

St. John-in-Bedwardine, Worcester

Parish Magazine—New Series, No. 297

SEPTEMBER 1949

Price Threepence



THE MEN AT THE MINT ARE GREATLY DISTURBED,
THE MEN AT THE MINT ARE MUCH PERTURBED,
FOR THREEPENNY BITS ARE IN SHORT SUPPLY
AND NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW QUITE WHY;
BANKS AND SHOPS ARE EQUALLY HIT
BY THE PUZZLING LACK OF A THREEPENNY BIT.
NOW WHERE CAN THEY BE AND WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?
WHY! OF COURSE! TO THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. JOHN,
IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN-IN-BEDWARDINE,
THAT'S WHERE THREEPENNY BITS MAY BE SEEN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Michaelmas Day falls on September 29th. It is marked in our Church Calendar as the Festival of Saint Michael and All Angels. This day is very different from most of our Saints' Days. Some of them recall men of historic influence and inspiring example like St. Francis of Assisi, others suggest the value of obscure lives spent in the faithful service of God. All the people whom we commemorate on Saints' Days—whatever their rank—were human beings, men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves, and it is this fact which gives the remembrance of their achievements its precious value.

But at Michaelmas we are invited to think of mysterious beings who belong wholly to the realm of the Spirit—beings of whose nature we are ignorant and of whose very existence we have no substantial proof. And we live in a so-called scientific age, when we find it difficult to believe in anything which cannot be handled or fed with petrol or reduced to a mathematical formula. I often think the world of sense is too much with us. We should withdraw at times from the rushing, pushing, hurrying, scurrying world outside and think of the *other life*. We need to be taken out of ourselves, away from the sights and scenes of everyday existence and to be carried beyond that which is material and visible to that which is unseen and eternal.

And so the Festival of Saint Michael and All Angels comes as a message from God to kindle our imagination and to lift our hearts and minds above the things of earth. We are bidden to remove our thoughts for a time from the littleness of man's little world to the greatness of God's great universe. The Festival comes when the summer days are well-nigh over, when the falling leaves and autumn storms speak of the winter days to come, and remind us of change and decay. We are carried away from these things to God's eternal kingdom where there is no death and no corruption, and to that innumerable company of angels who stand ever before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His Holy Temple.

It is not easy to elaborate the substance of this Festival. The writer of the Book of the Revelation speaks of a ladder set up from earth to heaven and of *angels* ascending and descending upon the Son of Man. We cannot see the angels any more than we can see the myriads of living creatures which fill the air around us, but we know they are there. We cannot see the wind, but we hear the rustling of the trees and feel its breath. We cannot see the force which carries a message from continent to continent, but we acknowledge its power. And so with those spiritual beings whom we call "Angels"—Messengers of God. We cannot see them with our eyes of flesh, but we know that they exist. We know the guardian hosts of God encamp around us by day and by night—that they have a charge concerning us, and in their strong hands bear us up lest we dash our feet against a stone. We believe that if we are doing our best to stand up in the evil day against the forces of wickedness—the angels are on our side, and we can say with Elisha, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them." We believe that in the long dark hours of temptation, when we have to fight that battle which every true

man and woman has to fight—the Angels of God are with us. God sends us help from His Holy Place.

There are some who think themselves to be too well-educated to believe in a Ministry of Angels. They can no more conceive of the unseen world than the dull, matter-of-fact man can enter into the realm of the poet's fancy. But, ask those who have, by faith, touched the hem of Christ's garment, who have been taught of God and have become as little children, and they will tell you of the comfort and strength of an unseen presence, the touch of a ministering hand and the shadow of an angel's wing. There may be some who have changed, but God never changes. There may be a few who are too blind to see the angel's hand and too deaf to hear the angel's song, but the song still rings out its message and the angelic ministry is still performed. For us to-day, as for Jacob of old, the armies of God's angels are fighting on our side. For us too, as for him, there is to-day *Bethel—the House of God*. Within the sacred confines of our old Church, *if nowhere else*, we ought to remind ourselves of Saint Michael and the Angels, for they are closely connected with all our worship. They hovered over the font when we were christened, and our guardian angels do even now behold the face of our Father in heaven. They witnessed the Laying on of Hands in Confirmation, when God's Apostle sealed us with the Holy Ghost. And we believe they are specially near whenever the Holy Communion is celebrated, when "*with Angels and Archangels and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify God's Holy Name, evermore praising Him, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord Most High.*"

Let this thought of the Ministry of Angels be our strength and comfort. We need never be alone in the daily battle with temptation, never alone in the moment of sudden danger, never alone in the hour of deepest sorrow and our most bitter agony, never alone in the hour of death. And let this be our prayer, that as God's Holy Angels always do Him service in heaven, so they may succour and defend us on earth.

*Yours sincerely,
John Mont.*

ALTAR FLOWERS

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

- Sept. 4.—Mrs. J. Roberts.
- .. 11.—Mrs. Pearce.
- .. 18.—Dr. M. Norton.
- .. 25.—

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

HARVEST FESTIVAL

THE Harvest Thanksgiving will be held on Thursday, October 6th, at 7.30 p.m., and continued on Sunday, October 9th. *Please book this date.*

The Services on Sunday, Oct. 9th, will be as follows:

- 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 10.0 a.m. Choral Eucharist.
- 11.0 a.m. Matins.
- 12.15 Holy Communion.
- 3.0 p.m. Children's Service.
- 6.30 p.m. Evensong.

*Preacher: THE VENERABLE T. BOWSTEAD WILSON,
Archdeacon of Worcester.*

BIG 3d. BIT SCHEME

AN emergency meeting of the Financial Secretaries and the Sector Leaders was held at the Vicarage on Friday, August 19th. This meeting lasted for two hours and covered a wide range. The administrative implications of the scheme were discussed in detail. *The administrative foundation is now laid*, and the Sector Leaders are now acquainted with the plan of action and policy. It is extremely kind of the Sector Leaders to come forward and offer their services, thereby becoming keystones in this great scheme. I wish to assure them that their efforts are fully appreciated.

In this great enterprise, as may be said of all other parochial groups, we are working for the love of our Church. Then we must be quite determined that nothing shall stop in our path. These Sector Leaders will need helpers to canvass the streets of the Parish. I am quite sure that very many of our young people will respond. *A vast array of helpers is urgently needed to put the scheme into full operation IMMEDIATELY.*

You may think that this is a contradiction of what was stated with reference to the scheme in the last Magazine. But we never wished to wait until *October* before working the scheme in its fullest sense. The truth is, that the Financial Secretaries have spent countless arduous hours in sweltering heat in the formation of the administrative foundations, which are now in complete working order. They have worked at great speed and they have achieved their objective.

We can now get on with the job in a very practical way. Sister Caunt, Mr. Carver and myself have been overcome with joy and gratitude at the response we have received in every corner of the Parish. *Nearly everyone loves our Church and wishes to help us.* Our helpers and collectors need have no fear of approaching the Parishioners. We are all fixed on the purpose of making this scheme a tremendous success, and by this means we shall be able to keep our heads above water. So—we now go into the highways and byways in complete confidence in ourselves and the supreme motive which urges us to march forward. No friends of the Parish must be left uncanvassed.

You will be interested to know that a great ceremony is to take place on Oct. 16th at 6.30 p.m. Two large replicas of 3d. Bits of three feet diameter have been presented to the Church by George Elt, Esq. You can well imagine that this gesture on the part of Mr. Elt has been a colossal encouragement to me. These replicas will be placed in the Churchyard and illuminated. It is right and proper that the erection of these 3d. Bits should coincide with the great drive of which I have just written, and there should be a ceremony of dedication. Full details of the ceremony will be announced in the Church and will be reported in the next issue of the Magazine.

J.M.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

I WISH to thank for the hundreds of holiday cards which I have received from our Parishioners. These cards were posted from post offices stretching from Penzance to Ayrshire. I was so glad to receive these greetings, and to know that so many of you have been able to have a good holiday. Mr. Carver tells me that many such cards have been aimed in his direction, and wishes to associate himself in these sentiments of gratitude.

MUSIC RECITALS

I AM quite satisfied that the Recitals which were held at our Church from January—April were a great success and brought pleasure and happiness to many hundreds of people. A new series of Recitals will open on Thursday, September 29th, at 7.30 p.m., and details of this Recital will be announced in the Church shortly. This series of Recitals will operate until April (inclusive) next year, and each Recital has been fixed for the last Thursday in every month. This will be a regular feature, and people will be able to say, if they so desire, *"It is the last Thursday in the month and there must be a Recital at St. John's Church; LET'S GO!"*

"COME TO THE FAYRE"

Saturday, 29th October, to Saturday, 5th November

FURTHER details about the Autumn Fayre will be given in the October Magazine, but here is an outline of the preliminary arrangements made to date.

The grand send-off is on *Saturday afternoon, October 29th, at 2.30 p.m.*, when the Mayor of Worcester (Ald. T. S. Bennett) will declare the week's festivities officially open. Following the opening ceremony will be THE SALE in the Infants' School—admission being by the official "Guide to the Fayre", price 6d. There will be a variety of stalls run by the different organisations and you will have an excellent opportunity to buy that Christmas present early this year, or just that something for which you have been looking for such a long time! Many people already have promised gifts for the stalls—but if you can spare something as well, we shall be very grateful to receive it. In addition to the stalls there will be indoor games, sideshows, competitions and a film show; and, most important, refreshments, which will be served by the Women's Fellowship in the Jubilee Room from about 4 o'clock.

But this is only the beginning of our activities, for we are planning something for each day of the following week! Putting first things first, we start on *Sunday, 30th October*, with FESTAL EVENSONG at 6.30, when, under the direction of Mr. Platts, the Day School children will augment the Ch. boys and sing a special anthem.

Monday, 31st October, brings us to the GRAND WHIST DRIVE in the Infants' School at 7 p.m., when refreshments will be served at the half-way mark—tickets 1/6.

The Drama Group will look after the *1st, 2nd and 3rd November*, with their PLAYS in the Boys' School.

Friday, 4th November, will be the CONCERT by the Choral Society.

The whole week culminates on *Saturday, 5th November*, when every organization joins together to enjoy the GALA DANCE in the Christopher Whitehead School.

So don't forget—"Come to the Fayre" and enjoy "all the fun of the Fayre".

ST. JOHN'S DARBY AND JOAN CLUB

THE Vicar, as we all know, is very interested in both young and aged; he feels he would like to have you all know some of the activities of the Darby and Joan Club which is being run so very efficiently by Mrs. Edith Jackson of the W.V.S. and her band of helpers, under the Presidency of Mrs. Urry, our St. John's councillor. You will be interested to know some of the enjoyable outings, etc., they have had, and in due time are having.

They have been to the Evesham Vale in the blossom-time, travelling on to Stratford-on-Avon. They have been to Porthcawl. On 25th August they went to Chistleton Manor, this being open to them for views.

In the near future they are going to the Elan Valley, which, as you know, is a wonderful sight.

On these outings they are served with really beautiful refreshments, and also on every Thursday afternoon.

Each Thursday there are various forms of entertainment for their happiness, appreciation of which is always shown on their faces, in addition to applause. They are delighted when our Vicar or Curate can pay them a visit.

A large party is being organised to run in conjunction with the Church outing to Blackpool for the illuminations, Mrs. W. Stockley having undertaken this.

COMPETITION IN AID OF THE SURPLICE AND CASSOCK FUND

THE prize for the competition was won by Miss Beck, 87 Malvern Road, who sent in thirteen correct answers. Congratulations, Miss Beck!

The result would have ended in a draw had not one competitor crossed out a correct solution and entered an incorrect one.

The success of the competition was largely due to the great help I received from Mr. and Mrs. Laffin, who undertook the responsibility of getting the entry forms typed, etc. Also to Miss Helen Davis, who very kindly displayed the prize in her shop window, and sold forty-two entry forms. To the Misses Bund, Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Brickwell, who acted as judges; Mr. Brickwell and Miss Edna Bund were also very good sellers. And last, but not least, to all those friends who so readily gave their shillings to enter the competition, and especially to those who sent for more and more entry forms.

The interest taken in the competition, and the cause for which it was organised, was shown by the very generous donations given by friends for "the good of the cause" as they expressed it. It was great fun, too; I wish I could tell you all the amusing things I heard about it.

Financially it was a great success, as the figures given will show.

| <i>Donations received:</i> | | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------------|-----------------|-------------|--------------|-------------------|
| Mrs. George | £1; | Anon. | £1 | 1s.; |
| Miss B. H. | 17s.; | Miss Potter | 10s.; | "A Dark Horse" £1 |
| and £5; | Mr. R. Acton | 10s.; | Miss M. Beck | 10s.; |
| "Two Duffers" £2; | Alderman Norton | £1 | 1s. | ... |
| | | 13 | 9 | 0 |
| <i>Sale of Entry Forms</i> | ... | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| TOTAL | | £25 | 9 | 0 |

For all this kindly help and generosity I wish to say a very big "Thank you".

ANSWERS TO COMPETITION

1. Beards.
2. Just a quiz. Competitors say (1) Burdens, (2) Kitson.
3. R. Smith & Sons. (1) Abel, (2) A bell.
4. Littlewoods.
5. Shuter & Flay. (Shoot her and flay.)
6. Bentley, Hobbs & Mytton.
7. Bunting (Dr.).
8. Cash.
9. Tinkler.
10. Witts.
11. Henson. (Hen Son.)
12. Halford. (Ord.)
13. Bee (John). (Mr. Bumble.)
14. Scotch Wool & Hosiery.
15. Dents.
16. Meco. (Echo.)
17. Boots.
18. Russell & Dorrell. (Rustle and Dorr Ell.)
19. Tarran. (Tar ran.)
20. Webbs. (Webs.)
21. Norton (Ald.). (Norton. Nerton, nr. Worcester.)
22. Winwood. (Wood wind.)
23. Thomas (Mr.). (Clerk to St. John's Church.)
24. Norman.

S. COLEY

EDIT.: I wish to add a very big 'thank you' to Miss Coley for the organisation of this grand effort. It will be a very great help to us. The cassocks and surplices of the Choir must be worthy of our Church. Nothing but the best will do. I am grateful for the response which has been given to the competition. I have reason to believe that this little contest brought a considerable measure of pleasure to the competitors, not to mention an occasional "head-ache!" Thank you very much.

CHORAL SOCIETY

FROM every side I have heard good reports of our efforts on Sunday, 14th August, when, at Morning and Evening Prayer, we took the place of the Choirboys who were away on holiday. Thank you all very much for turning out so splendidly, and also to the regular Choirmen who came along and joined in with us so enthusiastically. The good results owed a lot to the excellent work put in by our Organist, Mr. Kenneth Laffin, to whom we are very grateful.

May I remind members of the Choral Society of the Concert we are giving on Friday, 4th November (not 4th December as printed in the last Magazine), as our contribution to the entertainment during the Autumn Fayre Week. This means that when we resume our regular weekly rehearsals on FRIDAY, 16TH SEPTEMBER, at 8 o'clock, we shall have to start work in earnest in order to give a really first-class performance. Mr. Green is working out the details of the programme, which will include solo items by well-known local instrumentalists and part-songs (such as "Come to the Fair", etc.) by the Choral Society—so please don't miss any rehearsals, if you can help it.

E. W. BONNETT, *Hon. Sec.*

CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

SEPTEMBER, 1949

A Self-Winding Clock.

A CLOCK which will need no winding is the war memorial of St. Paul's, Bristol. It has but one small weight which hangs from an endless length of roller chain like that used for bicycles. This small weight is arranged to give a very powerful drive to the timekeeping part of the clock, and is also provided with a neat automatic switch, which is operated as soon as the weight has fallen a certain distance. When the switch acts, an electric motor built into the clock starts to wind up the weight again, and when this re-winding has been completed, the motor is automatically stopped until it is again needed to wind the weight. By this means, all need for hand winding is overcome, and at the same time, if the current should fail, the clock will not stop for four hours, a very important feature in these days of "power cuts."

By night and day.

THE striking of the clock is also without weights, for it is driven by an electric motor, which is switched on by the clock mechanism, and stops automatically when it has struck the correct number of blows on the bell. The clever device by which the motor is stopped when the striking of the hour is complete is wonderfully neat and simple. The dials of the clock are arranged for automatic illumination by a clock-switch during the hours of darkness, and the times of lighting up and putting out are automatically varied to suit the length of the night right through the year.—T. R. ROBINSON, F.B.H.I.



A Self-Winding Clock

Perch on the Pulpit?

SWALLOWS are not to be banned from flying about the 12th century church of St. John's, Newton, Porthcawl, during services. Some people claimed that the birds, which nest in the roof of the porch, distracted the congregation and suggestions were made to the rector that the doors be closed.

"I will not allow the door to be shut," said the Rector, the Rev. W. Roach. "If our feathered friends want to join us in worshipping they are welcome. If they want to perch on my pulpit they may do so."—Miss BEST.



The Old Church, Whitby.

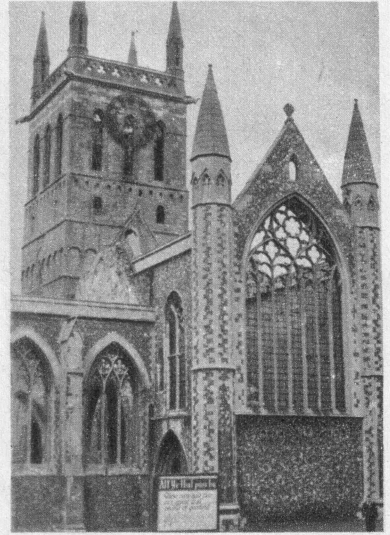
BUILT in Norman times with a fine Norman Chancel Arch it stands on the East Cliff, and with the Abbey forms a great landmark. In Georgian days galleries were added and also the three-decker pulpit and horse-box pews. Until recently the Church was closed in winter, but owing to the building of new Housing Estates near the Church, services are now held each Sunday. Last year there was a congregation of 1,800 people on Remembrance Sunday, and at the Carol Service 1,400 were present in the candle-lit Church.—J. CROWTHER COX, F.R.P.S.

Royal Food Taster.

ON a Tablet in Taxal Church, Cheshire, is to be found this peculiar inscription:—

"Underneath lyeth the Body of Michael Heathcote Esquire, Gentleman of the Pantry and Yeoman of the Mouth to his late Majesty King George the second, who died June 22nd, 1768, aged 75 years."

This gentleman would have been much exercised in these days of rationing!—Mrs. E. E. CHAMPION.



Church 236 feet long.

ST. Nicholas Parish Church, Gt. Yarmouth, was, up to the time of its destruction in 1942, the largest church in England. It was founded in 1101 by Herbert de Losinga, the first Bishop of Norwich, and since then the church has been frequently despoiled and mutilated, restored and enlarged. The church is 236 feet long and 112 feet wide (some 6 feet wider than York Minster), and it contained seats for over 3,000 persons. Disaster befell the church in the early morning of June 25th, 1942, when surrounded by 1,000 incendiary bombs the church was completely gutted. The fine reredos was happily untouched, but many other treasures perished in the great fire.—A. E. DEVILLE.

The Smoker's Epitaph.

HERE is a strange but rather apt epitaph on a former clerk reputedly written by his rector at Marnhall, Dorset:—

Here under this stone
Lie Ruth and old John
Who smoked all his life
And so did his wife:
And now there's no doubt
But their pipes are both out
Be it said without joke
That life is but smoke;
Though you live to fourscore
'Tis a whiff and no more.

—The Rev. C. T. SPURLING.

A Church Robin.

DURING the incumbency of a vicar at Blythburgh Church in Suffolk, a robin made its nest each year at the foot of the lectern. A family was reared every spring. How the babies were fed was never known, but each year the brood flew away into the outside world—although no one ever saw them go. After the death of the vicar, the robin never returned. To commemorate the fact, the figure of a robin is worked on the bookmark of the Bible on the lectern of the church.—DOUGLAS LAWSON.

*** 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, each month.



Photo Harold Burdekin

WE DID A BROADCAST

By the Rev. A. S. COOPER

ONLY half an hour, just eight hymns, and a short commentary introducing each one. That sounds so simple, yet what a lot of effort and care is needed for a successful Broadcast!

Preparations began some months before the day with a visit from a representative from the B.B.C. Religious Broadcasting Department, a look round the Church, and a discussion on how best the Broadcast could be done. Since it was Community Singing and not an "ordinary" service it was thought best that it should not be confined to the choir of the Parish Church, but shared with all the churches in the town.

A first script was written, and a first choice of hymns sent. The list of hymns had to be revised and revised again, in relation to other Broadcasts. A first rehearsal was called on a week evening. About 250 choristers arrived, boys and girls, men and women, full of enthusiasm. They were grouped in the Nave, and a hymn was sung. It was surprising how well they blended together, with a very fair balance, but none of the hymns was in all the books available, and in no two books did the words ever quite agree, or the harmonies quite match. There was only one thing for it, to duplicate all the hymns and most of the tunes, including the descants that many of the choirs had to learn. It was agreed to meet each week during the month preceding the Broadcast, and some hard work was put in during these practices, by conductor, organist and choir alike. Once or twice the whole programme was run through without a stop and carefully timed, for minutes count here. Hymn sheets had to be printed for the congregation.

In the week preceding the Broadcast, the B.B.C. engineer and the G.P.O. telephone representative met the Vicar in the Church, the position

of microphones was chosen and the vestry, with its thick oak door was selected as the base of operations for the engineers. A day or two later the telephone linesmen arrived, to fix their wires from the pulpit and the chancel to the vestry, and from the vestry to the local telephone exchange.

Then came the great day itself. The engineers arrived some hours before with loads of apparatus which they set up in great banks on the vestry table. They connected the pulpit microphone to its telephone line, and fixed a second one high above the chancel step. There was an astonishingly large congregation at Evensong, many of whom had obviously come to secure good seats for the Broadcast. By 7.15 p.m., there was a queue outside the Church, that for once beat the queue for the cinema on the opposite side of the road. By 8 p.m. the choirs had arrived from their own Evensong, and the Church was full to capacity, 1,100 people in all.

At 8 p.m. the rehearsal began. The Engineers sat in the vestry adjusting their apparatus, listening to the congregation's singing, as it came through their own loud-speakers on the vestry table. "Better get the balance right rather than do a time test." We knew how long it would take, we couldn't alter it anyhow. "Sing another hymn please," then the position of the chief microphone had to be altered while an interested congregation watched. "Sing another hymn." "There's too much tenor. Will these two rows of tenors please exchange with these two rows of sopranos." Yes, it sounds a little better now, but there isn't enough bass. "Move some basses a little nearer to the microphone." 8.50 p.m., and now it's all right, just for a moment for the Vicar to test his microphone, yes, that's all right too.

We take our time from the London Control Panel, the Vicar goes to the pulpit, the conductor is in place, it is 8.59 p.m. The congregation stands, there is complete silence, a prayer is said for those who broadcast and those who listen, the great congregation joins in the 'Our Father. . .'. The red light on the pulpit begins to flicker, and as soon as it settles to a steady red, we know we are on the air. The first announcement is made, the first hymn begins. We are being listened to by over two million people, the moment has come and we give of our best. All goes smoothly until the last verse is sung, the organ voluntary has ended, the red

light has gone out, and we are off the air.

The Vicar thanks the choir and congregation, conductor and organist, for their help, the Blessing is given, and the great congregation disperses to its home. The engineers are packing up their apparatus. Yes; it was all quite all right and London was satisfied.

The next day the apparatus is taken away, the telephone lines are removed. And then the "fan mail" begins to arrive through the Vicar's letter box. Dozens of letters, one or two critical ones, usually unsigned, but mostly letters of thanks, from all parts of the British Isles, from old worshippers in the church, personal friends, not heard of perhaps for years, and many unknown listeners, who out of the kindness of their hearts, sat down to say their "thank you" as soon as the Broadcast was over.

As the days go on, the mail diminishes, and ends up with one or two last letters from people who were sorry that they missed it. Some write to ask where they might find a particular tune that was used, or the source of a hymn, and the Vicar has a busy time sending a personal note to each of his correspondents.

Still visitors come to the Church and ask, "Is this the Church from which we heard the Broadcast?"

Was it worth it? It was well worth it.

THANKSGIVING

By Geoffrey Peachey

O God our Father, Who hast sent
The gift of sight that we might know
The glories of Thy firmament.
The beauty of this earth below.
For this great gift, O Lord, we raise
Our song in gratitude and praise.

O Christ, Who, by Thy touch, repaired
The loss of him deprived of sound,
We offer thanks for hearing spared,
For all the joys in music found.
For this great gift, O Christ, we raise
Our song in gratitude and praise.

O Spirit, Who, in tongues of flame,
With many tongues the saints endowed,
We magnify Thy Holy Name
That we can tell our thoughts aloud.
For this great gift, O Lord, we raise
Our song in gratitude and praise.

We pray that muted tongues may voice
The praises of our God and King:
That ears, untuned to sound, rejoice
To hear the Word Thy angels bring
And sightless eyes Thy glory see,
O Blessed Holy Trinity.

PARISH OUTINGS

By H. T. Ingram

I SUPPOSE in the love of playthings and playtime, we shall all be children to the end of our days. We started simply enough with our toes—a never-failing source of apparent delight when we were very young. Imagine the time when we sat on the nursery floor, lisping the nursery rhyme about one little pig going to market and one little pig staying at home. It may well be that the experience was our first introduction to the inequalities of life, though it may possibly have escaped our notice that the ten little pigs, whether they went to market or not, were humble members of the same little body. The truth can be expressed in a modern version of the rhyme :—

One little child loves the seaside,
One little child stays at home,
One little child loves the country
Where one little child cannot roam.

Cannot you keen golf-players make it "all square" between these two kiddies? Give the cost of a day's golf, or less, to any parochial outing for children, and make more than the children glad. For if children, as we are told, have their guardian angels, they must be pleased when their charges "come in" (or should I say "go out"?) for a holiday—a fortune in miniature to them.

There are not many playthings in a slum child's home, if we except toes. In the country, by the seaside, Dame Nature seems to have provided playthings in such plenitude that she is obviously expecting a crowd of youngsters for her guests, summer after summer. Don't disappoint the angels, don't disappoint Dame Nature and, above all, don't disappoint the child who *will* be disappointed if you do not manage to be a host—in yourself, or by substitute.

I am not asking you for much. Think if I were to suggest that you should really take charge of a child at the seaside or in the country, and

bring happiness to every hour of its holiday! Any parochial fund takes all that off your mind; it simply asks you to help to bear the out-of-pocket expenses. With Nature providing the playthings, the fund providing the entertainers, the angels ready to do the rejoicing, it only remains for you to do the rest!

I can fancy I see again my own small boy—he's big enough now to contribute to children's treats



One Little Child loves the Seaside

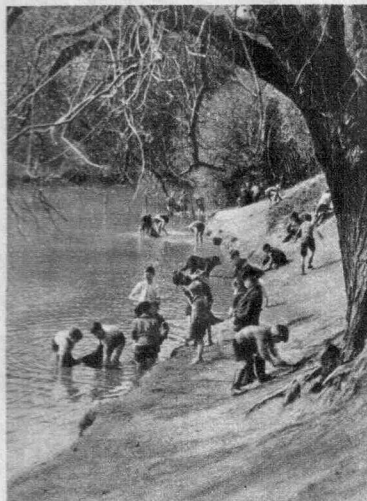


Photo J. H. Stone

Children at Hampstead Ponds

himself—creeping on all fours to the margin of a summer sea at low tide and asking with eager anticipation whether I could not buy him a wave for a plaything.

Have you a wave to sell,
Dear Mister Sea—
Only one baby wave,
Curly and wee?

He could live in my bath,
Dear Mister Sea,
And I would never splash
But let him be.

Do you like jam and cake,
Dear Mister Sea?
I could spare some for you
From my good tea

If they would buy a wave,
Dear Mister Sea;
Or I could save and save
All my money.

May I please catch him now,
Dear Mister Sea?
He would so like to come
Straight home with me.



Photo : Stanley Sowton

The Tower Bridge Beach for London Children

MAINLY FOR MEN

By The Padre.

COME in, Betty. You as well, George? I see I am visited by a delegation of youth. Well, come in both of you, and sit down. Glad to see you. What is it you want?

"Well, it's like this; George and I have been thinking that we ought to have a Youth Club. So we've come to you to ask if we could have the parish room one or two evenings a week, seeing that most of us are more or less connected with the church."

"And what would you like the parish room for?"

"Why, as I said—or meant to, anyway—we could meet there and, well, sort of 'have fun,' if you see what I mean—"

"I do, my dear, I do. And you would call that a Youth Club?"

"That was the idea."

"What you really mean, surely, is something like this: 'we would like to use the parish room for purposes of warmth and shelter so that we can enjoy ourselves with our friends there, and call ourselves a Youth Club.' Correct?"

"Of course, Vicar, if you're against the idea—"

"Oh, no! Don't think that! I'm all for the right kind of Youth Club, and very definitely against the wrong kind. And it's just because I think the wrong kind is so easy a thing to get mixed up with that I want to go a bit cautiously at first. So don't, please, think of me as in any way antagonistic. Now look; you see these grey hairs?"

"You haven't many, Vicar."

"No; but I have quite a few, and I point to these as evidence that I have had experiences of life and its ways, and I ask you to listen patiently and tolerantly to me on that ground. Agreed?"

(Continued on page 72)

The Point

A Short Story



HE artist saw the edifice in relation to landscape, air and sky, to the little pocket-handkerchief fields to the tall trees and the dim blue of the distant hills; on his canvas under the deft strokes of his brush the church was subordinated to these elements of Nature.

Among the little gathering which an easel in the open seems to attract was an old man who had been leaning on his stick and staring with a sort of morose interest at the progress of the work.

"Viewpoint is all wrong," he said, with fierce resentment, as if personally affronted. "How can you expect to show the architectural details with your main subject dwarfed by the unmeaning landscape? That edifice, sir, is the product of a mind frozen into stone by sweat and muscle and the labour of many hands. What has your painting to say of that, sir?"

A little man with wistful eyes and a drooping moustache nodded his head eagerly.

"Mr. Vantressel's right," he cried. "The church ought to be shown up large. There are great brass hinges on the doors, mister. They'd put colour and sparkle into your picture. I'm the verger and I've polished those brasses until they shine like burnished gold. Put a bit of brass on your church, mister; it'll give it colour."

"You and your brasses, 'Mr. Twink!' said a woman. "Let the gentleman paint a building that means something to the lonely and sad in heart, instead of the cold heap of stones he's got in the corner of that field!"

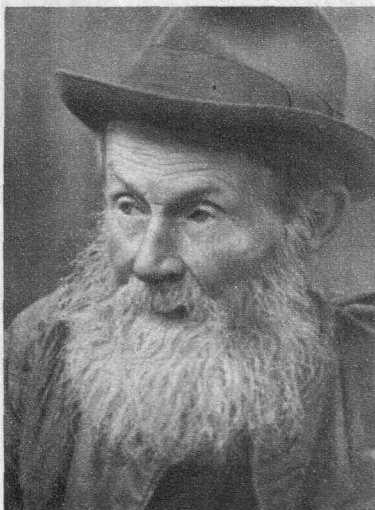
The artist turned slowly on his stool. He swung a brush thickly coated with vermilion paint under the noses of his critics, and they drew back hastily.

"Buy yourselves a sixpenny box of colours and do your own painting," he advised, "but leave me to do mine in peace." He turned to resume his work.

"I was the architect, sir," said Vantressel, as if in apology for his intrusion. "Forty years has that church stood there, one of the finest examples of my work. Bring out the architectural features, sir. Your painting looks like a barn!"

"Don't forget the brasses, mister," put in little Mr. Twink, eagerly. "I've polished those brasses for thirty years!"

"I was christened in that church," said the woman. "And married in it. It knows all my joys and sorrows and dreams. Paint it as if it were a



"Viewpoint is all wrong," he said

house of the living, sir. Your picture looks like a house of the dead!"

Slowly the artist rose to his feet and turned to face his tormentors.

"Either you go away or I go away," he said softly. "This field isn't big enough for all of us. . . I would prefer that you went," he added.

They went. The next morning when he set up his easel he was thankful to find that he had the place to himself. He painted for some time and then, leaning back to study the effect, felt in his pocket for his pipe and discovered that he had left it at his lodgings. With a muttered exclamation of annoyance he climbed over a gate and strode down the lane. When he returned he found his painting had been slashed from side to side!

It was a time before he was capable of coherent thought. Then he filled his pipe, and stared broodingly at the church. A building, a pile of stones arranged in a certain order. Yet the little verger had apparently dedicated his life to polishing its brasses; to the woman it was a sanctuary; to the architect the embodiment of his pride.

It was not one building but many, and all of them different. To the artist it was his subject, perhaps his masterpiece if he could so paint it that its diversity lived on his canvas. Fired with new inspiration he picked up his things and went to find a new and nearer viewpoint. His critics soon discovered his whereabouts and came uninvited to inspect, not without comment, the progress of the new work.

"Ah," approved little Mr. Twink, "you've put in the brass hinges this time. I'll make 'em shine for you, mister, brighter than the finest gold."

"That buttress is better done this

of View

by George Whitfield

time," commended the old architect. "It was all wrong before."

"There's warmth in that building now, sir," said the woman, softly, "there's a welcome in that half-open doorway, and peace in the soft light within."

The artist plied his brush and said nothing. He knew now who had slashed his painting. He knew, he knew. But he would do nothing until later, until he had taken time to think it over.

When the painting was completed and he was back in his own home, he took the mutilated canvas of his first painting and wrapped it up. In it he put a note bearing the word "Vandal," and addressed it to the architect. That buttress of which the architect had complained had been the last thing that the artist had painted before going to fetch his pipe. To be able to complain of it the architect must have seen the picture while the artist was away.

The artist smiled as he looked at the second painting on its easel. After all, it was as well that the first attempt had been destroyed. He was satisfied with *this* painting.

He turned his eyes to the parcel containing the mutilated canvas which he was contemptuously sending to the old architect, hoping to humiliate him with the knowledge that his deed had been discovered. With a sudden movement he picked up the parcel, tore off the wrapping, threw the card into the fire and dropped the canvas into the waste-paper basket.

PRAYER FOR A SON

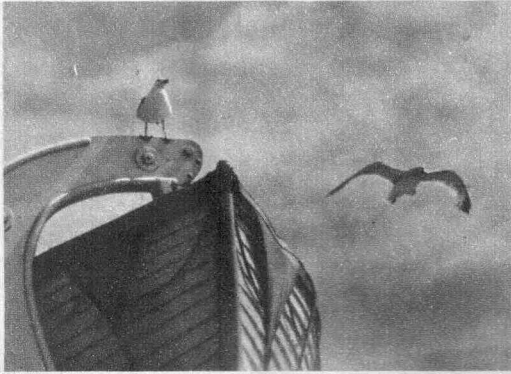
Lord, in the morning when his heart is young
Direct his happy feet, his chattering tongue,
Give him youth's pleasures, glittering and intense,
And with Your Presence guard his innocence.

In the bright noon-day when he is a man
Give him the powers to make, the gifts to plan
No small or selfish life, but one that gives
Service and joy to every hour he lives.

When sun-set comes at last and he looks back,
Seeing in memory all the winding track
Let him be comforted that he has done,
The best he could in shadow and in sun.

Lord, he must live his life, and only You
Know what the future holds, what he must do,
So give me faith to trust the life You lend
To You, to-day, to-morrow, to the end.

BEATRICE GIBBS.



Ship's Company

Photo: G. H. Hesketh

WEEKDAY HINTS For Women with Homes

Monday's Washing.

Emergency Washing.—For small clothes, especially baby's, after washing and when nearly dry, smooth out and fold as for ironing. Fill a large aluminium hot water bottle with boiling water (a flat one is best), and roll garment around it. Pack in a towel and when bottle has cooled it will be ironed and aired.—Mrs. V. MILLER.

Flannel Trousers.—When washing, rub a line of soap inside where the crease should be before creasing. This will secure the crease, as it will not usually keep in after washing.—Mrs. B. ROBERTS.

Blue.—Instead of using an over wet blue bag, place a small part of a tablet of blue in a pint bottle filled with water. Cork it, and cut a small hole in the cork. Shake well, and the blue water can be sprinkled into the rinsing water. In this way the shade of blue can be easily regulated.—Mrs. H. CAIRD.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Patching Tip.—A friend who cycles a lot, found the seat of his pin-striped trousers had worn through. Coupons were short, tailors' renovations dear, and nothing to patch with. However, I discovered a bit of similar material, only in plain colour, and after patching and pressing, found by having black cotton on bobbin and white on top, stitching on wrong side, I was able to stitch in pin stripes with quite a satisfactory result.—Miss SPALDING.

Oilcloth.—Before using oilcloth table covers, paste a piece of calico, about a quarter square yard on the wrong side of each corner. The cloth will last as long again, and the corners wear through much less quickly if this is done.—Mrs. DAVIES.

Cuffs.—When shirts begin to wear at cuffs several rows of close machine stitchery, with nearest matching colour of shirt will strengthen them so efficiently, that no further mending will be required. In fact the cuff will become stronger than when it was new.—Miss G. ANSELL.

Coat Lapels.—When the men of the family complain of their coat lapels curling out, try out this idea. Nick the lapel at the point and insert a collarbone, then sew it up again—in much the same way as the collars are kept stiff.—Mrs. MONTGOMERY.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Sleeplessness.—We all know what it is to lie awake for hours. Try closing the

eyelids and looking downwards—this causes heaviness to the eyelids, and one should be asleep in a very short time. Drugs of any kind are best left alone.—Miss N. MISSELBROOK.

The ironing board is useful as a substitute for a bedside table if you have an invalid to provide for.—Mrs. BEWICK.

Cold feet.—Kneel (preferably on a cushion) for a few minutes, and you will find the circulation quickly improves.—Miss BRIGHTON.

A good foot bath.—Mix well together and keep in a covered jar the following ingredients: 4 tablespoons of soap flakes, 2 tablespoons each of carbonate of soda, powdered borax and Epsom salts (crushed). When feet feel tired or "rheumaticky," soak at night for 20 minutes in a foot-bath of hot water, using a couple of tablespoonfuls of above mixture.—Miss E. FODEN.

Thursday's Cooking.

To save fat, fuel and time when two or more eggs have to be fried, try this method: heat the fat as usual, then place two or more ordinary pastry cutters in the frying-pan. Break an egg gently into each of these, and fry until slightly set, when the cutters can be lifted away, and the eggs, now a beautiful round shape, can be basted in the usual way.—Mrs. DANIEL.

Jam to Chutney.—Some of my apple jam had a slight mould on top. I took this off and boiled again with some finely-cut slices of onion, and so made a delicious chutney.—Mrs. C. KNIBBS.

To render down suet or fat—place in colander in a baking dish in the oven till melted. This saves time in straining as the pieces remain in colander when fat goes through.—Mrs. HEWITT.

Lemon.—To obtain a few drops of lemon—prick end of lemon with silver fork, and squeeze out required number; the holes will soon close up and lemon can be kept.—Mrs. HEWITT.

To separate glasses stuck together. Place bottom one in bowl of hot water (not boiling), then pour cold into top glass. The bottom one slightly expands, the other contracts when they may be separated safely.—Mrs. HEWITT.

Friday's Household.

Tin Opener.—Before using your tin-opener, dip it into boiling water. You will find it will cut round the edge of the tin without any trouble and very quickly. Sticky substances from the tins of food, clog the opener, and make it hard to use.—Mrs. SPRINGATE.

If a chimney catches fire, quickly put wet newspapers on the fire. The steam arising from the wet papers will put the fire out in the chimney.—Mrs. SEWELL.

Try a fire brick.—A 9-inch square firebrick laid on a small gas ring warms a room at a nominal cost. A kettle set thereon boils as easily as on a fire. A pail of water therefore provides hot water always ready. A large crate inverted over it makes a capital drying place for linen and all perfectly safe, as the small flame is completely covered by the firebrick. It will soon make the dampest kitchen or basement dry and warm as an oven.—ALBERT.

Care of Brooms.—Brooms, dipped into scalding soapsuds once each week, will have their bristles toughened and will wear much longer than those not so treated.—Mrs. I. TELFORD.

Saturday's Children.

Colds.—Children are apt to get chest colds or coughs through tape in neck coming undone and lowering vest. I solved this problem for winter months by running narrow elastic through neck and stitching up hole as in tops of knickers, etc.—Mrs. RAWSON.

Warm Drink.—Put one small portion of jelly into a cup of hot water with a little sugar, and when its cool enough to drink give it to baby; its very good for him, and he will love it.—Mrs. PENMAN.

**** If you know a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4. during September. We offer six 5/- prizes. Note that if the hint, without letter, is sent in an envelope with flap tucked in the postage is only 1d.**

Prayer Book Quiz, No. 7.

By The REV. D. B. EPPERSON
What is the meaning of each of these words that occur in the Catechism?

- ARTICLES: (a) separate clauses, (b) legal terms, (c) various objects.
 - TRESPASS: (a) enter private property, (b) sin, (c) annoy.
 - GRAVEN IMAGE: (a) solemn statue (b) carved idol, (c) serious reflection.
 - POMPS: (a) luxurious displays, (b) selfish indulgences, (c) noises made by brass bands.
 - TEMPERANCE: (a) abstaining from strong drink, (b) good temper, (c) self-control.
- (Answers on page 72)



Photo: Stanley Sowton

The Crab Catchers

TEMPTATION

Our Serial Tale

By V. M. METHLEY

V.—MARTIN IS WOUNDED



HE remembrance of those last words of her own hurt Rose more than anything else, as she turned back into the house. She had never broken a promise to Dickon before.

In the room which now seemed so empty with nothing left of Dickon but his cot bed, the girl sat alone, feeling more desolate than ever.

"He stopped crying when I said that—he trusted me. And now he'll think I don't care; he'll have nobody to love him. *They* certainly won't."

Fighting back her tears, Rose's eyes fell upon the big parcel of manuscript which lay on the table, the only thing besides Dickon which she had saved from the ruins of Bernard Venables' house and life.

"I suppose I ought to have given that up to them too, by rights," she thought. "They'd say they were entitled to everything Mr. Venables left, and perhaps they are by law. But I don't care: they just shan't have it! After all, it's partly mine. Mr. Venables himself said so, as I'd a share in the idea of it, though, of course, that was just to please me. Anyhow they're not going to get their claws into his book!"

As though to set a seal on this resolution, Rose retied the parcel securely and stowed it away at the bottom of the suitcase, which, together with a small outfit of garments, had been given to her by the branch of a local Women's Service from their stores for bombed-out people.

That done, she sat down again to consider ways and means.

The envelope containing the cheque given to her by Mr. Spurcott lay crumpled on the bed where she had thrown it; she hated the very look of the handwriting, hated even to pick it up.

Still that was silly, Nurse's commonsense told her; after all, she was glad she had not yielded to her first impulse and destroyed the slip of paper. She had well earned the money, it came to her from Mr. Venables' really and why should the Spurcotts have it? It would be a useful addition to her small balance in the Post Office Savings Bank.

Well, now she must look out for another job. Surely it would not be hard to find one, either with children, or in some hospital?

But Rose was not destined to carry out that plan of hers. Work—a new job—even Dickon, all were forgotten,

when a telegram came for her next morning at breakfast-time.

For the message told her that Corporal Martin Payne was lying seriously wounded in the War Hospital of a South Coast town, and Rose's only thought was to reach his side at the earliest possible moment.

Sitting there, by the narrow red-covered bed, three hours later, it seemed to the girl that of the Martin she knew, only the deep-set steady eyes remained. All else had gone; the vigorous well-knit frame, the healthy, sunburnt skin, leaving a wasted body so helpless that her heart was almost too full for speech or greeting, as she clasped the thin fingers.

But it was Martin's own smile which answered that touch, his own soul and self which shone in the eyes, for the few minutes that she was allowed to stay with him.

Leaving the ward, Rose asked if she might speak to the Matron. Admitted into the small office, she stood before the grey-haired, grey-gowned figure at the desk, and asked her question quietly.

"Will he get well? I want to know the truth."

"He'll live, the doctors say now—yes," the Matron answered. "And he may get well—in time. But it will take a long time and it all depends on how he is nursed and cared for. The body has been terribly injured, though his mind is unhurt; the whole nervous system is shaken."

"I see. . . ." Rose nodded gravely. "How long will he be in hospital?"

"A month at least, possibly more, until surgical treatment has done all it can. After that, he will be discharged from here and from the Army. Then—well, he *should* live in the country, somewhere very quiet and peaceful for a long time.

He won't be fit for manual labour—something very light perhaps. And, of course, there will be his disability pension—not very much, I fear."

Matron broke off with her wry smile.

"Not very encouraging, I'm afraid, my dear," she ended.

But Nurse stood deep in thought. After a moment she spoke, almost as though she were still thinking aloud.

"There's just a chance. It's worth trying—only I must go at once—" She paused, then addressed the Matron with her old quiet directness.

"I'm going to ask a great favour, Madam. As long as Martin is in hospital here, may I stay too and—

and work my way? I'll do anything cook, scrub, wash clothes, nurse, mend, just for my keep. I don't want any pay. It's so that I can be near him, see him as often as possible."

"I quite understand," Matron looked thoughtfully at the round, earnest face. "Yes; you can stay. I'm sure you will make yourself useful. But not for nothing: that wouldn't be fair. You shall have the usual wardmaid's wages, as well as board and lodging. You'll be glad of the money later, if your plans are what I imagine."

"I mean to marry Martin and look after him as soon as he is discharged," Rose answered. "You've been so kind, I can't thank you enough. May I start work to-morrow? There's something I must see about this afternoon."

Rose wasted no time. Within half an hour, she was on her way to London. Then changing to an omnibus, proceeded to the village in the Chilterns which she knew so well by name, where the owner of Godwit Cottage lived in a red brick house near the old Norman Church of Hilburning.

Captain Storrs was a retired Naval officer, red-faced, white-haired, blue-eyed.

As Nurse told her story, he frowned under black shaggy brows, listening silently.

"No, I hadn't heard of Mr. Venables' death," he said. "A sad business. As I expect you know, he'd taken a little bungalow of mine, just outside the village."

"That's what I've come about," Rose spoke breathlessly. "I want to know if I can take it over, now that it won't be wanted as Mr. Venables had hoped. I've got enough to pay the three months in advance—as he told me he did. After that, I'll manage somehow."

"I don't want the rent twice over—that's paid already," Captain Storrs said, the fierce brows almost meeting. "But I'll let the cottage to you—you can save the money for the next quarter."

"It's very, very good of you, sir, but it is quite fair—has the money come out of Mr. Venables' estate, I mean. . . .?"

"Not a bit of it, as far as I can see. Mr. Venables paid the money to me and I'm sure he'd rather you benefited by it than these precious relations of his."

A good beginning to Rose's enterprise, but such smooth running did not continue. Martin had a relapse and for weeks it was so doubtful whether he would live that the girl hardly dared enter the Ward each morning for fear of seeing the ominous screens drawn round his bed.

Then when he was really better and convalescent, a crisis of a dif-

ferent kind developed. It was his first day up and Rose spent her off-duty time that afternoon sitting beside him by the big ward stove, telling him about Godwit Cottage and her schemes for their future.

The girl had planned it all so completely, that it was a great shock to find Martin unready to agree. His lack of enthusiasm, indeed, passed unnoticed at first, until an abrupt question brought Rose's eager, excited flow of speech to a stop.

"Where do I come in?" the young man demanded.

"You? Why, it's *all* for you, the house, I mean—everything!" Rose stammered. "That's why I wanted it, so that we could live there and I could look after you. I'm sure I'll easily get part-time work in the village and—"

"And I'm to live on you, be kept by you!"

"Only till you're really well—and there'll be your pension too."

"Pension!" Martin laughed shortly. "We shouldn't get very fat on that! No, Rose, it's not good enough. I'd be a rotter if I married you before I can even support myself and I won't do it, so that's flat."

"Won't—do—it!" Rose stared at him piteously. "But I thought you wanted to marry me."

"So I do, more than anything on earth, dear; I don't need to tell you that," Martin's face and voice softened. "But not until I'm fit to work for you, not just be a burden."

"Then it's all wasted. We shan't need the bungalow."

"You could live there—do nursing or needlework or something, till I've got a decent job," Martin suggested, only to be startled by a sudden outburst of anger from Rose.

"Sit there waiting, while you kill yourself trying to work before you're fit! No, thank you, Martin Payne! If you're too proud to take anything from me, I won't press you again to marry me, so you needn't be afraid. But—I thought you loved me—wanted us to be together—soon, cared for me more than your independence."

"Rose—darling, oh, what a brute I am!" Martin tried to take the girl's hand. "Of course we'll be married the first possible minute—you're all that matters to me—everything! Only I don't want you to despise your husband."

"Despise *you*!—oh, Martin!" Rose's voice broke on a sob. "Don't make me silly, I mustn't cry before the whole ward—if only we were alone somewhere, with no one to watch, just by ourselves—"

"In that cottage of ours, eh?" Martin said softly. "Well, that's what I'd like, too."

After that things smoothed out, as they do when two people love each other wholeheartedly.

Martin was not by nature, unreasonable; his impatient irritation had been mainly due to the weakness and weariness of long illness, and Rose soon talked him into a more sensible frame of mind, shifting their own points of view until they became one again.

So Nurse's proposal of marriage was not refused, and there came a March morning when Corporal Martin Payne, discharged from the Army, met Rose Briarley for the last time in the little church of the Chiltern village.

Martin walked supported on a stick and the arm of his best man, an old army comrade. Rose, in her simple navy dress and small hat, was given away by Captain Storrs. She had left her hospital work a fortnight before, and spent the intervening time at the bungalow, making all ready for the honeymoon which would begin their life there.

Martin paused at the green gate to look at their new home.

"It's just perfect," he said, under his breath. "I'm glad you badgered me into marrying you, darling."

Martin did not change his mind on that point, even when hard times came, as come they must in war days. The two were entirely happy in themselves, but it was not easy to pay their way when Rose's small savings were exhausted, and both had a horror of debt.

Martin's pension was small and there was not much part-time work for Rose in the little village, with the nearest country town an erratic half-hour's bus-ride away. The young man's general health improved steadily though very slowly, under his wife's loving care, but it soon became plain that further treatment was desirable.

At the hospital, where he went for consultation, a new form of radiant heat was suggested, which might mean a real and complete cure; otherwise the prospect was semi-invalidism for life, a prospect which Rose could not face for her man.

This treatment would entail daily attendance at a London clinic for at least six months; that alone made a financial problem almost impossible to solve.

As though this was not enough, there came a letter from Martin's former employers to say that he could take up his old job at the Film Studios, the thing he had hoped for above all others, "as soon as his health permitted."

"And that means never, according to present appearances!" the young man said bitterly. "Such a chance!—and to be obliged to chuck it!—Sorry, old girl, but it's a bit too much!"

How to get money—a fairly large and certain sum—that was the prob-

lem which worried Rose incessantly—and it was just at this time that she saw an advertisement inserted by a famous American publishing firm, offering a prize of a thousand guineas for the best novel, by an old or new writer, submitted by a certain closing date, only a few weeks ahead, a novel which should preferably deal with some aspect of the war.

Nurse read the advertisement through a second time, an idea forming in her mind, as she studied its terms.

In the bottom of her suitcase, just where she had thrust it that day when she was summoned to Martin at the hospital, and untouched, almost forgotten since then, was a book which surely answered to that description. Rose went to her room, took out the brown-paper parcel and read the first few pages of the type-written manuscript then and there, sitting on the edge of the bed.

During the following days, she continued to read in every moment she could snatch from housework, or attendance on Martin.

"It's a beautiful book," she thought, when she had finished the last page. "Just a little bit what I thought of, only a thousand times better than I could ever have imagined."

After much anxious thought, Rose carefully printed the title, "High Hopes" and "Dickon" on the title-page, and the same name on the sheet of paper in the closed envelope, giving also the address: "c/o Mrs. Payne, Godwit Cottage, Fairway, Hilburning."

All that remained was to tie up the manuscript, write the address of the publishers under the endorsement "Competition," and post it.

"I won't tell Martin a thing about it," the girl decided. "Not till I've heard one way or the other. I should hate for him to count too much on it and be disappointed. . . Now, I shan't be disappointed, whatever happens. I hope I'm not so silly as to count too much on such tremendous luck as *that* would be."

All the same, during the six weeks which followed the despatch of the parcel, Rose was counting her chickens far more confidently than she realized.

For this reason, Rose's heart beat wildly when, working one afternoon in the front garden, she saw the parcel postman approaching up the lane. For this reason, it dropped sickeningly, when he handed her a bulky parcel with the name of the American publishers' heading the label.

Her dream-bubble had burst; the "High Hopes" of Bernard Venables' title, and her own heart been disappointed; the book was returned—unsuccessful.

To be continued.

MAINLY FOR MEN (Continued)

"Of course."
 "That's fine. Now the first thing I have to say to you is that a Youth Club which exists merely to provide a good time for its members has no future, because it has no big enough foundation. I've seen this happen over and over again. The club starts with a bang, and sooner or later—usually sooner—fizzles out because members get bored. This is especially likely to happen when the club starts as a clique."

"But we—"
 "Wait a minute. The second danger I see in 'your suggestion' is that you don't seem to have any programme, or motive, other than that of wanting to 'have fun' together. I'm all for fun, provided it's what you have in your spare time. A Youth Club should have fun; but in its spare time. Some central purpose, though, should exist to make a claim on all members for a

good proportion of the hours they spend there. Thus everybody gives something to the Club, as well as just taking something from it. And as it is human nature to respect and value things which make demands on us far more than things which don't challenge us at all, so a club where all members do things together for purposes which do not directly benefit themselves—will last and prosper, strange as it may seem, far more than one started merely on a 'good time' basis. Youth at the prow is all very well; but when just pleasure is at the helm the whole outfit is likely to strike a rock of disillusion. That's been my experience.

"So you don't want us to start a Youth Club?"

"I want very much to help you to do that very thing, on the contrary. All I want to be sure of is that all your members are prepared to give and not just to take."

"That's fair enough."

"I also want to be sure that you have a definite programme of activeness in view—I can help you there."

"Thanks, Padre."

"I need, too, to feel sure you will welcome all useful members, not just your own circle."

"We'll promise that."

"And I want you to be always jealous for the good name of your church, and to be tough, resolute, and sensible enough to see that your club doesn't get overrun by a lot of good-time seekers from outside in search of free premises. Can you do all these things?"

"We'll try, won't we, George?"

"Of course."

"Then draw your chairs closer, and let us really begin on planning your Youth Club".

Answers: 1 (a), 2 (b), 3 (b), 4 (a) 5 (c).

Give your shoes a good polish



Never let your shoes suffer for want of a good polish. Make a habit of giving them their daily shine with 'Nugget'. It only takes a moment, keeps them brilliant all day and gives a leather-preserving finish which makes shoes last far longer.

NUGGET
BOOT POLISH
 Black, Light Brown and Dark Brown. Tins 4d. & 8d.

S U P R E M E F O R Q U A L I T Y N^o 03

Books of To-day
 LITERARY MONTHLY 9d.
 Subscription 10/6d. per annum
 Send for specimen copy
 Guidance and reviews on current books with pleasant literary articles

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

Please send me a specimen copy of Books of To-day free of charge.

NAME (Block Letters).....
 ADDRESS.....
 The PRESS CENTRE Ltd., 20b, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

MELANYL
Marking Ink

The Best and Quickest Method of MARKING YOUR LINEN

NO HEATING REQUIRED 7d. & 1/2d.
 per bottle, including purchase tax

Absolutely Permanent
 Fabric letters can be removed

Of all Stationers, Stores and Chemists, or direct (plus 3d. postage) from

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, LTD.
 Walkden Works, Verney Road, London, S.E.16



NEW SCREW TOP BOTTLE Prevents Soiled Fingers

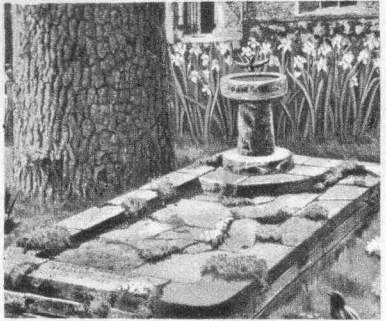
✠ **Beauty in the Churchyard** ✠
"The time of the Singing of Birds is come"

A GARDEN OF LOVE AND REMEMBRANCE

This charming Memorial has a Bird Bath carved in the Rugged Yorkshire Stone with Natural Random Walling Enclosure. Erected any Churchyard — £45 —

Send Stamps for ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

A Garden of
 Memories (6d.)
 Memorial Tablets (6d.)
 Church Windows (6d.)
 Church Furniture (6d.)
 Book of Inscriptions (9d.)



On view at Showrooms. Inspection Invited.

G. Maile & Son Ltd. Founded in the year 1785
367, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1
 The Autumn is a suitable time for Erecting the Memorial

DRAMA GROUP

TUESDAY, 13TH SEPTEMBER, at 7.30 p.m., is when Rehearsals begin in full swing for the Plays we are presenting on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd November as our share of the Autumn Fayre entertainments. Judging by the play-reading we had the other Tuesday evening, it will mean much hard work for the players and the producer, but we are all looking forward to the productions and hope you will all enjoy the results of our efforts.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OUTING

Boys and Girls from the Kindergarten Department were taken to Dudley Zoo on Thursday, August 11th. To use a familiar phrase, "A happy time was had by all!" The children travelled in a 'bus and were escorted by Miss Coombs and Mr. Hedley Coombs with the help of other teachers. These teachers did a grand job in truly Christian style. A nice tea was provided at Farnival's Café and the children loved to see the animals and birds, and they also enjoyed the Fun Fair. An outing of this nature will be provided each summer. It will be a definite part of our programme.

The Senior Section of the Sunday School will be taken on a similar outing on Thursday, September 8th, and the children will receive full details on the *first Sunday in September at 3 p.m., when the Afternoon Service will be resumed.* I wish to emphasise again my thankfulness to the teachers for all their help.

CHOIR BOYS' CAMP

As the parishioners of St. John's Church already know, their choir boys have been camping at Guildford Park, St. Helens, Isle of Wight, from the 13th to the 20th of August. The Campers have been very lucky, because throughout the week, the weather has been fine so that swimming has been most suitable in the lovely clear sea which flows into the beautiful bay of St. Helens and Priory.

When the main party arrived on Saturday evening at 6.30 p.m., they found that everything had been prepared by the advance party, who had arrived the day before, and who had worked like Trojans on the Saturday morning.

At 8 o'clock Sunday morning, Communion was held in a small church by the camp. The Celebration was conducted by Bishop Hall of Bristol, who was camping with a large company of his boys in the adjoining field. A great feature of the camp were the morning and evening services, which were held in the Bristol Marquee, and the Sunday services corresponded to the Church's Sunday services.

Three excursions were arranged for us. On the Monday we went by train to Sandown, a popular seaside resort, where we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. On the Wednesday we went by coach to Alum Bay where the boys spent most of their time collecting coloured sand, and on the last day, Friday, we went to Ryde, which is a notable shopping centre, so that the boys had an opportunity of buying presents for their parents. The remaining days were spent in swimming at Priory Bay or boating at St. Helens.

The Campers did not have leisure all the time however, for every morning they had to fold up their blankets, tidy up their tents for 'Tent Inspection', and after breakfast, they had to peel potatoes. During the course of the week,

every tent had to go on Orderly Duty for one day, that is to say, they had to fetch the meals from the cookhouse and clean the dishes afterwards. The food was very good and all the Campers must thank Tony Carter, 'Kit' Cooper and Stan, both of Stourbridge, for serving the food so efficiently. The Tuck Shop, which was open every morning from 9.30 a.m. to 11 a.m. and in the evening from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m., was well patronized by the Campers, who bought ice-cream and different varieties of chocolates and sweets.

The Campers of Bristol and Worcester enjoyed the 'Rag' and Singsong, which was held every evening under the supervision of 'Bert' Abraham. 'Bert' Simmons and Mr. Willis, all from the Bristol Camp. St. John's did not do very well at the game of Puddocks which was an All Saints final, nor at the 'Tent Tidy' Competition, which was won by Stourbridge with Tent No. 9, although Tony Carter led Tent No. 1 into second place. On behalf of all the Campers, I must thank all the officials who helped to make the camp an enjoyable one, and especially to Mr. Carver, who worked hard throughout the week and who kept his watchful eye on the youngsters.

"Alack the day, camp has ended.

The Campers all with sorrowful hearts

Their homeward way are wending.

With happy memories of those sunny parts!"

B. BRICKWELL

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH SPORTS CLUB

In the January issue of this year's Parochial Magazine, I said that the proposed St. John's Church Sports Club had come into being with a Badminton Evening. Seven months of rapid progress have passed. One section has been completed, and plans made immediately for the next one. At that first gathering in the Parish Room one was hardly acquainted with one another, and it is now very gratifying to see that such a friendly atmosphere pervades.

The same spirit runs through our Cricket team. With Mr. Edward's coaching and the enthusiasm of the Members, a most successful season's Cricket has been enjoyed by all. A special word of thanks to our Umpire, Mr. Styles, who has spent many hours with us when he could have been elsewhere. I assure him that it was much appreciated. On the 15th October a Dinner will be held for the Presentation of the Baker Cups. There will be one cup presented to the Member with the highest batting average and another one to the Member with the best bowling average. These two cups will be retained by the winners, but in addition, another cup will be held jointly for six months. It will then be open for competition throughout the next Cricket season.

Also through the summer months. Members have been kept together by happy evenings on the tennis courts. Our thanks to the British Legion for allowing our Club to join their Tennis Section.

We have now to look forward to winter activities. Badminton will be continued as before, but as last year, unfortunately, Membership will have to be limited owing to the size of the Parish Room. Table Tennis will also be played.

My last news is that there is a Hockey Section in the making, and we are looking for enthusiasts who would like to join up with us.

M. E. PARKER, Hon. Sec.

CRICKET

A BRIEF report to say that all goes well. The end of our season is at hand with only one more match to play, and this against the Army Boys at Malvern. After this comes the task of assessing the individual Batting and Bowling averages, from which will emerge to whom the Baker cups are to be awarded.

Presentation of these trophies will be made at our first Cricket Dinner in October at which the company should be about 60 strong.

For further details of this festive occasion "read all about it" in the next issue of the Magazine. Meantime thanks are due to our supporters for all their good services "behind the scenes", and appreciation in advance of the proposed further activities on behalf of the Section.

G.H.E.

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

My entry into the St. John's Scout Troop as Group Scoutmaster dates back to February 9th, 1949, and after a survey I was prepared to face all the hard work which would be necessary to make Scouting a popular asset to the Parish of St. John's.

The first and most important job was to find a hard working Committee. This was done with success; I was greatly relieved also at the appointment of our Vicar as our Chairman. My association with him in the past has been a very happy one, and will always remain a memory of the spirit which exists in the world of Scouting.

In St. John's our ambitions are great, and we need all the support possible to enable our Scouts and Cubs to be trained in the right way.

The first Annual Camp was a success, and we all look forward to even greater success in future years. The Inter Patrol competition which was held in Camp was won by the Badger Patrol, who well deserve their reward, credit is due to Patrol Leader Robert Osborne for his efforts.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Walford kindly donated a Silver Cup for this competition, and on Wednesday, August 10th, presented it to the winners. My thanks and appreciation for their interest.

By the time you read this we shall have held, with great success (I hope), our Annual Fete. This is a great effort on the part of the Group Committee and I trust the weather will be kind to them.

If you have supported us in any way, by buying a ticket or coming to the Fete, I want to thank you very much on behalf of the boys of St. John's Scouts.

I would like to mention our Cub Pack. We have a membership of 40 boys, and a long waiting list. Their work is carried on at a high standard, and we look for greater results from these boys when they become Scouts.

J. W. ROWE, Scoutmaster.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"

- July 24.—Wendy Mai Thornton Hodges, 3 Kingsbury Rd.
 " 24.—Susan Jean Brown, 40 Hylton Road.
 " 24.—Denise Susan James, 9 Stainbure Avenue, Bromyard Road.
 " 24.—David Henry Macdonald, 50 Blakefield Road.
 " 24.—Andrew Kenneth Pickering, 49 Pitmaston Rd.
 " 31.—Andrew John Clarke, 10 St. John's.
 Aug. 7.—Barbara Elaine Rogers, 8 Brook Street.
 " 7.—Diana Patricia Allen, 7 Nelson Road.
 " 14.—Robin Neal Fitz-Hugh, 188 Henwick Road.
 " 22.—Margaret Jean Turner, 27 Bozward Street.
 " 22.—Sonia Webster Turner, 27 Bozward Street.
 " 22.—Jennifer Ann Turner, 27 Bozward Street.

HOLY MATRIMONY

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

- July 22.—William John Tolley and Margaret Louise Paveley
 " 23.—Cyril Hemming Smith and Margaret Joy Harrison
 " 23.—George Henry Richard Grimsdell and Lilian May Roberts.
 " 30.—William Leonard Corfield and Kathleen Cecily Wheatley.
 " 30.—William John Morris and Florence May Bird.
 " 30.—Raymond John Hemming and Jean Margery Middleton.
 Aug. 6.—John Morris and Beatrice Alice Hannis.
 " 6.—Kenneth James Cottrell and Joyce Pye.
 " 11.—Henry John Hall Dodds and Eileen Betty Neilson.
 " 20.—Alan Joseph Llewellyn and Iris Marjorie Price.
 " 20.—Albert Percy Smith and Joan Louisa Perry.
 " 20.—Edward Stanley Tranter and Dorothy Jeanette Wyre.
 " 20.—Ronald Patrick Mills and Ivy Kathleen Smith.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

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

- Aug. 9.—Evelyn Maud Herron, 67 years, Malvern Rd.
 " 20.—Jennie Mary Dix, 60 years, 27 Happy Land W.

IN MEMORIAM

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

- Sept. 14, 1942.—In memory of Ernest Webb.
 " 20, 1917.—Evelyn Annie Coombs.
 " 23, 1939.—Maria Stokes, aged 73 years.
 " 25, 1945.—Treasured memories of my dear wife,
 Florence May Hayes.
 " 27, 1913.—Dorothy Annie Gilbert, 7½ years.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS

| | | | | | | |
|---------|-----|-----|-----|----|----|---|
| July 31 | ... | ... | ... | £9 | 9 | 6 |
| Aug. 7 | ... | ... | ... | 8 | 12 | 9 |
| Aug. 14 | ... | ... | ... | 11 | 7 | 8 |

ST. JOHN'S FREE-WILL OFFERING SCHEME

The contributions for the five weeks ending August 14th amount to £2 14s. 10d. as follows:—

| No. | s. | d. | No. | s. | d. | No. | s. | d. | No. | s. | d. |
|-----|----|----|-----|----|----|-----|----|----|-----|----|----|
| 2 | 1 | 6 | 16 | 1 | 3 | 31 | 6 | 0 | 51 | 1 | 0 |
| 3 | 2 | 6 | 19 | 14 | 0 | 32 | 4 | 6 | 55 | 2 | 0 |
| 5 | 4 | 6 | 21 | 1 | 4 | 37 | 1 | 0 | 58 | 5 | 0 |
| 6 | 1 | 0 | 25 | 2 | 6 | 40 | 1 | 3 | 59 | 2 | 6 |
| | | | | | | 43 | 1 | 0 | 60 | 2 | 0 |

(MRS.) O. H. LAFLIN, Hon. Sec.,
 8 Homefield Road, St. John's.