot, Joanne Blackford, Hilary Boddington, Anne Brothers, Alison Brough, Jacqueline Butler, Nicola Carrington, Katharine Churchill, Susan Edmonds, Jane Excell, Ann Feltham, Janet Gomm, Amanda Head, Kathy Heatlie, Shirley Hodgkins, Christine Hooker, Dawn Kidd, Lyne Kidd, Yvonne Johnson, Lesley Martin, Janey Moller, Helen Moore, Susan Pain, Deborah Parker, Jacqueline Price, Carolyn Quartermain, Christine Searle, Gail Shade, Jane Sheppard, Patricia Simms, Tina Stallard, Susan Weston, Roslyn Woodhouse together with two adults: Susan Meadcroft and Peter Grimble.

We also extend a word of welcome to Julia Hewitt and Karen Seid confirmed by the Bishop of Oxford at Headington School on the 4th Dec. A very high proportion of these young people have been right through our Children's Instruction and completed the course in the Crossbearers and Catechism groups. They are to be commended for this in these days and we hope that some of them will become Sunday School teacher trainees.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH

Bell Ringers. Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.

Brownies : Brownie Guider : Miss I. Read, 6 Cotswold Crescent -
Tel. 47370

Choir. Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 31 Oxford Road.

Cub Scout Leader : Mr. A. J. Roberts, 54 Cherwell Drive. Tel. 40879.

Girl Guides. Guide Captain : Mrs. Retter, 45 Campbell Road, Cowley.

Parish Magazine :

Mothers' Union. Enrolling Member :

Parochial Church Council. Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House,
Oxford Road.

Scouts. Scout Leader : Mr. N. Lankford, 55 Crotch Crescent, New
Marston.

Group Scout Leader : Mr. W. Furber, 42 Cherwell Drive.

St. Nicholas' Fellowship. Sec. : Miss E. Warburton, Cross Cottage,
Old Marston.

Young Wives : Group Leader : Mrs. P. Prescott, 22 Ashlong Road.

Secretary : Mrs. D. Hall, 98 Oxford Road. Tel. 42352.

LOCAL

Allotment Association. Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 135 Oxford Road.

British Legion. Marston & District Sec. : Mr. F. Thompson, 5 Temple
Street, Oxford.

Marston Players :

Marston Residents' Association : Secretary : Mr. G. A. Hine,
21 Raymond Road. Tel. 40482.

Over 60's Club. Sec. : Mrs. J. Yates, 81 Woodstock Close, Woodstock Rd.
Treas. : Mrs. E. Weeks, "The Jack Russell," Salford Road.

Parish Council. Chairman : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.

Parent-Teacher Association

St. Nicholas :—Mrs. B. Prescott, 22 Ashlong Road.

Harlow School :—Mrs. J. Hodgkins, 31 Elms Drive.

Women's Institute : Miss E. Warburton, Cross Cottage, Old Marston.

USEFUL INFORMATION

District Nurses, 6 Broughton's Close, Old Marston. Tel. Oxford 44417.

Health Visitor : Miss E. McDermott. Phone KIDLINGTON 3502.

Infant Welfare Clinic : The Village Hall, Thursdays 2—4 p.m.

Library : The Village Hall, Old Marston.

Monday and Wednesday — Closed.

Tuesday — 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. 5.30 to 7.30 p.m.

Thursday — 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. 5.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.

Friday — 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Over 60's Club. St. Nicholas Church Hall, Mondays at 2.45 p.m.

Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths : St. Nicholas' Church Hall,
Elsfield Road, Old Marston. Thursdays 4 to 4.30 p.m.

Village Hall. All Bookings to Mr. Tasker, 35 Mill Lane, Old Marston.
St. Nicholas' Church Hall and Committee Room. All Bookings to Miss
O. J. Lodge, 5 Elsfield Road, Old Marston. (47956).

Nursery School. All enquiries to.— The Village Hall during school
hours.

DIRECTORY

We hope all readers will patronise the shops advertised
in this Directory where excellent service is assured:

- Baby Linen, Children's and Ladies, Wear, Wool, Slippers :**
"Joyce's, 18 Cherwell Drive, Marston.....Tel. 63846
- Baby Linen and Ladies' Wear, Wool, etc. :**
North, 5 Salford Road, Old Marston Tel. 41451
- Butcher (High Class) :**
V. C. White (Marston) Ltd., 17 Salford Rd., Old Marston ...Tel. 43177
- Caterers — Buffets & Wedding Receptions :**
Cyril & Esme Weeks, "The Jack Russell," Salford Road.....Tel. 47668
- Chemist :**
B. G. Oliver (Oxford) Ltd., 11 Old Marston Rd., Marston...Tel. 43824
- Christian Book Centre :**
57A St. Clement's Street, Oxford.....Tel. 47567
- Coal Distributor :**
Dunlops, L.M.S. Wharf, Oxford Tel. 42421
- Dairy :**
R. A. Smith, Church Lane, Old Marston.....Tel. 48813
- Driving School :**
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12 Cotswold Crescent, Old Marston.....Tel. 42126
- Fish and Poultry, Greengrocery and Frozen Foods :**
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- Funeral Directors :**
Reeves & Pain, 10 Cambridge Terrace, St. Ebbe's.....Tel. 42529
83 Botley Road, Oxford.....Tel. 42529
10 Newton Road, Oxford Tel. 48817
- Gardening Requisites :**
Smith's Hardware Stores — China & Glassware, Pet Foods,
Pink Paraffin — 7 Salford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 42776
- Grocery, Provisions and Old Marston Post Office :**
L. E. H. Hayle, Oxford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 49668
- Hairdressing :**
Ladies' & Gent's :
S. T. Greenaway, 402 Marston Road, Oxford.....Tel. 48726
Ladies' & Children's :
"Karenlee," 9 Salford Road (under new management)...Tel. 41632
(late night : Friday until 7.30 p.m.).
Michael, Hair Fashions, 16 Cherwell Drive, Marston.....Tel. 63842
- Hardware Stores and Paraffin Delivery Service :**
L. C. Boiteux, 8 Cherwell Drive, Marston.....Tel. 61668
- Men's, Youths & Juvenile Wear, Alterations & Repairs & Dry Cleaning :**
Percy's, 11 Salford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 43212
- Newsagents, Tobacconists, Confectioners and Stationers :**
Baxters (Oxford) Ltd., 7 Old Marston Road, Oxford.....Tel. 42123
and 22 Cherwell Drive.
- Painter & Decorator, Plumbing & General Repairs :**
S. Kushmar, 47 Ferry Road, Marston.....Tel. 47189
- Radio and Television, Rental, Sales and Service :**
W. R. Hammond & Son Ltd., 404 Marston Road, Oxford...Tel. 47706
- Taxi — Car Hire (Long or Short Journeys) :**
Marston Taxi Service, Mr. & Mrs. Leach,
5 Oxford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 47197
- Wavy Line Groceries, Provision and Frozen Foods :**
W. & A. G. Foote, Salford Stores, 15 Salford Road.....Tel. 43174

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