

St. John-in-Bedwardine, Worcester

Parish Magazine—New Series, No. 299

NOVEMBER 1949

Price Threepence



SIR STAFFORD AND BEVIN CAME TO ST. JOHN'S
AND STUDIED THE 3d. BIT SCHEME;
THEN BACK TO LONDON THEY HURRIED TO MEET
THEIR MUCH DISPIRITED TEAM.
"WHAT DID YOU LEARN AND WHAT HAVE YOU SEEN
IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN-IN-BEDWARDINE?"
"WE'VE SEEN THE POWER OF A 3d. BIT,
A LESSON IN RE-VALUATION.
IT REALLY HAS BEEN A WONDERFUL HIT,
FAR BETTER THAN DEVALUATION.
FINANCE IN THIS CHURCH IS GETTING QUITE SOUND,
I WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME FOR THE POUND.
IN ANY PLANS FOR THE FUTURE I MAKE
A LESSON FROM 3d. BIT SCHEME I'LL TAKE;
FOR IN ST. JOHN'S THEY CLEARLY SHOW
FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS—BIG THINGS GROW."

Vicar: THE REVD. JOHN MORT, The Vicarage. Telephone 5327.

Assistant Curate: THE REVD. C. H. CARVER, 109 Malvern Road. Telephone 4416.

Church Army Sister: EDITH A. CAUNT, 44 St. John's. Telephone 3969.

Church Wardens: MR. ROBERT SMITH, 7 St. John's.

MR. A. P. HIGGINS, 99 Malvern Road.

Hon. Secretary of Parochial Church Council: MR. O. H. LAFLIN, 8 Homefield Road.

Organist and Choir Master: MR. H. G. BISHOP, 78 St. Dunstan's Crescent.

Parish Clerk: MR. W. H. THOMAS, 17 Bromyard Road.

CHURCH SERVICES

FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.—8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Holy Communion (Choral); 11 a.m., Mattins and Sermon; 12.15 p.m., Holy Communion; 3 p.m., Children's Service; 4 p.m., Baptisms; 6.30 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.

THIRD SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.—8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10.15 a.m., Mattins (Plain); 11 a.m., Choral Celebration of the Holy Communion with Sermon; 3 p.m., Children's Service; 4 p.m., Baptisms; 6.30, Evensong and Sermon.

OTHER SUNDAYS.—8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Holy Communion (Choral); 11 a.m., Mattins and Sermon; 3 p.m., Children's Service; 4 p.m., Baptisms; 6.30 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.

WEEKDAYS.—Mattins, daily at 9 a.m.; Evensong, daily at 6 p.m.; Holy Communion, Wednesdays* and Saints' Days, 7.30 a.m.

HOLY BAPTISM.—Sundays 4 p.m., or be special arrangement with the Vicar. Two days' notice at least is required. (Forms should previously be obtained from the Sexton).

CHURCHINGS.—Before any Week-day Service, but notice should first be given to the Clergy or Sexton.

PARISH ORGANISATIONS

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—10 a.m., in the Parish Room; 3 p.m., in the Church (Children over 8); 3 p.m., in the Schools (Kindergarten). Superintendents, Sister Caunt and Miss Coombs. 3 p.m., in the Schools, Young Church-people's Guild and Discussion Group conducted by the Rev. C. H. Carver.

MOTHERS' UNION.—1st Monday in each month at 3 p.m. in the Parish Room Corporate Communion, Second Sunday in each month. Enrolling Member, Sister Caunt. Secretary, Mrs. Turton.

WOMEN'S FELOWSHIP.—3 p.m., each Tuesday in the Parish Room. Secretary, Mrs. Norman, 15 Worboys Road.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—8 p.m., each Friday in the Schools. Music Director, Mr. Frank Green. Secretary, Miss E. W. Bonnett, 69 Henwick Road. Vice-Chairman and Treasurer, Mr. Fred Davis.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—7.30 p.m., each Tuesday in the Schools. Producers: Section A, Mr. F. N. Platts; Section B, Miss M. Davies. Secretary, Miss E. W. Bonnett, 69 Henwick Road.

YOUTH GROUP.—Age, 15 and upwards. 7 p.m., each Thursday in the Parish Room. Leader, Miss Stella Jones, Bransford Road. Secretary, Miss Margery Haines, The Avenue, Bromwich Road. Sporting activities take place according to arrangement. These include Hockey, Football, Table Tennis, etc. Girls over 13 meet each Friday in the Parish Room at 7 p.m., under Sister Caunt.

SCOUTS.—6.30 p.m. to 9 p.m., each Wednesday in the Scout Hut. Scoutmaster, Mr. Rowe, 60 Foley Road.

CUBS.—6.30 p.m. to 7.45 p.m., each Tuesday in the Scout Hut. Cubmistress, Mrs. Rowe, 60 Foley Road.

BROWNIES.—6 p.m. to 7 p.m., each Tuesday in the Parish Room. Acting Brown Owl, Miss Mary Richards, 97 Bransford Road.

GUIDES.—7 p.m. to 9 p.m., in the Parish Room. Captain, Mrs. Annis, Oaklands, Bransford Road.

SPORTS CLUB.—7 p.m., each Monday and Saturday in the Parish Room for Badminton. Hockey, Tennis and Cricket sections function according to the Season's arrangements. Secretary, Miss M. Parker, 44 Happy Land West.

CRICKET CLUB.—Secretary, Mr. G. Edwards, 20 Great House Road.

CHOIRBOYS' SPORTS SECTION.—Cricket and Football according to arrangement. Organiser, Mr. Styles, Comer Road.

PARISH MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.—Secretary, Mr. O. H. Laffin, 8 Homefield Road.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE.—Meetings, Second Wednesday in each month. Secretary, Mr. O. H. Laffin, 8 Homefield Road.

FREE-WILL OFFERING FUND.—Secretary, Mrs. Laffin, 8 Homefield Road.

CENTRAL FUND.—Secretary, Mr. F. N. Platts, 64 Bromwich Road.

BIG 3D. BIT SCHEME.—Secretaries, Mr. O. H. Laffin and Miss E. W. Bonnett, 69 Henwick Road.

SCHOOLS.—Boys' School: Headmaster, Mr. F. N. Platts. Girls' School: Headmistress: Miss Minett. Infants' School: Headmistress, Miss Jones.

ST. JOHN'S PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.—Meetings each month on Thursdays, by arrangement in St. John's School. Chairman, Mr. F. N. Platts.

BELLRINGERS.—Master Ringer, Mr. W. H. Lewis, 81 Oldbury Road.

MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTION.—Under the direction of Miss Helen Davies, 5B St. John's.

SERVERS' GUILD.—Sacristan, Mr. Barnett.

KING'S MESSENGERS.—Each Monday at 5 p.m., in the Parish Room. Miss Gwynn, 73 Winchester Avenue.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

The month of November is, in many ways, associated with much sadness. Summer has passed away and having passed through the month of falling leaves, we enter the bareness of Winter. From the chill winds and snows we find comfort and warmth in our homes. In the month of November too, we turn to another aspect of passing life—the certainty of falling asleep in the faith and fear of God, and the Church in Her wisdom had led us to think on these things.

On the first of November—All Saints' Day, we commemorate the saints, heroes and martyrs—the chosen vessels of God's Grace, whose words and deeds are recorded, whose lives and characters are described on the pages of history. On the second of November—All Souls' Day, we remember the less distinguished but no less important saints of the Church—the Toms, Dicks, Harrys, Marys and Janes—the ordinary men and women in the street—all those whose names are not found in our Calendar or in our history books, but are written only in the Lamb's Book of Life—men and women who were lights of the world in their several generations, but whose very names have been forgotten except by those who knew them and loved them while they were here on earth. The circumstances of history have forced upon us yet another Day of Remembrance, when we especially think of those who have, in two wars, laid down their lives in order that freedom, justice and truth shall not perish.

Of all such as these, we shall be thinking in the month of November, and we may, if we will, have fellowship with them in the Communion of Saints. For though we speak of them as dead, and some of them as the blessed dead, they are very much alive—more alive than we are and much nearer to us than we suppose. For we and they are One in Christ Jesus, and we are taught that when we come to Church, we are worshipping not only with those whom we see around us, not only with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, but also with the spirits of just men, made perfect and with all God's faithful people who have passed through the grave and gate of death and have entered within the veil. We are taught, and we believe that every soul is a focus of interest to a vast unseen family circle whose hopes and prayers are turned toward us. Wherever we are, whatever we are doing, we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. The Christian life, the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us, is a race and the world is the arena in which it is run. That is how he pictures it, and around the arena he sees a great amphitheatre rising tier upon tier, so full of spectators that he likens them to an encircling cloud. Why are they there? They are there to watch our struggles here below and to encourage us, by the assurance of their presence and their prayers, to persevere in running the race that is set before us.

What a glorious doctrine it is—this doctrine of the Communion of Saints. But what a responsibility it lays upon us! For the saints have left us a noble example and a rich tradition. They were mortal, too, like us, but they have shown us what people such as you and I can, by the grace of God, become. The *Martyrs* have blazed a trail for us that we may follow along the narrow way. The *Missionaries* have brought the Gospel to our shores. The *Doctors*, i.e., the learned men of the Church, have enriched our lives by their studies. And to all of them we owe what is left to us of individual freedom in a world that is rapidly becoming standardized, and all that remains good in our Western civilization. Yes, we owe much to the saints and it is a debt we can never fully repay. But such repayment as we can, we must, if we are true men and women, desire to make. We have to carry on the good work for which they lived and for which many of them died. We have to hand on the

tradition which they have bequeathed us unsullied and unimpaired, and we have to bring a stage nearer to completion tasks which they began and left unfinished. We must emulate the blessed martyrs by learning what sacrifice means—that to give and not to gain is the end and aim of all good living. We must show our gratitude to those missionaries who brought the good news to heathen England by doing all we can to extend to others the blessings and privileges which we ourselves so richly enjoy.

I close with another reference to Remembrance Day. On November 6th there should be a new and solemn remembrance of what the Most High God has been saying to mankind through successive generations. It is not enough to be thankful for deliverance from the fear of our enemies and not enough to prepare against its return. God's call is that we should set ourselves to recover and re-assert Christian standards in our own country and in the life of nations. What we all have to do is to make our Christian faith and witness ever more effective. To do our utmost by our lives and examples to recover those Christian values by which alone our liberties can be maintained and the liberties of others be secured. Above all, remembering how *Prayer* can remove mountains, we must pray with our fellow Christians in other countries that those sacrifices which we commemorate on Remembrance Day may not have been made in vain. *They are looking to us. Let us not fail them.* "Let us run with fortitude the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our Faith."

Yours sincerely,
John Mont.

ALTAR FLOWERS

THE following ladies have kindly consented to provide flowers for the High Altar for the month of November: Nov. 6.—Mrs. Baynton, 7 Winchester Avenue.

" 13.—Miss Butler, 2 Stanmore Road.

" 20.—Day Schools Festivals.

" 27.—Mrs. Roy Elt, The Chimes, Malvern Road.

I have two vacant dates on the rota for 1950. Will any lady or gentleman undertake these duties?

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the ladies who have decorated the High Altar during 1949, and those who have given subscriptions and flowers for the festivals.

I should also like to record my regret on the death of Mrs. Thayer who has been on the rota since it was formed.

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

IMPORTANT DATES IN NOVEMBER

- 1.—*All Saints' Day*. Drama in Schools, 7.30 p.m.
- 2.—*Commemoration of All Souls*. Drama in Schools, 7.30 p.m.
- 3.—Drama in Schools, 7.30 p.m.
- 4.—Concert in Christopher Whitehead School. The Choral Society under Mr. Green.
- 5.—Children's Fancy Dress Parade, 3 p.m., Boys' School. Grand Old Time Dance, 7.30 p.m., Christopher Whitehead School.
- 6.—Remembrance Day.
- 9.—Social Committee, 8 p.m., Schools.
- 10.—British Legion Whist Drive, 7.30 p.m., Schools.
- 11.—Annual Meeting St. John's Girl Guides.
- 12.—Fisherman's Dance, Christopher Whitehead.
- 13.—Fisherman's Service in Church, 6.30 p.m.
- 16.—Parochial Whist Drive, Schools, 7.30 p.m.

- 20.—Day Schools' Festival.
 22.—Diocesan Conference.
 23.—Sports Whist Drive, Schools, 7.30 p.m.
 24.—Recital under the direction of Mr. Frank Green.
 27.—Broadcast Service, 7.45 p.m.
 30.—*St. Andrew's Day*. Servers': Guild Office.
 Scouts' Whist Drive, 7.30 p.m.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

November 6th

- 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 10.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Matins.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong. Preacher: The Reverend A. D. Gilbertson, C.B., O.B.E., M.A., Chaplain to H.M. the King; lately Archdeacon of the Fleet.

Many of you are aware that Mr. Robert Smith, our Churchwarden, is Chairman of the Worcester branch of the British Legion. It has been arranged through Mr. Smith that the Legion shall parade to our Church for Evensong. The Parade will include the Band of the Legion and the Ladies' sections. Hundreds of service sheets are being prepared for this service, and I am sure the occasion will live long in our memory. I know that we shall give a very warm welcome to the Legion, and we are very pleased that they have decided to come to us in this way.

20TH ANNUAL DAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL

November 20th

THE Services will be as follows:

- 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 10.0 a.m. Choral Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Matins and Sermon by The Reverend C. A. Crofts, M.A., Minor Canon of Worcester Cathedral.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon by The Reverend J. D. Pearce Higgins, M.A., Vicar of Hanley Castle.

The Day School Children will be present at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

BROADCAST SERVICE

November 27th at 7.45 p.m.

PLEASE NOTE this date. As I stated in the last issue of the Magazine—it is you who have been chosen to broadcast. You are asked to be in your seats not later than 7.15 p.m. We shall be glad to have you all with us. Thank you!

OPEN AIR SERVICE AND ACT OF WITNESS

UNVEILING OF 3D. BIT SYMBOLS

"October 16th, 1949"

THOSE who were present at this wonderful ceremony will never forget it. The spectacle of a great host of Christians—the brilliant lights—and especially the warm atmosphere of Christian fellowship and devotion will always remain with us. It is very natural that I should wish to thank the many persons who gave their services so freely in the planning of the ceremony. His Worship the Mayor, Alderman Bennett, was thrilled and so glad to be present. The Archdeacon of Dudley, Dr. Shepherd, also had a special interest in the proceedings. My only curacy for four and a half years was served at Dudley Parish Church when Dr. Shepherd was the Vicar of that old Church in the heart of the Black Country. After the Service, the Archdeacon described to me in the deepest terms the joy which we all brought to him that night.

I feel sure it was a happy night for Alderman W. H.

Norton. I shall always remember that Church Council meeting when the Alderman brought forward the great 3d. Bit Scheme. The whole matter was laid before us so simply. I knew at once that our enthusiasm and courage would carry forward the great enterprise. We have never turned to look back—we shall always go one way—Forward. We can now fully appreciate the craftsmanship of the Eltex Company under the personal supervision of Mr. George Elt. The genius of the artist who completed the replicas is easily detected.

I must also mention the great contribution which the Band of the British Legion made. The playing of this celebrated band, under the direction of their band-master, Mr. Martin, was quite magnificent, and we thank them greatly. The St. John's team of bell-ringers were invaluable and gave a most appropriate finale to the proceedings—great news was radiated from our majestic tower. I think it would be extremely difficult to mention by name the host of friends who all played their part so magnificently, but I should like to speak of Mr. Robert Smith who was supported by Mr. Higgins. Mr. Smith worked incessantly for many days on the electrical installation and other details. We owe so much to him in every direction, though I am sure he knows that we are grateful for his many kindnesses and great work. Mr. Higgins is always ready to do all he can to help us. We thank them from the bottom of our hearts. The Midlands Electricity Board came forward to help us in a magnificent way, and I am writing a letter of gratitude to them. Finally, I thank *all of you* who supported us. Space will not allow me to say all I would wish on this matter. *You* played your part so well. Thank *you* very much.

I have asked two observers to give their impressions of the wonderful evening. In addition, I am so glad to publish a message from His Worship the Mayor of Worcester. I am also printing a copy of the Prayer of Dedication which was written and read by Dr. Shepherd. This prayer will always serve to remind us of the greatness of the occasion.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH 3D. BIT SCHEME

MOST of you, who see this Magazine of the Parish Church of St. John's, were present on Sunday at the Service in aid of the 3d. bit scheme.

You cannot fail to have been impressed by the wonderful response that St. John's gave to the call to worship sent out through your new Vicar, Rev. John Mort.

Something is stirring in St. John's for which I have long awaited, and so eagerly looked forward to, and that is the need for religion which is inherent in man, is being met by the splendid endeavours of your Vicar and his able Curate.

No longer have we apathy, but a live interest in our own Church, which after all is the focal point of our Parish.

Men and women are quick to appreciate when the needs of the spirit are the object of their Church, and if this spirit of St. John's Parish Church can spread throughout the Country we can be confident of a revival in the heart of Christianity.

Unhappily schemes have to be deferred through lack of funds, and in particular in St. John's Parish a great drain has been made on the available resources of the Church.

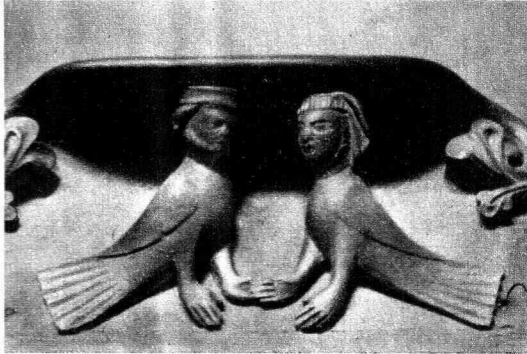
In order to fill the coffers once more, Alderman Norton and his friends of the Church instituted this 3d. bit scheme, and I beseech you to give it your whole-hearted support, and make this a worth while collection to forward the work of your Parish Church.

I regret to note the rather small size of the family collection boxes, but I am assured that when filled, the Vicar will be only too delighted to empty them and return for re-filling.

T. S. BENNETT, Mayor.

CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

NOVEMBER, 1949



The Doves of Peace (?)

THE misericord carvings in Exeter Cathedral are considered to be some of the finest in the world and date back to the 13th century, thus making them rank as the earliest in England. These two queer-looking creatures appear on one of the seats; with their human heads and hands they present a strange sight. Perhaps it was the craftsman's idea to portray the doves of peace.—J. DENTON ROBINSON.

"Not a livin' soul!"

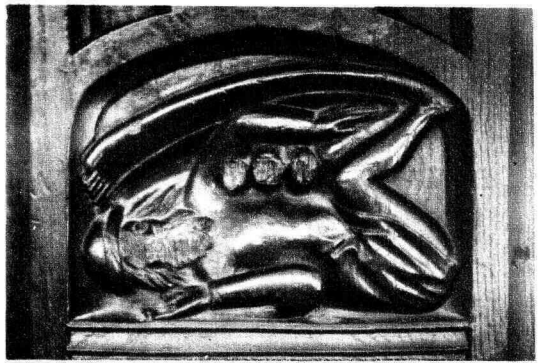
POTT-SHRIGLEY, an East Cheshire hamlet, at one time possessed a sexton whose wife confided in a visitor the sad (!) news: "Things is very bad just now. Our Joe hasna buried a livin' soul this three months!"—J. W. UNWIN.

Sidesmen's Record.

THE ancient parish of Norton, Derbyshire, is proud of its list of forty sidesmen. The oldest, Mr. Apthorpe, has carried out his duties regularly for nearly sixty years. The youngest are introduced to the work by taking duty on the fifth Sunday in a month. Here is a picture of three generations of sidesmen all on duty together. One of the youngest sidesmen is Mr. Graham Wilson, who is seen here with his father, and his grandfather.—THE REV. ROLF GLEDHILL, B.D.



Three Generations of Sidesmen.



A Labour of Love.

FOUR sculptor students from the Wimbledon School of Art are beautifying St. Mark's Church, Wimbledon. The Rev. E. M. Webber thought the interior of his church was too plain, and, at his suggestion, the students have started a labour of love, decorating plain stone blocks. Later, artists from the school will paint on the walls.—C. E. HOWE.

Artful Teeth.

UNDER the somewhat dilatory Health Service it may well happen that the following incident may be repeated. Many years ago the old country Rector had sent his set of false teeth to be repaired, and, in spite of strict injunctions, they were not returned by Sunday. After mumbling through the prayers, while the hymn was being sung, he summoned the Clerk to the vestry, and said, "My dentist has not returned my artificial teeth. I cannot continue. You must tell them the service is ended for the morning." Later, he heard the clerk announce, "I give notice! there won't be no more sarvice this mornin', as the rector ain't got his artful teeth back from the dentist!"—MISS D. SHERWEN.

Clever Anagrams.

MANY of the clergy are fond of anagrams. Mr. G. Moore sends us eight excellent examples, of which three have an ecclesiastical flavour: Into my arms, I love parson, There we sat, Great help, Nay I repent it, To love ruin, Partial men, and finally, Golden Land. These eight can be turned into a single word with one exception.

157 Years of Service.

MR. EDWARD PRIESTLEY while still only in his 67th year has accumulated the following impressive record of service to the Parish Church of All Saints', North Collingham, Notts:

53 years, Bell Ringer;
51 years, Chorister; 28 years, Church Councilor; 15 years, Verger; 10 years, Sidesman.

—THE REV. L. SHORLAND-BALL.

What is a Sciapus?

ON one of the bench-ends in Dennington church in Suffolk there is carved a Sciapus, one of that fabulous race who were supposed to have used their huge feet as parasols to shelter themselves and their families! The face of the man and also the faces of the three children have been cut away, perhaps by orders of William Dowling who was responsible for so much destruction in the churches of Suffolk.—H. J. SMITH.



The Dogs of War (?)

AT the base of one of the pillars in Lincoln Cathedral, I found two very strange creatures sculptured in stone. My photograph shows how quaint they are. I wonder what the craftsman was trying to depict when he fashioned them with their human faces. Are they the dogs of War?—J. DENTON ROBINSON.

The Oldest Clock.

TWO correspondents challenge the claim of a clock dated 1380 to be the oldest clock. The rival is a Chinese water clock in Canton which has been telling the time accurately for a thousand years and, so long as natural laws prevail, will continue to do so, never fast and never slow.

** 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.



Every Church is built of Homes

An Interview with a City Church Worker by H. T. INGRAM.

EVERY Church is built of homes. If homes run short, the Church will run short."

That's what I said to the bravest Churchworker I know. She might have lived in a creeper-covered cottage in the country, tending her favourite flowers and pets, but instead she has worked in the heart of the city, just "going about doing good" and "loving like fun." She might have been a great novelist, I've been told by no mean critic, but rather than spend her days creating only imaginary characters she has helped to make men and women, of whom our country may well be proud.

I can imagine her saying: "Don't blame my boys and girls; they are going to have a grand future so long as they love their homes, and have homes worth loving.

"I believe with all my heart that the greatest miracle of Christianity and of its Founder was the making of homes, and mark my words, homes are now in the front line in the battle between good and evil."

I recalled to her those West Country verses of Arthur Salmon, who used to write in this magazine:—

'Tis written in tha' gude ol' Buke,
"There's nothing nü beneath the sun";

An't ain't for me to conterdick the cunning words o' Zolomon.

But if you axes me my mind, I think 'twould be more trüly told,

Not zackly that there's nothing nü, but that they'm leaving nothing old.

"You see," she said, "what with Youth Clubs, Cinemas, Lectures, and a dozen other activities, the home

becomes only a dormitory. Why, half the young folk who go courting with the dream of making a home of their own don't know what a home ought to be. It is where a boy and girl learn to be unselfish, considerate, Christian, learn to love a corner, even the smallest corner of a home as a precious, personal possession."

"Then I expect you deplore the scarcity of houses, and the expense of furnishing," I suggested.

"No, I don't," was her quick reply. "There's money enough to be saved from day-to-day amusements for home-making. Imagine what actual home building costs in the Dominions, and transplant some of the persistence and skill required there to our still-called Homeland. Imagine, too, what Church building costs in labour there and here."

"You're right," I agreed, "we've got the men and the money and the Churchmanship, but not the inspiration which makes work a joy. How well I recall a Swiss guide who took me a mile or so out of our way to show me a house he had built himself for £10—warm in winter, cool in summer; how proud he was of it, and of the suit of clothes he had worn for years, because he had made it himself. Has it ever struck you, that God created the world in order that He could have something to love, and it is what we create to the glory of God that calls out our devotion."

"Yes," she responded. "I agree, and perhaps you will let me sum up from my experience. I want our Churches to combine in a challenge to our splendid youth to value home, to work for it, to value personal character, individual responsibility, and to pledge loyalty to Our Lord and Master, Who loves us and calls

us, one by one, to enter His service. Make great claims on Youth and Youth will respond.

"I think we have too much Club control and State control, and too little self-control. The more men can say my Home is my Club, and I owe it to my Church which I am proud to serve, the happier we shall be."

As we broke off our brief encounter, she added: "I have prayed beside old people who, on dying, recall the scenes of their young days. 'You're taking me back a long way,' said an eighty-year old man—'more than sixty years. I were Yorkshire born and went to be confirmed in a hay cart.' His Vicar had been his hero. After sixty years in London, he still remembered him."

What memories will Youth have, if we do not plant them, when the time comes for them to grow old?

RELIGION IS MY BUSINESS

BY THE REV. FENTON MORLEY, M.A., B.D.

SMITH and Brown are two shopkeepers who have been in business for many years—but with very different results. Smith started in a back alley and built up a trade which soon enabled him to open a couple of other shops in equally unpromising surroundings. After a successful career he retired a few months ago—only to buy himself another business in a tiny village. It hadn't been exactly prospering but, Smith said, "I like it that way. It will give me something to get my teeth into. . ."

Brown, on the other hand, inherited a shop and a fair amount of capital, from his father. Twice he has sold out and bought a fresh business. But each time he fails to make a go of it and complains that there always turns out to be something wrong with the business—either it's on the wrong side of the road and the competition is too keen, or the customers are fickle. In any case, he insists that the fault lies not with himself, but with the circumstances of his life.

Perhaps there is something of Smith and something of Brown in each one of us. For we do not always realise that in the business of life our success or failure depends less on the premises than on the character of the man behind the counter.

And those premises of a man's life do not consist of only his material surroundings such as his house, job or neighbourhood. They include the even more important personal environment of the people with whom he has relationship or contact, in-

(Continued on page 84.)

Clerical Dress

By the Rev. C. H. D. Grimes



Photo by] **The dress of Arabs at the tomb of Lazarus at Bethany.** [J. H. Stone

HOW few people have given a thought to the origin of the robes which their clergyman wears in church or those distinctive ones which he wears outside for that matter, except perhaps to criticise them, both the inside ones and the outside ones, on the ground of age, cut or variety.

We were talking the other day with a prominent member of the Church Assembly on this subject, and he assured us that the clothes which Our Lord and His Disciples wore were the original models. Well, what did Our Lord wear? Surely not those bright blue, red, yellow and crimson robes in which He is usually represented in Church windows? The dress of the nomad Arabs in Palestine, the flowing white or grey robe, and the turban is far nearer the truth.

But although many large books, difficult to read, have been written on the subject of clerical dress, we believe that a short and simple summary can be given, and this is all that can be done here. We believe, too, that such knowledge is both interesting and instructive.

The scheme of organised Church services on anything like a large scale stemmed from Rome, and what we actually find was that in the beginning the dress of the ordinary Roman citizen of good birth was taken as the model for the dress of the clergy both inside and outside their churches. The rule was that the clergyman must have at least two suits of the same cut, a weekday and a Sunday best, as it were, for he must not appear in Church, in the weekday suit since that was supposed to be defiled (if not dirtied) by the duties of everyday business life.

The important question for us then to answer is of what did the attire of a Roman citizen consist? Omitting underclothing, if any—it consisted of a tunic reaching down

to the feet and a toga which was thrown over the left arm and went under the right, as shown in pictures. This toga is not unlike the outer garment which Our Lord is represented as wearing, nor is the tunic unlike His under garment except, instead of the vivid colours of red, blue, etc., they were both of pure white or grey.

Then for his outdoor wear the Roman citizen had a kind of semi-circular cloak, like a parson's cloak today—with a hood which he could put over his head if he needed it as protection against the weather. He also wore sandals. Here then we get the pattern from which nearly all clerical dress can be said to be derived.

The Cassock

The white tunic has of course become the cassock, although in those days, it had no buttons, and was slipped over the head and supported by a girdle. Buttons did not come into use for nearly a thousand years—so long does it take to think out a simple invention!

The cassock itself is interesting. The name is derived from a Latin word, *casa*, meaning a house and possibly from *rock* meaning a coat. At any rate, it was the garment worn in the house—the homely garment. A garment of this nature was worn by persons lay and clerical, and by both sexes as late as the reign of Henry VIII. Indeed, our smock

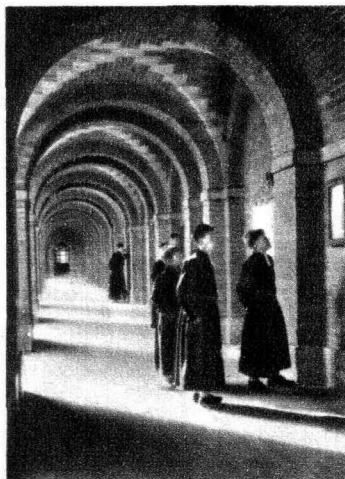


Photo by] **Bluecoat Boys.** [D. S. Macnutt

frock is a form of it. So is the coat worn by the boys of the Bluecoat School, and so is the Eton jacket though that belongs to a later time when the cassock had become a frock coat. For the clerical frock coat also derives from the cassock.

The Bishop's apron is also a short cassock in reality and so when the Bishop puts on his frock coat he is really wearing his cassock.

Some people have even derived the word cassock from a Slav word meaning Cossack, and have thus linked up this homely peaceable garment with fiery horsemen from the wild steppes of Russia—*absit omen!*

The original cassock, the tunic of the Roman citizen was white. Red is the colour for doctors of divinity and chaplains to the King and clergy attached to loyal foundations. Purple is monopolised by bishops though some choirs with or without authority choose it also, and black—black goes to the inferior clergy.

The Surplice.

Over his cassock the officiating parson wears a surplice. Few indeed who use this word ever stop to think of the interesting history it has behind it. It is derived from two French words *sur* and *pelisse*; and indicates that it is something put

over the *pelisse* which was in this case a fur-lined cassock. We see now the reason that a surplice should reach almost to the ground and have very wide and long hanging-down sleeves—in order that it might easily go over the *pelisse* and also completely cover it up, for probably it was not of a beautiful cut.

It speaks to us of many long hours spent by the mediæval clergy in unheated churches during the long services obligatory of them daily in that age. How they must have welcomed their *pelisses!* Some time ago when I was assisting at Exeter Cathedral at Evensong on a cold snowy day in January, the Precentor said to me as he came into the Vestry, "Put your surplice over your coat (mine was not fur-lined if his was), we all do here." I have wondered since whether he thought then of the true meaning of the word. (To be continued)



Shepherd's Smock

TWO STRANGE STORIES

By F. H. GRISEWOOD.

The importance of dreams is insisted on in many books of the Bible, but in these days we seem to have lost faith in them. Is it possible that we can inherit memories as we so often inherit abilities to work and even play?—EDITOR.



HERE must be a number of people in this world who can tell strange stories of unaccountable experiences. Most people seem to have a natural reticence about such things, and it isn't until you have been in conversation with them for some considerable time that they will admit to that almost universal feeling of having "been there before." I lay no claim to supernatural powers, nor, as far as I know, am I more psychic than the next man. But as a boy, I did have two extremely unusual experiences, of which so far I have failed to find any explanation. I tell of these two experiences exactly as they happened to me, and leave the explanation, if any, in your hands.

* * *

It was not until I was about twelve that my first queer experience began. One night during the holidays I went to bed as usual with my mind full of all those things that occupy any ordinary boy's mind. But on that particular night I had a vivid dream. In my dream I was a boy in King Charles I.'s reign, living in a beautiful house, with woods coming down to it from the Downs beyond. In all my dreams, and I had many, as I will explain later, my dream father and mother were always vague and shadowy figures. I never seemed to see them clearly. They were there, of course, but they never seemed to play any important part.

By far the most important and clear-cut features were the house, every detail of which I got to know intimately, and a trooper whose name, as far as I can remember now, was Jan. Even in my first dream my life and surroundings seemed perfectly natural to me. I seemed to be going on with a familiar story—a story I had known for years and years, but in which I played the prominent part.

When I woke the next morning I still remembered every detail of my dream. I thought about it all that day, and in the evening I wondered whether my dream world would come again. I wanted desperately to go on with it. I was not disappointed. My dream that night went on from the point where it had left off the night before, and—this, I think is the most unusual part of it—it went on for a whole fortnight. Each night I took up the story of my life, each night I disappeared from the Edwardian life and went back to the days when Charles I was on the throne. I used to look forward quite

confidently to going on with my dream.

But it was the house that filled my dreams. To this day, I can see my little bedroom at the end of the long passage, with its window looking out on to a formal garden of box edgings and queer beasts and birds of clipped box and yew. But it was Jan who was with me most of the time. He was a smallish man, lean and hard with a hawklike face. He and I used to go for long rides together—through the woods and out into the Downs beyond. I rode a minute shaggy pony, and he towered over me on a great raw-boned chestnut. To this day, if I shut my eyes, I can see once more the stains and marks on his leather jerkin and a queerly shaped steel helmet over his greasy hair. We used to ride together for miles and, while we rode, he would tell me wonderful stories of animals and birds.

And so each night my dream recurred until, at the end of a fortnight, it ceased utterly and completely, and I have never dreamt of my house and Jan again. It was as if the story had come to an end, and I had turned over the last leaf. Boy-like I kept it all to myself—it was far too precious to share with anyone.

* * *

Several years afterwards—I was nineteen by then and at Oxford—I was invited to spend a few days after Christmas with some friends who then lived in Sussex. They wanted me to sing in their church, and to take part in some amateur theatricals. It was a hard winter that year, and getting about with horses and carriages was difficult. But my friends were the proud owners of a motor-car—a great possession in those early days of motoring—and they were always ready to take their car out to show it off.

One Sunday, after lunch, my host said, "We'll take the car out and go to see Mr. and Mrs. X." Turning to me he said, "They live in a lovely house which I would like you to see." So we all bundled into the car and off we went.

Mr. and Mrs. X.'s house was some ten miles or so away in a part of Sussex that was quite unknown to me. Finally we saw a beautiful Jacobean house in the distance, and as we began to get nearer I sat up and gasped. It was unquestionably my dream house. There could be no mistake at all about it. The surroundings were different, much of the woodland had been cleared, but the house itself was exactly as I re-

(Continued on page 85.)

RELIGION IS MY BUSINESS

By THE REV. FENTON MORLEY
M.A., B.D.

(Continued from page 82.)

cluding, of course, his wife his children and his neighbours.

When things go wrong with his life a man tends to blame some cause within his material or personal surroundings and to want to change them. It is not easy for one to appreciate that, however one changes the circumstances of life, the constant determining factor lies within one's own personality—in the attitude towards oneself and towards other people and things. This is the permanent habit of mind to which one returns after the temporary upheaval of changing to a fresh job, a different house or a new partner.

Now a man's attitude towards the world outside himself may be one of three kinds. The first is that of Unconditional Surrender to Circumstance. He is content to drift through life hoping that something may turn up to give it an interest and a purpose. Sometimes he feels that someone ought to do something about the conditions of his life, but he rarely makes any personal effort to remedy them. And he may tend to let the frustration and monotony of his daily work blind him to any opportunities of creative achievement in his personal relationships.

The second attitude is that of Permanent Rebellion, in which a man despises the present in his furious pursuit of the future, envying everyone and believing in no-one. Always searching for a way out of his difficulties, he fails to see the way through them. In his anxiety for Security, Friendship or Happiness he neglects or wastes life's many opportunities of obtaining them. Such a man lives in a state of constant nervous tension which destroys the happiness of his family as well as himself.

But between Surrender and Rebellion there lies the middle way of Adjustment to Circumstances. This involves resisting the harmful influences of one's environment and responding to its opportunities so as to make something out of life's materials of value to others and to ourselves. But this means having a sense of proportion and of values which will not be too easily affected by the ups and downs of life. How can we possibly acquire this?

St. Paul knew the secret of the Middle Way of the Mastery of Circumstances and he put it into these words:—"I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

There is no other way.

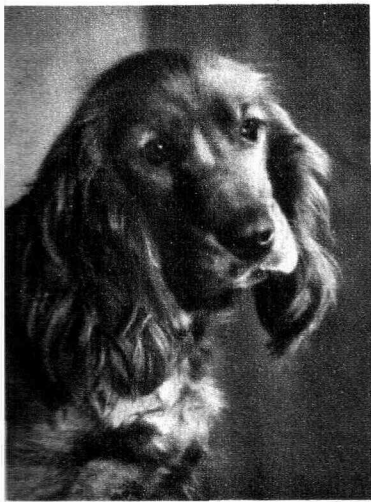


Photo by Love my dog. [L. Smith]

WEEKDAY HINTS for Women with Homes

Thursday's Cooking.

Supper Dish.—Boil two good sized onions per person until tender—an hour or more according to size (they must cook slowly to remain whole). Cram as much grated cheese as you can spare on top of each. Put them on an enamel plate under the grille to soften and brown the cheese. Have a plate of cut brown bread and butter with them.—MRS. HASSETT.

A Hint for Cakes.—When your cake is ready for the oven, make it level. Keep your palette knife in a jug of very hot water and with this smooth the cake over until it is wet and shining. By this means you can cover up any fruit, and the result should be a light, glossy cake. This was taught me by a professional baker, and it is a good tip.—MISS HOBGEN.

Bottled Prunes.—I wonder if many people know that prunes, cooked in the ordinary way and with the usual quantity of sugar, will keep for six months—and possibly much longer—if bottled in the same way as other fruits. This means that the slow-cooking prune can be served at a moment's notice if required.—MRS. BROOKE-MARSLAND.

Friday's Household.

A pint for 4d.—Take fourpennyworth of rock ammonia, put in a jug, and pour over it one pint of cold water. Cover the jug so that it is air-tight, and leave until the ammonia has dissolved. Then bottle.—MISS ALLAM.

Clothes Bags.—If you live in a small house, clothes often have to be hung on door or wall. To prevent their getting dusty, put them inside two pieces of stiff brown paper stitched up the sides, leaving top and bottom open.—FELL KAYE.

Cheap Set.—I purchased a log of silver birch, 20 inches long, scrubbed it and gave it a coat of clear varnish: Then I screwed in 4 hooks at equal distances and 1 inch from top, and hung on them brush, poker, shovel and tongs. On the top I nailed a small ashtray. Total cost 13s. 6d.—MISS M. TERRY.

Saturday's Children.

Anti-scurf.—When washing baby's head try using, about once a week, a sprinkle of powdered borax on the flannel. This prevents scurf.—MRS. FARLEY.

Socks.—As mother of a family I should like the opportunity of handing on an idea which has saved me both money and time. When either ankle or knee length socks are outgrown you can make comparatively new socks for a younger child. By machining twice down the calf of the sock you can make it strong and shapely, and at the same time remove most of the darning to the old heel. The toe can be done in exactly the same way. If the two lines of machine stitching are done close enough together, the stitches of the sock do not run and a neat edge can be cut.—MRS. LANE.

The Editor awards six five shilling prizes every month for hints sent to 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4.

TWO STRANGE STORIES

(Continued from page 84.)

membered it in my dream. It is almost impossible to describe my feelings. I was seething with excitement.

We went in and I was introduced to Mrs. X. "Once in the big hall I started to look about me. Everything was different. I turned to Mrs. X. "I see that tapestry has gone." I said as casually as I could. Mrs. X. gaped at me. "How on earth did you know there was any tapestry there?" she said. "You're quite right; there used to be some, but it was moved years and years ago, long before you were born. Have you ever been in this house before?" "I used to live here," I said. "At least I suppose I did." Mrs. X. looked at me curiously. "Out with it," she said. "Tell me everything." So there and then we sat down and I told her of my dream. She listened to every word I said, and then jumped up. "Let's go round, and you can tell me exactly what it was like then," she said. So we did a grand tour of the house, while I described to Mrs. X. what I remembered of it. We came finally to what used to be my bedroom. "You have bricked my widow up," I said in dismay. "There was a lovely window here, and I used to look out on to the garden through it. It was just here." And I tapped the plaster as I spoke. The plaster sounded hollow. Mrs. X. said excitedly, "I'll get my husband to open it up and pull away the ivy from the outside. We must have your window again."

As we were going downstairs I pledged Mrs. X. to secrecy. "I've never told a soul before about all this," I said. "You are the only person who has shared it with me."

(To be continued next month.)

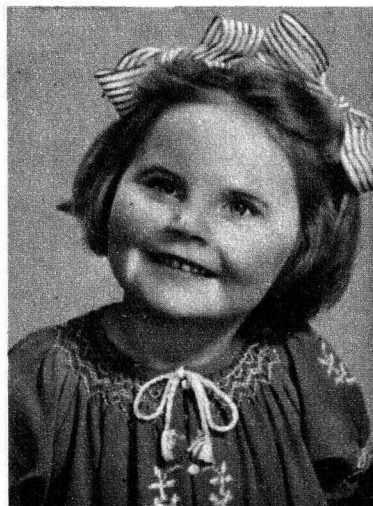


Photo by If you love me. [Mrs. Carding]

Monday's Washing.

To prevent chafing.—Before beginning the weekly wash in winter, rub the wrists and arms to the elbows with a little vaseline. This prevents irritation and chafing of the skin caused by splashing of water.—MRS. ROBSON.

When ironing with an ordinary flat iron, split open an empty soap flake packet and keep it by you with the inside upwards. An iron rubbed on this will be cleaned and made smooth as well as tested for heat.—MISS PEATE.

Wrist-bands, neck-bands and collars are the dirtiest parts of washing, and use most soap. This can be avoided by first dipping the affected parts in cold water, rub lightly with soap, and then wash as usual in hot soapy water. This method saves not only time and labour, but also soap. In addition garments last longer because they do not require scrubbing.—MRS. SOUTHGATE.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Curtains.—When making new curtains, put draw tape top and bottom. Every time they are washed they can be reversed and hung the other way up. This makes the curtains wear longer and more evenly.—MRS. JOHNSON.

Coatmaking.—Before tacking the canvas in the material, damp it all over and press with a very hot iron. This will prevent the coat from rucking after a few times wearing.—MRS. C. HARVEY.

Wednesday's Nursing.

On a cold night let patient have loose in bed, any woollen article such as an old jumper or article of woollen underwear. This will be found as good as a second hot water bottle.—D.E.F.

A large mirror, hung in an invalid's room so that it reflects the garden and outside life, will provide her or him with a new interest in life.—MISS G. MULLARD.

A country remedy for colds, asthma, etc.: 1 pint of cod liver oil, 1 lb. of honey, 2 oz. spirits of camphor, and the juice of three lemons. Mix honey, camphor and lemon juice in a jug, add the cod liver oil and stir well. Then pour into a bottle and let it stand for 12 hours before using. Dose: $\frac{1}{2}$ wine-glassful at bedtime. For asthma $\frac{1}{4}$ wine-glassful twice daily.—MRS. WIDDOWSON.

TEMPTATION

Our Serial Tale

By V. M. METHLEY

IX.—ANOTHER BOMB.

Watching the countryside rush past from the carriage window of the train which was bearing her the short journey to Birmingham, Rose—very much "Nurse" once more, felt like a child going on holiday.

All her anxieties had gone. She felt quite confident now that the Spurcotts would be as delighted to get rid of Dickon as she was to take him back.

A small, neat navy-blue figure, Rose made her way to the entrance and set herself to discover directions and omnibuses. It turned out to be a longish journey to the particular suburb Rose wanted, and the Spurcott's house was not in one of its pleasantest streets.

"Nasty little poky houses, pretending to be grander than they are—just like *them!*" Rose thought, as she searched the street. At last she found it, but not a soul could be seen or heard and no one answered Rose's repeated knocks and rings.

It would have been understandable if she had said she was coming to fetch the boy, instead of taking them by surprise; then they might have spirited him away, but as it was, Rose could not understand the situation.

"*He* may be in the house though, all the time," she thought suddenly struck Rose. "Shut up in that horrid basement room Ethel told me about. I'll have a look round; they needn't think I shan't find him somehow."

At that moment, steps and raised angry tones could be heard in the street outside. Rose thought she recognised Mrs. Spurcott's voice, together with another, shriller, more common, as the speakers paused at the head of the kitchen steps.

"Well, it ain't my fault, is it?" the second voice demanded aggressively. "I done my best an' no one can't do more, not being engaged for the job and me being run off my poor feet already, as you know, only too well. No, you can't blame me, if this is what appens."

"I *do* blame you!" Yes, that was Mrs. Spurcott's voice. "You were in charge and you knew it was part of your duties, whatever you may say. Now, *we* may be considered negligent—"

"So you were!" the other asserted defiantly. "It's you 'oo're responsible, when all's said an' done."

"It may mean most serious trouble for me and Mr. Spurcott. . . Oh, I wish we hadn't been so kind-hearted

and impulsive in the first place, but it's always been a fault of mine, letting my heart rule my head. It brings one nothing but ingratitude and disappointment."

"Yes—ard, isn't it, when you were 'oping to make a nice little bit er money? Oh, I know all about it!" The common voice jeered. "Well, you just reckoned your chickens before they were 'atched an' now you find the eggs was addled!"

The tirade ended in a shrill yelp, followed by a stifled cry from Mrs. Spurcott. For they had reached the back door and there just inside the passage was Rose, standing to face them, stiff and watchful.

It was Mrs. Spurcott who managed to speak first, sounding half frightened, half angry.

"You—you—what are you doing here?" she cried and then, as though light had suddenly dawned on her. "So it's you who're responsible for all this bother? I might have guessed that it was you who had done it, just out of spite."

"I don't know what you mean; I've made no bother—yet," Rose answered calmly. "And I've come here just for one single thing."

"And what's that, pray?"

"Dickon," Rose returned bluntly. "So, as I can now make a good home for him, I came to suggest that I should take Dickon to live with my husband and myself in the country. We've got a little cottage there."

"You can hardly expect me to take *your* word for it that it will be a suitable place for Dickon," Mrs. Spurcott said scornfully, and Rose felt her cheeks growing hot and red.

"Mr. Venables' lawyer can make all the enquiries he wants to," she said. "And, anyway, I'm pretty sure he'll be happier than he is here, from all I've heard about how you've treated him."

"There's no need to be impertinent, my good girl!" Mrs. Spurcott snapped, while Gladys laughed harshly. "I have done my best and so has Mr. Spurcott, to take the place of the child's parents—"

"Sez you!" Gladys interjected again.

"And it is not our fault if he is very spoilt and unmanageable. In any case, you may as well go back at once to where you came from. You can't see Dickon: you—you have no right to do so—no claim—"

"I'm not so sure about that," Rose was growing bolder. "If a little child's ill-treated—"

"How *dare* you?"

"Oh, I dare anything for Dickon, to get him away from you and your like! And I know what's been going on here, so I don't leave this house without him."

"You'll have to wait a long time then!"

"I don't mind how long," Rose answered doggedly. "I can be as patient as anybody, if it's a thing that matters, and so I warn you."

"To dare to insinuate that I've been unkind to Dickon, when I cared for him as though he'd been my own child," Mrs. Spurcott whined pathetically, and again the derisive laugh of Gladys came in like a chorus.

"Much you cared, once you knew there was no money in it!" she said. "Oh, I'm not going to stand up for you no more, after the way you spoke to me just now—casting nasty nasturtiums about where I was when it happened. No—and I'm not going to take the blame either—"

"What blame—and what's happened?" Rose interrupted, looking swiftly from one to the other.

"Nothing—nothing at all," Mrs. Spurcott answered hurriedly.

"Something has and I'm sick of all this mystery. I want to see Dickon at once."

"Well, you can't and that's flat," Mrs. Spurcott spoke with vicious exasperation.

"Tell me this instant then, why I can't see him?" Rose demanded hoarsely.

"Because he's lost—run away—stolen—I don't know what! Gone, anyhow—disappeared!" Mrs. Spurcott flung at Rose desperately.

X.—DISAPPEARANCE.

Rose blinked and fell back, as though she had been struck in the face. Indeed that was how she felt on receiving this utterly unexpected blow.

"When did it happen?" she managed to ask at last.

"Gladys took him out for a walk this morning and she came back without him," Mrs. Spurcott said. "That's all I know of the business."

"I'd all the shopping to do," Gladys protested. "An' how you expect me to keep an eye on a child all the time *and* see to the rations as well—I don't know!"

"It's more likely you were gossiping in the fish queue," snapped Mrs. Spurcott. "I know what you are when you get with that girl of the Knapp's, or Mrs. Lance's Doris."

Gladys tossed her head.

"Got to pass the time of day when you meet girl friends, 'aven't you?" she retorted. "Any'ow, I'd not turned round 'arf a minute, when there 'e was, gone an' not a sign of 'im ter be seen anywhere. You could 'ave knocked me down with a nostrich feather."

"You're sure it's not your doing?"

Mrs. Spurcott stared at Rose suspiciously. "I don't feel certain myself that you haven't kidnapped him. It's queer, your turning up, just this of all days—enough to make anyone wonder."

"If I *had* taken Dickon, should I have hung about here like this?" Rose demanded. "No—we'd have been far enough away already, he and I, I can tell you! But I never meant to do anything underhand like that."

Mrs. Spurcott still looked suspicious. "I've no reason to take your word," she said, "you may have hidden him and come back just out of deepness, and to deceive us all the more."

"Oh, that's just gas!" Gladys broke in. "I'd have seen her if she'd been hanging round. Come to that, I'd have let her have the kid, if she'd asked me; it'd be a jolly sight better for him, than *this* house and so I'd tell anyone."

"You wicked, ungrateful girl, after all my kindness, all I've done for you—"

"Thank you for nothing! Anyway I looked everywhere before I come back 'ere, but 'e'd gone an' not even the bobby at the corner of the street 'ad seen 'im."

"No, we couldn't do more than we have done," Mrs. Spurcott was struggling to regain her dignity. "Directly Gladys came and told me, I went back with her to the place and we searched thoroughly, asked in all the shops, reported it at the Police Station, and *they're* telephoning to the Hospital, in case of an accident—"

Rose turned cold and sick at the very suggestion of these possibilities. Dickon run over, hurt, killed—on this very day when she had come to fetch him. . . . *Could* Mrs. Spurcott have got wind of that and hidden the little boy somewhere? No, she didn't think so; the woman was obviously frightened by what had happened.

"We only came back, just to make sure he hadn't run home. . . . And what my husband will say I don't know!" she whimpered. "He'll be so upset—and I can't think why Dickon was so naughty, if he *did* run away—"

It was not until late in the afternoon, however, that Rose finally gave up her enquiries and searchings. She must go back to Martin and Godwit Cottage that night, even if she returned to Birmingham next day. Making Mrs. Spurcott promise to send a wire at once, if anything happened, she hurried off to catch a bus for the station.

A very despondent, disappointed Rose sat in the returning train; this was such a different home-coming from that for which she had hoped, with Dickon beside her, excited and chattering. Tears ran down her cheeks and she was glad to be alone

in the carriage and not obliged to check them.

Rose walked wearily up the short lane from the station to Godwit Cottage. No lights welcomed and cheered her—well, how could there be, with the blackout rules and wardens calling out if they saw so much as a hair-streak.

"Don't be a fool!" she told herself. "It's not Martin's fault."

She felt her way through the gate, up the path to the porch, over which yellow banksia roses grew in their season. Standing there, she heard voices inside the cottage and wondered who was with Martin. Captain Storrs, perhaps, or Follis, come down to have a chat and a pipe. But it didn't sound like the Captain's deep-sea tones, or his sailor servant's cheerful, clipped cockney accents.

That was Martin speaking—but who was that answering, laughing.

Rose opened the door, closed it behind her, stood in the apple-smelling darkness of the passage, listening. The laugh came again, well-remembered, well-loved, as she fumbled for the latch, stood blinking in the combined glow of lamp and firelight.

The table was spread for tea: sausages waited to be grilled, the kettle was singing. And Martin sat in his armchair, with a small figure perched on his knee, and round head leaning against his shoulder, the mouth chocolate-rimmed, hair tousled.

"Will, Nurse be here *soon*?" A drowsy voice asked. "'Cause I are nearly gone to sleep an' I don' wan' to, 'fore she's comed. . . ."

"She'll be here very soon," Martin promised, then glancing up, "Why, she's here *now*!"

With a little inarticulate sound, half sob, half laugh, Rose was across the room, on her knees, with her arms flung round the two figures, trying to hug at one and the same time, both these menfolk of hers, Martin and Dickon. . . .

Dickon's hands were clasped so tightly behind her neck that she could scarcely breathe: he was giving his old chuckle of delight and contentment.

"Nurse—Nur-sie!" Then, reproachfully. "But you never comed—you promised, but you never, never comed. . . ."

"Oh, darling, I know, but I couldn't—I just couldn't—it doesn't matter now, does it? You're here and everything's all right. . . . But Martin, how on earth did it happen, how did he get here? Because miracles just don't—well, *do* they?"

"I think sometimes they do," Martin answered soberly. "But this is what actually brought Dickon here."

He showed Rose a strip of coloured paper, which had obviously contained

a bar of chocolate; on it was scrawled: "Mrs. Payne, Godwit Cottage, Fairway, Hillburning."

"Ethel's writing!" Rose turned it over.

"Yes, Dickon says she gave it to him, when she brought him sweeties and came to see him."

"An' she cried. . . ." Dickon chimed in drowsily. "An' I cried, because Nurse didn' come too. . . . An' I asked her. . . an' she said *vat's* where you were an' if I showed it to a kind person, they'd take me to Nurse. . . ."

"Rather clever, wasn't it? I suppose she was at her wit's end *what* to do, poor Ethel!" Martin said.

"So I *did* showed it and I camed." A long sigh of contentment, as Dickon snuggled down into sleep in Nurse's arms. Above his fair head, she looked at her husband perplexedly. "I still don't understand," she said.

"Well, I think I can explain. Dickon was more communicative when he first arrived—wide awake too," Martin smiled. "It appears he was extra miserable this morning. . . . his porridge was burnt and he was scolded and punished when he wouldn't eat it. . . ."

"Couldn't poor lamb!—who *could*?" Rose asked reproachfully. "Oh, Martin, he is thin and pale. . . . never mind now, I've got him; we'll soon put *that* right, go on!"

"So, when Gladys took him out and he saw her busily chatting in the fish queue, Dickon just ran away, bolting blindly into the blue, as a scared child would. He couldn't say how far he'd run, when he tried to cross a road, and seems to have been very nearly knocked down by a car."

"Oh, Martin!"

"But not quite. The driver pulled up just in time and he and his wife petted and comforted the poor frightened kid. 'They was *very* kind,' Dickon says, so he showed them the address on the chocolate paper and said his Nurse lived there and he wanted to go to her."

"To cut the story short, this couple were on their way to London by road. Looking at the map, they saw they would pass near Hillburning, so they packed Dickon into the car, gave him a picnic lunch by the way-side and delivered him here a couple of hours ago, happy and excited over his adventure. The Lutons—that's their name—said they supposed they ought to have communicated with the police, but the boy was so sure he belonged here—"

"And so he does—the darling!" Nurse interjected. "Oh, Martin, I *am* glad they didn't! Dickon would have been taken back to the Spurcotts."

"Yes, much better as it is. But

they're an understanding pair, with children of their own, and realized that the kid was frightened and unhappy. You must write and explain and thank them, Rose; they left their address."

"Of course. But didn't it all work out amazingly—almost too wonderful to be true? When I came in and saw you and Dickon together, I—I nearly died with happiness!"

"Well, don't do that!" Martin laughed. "You'd be more usefully employed putting that sleepy child to bed and then having something to eat yourself. When did you last have a meal?"

"Well, breakfast here, this morning," Rose confessed. "Now, that there's time to think, I'm simply starving! Put on the kettle, Martin; I'll only be a few minutes."

(To be continued.)

MARY and MARTHA

By CATHERINE JONES

"Twas Mary of the tranquil mind
Who sat before the Lord,
And treasured in her gentle heart
His every look and word.
While Martha of the busy hands
Kept passing to and fro
To finish all the little tasks
That would not let her go.

Our Lord spake well of Mary
And praised her choice as good,
But it was busy Martha
Who brought them drink and food.
So though there must be Marys.
To sit, dear Lord, with You,
Yey still there must be Marthas
To tend the bodies too.

Sometimes a would-be Mary
Must take a Martha's place,
And have scant time to linger
And read the Master's face.
Dear Lord, be good to Martha
And teach her how to pray,
And smooth her path a little
Throughout the troubled day.

For she gets very weary
In heart and soul and brain,
And worry walks beside her
And sometimes grief and pain.
Dear Lord, give Martha patience
Ang guide her stumbling feet,
Until, perhaps at sundown
She may share Mary's seat.

To Higher Service, Psalm xvi. 11

"Brother, we wish thee joy,
For thee the race is won.
And the sweet words, 'Well done'
Have greeted thee upon that further shore

Where sorrow is no more.
We cannot think of thee as in the deep,
Nor yet asleep,
But with thy many powers in full employ—

Brother, we wish you joy."

(L. S.)

FOR LINOLEUM
WOOD FLOORS
AND FURNITURE

MANSION
POLISH

HYGIENIC WAX

FOR BRIGHT AND
HEALTHY HOMES

A
bright and
healthy home
in every tin

THE QUICKEST & EASIEST POLISH FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE

For dark woods use 'DARK MANSION'. Tins 9d., 1/4d. & 4/3d.

✠ **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 6d. Stamps for ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

A Garden of Memories Memorial Tablets Church Windows Church Furniture Book of Inscriptions (36 pp.)

On View at Showrooms. Inspection Invited.

G. Maile & Son Ltd. Founded in the year 1785
367, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1
Kindly state probable requirements

YOUR HAIR

How to Make it Grow—Stop Falling Out—Restore Natural Colour

FREE BOOKLET OFFERED by Leading Consultant

Fredk. Godfrey of Matlock, for 25 years the leading Hair Consultant, has helped thousands of men and women of all ages to grow or restore their hair. He has now standardised a series of inexpensive home treatments for:

Thin, Weak, Falling Hair—Severe Loss—Patches, Receding—Scurf and Dandruff—Greyness—Colour Fading, etc.

His free booklet, "Your Hair," gives full particulars. If you—or your family—need "hair help," why not write for a copy, or post the coupon, today?

"The colour has greatly improved—not a grey hair to be seen." Miss M. H., Muswell Hill

"My hair is responding beautifully. It is quite wavy now and alive—not dull and lifeless like it used to be." Miss R. L., Boston

"New hair is showing all over my head. It is much better in colour and growing stronger every day. Very pleased with results." Mr. T. A., Falmouth

Post this Coupon

To: Mr. Fredk. Godfrey, Consulting Hair Specialist (Dept. H.W.), Matlock Bath, Derbyshire

Please send me your Booklet "Your Hair." I enclose 2½d. stamp.

Name.....

Address.....

11/12.49.....

Your Church can be always warm

NO PIPES OR RADIATORS

McClary WARM AIR HEATING

NO WATER TO FREEZE

THE PERFECT HEATING SYSTEM

McClary Pipeless Heating Installations
Works: Cambridge Yard, Hanwell, London, W.7
Ealing 2956

PRAYER OF DEDICATION

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we remember with gratitude our Founders and Benefactors who built this Holy House—our ancient Parish Church. We now offer to Thee and pray Thee to bless our new scheme of Free-will Offering from the whole parish, for the maintenance of our church and for Thy work in this place. May the symbols of our Scheme, set up in our churchyard and now to be unveiled, be to us a daily reminder of Thy goodness and of our glad response. We shall rejoice before Thee, O Lord, if we offer willingly. O Lord, keep this for ever in the imagination of the thoughts of the hearts of us Thy people, and establish our hearts unto Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SUNDAY, 16TH OCTOBER, 1949,
as I remember it.

WHAT a wonderful day! One which will be outstanding in the history of St. John's Church and Parish. The day to which we had all looked forward, when the 3d. Bit Symbols would be unveiled and dedicated.

Long before 6.30 p.m., when the service was due to commence, the church was full. The Archdeacon of Dudley came for the Dedication Ceremony. The Mayor, wearing his chain of office, and Alderman Norton, the originator of the 3d. Bit Scheme, were present. The Vicar welcomed the Archdeacon and the Mayor and thanked them both for coming. Then he turned to his people massed closely before him.

It must have been a great temptation to many to take up a good position *outside*, but their Vicar had expressed the wish that they should come *in* to God's House for an "Act of Worship" and go out together as an "Act of Witness". They did as he wished and came *inside*, in their hundreds, until the church was filled, almost to overflowing. When the Vicar saw how his people had responded, he was very deeply moved and said, "Few of you can realise what this moment means to me". He hesitated for just a fraction of a second and then in a steady reverent voice commenced the service. It was a moment long to be remembered. Surely God was in that place; almost the sound as of the "mighty rushing wind" could be heard.

After a short service, the whole congregation went outside by five different doors. The Clergy and choir and some of the people left by the chancel door. So perfectly had the whole been organized, that the church was emptied in a few minutes.

Outside people were lined up on the pavements for some distance. All appeared deeply impressed, and for a time the busy world seemed hushed.

The old church looked very beautiful in the flood-light, and there, beneath its old grey walls, gathered the people of St. John's—men, women and children, to take part in a ceremony they would never forget.

The Band of the British Legion played splendidly, and all the people joined together in singing "O God, our help in ages past".

The Archdeacon said the Prayer of Dedication. His Worship the Mayor unveiled the Symbols and spoke of the remarkable revival of interest in religion since the coming of the Rev. John Mort. Alderman Norton described how the church would benefit in every way, now and in the future, through the adaptation of the 3d. Bit Scheme, and he urged all to join.

Then the Archdeacon of Dudley turned our thoughts to the spiritual significance of the whole service, and what it should mean to each one of us personally.

He referred to the fact that our Vicar had been his curate and said it was obvious he had "learned his job well". He spoke of the splendid way in which the Vicar was tackling the big task, and of the interest the Dean and Chapter took in his work and in the welfare of the parish generally.

With the singing of "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven", our "Act of Witness" came to an end. Our final Alleluia rang right round the old church through the loud speakers. After the Blessing we dispersed, encouraged and uplifted. The great day was ended, but the wonder will remain!
ANON.

ON Sunday, October 16th, there took place, as you know, a most inspiring service. The church was filled to capacity with 1,200 people, whilst outside the churchyard and roads were thronged with at least 3,000 more people who were obliged to wait until the Clergy, Choir and congregation moved outside into the open air.

It was an unforgettable sight—the Church brilliantly floodlit—the robed Choir; the Processional Cross gleaming with the reflected light—the uniformed Band of the Worcester British Legion—and all around the people of St. John's who had come to bear witness to their faith and to show their love for the Church on the Crossroads.

The singing of the hymns of praise could be heard almost a mile away; and during the prayers there was what can only be called a Holy Silence.

The unveiling of the 3d. Bit Symbols was incidental to the whole service which was one of praise to God and symbolic of the faith of the Man in the Street.

The presence of His Worship the Mayor of Worcester, and of the Venerable the Archdeacon of Dudley, brought together the Civic and Ecclesiastical authorities. In these days, when gross materialism seems to dominate the whole world, it is heartening to find that the minds of many more ordinary men and women than we sometimes realise do turn from the transitoriness of material gain to the sphere of eternal things—Honesty, Goodness, Truth, Love, GOD.

For we in St. John's are convinced that, as His Worship the Mayor stated in his address, only in so far as mankind returns to Christ and His Church can there ever be any real material security. "Put not your trust in Princes"—in material things, in secular organizations and authorities, said the Master, "Trust in Me."

Our open air service and Act of Witness has shown that people are indeed coming to see that HIS WAY is indeed a WAY THROUGH, and that all other ways are DEAD ENDS.

We thank God for it and pray that it may continue, increase and abound.

"INSPIRED"

WELL DONE!

ON Saturday, October 22nd, the Vicarage door was opened to reveal two schoolgirls who handed over 31 3d. Bit promise cards. They had, of their own volition, proceeded to do their bit towards our drive to put our Church on a sound financial basis.

They are Pat Algie and Ann Munn. Such a splendid effort deserved a pat on the back. But Pat was not satisfied, for on Monday she appeared once again at the Vicarage and this time she handed in 44 promise cards—making a total of 75. This is surely the best effort yet of any individual.

Well done, Pat and Ann—we are grateful to you—and proud of you.
JOHN MORT.

MISSIONS

THE enthusiasm with which the work of the Church in this Parish is being carried through by our people is a source of great joy. But we must not become too Parochial in our outlook, for our help is greatly needed by the workers in the vast Mission field of Christendom.

Consolidation must not mean that advance is not possible. Our Lord's command to His followers—to us—is that we must preach the Gospel to every creature. Thus it is that Missions must be regarded as being of the utmost importance. We in St. John's have never yet failed to take our proper share of this work—nor will we ever shirk our Christian responsibility and duty.

St. John's is to be responsible for a Stall at the S.P.G. Sale which will be held on November 23rd, from 11.30 a.m. to 4 p.m., at the Co-operative Hall. Gifts for this Stall will be gratefully accepted.

It is hoped that a large number of our parishioners will attend and support this venture.

WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

I THANK you all very much for the splendid effort that you have put into the Fayre, without your time and energy we could not cope with the colossal task of providing refreshments for such numbers, and I do thank you for your help and co-operation. I thank also Mr. Withers for providing the wherewithal for hot water and for cooking arrangements.

We have one or two Speakers coming during the month of November, it's good for us to hear what other people are doing, and the aspects of their work.

Our next Corporate Communion will be on Thursday, November 3rd, at 10.30 a.m., when we shall be pleased to see all those who are Confirmed Members, and any who have not yet reached that stage will be welcome to join in worship with us. E.A.C.

MOTHERS' UNION

THE Speaker for our next meeting on November 7th, will be the Rev. F. T. Bott, Vicar of St. Paul's. We shall meet in the *Parish Room* at 3 p.m. I should like to see a full attendance, please, for I can assure you Mr. Bott has a good message for us. If you heard him in Church recently you will not dispute this fact.

Corporate Communion will be on Sunday, November 13th, at 8 a.m. Please do your best to be at that Service. E.A.C.

ST. JOHN'S GIRLS' CLUB

THIS new venture has proved very successful so far. We have some twenty members, and we have now managed to procure the services of a Teacher for Country Dancing and Scandinavian Folk Dancing, and our aim now is to get into National Costume so that we may give a Display at some future date.

We meet in the Parish Room on Friday evenings, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., and any girl who is in any way connected with St. John's and over the age of 13 years will be very welcome to join us. E.A.C.

THE BLACKPOOL OUTING

by the Editor.

ON the morning of October 8th, the Churchwardens and myself made our way to Henwick. As a passer-by was heard to observe, "This is more like Paddington this morning!" It was a great sight—hundreds of our parishioners moving in a steady stream to take their places on the platform. Young and old were all there. It was grand to see those happy, smiling faces. At 10.15 a.m. precisely, the special train arrived and in a very short time all were seated in the most comfortable up-to-date coaches. I must say that I felt very happy and proud because of the joy that radiated in that huge gathering. I also felt happy when I reflected upon the many so willing helpers—the appointed stewards and others, the Blackpool Committee who had worked so hard to organise the trip in every detail. Thank you very much, and I trust that I may be allowed to give a special word of praise and thanks to Mr. Roberts (Nelson Road) who is at Railway Headquarters, and Mr. Peter Owen who in the most cool and collected manner handled the intricate financial arrangements. It was a perfect example of team work which was carried through in the true team spirit.

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER TRIP NEXT YEAR—
DESTINATION AS YET UNKNOWN!

From Mr Peter Owen

AFTER many weeks of preparing and waiting, the great day arrived. We all made our way to Henwick to await the arrival of 'Our Train'. It was a grand sight to see so many of our parishioners and friends together. There was quite a number of people to see us off, including Mr. and Mrs. Smith, unfortunately neither of these could come owing to other business detaining them. The train came in and everyone got on board and we moved off promptly at 10.20 a.m. The stewards now proceeded to see that everyone had a seat, this done we all made our way to the rear of the coach for a committee meeting, also to get the forms off Mr. A. Smith for the competition which Miss Coley had organised in aid of the Cassocks and Surplices Fund. Incidentally, Mr. Edwards jnr. of 24 Great House Road was the winner, closely followed by Mr. Carver and Sister Caunt.

Tea was distributed round the train at Crewe, which I think everyone appreciated. We eventually arrived at Blackpool: by now everyone was in good spirits. The weather was very kind to us during our stay in Blackpool, but all good things must come to an end; so came 10 o'clock, and everyone made their way back to the station, and we pulled out at 3 minutes past 10. Unfortunately when we checked up there were two of our younger passengers missing, but they came back on a later train.

Again we had tea at Crewe, also snack boxes. We eventually arrived back at Worcester at approx. 3 a.m. By now the weather had broken, but nobody seemed to mind very much as everyone had had a wonderful time. Before I close I should like to thank everyone who helped to make the trip a success. There are far too many to mention them all by name. But thank you all the same. P. OWEN, *Hon. Treas.*

From Mr. Hedley Coombs

HAVING had some little experience in social work, and all that it entails, I feel compelled to write a few words of appreciation for everyone to read, and I conjecture even the dissatisfied will consolidate my remarks after reading same. There can be no dispute, but that each one of the Blackpool committee worked like niggers (grammatically, and in reality later on the return journey!), sacrificing their own pleasure for the welfare of the entire company. Travelling in the same compartment as Mr. Peter Owen, I would like to pay a real warm tribute, and show to those who perhaps did not realise his untiring endeavours (yes, and always with a smile) to make everyone happy. To put it point blank, I never saw Peter sit longer than half-an-hour throughout the journey before he was up trotting the length of the train on some duty committed to him. *Thank you, Peter, it was appreciated.*

Before closing, may I say how grand it was to see the young members of the Youth Club rally round the committee in lending a hand where and when they could. A passing remark made to me by a non-member of St. John's Church on leaving the train was: "Gee! but that was a well organised trip, Hedley."

HEDLEY COOMBS

BLACKPOOL EXCURSION "BIRD" COMPETITION

THE prize for this competition was won by Mr. H. G. Edwards, 24 Great House Road, who sent in 26 correct answers. Congratulations, Mr. Edwards!

I wish to pay a very special tribute to Mr. Archie Smith who undertook entire responsibility for the competition.

On the outward journey to Blackpool, Mr. Smith and the Stewards, under his direction, sold 288 entry forms! How very hard they must have worked, selling forms, giving change (including jokes) and no doubt obliging with pencils too. The work did not end there, for on the return journey the same band of willing—and by now very tired—Stewards collected forms from the competitors.

For all this kindly help I wish to express my very sincere thanks to Mr. A. Smith, Mrs. V. Smith, Mr. P. Owen, Mrs. Owen, Mr. Wells, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Birbeck, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Stockley, Mrs. Jackson, Sister Caunt, Mr. Gammon. Also to the 288 contributors.

Mr. Smith—who was in the Church Choir as usual at 11 a.m. on Sunday morning—was able at 2.30 p.m. to return to me the completed entry forms, the unsold forms and the proceeds of the sale, all balanced up in correct order.

Good work, Mr. Smith! Well done!

This enabled me to arrange for the judging to take place on the following Monday evening by Sister Caunt, Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Neal.

To everyone my grateful thanks, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Laffin, who again very kindly typed the entry forms.

The good work put in by Mr. A. Smith and the above mentioned, and Sister Caunt who suggested the competition, resulted in a contribution to the Choir Vestment Fund of £5 13s.

Answers to Competition

1, Woodpecker; 2, Goose; 3, Wizard; 4, Jun; 5, Duck; 6, Treecreeper; 7, Blackcap; 8, Cuckoo; 9, Curlew; 10, Gull; 11, Wagtail; 12, Plover; 13, Heron; 14, Redshank; 15, Goldfinch; 16, Stonechat; 17, Partridge; 18, Thrush; 19, Starling; 20, Robin; 21, Swallow; 22, Eagle; 23, Chaffinch; 24, Whitethroat; 25, Vulture; 26, Coot; 27, Owl; 28, Rook; 29, Sparrow; 30, Nightingale; 31, Dove; 32, Yellowhammer; 33, Bullfinch; 34, Martin; 35, Swift; 36, Nightjar; 37, Crane.

S. COLEY.

EDIT:

I wish to thank Miss Coley very much for setting out this very interesting competition which was happily contested on the Blackpool trip. The two competitions which Miss Coley has arranged have raised well over thirty pounds for our Cassock and Surplice fund. It has been a very great help to us. The winner of the former competition—Miss Beck of Malvern Road—received her nice prize at a recent social parochial function. A friend of Miss Coley made the presentation and everyone was delighted at the illuminating and humorous speech on that occasion. Mr. Edwards, the Blackpool winner, wished that his prize be handed back for further contest. Thank you! Mr. Edwards.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

A MEETING will be held on Wednesday, November 9th, in the Boys' School at 7.30 p.m.

During the last three years our Parents' Association has met on Thursdays. Circumstances have arisen which make this impossible. I am therefore arranging an emergency meeting on the above date in order to decide our future programme.

I hope that all who can possibly attend will do so.

F. N. PLATTS, *Headmaster.*

CHORAL SOCIETY

THE first Annual Meeting of the Choral Society was held in the Boys' School on Friday evening, the 21st October, 1949, at 7 o'clock. The Vicar presided, and made a review of the activities to date since the inaugural meeting on the 7th January this year. The only performances given by the Choral Society so far were in Church during Evensong on Sunday, 8th May, and when the Members

took the place of the Choirboys (who were away on holiday) on Sunday, 14th August. But now we must go forward with this idea always before us, of working to and the giving of public performances.

The Vicar stated how very fortunate we have been in having Mr. Frank Green as Musical Director, and how very grateful we are to him for sparing his valuable time to us since the beginning of January; unfortunately, however, he will be leaving Worcester in December on his appointment to New College, Oxford. This news was received with great regret, although every good wish was extended to Mr. Green in his new appointment. After discussion it was resolved unanimously that we must not let this blow hold us up in any way, and, acting on the advice of Mr. Green, it was decided to approach Mr. Llechid Williams and ask him whether he will take over the Musical Directorship of the Choral Society.

It was also noted that our Accompanist, Kemeth Laffin, will be leaving in November on his call-up for National Service. In thanking him for all he has done, he was invited to come and see us whenever he has an opportunity. The question of appointing his successor was remitted to the Executive Committee.

After the audited accounts had been presented in detail by the Treasurer (Mr. F. W. Davies) and formally adopted, the Meeting made the following appointments for the ensuing year: *Chairman*, The Vicar; *Treasurer*, Mr. F. W. Davies; *Secretary*, Miss E. W. Bonnett; *Executive Committee*, Mr. J. W. Brickwell, Mr. P. Owen, Mrs. Laffin, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Owen, Miss Noake.

ST. JOHN'S YOUTH CLUB

SINCE the last report the membership of the Youth Centre has steadily increased and we hope that many more young people in the Parish will join us. We are a bit handicapped at the moment for sports equipment but we are hoping to get some financial aid in order to buy this. The handicraft class, under the leadership of Miss Vera Stokes, has started and we hope that the members will benefit from this. Some of the girls are very ambitious having started making and altering hats. Some of those with lesser ambitions are making soft toys, doing embroidery and knitting. It is hoped that some of these articles will be displayed at the Worcester Festival of Youth in February, 1950. Every third Thursday in the month we are hoping to have instruction in "Old Tyme Dancing". We have now been able to obtain a catering licence for the Club and we shall be able to supply the members with cups of tea during the winter.

YOUTH CLUB FOOTBALL

ST. JOHN'S WASHED OUT

ON Saturday, October 22nd, the Youth Club Football Team and a number of supporters visited Pershore to play the first match of the season.

The game started in slight rain which later developed into a deluge. After the first 30 minutes it simply poured and the players on both sides fled from the field to seek shelter under the trees.

Further play was impossible, and the match was abandoned with a score of 1 goal in favour of Pershore.

ST. JOHN'S SCOUT TROOP

THIS month brings to our troop a gift of new colours for Scouts and Cubs, by Mrs. G. Walford in memory of her brother, Frank Tolly, of the 1st Bewdley Boy Scouts, who was killed in action in 1915; a very welcome gift and appreciated by all.

On Sunday, October 2nd, Scouts and Cubs, parents, Scouters from Worcester and Bewdley, had tea at our Head Quarters, kindly provided by Mrs. Walford and Mrs. Rowe, our Cub Master.

Capt. M. Spreckley invested 2 boys into our Troop. This ceremony was carried out amid the parents and friends.

We then proceeded to Evensong at our Church where we presented our colours to Bishop Lasbrey who had made a special visit for the dedication service.

Our Scouts are now settling down to a real hard working winter programme, and their keenness to achieve the best results from Scouting is very encouraging. This is made possible by the hard work which is put in by Scout Master John Porter, and supporting him is Assistant Scout Master Bill Scievens. I am very grateful for their interest.

Our Group Committee are making every effort to raise more funds for the re-building of our Head Quarters by running a series of whist drives on the last Wednesday in every month.
J. W. ROWE, *Group Scoutmaster.*

CRICKET

CONVIVIAL company, excellent cuisine, appropriate toasts and responses, presentation of trophies, entertainment of the highest standards. Combine all these attributes, and the result must be the epitome of a successful and enjoyable evening.

The Cricket Dinner at the Deansway Restaurant on the 15th October, fully embraced all the above. The Vicar presided, ably supported by Mr. Carver and Vice-Presidents.

It was fitting that Mr. Arthur Baker, who personally provided the four Silver Cups, should have been accompanied by Mrs. Baker, who graciously presented these trophies. Alderman Norton was an honoured guest.

Without giving details of individual speeches here, it can be said that it is beyond all doubt that very great interest, almost affection, for the Cricket section is manifest.

Three cups were awarded for the best individual performances, as follows: *Batting*, Mr. Cyril Wood; *Bowling*, Mr. Fred Toombs and Mr. Stanley Watkins. These were handed to the recipients to be permanently retained by them. In addition, the large "Baker Cup" was presented to, and is to be held jointly for 12 months, by both Mr. Wood and Mr. Toombs.

Congratulations to all three winners.

With regard to entertainment, special reference must be made to the accomplished vocal performance of Mr. Pearce, very competently accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Pearce. Two solos were presented, both of which were of the highest standard and in keeping with the very fine tenor voice of Mr. Pearce.

As a complete contrast, much amusement, and not a little amazement, was established by Mr. Peters with his sleight of hand with ordinary playing cards, but the pièce de résistance was the memory test. This cannot be adequately described even if the word phenomenal is used.

To these artists we are indeed indebted, as their outstanding services were freely given. Mention must also be made and many thanks given to the anonymous good friends who defrayed the whole cost of hiring the accommodation wherein all the above pleasures were enjoyed. Truly, a gesture such as this is worthy in the extreme.

Finally, a "big hand" should be given to Miss Marjorie Parker, who so very efficiently organized and made all the arrangements for our pleasure. We were all very, very sorry that illness prevented her being among us.

G.H.E.

IN MEMORIAM NOTICES

I SHOULD be grateful if all notices would, in future, be addressed to Sister Caunt at 44, St. John's.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"

- Oct. 2.—Sandra Elizabeth Elkins, 8 Boughton Street.
- " 2.—Margaret Sandra McTavish, 33 Bloomfield Rd.
- " 2.—Jennifer Marilyn Lnetchford, 59 Comer Road.
- " 9.—John David Giles, 16 Bromyard Terrace.
- " 16.—Jennifer Margaret Hirschfield, 14 Fairbairn Av.
- " 16.—Stephen John Powell, 201 Bromyard Road.
- " 16.—Anthony David Powell, 201 Bromyard Road.
- " 16.—Trevor Charles Widdows, 6 Nursery Walk.
- " 16.—John Venn, 231 Henwick Road.

HOLY MATRIMONY

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

- Sept. 28.—George Allan Hawkins and Gwendoline Hilda Herbert.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

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

- Oct. 5.—Ellen Jane Hambling, 92 years, 40 High Street, Sutton Coldfield.
- " 11.—Charles Henry Phillips, 45 years, 43 Blakefield Road.
- " 22.—Harvey James Harrison, 67 years, 11 Happy Land West.

IN MEMORIAM

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

- Nov. 1, 1933.—In loving memory of Elizabeth May Asson (née Fennell).
- " 1, 1940.—Ellen Ellicott.
- " 9, 1934.—In loving memory of John Ashcroft, 85 years.
- " 16, 1939.—Fanny Pulley.
- " 17, 1936.—Alfred Charles Parsons. In fond remembrance.
- " 20, 1933.—Walter R. Cairns.
- " 21, 1943.—Annie Bosworth.
- " 23, 1934.—Joseph Heath, 75 years.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS

Oct. 2	£12 18 6
Oct. 9	29 0 11
Oct. 16	21 12 9
Oct. 19	6 6 4

ST. JOHN'S FREE-WILL OFFERING SCHEME

The contributions for the month ending October 9th amount to £1 9s. 2d. as follows:—

No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.
3	2	0	16	1	0	32	2	0	43	2	0
4	5	0	19	4	0	37	1	0	51	2	0
5	4	0	21		8	40	1	0	59	2	0
8	2	6									

MRS. O. H. LAFLIN, *Hon. Sec.*,
8 Homefield Road.