



St. John-in-Bedwardine  
Worcester

*News Letter*

SEPTEMBER 1950

Price 3d.



# ST. JOHN-IN-BEDWARDINE, WORCESTER

*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 by 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 Guide 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, E. C. Parsons, Fairway, Swinton Lane.

**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. Llechid Williams. 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, Mr. G. Stezake, 278 Ombersley Road. Secretary, Mr. Ronald Biddle, 5 Hopton Street. 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., Tuesday, in the Parish Room. Captain, Mrs. Amis, 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 North.

**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. Laflin, 8 Homefield Road.

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

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

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

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

**SCHOOLS.**—Boys' School: Headmaster, Mr. O. H. Laflin. Girls' School: Headmistress: Miss Minett. Infants' School: Headmistress, Miss Jones.

**ST. JOHN'S PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.**—Meetings each month on Wednesdays, by arrangement in St. John's School. Chairman, Mr. O. H. Laflin.

**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. S. Trenfield.

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



# THE VICARAGE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I am writing this letter to you on the afternoon of Saturday, August 19th. Several themes have been running through my mind, and just as I was trying to lay the foundation of the message, the sound of our fine bells has swept through the passages of the Vicarage. The sound of bells affects people in different ways. Some feel sad as they recall some poignant incident. Others are brim full of joyous recollection. I always feel inspired. And as the bells are now ringing in my ears, those words of the Psalmist come home to me—"Their sound is gone out into all lands" (Psalm 19, verse 4). The author of the particular Psalm has been speaking of the wonderful order and movement of the heavenly bodies, as witnessing to the glory of the wisdom of their Creator. And as I was looking up at the tower of the Church a few moments ago and tried to appreciate the message which the bells are intended to convey, I formed a picture of the Psalmist as he gazed through the clearness of an Eastern night upon the vast canopy above—that gleams with stars. He saw the revelation of God. "The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world".

And the Psalmist turns to the yet deeper revelation of God in the moral law that converts the soul and makes wise the simple, the law that is written in the heart of men and an abiding witness to the existence of the Godness of God. He might have gone further if he had lived in Christian times and pointed out how the things of earth bear their witness too, and how some of the commonest materials can be adapted to spiritual uses and be devoted to spiritual purposes. I shall try to give you a few simple illustrations.

The *bread* which strengthens man's life and the *wine* which makes glad his heart—two of the simplest of the fruits of the earth—these bear witness to the thoughtful care of our heavenly Father. And they are allowed to bear a yet deeper testimony. Consecrated on God's altar, they are used to make high memorial of the Saviour's death, and they become for us verily and indeed the Body and Blood of Christ. So too the *water*, flowing from the pure fresh spring, bear witness to God's Providence. And it is consecrated to a nobler use, when in the sacrament of Baptism it becomes the sign of the purifying and refreshing grace of God the Holy Spirit. Again, the *shapeless rocks* bear witness to God who is our strength and our salvation: they speak to us of the enduring life of the Eternal God—the Rock of Ages. And we use these rocks to form the fabric of our Churches. They are fashioned and shaped in such a way that beneath their shadow may be offered the spiritual worship of the souls whom God has made. Nor is it less wonderful that the materials which lie hidden beneath the earth should be dug out and transformed for the service of God. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." Happy indeed is the use of these metals when they are deftly and cunningly wrought to receive the offerings of the faithful or to form the sacred vessels which enshrine the mysterious presence of our Lord! And I need not remind some of you of the use to which the baser metals—copper and tin—are put. Who would have thought that in that shapeless ore there were such wonderful possibilities: that hidden deep within the earth, imprisoned for ages, lay the fascinating music of our Church bells. What tones of deep solemnity, what notes of joy and

triumph, what harmony of musical speech, slept within those metals, those common metals, till the hour of awakening should fulfil in them the purposes of God!

A few years ago, I remember a lecture being given to the Dudley Association of Ringers, and though I cannot recall all the details the following story was told. There was a time when bells were cast within the precincts of Religious Houses, the monks and clergy standing round the furnace, reciting prayers and singing Psalm 150. When the bell was ready for use, it was consecrated by ceremonies not unlike those of Holy Baptism. It had Godparents, it was washed by the Bishop in holy water and signed with the sign of the Cross. 'A superstitious ceremony,' the plain man of today would say; perhaps it was. But I do not think that Mr. Lewis our Master Ringer or any keen bell-ringer would readily assent to that. For to us who love them there is something sacred about the bells—a spirit seems to dwell within them, as lifted high within the tower—themselves unseen—their sound goes out to all lands—a spirit, now floating on the breeze in the gladness of joyous melody, now relapsing into silence, now booming out the announcement of some death, now calling us as from heaven to the worship of our unseen Lord. It is this more than earthly spirit which seems to lie within the bells that has given to them the warm place which they hold in the hearts of men.

I shall conclude by trying to draw the message of the bells. What is this message for us? First of all—they remind us of the infinite possibilities which lie hid in the souls of men. As the metal once unsightly and useless is capable of being wrought to noble uses, so the hidden music can be awakened in souls now dead, that they may glorify God with hearts set in motion and tuned from above. When we think of the rough ore, long concealed in the earth and mixed up with baser materials, we are reminded of the rough ore of humanity, apparently valueless, but transformed by the preaching of the Gospel, moulded into a worthy shape and placed within the Church of God. For the same purpose, that is for His own glory, God makes the baser things of nature to become vessels of honour and changes the lowest of sinners and the most barbarous of heathens into instruments of God.

I welcome this opportunity to thank Mr. Lewis our Master Ringer and his colleagues for the good news which they radiate Sunday by Sunday. Your work is appreciated and there is no doubt that you yourselves realise the sacredness of your calling. You have attained to the dignity of Church-workers. And we are all reminded, as the bells which you ring are set aloft in God's Church to bear witness to God's glory, that we must bear the same witness in our lives. Like the bells of old, we have been baptized and dedicated to God's service. What sort of a note is our life giving out? Is it a true one, or is it faulty and jarring? Is there some rent in our character which is marring the music? If so, let us remember that there is such a thing as re-casting a bell. The same Lord who can take the base things of the material world and cause them to be shaped into nobler instruments of His Service, is far more anxious to transform the souls of men, to fashion us anew, to mould us into all that He wishes us to be, that we may be vessels of honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

Yours sincerely,  
John Hunt.

## THE HIGH ALTAR: FLOWER ROTA

- Sept. 3.—Mrs. Roberts, The Homestead, Malvern Road.  
„ 10.—Mrs. Bowkett and Mrs. J. Skellan, 102 Bransford Road.  
„ 17.—Dr. Margaret Norton, 163 Malvern Road.  
„ 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, 69 Nelson Road.

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

## ALTAR CLOTH

I WISH to acknowledge gratefully the gift of a beautiful Altar Cloth for the High Altar which has been made and given by Miss Barnard of Bransford Road. There is an immense amount of skilled and delicate work in this cloth, and only the good old-fashioned method of hand-sewing could possibly have produced such an exquisite design, with perfect proportions and without trace of error. I know that the cloth occupied the attention of Miss Barnard over a period of many months, and on behalf of us all I give thanks for this act of concentration and generosity.

## HARVEST FESTIVAL SERVICES

Thursday, September 28th

7.30 p.m., EVENSONG.

Preacher: The Reverend C. H. Carver.

Sunday, October 1st

8 a.m., HOLY COMMUNION.

10 a.m., HOLY COMMUNION.

11 a.m., MATINS. Preacher: The Reverend P. J. Martin, Vicar of St. George's, Kidderminster.

3 p.m., CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

6.30 p.m., EVENSONG. Preacher: The Reverend W. O. Cosgrove, Chaplain of Malvern College.

## IMPORTANT DATES IN SEPTEMBER

2. St. John's Girls' Club Holiday Camp opens.
3. 13TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.  
11 a.m., Parade of Sea Cadets. Monthly Parade of Scouts and Guides.
9. Girls' Holiday Camp ends.
10. 14TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
11. M.U. Enrolment Service in Church, 3 p.m.
13. Social Committee, 8 p.m., Boys' School.
17. 15TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
21. *Saint Matthew the Apostle.*  
7.30 p.m., Parochial Whist Drive.
24. 16TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
27. Scouts' Whist Drive, 7.30 p.m., Boys' School.
28. Harvest Festival Service in Church, 7.30 p.m.
29. *Saint Michael and All Angels.*

N.B.—No doubt there will be other important dates in addition to the above-mentioned, but I have not yet received full reports from the different organisations. It will be possible to supply a fuller picture of activities when the organisations are in full swing by the end of September.

## THE PARISH HALL

THOSE of you who are members of the Parochial Church Council will re-call that a Parish Hall Committee was set up at a recent meeting of the Council. The terms of reference were as follows: 1. To investigate the present

condition of the Hall and to recommend decoration and improvements; 2, and thereafter, to supervise the upkeep of the Hall.

The committee lost no time in setting to work. The need for decoration and certain improvements was obvious and essential. On behalf of the Committee, I invited Mr. Hedley Coombs to take charge and supervise our plans. We were then ready to get ahead in a practical manner. It gives me much pleasure to thank Mr. Coombs for consenting to come forward in this way. Those of us who have been actively engaged on the work now in progress are fully agreed that we should have been in great difficulties but for the professional advice of Mr. Coombs. When I appealed for volunteers, lots of willing helpers came forward at once and immediately displayed their eagerness to take off their coats and get on with the work. These volunteers have an object in view—to make the best possible job of the Hall for the benefit of the Parish. It is a great joy to me to see the sacrifice and zeal of Mr. Coombs and his large staff of helpers.

At the time of going to press, we cannot give you a date when the Hall will be re-opened, though I can assure you we are acting as quickly as possible. I should like to add one last word. It will surely behove all of us to maintain and preserve this Hall in the best possible way. I appeal to all organisations who will use it to observe reasonable care to prevent damage. I know you will understand my reasons for making this request. J.M.

P.S.—I hope that I may be forgiven for not mentioning any of the volunteers by name, with the exception of Mr. Coombs—but they are such a large number.

## PARISH HALL CLOCK

We wish to acknowledge with many thanks the gift of an electric clock for the Parish Hall. The donor wishes to remain anonymous, but we should like her to know how much we appreciate this act of kindness.

## BIG 3d. BIT SCHEME

THE second count of the 3d. Bit Boxes is now almost completed, and a statement will be published in the next issue of the Parish Magazine.

## THE BOYS' CAMP

RON BIDDLE has just sent me the very interesting report which is printed below. This report covers a very wide field and so I need not elaborate on the details. I am so glad that I was able to spend one day at the Camp in company with Mr. R. Smith, Churchwarden. The Camp was situated on the hill-side overlooking the beautiful Oxwich Bay—an admirable site. Looking across some 20 miles of water, one is able to pick out the clear outline of the N. Devon coast. But Mr. Smith and I were not only impressed by the suitability of the site. Our most satisfying impression was the happy atmosphere of the Camp. The boys were clearly enjoying themselves—which was all that concerned us. The success of the Camp was due to the great work of certain Parents and friends who were able to accompany the boys. All the cooking was done by four ladies who worked each day from 6 a.m. until an hour long after the boys had gone to bed. What a marvellous example of unselfishness and helpfulness! I say a very big 'thank you' to you—the mothers, fathers and guardians who were there. I am sure that all who were there would like me to mention Mr. Carver, who has worked so hard for this Camp and carried through a difficult job magnificently. Thank you ALL who had a share in this holiday. J.M.



## CAMP REPORT

THE final preparations for the Boys' Camp on the Isle of Wight had been completed, everyone concerned was familiar with the details and with the travelling arrangements. On Saturday, August 12th, an advance party was due to leave Worcester in order to prepare for the arrival of the main body on Tuesday, August 15th. Then suddenly and almost without warning the epidemic of Infantile Paralysis gave rise to fear in the minds of those responsible for the organisation of the Camp and in the minds of the parents of those who were to go.

There can be no doubt about it, the Island was a danger spot, and after consulting with the Medical Officer of Worcester and the Medical Officer of the Isle of Wight it was decided to abandon the idea of going to St. Helen's in 1950.

The Vicar and Mr. Carver were deeply aware of the disappointment which the boys would feel after looking forward to their holiday for so long, and they immediately set troubled minds at rest by announcing that "The children shall not be disappointed—there will be a Camp."

A meeting of Parents was called without delay and it was explained that negotiations had already taken place with a view to obtaining a suitable site on the Gower Peninsula in Glamorgan.

Several places were mentioned but Mr. Carver announced his intention of travelling to South Wales in order to see for himself and make the emergency arrangements on the spot.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Carver returned and informed the parents that he had taken the Parish Hall at Penmaen overlooking Oxwich Bay, about nine miles from Swansea.

Four ladies, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Ricketts, Miss Watts and Mrs. Biddle, volunteered to join the Camp in order to take over the cooking arrangements.

The next 24 hours were devoted to preparation for the new Camp. The Railway authorities were most kind and co-operative, local tradespeople came to the rescue, all the parents and those responsible for the All Saints, Stourbridge and Bridgenorth contingents were kept informed of the later developments.

A van was hired, and at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 14th August, the advance party which included two of the ladies, left St. John's for the Gower Coast. Mixed up with the passengers was a large amount of luggage and Camp utensils and a supply of foodstuffs.

The rain beat down in torrents when the van arrived at Penmaen late in the afternoon, but not a single person was damped in spirit as we unloaded the cargo. A meal was quickly prepared and eaten, and soon we were under way preparing the Hall for the arrival of the Main Party next day.

The Chief Constable of Swansea, in response to an appeal from the Pulpit by the Rev. Harry Williams, Vicar of Sketty, came forward with the offer of mattresses and sanitary equipment. These arrived next morning and by the time the main party arrived at 5 p.m. the Hall had been cleaned, disinfected, and completely prepared for their reception.

Farmer Sidney Davies had generously offered his field adjoining the Hall for the boys to play in, and they lost no time in clambering over, through, and under the fence.

Bedding down on the first night was quite a problem as space was limited, but this was soon overcome as were all our other problems.

From now on the Camp was very orderly and disciplined. Officers were appointed to be responsible for certain duties. The meals were of the highest quality and were very well prepared.

One can only imagine the tremendous amount of work which was done by the ladies who gave the whole of their time to feeding about 65 persons.

On Saturday a trip was arranged to Fairwood Airfield where an Air Pageant took place, the main feature being the International Air Race for the Hyndley Cup.

The whole day was spent at Fairwood—viewing 'planes on the ground. Some flew over Swansea Bay, some spent a lot of time in the refreshment tent eating ice cream and plums and pears and apples and rock and potato crisps and sweets and anything else which was edible—as Mr. Carver learned in the early hours of Sunday morning!

There were a number of cases of sickness at this stage and the local doctor was summoned—he diagnosed over-eating and sunstroke—nothing to be alarmed about.

On Sunday—a very wet day—we all attended at Penmaen Parish Church which had been placed at our disposal by the Rector. The Rev. C. H. Carver conducted the service and the sermon was preached by Canon Salter of Durham. This service was attended by a large number of local people who expressed pleasure at seeing the Church so full. Many of the local people came to tea in the afternoon.

In the evening we all attended at St. Paul's Church, Sketty. All the Clergy in Camp were robed. The lessons were read by Rev. C. H. Carver and Canon Salter and the Sermon was preached by Bishop Lasbrey. This was a most inspiring service, the large Church was full to capacity and the singing was excellent.

On Monday the weather was very good and an enjoyable day was spent on the beach. The most popular beach game was Puddocks. Teams were formed from the various parishes for a competition which was won by St. John's 1st team under Fred James.

Keen competition was also shown in the kit inspection. Here again St. John's came out on top with Mr. Cole and his party leading by several points.

In the evenings Camp Concerts were held—many of the boys displaying hidden talent. The nightly sing-song was very popular. Canon Salter entertained us with his conjuring and ventriloquism. The subtle wit of the Bishop as he read out the "Camp News", of which he was editor, delighted everyone.

On Wednesday evening a film show was arranged, and although the sound system failed to function everyone was satisfied and happy with a "silent talkie".

On Wednesday it was arranged for the boys to go to Swansea and Mumbles to purchase gifts for those who were left at home.

On Thursday—a free day—some of us went to Swansea—some to the beach.

In the evening a Camp Concert was held and was attended by representatives of the village. Prizes were distributed by Miss Palmer who thanked the boys for their courtesy and for their respect for the property of the villagers. Her father, who appeared to thoroughly enjoy the invasion, hoped that we would all go back again next year.

Three cheers were given for the villagers and for all those who had been so kind to us during our stay. Three more for the ladies who had worked so hard, and three more for the officers.

The Camp was up and about early next morning and after an early breakfast and a hurried scramble to find this or that object which had got lost the boys left Penmaen for Swansea Railway Station at about 10.30 a.m.

The advance party stayed behind to complete the evacuation and to clean up the premises. The van arrived at 12.30 and was promptly loaded up, and after the driver had rested for a while we too set off for Worcester.



It would be impossible to speak too highly of the kindness shown to us by the people of Sketty and Penmaen.

Mr. Trevor Mort did all in his power to make the Camp possible and to ensure its smooth running. Miss Mort was always on hand to help in every way. The Rev. Harry Williams, Vicar of Sketty, was a tower of strength to us. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and their family came to see us often—and many of us enjoyed the hospitality of their beautiful home. Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe and their delightful children made us feel happy to know them and opened the doors of their Villa to the boys. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Davies of the Farm gave us the use of their land. Mrs. Harris of the Post Office who told the boys old stories of smugglers and pirates around the Gower coast, and who gave away more ice cream than she sold to them.

And there are many others, all of whom opened their hearts to us and made us feel at home. We are deeply grateful to them all and we count it a privilege to have come to know them. Our Lord had something to say about such things—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my children—ye have done it unto me."

RON BIDDLE

THIS report will convey to you some idea of the tremendous amount of work involved in what we now know as our Emergency Camp. I wish, therefore, to express my appreciation of the wonderful work done by those ladies and gentlemen who came forward to offer their services in order that the lads should not be deprived of their holiday. Without them the Camp could not have taken place, and their utter selflessness and good humour did more than I can ever express to make the holiday a successful and happy one.

I wish, too, to thank the young men who formed the advance party who worked so hard to prepare the way and later to restore the hall to its former state.

Lastly—I wish to thank our boys for their part in helping whenever possible, and for their splendid conduct and good manners which drew comments from many of the local people.

I am so very proud of you all.

C.H.C.

### WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

WE shall re-commence our Meeting on Tuesday, September 12th. I hope to see the usual number present. The Speaker will be Rev. Bott of St. Paul's, Worcester.

The next Corporate Communion will be on Thursday, September 7th, at 10.30 a.m.

E.A.C.

### MOTHERS' UNION

A REMINDER to all members, the September Meeting will be on Monday, September 11th, at 3 p.m., in Church. Please do your best to be present to give a welcome to the new Members, who will be enrolled at that Service.

The next Corporate Communion will be on Sunday, September 10th, at 8 a.m.

E.A.C.

### JUMBLE SALE

ANY gifts for the forthcoming Jumble Sale on Saturday, September 23rd, will be welcomed. If they need collecting please give name and address to Sister or to Miss Gwynne. The proceeds of sale are to help the funds of the King's Messengers.

### ST. JOHN'S CHORAL SOCIETY

I AM glad to be able to tell you that a solid foundation has been laid and the work of the Society will go ahead by leaps and bounds. There is no limit to the possibilities

which lie ahead of us. I say to all friends in the Society—let us determine to seize these glorious opportunities. Of necessity, the initial progress came only through arduous rehearsals. The enthusiasm and dogged persistence of members is most heartening. Now is the time to take full advantage of your spare work. From now onwards we shall reap the harvest of your constant endeavours. I am thankful for this opportunity to stress two essential points. First of all, I am grateful for all you have done in the Society. Secondly, the work of this Society has a great future. Rehearsals for Hiawatha's Wedding Feast re-starts on August 25th, and these rehearsals will now assume their normal course each Friday at 7.30 p.m. in the Boy's School. The performance at Christopher Whitehead School Hall on November 11th is drawing nearer. We look forward enormously to the occasion. J.M.

### KINDERGARTEN SUNDAY SCHOOL

ON Sunday, July 23rd, the teachers of the Kindergarten Sunday School presented Miss S. Willshaw with a fountain pen in appreciation of her work with the Kindergarten for over twenty-six years. Except for illness or away on holiday one could always depend on Miss Willshaw giving up her Sunday afternoons and helping with the children. She will be greatly missed by us all. We all join in wishing her health and happiness on her retirement. Miss Willshaw will be remembered by many hundreds of young people who have attended the Sunday Schools.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank all the young teachers who come along Sunday by Sunday to help the children to the joy of knowing God the Father as their Father who loves and cares for each one of them.

RENE COOMBS, *Superintendent.*

### ST. JOHN'S BOY SCOUTS

SATURDAY, August 19th, will long be remembered by all connected with the Group. On this day we received a visit from the 1st Netherton Troop, Dudley. Thanks to the able co-operation between G.S.M. Rowe, the Group Committee and parents, we were able to billet the visitors for the week-end. The G.S.M. and Committee had drawn up a programme which commenced on Saturday evening at 8 p.m. The Scout Group and our Sister Guides assembled at the Scout Hut along with our visitors, and headed by the Drums of Netherton Troop, marched to St. John's Boys' playing field to find a Camp Fire already well alight. Quite a following of residents were present when the G.S.M. introduced the visitors, to which G.S.M. Ted Rosser of Netherton suitably replied.

The first interesting event of the evening was the presentation of the "Walford Cup" to the Patrol Leader of the winning Patrol. This Cup was given by Mrs. Walford last year to be competed for at each annual camp, and awarded to the Patrol with the best Camp record. Patrols were formed up for Camp and to these were given names new to the Troop. The winning Patrol this year was "Snipe" and the cup was handed to Patrol Leader David Harvey, to be held for twelve months. Mrs. Walford was presented with a bouquet by Derek Davies of the Cub Pack.

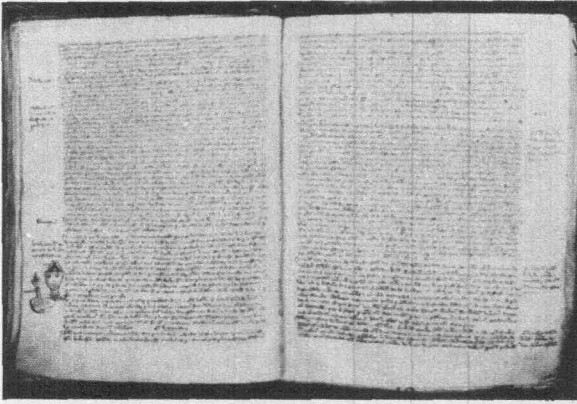
Now followed Scout Songs and Selections on the Handbells were given by the boys from Netherton. Hot soup was served to all the boys seated around the Camp Fire, and then home to Billets and bed.

Sunday morning arrived with the weather none too promising, but the Scouters and the boys paid a visit to the City Fire Station. After lunch a Coach tour which had been arranged took us to British Camp via the Wyche Cutting, returning the Jubilee Drive route to West Mal-



# CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

SEPTEMBER, 1950



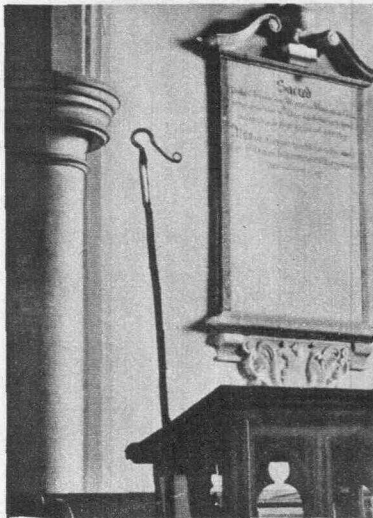
Pages of a XIIth-Century Register

## A Register Sketch.

**S**URELY a Bishop has never been more comically portrayed than on a page of a twelfth-century Register in Lincoln Diocesan archives. Even in the small reproduction it can be clearly seen with the aid of magnifying glass.—K. KEMSEY-BOURNE.

## A Shepherd's Crook.

**T**HIS Crook belonged to Richard Fowler, of East Dean, a member of one of the greatest families of Sussex shepherds, who spent most of his life tending sheep on the local downlands. The crook had the honour of serving as the Pastoral Staff to Bishop Walker Andrews, who arrived one evening in June, 1929, to take a confirmation—but without his Pastoral Staff. Richard



A Shepherd's Crook

## A Refuge (see page 67).

**V**ISITORS to Snaith Church, lying among the marshes of West Yorkshire, are impressed by its remarkably massive tower. Built in the twelfth century, it is no less than 30 feet square, and the walls are 4 feet thick. Up above is a lofty room, large enough to hold 50 or 60 people. The reason, we are told, was to provide a safe refuge from the river Aire, which used periodically to overflow its banks and flood the village. Happily such days have passed: but the tower stands to remind us that Mother Church is ever ready to shelter her children in time of need.—DAVID C. RUTTER.

## Window on the World.

**I**N a little church in the South of Ireland every window but one is of stained glass. Through that single exception may be seen a breath-taking view: a lake of deepest blue studded with green islets and backed by range upon range of purple hills. Under this window is the inscription: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."—MRS. PRICHARD.

## Five Brothers.

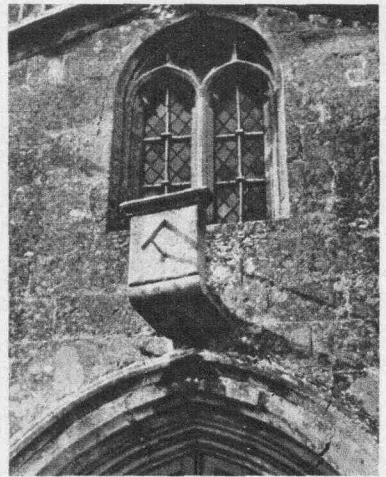
**M**Y four brothers and myself were in St. Mary's Parish Church choir, Bulwell, at the same time, until our voices broke. Later we were all five in the men's choir. Is this a record?—F. BOWERS.

## HOLIDAY ENTRIES.

\* \* 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. He confidently expects a number of holiday photographs in this competition.

Fowler, returning from his day upon the downs, offered his crook as a substitute. This was accepted and so "One Shepherd borrowed from another Shepherd," to the satisfaction of all concerned. On the death of the shepherd the crook was presented to the church, and it is now treasured by the families of many who have minded sheep on the Sussex downs.—

P. G. LUCK.

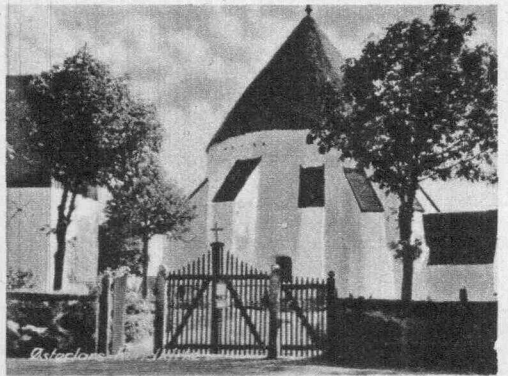


Sundial on a Bracket.

**O**WING to the peculiar angle at which the porch of Sherston Church, Wilts, stands, the sundial could not be mounted directly on the wall surface, and it was provided with the odd projecting bracket shown in our photograph. Both dial and bracket are of stone, with a gnomon of bronze, and the numerals and inscription are still clearly readable, despite the fact that the dial was erected in 1669. The church at Sherston is a very fine one, and has recently become widely known through broadcast services.—T. R. ROBINSON.

## Denmark's Round Churches.

**I**N the middle of the Baltic Sea, between Sweden and Germany, is a tiny island called Bornholm; it is part of Denmark. As it is so small, there are not many churches on it, but seven of them are completely round, with black spherical roofs and white walls. They were built during the eleventh and twelfth centuries and were used as fortresses in time of war. Inside there are three floors. The ground floor was always used as a church, but the two above were occupied in emergency by women and children, the top by soldiers, who fired their arrows through narrow slits in the walls. Nowadays, of course, no one uses the upper floors except the mice and spiders, but the ground floor is still used as a church. All round the walls are mural paintings depicting Bible stories.—MISS A. P. KEESEY.



Denmark's Round Churches



# Strange ? Questions

By the Rev.

W. E. Purcell



Photo by]

[Stanley Sowdon

The Ideal Country Home

**Q.:** Should a man in looking for a wife, seek deliberately for a girl who is like or unlike him in temperament?

**A.:** Your question puts me in mind of a story once told of the famous astronomer and scientist, Kepler. He was a very learned man indeed, but not particularly fortunate in his married life. When, as it so happened, he became a widower for the second time, he resolved that his third marriage should be as perfect as human intellect could make it. Consequently, he drew up a list of twelve possible choices, collected all the information he could about each, then exhaustively analysed their records, one by one. This process eliminated ten of the original twelve. The two remaining he then analysed all over again, studying the matter from every point of view—their tastes, backgrounds and opinions. When the prodigious research was finished he proposed to the lady who had achieved the biggest total of favourable marks. The result was that this marriage was, if anything, less successful than the other two. Kepler then concluded the whole matter to be beyond human reason!

But is it? In practice, of course, most people arrive at marriage after the curious process known as "falling in love," not by way of a cool appraisal of each other's characters. Nobody, so far as I am aware, has even quite defined what "falling in love" is. We can only say that it appears to be the mutual recognition of an affinity, gradual or sudden. One of the happiest marriages I recall was that of a doctor whose future wife fell

off her bicycle outside his door, and was taken in for treatment. No time in that case to consider whether they were alike or opposite in "temperament." He just decided she was the only girl in the world, and that they would be happy ever after. They were!

I say this just to point out that most happy marriages do contain this incalculable element, so that it is doubtful whether so precise a way of approaching the matter as is involved in, as you put it, looking for a wife deliberately with an eye to certain qualities in her, is really the best. Moreover, your question suggests that you are tending to think more of whether you would be happy with your wife than of whether your wife would be happy with you. That is putting self first—a bad habit which works no better in matrimony than in life. Success in marriage is, remember, much more a matter of being the right person than of finding the right person.

So I suggest we leave aside for a moment your query about the desirability of likes or opposites and turn instead to a more fundamental matter—what principles should a man have in mind when he thinks of marriage at all? I think you will find that, when we have answered that, we shall not see much difficulty in your original question.

The great thing for any man to have a clear grasp of is what marriage is; what it is for, and what it demands. Here the teaching of our Church is of vital importance because it stresses several points which, in these days, are in danger of being overlooked. It tells us that marriage is a sacred thing, not a way of being together based upon considerations of mutual convenience; it tells us that family life is the very heart of the matter, and that success in this great and wonderful undertaking needs the help of God and His blessing.

How does this connect with your question? Why, in this way, that the quality to wish for in a life's partner is the ability and the willingness to look at the adventure of matrimony always upon that high plane. All the other plus marks in a wife, from being a good cook to being pleasant to look at, and including whether she is like or unlike in temperament—come lower down on the list. I do not know what principle Kepler worked on when he was totting up the marks of desirability gained by his various candidates for the post of Mrs. Kepler. But I do think he would have done better if

he had given the highest value of all to the quality I have mentioned, and better than even if he had possessed that quality himself.

However, there is a good deal in this question of whether people get along best when they are likes, or when they are unlikes. Here, again, a principle comes into the picture. Marriage is a partnership, and partnerships often work best when one side of it balances the other. The life of more than one great man has had in the background of it the figure of a quiet, calm wife who has always been on hand to soothe the fevered brow of genius or even, on occasion, just to say: "Now, dear, don't be silly!" It is certainly the fact that, at the opposite extreme, many rather self-effacing men have been spurred into achievement by the promptings of wives loyally ambitious for them. And what applies to the famous also applies to the more humdrum level where most of us live. Therefore, I would say, let the temperamental man marry the girl who would scarcely raise an eyebrow if their house were on fire; let the dreamer marry the angel with her feet on the ground and a sound grasp of the technique of paying one's way. But let, by all means, the wife of the sluggard be someone with enough drive and fire to make him stop being one.

But, above all, let them both love each other and, doing so, keep ever before them a realisation of the sacred nature of the adventure upon which they are engaged and of the need of God's help along the way. The Victorians used to like to say that marriages were made in Heaven. Some since have tried to smile at that idea. But this we do know—that marriages, whether of likes or of opposites, are kept sweet by Heaven.

## CONTENT

Ev'rything's done;  
The day's work ended,  
The dishes washed,  
The linen mended,  
Firelight flickering  
On the wall.  
(And no one to call),  
A pipe to smoke,  
A lazy word  
Of what you've seen  
Or of gossip heard;  
A smile,  
Hands held  
From chair to chair,  
Loving glances  
Sweetly to share.

Nothing at all—  
Just home—for two,  
But nigh to heaven  
I think,  
Don't you?

HOOLE JACKSON

# THE STORY OF TOWERS

By the Rev. G. R. D. Grimes



Photo by [J. R. McDonald]  
An Irish Tower of Defence

**T**HE motto of the ancient borough of Plymouth is "God is a Strong Tower." We must never forget that the main purpose of a Church Tower is to contain the bells which call people to church and the object of the big windows in the belfry is to allow the sound of the bells to escape. Usually the church tower was the last part of a church to be built, for it was not till the middle of the 14th century that parish churches began usually to have peals of bells—once the fashion was started it soon became the rage, as often happens in other matters, such as the restoration of churches in the late nineteenth century. In very early times the tower was built distinct from the church, as in St. Mark's, Venice, and we have examples of this use in England in Chichester Cathedral, and Salisbury once had a detached tower; in Herefordshire and Cornwall there are many examples and most counties have one or two.

When the Normans came they favoured a tower in the centre of the church and so most of our great cathedrals which are of Norman design have a central tower. Exeter, with its two side towers, is the striking exception. Otherwise in England, for all our parish churches, the tower is almost invariably placed at the West End. Beneath it is the great door only used on State occasions—the South door being the one in common use. This we find everywhere.

Some of our great buildings have two towers at the West, as is the case in Westminster Abbey—but there a central tower was planned but never carried out.

Now, besides being a receptacle for the bells, towers came to have many subsidiary uses. The first is one suggested by the motto of Plymouth—God is a strong fortress—the towers of many churches were actually used as fortresses. This was particularly true of churches which lay on the borders of Scotland and Wales. The battlements, which became a feature of most towers in later and more peaceful times, were in the case of border churches meant for use and not ornament. The tower of my own church is much more massive than any of the surrounding churches because it was built at the head of an estuary at a time when, to use the quaint language of the day, "The King's enemies the French were attempting to land and do him much mischief"—and in this attempt they had no little success as the story of Plymouth, our nearby town, shows. The villagers would use the church then as the last line of defence.

Another use to which church towers was also put was as a landmark—that, no doubt, accounts for the presence of so many churches on some cliff or headland, often remote from human habitation, where people ignorant of this use explain their presence by the theory of a village which once existed and has been washed away by the sea.

There are two such churches in my immediate neighbourhood and no doubt they served as a guide to mariners going and coming on their lawful occasions and the tolling of their bells would be a warning to the local fishermen when a thick sea fog suddenly descended.

But there is another use which church towers served, viz., as a guide to travellers by land as well as by sea. In the fenland country one can often see, as one travels along, a church steeple on the distant horizon and know at least that a village will be found there or, if you know the country better, you pick up a familiar landmark and know that you are going in the right direction. But how much

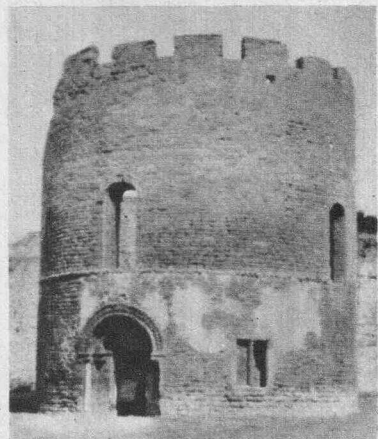


Photo by [F. R. Gameson]  
A Fortress, indeed

more important was it for early travellers when roads were few and signposts non-existent, and how much they must have blessed the friendly steeple—for in the fens we find many more churches with steeples than in other parts. This was, of course, to give them height. But not only were steeples useful as a guide through the fen country, but much of England was in early times covered with trackless forests and the tall church steeple was a most helpful guide to the weary traveller fearful that he might have to spend the night among the terrors of the forest—of which robbers such as Robin Hood were not the least.

Indeed, after nightfall, on some church steeples lanterns were lit to help the traveller. Such was the case at St. Michael's, Coventry, and a church with the curious name of All Saints Pavement, near York, and the Boston Stump, to name but a few.

As all men at all times in their extremity turn to God, so we have attempted to show that many men at many times have in their dire need turned for help to the towers of their ancient churches.



Photo by [D. C. Rutter]  
A Refuge from the Floods (see page 65)





## THE VILLAGERS' MEMORIAL

By K. P. GLANVILLE



HE recording of a brief item of news in the national Press last year, that an American tanker, *Chrysanthy Star*, had been in collision with the Porthleven fishing boat *Energetic* off the Lizard during a fog, causing the loss of six lives, five of whom were brothers, cast a shadow of mourning over this Cornish fishing village and stirred in the little community the desire to erect a memorial to these and the hundreds of other mariners and fishermen whose lives had been claimed by the sea along that most dangerous of coasts between the Lizard and Mounts Bay.

Those who care to study the history of wreckings on this toe of England will find it a fascinating story, going back through the mediæval times when the fierce inhabitants of this seaboard looked eagerly for a wreck as a source of loot and provision, and who offered tenacious opposition to Sir John Killigrew, when, in 1619, he built the first lighthouse at the Lizard Point, a project for which he paid the cost of erection and maintenance from his own pocket. It is close by this very point that in a field bearing the significant name of "Pistol Meadow" lie seven hundred unknown dead who were drowned many years ago when a transport was lost off the shore. The burying of drowned sailors on the cliff recalls that, until 1808, the bodies of drowned mariners washed ashore could not be interred in consecrated ground and that it was in this year that the Parliament of George III, although very much concerned with affairs in Spain, found time to pass

"an Act for providing suitable interment in Churchyards or Parochial Burying Grounds in England for such dead human bodies as may be cast on shore from the sea, in cases of wreck or otherwise."

It was with thoughts such as these in their minds that the good folk of Porthleven caused to be placed on the cliffs a short distance from their village, a simple cross, the plinth of plain concrete surmounted by a cross of rough polished mottled stone, standing some seven feet high. From it the view is uninterrupted from the Lizard Point to the south, away past Prussia Cove to the north, where the old *Warspite* lies imprisoned on the rocks, to distant Newlyn and Mousehole. It bears two bronze tablets, one facing inland and stating that: "This Cross was erected in March, 1949, in memory of the many mariners drowned on this part of the coast from time immemorial and buried on the cliffs hereabouts. Also it commemorates the passing of the 'Grylls' Act of 1808, since when bodies cast up by the sea have been laid to rest in the nearest consecrated ground." The other tablet, facing the sea, continues: "Also in Sacred Memory of 22 Porthleven Fishermen who lost their lives in disasters between 1871 and 1948." Thus do the simple God-fearing folk of Porthleven remember their brethren who have gone down to the sea in ships and have not returned.

## THE YOUTH FELLOWSHIP

By THE REV. PATRICK ASHE

"Hullo, Joan, where are you going?"

"Cinema; coming Fred?"

"No, I'm going to the Youth Fellowship to-night."

"Do you belong to the Church Club? What do they do—pray all the evening?"

"No, they are picking the soccer team to play the Borough Youth Centre, and I want to see if I'm in it."

"Then there is a chap coming to talk about youth work camps in Italy."

If Fred can persuade his friend Joan to go with him, she will find about thirty to forty young people at the Club, some playing table-tennis, others in a huddle planning a social evening, and the Football Captain and the Curate talking to the team about their chances in the match on Saturday.

After a few games and Canteen, the speaker, who was the Diocesan Youth Chaplain, told them about a Work Camp arranged by the World Council of Churches, in Northern Italy, where young people from all over the world work together as a

Christian community, putting up a building for an International Christian Youth Centre.

Then came the notice of a hike on Sunday afternoon to a village where they had been invited by the Village Club to Evensong and a cup of tea. One of the notices was read out of the Youth News Bulletin which the Chaplain sent round once a month. It was about the "Summer School" and the Chaplain said a few words about it.

Apparently the Youth Council took over a place at Saxon's Cove in August and members of Church Youth Clubs could go down for a week or more. The cost was 30s. for a week, and they all had to do some of the work, like peeling potatoes, washing up and keeping the rooms clean. In the morning there was prayer and Bible Study and then two lectures on subjects relating to the Christian life. The rest of the day was free for bathing, walks and tennis.

"You ever been, Fred?" she whispered.

"Yes, we had a wonderful time last year. Best holiday I've ever had, and jolly interesting, too."

The last notice was: "And don't forget, next week there is a party going to the Annual Youth Service in the Cathedral. I've got one ticket left. Anybody want it?"

"You going, Fred?"

"Yes, come too; I'll get you the ticket."

Joan was amazed to find over 1,000 young people of her own age filling the Cathedral. She came away thrilled, filled with a new enthusiasm, feeling that the Church, at which so many of her friends scoffed, was no dead thing, but full of new life throughout the land.

"Fred, I want to join your Club; you all seem to be going somewhere—not just messing about all the time like in some Clubs."

After Joan had been in the Fellowship for some months, the Curate suggested one day that they should take a party down to the Diocesan Youth House in the Country for a week-end.

The Youth Chaplain led the party. On Saturday after tea there was a talk by him, a Social, and Evening Prayers in the Chapel. On Sunday, Holy Communion, talks, discussion and a long walk through the woods and tea in the village. Back for Evensong and the final talk. The theme of the week-end was the application of Christ's Way of life to-day, and led to most interesting discussions on honesty at work and the use of leisure.

The organisation of the Church is doing its best to build up Christian Fellowship for the younger generation. But the real responsibility falls on the whole body of the Church, that is, on all Baptised Christians.

# MONDAY to Weekday Pages for

## Monday's Washing.

**Ironing Boards.**—Much more useful and convenient is a portable ironing board, fifteen inches wider than the narrow type formerly favoured by housewives, for it lessens the work when pressing clothes and ironing household linen, etc., especially skirts and dresses. They may be bought, of course, but if you have a friend or relation who is a handy man he can make one for you.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

**Rain spots** on a felt hat spoils its fresh look, but if a towel is wrung out of hot water and laid over the hat, then placed near a fire, or after oven heat, as the towel dries the spots disappear. Also with bows on a hat. If damp, fill the bows out with soft tissue paper. They dry in shape.—MRS. R. BUTCHER.

**Improved Boiler Stick.**—The wooden handle of an old garden fork or spade makes an excellent "boiler stick" for wash day. The task of lifting the clothes from boiler is made easier by the cross-piece of the handle. There is less danger of scalding from clothes dropping back into the water, as often happens when a straight stick is used. Small articles are more easily "caught."—MRS. G. F. HILL.

## Tuesday's Sewing.

**Sleeves.**—When stitching a sleeve into dress or coat, always place sleeve next to machine, so that the needle enters the garment first, and you will find it sets much better.—MRS. HOWARD.

**Side Seams.**—To prevent side seams of locknit petticoats dropping when washed, sew narrow tape up seams when petticoat is new and it will always keep in perfect shape.—V. H.

When seaming up a knitted garment, instead of over stitching seam, as in most cases, backstitch the seam, which makes a very much nicer seam and does not show the stitches through. I have seen a good many beautifully knitted garments spoilt because of oversewing a seam.—MISS L. ALESBROOK.

**Socks.**—We most all knit double heels in socks and find the holes first just above the heel. The last socks I made I divided the stitches as for heel  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches before the heel, and doubled on that pin and followed pattern on the other two pins. I'm feeling very pleased with them and as they are my own idea feel I should like to pass on the hint.—MRS. WIX.

**Trouser bottoms** become very shabby long before they are worn out. After trousers have been worn several times sew paris binding to match just below fold. This does not show and takes all the rub; in fact, this often needs renewing.—MRS. PRESTON.

## Wednesday's Nursing.

**Bed Cradle.**—To keep the weight of bed clothes off an injured limb cut a child's wooden hoop in half; unite the ends with string or wire and cover with strips of old soft rag. This makes a light and cheap cradle.—MRS. C. FREEAR.

**Colds.**—To help to relieve a heavy cold boil vinegar and inhale the fumes. Vinegar is also a good gargle—one teaspoonful to a tumbler of warm water.—MRS. NIVEN.



Photo by]

Big Baby!

[J. H. Vickers

**For Neuritis.**—Try a pillow-case made of an old flannel sheet. I have found it excellent.—MISS COATES.

**For Carbuncles or Boils.**—Some time ago a correspondent recommended mixing to a thick paste some Epsom salts and glycerine, spreading it on white lint and applying for 6 to 8 hours. A doctor advises first to bake the Epsom salts in an oven to a fine white powder. The usual crystals are painful.

## Thursday's Cooking.

**Mince-meat.**—When dried fruit is scarce and you have a 1-lb. pot of mince-meat to spare, try using it in your cake making. The ingredients will put a nice flavour to your cake, being moist it will not require much liquid. Put about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of flour to the mince-meat and add a little extra sugar and also a little margarine. Mix in the ordinary way.—MRS. DANIEL.

**New Cake.**—When making a plain cake, before putting it in the oven, grate an apple over the top and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Result is a lovely decorated cake with an added special flavour.—MRS. R. CRICK.

**Stale Cake.**—Here is a good way to use up stale cake. Take 8 oz. of cake, crumble up small, beat in 2 oz. of margarine, 2 oz.



Photo by]

None but the brave deserves the "fare"

[Miss D. Tyler

# SATURDAY Women with Homes

of sugar and one egg, almond essence to taste. Make some short pastry, line your patty tins, put a small dab of jam in the bottom of each tart, put the made mixture on the top, put in a hot oven, and cook till a golden brown.—MRS. HUTCHINSON.

**For Breakfast.**—Cold potatoes and remains of carrots. Mash both together, salt and pepper, and as much grated cheese as liked. Make like fish cakes, dip in flour, fry in a little hot fat till brown. For a change from cheese, add meat or fish paste, serve with tomato sauce or tomatoes fried, or done in a little boiling water and put in a dish in a hot oven till done.—MRS. CROSSLEY.

## Friday's Household.

**A Useful Nail.**—Drive a large-headed stout nail into any convenient place in the wall, the head downwards and protruding about an inch. To open a capped bottle, fit the cap under the nail and press down under the end of the bottle.

**Dustless Corners.**—Smooth a small piece of putty into the corners of each stair and varnish over. This prevents dust from collecting in the corners and time and trouble will be saved when sweeping.—MISS WOOD.

**Egg Timer.**—Keep one in the kitchen near the stove for timing cooking. It can be turned for a second three minutes.—MRS. GRIFF.

**Chair Backs.**—Use these long ways and you will avoid fading of material on each side.—W. CURSLAN.

## Saturday's Children.

**For Overalls.**—Save all the metal portions of old suspenders and use in the following way. Sew on to straps of kiddies' overalls in place of button-holes and just slip over buttons. These I find are more secure.—MRS. WHITEHEAD.

When drying my three-year-old daughter's hair I use the Turkish nappies which are more easily handled and quickly dried. This saves the towel either falling over the little one's eyes or getting wet. I should mention I wash her hair in her bath before washing her and then can rinse with her head carefully held back to avoid soap in her eyes.—MRS. KOCH.

**Baby pants** are now designed to make the job of putting them on quite easy. They are made of plastic and open out flat and when adjusted cover the nappy completely. Press studs secure the legs and there is elastic at the back.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

**Cod liver Oil.**—If children dislike or have trouble in digesting their cod liver oil, mix the oil with rose hip syrup. I have found they not only can take it better and digest it more easily, but they positively love it and ask for it instead of having to be coaxed to take it.—MRS. A. F. TAYLOR.

## TO OUR READERS

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



# THE WATCHMAN WAKETH

*Our Serial by Joan Wayne Brown*

## CHAPTER V

**W**HEN Bernard White announced his coming for the week-end, Peggy was not predisposed to like him, but she tried to keep an open mind. She happened to be in the garden when he drove up in his large, glittering car. She saw a pair of cold, calculating grey eyes in a fat, pale face, and felt exceedingly sorry for Anne.

Anne was very quiet. She had said very little since her talk with Peggy. Every day she had made a point of going into the village, or for a walk on the cliffs, hoping that she would meet Stephen. But she had seen no sign of him, and now she felt resentful. Surely it would have been only common courtesy on his part to make some attempt to see her, if only to say good-bye.

As she had feared, Bernard wanted to make arrangements for the wedding. He was to make a business trip to South America this winter and wished to speed things up so that Anne could go with him.

"Anne's been overdoing things," Mrs. Cleveland said crossly, irritated by her daughter's listless attitude. "Going out for walks every day, when she'd hardly walked a step for two years! I'm afraid our strenuous Peggy has encouraged her."

"Going for walks?" repeated Bernard, as if he had never heard of such an odd method of getting about. "But why?"

Why, indeed? Anne wondered what would happen if she were to tell them the truth—that she wanted to see Stephen, and was also beginning to experience the joy of finding her feet again.

"Yes, Anne's been a lot better lately," said Mr. Cleveland, feeling that it was time he joined in the conversation. "Shouldn't wonder if she started climbing next—eh, Peggy?"

"Climbing?" said Bernard, raising his heavy brows.

"My husband is referring to a mania for exploring, which Peggy shares with the parson's son," said Mrs. Cleveland. "She actually clambered down these fearful cliffs to look at some cave or other. Didn't you say there was some story about it, Peggy?"

"Guide book stuff, I suppose," said the amiable Bernard.

"Well, no," said Peggy, with an effort. She realised that the atmosphere was not very pleasant, and knew that her aunt had appealed to her to keep the ball rolling. Bernard White was certainly not an easy guest. She had tried to tell the

Clevelands the story of Parson Darby the very day after she had been to the cave, but they had not troubled to listen.

"No, it's a real story," she said simply, and told them what had happened all those years ago.

"I call it a perfect scandal that there wasn't a proper lighthouse!" said Mrs. Cleveland. "Well, it was an original idea, wasn't it? A lantern! What a wonder man he must have been."

"Oh, I don't know," drawled Bernard. "I dare say he picked up a few kegs of the best, on the quiet..."

Peggy was so angry that she felt as if the chocolate mousse on her plate would choke her. She heard Mr. Cleveland's uneasy little laugh, and then looked up as Anne pushed back her chair and took the ring from her finger.

"Here you are, Bernard. I'm sorry, but I don't like you," she said. "I'm afraid I don't like you at all!" And, ignoring her parents' horrified exclamations, she walked quietly out of the room.

Bernard sat still, turning the ring over in his fat hands as though assessing its value.

"Anne must be mad," said her aunt, through clenched teeth. "That's the kindest thing—the only thing—to think. Peggy, this mustn't be mentioned to a soul. Do you understand? We must give her time to come to her senses!"

Peggy thought, but naturally could not say, that Anne had come to them, just in time!

That was a horrible week-end. Anne stayed in her room, and the maids were told that she was ill and must have her meals upstairs. Bernard left early next morning. Mr. Cleveland went out to play golf and Mrs. Cleveland sat like a statue, refusing to speak a word.

Peggy felt that she was in disgrace as well as Anne. She went to church alone in the morning, and David joined her after the service and walked back with her. He asked her what was the matter, but she could not tell him.

"A family affair," she said. "I mustn't speak of it." And he asked no more. When they came to the gates of the house, however, he saw how unwilling she was to go in.

"I think it will be fine to-morrow," he said, looking at a little party of gnats careering happily in mid-air. "If it is, what about going to the cave again? Time's getting on, and we may not have another chance these hols."

"I'd love to," she said, and brightened a little. "Can we start early, and be out all day?"

"Poor old Peggy, is it as bad as all that? Yes, of course we can, if your people don't mind."

"I'm sure they won't!" she said with fervour. "Oh, here's Uncle James."

Mr. Cleveland had found that he was not in the mood for golf. He had played so badly that he thought he was attracting attention, so he had decided to come home. He looked with envy at the two young figures standing by the gates, for to him David and Peggy seemed fortunate creatures without a care in the world. Something in David's attitude reminded him vaguely of his own son. Since Peggy had said that she wanted to read Desmond's poems, he had read them again himself, and this time he had realised a little of what lay behind them. He was beginning to think that perhaps, after all, that brief life had not been entirely wasted.

He looked at David's keen, clever face, and remembered that this boy would have no chance to do the work he had chosen. Going into an office, Peggy had said, when what he wanted was to be a doctor. Mr. Cleveland knew that he himself would have infinitely preferred the office, but he suddenly wanted to do something for David, who had looked like Desmond a little while ago. It would be something, he thought bitterly, remembering the grim atmosphere at his home, to know that *somebody* was happy. . .

"Been to church, eh?" he asked, pausing.

David and Peggy said that they had.

"I've been on the links," Mr. Cleveland went on unnecessarily, shifting his clubs. "Not much doing, though. Ground's a perfect morass in places. Look here, my boy, I've got a proposition to make to you. No, don't go, Peggy; it isn't private. In fact, you gave me the idea." He looked at David, who was beginning to feel puzzled. "How'd it be if I made myself responsible for the rest of your education, eh? As you know, I have no son now. I'd like to do it. If your heart's really set on being a sawbones, why, I don't see why you shouldn't be one!"

David gasped. He had never imagined such a thing as this. He had scarcely spoken to Mr. Cleveland before that Sunday when he had met him with Peggy. He did not know him at all, which made this sudden offer all the more amazing. He looked quickly at Peggy, who had apparently given her uncle the idea. What could she have said? He felt a wave of anger against her. He had not thought she was the kind of person to babble about his affairs.

"I didn't," she said in a small

voice, and he started, realising that she must have read his thoughts. He did not know that his lowering expression made them all too obvious.

"Well, well," said Mr. Cleveland, rather pleased that the boy should be too much overcome to speak. "We'll have to arrange about this. I'd best have a chat with your father, eh? And mind you, my lad, no stupid ideas about gratitude, now. If, when you've finished your training you don't want to go on with the job, chuck it, and I'll never say a word, any more than I would have done to Desmond."

Peggy, whose first feeling had been one of consternation when her uncle made this suggestion, now saw that it had been prompted by genuine kindness of heart. She hoped that David would appreciate that, though, of course, he couldn't accept—

Or—could he?

She did not know why it should be so important for him to refuse, but she waited breathlessly, her eyes fixed upon that set young face. She felt that David must make a decision to-day which would affect not only his career, but his whole life.

Was this the solution, David wondered. It was a solution, certainly, but why, if it were the right one, should he begin to feel so uneasy? He saw his dreams beginning to fade again, and clung to them desperately. There was surely nothing so very unusual in the situation. Mr. Cleveland had plenty of money, and, as he had pointed out, no son. It was natural that he should wish to give someone else's son a chance.

He turned his head so that he should not see Peggy's eyes. Why did she have to look like that? If only she had looked pleased about it he would not have started worrying. Why should he hesitate? Plenty of young men owed their start in life to the generosity of elder people outside their own families. One of his own friends at school had been sent there by a godfather. . . .

Now he knew that he had put his

finger on the spot. Mr. Cleveland was not his godfather, or even a friend, and was making this offer to a stranger whose name happened to be David Poole. It was kind and well-meant, certainly, but there was no real interest behind it, no trust.

"Well, speak up, my boy!" Mr. Cleveland said rather irritably, because a mosquito was biting his neck.

"I'm sorry, sir. I was thinking. I'll never be able to thank you enough, as I said just now, but—I'm afraid I can't," said David, and was conscious that Peggy's taut figure relaxed with a small, relieved sigh.

"Can't? What d'you mean? These are hard times, you know, and a young chap like you can't afford false pride! If you're as stiff-necked as all that, you can pay me back if you like—when you get to Harley Street!"

"It isn't false pride, Uncle James," said Peggy. "It's the real kind. I know how he feels. If he's a doctor at all, he wants to be one in his own right. I didn't see it myself at first, did I, David?"

Mr. Cleveland looked doubtfully from one to the other. A moment ago he had felt annoyed, but now he began to see things from the other point of view. "Pig-headed young rascal!" he thought, but without rancour. Desmond, he fancied, would have understood David's refusal, and would, he hoped, have made the same reply.

"Well, I'll be getting in now, Peggy. You don't need to come just yet," he said. "Do you happen to know where your aunt keeps the insect bite stuff? Good-bye for the present, my boy—er, David, and good luck. No hard feelings, eh?"

They watched him walk up the drive.

"Peggy, I hope he didn't think I was ungrateful—"

"He did at first, but he doesn't now. Poor Uncle James! I'd better go in and find that stuff for him. Aunt Sylvia is—not quite herself," said

Peggy, since loyalty forbade her to say that her aunt was like an enraged Medusa at the moment, and would not care if mosquitoes made mince-meat of the whole family.

"Oh, wait a moment—he won't die just yet! Peggy, he said you'd put him up to this idea."

"I didn't do it intentionally. I just mentioned that you couldn't be a doctor after all. Was that why you glared at me?"

"Glare? Me? It was you who did the glaring!" said David indignantly. "I suppose you thought I'd say 'yes.' As a matter of fact, I nearly did," he admitted, with a rueful grin.

"A lot of people would have jumped at it," she said slowly. "I'm very glad you didn't. But why am I glad? Why would it have been a wrong thing to do?"

"But it wouldn't, Peggy. It would have been all right for someone who didn't think it was wrong. It was too easy, that's all. I didn't see it at first, I must say, but when you looked at me—"

"I'm glad you say 'looked' this time and not 'glared'!" laughed Peggy. "I saw it without seeing it, if you know what I mean! Now I simply must go in."

## CHAPTER VI

That evening Anne called her into her room. Peggy saw that her cousin was very pale, but quite composed. Two suitcases, strapped and labelled, stood in a corner, and a light travelling coat lay across the bed.

"Can you keep a secret, Peggy?"

"Yes, but—Anne, you're not going to run away?"

"Let myself down from the window, do you mean, by a rope of knotted sheets?" mocked Anne. "That's story-book stuff. Desmond and I tried to do it once, and you need simply dozens of sheets. No, I'm not running away. I'm merely leaving for an unknown destination to-morrow—the trains are too awful to-day—and I want you to take charge of these

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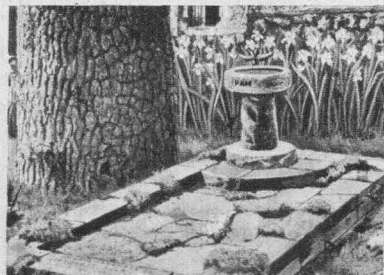
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cases and send them on to me when I let you have an address. Will you?"

"Anne—oh, please—"

"Yes or no? Cut out the heroics, if you don't mind." Anne spoke sharply. "I'm sorry to involve you, but I trust you. I'll send you my address when I have one, and all you have to do is to get these things to the station—Tom Barnes, the carrier, will take them—and then you can go to the station yourself and finish writing the labels. I do not want the parents on my trail, or—on anyone else—"

"You're not fair to Stephen," said Peggy, in a level tone that made her seem temporarily the elder of the two.

"I never mentioned Stephen!" But Anne's flush gave her away. "Oh, Peggy, I'm so miserable," she said. Tears rushed to her eyes and she walked across to the window.

"You oughtn't to be," said Peggy. "I think you were perfectly splendid, tackling Bernard like that. I felt very proud of you."

Anne laughed unsteadily.

"And so you ought to have been, if you'd known how I was quaking inside! Mother has always been so keen that I should marry 'where money is'—you see, Pop was quite poor when they got married, and she hated all the pinching and contriving. She was so pleased about Bernard, and now—and poor old Pop was pleased, too, because it

meant so much advantage on the business side of the affair. They'll never forgive me, you know."

"I don't see why you can't let them know your address, or why I've got to lurk round stations in disguise, writing labels for you—" Peggy broke off, seeing to her dismay that Anne was really crying now. "Oh, I understand," she said in a different tone. "I'm sorry, Anne."

It was Stephen Stafford and not her parents from whom Anne was running away.

She said no more but politely offered her cousin a clean handkerchief. Anne took it almost angrily.

"I don't want you to be sorry for me. There's no need. It's all my own fault. Don't worry about the suitcases. I'll take them with me. I'll order a taxi from Eastbourne, and leave quite openly."

"Anne," said Peggy, sitting down beside her, "I'd willingly write a hundred labels for you if it would do any good. All I'm trying to say is that this is such a crazy thing to do. Why run away from Stephen—"

"You will keep on talking about him!" cried Anne. "Why drag him into it at all? If you're not going to help me, you might as well go. Run to Mother and tell her—"

"Oh, don't be such a baby!" Peggy said sternly. "If you don't want to talk about Stephen, we won't—and I'm sorry I started it. It was

impertinent of me. If you've made up your mind to go, I suppose no one can stop you. You're not quite twenty-one, but I can't see Aunt Sylvia and Uncle James getting the police to haul you back. But do give yourself time to think! Don't go to-morrow—leave it till the next day. You may feel quite different by then."

"I shall never feel different," said Anne, in the tone of one condemned to lifelong misery. "And I must go to-morrow because Stephen will have heard by then—" She looked up and gave a short laugh. "There, I've said it myself this time. All right, Peggy. Sit down again. I'm sorry I was so hateful."

"Anne—forgive me, and shut me up if I'm asking too much—but wouldn't you marry him now if he asked you? Do you still mind his being poor?"

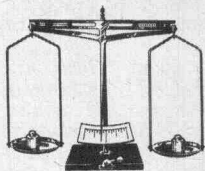
"No," Anne said at once, and with no sign of resentment, "that doesn't seem to matter any more. But if he did ask me, it would only be out of pity. I'm a crock, even if he does think I'm putting it on—"

"You're not a crock! Look how much better you walk now!"

"Yes, I know. But when we first knew each other I used to ride and swim and play games. Of course," said Anne, with a final touch to her hair, "nothing would induce me to marry him, even if he did ask me."

*To be continued.*

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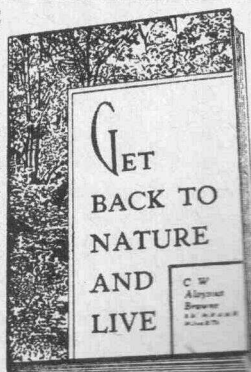
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vern and home. The weather elements could not have been worse, so we had to resign ourselves to remaining in the coaches. After tea the weather had not improved sufficiently to allow the full programme to be carried out, but this did not interfere with the Church Service, which service I think was unique as far as St. John's was concerned. The King was sung to the accompaniment of the Drums after the processional laying up of the Colours, Hymn tunes being later rendered by the Handbell ringers.

Following the Church Service the procession back to the Hut was led again by the Drums, and here an interesting ceremony was performed by Capt. H. M. Spreckley, R.N., D.C., in handing a Warrant as an A.S.M. to William Wallbourne of the Seniors. Light refreshments were served to our visitors, and then alas, a few kind words from one another, handshakes and best wishes etc., we said *au revoir* to our visitors, after an enjoyable week-end which ended all too soon.

I should like to end with the Henry Hall Dance Band signature tune, "Here's to the Next Time."

ARTHUR J. HARDMAN,  
*Hon. Secretary Group Committee.*

### ST. JOHN'S SCOUT GROUP MONTHLY REPORT

OUR Annual Camp was well supported; 26 boys and 3 Scouters journeyed to Martley for their week's camp at Mr. E. Badger's Hopehouse Farm. Keen interest was shown by the boys and every effort was put into their work, which produced a very Happy Scouting spirit.

Our visitors day was one which will long be remembered by all who were there; 2 large buses conveyed 30 parents, and 46 Cubs to our Camp, when a very interesting Sports afternoon programme was enjoyed by all. Prizes were given to all winners, which was made possible by the generosity of a number of friends who donated enough money for each winner to receive a very useful prize.

Mrs. W. G. Walford presented the prizes to the winners.

Six Scouts formed a guard of Honour at the funeral of Mr. E. Badger's Mother who was laid to rest at Martley Church.

Our last Camp fire was well supported by many parents and friends from St. John's, and a number of friends from Martley. Their support and interest is very much appreciated.

Visitors from Dudley, the 1st Netherton Scout Troop, were guests of our Troop for a week end. Group Scoutmaster T. Rosser with 25 Scouts were taken into the homes of our boys for the week-end, which was a very noble effort on the part of the parents.

Activity for the whole time was very enjoyable to all. Early morning service was attended by members of both Troops and Evensong was attended by all.

Our Annual Pete is near at hand and by the time you read this it will be over. We still need funds for our hut, which is very essential for our winter's programme to be carried out, so may I say Thank You all for your support.

J. W. ROWE, *Group Scoutmaster.*

### ST. JOHN'S GIRL GUIDE CAMP

JULY 31ST—AUGUST 8TH, 1950

FOR eight days this year nine of our Company had great fun at the Guide Company Camp at Castlemorton. After beginning with a glorious thunderstorm we had warm, dry weather which enabled us to sleep under the stars nearly every night. We had several expeditions—on the hills and common, tracking, and one day we went to Malvern when the energetic cycled and the others went by 'bus. For the last few days it was a 'Guiders' training

camp when we learnt campcraft which made our holiday, as B-P would say, well worth while.

We are all very grateful to Miss Stephen-Jones for having us, and to Captain who did so much to make our Camp a success. JANET BROWN, *P.L. Bullfinch Patrol.*

### SOME THOUGHTS ON PRAYER

AN old Chinese story tells of a prince who, when walking in the country, came across a farmer making a sacrifice to his gods of a cup of wine and a pig's foot. As he offered his gifts he prayed that his fields might increase, his gardens be full of blossoms, his barns filled to bursting with grain, and that his whole life should be crowned with honour and material prosperity. And, we are told, the prince stopped and marvelled, wondering that a man who asked for so much should offer so little.

At the end of every day it is good to remember before God the people who have helped us during the day, to thank Him for their help, and to ask a blessing for them.

What a privilege, says the hymn, to carry *everything* to God in prayer. Everything means joy as well as trouble—happiness as well as sorrow. And everything presupposes *all the time*. Prayer with God is not confined to a ceremonial going down on one's knees—it is also included in work for others. As the old washerwoman said—"I put my religion into my washing." How wonderful it would be if we could all say—I put my religion into my work; I want all my work to be a prayer to God.

To go through life without praying is like travelling along a maze of roads without asking the way.

Two young men were talking together—"Why do you bother to say your prayers?" asked one. "Are you on speaking terms with your father?" asked the other. "Yes, of course," said the first. "So am I," came the reply, "that is why I talk with God."

### CHILDREN'S CORNER

August, 1950.

#### DEAR CHILDREN,

Like most of you I have been on holiday this month, so instead of the usual story I thought it might interest you to hear a little about my travels.

I have been to the South of England where it is always much warmer and sunnier than it is in Worcester. I visited many of our Southern Counties, all of them places of great beauty.

The County which appealed to me most was Dorset. It is a farming district and at Puddle-town lives Ralph Wightman, the well-known broadcaster. Dorchester is the County town and at the little town of Abbotsbury is the famous swannery.

The coast line is unspoilt and it is here that the famous Chesil Beach is situated. On the border of Devon and Dorset is the quaint little town of Lyme Regis where the Duke of Monmouth landed in 1685.

The places you children would have enjoyed most are Weymouth and Bournemouth where there are such lovely sands. At both these places all the children were having a wonderful time building forts and castles.

Another place of great beauty is the New Forest. Here you see the ponies wandering about and putting their heads in the cars begging for food. It was here that in 1100 King William Rufus was accidentally killed by an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrell. Today the Rufus Stone as it is called marks the spot.



I have visited many other places of great interest and beauty, but I haven't time to tell you all about them. In many parts of the South are remains of Roman Britain also many beautiful old Abbeys, Churches and Castles.

I am sure the part the boys especially would have enjoyed was Portsmouth and Southampton. Here at Portsmouth is Nelson's old flag ship the Victory side by side with modern battle-ships. At Southampton it is fascinating to watch the great liners come in and go out manœuvred by the little tugs. You can also see the great flying boats getting ready to take off.

All too soon it is time for us all to return home and to our everyday jobs, but holidays leave behind many pleasant memories for us to think about in the dreary days of Winter.

I hope you have all had enjoyable holidays. If any of you care to write and tell me about them I shall be delighted. There will be a small prize for the most interesting or exciting account sent into me.

*The Editor, Children's Corner,  
c/o The Vicarage.*

### HOLY BAPTISM

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

July 30.—Lynda June Middleton, 4 Newland Crescent.

Aug. 6.—John Niel Jackson, 1 Henwick Avenue.

„ 6.—Lynne Geraldine Edwards, 31 Nelson Road.

„ 6.—David Brian Wood, 22 Warboys Road.

„ 13.—David William Naish, 40 East St., Worcester.

„ 13.—Louise Elizabeth Tolley, 17 Mayfield Road, Moseley.

„ 13.—Joan Elizabeth Woodward, 38 Lambert Road.

„ 27.—Barry Gore, 22 Blenheim Rd., St. John's.

„ 27.—Janet Lesley Fishwick, 1 Royds Wood, Shipley, Yorks.

„ 27.—Janet Betty Reading, 40 Pitmaston Road.

**CORRECTION.** July 23rd (August Magazine), printed as Victor, should be Victoria Robinson, of 70 Bransford Road.

### HOLY MATRIMONY

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

Aug. 12.—Sidney John Harding and Peggy Rhonda Jones.

„ 19.—David James Carwardine and Betty Joyce Price.

„ 24.—John Henry Woodward and Ethel May Roberts.

„ 25.—Thomas Jeffs and Joyce Winifred Lancey.

„ 26.—Graham Reginald Albert Saunders and Josephine Rose Winifred Gravenall.

### CHRISTIAN BURIAL

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

Aug. 8.—Lizzie Rose Broomhall, 68 years, 3 Nursery Road.

„ 9.—Florence Mary Hunt, 72 years, Malvern Rd.

„ 19.—Amelia Walton, 93 years, Claverham House, Foley Road.

„ 21.—Christine Louisa Went, 79 years, Sherwood Lane.

„ 23.—Ada Brown, 81 years, 179 Bromwich Road.

„ 24.—Florence Mary Danford, 38 years, 55 McIntyre Road.

### 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, aged 7½ years.

### CHURCH COLLECTIONS

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Aug. 6	...	...	...	£10	5	2
Aug. 13	...	...	...	£7	15	0
Aug. 20	...	...	...	£9	1	8
Aug. 27	...	...	...	£10	3	2

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I have received 6s. in an envelope without name or number. This has been provisionally credited to the anonymous F.W.O. contributions, but can be transferred to the correct number if the donor would be kind enough to get in touch with me.

MRS. O. H. LAFLIN, *Hon. Sec.*,  
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