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KIN 1496

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Magazine Editor: Mr. R. H. CLARKE, 21 Rednal Road. KIN 3580.

Verger and Parish Clerk: Mr. EDWARD BLAKE, THE SARACEN'S HEAD, with
whom Baptisms and Marriages can be arranged on Monday and
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ORGANISATIONS

MOTHERS' UNION	1st Monday in month, 2.45 p.m., at Church.
G.F.S.	Mondays, 6.30 p.m. Candidates, Wednesdays, 5.45 p.m. Both held in Saracen's Head.
BOY SCOUTS	CUBS, Mondays, 6.30 p.m., Council School. SCOUTS, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m., Saracen's Head.
YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m., Saracen's Head.
BADMINTON CLUB	Tuesdays, 7 p.m., Council School.

ST. ANNE'S

JUNIOR CLUB	Thursdays, 6.30 p.m., Church Hall.
YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Tuesdays, 7 p.m., Church Hall.
MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP	2nd Thursday in month, 2.45 p.m. in Church.

THE EPIPHANY:

SENIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Fridays, 7 p.m.
JUNIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Tuesdays, 7 p.m.
MEN'S CLUB	Mondays, 7.30 p.m.
WOMEN'S WORKING PARTY	Thursdays, 2.30 p.m.
MOTHERS' UNION	Third Thursday in month, 2.30 p.m.
The Church of the Epiphany organisations all meet in their Church Hall.			

SERVICES

ST. NICOLAS	<i>Every Sunday:</i> Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Children's Service and Infant Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; <i>First and Third Sunday in month:</i> Holy Communion, 12.15 p.m.; <i>Thursdays:</i> Holy Communion, 11 a.m.
ST. ANNE'S	<i>Every Sunday:</i> Junior Church, 11.15 a.m.; Sunday School, 2.45 p.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m. Holy Communion on 2nd Sunday in month at 9.30 a.m.
THE EPIPHANY	<i>Every Sunday:</i> Junior Church, 11.15 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; Holy Communion on 4th Sunday in month at 9.30 a.m.
DRUIDS LANE	<i>Every Sunday:</i> Children's Church, 11 a.m., in the Council School.
BAPTISMS	<i>1st and 3rd Sunday</i> at St. Nicolas, 3.50 p.m.; Forms obtained at Churching or from Parish Clerk on Monday and Wednesday evenings.
CHURCHINGS	<i>Thursdays</i> , 10.30 a.m., at St. Nicolas.
MARRIAGES	Banns Forms issued and received by Parish Clerk.
VISITATION OF THE SICK	Please notify the Clergy of any sick person.

Copy for the June magazine must be sent to the Editor, Mr. R. H. Clarke, 21 Rednal Road, by 10th May. The magazine will appear on 24th May.

CALENDAR FOR MAY

- 3.—ASCENSION DAY.
 6.—SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.
 13.—WHIT SUNDAY.
 20.—TRINITY SUNDAY.
 27.—FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ALMS GIVING

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25	99	9	7	51	5	0	5	4	8	7	1	7
Good Friday	14	19	7							6	7	

(For Diocesan Moral Welfare Work)

VICAR'S LETTER

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON

May 1951.

My dear Friends,

You will find at the end of this letter another letter from Mr. Frank Ludford. He wrote this in answer to my letter of last month and I asked if he would allow me to publish what he had written. He has kindly consented to my doing so. Will you please read his letter first, as I want to deal with one or two points in it this month. But before I do so I want to emphasise that I have no other interest in these things than in so far as they are part of the spiritual life of the community. There is nothing I dislike more, or think more unfair than using the pulpit, or such a magazine as this for airing political views. It is only when such matters not only overlap, but definitely invade the sphere of the spirit that all alive Christians must pay attention to them.

Mr. Ludford claims that it is impossible for a man working in a factory operating the belt system, or in a coal mine, to have any enthusiasm for his work, or to feel that God has called him to such work. Then indeed is the future of this industrial nation indeed without hope.

A miner spoke some time ago on the wireless of his love for his work, of the tradition and art of it. Is he different from all other miners? I once heard a broadcast talk from a girl whose job was washing milk bottles. How uninspiring. But she saw in the well doing of her work the prevention of disease which milk so easily carries. She felt that she was responsible for the health of the community. She was God's guardian of the health of her fellow-creatures. I have little doubt that at times she must have hated the sight of milk bottles, just as much as a miner hates the sight of coal, or a doctor or nurse of sick-beds, or a parson of meetings.

We all get dull at times. But if God is in our heart and behind our work the light shines again. The average Englishman has nothing to refresh his spirit, except the football pools, the dogs, the films and any other kind of thrill which he can buy with a ticket and take like a drug to kill boredom. So instead of living, he exists. There is no mainspring in his life, no dynamic. I can well believe Mr. Ludford when he speaks of men, caught up in the vast industrial machine. But I also hear repeatedly of mastermen, people who have served apprenticeships and learned trades, throwing everything over to go into the factories, soul destroying as Mr. Ludford claims them to be, for extra wages, which in a vast number of cases are spent to buy extra trimmings to life, as I heard a parishioner, himself, I imagine, a manual worker, say at a brains trust a while ago.

In spite of Mr. Ludford's declaration that my remarks on the subject of trade unions is ill-informed, I would remind him that a parson comes into contact with life on all sides, and I have observed closely the development of the movement for many years. I still maintain that any fraternity, or guild or combine, which insists on everyone being within its bounds is, to use the modern expression a "closed shop." Nothing could describe it better. A closed shop, with the shutters down, and darkness within, and no place for the light of freedom to shine through. Not a chink of light, or is the reaction of the school teachers of Durham a first light of dawn. I have little doubt that most of those teachers are socialists in sympathy, but they have rebelled against a tyranny, an encroachment upon their personal liberty, and their personalities.

We live in a tragic generation when in the name of freedom, our freedom is constantly being curtailed; an age of form-filling in triplicate. A busybody civil service counts our hens, and the marking of our pigs, our sinks, our furniture, our rooms, our teeth. All are scheduled and docketed and the world of science, economic and otherwise, like an unresisting milch-cow yields up facts and data for politicians to juggle with. The result, two world wars and

a third threatening, and still the champions of freedom and equal right, including Trades Unions, lay new shackles on our spirits. If there were a "closed shop" in parsoning, I would refuse to carry on, because I should know that no man could live or teach or preach the word or spirit of God in the fusty darkness of that "closed shop."

Mr. Ludford and I are meeting to argue the matter, but he will have to produce some far better argument than his letter contains, or I have yet heard to convince me that the human spirit will be destroyed unless it can break the bounds of the "closed shop" of our generation.

Mr. Ludford attributes our present troubles to dread and fear of a third world war. "Remove that," he says, "give the people real faith in their future, and the mess you have referred to would vanish." The people get nowhere on faith in their future. In the halcyon Edwardian days, how completely confident was England in her future, until the 1914 war shattered her dreams, proved the hollowness of her faith, and plunged her into that post-war cynicism, which is the direct cause of so many of our evils to-day. What we need is faith in God.

I would remind those who ask "What is the church doing?" that they are part of the church, and that if they were all doing their duty to God and the church, we should be able to cope with present evils. They have been baptised, brought up in the church, many of them confirmed; they have received the blessed Sacrament, and through sheer spiritual slackness have fallen off. Let them come back to the House of God where, they know perfectly well they belong, and the Church would be able to cope. Meanwhile, with all her faults and weaknesses the Church is holding the last stronghold of Godliness and worship and service and selflessness, and that is why, in spite of the threatened loss of congregation, one member of the church, after much thought, has ventured to risk that loss and to declare the spirit of the "closed shop" a direct negation of the spirit of Christ.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

85 Middle Park Road, Weoley Hill,

Birmingham 29.

My dear Mr. Ashford,

Although not a regular member of your congregation it is always with pleasure and keen interest that I read the "Vicar's Letter" in your parish magazine. From your letters and from your sermons I have developed a sound respect for your views on many of the problems which confront our generation, but your letter in the April issue contains so much with which I find myself at variance that I feel impelled to set down a few thoughts upon it. They are addressed to you in all due deference, and I trust will give you no offence.

It is with reference to what you write on people's attitude to work, and on the subject of Trade Unions that I should like to comment. That there is some little support for your indictment none will deny, but I do feel that you have grossly distorted your case and the sweeping generalisations you have used will be very ill received by the large majority of your readers. Human nature, being what it is, bedevilled by the stresses and strains of our times, it is of course a simple matter to point to the exception which apparently you consider proves the rule. The occasional idler and slacker has been, and always will be, with us, but it is quite wrong in my view to regard him as the root cause of the awful mess to which you contend our country is reduced. You write, "it is not a job a man does that tells, but the spirit in which he does it." True, but equally true that the spirit applied to a job is governed largely by its reward, and its amenability to the per-

former. You cannot expect a man forced by circumstances to work in a coal mine, or in the din and sweat of a factory, to bring quite so much enthusiasm to his work, or to be so indifferent to knocking-off time as the man whose job, for one reason or another is a real pleasure to him. If you have any doubts on that issue I would suggest you visit a typical factory operating the belt system, and judge for yourself whether a man who spends a lifetime in it can be expected to hold any real convictions that God has called him to such work.

You mention that that man only is happy whose job is his hobby. The word is defined as "a favourite subject—that which a man pursues with delight." Do you really expect a man, caught up in a vast industrial machine to get a delight from his work? No sir! Delight comes only when he returns to the fresh air, back to his fireside or into his garden, or engaged in his hobby. The vast majority of men would freely admit that to have to work hard for a living is a necessary evil, if you imply by that rather ugly word, doing something unpleasant, something which would be avoided if an alternative were offered. The idea that he is helping someone (except helping his employer to make profit on his labour) that he is fulfilling God's purpose never for one moment enters his head. The average man is just that—not an archangel.

Your comments on Trade Unions and their influence on industry to-day are not likely to swell your congregation. If I may say so, your tirade appears to be singularly ill informed, and has plunged you in to a subject which obviously is not a happy one for you. Here again minor evidence could be cited to support your argument, but do you not realise that there is another side to the case. The Trade Union organisation is an integral part of the industrial set-up, and serves its purpose extremely well. If you looked closely into the facts you would appreciate the reason for the restrictions you have referred to, and would realise that the fault for much of it lies with the employers of labour. The idea of Trade Unions creating a prison and building bars round man's spirit, is to me a fantastic idea, and to compare its influence on society with the Godless exploiters of the Industrial Revolution, sheer nonsense. Trade Unions are a necessity and will continue so whilst you have employers' Unions and employers who seek to exploit the toil of their fellow-men.

In my view, Mr. Ashford, you are barking up the wrong tree. It would have been more fitting to have attacked the profiteers, the spongers, the spivs, the money jugglers, the livers on unearned income, the folk who have never done, and never intend to do, a hard day's work in their lives. It is to them your plea should be addressed, not to workers all and sundry on whose efforts your daily bread and the amenities of your life depend.

The lack of sense of service and of purpose, you claim are eating out the heart of the world to-day. As I see it, the fault lies not so much in that direction, but in the dread and fear of a third world war. Remove that, give the people real faith in their future, and the mess you have referred to would vanish. What then is the Church doing to prevent this threatened catastrophe? What, one might ask, can it do? On that over-riding issue the die is cast for good or evil by the politicians who appear to be very far removed from any religious motive. Men and nations can pray, but in 1914 and in 1939 the prayers were unheeded. Let us hope that in the 1950s God will spare His peoples the anguish of another welter of suffering and misery.

Having said all that, may I suggest that in one of your letters you develop the theme of being thankful for the many blessings around us. Although the world is full of imperfections and will remain so, as man himself is imperfect, life is still good to live. Write us a cheerful letter which will send us to work with a song in our hearts, not brooding over our shortcomings.

I am, yours sincerely,

FRANK LUDFORD.

SERVICES IN MAY

May is full of outstanding events in the Church's Calendar. First, on Thursday, 3rd May, comes Ascension Day. There will be Holy Communion at 7 a.m., 11 a.m. and Solemn Evensong with Procession at 8 p.m. I shall do as I did last year, and invite the choir of S. Anne's, West Heath, to join with our choir in leading the singing. I hope that the congregations of all three churches will make a special effort to be present at the Act of United Worship in our Mother Church.

Then on 13th May comes Whit Sunday. There will be Holy Communion at 7 a.m., 8 a.m. and after Mattins. The other services as usual. Evensong will be with Procession as at the other Festivals. Whitsuntide is so much the Cinderella of the Festivals, yet it is full of significance for Christians, because it notes the time when the promise of Christ was fulfilled, that He would send another Comforter, that is, another "Strengthened." I should like to see every confirmed member of the Church at Holy Communion some time on that day.

On 20th May is Trinity Sunday, so important as declaring to the world the Christian faith in God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Three in One and One in Three. This day sums up into its perfect unity that three-fold nomination of God.

I want to refer to the Mattins of 3rd June, when I should like to invite the members of the Parochial Church Council, and of the Pro-Councils to come together for a service of dedication in view of their special responsibilities for our churches this year. I hope that this will grow into a tradition in our Parish. The Rev. F. R. Pryce Parry, Vicar of S. Mary's, Selly Oak, is the preacher. Please do make a special effort to be there. Of course bring wife or husband or family to sit with you.

OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS

"In the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost"

18th March—Pauline Ida Hemming, David Michael Haslewood, Stephen Thomas Welch, Kathleen Marie Walker, Gillian Anne Hereward, Lesley Sylvia Jaynes, Teresa Mary Ryman, Barry James Grayson, Elaine Lillian Hoskins, Shirley Ann Reece, Antony Stuart McGuire, 11th February—Jane Margaret Hemming, 31st March—Philip Hugh McCullough, 1st April—Sally Margaret Goodwin.

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

10th March—Richard Anthony Richards and Sheila Mary Denman, Kenneth Herbert Bradshaw and Ada Bartlett, John Herbert Wixey and Winifred Mary Frinstone, 17th March—Jack Hargreaves and Joyce Morcombe, Robert Mostyn Washington and June Coles, Maurice Raoul Thibault and Jean Mary Williams, Alfred William Flint and Joyce Marion Cheshire, 19th March—Stuart Walker Batten and Marion Bartlett, 21st March—William Thomas Bartlett and Dorothy May Owen, 24th March—William John Scott and Margaret Price, Derek Joseph Henry Mee and Patricia Harvey Matthews, Samuel Florence and Jeanie Kerr, Leonard Done and Sheila Bourne, 26th March—Michael Harold Eley and Joan Winifred Edmunds, John Ernest Arnold and Jessie Edith Townsend, 27th March—George Herbert Brian and Shelagh Adkins, 31st March—Reginal Dennis Williams and Eileen Gladys Priddy, Ronald Ball and Eileen Muriel Parker, Sidney George and Joyce Willmott, Ivor James Andrews and Selina Ada Bakewell, Maurice Price and Joan Kathleen Bishop.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life"

8th March—Emma Edmunds, aged 81 years, 9th March—Thomas Dunn Huband, aged 82 years, 14th March—William Bevan Sumpter, aged 88 years, 19th March—Arthur Frederick Townsend, aged 60 years, 21st March—Charles Henry Henson, aged 87 years, 22nd March, Alice Jane Waldron, aged 68 years, 5th April, William Hobday, aged 76 years.

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

<i>Date</i>	<i>8 a.m.</i>	<i>11 a.m.</i>	<i>6.30 p.m.</i>
May 6—	Reynolds, W. H. Pepper, R. J.	Izon, T. Richards, D. S. Swain, A. Clarke, R. H.	Allan, J. R. Greenhill, B. Walker, G. C. Mackintosh, J. A.
13—	Jones, N. V. Barradell, N.	Reynolds, W. H. Jenkins, I. B. Floyd, H. Webb, F.	Plevin, J. Clarke, R. A. Pepper, R. J. Blake, C. E. J.
20—	Slough, A. J. Greenhill, B.	Winstanley, W. H. Wood, N. A. Block, G. H. Heward, A.	Searle, R. H. Porter, T. A. Clews, H. T. Higgs, S.
27—	Searle, R. H. Porter, T. A.	Blinkhorn, H. W. Marshall, W. J. Yates, R. Greenhill, B.	Davies, W. R. Griffiths, F. A. Richards, D. S. Webb, F.

ALTAR SERVERS AND ALTAR FLOWERS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Servers</i>	<i>Cross Bearer</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
May 6—	8.0 a.m.	J. Hill & M. Davies		Mrs. Canning
	11.0 a.m.	D. Jarrett	J. R. Jones	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	B. Whitehouse	B. C. Pitts	
May 13—	8.0 a.m.	D. Pendleton & F. Porter		Mrs. Ashford
	11.0 a.m.	G. Elliot	J. R. Jones	
	6.30 p.m.	R. Millard	J. Oseman	
May 20—	8.0 a.m.	C. A. P. Rogers & M. Southgate		Mrs. Green
	11.0 a.m.	D. May	A. Bateson	
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		
	6.30 p.m.	J. Pownall	J. Clews	
May 27—	8.0 a.m.	R. Yates & G. Parker		Mrs. Mackintosh
	11.0 a.m.	R. Smith	C. M. Shaylor	
	6.30 p.m.	B. Westbury	P. McNair	
June 3—	8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs & P. Southwick.		Mrs. Marshall
	11.0 a.m.	J. Vaughan	J. Jelfs	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	K. Hollier	B. Greenhill	

Servers who cannot attend at the stated time should make their own substitutes

HYMNS FOR MAY

Thursday, 3rd May, 8 p.m.	Ascension Day—			
	147	301	300	304 148.
6th May—				
Morning:	147	301	220	300 Ps. 93.
Evening:	147	150	302	298 Ps. 149 & 150.
13th May, Whitsun Day—				
Morning:	157	210	211	215 Ps. 67 (vv. 1-20).
Evening:	155	207	156	672 204 Ps. 148.
20th May, Trinity Sunday—				
Morning:	164	657	161	167 Ps. 34
Evening:	169	160	280	235 Ps. 93
27th May, Trinity I—				
Morning:	34	191	705	240 Ps. 1
Evening:	274	178 (Pt. 1)	679	21 Ps. 4.

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Is God Real to You?

by the Very Rev. Ronald Sinclair

Provost of Guildford

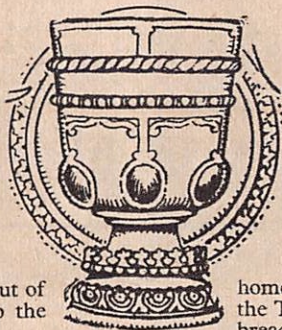
JESUS CHRIST spent the whole of His life in making God real to men. He brought God out of Heaven and the remote as it were, and made Him a living fact and reality of earth. He brought Him out of the special observances of the Sabbath into the every day. He brought God out of the rare and special into the commonplace.

As T. T. Lynch wrote:—

Christ talked of grass, and wind and
And fig trees and fair weather,
And made it His delight to bring
Heaven and the earth together.
He spoke of lilies, vines and corn,
The sparrow and the raven,
And words so natural and so wise
Were on men's hearts engraven:
And yeast, and bread, and flax and
cloth,
And eggs, and fish and candles;
See how the whole familiar world
He most divinely handles."

So in and through Jesus, His life and His teaching, God becomes human. He becomes not just "God", but "Father". So we must make our churches human places, homes, where people can laugh as well as weep, be glad as well as sad, become strong as well as knowing their own weaknesses. For Jesus is our host at every service, and we are His guests. He is there to welcome us, and we come gladly to meet Him. He greets us personally with a smile. "I know my sheep."

I suppose that is why He chose bread to embody Himself to men. Bread speaks of Him. For bread is so very commonplace. We earn our daily bread by blood (in war-time at least) and sweat and toil and tears, and Christ knew all these four things. Bread speaks of common life, and Christ lived within common life. He



takes our common life, even as He takes the bread we offer, and breaks it, and offers it and distributes it. Bread is not some rare sweetmeat or confection: so Christ is identified not with the rare, but with the common ways of men. We must bring the street, the

home, the shop, the factory to the Table of the Lord. The bread that we offer there represents all these things. Common life is there consecrated by the Divine Life, by the toilworn hands of God-made-man.

So the people who ought to be thronging our churches are the people who know what hard work is, the "horny-handed". I have loved giving the Bread of Christ's Breaking into the hands of a young mechanic, hands that are ingrained with toil and grease; because I know that my Lord and he are really workmates, and that Jesus brought God into a Carpenter's Shop.

I am sure that the service of the Breaking of Bread was never meant by Christ to be the service of just the respectable, conventional, pious few. It was meant to be the service of the worker, the toiler, the repentant sinner, the young lover and his girl friend, the young mother, and common humanity as it passes down the streets.

Oh, for a breath of the reality of Him Who called Himself the Bread of Life in our services! "Come unto Me," He cries, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you"; and He cries it always at the Breaking of the Bread. What is your response?

THE MONTH'S MOTTO

"Each her neighbour's troubles sharing,
Each her sister's burden bearing,
Show the helpless and despairing
They have still a friend."

Church News and Views

In addition to six five-shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11, Ludgate Sq., E.C.4.



Saxon Cross.

THIS finely-preserved Saxon Cross stands in the churchyard at Eyam, in Derbyshire. It is eight feet high, and the whole of its surface is carved with angels, with crosses and trumpets, knot-work, scrolls, foliage and man with a horn, and the Madonna and Child.—E. RICHARDSON.

“To our American Visitors.”

ST. Mary Arches' Church, Exeter, which suffered badly from the blitz, has this inscription:

“To our American Visitors

The wood used in the Restoration of this Roof was part of an American Landing Barge used in the Invasion of Normandy, D. Day 1944. Your men went forth in it to fight in the cause of Justice, Peace and Freedom and it has returned to rest in this Church Roof—a lasting link between our two countries. When we come into this Church we shall remember your Sons who fought side by side with ours. They shall beat their Swords into Ploughshares and their Spears into Pruning Hooks.”—MRS. A. F. COLES.

Plague Death Payments.

TWO honest women of good years were appointed under an “Order to be Observed in the Plague” dated 1578, recently discovered in the parish of Harrietsham, Kent. It was their duty to issue death certificates. For all plague deaths they were paid 6d. each and for all others 2d. each. Do any of your readers know of any similar records in parochial accounts?—THE REV. C. T. SPURLING.

Seven Stones—Seven Battles.

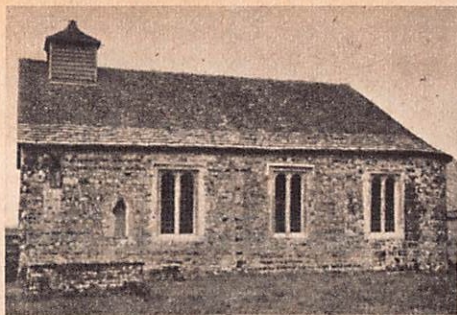
AN unusual war memorial stands in the churchyard of St. Helen's Church at Darley Dale near Matlock. It consists of seven memorial stones, each commemorating outstanding British achievements in the last war—the Battles of Britain, Narvik, Dunkirk, Calais, Malta, and the River Plate and of the Jervis Bay. The Seven Stones to Victory (as they are known) are grouped in a semi-circle round the base of England's reputedly oldest yew tree, which is over 2,000 years old and measures 34 feet round the trunk. It continues to flourish.—W. DAVIS.

Let Sleeping Dogs . . .

THIS curious object is to be seen on the south wall of the ancient church of Clynnoch Fawr, Lleyl Peninsula, N. Wales. It is a form of lazy tongs with long sharp teeth at the end, and it was used for ejecting unwanted dogs from church—common visitors, no doubt, in this very pastoral locality. I think he would be a brave churchwarden who would undertake to eject a spirited Welsh sheepdog! Would he seize it by the ear or the tail? In any case, I imagine the noise produced by the offending animal would be far more objectionable than its undisturbed presence.—W. T. N. THOMPSON.



Lazy Tong



Dorset's Smallest Church.

THE smallest church in Dorset, and probably the second smallest in England, is that of Winterborne Tomson (23 ft. × 14 ft.) standing among farm out-buildings; only its tiny bell-tower makes it recognisable as a church. For years, until the mid-thirties, it was infested by pigs, fowls and rats, but happily it has been restored, and has even figured in a B.B.C. broadcast. It is notable for its high box-pews, pulpit sounding-board and ancient singing gallery. The church is over 600 years old.—STANLEY COTTON.

The 'Cambridge' Chimes.

THE chimes of the turret-clock in the tower of the famous Great St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, are the originals of the four-note quarters which are sounded by millions of clocks all over the world. At the time of the clock's installation in 1793, a phrase from Handel's *I Know That My Redeemer Liveth* was expanded into the present familiar chimes; which were later used for Big Ben and thousands of tower and other clocks. The original clock mechanism at St. Mary's Church has since been replaced, but the quarter chimes—the "Cambridge Quarters"—continue to sound on the old bells. The dial of the present clock is highly ornamental, quite small and mounted low down on the tower, over the main doorway. The hands are driven from the mechanism in the clock-room above by an arrangement of rods and bevel wheels. Visitors to Cambridge frequently pass the Church without realising that the clock has any dial at all.—T. R. ROBINSON.

Fires in the Belfry.

THE tower of the parish church of All Saints and St. Andrew at Wicklewood, Norfolk, is unique in that it once provided living accommodation, probably for the incumbent. The belfry has the remains of a fireplace—in a fair state of

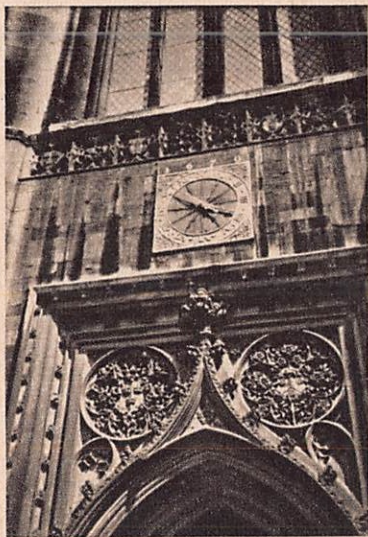
preservation—and an opening for an oven. There is another fireplace in the room above. The chimneys of both, which run inside the walls of the tower, are still intact, though their tops are bricked over.—R. W. G. GRAVES.

One Bell Remains.

IN the Parish and Garrison Church of St. Mary-within-the-Castle, Dover, there is a church bell bearing the date 1639. It is hung at the back of the church and is the one remaining bell of a peal whose earliest ones were used in the year 1234. The church is probably unique in having a beacon tower (Pharos) dating from about the first century A.D.—MISS P. E. SHARP.

A Versatile Vicar.

THE choir of Eccles Parish Church, Lancashire, were recently in need of some new robes. Replacements promised to be prohibitive, so the Vicar, Rural Dean Canon Thomas W. Taylor, M.A., set to work with paper patterns, tape measure, rule and scissors and cut out 34 surplices, which the ladies of the Church made up. This saved the parish about £30. This was the Vicar's second attempt at cutting out church vestments. In 1940 he made himself a surplice.—MRS. M. BOWEN.



The Cambridge Chimes



The Dog and his Duty to his Neighbour

by Una P. Dod

“**W**HAT a pity dogs are not more gracious to each other!”

It was a very gracious Christian lady who spoke, and one who would naturally have been the first to notice the churlish behaviour of some of her canine friends. But, generally speaking, I think mankind is hardly in a position to call the lower creature to account for lack of courtesy and personal charity towards his fellows.

It is not uncommon to see a young, half-grown dog dash up to an older fellow in a friendly fashion, and the elder turn on the youngster, sending him scampering away in fear. It does seem unkind. But to know the history of the dog is to understand.

The popular belief that dogs are the direct descendants of the wolf is wrong. The wolf and the wild dog inhabited the British Isles in the latter Stone Age and even at this early date their habits were widely different. Wolves hunted in large packs, and dogs in family groups under a strong dog-leader.

In countries where dogs are despised and only tolerated as scavengers, they revert, to some extent, to the wild state. Each group stakes a track as its particular hunting locality. No strange dog is allowed to pick up nor scrounge for food within the boundary. It is no unusual sight to see a timid trespasser lying on his back before the leader of such a group begging permission to pass on his way. Sometimes he has to lie in that

suppliant position for a long time, while the dogs in possession, snarling and threatening, enjoy their power and his misery. In other cases the stranger is given the signal to go at once and is hounded out of the territory with the yelping band at his heels. As often as not, the magnanimous landlord will snarl a warning, but hold his followers, allowing the petitioner to continue his course, providing that he does not linger, try to snatch a bite of anything, or cast eyes at the Great Chief's favourite. The fundamental reason for savage, churlish behaviour in dogs is the instinct of self-preservation—the need to fight for their rights.

The influence of a Christian civilisation that takes the dog into its life and gives him security and affection, and trains him with sympathetic understanding, brings out the more charitable disposition of the animal and does much to overcome his natural desire to be “Cock of the Walk,” just as the Christian training which we receive from *Our Lord and Master* overcomes *our* natural feelings of insecurity and jealousy, and consequent discourtesy, uncharitableness, and lack of benignity.

There is a good illustration of this in the well-known true story of the Canine Good Samaritan. It is worth telling again. A collie dog was out with his master in Chelsea when the man had the misfortune to be knocked down and run over. He was taken to hospital by ambulance but the dog was discovered some hours later, lying under his master's bed. The sister, evidently an animal lover and touched by the dog's faithfulness, allowed him to see, and stay with, the patient a few moments before sending him home. Each day the dog visited the ward at the same time, stayed a little while, and was then sent away. At last the joyous day arrived when his master

was discharged and he and the dog left the hospital together.

Some weeks passed when, one day, the sister found the dog in the ward again. He was not alone. He had with him a half-starved, stray fox-terrier with a broken paw. The sufferer was admitted and given food and attention. The collie, satisfied that he had left his neighbour in good hands, went home.

Not very long ago crowds of holiday-makers saw a small dog marooned on a sandbank by the Blackpool tide. He was terrified;

terrified to stay, more terrified to jump into the swirling waves. His cries were heard by a big dog named Nigger, who plunged into the sea and swam to him. The small dog was greatly comforted to have company in his frightened condition; but Nigger barked encouragingly, obviously he was telling him not to be afraid but to follow him, and so heartened his small companion that he followed his rescuer and they swam safely to the shore.

But the best-known character, whose kindness extended to all animals, from her own race to goldfish (though not so noticeably to the latter) is Beauty, the wirehaired terrier belonging to Mr. Barnett of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, Manchester Branch.

Beauty was just a pet, devoted to her master; she enjoyed above all things riding beside him in the hospital van. When bombing started in the last World War, Mr. Barnett, with other P.D.S.A. workers, began the grim and courageous work of rescuing trapped, injured, and straying animals.

On these errands of mercy Beauty refused to be left behind. At first she sat and watched from a safe distance, but suddenly, prompted by nothing



Beauty loved all animals

but love of her master and a desire to share his work and his danger, she started to take part in discovering her fellow creatures in distress. What the trained rescue dogs did for mankind, Beauty did for dumb creatures. She worked so hard among the debris that she tore the pads from her paws and had to wear specially-made booties with rubber soles to prevent a permanent injury.

Beauty showed real unselfishness in her attitude to the rescued animals.

Though some were a menace in their terrified and bewildered state—spitting cats and snarling dogs—she treated all with an understanding and gentleness worthy of Christians bearing the painful ingratitude of man in return for good works, in the same spirit of love as *their* Master.

Bible Puzzle Corner



How many places visited by St. Paul can you find? Solution page 71.

WEEKDAY PAGES for Women

with Homes



Photo by J. H. Stone
Festival of Britain

Monday's Washing.

Nylons.—When washing nylon stockings enclose them in a thin white bag (a clean flour bag or part of an old pillow case will serve). After washing peg the bag with stockings inside on the line. When dry the nylons can be kept in the bag until required. This prevents any damage from fingernails or clothes pegs.—MISS M. A. PARSONS.

Blankets.—Use plenty of warm soapy water when washing blankets, and in the very last rinsing water dissolve a block of camphor. This definitely discourages those hungry moths from making a meal off the blankets while they are stored away.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

Spoon Tea-infuser.—This makes a good container for a cube of dye and is easy to use on washing day.—MISS V. DAWNEY.

I sewed a Zipper to the bottom of my laundry bag to save time on washing day. Now, instead of having to dig for dirty clothes in the bag I merely open the zipper and out they tumble.—MRS. JOHNSTON.

If starch is mixed with cold milk instead of water (before adding the boiling water) a better gloss is given to the linen, and the iron is less likely to stick.—MRS. L. SMITH.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Extra Collar.—When sewing a blouse make an extra collar. Then attach small

If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.

press studs to neck band and collar, thus enabling you to change it when soiled.—MISS HALLAM.

A frill of lace added to a pair of white fabric gloves will transform them to wear with summer dresses. Cut the gloves to wrist length, turn in raw edge and tack frilling $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep and 9 inches in length for each. Seam ends of frilling together, and stitch through centre of frilled edge.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Dressmaking.—When making the skirt of a gown place it in the band before doing the bottom hem. This allows the gathers and pleats to settle down and save a lot of subsequent trouble.—MRS. THRIPLETON.

To lengthen curtains.—If your net or lace curtains have shrunk in the wash, lengthen them in this way:—With crochet cotton, crochet a chain of ten or more stitches, and pick up one stitch every inch along the top of the curtains. Insert the rod through the holes made, and the curtains will not only be long enough, but will have a very pretty finish.—MRS. JAMES.

Stitch holder.—For stitches which are to be picked up later use a pipe cleaner. The stitches cannot slip off and the "holder" can be bent to any position.—MRS. MOORE.

Melon Seeds.—Make a note not to throw away seeds of a melon or marrow when you have them. Washed and thoroughly dried they make splendid decorations on a cushion or tea cosy. Make a hole in each end and sew on with a fine needle, arranged as a sunflower or stem of corn.—MISS A. SWAIN.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Three cures for hiccoughs.—At once put out tongue as far as you can, hold breath as long as possible. Repeat if unsuccessful.—MRS. KINNARD MOORE.

Get someone to hold your right hand little finger about half-way. This sounds simple but it works.—MRS. PARSONS.

If when you find you have an attack coming on you press the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth the hiccough will stop at once. The same remedy for those who have plates.—MRS. TACKLE.

Cure for quinsy.—Toast a piece of bread

almost black; boil sufficient vinegar to soak toast. Put in a piece of flannel and tie round throat. This remedy has never failed me yet.—MRS. ETCHER.

Bruises.—To prevent the skin discolouring after a bruise, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, moisten it with cold water, and place it on the injured part. It should be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin.—MRS. FIRMAN.

For pyorrhoea.—Make half a pint of malt vinegar very hot, but not quite boiling. Pour it into a jug into which you have put an ounce of sage; cover and leave to get cold. Then stir and add half a pint of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool. Stir again and strain. Use this freely as a mouth wash and gargle.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

Thursday's Cooking.

A nice change from the usual pastes used in sandwiches, made in the following manner should prove welcome. Take 2 lb. ripe tomatoes, 1½ lb. sugar, a large tablespoonful marmalade. Put all together in preserving pan. Stir frequently until it sets.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Slicing Kidney Beans.—This rather tedious job can be done quite easily with a potato peeler. Pare the string off with the peeler.

When all are prepared just use the peeler as a slicer. The result is thin uniform ribbons very quickly done.—MISS F. BOLTON.

At their best.—Tomatoes (whether bought or from the sunny garden) should never be served until chilled. Place them in a deep bowl under the cold water tap at full force: this brings out the rich flavour and tends to make them firm.—R. B. M.

Friday's Household.

Tat for Tits.—Householders who are annoyed by birds which peck through the caps of their milk bottles, will be pleased to know that an aluminium shelf can be bought; which may be hooked on to a convenient wall.

A handy man could easily make one. The top of this shelf is almost flush with the top of the bottles resting on the base.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

When the Grid of your "Valor" Stove becomes loose by reason of rust and burning away at the ends of bolts and you cannot drill holes for any further positions, take two metal star centres from old round rubber heels and insert on top of Grid under the bolt heads and you then will have a Grid 100% strong again.—MORRIS WRAIGHT.

Pyrex Plates.—As the lids of some of my good pans have worn out I have bought three pyrex plates of different sizes to replace them. Not only are they heat proof but I am able to watch the contents of the pans cooking without having to lift the lids.—MISS M. MAUDSLEY.

Saturday's Children.

To keep Baby safe in a high chair choose a position near a wall. Put a hook at the back of the chair and a screw eye in the wall, and thus anchor for safety. Should you prefer the legs hooked to the skirting board two hooks and eyes will be needed. Play pens can be similarly secured.—MRS. T. HANSON.

When washing for a family of small children I find it a good plan when I have their garments ready to put away, to safety-pin each child's washing separately. This makes for tidiness, and saves time.—MRS. MILLER.

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When making flannel garments for children soak the flannel first in cold water, then wash it in the usual way. This plan will save much annoying shrinkage.—MRS. E. ELLIS.

Outworn Baby's mittens or gloves can be used as egg cosies for the family. Leave the fingers and thumbs intact as these amuse the children and are a novelty at the breakfast table.—MRS. COCKAYNE.

To Make Baby's Hair Curly.—Every day, after the bath, warm a Turkish towel and gently rub all over the head, rubbing the hair upwards. When dry, damp with rosewater, and with the tips of the fingers form tiny curls in an upward direction.—MRS. ASTBURY.



Photo by

H. T. Heywood

Mother of Parliaments

Are We the Untouchable ?

By H. T. Ingram



Photos by courtesy of The Vellore Christian Medical Training College

YEARS ago I was sitting next to the most famous cricketer India has produced. It was at a Law lecture at Cambridge, and the lecturer was not easy to follow on the intricacies of International Law. With a gesture of dismay Ranji turned to me and said, "Do you mind if I copy the notes you are making?"

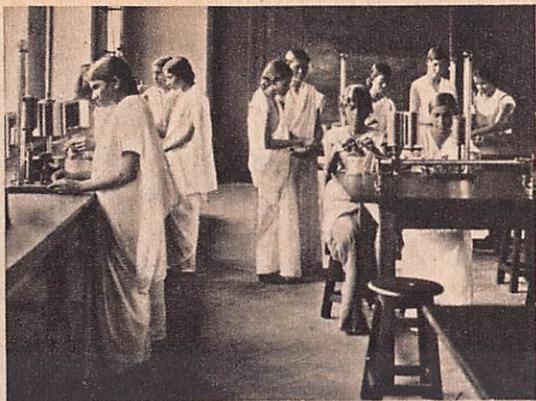
For many years Indians have been copying the notes English missionaries have been making in their country by the lives they have been living. They have copied not only the missionaries but also the soldiers, the traders, the politicians. These have carried into that great country their religion, their way of life, and above all their "touchability", that is their willingness to be touched by the feeling of other people's infirmities. And now that India is on her own, will she still copy? Will she still remember? Will she still welcome the Christian? These are enormously important questions—clamant questions. Who knows what place in the world India's millions, Brazil's millions, China's millions and Russia's millions will take a century hence? If there is no thin red line of Christian faith to show what kind of life is worth while, how will these vast populations learn to live? Sometimes I wonder when I come

across a parish that is not missionary-minded, a parish that has no desire to *grow* in grace and sympathy, whether *we* are not now the untouchable—people who cannot be touched by the needs of others beyond the bounds of our island home.

I asked an Indian doctor to sum up his impressions of what we British Christians have done, are doing, and are likely to do in India. I suppose they would fill a book and I can only pick and choose a few statements that made me think: "Wherever the missionary has gone his message has cast out fear and substituted love. Today there are a little more than eight million Christians in India and if they love a lot they are doing a lot. But they could do still more if they would love one another as much as they love their converts. Instead of several missions concentrating it would be better if they spread. India likes simplicity—simplicity of life, of dress and even of religion. And India is born religious—it is a home of religions. Indians have always been seekers after 'otherworldliness', never wholly tied down to materialism—the things seen that are not eternal—far from it.

"What they seem to value most highly is altruism in its very widest

sense. They honestly appreciate those who go about doing good, healing sufferers and giving sympathy in Christ's Name and as His disciples. 'You are greatly to be congratulated,' said a Hindu on one occasion, 'for you are sure of a fine heaven in the future, for you have been so busy making one in the present for yourself and us.'" Note that 'for yourself'. No one can make others happy without being happy. Or as another put it, 'Christ belongs



Girl Students at Vellore

much more to India than to England. He can travel far in India—go about and be always moving on and on. In England He enters homes, and stays. In India He is a fellow traveller with men.'

A lovely idea, but do we really deserve it? Would we be willing to follow Christ in His wanderings in India, simply following and helping? My friend the Indian doctor writes: 'I wish there were more lovers of Christ among missionaries, less lawyers for Christ. If so, how much more would be done for the coming of His Kingdom. I see a great throng of missionaries before me, missionaries in hardship and travail, some working with low salaries, tired faces, looking for reinforcements so slow in coming. I see saints loved by the people and respected. I see hospitals, schools, colleges, churches. I hear child laughter, bells and songs of prayer and praise. All these have come to India, because missionaries answered the challenge of the Master to undertake the greatest quest of all. I look behind me and see a great multitude of four hundred millions. 'What do you think of missionaries?' I ask them. There is someone shouting, 'We do not want missionaries.' There is another, 'Stop them from coming.' Isolated voices, but the majority are silent. Their eyes are shining with tenderness. Yes, my countrymen have not forgotten and will never forget what God's missionaries have done for them in their soul's darkness.

In their eyes I see their faith. They are happy because missionaries came and are still, thank God, coming."

THE TOOLS OF GOD

*Great Carpenter, Who earned Thy bread
By plying saw and plane,
By chisel and stout hammer-head,
And never worked in vain.
We are Thy tools that ready stand,
Each to his natural bent,
To build for Thee at Thy command
Wherever we be sent.*

*Thou art the Master Builder, Lord,
We but the humble tool,
But in Thy hands in skilled accord
Thy patience doth us school,
Until the service that we yield
Has done what Thou dost ask
And yoke and share in harvest field
Complete their honest task.*

*Today, O Carpenter Divine,
Rebuild the Church of God
With saw and plane and measuring line
Wherever man has trod:
We are Thy working tools by day.
Thy resting tools by night:
In Thy blest hands we humbly pray,
That we be true and bright.*

B.S.H.

Puzzle Corner (See page 69)

Solution : Derbe, Troas, Athens, Mysia, Corinth, Lystra, Philippi, Antioch, Thessalonica, Macedonia.

The Dividing Line

The strange story
of a feud

By V. M. Methley

XIII. Spider's Web

IT was closing-time when Dick reached the big shop, but he intended to stay on for a while, to make up for lost time by finishing off a few jobs. More especially he meant to examine at his leisure and uninterrupted, the new consignment of rugs which had come from Edelston and Carmel that morning.

The bale of rugs was in his own private office. Dick was just preparing to cut the cords which secured them, when the telephone-bell rang.

Taking down the receiver, he heard Roy Chicksand's voice.

"Hullo, Dick, is that you. Glad I caught you."

"Only just. What's the trouble?"

"Why, some of the most valuable rugs from the Maybrook Collection have been stolen."

"Stolen? Under your very noses?"

"Not exactly, I'm glad to say. The theft took place while the carpets were on their way back to Lord John's country-house. An uncommonly clever job too: they got the pick of the lot, I understand, but we'll recover them all right."

Dick hung up the receiver and returned to his task.

He unrolled the rugs and spread them out upon the floor, one on top of the other. He knelt beside the pile, magnifying-glass in hand.

"A little beauty, that Bokhara rug—very saleable size too.—" He turned over another carpet. "A nice Shirvan and good design, but not in the same class as Lady Corlet's and in far poorer condition. All right if we got it cheap though. Ah, a Kazak—bit dull-coloured for my liking, but that's a matter of taste. Fine specimen too—stands looking into."

Suddenly Dick gave a startled exclamation, sat back on his heels staring at the rug, as though the serpentine design had been a living and deadly

snake—perhaps one from the head of the Gorgon, Medusa, turning him, motionless, to stone.

"It's the darn!" burst from his lips suddenly. "That darn Ray showed me—on the rug at the Exhibition!"

What a fool I've been—what a fool!"

He'd been completely taken in: that was plain enough, but it wasn't the worst of it. He had let the firm, as well as himself, become receivers of stolen goods. A nice position for a respectable, well-established business, like that of Merthyr and Owen.

And how was he to convince Mr. Owen and the police that he hadn't been in league with a gang of thieves, all the time working to put money into his own pocket?

"I can prove it though by going straight to the police, telling them exactly what happened," Dick decided. "There's Roy—he's in charge of the case: he'll believe me and put things right. Better ring him up at once."

He scrambled to his feet, then, with his hand actually on the telephone, paused, hesitating.

Nice thing to have to confess how he'd been flattered and bamboozled by a clever pair of thieves! But—had he? Was it absolutely certain that Edelston and Carmel hadn't been deceived themselves? Ought he—wouldn't it be fairer—to give them at least the chance to explain matters?

He had meant to see them tomorrow anyhow: why not make it this evening and clear things up once and for all?

Somehow he still hated to believe that he'd been fooled so completely.

Without further consideration Dick left the rugs where they were on the office floor and made for Edelston's rooms. They were not five minutes' walk away, in a dull, respectable street, over a grocer's shop. This was shut now, but the side-door stood open and Dick went straight upstairs, as he had done several times before, pausing on the landing outside Edelston's door.

Voices could be heard inside, so Dick knocked sharply. After a moment's silence, Edelston himself answered the summons, smiling at the sight of the visitor.

"Why, Blackett," he said. "You haven't wasted any time. Come to

say what you think of the rugs, eh?"

Over Edelston's shoulder, Dick caught a glimpse of Carmel. Something in the expression on the narrow, dark face suddenly stiffened his resolution.

"No," he answered sternly. "Come to say what I think of *you*."

Edelston's smile vanished: he spoke hurriedly.

"Come inside then," he said. "Can't talk business on the stairs."

Dick entered and as the door closed behind him, Edelston set his back against it.

"Now, then, what's all this?" he asked.

"Where did those rugs come from?" Dick demanded bluntly.

"Where? From our buyers in the East, as I told you—and an especially good—"

"Oh, cut that out!" Dick cried impatiently. "I know—and you must too—that they were stolen from the Maybrook Collection, only a few days ago."

"Stolen! I don't understand—if there has been any dirty work—"

"There has—and you know it! What's more I'm beginning to see. . ."

"Then here's something to stop your guess-work!" Carmel snarled, and as Dick swung half round to face him, a heavy blow descended on the young man's head.

XIV. Ray adds Two and Two

Ray, being conscientious, decided to make up time lost at the Carpet Dedication by being extra early at the Office next morning.

She caught up with her own work before the rest of the Staff arrived, and was quite ready for Mr. Owen's summons to take down his letters, whenever that might occur.

Meanwhile her typewriter needed cleaning. She was absorbed in this task when the office-door opened: looking up, she gave a surprised exclamation.

"Why, Roy! How nice to see you, but what—"

"Where's Dick?" This was not the usual Roy, but someone stern, official, rather ruthless.

"In his office, I suppose, but I've not seen him yet."

"He's not here. I understand he hasn't come yet."

"But, Roy, he must have. Dick's so punctual always."

"Not to-day apparently, unfortunately for him." The Detective-Sergeant spoke grimly.

"Roy, what's the matter? You don't think there's been an accident?"

"No accident about it, I'm afraid. Look here, Ray, this is a serious matter. We've traced some valuable stolen goods to this firm—consigned to Dick himself. They're actually in his office at this moment."

"Dick! A thief! Roy, how dare you! I simply don't believe it!" Ray burst out indignantly.

"Listen to me a minute." Briefly the young man gave his sister the details of the search which had led the police to Merthyr and Owens. "And now Dick's missing—but I'm partly to blame for that," Roy concluded, frowning. "Like a fool, I told him something on the 'phone last night, which warned him, gave him the chance to escape."

"Roy, you can't believe that Dick knew these things were stolen?"

"My dear girl, I don't *want* to believe it, but things look pretty bad."

"I don't care. I'm absolutely sure he's innocent," Ray said doggedly. "Dick's as straight as a die: he simply couldn't act as a receiver, a fence, or whatever you call it."

"Naturally, you'd think so, but where a lot of money's concerned, well—! Sorry, old girl; it's hard on you. But if you've any influence with Dick, persuade him to come back and stand the racket. That's much the wisest plan."

"But I haven't the faintest idea where he is!"

"He may communicate with you—or his mother. I'll go and see her. Meanwhile I've sealed up his office. Lord John Maybrook must identify his property, though there's no doubt about it. Well, good-bye, Ray: I must be off."

The door slammed: Roy's steps receded down the passage, while Ray sat motionless, staring at her typewriter, trying to think.

Suddenly memory gave a kind of click, began to work more clearly. Dick had said he expected a fresh

consignment of rugs from those two men—Rugs—the Exhibition—the Maybrook Collection—things connected themselves in Ray's mind.

Edelston and Carmel might have sent these rugs to Dick, not knowing they were stolen. If so, they must clear him—she would make them!

Ray looked at her watch. Nearly twelve o'clock: she would take her lunch hour early to see Edelston. Dick had shown her where he lived: she would go at once.

The small, stout grocer, however, stared blankly across the counter.

"Mr. Edelston, Miss? He left here last night for good. Business abroad, so to speak, I understand."

"Are you sure?" Ray gasped.

"Quite, Miss. Oh, all straight and above-board, so to speak—rent paid up-to-date, taxi for his bag and baggage—a very nice gentleman, Mr. Edelston."

"Did he leave any address?" Ray asked.

"No. Said he'd write—Sorry it's upset you, Miss."

"I don't know what to do—" Ray looked round helplessly, then stood listening, before asking abruptly: "Are there other people in this house?"

"Why, no, Miss—only me and the wife, so to speak, and she's out shopping. We keep the ground-floor for ourselves and there's just the one set of rooms upstairs, those Mr. Edelston had—all empty now."

"But are they? Listen! Can't you hear a kind of thudding noise?"

"No Miss, something outside, so to speak, I expect, although it *does* sound—" He opened the door at the back of the shop and stood, with hand to ear. "Yes, it seems to come from over-head—"

"Of course it does, and yet you say the rooms are empty!"

"Well, so they are. At least, I *thought* they were, so to—"

"You must go at once and see who it is knocking on the floor at the back," Ray said peremptorily.

"Now, Miss, I hardly like—"

"It's your house, isn't it? No one has any right to be there—but if you're afraid, I'll go by myself."

"I'm not afraid, so to speak, but—dear me, the noise is getting louder. Yes, yes, Miss, I'll certainly come.

Here's the key Mr. Edelston gave me."

Ray ran up the stairs, the little man panting behind her. She stood outside the door, while he opened it a cautious crack, with a murmured:—

"Be careful, Miss—now, do be—"

"You needn't be afraid!" Ray pushed passed him. "It's only— Oh, Dick, I knew it was you! What happened—oh, you can't speak—you're gagged! Help me unfasten him, quickly!"

A solid wooden chair stood in the middle of the room, and to this Dick Blackett was tightly lashed, hand and foot. Between them, Ray and the grocer soon freed him, unfastened the gag from his swollen lips, so that he could manage to gasp:—"Something to—drink—"

"Yes, yes, I'll go and get some nice lemonade—" The little man bustled away downstairs, while Dick struggled to tell his story.

"Edelston and Carmel—they tied me up—they're—they're—"

"—a gang of thieves. Yes, I know. So do the police—I'll explain later."

"Yes—yes—not now—we can't wait!" Dick panted. "When those brutes had me helpless—they told me what they'd planned—to make things worse—if we go at once—we may be—in time."

XV. Mrs. Blackett takes a Crooked View

"No, he isn't here—an' what's more I wouldn't tell you if he was! You just get out of this, Roy Chicksand, and don't come here again, insulting my boy!"

Mrs. Blackett slammed the door in the face of a very discomfited police officer and sank into her arm-chair, panting with fury.

"Him and that sister of his—and that Aunt of his—they've made all this mischief, the three of 'em! Dick may have behaved bad to me—that don't matter. Nobody shan't speak ill of him to his own mother, or I'll know the reason why!"

After a few minutes of muttering and fuming, Jane Blackett partly recovered herself, but only to find fresh grievances.

Roy Chicksand's information about

(Continued on page 78)

THE 1951 FESTIVAL CHURCH

IN the distant days when peace reigned over London, a little old man went daily to work over Waterloo Bridge. He and I passed one another under the shadow of St. John's Church, so soon to become a blitzed ruin. The first time I met him I thought he was taking his hat off to *me*, but it was to the Church. He told me he always "paid his respects" because he owed so much to the Founder.

"On the night of Sunday, 8th December, 1940, St. John's Church was struck by a high explosive bomb from an enemy aircraft. It ripped off the roof and demolished the interior. This Waterloo church, stoutly built by fine builders, took the shock and shuddered to her depths. In those depths 150 people including her padre were assembled. The old Church, the mother of souls in the parish; true to her maternal instinct, gathered the full fury of the blow into her heart and gave her life for her children. Nobody was hurt. Give God the praise. We now take to the crypt for our worship, as many better

Christians have done before us, until the church shall rise again, glorious from the ruins."

Those poignant words, bravely inscribed on a board outside the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Waterloo Road, were written by Canon Hutchinson, Vicar of the Parish for fifteen years before and three years after that fateful night. Sooner perhaps than he had expected, his 'old Church' has risen again "glorious from the ruins", and the present vicar, the Rev. Edwin Rhys, finds himself and his church sharing the international fame of the 1951 Festival Exhibition.

As we all know, when the Festival Exhibition unveils itself to the world, St. John's will open its doors as the Festival centre of religious worship and other Christian activities. It represents all the churches of Britain. There can be no people more gratified with the role that their church has been called upon to play than those who, with Canon Hutchinson, were in the crypt on that December night.

St. John's was one of several churches built after the war with Napoleon, as a thanksgiving for the victory of the battle of Waterloo. Their erection, under the Building Act of 1818, represented the second great phase of church building, the first being during the reign of Queen Anne. The "Waterloo Churches" were in effect a piece of post-war planning, for they were to serve the new areas.

St. John's was built in 1823/4 by Francis Bedford—a friend of Cockerell, architect of the Admiralty—on a site which was little more than a swamp and horsepond. An artificial foundation of piles had to be formed before the superstructure could be raised. Our picture shows the Greek portico and the tower and spire; high up is the obelisk crowned with a stone ball and cross. The interior, as Bedford built it, had neither naves



Photo by Topical Press
St. John's, Waterloo Road

nor aisles and, like most other Georgian churches, the ceiling was horizontal and panelled. St. John's was consecrated in 1824 by the Bishop of Winchester.

One famous name is linked with the church and the surrounding streets: St. John's was the first of those London churchyards which Octavia Hill converted into public gardens, and it was she who set the blue and gold lettering along the outer wall of the

church: "All may have, if they dare try, a glorious life or grave."

For the past eleven years services at St. John's have been held in the crypt, but that period of makeshift is now at an end. For here, in the shadow of a great railway terminal and within yards of our greatest river, has risen again a church which combines the best of the old and new—a church that will go down in history as the 1951 Festival of Britain Church.

STRAY THOUGHTS

God often says "Wait," but He never says "Worry."

God will not show you the future except that He will be with you.

The Dividing Line

(Continued from page 76)

Dick had seriously disturbed her, but she preferred to discover other causes for her unhappiness.

"It would be her week for the fireplace when I've got this nasty, stuffy cold," she thought resentfully, sneezing and sniffing as she stared at the empty grate. "She'd never notice if I died for want of a bit of warmth. Soon she'll be coming back from that church of hers, stamping all over my clean floor with her muddy shoes!"

She broke off to blow her nose and glare across the dividing line at the dusty, crowded confusion of Miss Chicksand's side of the room.

"Pity I'm not one of her sort," she muttered sourly. "I'd be a lot happier I'm sure, not to care how things look. But that's not how I'm made, more's the pity!"

Jane's eyes were moist, partly from her cold, partly from anger.

"Don't seem to have the heart to get up and boil a kettle—and it wouldn't taste good either, with the place all messed up as it is. All her time at church lately—no time even for a dust round. Just look at that picture of her's—a disgrace, I call it."

Her glance had strayed to one of her most constant eyesores, the large framed needlework picture, which hung lopsidedly over Miss Chicksand's half of the mantelpiece.

She never seemed to see how crooked it was: Mrs. Blackett could see nothing else, whenever she looked towards the fireplace.

It appeared worse than ever to-day and suddenly Jane felt she could bear it no longer.

That picture simply must be straightened and as it was entirely out of the question to ask Susan Chicksand, she must do it herself.

"The sooner the better too, before she comes back. Not that she'll ever notice it's been done!" Mrs. Blackett thought, heaving herself out of her seat and pushing forward a wooden chair on which to stand.

Even for this purpose Jane would not overstep the boundary line. She planted the chair-legs exactly on the tape: if she leant over a bit sideways, she'd be able to manage it easily.

But Mrs. Blackett was not at her best this afternoon. She felt dizzy and thickheaded with the cold: she had to steady herself by clutching the mantelpiece as she scrambled up.

It was necessary to lean sideways at a very acute angle in order to reach the picture at all.

Just too far.

The sharp tug which straightened the heavy frame also upset her own precarious balance on the chair.

Mrs. Blackett slipped and fell, her arm bent under her, striking her head against the heavy wooden curb, with its beaten-copper adornments.

From the room above the canary's song sounded loud and shrill through the heavy silence.

(To be continued)

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PAROCHIALIA

Many thanks to Miss Winstanley who has had the old cushion from the stone chair in the chancel, which was recently removed, made into two cushions for the clergy stalls.

I wish to thank an anonymous donor for the gift of £100, to be spent as I wish. This great generosity to our church we all appreciate very much, and there are so many things the church needs that the gift will be more than welcome. For you and for myself I say, "Thank you very much."

Another kind friend of S. Nicolas Church sent me £5 this morning so that we shall be able to get on with things.

Thank you all, in all the churches, for your kind Easter Offering. I am most grateful to you.

Congratulations and thanks to Miss Gladys Packwood, and all who helped her in running a Jumble Sale. They raised £32 10s. to buy surplices and cassocks for the choir, a notable achievement, and we are most grateful to them.

SCOUTS' PARENTS' EVENING. We were all delighted in the Parents' Evening. A goodly number of parents turned out, although not by all means all of them. The Scouts gave us an excellent evening and our new chairman, Mr. Eric Morley, presided. We were so pleased to have Mrs. Morley and Mr. Ivor Cooke with us. The whole thing went with a swing and one felt how much Mr. Cooke and his colleagues had achieved since we started Scouting here.

YOUTH FELLOWSHIP.—An excellent Concert was given on Saturday, 7th April, by the Junior and Senior Youth Fellowship. An audience of around 150 thoroughly enjoyed the show and most appreciative of the effort that had brought together, for their pleasure, such a fund of hidden talent. The Youth Fellowship have recorded their thanks for the support given, in the following note: "The concert held by the joint Youth Fellowship on 7th April was, we think, a great success. If the appreciative audience enjoyed it half as much as we did performing it, we are very satisfied. We are particularly grateful to all visiting artists, who included the Vicar and his Churchwarden, Mr. J. R. Brown. The concert realised £11, and after all expenses had been paid, and this will enable us to buy the small billiards table from the Men's Club, and also to keep a little in hand."

The Youth Fellowship take this opportunity of thanking the Men's Club for the use of their games equipment for such a long time.

The Senior Youth Fellowship are now looking forward to their summer outing to Blackpool on 26th May.

EASTER DECORATIONS. How lovely all three churches looked for Easter. My wife and I thought that both S. Anne's and The Epiphany were most beautifully decorated, as was the Parish Church. We thank all who helped.

GARDEN FETE, PRELIMINARY NOTICE. Please book Saturday afternoon, 23rd June, for this very popular event. There will be a goodly assortment of competitions, side shows, displays, etc. More details will be given in the June magazine.

DANCE-SOCIAL, 5th MAY 1951. The Entertainments Committee are arranging for a Dance-Social to be held in the Schools, Pershore Road South, on Saturday, 5th May. A very enjoyable programme is being arranged and the tickets (3/- including refreshments) are obtainable from: Mrs. Vickery, The Uplands, Redditch Road; Miss J. Allen, 16 Lanchester Road; Mrs. Page, 52 Yarningdale Road; Mrs. Gerrard, 23 Redditch Road; Mr. W. S. Higgs, 44 The Green; Mr. G. Goodyer, 306 Broad Lane; Mrs. J. Clews, 11 Kings Hill Drive. Please book the date and come along for a jolly evening.

BELL RINGING.—A few weeks ago, we placed on record the fact that Mr. James Betterton had been compelled to give up regular ringing at the age

of 87, after ringing in the parish for 70 years. It has been suggested by the Vicar that parishioners might care to join with the bell-ringers in making Mr. Betterton a small presentation to mark their appreciation of his loyal services to the church. Anything you care to send will be gratefully received by Miss Molly Flynn, 35 Lanchester Road, Kings Norton. Will anyone wishing to subscribe kindly do so before the end of May.

K.N.Y.F.—During March there was quite a varied programme, beginning with a dancing lesson on the slow foxtrot. Following this we had a joke competition, in which any new and original jokes had to be told—did I say new? Next followed another dancing lesson but this time it was an “Old Time” dance. To wind up the month we had a social to which the Y.F. invited S. Anne’s and The Epiphany Youth Clubs. It was a pity that what could have been a good social practically turned into a dance.

The Sunday evening meetings were not up to standard. The “hat debate” rather fizzled out, and “My Idea of God” was rather a difficult subject to debate upon. The Record Evening was restful.

The Easter Dance proved a success and I think that all enjoyed themselves.

I hope this issue of the magazine will reach you in time to remind you of our “Variety Concert” to be held at S. Agnes’ Church Hall, Cotteridge, for which I think I can guarantee a good programme.—D.S.

IMPORTANT MAGAZINE ITEMS. I am sorry to have to postpone the Distributors’ Outing mentioned in the April issue, owing to my fathers’ illness.

Will the senders of Postal Orders value £1 and 16/- bearing 16th March post-mark, kindly communicate with me as they omitted to enclose any identification.

—N. E. PACKWOOD.

HOLIDAYS ABROAD.—St. Martins (in the Bull Ring) are organising a holiday programme for the period 11th—25th August, visiting Paris, Chamonix and Alassio in Northern Italy (age group about 20-35). I understand that there are a few places left and immediate application is necessary. Cost about £28. Anyone interested please contact me at once—Editor, Telephone KIN 3580.

CHURCHYARD COMMITTEE.—The Vicar has called on us to help him with the Churchyard grounds once more; he had hoped to afford extra help for this work but unfortunately is unable to do so owing to so many other heavy commitments. We, the committee, have decided to proceed with the same plan as last year, so we invite the various bodies to support us in this great effort. We hoped to start our work on the 18th April, so making an early start, if only the weather will allow us. On each night of the week there will be on duty one of the committee to give out the tools. A rota of the members and times will be fixed in the tool house at the Saracen’s Head. We do hope the congregation will support us better this year; it is a great honour to have a well-kept Churchyard run by voluntary workers. Trusting you will give us your support. Thank you.

J. MARKHAM.
T. A. PORTER.

PREACHERS FOR MAY

On 6th May we are to have the Rev. G. W. Mays of the Missions to Seamen, for the whole day, and he will speak to the children in the afternoon as well as at Mattins and Evensong.

Ascension day, 8 p.m.: The Vicar.

11 a.m.: 6th May, Rev. G. W. Mays; 13th May, Whitsunday, The Vicar; 20th May, The Vicar; 27th May, The Vicar.

6.30 p.m.: 6th May, Rev. G. W. Mays; 13th May, Whitsunday, The Vicar; 20th May, The Vicar; 27th May, The Vicar.

LOOKING BACK. *By AN OLD CHORISTER—Continued*

Returning once more to the top of Parsons Hill, I now come to the last of the "five ways" from this point, namely Broadmeadow Lane. Although it was, and still is, the main thoroughfare to Lifford, I can remember it as a very narrow lane with overhanging trees and rather high hedges. Very pretty during the spring and summer seasons, but very dark and lonely in wintertime. The "Cartland Arms" was built in 1937 on one of two small fields which were rented for many years by the late Mr. A. E. Barlow, of Stirchley, a butcher. We boys always called them "Barlows fields." The lower fields came down to the gardens of the older houses in Baldwin Road and when the municipal estate was built, Walton Grove and the new upper road on Parsons Hill were cut on this side. At the corner of the upper field and at the side of a large tree was a gate from which some excellent views of the village and the Lickey Hills beyond, could be seen. This was also a popular resting place for cyclists and hikers after climbing the hill. As a small boy, I can remember standing amongst a crowd of villagers by this gate late at night to witness the unusual sight of a comet, called "Haleys Comet" which was appearing in the sky at that time. The mention of the "Cartland Arms" brings back memories of our great and well-loved Member of Parliament, Ronald Cartland, who represented Kings Norton for several years before he was killed during the early part of the last war, and will always be remembered for the excellent services he rendered for this district and particularly his work amongst the ex-servicemen, ably assisted by our present Councillor, Clement Sweet. Ronald Cartland also set a good Christian example too, for he was a regular communicant and attended services at most of the local churches in his constituency.

Lower down the lane on the left hand side was the "broad" meadow from which the lane gets its name. This was one of the largest meadows in the district and some idea of its size can be gauged by the extent of the large Municipal estate now built upon it. On the opposite side of the lane, towards the top, are two very fine houses which were built about 45 years ago and occupied for many years by the well-known Udale and Genders families. At the early age of seven years, I was a regular visitor to "Highfield," Mr. Udale's house, to receive my first music lessons from Miss Nellie Udale (now Mrs. Griffiths). I can still picture the beautiful meadowland which stretched from these two houses right down the lane to "Broadmeadow House," which stood approximately where Lindsworth Road joins Broadmeadow Lane at the present time. A short distance above the main entrance gates to the house was a drive leading to the rear of the house and to a very pretty cottage hidden from the lane by some very fine trees and shrubs. This was the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Adkins prior to their removal to Walkers Heath Road. "Broadmeadow House" was occupied at one time by Major Baldwin and Mrs. Jolly (who later removed to "Groveley" on the Redditch Road) and the well-known Granville Bantock, professor and composer of music, also lived here. During the 1914-18 war the Guise family occupied part of the house and a section of it was reserved also for Belgian Refugees.

Broadmeadow Lane actually terminates at the first canal bridge, and I often wonder if people passing over this bridge realise that the two locks on either side of it, called the "Guillotine Locks," after their unusual style and construction, are the only ones of their kind in the Midlands. I think the idea of these locks was to prevent boats getting through before a toll was paid

to the lock-keeper, who lives in the house built at the side of the bridge and was responsible for the winding of the gates and the collection of these dues. Lifford Lane commences from the far side of the bridge, and the well-known Kings Norton Paper Mills are situated away on the left. These mills were owned for many years by the Baldwin family and have found employment for many local people since they were built. The famous pool, where some very fine fishing could be obtained at one time is still there, also the old entrance lodge, and the old cottage opposite are still occupied. One of the oldest tenants in these, is Mrs. Haines, who has lived here for fifty years. It was in one of these cottages that I was found after causing much anxiety and distress to my parents and a certain amount of trouble by the police searching for me after straying away from my home in Bells Lane, at the age of four years, in an effort to meet my father returning home from work, an incident in my life that will never be forgotten.

Lifford Hall cannot be seen to any advantage from the lane owing to the thickly wood grounds surrounding it, but to see it from the old Fordrough, which runs from the lane towards the Chemical Works, the Hall presents a charming picture. Here is one of the oldest buildings in the district and I think the actual site dates back to the Roman Period as it practically adjoins the old Icknield Street of which Lifford Lane is part. The present building was restored about a century ago. Further along the Fordrough is the Lifford Reservoir which was always so popular for boating and fishing. To cross the canal to Tunnel Lane one had to use the old drawbridge and this was always a source of interest and adventure sometimes, to we youngsters. When the canal traffic ceased on this section some years ago, the winding gear was dismantled and the bridge became a "fixture." A short time ago, however, this bridge came into the "news" again, when the famous Naturalist, Peter Scott, required a passage through for his boat during his tour of our inland waterways, and the authorities were obliged to "jack" the bridge up to allow this boat to get through.

The low lying land below the Paper Mills in Lifford Lane has always been used for allotments as long as I can remember. Just before the outbreak of the last war this land suffered considerably, when, during the late part of a summer afternoon a violent thunderstorm broke over the village, a cloud burst and torrential rain fell for some time. As a result, the Wychall reservoir burst its banks and a great volume of water poured along the stream crossing Westhill Road, Pershore Road South, and Lifford Lane, causing much damage and dislocation to traffic on these roads. If I remember rightly, our Mothers Union outing took place on that day, and the party was stranded for a time at the bottom of Church Hill. The worst damage occurred in the Lifford Lane area. A bridge was swept away, also many pigs and poultry which allotment holders kept on this ground, were drowned and considerable damage done to the huts and gardens. A larger and wider bridge was built soon afterwards and the road opened again for traffic. It was on this occasion, during the storm, that I saw the canal flooding over the towpath for the first time.

C. A. P. ROGERS.

(To be continued)

DAUGHTER CHURCHES

S. ANNE'S

Mrs. Davies, the enrolling member of the Mothers' Fellowship, with her Committee, has worked indefatigably for many months past. She has paid endless visits and made many personal contacts. As was announced last month, Mrs. William Cadbury is to be our President. The membership card is really lovely, with its central picture of Our Lord talking to His disciples and children clinging around Him. We have devised a service form and the whole of the painting of our literature has been most artistically carried out by Mr. Read.

On Thursday, 12th April, the Enrolment Service took place and to our great happiness our President herself received a card of membership. The service was very happy and the Fellowship Choir sang well. I did not have opportunity to enquire the exact number, but it seemed to me that some forty members were enrolled. In the meeting afterwards, our enrolling member spoke of the gradual growth of the Fellowship, and compared it to the building of a house, and suggested that now the house was completed in our enrolling service. Mrs. Cadbury spoke most movingly of Our Lord's words in the Sermon on the Mount (St. Matthew Chap. 5, vv. 13-15), and suggested that such a group of women as the Fellowship, united with spiritual intentions, were the element, which, like salt, should cleanse and purify and keep wholesome the community in which it lived, and like a light, shed radiance in the darkness of the troubled world. So the "Mothers' Fellowship" of S. Anne's is formed and we all pray that God will bless its work in West Heath.—E.G.A.

The Services on Easter Day were well attended. At 9.30 a.m. Holy Communion the Church was almost full, and the presence of the robed choir greatly added to the singing of the beautiful Easter hymns.

The Junior Church was also well attended. A Procession and Recession took place as this was a Festival Sunday and the singing was most heartening to listen to.

As usual at Sunday School on any Festival Sunday the Senior School is joined by the little ones from the Kindergarten, children from the latter singing in their own sweet little voices the first verse of "Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep."

Evensong was well attended but there was room for just a few more people to help fill up the "extra" chairs. The choir rendered the anthem "As it Began to Dawn" and both this Service and the Holy Communion was conducted by the Rev. G. Cope.

On Sunday, 1st April, the Scouts and Cubs of the 1st West Heath Troop, together with their Colour Parties, attended the Junior Church, the Colours being presented at the Altar. The attendance was so great that usual members of the Junior Church who were "latish" had great difficulty in finding seats. The Lesson was read by the Scoutmaster, and the Service concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

On Sunday, 8th April, at 6.30 p.m. a Youth Service was held, conducted by Mr. B. J. Firkins, officials of the Junior Church filling all the necessary offices. This is an innovation and one which we hope will be held again at a not too distant date. The Church was filled to capacity and all the additional chairs which were brought in were taken. It was very pleasing indeed to see so many youngsters present.

MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP. The Fellowship spent a very pleasant evening on 22nd March when we held our Whist Drive in aid of the Blind Children. We should like to thank the people who provided the prizes and also the refreshments, as these helped in no small way to make the proceeds grow. The total sum for our efforts came to £3 3s., which we shall take with us when we visit the Blind School on 26th April.

Our next afternoon meeting will be on 10th May at 2.45 p.m. in the Church, when Mr. Bertelsen, Tutor from Fircroft College, Bournville, will speak to us on "Social Life in Denmark."

On 24th May the Fellowship will meet in the Club Room at 7 p.m. Instead of the Demonstration by the Cremola Company as stated on the fixture card, there will be a Display of Corsets, etc., modelled by the "Spencer" demonstrators.

We have booked a coach for our Outing on 12th July, when we shall visit that lovely, historical house, at Longleat, by way of the Cotswolds and Bath. The cost, including lunch and tea and entrance fee to Longleat House, will be approximately 25/-.

Please give in your names and small deposit to Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Greaton or Mrs. Greenwood, to secure your seat, as soon as possible.

The Pro Council held their second meeting on Thursday, 5th April, in the Club Room under the Chairmanship of Mr. B. J. Firkins who has been co-opted on to the Council. The Council were very pleased to welcome Mr. Firkins for whom S. Anne's has always had a "soft spot." Under his able guidance the business was speedily and efficiently transacted.

We are looking forward to many happy associations with him as our "friend, counsellor and guide."—C.H.

PREACHERS FOR MAY—6th May, Mr. B. T. Firkins; 13th May, Whitsunday, Rev. P. N. F. Young, 9.30 a.m., Holy Communion, 6.30 p.m., Evensong; 20th May, Mr. B. T. Firkins; 27th May, Mr. I. Cooke.

FLOWER LIST.—6th May, Mrs. Wilkinson; 13th May (Whit Sunday), Warden's Wives; 20th May, Mrs. Hemming (Redditch Road); 27th May, Mrs. Rolls (Sir Hilton's Road).

THE EPIPHANY

Our thanks are due to Miss Bowen who has had charge of magazine distribution in the area. But she has felt that she could not spare all the time necessary for the work and Mrs. Tristram has kindly consented to take it over. She has set out on a house-to-house canvass and is already raising the distribution very considerably. Both she, and Miss Packwood, who is doing a similar work in the new areas of this part of the Parish, are impressed by the kind reception they are receiving at many doors. So many people are truly thrilled to feel that someone from the church is putting out the hand of friendship to them. I cannot overstress the importance of this work. A magazine in a house is a vital, living link between that house and the church, and that link is all-important in these days when work conditions often make it next to impossible to attend church.

PREACHERS FOR MAY—6th May, Mr. R. Canning, 13th May, Whitsunday, not yet arranged, Holy Communion, 9.30 a.m., Evensong, 6.30 p.m., 20th May, Mr. I. Cooke, 27th May, Mr. R. Canning.

SIDESMEN.—6th May, Mr. Middleton and Mr. Pickersgill; 13th May, Mr. Tristram and Mr. Pinfield; 20th May, Mr. Middleton and Mr. Pickersgill; 27th May, Mr. Smith and Mr. Mercer.

ALTAR FLOWER ROTA.—6th May, Mrs. Wincott; 13th May, Mrs. Chadney; 20th May, Mrs. Uren; 27th May, Mrs. Tristram.

MOTHERS' UNION.—By the time the May issue of the magazine reaches our members, Mrs. Oates, the Organising Secretary for the Midland Branches of the Children's Society, will have paid us a visit. An extra endeavour to help the work of the Society is taking place during the next six months, and we are hoping that each member of the Mothers' Union will enable the Kings Norton effort to be a substantial and worthy one. More suggestions later.

JUNIOR CHURCH.—On Good Friday the Children's Service was fairly well attended, in spite of the bad weather. The Gospel for the day was splendidly read by the following: Brian Moon, vv. 1-22; Jean Mills, vv. 23-27; Doreen Harris, vv. 28-30; Olwen Partridge, vv. 31-37. Suitable hymns and the 23rd Psalm were well sung and prayers concluded a very devout and interesting short service.

On Easter Day the attendance numbered fifty children, and all enjoyed the very bright and happy service. The singing was excellent and the lesson was well read by Eileen Harris. The "Sidesmen" for the day were Vivian Manners and Doreen Harris, and the organ was played at both services by Valerie McCracken. The subject of the address was "The Resurrection."

YOUTH FELLOWSHIP. I think that everybody concerned, entertainers and entertained, thoroughly enjoyed the concert at Turves Green. I know that my wife and I were delighted with it all. All the dances were so truly tasteful and artistic, the vocalists were of outstanding quality, Valerie excelled herself at the piano and we thought that she played the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody brilliantly. The sketches were excellent and Mr. Dudley's story-telling brought the house down. I did not realise how much talent there is at Turves Green. Congratulations to Mrs. McCracken and all who took part, and thanks to the kind ladies who saw to the refreshments.

DANCE.—An Old Time Dance will be held in Turves Green Junior Schools on 28th April from 7.30 to 10.30 p.m. Tickets can be obtained from Mr. McCracken or Mr. Pickersgill, price 2/- including refreshments. Proceeds are towards the expenses of the Children's Outing.

DUPLEX SYSTEM.—The Council has agreed on the adoption of the Duplex System of offerings; preliminary information is being gathered together and it is hoped to make a further announcement very shortly. Mr. N. Pickersgill will act as Officer in Charge of the Duplex System.—B.A.S.

Cake Making Competition

VALUABLE PRIZES

Cakes must be made to the following basic recipes—Flavourings, fillings and decorations may be added as desired.

SANDWICH CAKE

4oz. margarine.
4oz. sugar.
4oz. flour.
2 eggs.
1 teaspoon baking powder.
A little milk.
Flavouring.

FRUIT CAKE

4oz. fat. 4oz. currants.
4oz. sugar. 4oz. sultanas or raisins.
6oz. flour. 2oz. mixed peel.
2 eggs.
1 teaspoon mixed spices.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder.
Flavouring. Milk if necessary.

No Entrance Fees, but cakes to be donated for sale on Stall.
Entry Forms below to be completed and returned by 16th JUNE to:

MRS. HIGGS,
44 THE GREEN
KINGS NORTON

Cakes for Competition to be delivered at above address on Friday
afternoon, 22nd JUNE, before 6 p.m.

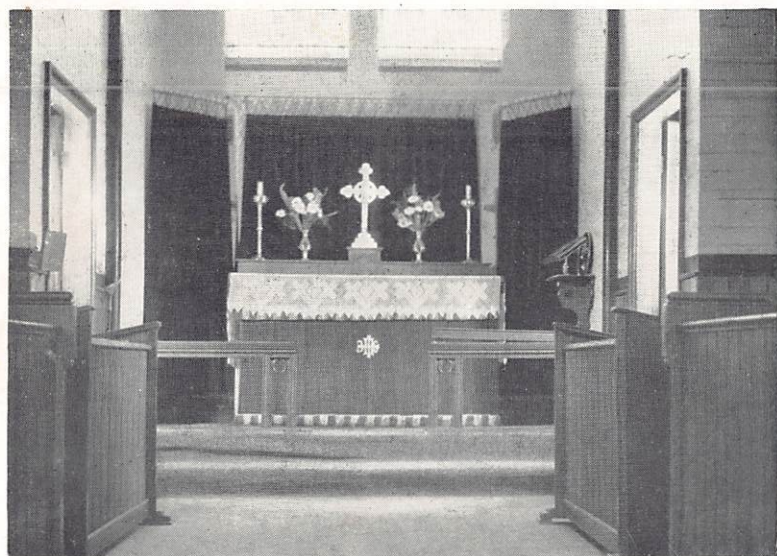
CAKE MAKING COMPETITION

Name

Address



THE EPIPHANY, LONGBRIDGE



S. ANNE'S, WEST HEATH