

# St. John-in-Bedwardine, Worcester

Parish Magazine—New Series, No. 296

AUGUST 1949

Price Threepence



How you have grown! and all in two months  
Yes, but the soil is so good: seven centuries of  
careful husbandry  
But who looks after you?  
Over 500 people tend me regularly every week  
If you grow at this rate, you will cover the parish  
I hope so: you see the truth of our motto  
From small beginnings, **BIG THINGS GROW**

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Since I wrote my last letter to you, I have spent three whole days at Llandudno. I am grateful for this break which I enjoyed in perfect weather. Some of you may be familiar with this popular resort on the coast of North Wales—the magnificent promenade and pier. When you return from your holiday, there are probably lots of details which you like to relate to your friends. But I was particularly attracted by the happiness and *Laughter* which seemed to abound on every side. This gives me a welcome theme for my letter this month—*Laughter*.

There is an idea which comes down to us from the days of the Puritans that the Christian Religion is all against laughter. It is an impression which may have been made upon us that, for the Christian, laughter is a perilous liberty, an indulgence which is hardly safe. Many have grown up with the impression that God is very near to the man who weeps; but far, far away from the man who laughs. But as we obtain a better insight into life and a better knowledge of the life and teaching of our Lord, we feel that somehow the Puritans were wrong. It is a strong tradition, this tradition of seriousness amounting almost to gloom, but at bottom it is an unhealthy one. It comes largely from the belief that our Lord discouraged laughter and gladness. Thus Dean Farrar in his popular "Life of Christ" says, "We are never told that Jesus laughed, while we are once told that He wept." But is that saying fair; is it true? Let me give you some of the facts. We are told, for instance, that He was called by His enemies a gluttonous man and a wine bibber. What point could there have been in such an accusation if His demeanour were such that He never so much as smiled. Did not He Himself declare that there was as much difference between His attitude to life and that of John the Baptist as there is between a wedding and a funeral? We read, again, in the Gospels that Jesus went to a marriage at Cana in Galilee, and the story tells us how He helped to make things go when the supply of wine ran out. We read again of His being a welcome guest at feasts. We know too how He watched the little children at their play and how the little ones loved Him—a sure sign that He was no kill-joy. And there are many of His sayings in the Gospels which it would be very hard to explain unless we assumed that they show a vein of kindly humour in the character of the Lord Jesus. For all the deep seriousness of His words, there was something of laughter in them when He spoke of casting pearls before swine, of a camel passing through the eye of a needle, or of a man seeing a splinter in his brother's eye but not perceiving the beam that was in his own. The tradition that a religious man must always be grave and sombre, when it attempts to justify itself by the example of Christ, can do so only by taking a one-sided view of His character. True, you will not find a religious man sharing in a heartless frivolity or laughing at another's pain and misfortune. But that is a very different thing from excluding sunshine and light-heartedness from religion altogether as some would have us do.

The more one thinks of it, the more one is convinced that laughter is, as Sarah says, a gift of God—like sunshine and colour and music and love. See how He sets the lambs racing and frisking in the spring-time and the children shouting with happiness in their play. It is a perverted and morbid idea of religion that thinks of God as looking askance at the laughter of His grown-up children.

Moreover, laughter is one of the strongest reforming agencies in society. I think our chief debt to Charles Dickens is that he taught us to laugh again. But I wonder if you have thought of all that Dickens did when he did that? It was not merely that he gave us an excuse for the healthy exercise of laughter. For that alone

we may be grateful. But he did more. By making us laugh he taught us. By making us laugh, he reformed abuses and infused a kinder, more humane spirit into English society. When Dickens wishes to enlist men's sympathy for some ill-treated section of the community, he does not pile on the agony—he piles on the ludicrous. And what is the consequence? Why, when the laughter has subsided, there comes the reflection—what a shame it is for children to be treated so. Humour is with Dickens a moral force. It is the cutting point which gives his message an entrance into the hearts of men. And once it has entered, it does its own work. Many other men besides Dickens felt strongly the abuses of the time and struck at them savagely, but Dickens laughed and joked as he thrust with his weapon, and the things which he touched with it died out of hand.

Then, again, laughter is sometimes an index of character and self-control. When a man is made to feel some of the inevitable pin-pricks of life—the sudden, angry word of a friend, the perplexing conduct of a fellow-worker: *Which is the mark of the higher type of character*—to laugh at the thing good humouredly and go on one's way, or to worry over it solemnly, to demand an explanation, to write a letter and blow the accidental spark into a good old blaze? We have no doubt of that. It is the man who laughs who wins. When you laugh at your worries you rise above them. And when you can laugh at yourself, you are in a fair way to becoming a wholesome and lovable person, if not indeed something of a saint.

There is sorrow and suffering in the world—enough and to spare, and plenty of times when we feel unlike laughter. But life is not all sorrow and suffering. There are times when the sun is shining and happiness abounds, and health is splendid, and life is brimming over. On a small pretext one laughs because one feels like it or because our God-given sense of humour finds us glad to be alive. And that in spite of all the sorrow and the sadness always close at hand, one is vastly the better for it. Moreover, God is in His heaven, God who hath made us to laugh, hears and understands.

#### ALTAR FLOWERS

THE following ladies have kindly consented to provide flowers for the month of August.

- August 7.—Mrs. Jay.
- " 14.—Mrs. Evans.
- " 21.—Mrs. Chisholme.
- " 28.—Mrs. Chris. Bowkett and Mrs. J. Skellan.

MARGARET E. LANCEY, *Hon. Sec.*  
103 Bransford Road.

TO ALL RECENT CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES  
You may remember that, at the close of the classes, I told you that each candidate would receive a Communion book as a gift from the Church. At that time, the books had not arrived owing to the general shortage of supplies. These books have now been safely delivered, and I am anxious to get into contact with you. I shall try to call on as many as possible and perhaps some of you would remain after one of the services. I feel very proud of you all and I am sure that we look forward to the next Confirmation in our Church.

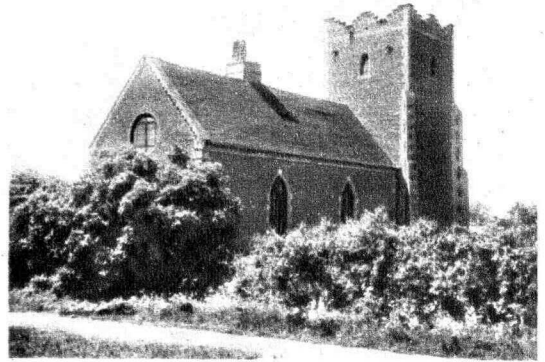
#### ST. JOHN'S CHOIR

I AM much indebted to Mr. Bishop and the Choir for their arduous work in maintaining the musical standard of our Services. At the present time we are sadly deficient in tenor voices. If any gentlemen in our congregation would like to help in this direction there is a warm welcome for him in the Choir.

*Yours sincerely,*  
*John Hunt.*

# CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

AUGUST, 1949



And Look on This.



Look on This Side.

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\*  
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### Church for Beauty!

THERE is, apparently, a Norman Church just outside the Suffolk village of Tattingstone. But a closer inspection reveals that it is a three-family residence. Two of the families are housed in the nave portion, whilst the third family occupies that part of the building

beneath the tower. Incidentally, the tower at the top is merely a three-sided shell, with the back wall missing. The explanation generally accepted for this remarkable sham is rather interesting. It appears that in 1760, the local squire, a man named White, desired to build three cottages for his men. Apparently, the site chosen was in full view of his mansion, and he conceived the plan of erecting them to look like a church (from the side facing his house), which, he considered, would improve the outlook from his property.—P. H. LOVELL.

### Thanks to an Innkeeper.

EVERY year the scholars of the two grammar schools at Keighley attend services to commemorate "Founders' Day," the original school being known as the Drake and Tonson school, after two local worthies. Secondary education in Keighley goes back to the bequest of John Drake, whose gift for education is commemorated by a tombstone in the Parish Church, for it was in collaboration with the then Rector of Keighley that the first Grammar School was founded. The Rector, Miles Gale, left a detailed record in manuscript which some years ago was found among a miscellaneous collection of old books in a Leeds secondhand shop, and this tells of the early struggles to get the school going. Drake was an innkeeper with a house at the church gates, and at his inn he once entertained the Archbishop of York.—G. C.

### Primate's Threepence.

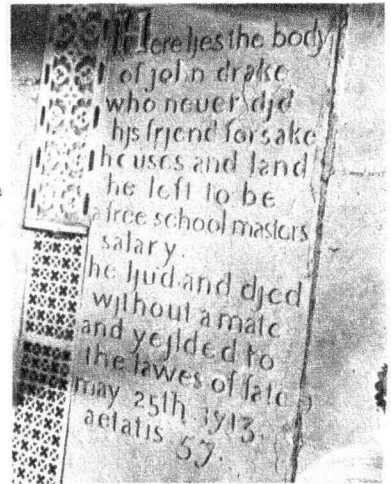
CANTERBURY parsons are telling this story of the Archbishop. Dr. Fisher recently visited St. Augustine's College, wearing the clothes of a layman. Going to look at the ruins of an old church in the grounds, he was stopped, and asked for sixpence admission fee. Dr. Fisher found he had only threepence. "I am the Archbishop of Canterbury," he explained. "And I am Father Christmas," was the reply. The story

ends with the explanation that another visitor paid the extra 3d.

We recall a similar story of incredulity over the telephone.—Editor.

### An Ex-airman Remembers.

I WAS very interested to see the photograph of St. Michael's, Tura, in December Number. Like thousands of



Thanks to an Innkeeper.

others, I have wondered what has become of it. Opposite the door was the vicarage—a couple of tents. In this same camp a number of caves, big enough to hold a fleet of coaches, were said to have been used by Joseph to store grain during the seven years of plenty.—R. C. BELL.

\*\*\* R.A.F. informs us that in March, 1947, the Church was dismantled, the organ and furnishings going to R.A.F. units in the Canal zone. The Church itself was handed over to the local authorities of the Coptic Church.

### In one Pew.

A BOY of fifteen, till recently in the choir at Cannock Parish Church, sits in the front pew with his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandmother. Can the record of this fine old Buck family be equalled?—Miss M. LINSLEY.

\*\*\* For our Church Picture page six 5s' prizes for notes with photographs and six 2s. 6d. prizes for notes alone are offered by the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, each month.

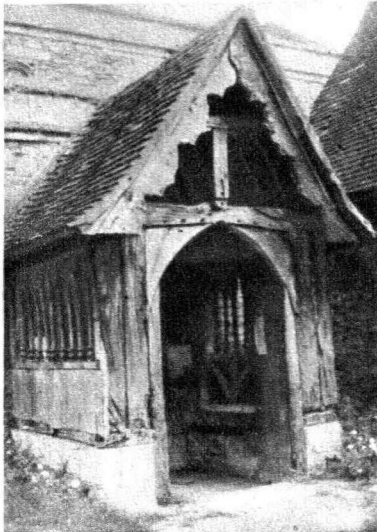
### Father to Son.

IN a recent number mention was made of this record of the Southcomb family at Rose Ash, Devon. A similar record is that of the Leir family at Ditcheat, Somerset, where this living passed from father to son from 1699 to 1891.—Miss D. MILES.

### Porch by Packhorses.

THERE is a curious tradition that the porch of this church at Long Wittenham came from Lincoln Cathedral. I should be interested to know if there is any likelihood of such a transference, presumably by packhorses, from Lincoln to a village south of the Thames. By the way, have porches ever been the subject of a specialized study?

J. D. WARD



A Porch by Packhorses(?)

# DOGS and

Written and Illustrated

AT one time I frequently met an Airedale terrier in the streets of Liverpool. He was always attached to a stout strap at the other end of which dangled his mistress. Presumably, there were times when he allowed himself to be led, but I always arrived upon the scene at the moment when she was being rushed madly in and out of the moving traffic or was executing fantastic figures of eight. The infuriated drivers of waiting vehicles, not being practised in long-suffering, did not conceal their opinion of all women with dogs or all dogs with women respectively. Imagine my surprise when I was told that this same Airedale went regularly to Church every Sunday morning. Apparently, he was quite good. His mistress tied him up to a railing near the Font, and took a seat in a back pew; he was never known to make any noise, and indeed hardly moved during the Service.

It is quite usual in some of the rural districts of the British Isles for dogs to follow their masters to Church. This is especially so in the Highland districts of Scotland. The shepherds in these remote places would never appear at Kirk if their dogs were prohibited. From the day that puppy and master come to belong to each other they are parted only as duty necessitates, until separated by death. When they lie down to sleep it is the custom for man and dog to wrap themselves in one plaid and snuggle down together. This is partly for extra warmth, partly for company, and partly as a precaution; for, lightly though the shepherd sleeps, his ears are not so keen as the dog's. Delay in action when calamity threatens the flock may mean irredeemable loss but the nearness of the dog means that his lightest movement as he lifts his head to listen, rouses his master to consciousness. These wonderful companions of the lonely shepherds follow their masters into the pews, and I have never heard of their causing any disturbance in the Service.

Generally speaking, however, it seems sound ruling not to allow dogs in Church; but I can see no reason why an occasional prayer of thanksgiving for "The Friend of Man" should not be offered. In a Cathedral Service not long ago the officiating parson did make a not too successful effort in this direction. In a prayer of thanksgiving for the beauties of nature and God's gifts to men he introduced this clause:



IRMA

"We thank Thee also for the pretty faces of little dogs."

Many among the assembled congregation protested that dogs were regarded as unclean creatures in the days of Our Lord and looked upon with disfavour; therefore they should not be mentioned in His House. I found fault with the inadequacy of the thanksgiving. Why faces, instead of faithful, devoted hearts? And if faces, then why "little faces"? What of the massive heads and impressive features of the St. Bernard dogs who have fulfilled their life-saving mission at the famous Hospice so wonderfully in the past and still continue their good work. What about the Alsations of our generation that have taken the lead in so many types of war-work. Jet, of Iada, who is the pioneer of trained rescue dogs; who, on his own initiative, discovered a man buried twenty-five feet below the surface and proved that it was possible for a dog to locate trapped air-raid victims without any current of air or outside assistance. Or, Crumstone Irma



ROB

# the CHURCH

by Una P. Dod

who not only located the trapped persons; but indicated presence of life in the rescued, however faint it might be. On one occasion Medical Science pronounced a woman dead, but, such was the insistence of Irma, that artificial respiration was rather sceptically applied with the result that the woman revived, and, as far as is known, is alive to-day.

As for the dog being considered an unclean animal, surely this should form another bond between the dog and his Christian owner, for, at the time of Our Lord, was not all the Western World Gentile, and consequently unclean?

Palestine did not seem to have much use for dogs except as scavengers. The Israelitish method of caring for sheep did not call for the help of a dog. The shepherd knew each animal in the flock by name, and the sheep knew the shepherd and his voice. The Christmas story gives us to understand that the sheep were protected by men only, as does also the story of David.

It seems strange that this should be the case as tradition has it that trained Saluki dogs guarded the flocks and herds of the Arabs. The Afghan hound has been rated as highly in Afghanistan and Persia as the horse in Arabia, while in Egypt, from time immemorial the dog has been valued as a guard, companion, warrior and hunter.

There are many legends and stories connected with dogs, but they do not seem to have been worshipped in any country in the same way as the cat. This is not surprising. It would be almost impossible to worship a creature who has so readily become "one of us," sharing our sorrows, joys, and experiences, from the days of hand-to-hand fighting with natural implements to the last war in which the Labrador-Collie, Rob, faced the perils of our Army as a recognised member of the Secret Service, making 20 parachute drops behind the enemy lines.

## COUPLETS

Some WORDS are frothy as the salt sea foam;

Some bring both salt and sweetness to the HOME.

—MRS. K. M. STRONG.

To love the person you don't like  
Is much like tickling for a pike.

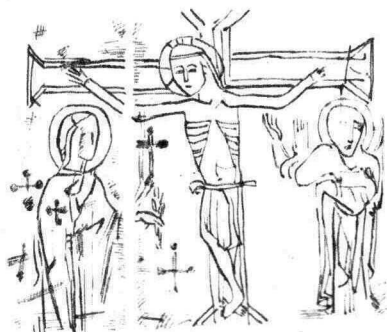
—THE REV. F. KEELING SCOTT.

Would you have love? Give love  
in fullest measure.

Love never faileth and is life's best treasure.  
—C. M. MALLET.

# WALLS THAT SPEAK

By Frederick Burgess, A.R.C.A.



Graffiti from Monks' Sombourne, Hants.

**OUR** churches, as well as being Houses of God, reveal even in the details of their fabric, the lives and thoughts of the men and women who for generations have worshipped there, been baptised, married and buried within and about their walls.

Let us be human and admit that occasionally our thoughts may wander during a sermon, yet sermons to-day are brief compared with the homilies of the past, when an hour's exposition would have been considered short measure; and before the Reformation when the service was chiefly in Latin, and largely incomprehensible it was natural enough for worshippers to scribble on a pillar or wall some drawing, motto or phrase. These half-conscious "doodlings" reveal, more intimately than official records, their everyday lives and some are to-day of unique historical interest. This is illustrated in the case of two scratchings, or graffiti, from Ashwell, Herts. One shows Old St. Paul's with its great spire, which was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. Another, an inscription, is a poignant record of the dreadful Black Death, and the great wind which sprang up on the feast-day of St. Maur, 11 years later and seemed to blow away the pest-clouds in its fury:

"1350. Woeful, wild, distracted,  
The dregs of a people alone survive  
[to witness  
And in the end a tempest.  
Full weighty. This year St. Maur  
[thunders in the wind."

It is common to find on church porches little crosses, often cut with considerable care. These "pilgrim crosses" are the ancient equivalent of writing one's name in the visitor's book when visiting a strange church, for the pilgrims travelling to the various shrines in mediaeval England often scratched a cross and said a prayer in the churches they visited en route. The largest collection of these "pilgrim crosses" is to be found appropriately enough in the

holiest shrine of all, the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, where there are hundreds of these evidences of faith, inscribed by footsore travellers from every part of the Christian world who came to visit the holy places.

Another interesting type of scratching which is quite common is the Solomon's Knot, a pattern which can be evolved easily from a swastika, and which was used as an emblem of the Divine Wisdom, having no beginning, no end.

The most valuable graffiti were often made by the workmen, the masons and painters, working on the church fabric. In those days, when paper and parchment were expensive, a wall-surface was the handiest sketch-book. Painters roughed out their ideas before setting-out a composition, masons, with their callipers, set out their first drafts for window-tracery. A donor would write his name on the block of stone which was his contribution to the new church; one lady at Babraham sketched the piscina which was her gift. At Barrington the master-mason left an acid comment: "The corners are not jointed properly, I spit at them"! Whilst at Berden the mason, Geoffrey, left his signature.

In many churches there are sketches and full-size details of window-tracery, and in East Anglia, because of these sketches it is possible to trace the wanderings of masons from church to church owing to their fondness for a particular type of window-design.

At St. Albans a monk wrote furtively, "I doubt"; at Ashwell comes "Drunkenness breaks whatever wisdom touches"; at Little Dunmow is, "A short life and a merry one!" whilst a Calvinist at Litlington has scribbled, "The Pope is Anti-Christ!" At Rickling, Colin and Isabel Walden drew their love-token, three flowers springing from a heart; St. Albans has the first line of a sonnet, "Beauty, thou pretty plaything, dear deceit," at Stevenage a love-sick swain wrote, "Here Helen sits," whilst at Ashwell in contrast is, "Barbara is a vixen!" At Litlington in 1596 John Sherman scribbled a note, then sailed with Drake, but never returned home again.

Everywhere in castles, and those cathedrals which were sometimes used as prisons, there occur the doleful records of prisoners, of which the best-known are those from the Tower of London, often the only

diversion of the wretch confined to a life-time's misery within its dreadful walls.

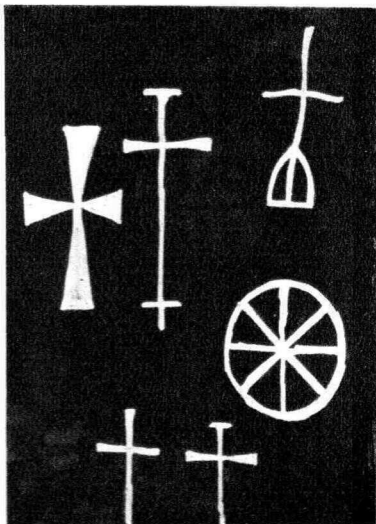
Churches on the coast often have ships, such as the well-known examples at St. Margarets-at-Cliffe near Dover, and Salthouse, Norfolk, or in the guard-room of Winchester Castle. At Beachamsell is a scratching of Old Nick, with lolling tongue and pitchfork!

Sometimes these records illustrate vanished features, such as the windmills at Totternhoe, the churchyard cross at Stanbridge, the church before its restoration at Edlesborough.

On a thirteenth-century tombstone built into the wall of Kirby Underdale, in the Yorkshire Wolds, is a rude carving of a Merel Table, a game still played in the parish under its original name, but which was known as Morris in the South before Shakespeare's time.

Soles of shoes and horseshoes are often to be found in church porches as emblems of good luck, inscribed by the superstitious peasantry, but probably the most interesting scratching, of secular origin, is the small drawing of Sir George Cayley's flying-machine at Brompton Hall, Scarborough, of a hand-driven propeller-type of navigable balloon which also records the 141 yards which it flew. Many of these scribbles are lost when a church is restored or cleaned.

I hope this brief account will have shown the value of these "doodlings" and that some readers, when next they visit a country church may be induced to see what they can find.



Pilgrims' Crosses from Huntingfield, Suffolk.

# CONCERNING HOLIDAY COLLECTIONS

By a Churchwarden



HE most loyal of Churchmen often forgets that he has, in effect, passed the offertory bag or plate without contributing on many Sundays of the Church's Year. Not for lack of generosity, but because he has been ill, or away on holiday, or otherwise prevented from coming to his parish church.

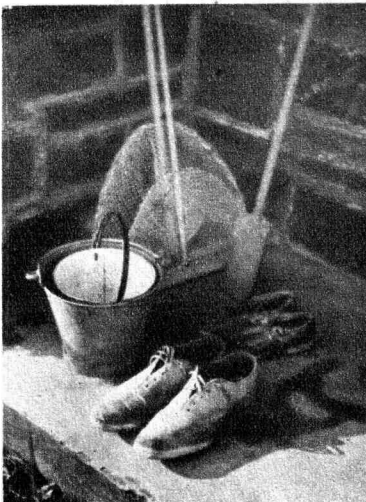
"God gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small  
Ordained for each one spot should  
Beloved over all." [prove]

So wrote Rudyard Kipling, and I do not think he who had a warm corner in his heart for little Sussex churches would object to my application of his words to Churchmen and their own particular parish churches. Too often do we forget when we are on holiday that our accustomed place in the old pew is empty, and that the cost of continuing the services goes on, whether we are present or absent.

There was a poem which appeared in this magazine many years ago that is well worth recalling :

A golden deed upon the altar offer  
To-day, or if thy store doth hold  
Only a silver deed, a bronze one only,  
To give thine all be bold ;  
What God receiveth in His treasure-  
Turneth at once to gold.[chamber

A Benedicite should, I think, be chanted in the holiday months to offer thanks and praise for the golden sunshine, the silver sea and the bronze of the ripening grain, and that alone should remind us to express our gratitude to God.



Happy Holiday to You.

Let our love and duty call us to remember God's love and beauty which surround us on our holiday. It may be we shall one day ask : "When saw we Thee, O Lord of Life, in need of human love, when saw we Thy House in need of worshippers, even in need of loyal support in difficult days ?" I think some of us, and I among them, might be constrained to pray :

"If we, O Lord, have forgotten Thee do not Thou forget us. If we, in the toil and toil of life, in the quest of pleasure and profit, have forgotten the needs of Thy Church, let us now waken to our bounden duty and make it our delight 'to remember' in the days to come."

## GRATITUDE

BY BEATRICE GIBBS

Lord, it is never hard for me to plead  
With You for all that day by day I  
need,

This heart of mine is ever quick to ask  
Your help and guidance for some  
trying task ;

Yet often when I've taken all You  
give,

Your wisdom and Your strength to  
help me live,

I quite forget that You have heard my  
call

Or sometimes even that I asked at all.  
Lord, help me to remember when I  
start

To plead with You, that first of all  
my heart

Must thank You for Your gifts of  
yesterday—

Lord, give me grace to praise as well  
as pray.

## MAINLY FOR MEN

BY THE PADRE

"GOOD afternoon ; you don't  
mind if I look round ?"  
"Not at all."

"An interesting church you have  
here, Vicar."

"Yes."  
"Early English Perpendicular, I  
believe."

"That is correct."  
"And I suppose those stone steps  
originally led to the Rood Loft ?"

"They did."  
"And that over there was a Leper's  
Peep ? Your pulpit, I should say,  
however, is much later. Seventeenth  
century, by the look of the carving."

"So I am told. You are interested  
in churches ?"

"Yes, I am : fascinated. I never  
pass one that looks as though it may  
have something worth seeing without  
popping in. It's a hobby of mine."

"And what do you consider to be  
especially worth seeing ?"

"Anything old. You know :  
quaint."

"Rather as if these old churches  
were museums in fact."

"Well, if you care to put it that  
way, yes, I suppose so."

"Quite. I mustn't delay you.  
Have a good look round."

"Thanks, I will. But tell me, sir,  
if you can spare a minute ; you  
don't see anything wrong in this  
hobby of mine, do you ?"

"I don't see anything wrong at all.  
But I do think you're missing a lot."

"Indeed ?"

"Yes, if you don't mind my saying  
so. You see, we have a great many  
visitors to this church, especially  
during the holiday months, and I  
have often been struck with the same  
thought about *them*, too. Their  
interest in the old and the quaint is  
obvious enough. They come here,  
look at the stained glass and the  
tombs and the brasses and then go  
their way without leaving any  
impression of being aware that they  
have visited something alive—a part  
of the living church where living  
people practice a living faith *now*."

"I don't see how you can tell that  
just by looking at folk going round a  
church, Vicar."

"Well, I do, and I've seen a great  
many. There are always some who  
never fail to kneel in prayer for a  
moment either as they enter or when  
they leave. There are always others  
who, even if they do not do that, yet  
show by their reverence and quietness  
that they know they are in the House  
of God and not in a museum of  
ecclesiastical antiques. I hope you  
don't think me rude—"

"Not at all. This interests me.  
What is it, then, which you feel I am  
missing ?"

"The real message which every old  
church has to give."

"And that is—?"

"A message from the past to the  
present, words silently spoken by  
those who have gone before us ; by  
those who built places like this.  
Their message is a simple one—that  
they strongly believed and left these  
buildings as a testimony, so that we  
in our time, may do likewise."

"I see that. But is a perfectly  
justifiable interest in church art and  
architecture any obstacle to that  
understanding ?"

"It needn't be. In fact, I think  
it's a very good thing. The trouble  
is that so many people who are  
interested in churches mean only that.  
There was a couple of cyclists here  
recently who told me they had 'done'  
seven churches that week—an average  
of one a day. When I asked what  
they meant by 'done' they looked  
puzzled, and no doubt they were.  
But this I'm sure of, that the people  
of olden times who built and wor-  
shipped in those seven churches the  
cyclists had 'done' would have been  
even more puzzled. In fact, I think  
they would have been shocked."

(Continued on page 64.)



Photo by

Hurrah for the Holidays!

P W Lang.

## WEEKDAY HINTS for Women with Homes

\* \* \* If you know of a good hint, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during August. We offer six 5s. prizes.

### Wednesday's Nursing.

**Inhaling.**—For a bad cold, it is often a comfort to inhale Friar's Balsam before going to sleep. As this stains any jug, try using instead a clean 2-lb. Golden Syrup tin. Wrap a thin old hand-towel round the tin to protect hands from heat, then use another towel to keep in the steam while inhaling.

After using, put lid on the tin and contents can be re-heated the next night, by placing tin in a saucepan of boiling water. If necessary, add a very little more boiling water to contents of tin.—Miss B. ADAMS.

**Splinter.**—To remove one that is deep in the flesh painlessly, put a little carbolic soap on some lint, bind on finger and leave for about two hours. You will then find the splinter is easy to remove.—Mrs. RUTTER.

**Chilblain cure.**—Pour a little paraffin into an old saucer, cut a piece of onion, dip in paraffin and rub gently on chilblain (only if unbroken). Continue rubbing for at least ten minutes and repeat daily for one week.—Mrs. E. BRYON.

### Thursday's Cooking.

**Thick Soup or Purée.**—Take a tablespoon of any soup powder, 2 tablespoons semolina, 1 pint water; bring to boil, and after mixing powder and semolina to a paste, add and stir, simmer 20 minutes. Now add 1 Oxo tablet, salt, pepper and a teaspoon of sugar, then add a tin of baked beans, or spaghetti and tomato, and heat for 10 minutes. This is a nourishing soup, a meal in itself and delicious, at small cost.—Mrs. K. CECIL.

**Here is a good way of making a satisfying dinner out of the small pieces of meat left over from the weekly ration, and when they are too small to make into a cottage pie.** Rub 1 to 2 ozs. of fat into 8 ozs. self-raising flour. Mix in chopped meat, a small onion, pepper and salt, a little Marmite and herbs. Mix to a stiff consistency with some milk and water and steam in greased basin for 1½ hours. My family are fond of this dish and I serve it with gravy and vegetables.—Mrs. M. ROBINSON.

**To remove skin of tomato before putting into salad, hold the tomato on a fork over a lighted gas ring for a few seconds and the skin will peel off easily.**—B. F.

**Quaker Shortcake.**—Melt 2 ozs. margarine with half a teacupful syrup. Add to this a large apple, grated on a suet-grater. Stir into the mixture a teacupful of Quaker Oats. Press into a sandwich tin lined with greased paper. Bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven. When cold, cut into triangles and remove from tin.—Mrs. J. M. SPENCE.

### Friday's Household.

**Glass salt-cellars of the upright type are easily and quickly filled if the screw top is removed and put back in an inverted**

position, to make a funnel.—Mrs. F. BURTON.

**Beads.**—When threading or re-threading a bead necklace, grade the beads into the furrows of a piece of corrugated cardboard. You can then see at a glance which bead you require next and so save much time and trouble.—Miss M. A. PARKS.

**Gas Fire.**—To prevent popping noise when turning off gas fire or ring, which may disturb a sleeping child or patient, blow gently upon it as you turn the tap off.—(No name).

### Saturday's Children.

**Nappies.**—It is very difficult to keep the nappy of a crawler and young toddler from slipping down and getting out of place. With my fourth child I had the idea to make a small pair of braces from white webbing. These I put on next to baby's skin and pinned back and front of the nappy. The result is excellent.—Mrs. R. RIDSDALE.

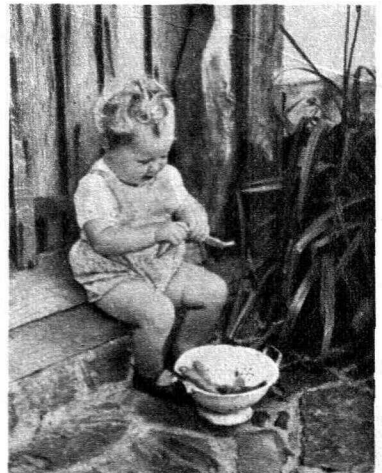
**Underwear.**—To save money you can now buy circular interlock, at 6s. for 3 yards. All that is required to make children's nightdresses, etc., is to make armholes and neck. I have made my husband vests with the wider width; these are very warm and wash and wear admirably.—Mrs. A. STEEL

### Prayer Book Quiz, No. 6.

What is the meaning of each of these words, which occur in the General Thanksgiving?

1. HEARTY: (a) cheerful, (b) subject to heart attacks, (c) heartfelt.
2. INESTIMABLE: (a) priceless, (b) worthless, (c) unworthy.
3. REDEMPTION: (a) deliverance, (b) compensation, (c) bargain.
4. MEANS: (a) wealth, (b) intentions, (c) ways of conveying.
5. UNFEIGNEDLY: (a) without fainting, (b) unwillingly, (c) without pretence.

Answers on page 64.



Photo

Miss. D. Tyler.

Doing Her Bit.

### Monday's Washing.

**Easy ironing.**—Fold any kind of wax paper from cereal products and place it at the end of the ironing board or blanket. Rub iron on it before beginning to iron. The result will be a clean iron and a smooth one.—Mrs. F. STEVENS.

**Washing ties.**—It is a good plan to wash ties at home. Tack along the centre to keep the lining in position.

Wash in warm soapy water holding the tie quite straight in both hands, washing and rubbing a small portion at a time without twisting. Rinse in cold water and hang out to dry, and press on the wrong side when slightly damp.—Mrs. HARDWICK.

**When pressing a new knitted garment, instead of using a damp cloth and hot iron, which usually makes the garment stretch, try placing a sheet of newspaper over the garment and press in the usual way with hot iron; you will get a better result, the print of the paper does not soil in any way.**—Miss G. GWYNNE.

**After washing net curtains, wring well and while still damp, thread on to curtain wires and put into place at the window. In this way the curtains are stretched into position and when dry will hang like new.**—Miss D. JERRISON.

### Tuesday's Sewing.

**When cretonne chair covers are faded, turn them inside out, trim the raw edges neatly, and bind with bias binding to match the predominant colour in the cretonne.**—Mrs. GARDINER.

**New Look.**—How to make a short slip do for the new length. Unpick the front joins of the shoulder straps, sew tiny buttons on the inside of slip, lengthen the shoulder straps so that the slip will be long enough for the new look, make button holes two inches apart. Adaptable slip for all lengths of skirts.—Mrs. CROSS.

**Four-inch zip.**—Before sewing up sleeves, sew to the cuff a four-inch zip. This will prevent stretching of cardigan or jersey.—Mrs. J. BECKWITH.

**Yoked frocks.**—When making yoked frocks for growing small girls, cut a yoke deeper than needed at the time. Then lower the rest of the frock on the yoke when lengthening is needed.—Mrs. WOODHALL.

**Invisible mend.**—When children's woolies are ripped at the edges, mend neatly with matching wool, then take the thread to the edge and do a chain stitch with a darning needle to match the cast-on edge. The mend will then be invisible.—Mrs. GREENHALGH.

# TEMPTATION

## Our New Serial

By V. M. METHLEY

### III. Way of Escape.

**N**URSE felt trapped as she closed the study door behind herself and Dickon. They might be safe here for a moment, but there was no emergency exit. She flung open the window, looked out—and saw the way of escape lit by the fire's glow.

It seemed almost a miracle, yet it would need all her wits and strength to take the chance thus offered. A stone parapet ran along some five feet below the window level, such an insignificant ledge that Nurse had never really noticed it until now.

Setting down Dickon, she leaned out to investigate: yes, the ledge was continued as far as she could see. So, if she lowered herself from the window and walked along the parapet they might be able to reach the safety of one of the other houses on that side of the square.

It would not do to give herself too much time to think, Rose realised. She made Dickon sit on the window-sill, while she lowered herself to the parapet, then lifted the little boy in her arms and began to creep along, slowly and cautiously, pressing herself close against the wall.

Fortunately there were no gaps between the houses, so that the parapet was continuous. It seemed an eternity to Nurse before they were under the windows of the next building, which she knew to be empty. So was the one beyond and the third house looked equally dark and lifeless, as she strained her eyes upwards.

Then, under the edge of the black-out, she saw a hairlike thread of light, sure sign that some human beings were within. She lifted Dickon up on to the sill and began tapping upon the window, at first softly, then more rapidly and urgently.

The hair-thread of light disappeared; the window was raised a few inches and a woman's voice spoke from within.

"What is it? Is anyone there?"

"Yes," Rose gasped. "It's Mr. Venables' little boy and his nurse. The house has been bombed—we managed to get out, along the parapet."

"My goodness, I never did! Fancy you daring to do such a thing! Here, I'll open the window—mustn't turn on the light till you're safe in behind the blackout.

Talking incessantly, the good

woman set Dickon down safely inside the room and prepared to help Nurse to climb in over the window-sill. But the girl shook her head; there was something else to be done.

"I must go back," she said. "I won't be more than a few minutes, so keep the window open, please. Yes, I *must* go, don't stop me: it's something very important that I couldn't bring, as well as Dickon."

Disregarding the caretaker's protests that it was much too dangerous to return—just asking for trouble when she'd been so lucky as to get safely away, Nurse retraced her steps along the parapet, her fingers groping for handholds.

She found the open study window, through which smoke was now pouring, climbed in and stumbled across to the desk.

Ten minutes later she was back again, clinging to the sill, above which peered out the anxious faces of the caretaker and Dickon, pale against the darkness inside. Before they realised she was there, the little boy's voice rose in a wail.

"Where's Nurse! I want Nurse! Why doesn't she come back?"

"I'm here—" gasped Nurse, and, next moment, had somehow scrambled, or been dragged into the room and collapsed in a heap upon the floor, with the bundle of manuscript clasped in her arms which she had taken from Mr. Venables' desk.

With the aid of water splashed on her face, Nurse came to herself very quickly and in a state of disgust at her own weakness.

"Faint! Well, I never did such a thing in my life before!" she declared. "I feel rightdown ashamed, making such a fool of myself!"

"Now, if you ask *me* I'd say you were just about the pluckiest girl I've ever come across," the other woman said. "And so I'll tell your Master. First, you saved his boy an' then to go back, risking your life for an old bundle of salvage paper—that's what it looks like, anyway."

"I must take Dickon down as quick as possible," Nurse struggled up, stood rather unsteadily. "Mr. Venables is maybe back and nobody will be able to tell him where we are, what's become of us, nor if the boy's safe. Thanks ever so, for all you've done, but I'll be seeing you again."

Down in the street, with Dickon clinging to her hand and the manuscript tucked under her other arm, Rose stood looking round dazedly.

The dripping pavement under her

feet was lit by the red glow of the fire, littered with bricks, broken glass and other débris, further obstructed by coils of hose and rope, the gear of the firemen and Civil Defence rescuers, who were still at work upon the burning building.

Nurse picked her way to where the broad shoulders of a helmeted fire-worker barred the way and caught his sleeve.

"Please can you tell me, has Mr. Venables come back—is he anywhere here?" she asked. "You see, his little boy and I—we got out through another house and he won't know what's happened to us—"

The man swung round, peering at her. "Mr. Venables' child—you've got him there?" His voice sounded incredulous. "Why, we never thought you could have escaped—it didn't seem possible."

"We did, though, but where's Mr. Venables? Do you know, can you tell me?" Nurse insisted.

"He's in there now," said the man.

"Oh!" Nurse gave a gasp of horror, staring at the shattered shell, from which flames and smoke poured.

"We couldn't stop him, he slipped past before we really knew what he meant to do. Ah, keep back!"

With a rumble and a roar, the angle of the house, still left standing, collapsed, in a mass of burning rubble, filling the air with choking evil-smelling dust.

The fireman had dragged Nurse and Dickon into the shelter of a doorway. As the clatter and roar died down, he spoke again.

"That's the end. No living thing can be in there now. A brave end for a brave man, what he'd have wished."

### IV. "They Never Come Singly."

Standing there, dazed and bewildered, Rose Briarley felt that the building where she had lived so long was destroyed, the familiar house, the pleasant homely nurseries, the warm-smelling kitchen.

All gone, except Dickon himself. He was the only thing left and she must now shoulder responsibility.

That necessity steadied her at once. From a terrified, bewildered girl she became Nurse again, the child's sole guardian for the moment, his protector against the shadows of death and loneliness.

"When I'm wanted, I shall be at No. 10," she told the Fire Warden. "I took Mr. Venables' little boy there and I'm sure they'll let us stay there till something is settled."

Rose was right. She and Dickon were made more than welcome at No. 10. She was right, too, in thinking that she would be wanted. Early next day, they began to come, a confusing throng of people, A.R.P. and Fire Service officials, lawyers, insurance agents, friends and



acquaintances of Mr. Venables, newspaper reporters.

Some of their questions she could answer, but she knew little or nothing of her employer's next-of-kin, except what he had once told her himself.

"He said he'd very few relations and Mrs. Venables practically none. And he really didn't seem to care much for those he had, sir," Nurse informed the lawyer simply. "He'd never seen much of them—or wanted to: those were his very words. I think it was only little Dickon he minded about, after his wife died."

Since no relations had yet appeared, one tragic duty fell upon Nurse, to identify Mr. Venables' body when the rescue workers recovered it from the ruins. But, after all, it was not nearly so terrible as she expected. The frame under the white sheet might be broken and crushed, but the head and face, all that she could see, were strangely untouched.

Bernard Venables looked as though asleep, peaceful and happy, all the lines of trouble smoothed away, no pain or fear or anxiety.

The mists of doubt were partly dispelled next day when, returning with Dickon from a walk in the almost deserted Kensington Gardens, Nurse heard that a lady and gentleman were waiting to see her.

"A Mr. and Mrs. Spurcott—and I believe they're relations of poor Mr. Venables," the housekeeper told her. "You'll be glad they've come."

But Nurse wasn't. Somehow she almost foresaw the feeling of dislike which surged through her at this first meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Luke Spurcott.

He was tall, thin and bony—"Couldn't fancy a child sitting on that knee!" thought Nurse. She, short, plump and soft—but not underneath the surface, Nurse decided. Very gushing, though, as her first words showed.

"So you're the *brave* girl who rescued this dear child, our precious little cousin," she began. "At least, poor Bernard was my husband's first cousin, but, of course the little laddie will call us Uncle and Auntie, won't you, pet?"

But Dickon was frowning. "No," he muttered sulkily. "Don't wan' any of' Uncles an' Aunties."

"Oh, sweetheart, how *unkind*!" Mrs. Spurcott's tinkle of laughter was rather jangling. "But it'll be different when you know us. And, as I was saying, we shan't forget what you did, Nurse."

"I don't want it remembered, Madam, I'm sure," Rose answered stiffly. "I didn't do it to be thanked."

"No, of *course* not, but all the same we feel we must show our appreciation, since dear Bernard

cannot." Mrs. Spurcott wiped her eyes: Mr. Spurcott cleared his throat.

"I never heard Mr Venables speak of you, Madam," Nurse could not resist that small thrust.

"We seldom met: he was so busy—but I always felt very near him in spirit," Mrs. Spurcott said. "A wonderful man he was. It makes one feel so proud to be related so closely, seeing the obituaries in the papers. We came at once, when we heard of his tragic death, knowing he had no nearer kin. Were you with him long?"

"I came when Dickon was a baby, after Mrs. Venables died."

"Ah, yes—so sad! Mr. Venables must have made a great deal of money by his writings."

"I'm afraid, Madam, I don't know anything about Mr. Venables' affairs," Nurse answered. She had not missed Mrs. Spurcott's sharp, sidelong glance, as she put the question.

"Indeed! Of course, dear Bernard was never one to talk, and I suppose he would scarcely be likely to—well, to tell you. In any case, it makes no difference. We should be just as ready and willing to take the dear child if he was penniless."

"To — take — Dickon —" Nurse repeated the words blankly. "Do you mean you want him to—*to live with you*?"

"But of course! Who else is there to be father and mother to the poor lonely little nestling? We determined upon it at once."

"Where do you live, Madam?" Rose's lips felt as dry and stiff as her voice.

"We have a lovely home in Birmingham. My husband's business is there."

"My — my master wanted Dickon to go to the country. He'd taken a cottage in the Chilterns."

"We are within easy reach of the country. The wee fellow will have every advantage and comfort, you may be sure—and it is *far* safer than the neighbourhood of London," Mrs. Spurcott declared confidently. "We are going to Mr. Venables' lawyer at once, to tell him what we have decided. By to-morrow, at latest, we will come back for Dickon: the sooner he is out of London, the better."

That was true, anyway, Rose thought, as Mrs. Spurcott bent to kiss Dickon.

"And you'll come home with us, to be our own little boy, won't you, sweetheart?" she purred.

"No!" Dickon said, more emphatically than before, pushing away the pink powdered face so close to his own. "Won't come wiv you! Wan' to go to Daddy and ve chickies."

"I'm afraid it's no good trying to

force him, Sir," Rose said. "He's not easy to drive: he's used to—"

"Having his own way, eh? I can see that," Mr. Spurcott spoke sharply. "Used to spoiling!"

"Dickon isn't spoilt," Nurse protested indignantly. "He's the dearest little fellow and very obedient to anyone he's fond of."

Mrs. Spurcott's eyes and mouth hardened and she shrugged her shoulders.

"You must really allow us to judge for ourselves," she said. "Let us hope he will be in a better mood when we come to-morrow afternoon, after we have seen Mr. Purkis the lawyer and made certain other arrangements."

During the following twenty-four hours Rose made an honest attempt to reconcile Dickon to the idea of living with his new-found relations. It was not easy, but she had succeeded to some extent by the time that they were dressed and waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Spurcott to arrive.

The car rolled up, the pair entered, Mrs. Spurcott smiling and gushing as she approached Dickon with outstretched hands.

"So our little man is all ready to come with us and be as happy as the day is long in his lovely new nursery with a rocking-horse and a big, big Teddy Bear and the nice, kind Nannie we've just engaged for him."

"A Nannie!" Rose stared, bewildered.

"Yes, she's waiting for us at the station. We were *most* lucky—" Mrs. Spurcott sounded rather nervous and flurried.

"But—I'm Dickon's nurse!" the girl cried. "Mr. Venables engaged me. I've been with him for years. I *couldn't* leave him—I promised Mr. Venables I wouldn't!"

"Mr. Venables happens to be dead," Mrs. Spurcott answered icily. "We are now responsible for the child and Mr. Spurcott and I have come to the conclusion that Dickon needs discipline—someone older and more experienced, with a greater knowledge of children's psychology."

Then Nurse lost her temper.

"You don't know anything about children—or Dickon!" she cried fiercely, her pink cheeks crimson. "You don't care for him a bit—not *himself*—only the money you'll get for keeping him, I suppose. That's what you're after, or perhaps it's just for the sake of interfering. Anyway, I can't leave Dickon—I can't possibly!"

"I fear you will find it quite possible," Mr. Spurcott said severely.

"Mrs. Spurcott could not consider keeping you in her service, in any case, after the way you have just spoken, your quite inexcusable behaviour and language."

"I should think not indeed!" Mrs. Spurcott exclaimed. "It

would be so exceedingly bad for the child, too!"

"But we have not forgotten your deserts in other respects," Mr. Spurcott added. "We are not ungrateful. We will give you an excellent reference and we have decided, besides the wages due to you, to pay you a further three months, in place of notice—"

"I don't want words or money from you!" Rose burst out. "They don't mean anything if you're taking away Dickon!"

She dared not say more, for fear of bursting into tears: she only held the little boy tightly in her arms for a moment, kissing him and whispering: "Goodbye, darling, God bless you. Be a good boy and I'll be sure to see you again—soon, very soon."

But was he right?

(To be continued.)

Quiz Answers—1 (c), 2 (a), 3 (a), 4 (c), 5 (c)

### MAINLY FOR MEN (Continued)

"So you feel that to make the most of a visit to a church it is essential always to bear in mind that it is a church."

"Exactly. You'll notice I have put up a notice in the porch which says: 'This is none other than the House of God.'"

"I saw that."

"Good. It means there is Somebody here, a Presence. That's why, if you don't mind my pointing it out, we speak softly and move quietly here—or should do. And it seems to me that to be conscious of that Presence, and to share it, is the first duty of any chance visitor. Believe me, I don't say this out of griggishness; I say it because I believe that we can all greatly deepen and make more worth-while our visits to churches by always bearing this in mind, however interested we may be in stained glass and brasses, and other

things of that sort."

"I'm sure you're right."

"Thank you. And now just let me add this further thought: on the notice in the porch you'll see that the visitor is also asked to say a prayer before going on his way. How much more we should get out of these chance visits to old churches if we always did that! Think how much better it would have been if the cyclists I was telling you of had prayed in each of the seven churches instead of just 'doing' them. Wouldn't it have been better?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"I'm glad you agree. But now I must be going, and leave you to your tour of this beautiful old place. I hope you enjoy it."

"I know I shall. But that will not be all, Vicar. There'll be something else, this time."

"Something else?"

"Yes. I shall say a prayer."

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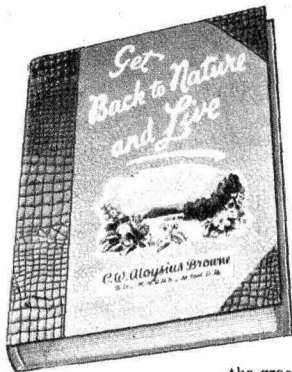
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## BIG 3D. BIT SCHEME

THE Executive Committee have now completed the Registers of contributors intimately associated with the Church and its organisations. Collections will be made in October, and after Christmas the work of extension will begin to cover the entire parish. Every contributor is invited to "get another" until our target of 2,000 is reached. At the moment over 500 are registered—a most encouraging start.

*"From small beginnings, big things grow."*

## KIND FRIENDS

I CONGRATULATE Mr. Carver and Sister Caunt upon the nice homes which they have found in St. John's. Mr. Carver is now settled at the home of Mrs. Bund, 109, Malvern Road, and Sister Caunt is staying with Mrs. Norman, 44, St. John's. These ladies and their respective families are very keenly interested in the work and life of St. John's Church, and their kind help in offering accommodation in this way is a grand service to the Parish. On behalf of us all, I wish to express our very warmest thanks and appreciation to Mrs. Bund and Mrs. Norman.

## WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

THE meeting will be closed during the month of August, and will re-commence on Tuesday, September 6th when we shall be visiting Messrs. Cadbury's Factory at Bourneville, please be at the Parish Room by 12.30 p.m.

To those of you who are getting away for a holiday, I hope you will have refreshment of body and mind, strengthened for the tasks that lie ahead of you.

Our next Corporate Communion will be on Thursday, August 4th at 10.30 a.m. It is very gratifying to see so many of you attending this service, keep it up, its a great Witness to those around, and tends to make the life of our Fellowship strong and sound.

Please keep in mind the date of the forthcoming Bazaar, October 29th, when we shall be fully responsible for the refreshments. And my thanks to you all for your many kindnesses shown to me since I came in your midst.

E.A.C.

## MOTHERS' UNION

THERE will be no meeting in August, but all are reminded that the next meeting will be held on Monday, September 5th at 3 p.m. in the Parish Room. (Speaker: To be announced later).

FLORENCE TURTON, *Hon. Sec.*

## CHOIRBOYS' CAMP

AS most of you will know by now, it is intended that our Choirboys be taken to camp at St. Helen's on the Isle of Wight for a week commencing August 13th.

It is felt that such faithful service as they render richly deserves a reward, and we hope to do all we can to make their holiday an enjoyable one. A number of Parishioners have made generous donations to a fund which will be used to give the boys a little extra treat, and I would like, on behalf of the boys, to thank them for the kindly interest and generosity. Just how the fund will be used will be decided on the spot, and a full report of the holiday will be given in the next issue of the Magazine.

## CRICKET

WHEN one essays to be complimentary about people or events, there is always the danger of being accused of either bias or patronage. Therefore in an attempt to report briefly upon the Cricket Section it is hoped that the details are accepted as being honest observations and prove to be of interest.

Since the first match of the season on May 14th, there has been an average of two games weekly. Without presenting "cold statistics" it can be said that so far as wins and losses are involved a successful balance is slightly in our favour, an achievement to which every member has genuinely contributed.

It naturally took some little time to "mould" the team, but under the captaincy of Reg. Baker a transformation soon became evident. Every member is keenness itself and gives of his best, and in this direction it should here be recorded that personal inconveniences encountered in order to be "on duty" have never been mentioned although they have and do exist. Therein lies the whole essence of Cricket in its fullest sense.

The Selection Committee has not always had an easy task in choosing a team, not because of a paucity of players, but because the problem has been not, whom to put in, but whom to leave out, and everyone accepts the situation and is satisfied and content with decisions.

Membership can be considered, on the whole, as being satisfactory for an opening season, but further playing members are wanted, and would be welcomed most heartily, as next season it is the definite aim to have in existence two fully manned teams.

Various social activities are planned for the coming months, for which in due time, your support will be invited and your presence welcomed.

An old saw tells us that "nothing succeeds like success", and with this in view, and without being presumptuous, a genuine appeal is made for Vice-Presidents whose personal and financial support would give further encouragement and strength to the Section.

To sum up: The position is healthy, the outlook bright, and everyone is "keeping a straight bat".

Now let the Choir-boys have a word of praise. They move in the same atmosphere as their elder counterparts. They have played two matches and have won them both. A very creditable performance. Here we have the nucleus of what will become a "nursery", and the boys are well worthy of support and encouragement.

In conclusion let tribute be paid to our President, and our permanent umpire, Mr. Styles, whose experience is invaluable, and his decisions accepted by everyone as being not only final but just.

GEO. H. EDWARDS, *Match Secretary.*

## REPORT ON ST. JOHN'S YOUTH CENTRE

ST. JOHN'S Youth Centre has now approximately 30 members. The club's activities during the Summer months have consisted mainly of outdoor activities, e.g., walking and cycling, but a comprehensive winter programme is now being arranged and this will be active as from September.

The Drama Section of the club competed in the Deanery Youth Council Drama Festival. Unfortunately they did not win the contest, but plans are now in operation ready for next year.

Young people in the Parish are cordially invited to join the Youth Centre which is held at 7 p.m. every Thursday evening in the Parish Hall, Blakefield Road.

S. O. JONES.

## ST. JOHN'S, WORCESTER. "A" SCOUT TROOP

ON Saturday, July 30th our Troop move to their camp at Church Farm, Cotheridge. Mr. Rowe, G.S.M., and his officers have worked hard for this camp. Indeed, we are most fortunate in having such an excellent man at the head of affairs. My association with Mr. Rowe goes back a few years, and I am very conscious of his great qualities. Mrs. Rowe is also keenly concerned in the work of the Troop, and takes charge of the Wolf Cub Pack. I do not wish to give a full report of Troop activities for that can best be done by Mr. Rowe in a subsequent issue of the Magazine. But I feel sure that it will be

some encouragement for Mr. Rowe to know that we are taking notice of his progressive work amongst our boys and that so many of us are prepared to support him in every possible way at all times.

On July 24th a Scouts' Own Service was held in the Church. This Service was designed as an Act of Preparation for Camp. The whole tone of camp life was set through this Service, which was attended by Scouts, Cubs, Parents and many interested friends.

You may be interested to know that the Scout Committee are arranging a Summer Fayre to be held on Saturday, August 27th at 2.30 p.m. on the piece of ground adjoining the Boy's School. This Fayre will include many interesting stalls, side-shows, refreshments, etc. If you can spare a little time on this day please try to come if only to have a look around. Visitors will be made to feel most welcome in this way, for the Scout Committee and the Troop will be greatly encouraged by your presence. *The Fayre will be opened by Alderman W. H. Norton, J.P.* (This good news has just been received as we go to press).

P.S.—I am also asked to tell you that a Scouts Own Service will be held on the Camp Site on Sunday, July 31st at 8.30 p.m. Mr. Carver and myself will be attending this Service and we are looking forward to it.

### ST. JOHN'S GIRL GUIDES

PATROL Sports were held on the School playing ground on June 28th when there was keen competition for the cup, which was won by the Bullfinch Patrol. Sister Caunt kindly came and presented the cup to the winners and Scoutmaster Rowe acted as starter. The evening closed with the singing of the Guide prayer and "Taps".

Four Guides obtained their Cooks Badge in June.

We are sending nine Guides to the Divisional Group Camp at Castlemorton on July 29th for a week and hope they will have some good weather.

G. M. ANNIS, *Captain.*

### CHORAL SOCIETY

ON Friday, 16th September, 1949, at 8 o'clock we shall be resuming our regular weekly Rehearsals—in the meantime we are having a summer break. When we begin again in September we shall be settling down in earnest to work for the Concert we are giving on Friday, 4th December as our contribution to the entertainments for the Autumn Fayre. Provisional arrangements to date in regard to this programme are part songs by the Choral Society and solo items by Instrumentalists. However, in order to give a balanced performance we still need more voices—particularly *tenors* and *altos*—so if you are interested will you come along and join us?

Although we are having a summer break we have been asked if, on Sunday, 14th August (when the Choir boys will be away on their well deserved holiday) we will help out and form the Choir for both Morning and Evening Prayer. We agreed unanimously that we should like to do this and accordingly fixed two Rehearsals for this purpose on Friday, 5th and 12th August in Church at 7.45 p.m.

### DRAMA GROUP

THE other Tuesday evening we met for a play-reading and provisionally chose three one-act plays: "Exit" by H. Farjeon, "Hullabaloo" by Philip Johnson, and "The Mock Doctor" by Molière. We intend to begin rehearsing these in earnest in September ready for a three night's performance during the course of the Autumn Fayre festivities.

If, as yet, you are not a member and would like to join, come now and stand a chance of having a part in one of the plays. We meet fortnightly on Tuesday evenings in the Boy's School at 7.30 under our producer, Mr. F. N. Platts.

JOINT STALL—AUTUMN FAYRE, 29TH OCTOBER.  
MAY I remind members of the *Choral Society* and *Drama Groups* of the joint Stall we are running—under the title of "Arts, Crafts and General"—at the Autumn Fayre on Saturday, 29th October. Any help anyone can give in the way of a gift for the Stall will be greatly appreciated.

E. W. BONNET, *Hon. Sec.*

### HOLY BAPTISM

*"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"*

- June 5.—Betty Rawles, 9 Happy Land West.  
 " 11.—Joan Taylor, 13 Happy Land West.  
 " 26.—Keith Alan Smith, 21 Humber Road.  
 " 26.—Peter Reeve, 75 Farrier Street.  
 July 3.—Glynn Price, 51 Margaret Road.  
 " 3.—Philip John Jones, 34 Skinner Street.  
 " 17.—Joyce Margaret Allen, 17 Boughton Avenue.  
 " 17.—Graham John Gudge, Rose Cottage, Henley, Crewkerne.  
 " 17.—Jacqueline Sandra Pagett, 8 Skinner Road.

### HOLY MATRIMONY

*"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder"*

- June 25.—Henry John Howes and Margaret Mary Simpson.  
 July 15.—Eric Basil Mitchell Rawstron and Marjori Hicks.  
 " 16.—John Dixon Stables and Betty Oseman.  
 " 16.—Cyril James Thompson and Betty Maud Kibble.  
 " 18.—Edward Orme and Erna Sophoe Heidemann.

### CHRISTIAN BURIAL

*"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord"*

- June 22.—Agnes Blanche Moore, aged 78 years, 3 Ellis Road.  
 " 23.—Lizzie Smith, aged 81 years, 9 Georgina Av.  
 " 25.—Florence Amelia Wood, aged 65 years, 116 Bromyard Road.  
 July 11.—Walter Henry Perks, aged 58 years, 58 St. John's.  
 " 13.—Albert Edward Jinks, aged 53 years, 214 Bransford Road.

### IN MEMORIAM

*"Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints in Glory everlasting"*

- August 26, 1946.—Alice Agnes Tranter, 77 years, 64 Foley Road.  
 August 27, 1940.—Anthony (Tony) Allen, 1 Bedwardine Road.

### CHURCH COLLECTIONS

June 26	...	...	...	£13	4	9
July 3	...	...	...	10	16	0
July 10	...	...	...	9	17	1
July 17	...	...	...	11	5	3
July 24	...	...	...	9	9	0

### ST. JOHN'S FREE-WILL OFFERING SCHEME

THE contributions for the month ending July 10th amount to £2 as follows:—

No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.
2	2	0	8	2	6	23	2	0	43	2	0
2	2	0	8	2	6	23	2	0	43	2	0
3	2	0	11	5	0	32	4	0	51	1	0
5	6	6	16	1	0	37		6	55	2	0
6		6	19	4	0	40	1	0	59	2	0
									60	2	0