



Kings Norton Parish Magazine

Threepence Monthly

February, 1951

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KIN 1496

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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.
JUNIOR BOYS' CLUB Mondays, 6.30 p.m.
MOTHERS' UNION 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 February magazine must be sent to the Editor, Mr. J. King, 77 Rednal Road, by 11th February. The magazine will appear on 23rd February.

KALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

- 4—QUINQUAGESIMA.
- 6—SHROVE TUESDAY.
- 7—ASH WEDNESDAY.
- 11—QUADRAGESIMA. 1st IN LENT.
- 14—ST. VALENTINE. EMBER DAY.
- 16—EMBER DAY.
- 18—2nd IN LENT.
- 24—ST. MATTHIAS.
- 25—3rd IN LENT.

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25	41	14	4							3	2	4
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N.B.—Duplex: There is an additional £21 received weekly from covenants.

VICAR'S LETTER

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON,

BIRMINGHAM 30.

February 1951.

My dear Friends,

I wonder if you ever experience, as I do, a great feeling of self-contempt. In spite of an absolute trust in God's divine will, in spite of the fact that whatever may befall of good or evil chance, God is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year, one cannot at times help that slumping of the spirit, that falling into the doldrums of one's personality. I suppose it is because no man knows all the secrets of his own heart. We are all unconsciously giving ourselves the benefit of the doubt and burying out of sight anything in ourselves which does not fit into the ideal picture of ourselves. It is sometimes called compensation. What is missing in the realities of ourselves, of the people around us, of conditions of life, we supply by drawing upon our imagination. Thank God we do. The world must indeed be a desolate picture, a man's soul would indeed be very small and shaming, if God had not given us the unconscious power to lay over it touches of beauty and nobility from our imaginations.

One of the most important, indeed the most important of our imaginations, which after all are only created images or pictures in our own minds is that of ourselves and the world as God meant them to be. When we look into ourselves or out upon the world and realise what an awful mess mankind can make of things when he forgets God, then we must turn to our imagination, that inner picture of what God intended in us and in this world of ours.

What did He intend in us, why did He bother to create us? The Bible tells us that we were shaped in His own image, as copies or pictures of Himself, and that He created us for His pleasure, so that He might be enabled to expend upon us His insatiable love. What did He intend in us? The answer is in the New Testament, where we read of how when we had completely degraded the beauty of His image in us (read of the world conditions at the time of Christ's birth, and you will see how far mankind had fallen). He came and lived as man among us, and set before us a picture of the perfect human life. "He was tempted in all ways as we are, yet without sin." Neither by thought, word or deed, did He make any concession to evil. His unswerving answer to the Evil One was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." All this He did as man, the perfect man, and in doing this, He renewed in the mind and imagination of humanity, something it had long forgotten, the image and picture of God's first intention when He created man. If we would find what God intended in our creation, we should read and re-read the story in Mark and Matthew, in Luke and John, and remember what was in God's mind at the Creation. "But," we may say, "surely there is not that in me which would have made a Christ, had not I sinned." Yes, there is in me and in you all the necessary material out of which God became Christ and dwelt among us. It is an encouraging thought, it is a hopeful thought, it is indeed the only hope for us all.

What did God intend in the world? There again call upon the imagination, and picture a world peopled with men and women of the nature of Jesus Christ. Think of all the love of it, the joy of it, the happiness of it, the peace of it—all possible in the twinkling of an eye if the heart of every living creature should be turned to the living Christ. Yes, all the materials of God's perfect intention are here in the twisted, blighted minds and imaginations of human kind. And for you and me, at this very moment as I write and

the moment when you will read, there is in your heart and mine, in your soul and mine, all the material that God needs to make a perfect man or woman. He set it in us at our birth and it is there for development.

So instead of being tempted, when we fall into depression, to cry out and say that it is just too hard for us to be good as God meant, that we are poor helpless creatures and the world of humanity too beastly and repulsive for words, let us call upon our imaginations to place before ourselves as we are that picture of what God meant and means us to be, for remember, although we have besmirched and spoiled the picture, God's intentions in us are quite unchanged. And when we are tempted to say "only man is vile," again let us dwell upon that imagination of the world as God meant, and still means it to be. In doing so I find that new intention, new zeal, new creative power comes into me, new hope for myself and for my fellowmen. I always think of S. Paul's words, when he was pondering on this same mystery of the waywardness of man's soul, "The things I want to do, I do not, and the things that I do not want to do, I do. Alas and alas." Then suddenly the imagination of God's power behind Him, of God's intention in Him, sweeps over him, and he exclaims, "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

There was a popular cry in the 1914-18 war, rather jingoistic perhaps; but for the Christian of 1951, trusting in God and filled with the imagination of God's intention in man, and much deeper than jingoism, "Are we down-hearted?" "No!" "Shall we win?" "Yes!"

Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory (not over Germany, not over Russia, not over China or any other dreadful unknown of the future—but over Satan and sin) through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS

These were made Children of God in Holy Baptism. May God preserve them.

17th December—Wendy Joy Wright, Lynda Jane Wilks, Linda Ann Inett.

These have been joined together in Christian Marriage. May God bless them.

9th December—Walter William Bunn and Josephine Mary Silman; 14th December—Henry Cedric Fellingham and Esther Agnes Shayler; 23rd December—Terence Ernest Whiteside, and Joyce Patricia Richards, Ronald Josiah Barton and Joan Rivers; 26th December—Raymond Harris and June Rose Potts; 30th December—William Harris Humfrey and Joan Beryl Shafti, John Walter Haynes and Joan Winifred Lees.

These have been given Christian burial. May they rest in peace.

8th December—Lillian Jones, aged 40 years; 9th December—Edith Clara Taylor, aged 73 years; 22nd December—Keith Anthony Watts, aged 7 months; 27th December—Emma Elizabeth King, aged 85 years; 29th December—Arthur Briggs, aged 71 years; 30th December—Minnie Talbot, aged 72 years; Arthur Walters, aged 68 years; 1st January—Emily Elizabeth Turner, aged 77 years; Joseph E. Megginson, aged 52 years; 4th January—Annie Elizabeth Bayley, aged 80 years; William Charles Nind, aged 84 years.

PREACHERS FOR FEBRUARY

PARISH CHURCH:

11 a.m.:—4th Feb., Rev. L. F. F. Wilkinson, Pincpal of Oakhill Theological College; 11th, 18th and 25th February, The Vicar.

6.30 p.m.—4th Feb., The Vicar; 11th Feb., Mr. R. W. Timmings; 18th Feb., Mr. W. Sparrow; 25th Feb., Mr. W. H. Reynolds.

S. ANNE'S:

6.30 p.m.—4th Feb., Mr. B. T. Firkins; 11th Feb., Rev. K. A. Frazer; 18th Feb., Rev. ; 25th Feb., Rev. T. C. Platten.

THE EPIPHANY:

6.30 p.m.—4th Feb.; Mr. I. Cooke; 11th, 18th and 25th Feb., Rev. G. Cope.

HYMNS FOR FEBRUARY

	Morning	Evening
4th February, <i>Quinquagesima</i> :	699	180
	210	595
	705	211
	520	24
11th February, <i>Lent I</i>	92	182
	214	263
	257	12
	276	86
18th February, <i>Lent II</i>	279	261
	91	22
	260	191
	303	255
25th February, <i>Lent III</i>	199	292
	224	119
	315	176
	259	186

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

<i>Date</i>	<i>8 a.m.</i>	<i>11 a.m.</i>	<i>6.30 p.m.</i>
Feb. 4—	Brown, J. R. Hadley, D. J.	Izon, T. Reynolds, W. H. Swain, A. Webb, F.	Allan, J. B. Davies, W. R. Clews, H. T. Griffiths, F. H.
11—	Slough, A. J. Pepper, R. J.	Winstanley, H. M. Jenkins, I. B. Clarke, R. H. Lloyd, F.	Plevin, J. Mackintosh, J. A. Porter, T. A. Walker, G. C.
18—	Blake, C. E. J. Greenhill, B.	Wood, N. A. McCullough, Dr. Pritchett, W. B. Floyd, H.	Pepper, R. J. Clarke, R. A. Greenhill, B. Slough, A. J.
25—	Searle, R. H. Yates, R.	Blinkhorn, H. W. Jones, N. V. Block, G. H. Barradell, N.	Searle, R. H. Haycock, P. Porter, T. A. Lloyd, F.

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New Lamps for Old

By the Rev. Fenton Morley, B.D.

IN the Second Act of Aladdin, there's one high-spot which brings agony to every child in the audience. The wily Abanazar turns up at the tradesman's entrance of the palace dressed as a hawker offering "New Lamps for Old." In spite of excited advice from the gallery the princess parts with the wonder-working lamp, and poor Aladdin is back where he started.

We may sympathise with the small boy whose disgusted comment on the Princess's action was, "She ought to have *known* there was a catch in it somewhere." But the fact remains that the crime reports of the daily Press show all too clearly that there's still "one born every minute."

The Abanazars of this life know all too well that there lurks in most of us a secret desire for Something for Nothing. So they find us willing buyers of gold bricks, mythical oil wells, or black market commodities. Or perhaps they merely assist us to set aside a portion of our income each week, not as a saving for the future but as a by-pass for the present—if that very lucky chance comes off.

They are quite aware that we condemn crime and dishonesty in the abstract and come down like a ton of bricks on the man who has been found out. But they are equally aware of the fact that what a man condemns in others as a sin, he will excuse in himself as a weakness.

Naturally the example of others plays a large part in all this. In the modern welfare state we tend to feel that since everything belongs to everybody, personal property is unimportant. We feel that if we don't get what we can out of the common pool, then we are fools. We must insist on our rights—they seem to be more important than our responsibilities.

Thus there starts a moral bankruptcy which inevitably leads to economic and social bankruptcy.

And those who indulge in it are not really the "wise guys" they think themselves to be—they are in the long run, the "mugs."

This tendency is not limited to any one class or section of a nation. It is to be found at most levels of communal life. And it has to be resisted at every level of human society by every individual man and woman who is prepared to put his (or her) responsibilities before his rights, and to put more into the common pool than he seeks to take out. This affects every unit of the community—and particularly our life within the family.

I doubt if we shall ever achieve any high degree of national and civic responsibility until we practise it within our own homes. That is, after all, the natural training ground in which our children learn to live in unity with other people, to share what they *are* as well as what they *have*, and to see the value of their personal contribution to the lives of other people.

That sounds rather vague and theoretical—but let's see how it works in practice by imagining that the wily Abanazar visits your home or mine—offering something for nothing or, as is more frequent these days, bringing something which has been—to use the usual term—"fiddled." And it need not be a stranger. It might be Father himself or one of the children.

What happens next? Do we exchange the lamp of integrity and mutual respect, of lasting example and sincerity for the shoddy brilliance of cheap smartness? Or have we the sense to see that there is a principle involved and that bigger issues are at stake?

Sometimes it is not easy to know what is the right thing to do. For right and wrong are like white and

(Continued on page 30)



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 Square, E.C.4.

First 24-Hour Clock ?

A CURIOUS 15th century clock is affixed above the West Arch in Raunds Church, Northants. The impressive dial is a plaster mould, divided into 24 sections, but without any numbering whatever. Would it therefore be correct to say that this clock was designed as a 24-hour clock? If so, then it must be one of the very first so designed. I understand that the movement is not the original, and in any case it is now fitted with a 12-hour movement.—P. H. LOVELL.

Forbidden to Ring.

ON a treble bell at Witham-on-the-Hill Church (Lincs.) are these words:—

'Twas not to prosper pride or hate
William Augustus Johnson gave me ;
But peace and joy to celebrate
And call to prayer to Heaven to save ye.
Then keep the terms and e'er remember
May 29th ye must not ring,
Nor yet the 5th of each November,
Nor on the crowning of a King.

The donor was Lieut.-General Johnson, J.P. Why did he object to a Coronation ?
—MISS D. SHARMAN.



Twenty-four-Hour Clock.

Flying Man.

MEMORIAL tablets affixed to the inner walls of churches are, of course, familiar to most people, but rarely are they seen on the outside walls. At the church at the Yorkshire Wolds township of Pocklington, however, are to be seen quite a number of tablets outside the church. One of these is of special interest as it is to the memory of a "Flying-man" of over two centuries ago. His name was Thomas Pelling, and the attempt which brought about his death was made in 1733. A rope was fixed to one of the pinnacles of the church tower and the other end attached to a windlass placed near the Star Inn opposite. When coming down the rope he was killed against the battlements of the choir. He was buried near where he fell.—M. THORP.



Church and Home together.

Church and Home.

UPTON CRESSET Church (in a remote part of Shropshire), with its very near neighbour, an old hall (now a farmhouse) provide a fine example of the linked Church and Home. The latter is Tudor, and the Church is twice as old with its charming porch which contains stone seats covered with oak, and a zigzag arch to its Norman doorway. Note the lovely spire borne on massive timbers.—N. M. NUNN.

The Teasel Pew-End.

IT is a far cry from the peaceful Devon countryside to the bustle of industrial Yorkshire and Lancashire and from the boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh to the present day, yet my photograph provides a link. It is of a pew-end, carved about 1537, in East Budleigh Church, South Devon, and has, as its central motif, a pair of spring shears and a basket of teasel heads as used in the medieval wool trade. When Sir Walter Raleigh was a boy, living at Hayes Barton, he used to worship here and no doubt saw this pew-end. Recently I visited a woollen mill where blankets used in paper making are manufactured, and there, 400 years after the carving, teasel heads are still found to be the only satisfactory method of raising the nap of the cloth.—J. H. BOYES.

Church Mice.

ALFRISTON Church, known now as the Cathedral of the South Downs, was at the beginning of the last century in a disgraceful condition; the walls streaked with green mould and often glistening with moisture. The huge horse-box pews reached almost to the three-decker pulpit. At evensong the congregation supplied their own candles and candlesticks to illumine the dismal gloom. The proverbial church mice attended the Services. One lady disturbed by a mouse in her pew went and asked the people in the next, if they would give her refuge. "Come if you like," was their reply, "but *we* have two!"—J. SAINTHOUSE.

Modern "Bosses."

IF anyone were to ask in a quiz, "In what church in England can you find likenesses of Gandhi, De Valera and the Russian Bear?" it is safe to assume that not many would know the answer. Those who wish to see them would still have



The Teasel Pew-End.

difficulty in finding them after being told in which church they are, unless they were given exact directions. To find them it is necessary to climb the gallery at the back of the Church of Saint Mary-the-Virgin at Oxford, the University Church, and from there to look up at the vaulting of the north side of the nave. Three small bosses have painted on them the likenesses mentioned. The explanation of their presence is that in the twenties of this century some decoration of this part of the church was being carried out and it was thought that it would be a good idea to incorporate in it some figures which were prominent in the news at the time.—A. G. SMITH.



Mombasa Cathedral.

Memorial Cathedral.

HERE is a photograph of the Anglican Memorial Cathedral at Mombasa, East Africa, built of local rock in 1903-5 in memory of Bishops Hannington and Parker and the Rev. H. Wright. When freshly cut, the coral is almost pure white, but after a time it becomes stained due to the animalculae entombed in its pores.—J. F. ELSWORTH.

Picture Solution : 1, Numbers. 2, Esther. 3, Hosea. 4, Titus. 5, Philemon. 6, Haggai. 7, Ezekiel. 8, Psalms. (See page 30.)



St. Cuthbert's Cross.

Photo by L. W. Stokes

STRANGE QUESTIONS

By the Padre

Q.: Is pain a penalty, a privilege, or a policeman?

A. Oh dear! Now you really have set me a question! I am going to do my best to answer it; but I want to say first that I always rather suspect people who claim to have a neat, pat answer to this one. I don't think there is any pat answer to what must surely be the deepest of all God's mysteries. For the problem of pain is as old as the hills or humanity.

As to my own answer, let's start from the way you pose the question. Pain a penalty? Well, it certainly used to be thought so. There are very many great ideas which in the Bible evolve, that is to say, which develop as time goes by, so that the treatment of them differs in the New Testament from the Old. The idea of God Himself grows in this way. And so does the idea of suffering. To the Hebrews of old, the presence of pain was an indication of sin in the sufferer. It represented a chastisement by God, and the way out of it

was the way of repentance. An undercurrent of this idea runs very strongly through our Prayer Book service for the Visitation of the Sick. Take, for example, these words: "Our Heavenly Father, in His love for all men, uses sickness as a gracious means whereby to correct his children."

Now, if such a phrase is misunderstood, as it often has been, to imply that God, through pain, punishes people for something they have done wrong, then it quite obviously does not fit the facts. I daresay you and I know that. I can readily call to mind some among people we have known who have suffered greatly from "the ills that flesh is heir to," but who have been beyond question virtuous and good-living. Indeed that is putting it mildly. I recall a boy of eighteen I used once to visit in an institution for incurables. He rarely passed a day without pain, and all his life had been familiar with it. Yet he was a gallant soul. It is an inspiration even to remember him. Certainly it

would not be possible to think of his suffering as a penalty. And therefore I think we must reject this explanation altogether.

Pain a privilege? That seems to me to be a theory much more easily held by those in good health than by those who suffer. I, for one, would have thought more than twice before having the effrontery to tell the lad I have mentioned, whose existence was a matter of lying on his back watching the clouds go by, that he was somehow enjoying a rare privilege withheld from other folk. I was rather more moved to thank God for his gallantry, and to feel a humble gratitude that I was not as he. It is true that, because he was what he was, he seemed to draw out the best in those around him, and to inspire rare compassion and kindness from all. But, if the being able to do that was a privilege, I can only say he paid a mortal high price for it, and would rather by far have exchanged it, if he could, for the ability to walk, and play, as other boys. Frankly, I don't think the theory that pain is a privilege has much to recommend it, not even sincerity.

Is pain, then, a policeman? You asked that, not I. For my part, I cannot see what it means. Obviously, pain that comes as a result of some physical excess is, in a way, acting as a policeman. If I sit up nearly all night reading, and feel next day as if someone had hit me over the eyes with a hammer, I am being warned clearly enough not to do it any more. More seriously, pain that results from physical ills following dissipation or depravity is very definitely a policeman and judge combined. But this just isn't good enough as a total explanation. There are so many other kinds of pain: the undeserved, the accidental, even not infrequently the inexplicable. And what about mental and emotional pain, as in bereavement, loss, disappointment, as in any of those "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," which Hamlet spoke of, and which few of us ever wholly escape?

No, I can't see pain in any of the roles you have mentioned, as penalty, privilege, or policeman. Therefore let me pass on to saying that the only

thing which seems to me to cast any light into this dark corner of human experience is the Cross of Christ. I see that mighty emblem at this moment looming over the many thousands in pain. They may suffer; but what of Him? If it seems strange that pain should be their lot, how much stranger that it should have been His, the perfect, the sublime, the Son of God. Even He prayed that the "cup should pass away from Him." Yet it did not, and because it did not, countless thousands down the centuries have been led towards the ultimate truths of human life. From His suffering has come, not honour and defeat, but joy and peace in believing.

Therefore I would say that human pain is a cross in miniature, and that those called upon to bear it, though they find it heavy (the cross always *is* heavy), are treading, as Christ did, a path of experience which, though terribly difficult and lonely, is yet by far the highest humanity can pass along.

I cannot tell you—I cannot even presume to try to tell you—why some are summoned to those rare altitudes, and others not. There are mysteries of God not for our eyes, as Moses was told not to dare to look upon His Face. But this I can say, that without pain in the world there would be no pity, without suffering, no compassion, just as without the Cross there would have been no salvation. And what would life be without pity and compassion? Because they are the precious material from which those treasures beyond price are, age by age, extracted, the great mass of those who suffer seem to me to be the most valuable part of the human creation, and there are times when I think I see in that fact an explanation.

I offer it with humility. It may seem small enough to the wracked body, the fevered face. But I believe it to be very great. And I put forward for your further thought these old words from our Prayer Book: "There is a great honour in suffering if by our pain we are conformed to the spirit of Jesus Christ: for in the bearing of pain God manifested His Will to redeem the world."

WEEKDAY PAGES for Women with Homes



Photo by

Rev. J. J. Lloyd

The Church tends her children.

Monday's Washing.

Any spots of iron mould on blankets should be treated in the following manner before washing. Cover them, one at a time, with equal amounts of cream of tartar and citric acid mixed thoroughly together. Then lay the stained parts over a basin and moisten with enough hot water to make a paste. The stain will only go by slow degrees, so plenty of time should be allowed for this to act on the iron mould. Finish by rinsing—before the usual washing.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

Cork table mats get very dirty. To clean, rub them with pumice stone, rinse under tap, rub hard with soaked stone and rinse again.—MRS. CARTER.

Engineer's Overalls and clothes that get stained with oil, should be washed before they are used and starched with thin starch. This prevents the oil from soaking into the material. Then after use if they are put to soak in warm water containing a little ammonia the grease will come out easily. The clothes should be starched each time they are washed, but the first starching is the most important.—MRS. PEATE.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Gathers.—When making gathers on a dress or blouse use two threads—one to be pulled from left to right, and the other

from right to left. The gathers can then be drawn up without fear of the cotton slipping out and no pins are needed to hold it in place.—MRS. GREENHALGH.

Bindings.—The ordinary binding sold on cards—the old-fashioned braid being very difficult to get now—is not firm enough to repair the edges of men's working jackets, sleeves, pockets, etc. Try carpet binding, which can be bought in different colours and is much stronger. A slightly different shade can give quite a blazer look to a boy's jacket.—MISS WALSH.

New Shirts.—When buying these (or pyjamas) always machine closely round the button holes. This prevents them from stretching or breaking, and they will last as long as the garment.—MRS. LANCASTER.

When towels get torn and ragged at the edges, I find that an excellent plan is to bind them with a gauze bandage, which strengthens them and at the same time does not reduce the width. It is also very soft in use, and you can buy a bandage of almost any width up to 6 in. or 8 in.—MRS. K. BURLEIGH.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Lotion for Falling Hair.—1 drachm resorcin, 1 drachm sweet almond oil, 1½ drachms chloral hydrate, 3 drachms chloroform, 3 ozs. eau-de-cologne and 2½ ozs. rectified spirit.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Bath for Child.—When giving a feverish child a blanket bath, add a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda to the water. This is cooling and refreshing and helps to reduce the temperature.—MRS. E. M. PEARCE.

Small ulcers which people often have on their tongues can be quickly got rid of by gargling with a little borax in tepid water.—MISS S. WILD.

For Sleeplessness.—Pour a pint of boiling water on one finely grated nutmeg. Allow to infuse for ten to fifteen minutes and strain. Drink two or three cupfuls warm, last thing before going to bed.—MRS. INMAN.

For Chapped Hands.—Mix one tablet of "Snowfire," one jar of vaseline, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine in a jar, heating slowly in a pan of hot water. When melted mix well together and store in screw top jars (vaseline type). I keep one always in the kitchen oven and rub well into my hands every night.—MRS. TRANMER.

Thursday's Cooking.

Blackcurrant Sponge.—Mix four ounces of self-raising flour with two ounces of margarine, then add one well-beaten egg, with quarter pint of milk. Mix well into the mixture. Have ready two ounces of blackcurrants. Mix all together. Put into a greased basin and steam for one hour. Serve with sugar. Any other fresh fruit can be made up in the same way.—**MRS. MATTHEWS.**

Quick Tea.—Place in a saucepan with lid as much tea as is used for hot water, and pour enough cold water over to meet requirements. Watch until contents come to the boil, but do not allow to boil over. Remove from fire and fill teapot or cups direct. Add milk and sugar to taste.—**MISS R. BRABAZON-BICHANY.**

Covers.—If you have difficulty in making round, gummed paper jam-pot covers adhere to the jars when bottling jam, do not make the covers wet, but hold them, one by one, in the steam from a kettle spout, gum side towards the kettle, for a short while, and then quickly place them symmetrically on the jam jars and turn over the edges, sticking them firmly down. The result will be drum-tight hermetically sealed pots of jam.—**MRS. MYERSON.**

Cream Crackers.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 2 oz. margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful of milk. Mix flour and salt, and rub in margarine. Mix into paste with milk, roll out thin and cut into squares. Bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes.—**MRS. ROBINSON.**



Photo by

Rev. J. J. Lloyd

The Shepherd feeds his lambs.

Friday's Household.

Linoleum.—There are any number of uses for linoleum in the home. In recent years new types have been developed, and the older ones adapted to new uses. Try it as a wall covering in the kitchen or bathroom. Choose a pattern best suited to the room, and cut it carefully to size. Then cement it down evenly and smoothly and allow it to dry. It will give years of wear and add attractiveness wherever it is used.—**MISS E. M. HARDING.**

Water Bottle.—Should a bedroom water bottle get discoloured with the stain of hard water, use a small quantity of Windolene (about two teaspoonsful). Shake round vigorously and rinse well in cold water several times to remove all smell. The glass will look clean and bright for a long time.—**MISS C. THOMPSON.**

A Curtain Tip.—Lovers of fresh air like to have windows open. To prevent curtains continually blowing in and out and so becoming soiled and possibly torn, cover a couple of dress weights and slip them into each end of the hem. This will keep curtains tidy and in place.—**MISS E. M. HARDING.**

A Bed Warmer.—As an electric iron is usually hot for a long time after the current is switched off, I find if in cold weather it is placed in a small flannel bag and put in the bed, it keeps warm for hours and the heat is thus used instead of being wasted.—**MRS. ROBINSON.**

Saturday's Children.

Feeder.—A very useful feeder for babies at the start of spoon feeding is made by cutting a matinee coat with raglan sleeves out of a piece of towelling and putting it on the baby back to front. Allow an extra inch on the pattern everywhere.—**MISS A. SWAIN.**

If a child's ear runs attention should be paid to it at once. Neglect may make him deaf for life. Do not pour anything into the ear or plug it up with cotton wool. Put the child to bed and place a towel no the pillow. Keen on mopping away the discharge with pieces of dry cotton wool. If the doctor is attending, he will probably use penicillin.—**MISS E. M. HARDING.**

When a little girl's vest becomes small it makes an ideal liberty bodice by cutting open down the front, placing the edges between a strip of fine calico which makes a band for buttons and button-holes.—**MRS. TOPHAM.**

TO OUR READERS

* * * 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.

THE WINDS of GOD

By the Rev.
J. KILSHAW



Photo by]

The Old Mill

[R. Draper

THE two most prominent features of the English countryside, until comparatively recent times, were the old village church and the windmill on the nearby hill. While the former has generally survived as an everlasting witness to the Truth of God, the latter has, alas, all but disappeared. For whereas but a bare century ago there were over two thousand windmills in England in full working order, and before that time very many more, to-day the number has been reduced to less than one hundred, and sad to relate hardly a month passes but fire or gale takes toll of the few which survive. During the war years many a familiar landmark in the shape of an old mill succumbed either to the destruction or necessity of battle. Therefore it follows that the once ubiquitous windmill with its spreading sails silhouetted against the rosy sunset sky, is now almost a curiosity, so much so, indeed, that the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings has formed a special section to encourage the preservation of such as remain. In this way many old mills have been preserved during the last few years, some to continue their useful work of grinding corn or cattle food, others to take on new service as houses, refreshment rooms (as at Salvington, Sussex), landmarks for sailors (Rottingdean) or even as a church as the one on Reigate Common.

Maybe in some years' time the rising generation may ask with some curiosity, "What was a windmill

like?" Thus we do well to retain an impression of their varied structure and appearance.

Generally speaking the oldest type of windmill was the Post Mill. This consisted of a kind of big wooden box which revolved around an upright post or tree trunk embedded in the ground. To the box-like body were attached the sails or sweeps, these controlling the machinery within. Such mills were light in weight and could be, and often were, uprooted bodily and transported long distances on farm-waggons drawn by a team of horses. "Jill," the famous post mill on the Downs behind Brighton was so carried from the town some miles away, many years ago. Unfortunately, the light weight of such mills made them vulnerable to heavy gales and often they capsized, and being constructed of wood they were wont to catch fire.

It is known that post mills existed in England many centuries ago, the pattern being introduced by the Crusaders who had seen similar structures in the East. Certainly every carving or literary reference from these early times depicts mills of this kind. At Bishop's Lydeard in Somerset there is a very fine bench end showing a post mill, and in nearby Bristol amongst the Misereres in the Cathedral there is a carving of the same. The famous Luttrell psalter of the 13th century depicts a post mill amongst its lovely illuminations. But perhaps the most interesting reference to a post mill is that of a medieval writer who relates the story of the quarrel between Abbot Sampson and Dean Herbert. It appears that Sampson as Lord of the Manor, claimed the sole right to own a mill

to which all the local farmers were bound to bring their corn to be ground. With unaccustomed temerity old Dean Herbert built a mill of his own. This raised the wrath of the Abbot. Herbert pleaded earnestly for his mill, but the only reply he got from the Abbot was, "I am as obliged to thee as though thou hadst cut off both my feet." On returning from his stormy interview with the Abbot the

Dean found no trace of his mill. By Sampson's orders it had been pulled down. This no doubt was a post mill, specimens of such are still to be seen here and there in more or less good condition. There is one at Outwood in Surrey, still in good working order, and the deeds of which go back to the middle of the 17th century. Brill Mill in Bucks enlivens the view of the Chilterns. There is another very old mill at Bourne near Cambridge, while until a year or two ago, when it was destroyed by lightning, the mill from which King Charles I watched the battle, stood on Edgehill in Warwickshire.

But generally speaking, the later English mills were of a different pattern and worked somewhat differently. Whereas the old post mill revolved around its post in its entirety, the later mills were fixed with the exception of the cap, which turned on rollers to keep the sails, attached to the cap, to the wind. The first kind consisted of a weather-boarded wooden tower polygonal in shape, and from its likeness to a farmer in his smock they were known as Smock mills. There are many of this kind in Kent to-day, that at Herne near Herne Bay, still working. Later on arose the Tower mill,

similar in principle to the Smock mill, but having the tower built of brick or stone. The towers of these are to be seen in hundreds to-day mostly bereft of their sails, though there are still a few Pumping tower mills at work in the Norfolk Broads.

But like the old Church the old Mill spoke of higher things. The miller was only too conscious of the fact that should God withhold

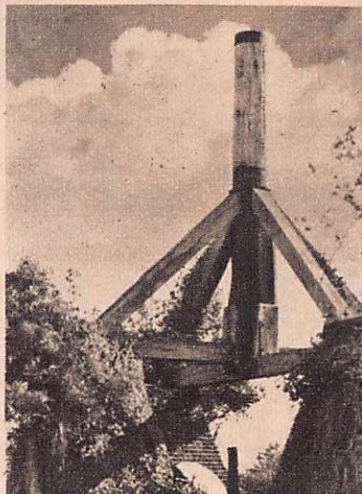
the wind his labour was but in vain. Just as the farmer realises even to-day that so much of his success depends on the sunshine and shower over which he has no control. This dependence upon God for success made for humility of spirit and a devotional outlook on life. It was good and wholesome and led to sincerity and deep meaning in prayer and worship, which we to-day run the risk of losing entirely. In an age when the machine is all but

deified, we are poverty-stricken in spirit. If our lovely land with its glorious tradition of Faith and Trust in God is to be saved, it will only be so saved by a return to the simple faith of our forefathers. Thus it is good to keep in mind the duty of preserving our old windmills on the walls of which were often inscribed simple texts of Holy Scripture telling us that men went to their work utterly dependent upon God, Who they trusted would supply ALL their needs according to His riches in Glory.

WHAT WE ARE

"Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows us what we have become."

BISHOP WESTCOTT



Goodbye to the Old Mill.



The Dividing Line

The strange story
of a feud

by

V. M. METHLEY



III. "Both your Houses."

DICK BLACKETT paused outside the green wicket gate of Peace Pleasance and rubbed his chin reflectively.

As his mother had told Mrs. Dobbs, he was smart, well set-up, decidedly good-looking, but, at the moment, his air was sheepish and he flushed, shuffling his feet uneasily, as a tall girl came quickly towards him.

"Hullo, darling!" he said. "That the new frock? My word, it suits you: you look lovely!"

"Well?" Ray Chicksand sounded breathless with excitement. "Ready for the plunge?"

"Ye-es—no. Let's go and sit in the Park for a bit and—talk it over."

"Dick, you're a coward!" The girl laughed, but there was vexation in her voice. "As if we hadn't talked it to death already!"

"Yes, I know, but—well, to tell the truth, I don't feel strong enough to tackle Mother until I've been with you a bit, listened to you—"

"Silly boy!" But she let him slip a hand through her arm and draw her towards the little park, some five minutes' walk away, without further protest.

Here they found an empty seat, and Ray sat down, pushing back her short, curly fair hair impatiently.

She was a pretty girl, with wide-apart hazel eyes, quick and bright with intelligence. But there was a pucker of annoyance between them on her white forehead, as she said resolutely:—

"It's no good. We can't go on like this. We've got to tell them—your Mother, at any rate. Aunt Susan guesses already, I'm sure, though she's not said anything."

"All this stupid Montague-and-Capulet, Romeo-and-Juliet, family feud business—it makes me tired!" the young man grumbled. "Why can't we go off and get married at a Registrar's Office, Ray—tell 'em afterwards, when it's over and done with?"

But the girl shook her head.

"No. I'd feel mean, underhand, somehow," she said. "Doing it behind their backs. Besides, I want to be married properly in church."

"You and your precious Saint Bartholomew's!" But Dick's laugh was kindly and indulgent. "Not that I've any objection to that myself. Only—oh, darling, I do hate all these rows and disagreements—never being able to meet comfortably, without plotting and planning!"

"It is horrid: that's why I want to have things out in the open—to-day."

"Why can't we be allowed to go our own way quietly?" Dick went on, disregarding her. "Here I am at Merthyr and Owens, earning good money, thought well of by the firm. And yet I'm obliged to ask my mother's consent before I make love to the sweetest girl in the world!"

"You've not exactly done that, my darling—waited for permission, I mean!" the girl laughed softly, tenderly.

"No. Couldn't have waited with

you about, but the idea's the same, and I hate the feeling."

"So do I," Ray agreed. "Dick, does she—your mother—know that I'm working in the same department as you at M. and O.'s?"

"Don't suppose so for a moment. I've not told her and of course your Aunt hasn't. They've not been on speaking terms since you got the job five months ago!"

"Oh, dear!" Ray spoke with exasperation. "It makes one feel inclined to quote Shakespeare and say: 'A plague on both your—or our—houses!' It's so silly! But, all the same, your Mother must expect you to get engaged to somebody sometime."

"Honestly, I don't believe she does," Dick confessed ruefully. "She expects me to go on, just as I am, contributing to her keep, visiting her regularly—a regular Mother's golden-haired boy." His tone was bitter, but it changed as he added: "That doesn't mean I'm not fond of the old lady: I wouldn't drop her allowance whatever happened."

"Of course not," Ray interrupted. "I'd hate it—and you too—if you did."

"I know. Though it'd be a tight squeeze and I'll have to earn extra money, some way or other, for furniture and everything. Overtime, perhaps—oh, I'll manage! One thing, we shall be able to get our stuff fairly cheap at the shop, cost price. I wonder if we'll strike a decent flat—they're as rare as dodos—"

"Dick," Ray interrupted again. "You're just simply talking for time. Soon you'll say, 'Let's go and have some tea.'"

"Good idea! Let's."

"Not till we've finished what we set out to do. Dick, are you ashamed of me?"

"What utter nonsense—"

"Don't you love me?"

"You know I do."

"Then come along at once."

They paused again outside the gate of Peace Pleasance.

"I funk it frightfully," Dick said. "I know what Mother can be when she's angry. Let's have tea first."

"No. It'll taste better afterwards."

"H'm. Perhaps—Well, here goes!"

Dick opened the gate, walked quickly to the door of Number 7 and went in, pulling Ray by the hand after him.

"Mother," he said. "And you, Aunt Susan. We've come to tell you both that we're engaged to be married."

IV. The Bombshell

Dick Blackett had seen at a glance that both inmates of No. 7 were in the sitting-room.

Jane, kneeling before the fireplace, vigorously polished her half of the steel fender, which was common property. At the further window stood Susan Chicksand, watering the rather untidy pot-plants standing on her sill between the limp muslin curtains.

Both turned towards the door at Dick's announcement, and a menacing silence followed.

It was broken by Mrs. Blackett's voice, harsh and trembling with anger.

"I suppose you think it's funny, Dick Blackett, coming here saying things like that!"

"Not a bit." The young man spoke with more confidence, shutting the door behind them. "It isn't a joke: just a plain fact."

"Fact, indeed! I don't know how you dare insult your own mother then—it's outrageous! I'll not hear of it—I won't even listen to you."

"Come, Mother, what's outrageous about it?" Dick tried to laugh naturally. "Bit of a shock, perhaps, although it can't be very surprising. Ray and I have known each other ever since we were kids, although we've only lately discovered that we're in love."

"Makes it all the worse!" Jane snorted.

"Are you surprised, Aunt Susie—or angry?" Ray had joined Miss Chicksand by the window to put her question.

"No, no, my dear; at least—no, not angry and not really surprised." Susan Chicksand stammered, adding in a burst of affection: "I'm sure *anyone* might want to marry my Ray!"

"That's a fact!" Dick said heartily. "I'm the luckiest man on earth."

"Lucky!" exploded Mrs. Blackett. "To marry *that* woman's niece! I tell you I won't have it, I'll not have her in the family!"

Her voice rose shrill. She stumbled to her feet and leant against the mantelpiece, trembling with rage.

"Really, Mother," Dick controlled himself with difficulty. "At my age, I don't have to ask your permission to marry, or to choose a wife."

"That's right!" Mrs. Blackett shouted. "Throw it in my teeth that I've no hold over you—just a poor old woman, living on charity, because her own son won't make a home for her!"

"That's not true!" Dick flushed angrily.

"I'm a liar, am I? Go on, don't mind what you say!"

"This is as silly as the idiotic quarrel between you and Aunt Susan," Dick retorted. "Just a fuss about nothing!"

"About nothing, is it? Well, let me tell you if you marry that girl, I'll never speak to you again, any more than I will to that smarmy, sneaking creature, her aunt!"

The venom in the old woman's voice was so intense that Dick glanced at Miss Chicksand uneasily.

"Look here, Mother, you've no right to talk so about Aunt Susan," he said.

"Don't call her that! She's no aunt of yours!"

"She's always been, since I was a little nipper. You never objected to it in the old days."

"I didn't know what she was then," snarled Mrs. Blackett. "Now, I've every reason to hate her."

"She hasn't, Richard, though I know she thinks so," Miss Chicksand said piteously. "It's just a mistake—a misunderstanding."

"I know that. You couldn't hurt a fly," Dick protested. But Mrs. Blackett broke in furiously:—

"Oh, she's an angel, of course! But let me tell you, boy, if you marry that girl, you'll soon find out she's the same as her precious Aunt—false, treacherous—"

"I'm not—I'm not!" Miss Chicksand sobbed, and Ray spoke consolingly, an arm round her shoulders.

"Of course you're not—and I'd be proud to be like you, anyway.

Leave my Aunt alone, Mrs. Blackett: abuse me as much as you like. I can stand it."

"You shan't, though; I'm taking you away," Dick interrupted. "Please remember, Mother, I'm going to marry Ray, so keep that tongue of yours off her."

"It only wanted that! Now *she's* come between me and my son, perhaps she'll be satisfied! You were a good boy, before you got caught by that girl: you'd not have let me beg for charity," Mrs. Blackett moaned.

"You've done nothing of the kind."

"Haven't I? What else was it when I applied for admittance here?"

"You wanted to."

"Because I'd no other home, because my only son had no use for his widowed mother."

"You know you'll always be welcome in our home, Mother—Ray's and mine."

"Thanks for nothing. I'll never darken its doors!" snapped Mrs. Blackett.

"Then you must just stick outside," stormed Dick. "D'you want me to stay single for life, hanging to your apron strings? You can't expect that!"

"I expect nothing of you now—nothing."

"You'll drive me into saying things I don't mean to, if I stay here much longer," Dick said desperately.

"We'd better go, Ray."

"And stay away," Mrs. Blackett said fiercely.

"Oh, you mustn't!" Miss Chicksand sobbed. "It's dreadful that you should quarrel like this, through me."

"It's not you, Aunt Susan. Come on, Ray."

Out in the street, Dick burst out:

"One thing's certain—I've got to make more money soon and plenty of it. I can't have anyone saying I'm too mean to keep her. I'll get Mother a place of her own, if it ruins me!"

"I don't believe she really wants that," Ray said shrewdly.

"She'll jolly well have to, whether she wants it or not!" Dick declared viciously. "But for sheer ingratitude! Sorry to have given you such a rotten time, Ray—but I warned you how it would be."

"We had to tell her, though," Ray

said. "We know where we are now anyway."

"In a jolly unpleasant hole, too! Oh, well, let's go and have some tea—though this beastly fuss has spoilt my appetite."

V. The White Elephant

The new quarrel made Susan Chicksand's life more difficult than before.

She was glad to get away from Peace Pleasance and spent more and more time in the church.

It was here one day that she was found by her old mistress, Lady Corlet. Her lap full of coloured wools, Susan was darning the large carpet which covered the low, broad chancel steps.

Lady Corlet still occupied the old house, not far from St. Bartholomew's, which had belonged to her ship-owning husband's family for generations. She was a kindly, generous woman, always ready to help the parish and its poor.

She had a real fondness for her old maid and often asked her to spend the day, enjoying a long gossip over some especially saved-up sewing jobs quite as much as Susan herself.

Lady Corlet came to suggest such a visit now and they went into the vestry to settle details.

"You've got a heavy job there, Susan," Lady Corlet said, glancing at the carpet through the half-open door.

"Yes, my lady, it's nearly past mending, but it would cost the earth to get another as big as that and the Vicar says we just can't afford it. So we've got to make do as best we can."

"H'm. It is big, certainly." Lady Corlet pursed her lips thoughtfully. "But do you know, Susan, I believe I've got the very thing stowed away in my attic."

"Why, my lady, that would be grand! Do you really mean it?"

Lady Corlet explained. It had happened when she and her husband were staying in Persia long before, at the house of a medical missionary, resident in the country for many years.

"Poor as a church mouse, but he'd got this huge white elephant of a

carpet, given to him in gratitude by a Persian grandee, whose life he had saved by a successful operation. I gave him more than he asked for the carpet, but anyhow it was dirt cheap—so I shan't be ruining myself if I do give it away, my dear!" Lady Corlet laughed in her jolly way.

"It would be splendid—such a generous gift. The Vicar would be most grateful, I'm sure," Susan fluttered.

"Mind you, I haven't the faintest idea what it's worth, but carpets are carpets these days and this one is as good as new. Handsome, too, mostly blues and greens, with a touch of rose-colour, if I remember. But it was much too big for any room in the house and there it's been, rolled up in moth-stuff all these years. I'll be delighted to get rid of the thing!"

"It is good of you!"

"Not a bit. I ought to have done so long ago. I wish I knew if it was a really good one, though: that would make it more worth the giving, eh?"

"My niece's young man, Richard Blackett, could tell you all about that, my lady," Susan Chicksand said eagerly. "He knows ever such a lot about carpets: it's part of his job. Real clever he is."

"That's an idea," Lady Corlet nodded approvingly. "Perhaps Mr. Blackett would come and see the carpet, before I offer it to Mr. Holford. I would like to know its value, roughly."

"I'm quite sure he would, and be only too glad," Susan said confidently. "Perhaps he could look in, after hours, the day I'm with you. Then I could see the carpet, too, and measure it."

"A good plan—yes, we'll fix that, if possible. Ring him up and settle the arrangement as soon as you can. I'm so glad you inspired me to make this gift, Susan. It'll be—well, a sort of thank-offering for what has been, on the whole, a very happy life."

"And that's a nice thought, my lady," Susan said warmly.

VI. The Eavesdroppers

It was an account of this visit to Corlet House which Dick Blackett was giving to Ray a week later, in the little restaurant where they usually lunched together.

"Nice old thing, Lady Corlet," he said, leaning back in his chair. "I was glad to be able to help her a bit."

"She ought to be grateful for an expert's opinion," Ray said.

"Oh, she was! Thanked me over and over again. It pleased Aunt Susan, too, poor old dear."

"That's nice. And is Lady Corlet's carpet really a good one, Dick?"

"It's a beauty—never seen a better, I was in Teheran—in Cairo and Alex, too. Mint condition old Shirvan, if I'm not mistaken, and a splendid design. Your Vicar at St. Bartholomew's can think himself and the church jolly lucky. Worth hundreds of pounds—a thousand, perhaps, to anyone who knew the best markets. I only wish I had the handling of it and even half the money it would bring! We could do with it, just now, couldn't we, darling?"

"Oh, Dick! Do you really mean this carpet is as good as all that?" Ray exclaimed.

"I do—and I flatter myself I know what I'm talking about." Whilst speaking Dick had raised his voice and Ray saw two men at an adjoining table glance across at them with obvious interest. She spoke softly.

"Don't talk quite so loudly, dear. Those men are listening."

"Oh, sorry! It's a bad habit of mine, when I'm interested, and you encourage me, Ray, you know."

"I'm interested too, darling—only we don't want to provide entertainment for the whole restaurant! Well, I shall have to hurry back. Mr. Owen has left a huge batch of letters for me and I don't want to work overtime to-night, if we're going to the pictures."

(To be continued)

A Prayer

O Thou from Whom all goodness flows
I lift my heart to Thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

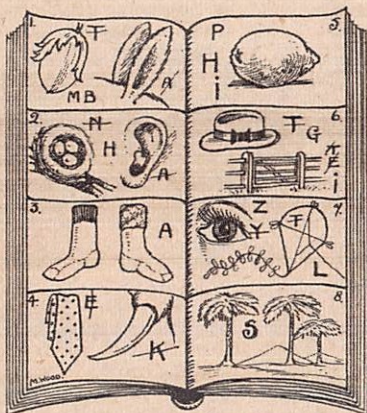
When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me.

New Lamps for Old (see p. 17)

black—but the world insists on putting many shades of grey between them. And it is difficult to behave in the right way in some tricky situation which comes on suddenly.

That is why we need to make living according to principles a matter of habit, rather than the occasional result of twinges of conscience. It involves getting so used to doing things so as to please God and to be of value to other people, that one's own selfish interests are no longer the most important things in the world and do not influence our decisions.

That is really a part of the miracle which the Aladdin's Lamp of Christianity effects in our lives. Instead of worrying about getting something for nothing, we are interested in giving it. And the result is that, as Christ has promised, because we are voluntary losers for His sake, we end by finding our souls, our heaven, and our happiness.



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PAROCHIALIA

MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTORS PARTY. Our first party for Magazine Distributors was a big success, thanks to the efforts of Miss N. E. Packwood, the Secretary, and the helpers she called upon. We all felt that it was something well worth doing again next year. Distributing magazines is not a very spectacular work for God, but it is of the utmost importance to the life of the Parish. We are now sending out over 2,200 copies each month. That means much to the life of the church in our parish, and I am most grateful to all who have helped to push the matter forward. Mr. Myers showed some excellent films and then we played some games. The refreshments were marvellous and so were the hall and table decorations. Again I thank Miss Packwood very much.

PLANS FOR LENT. Why is it that in spite of all our modern devices we seem to have less and less leisure? It is a constant puzzle to me, and also makes me feel guilty when I call upon people to help in the work here. One knows that whatever is done nowadays is done at great sacrifice and so one is all the more grateful for help given.

On the Sunday mornings in Lent I am going to give a series of sermons on the "Pilgrim's Progress." The king's reference to the book in his Christmas speech renewed my interest in that great book, and I felt that I would like to choose six outstanding incidents, places or personalities, and finish the course on Easter Sunday with "The Celestial City," a most appropriate subject for the day of resurrection.

On the Sunday evenings we shall have visiting preachers who are laymen— or laywomen. On the first Sunday in Lent, Mr. R. W. Timmings, the Hon. Secretary of the Lay Readers' Board is visiting us. The second Sunday we shall have Mr. W. Sparrow, who is a Lecturer in Education at Birmingham University. On the third Sunday, Mr. W. H. Reynolds, Headmaster of the Kings Norton Grammar School for Boys will speak. Mr. Reynolds has been Vice-Chairman of the Parochial Church Council in this last year. On the fourth Sunday the Headmaster of Bromsgrove School, Mr. D. Walters is coming to us. He came over last Lent, and we shall be glad to welcome him again. On the fifth Sunday, Mrs. E. M. Nicoll, a Salvation Army member is to speak. I heard her give an address on "Prayer" to the Mothers Union at Turves Green and was most impressed. I was glad when she accepted my invitation to speak here. On the sixth Sunday of Lent we shall have Mr. H. B. Hitchen, Headmaster of Solihull School. You can see that all these people are taking on an extra task in the middle of a busy life, in every case full to overflowing, so that we can be only too grateful to them. I have asked each speaker to choose his own theme and I believe that we can look forward to much spiritual refreshment in the coming Lenten Evensongs.

For the Church of the Epiphany, Turves Green, the Rev. Gilbert Cope is to give a course of sermons, the subject and details to be announced later. As this goes to press I have not completed plans for S. Anne's, West Heath, but so far have been able to enlist the services of the Rev. K. A. Frazer for the first Sunday in Lent. Mr. Frazer is coming from Saltley Training. On the third Sunday the service will be taken by the Rev. T. C. Platten, the Principal of that college.

WEDNESDAYS IN LENT. We shall do as we did last year and have a series of services showing films. The children's service will be at 6.45 p.m. and the adults at 8 p.m. The subjects of the films will be announced later.

THE CHURCH YARD. I have not forgotten that Mr. B. Friar is to come and judge our efforts of last Summer in the Church Yard. I had hoped to ask him

down before Christmas but it was not possible for him to come just at the time I invited him. But I shall ask him down at the first opportunity and let him decide which group is to receive the award.

CANON DUNN MEMORIAL. I should be grateful if those who intend to send a donation to the Canon Dunn Memorial Fund would do so soon, as we should like to begin to make definite plans in the matter.

ANNUAL MEETINGS

PARISH CHURCH in Kings Norton Primary School on TUESDAY, 6th FEBRUARY, at 8 p.m

S. ANNE'S in the Church Hall on MONDAY, 12th FEBRUARY, at 8 p.m.

THE EPIPHANY in the Church Rooms on TUESDAY, 13th FEBRUARY, at 8 p.m.

All members of the Church who possibly can, should be there.

MOTHERS' UNION

On New Year's Day we held our usual Annual Party. Tea was served at 5 p.m. to about 80 of our members. After tea the fun started with several games, and as the time passed, a very fair sprinkling of "fathers" had arrived and were joining in. The "big moment" duly arrived when the much talked about play, "Granny's a Hundred" was given by several of our members. This was well acted and thoroughly enjoyed by all. There is evidently some good "dramatic" talent in our midst! Coffee and sandwiches, etc., were served at 9 p.m. followed by a Tableau and Carols, and the evening was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and "The King." Our thanks are extended to Mrs. Palk for her work at the piano, and also to Mrs. Blake for decorating the room so nicely.

ALTAR SERVERS AND ALTAR FLOWERS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Servers</i>	<i>Crossbearer</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Feb. 4	8.0 a.m.	D. Pendleton & F. Porter		
	11.0 a.m.	M. Carroll.	J. Oseman	Mrs. Reynolds
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		
	6.30 p.m.	D. May	A. Bateson	
Feb. 11	8.0 a.m.	P. Haycock & G. R. Vaughan		Mrs. Tanner
	11.0 a.m.	J. Pownall	J. Clews	Miss Corbett
	6.30 p.m.	R. Smith	B. Greenhill	
Feb. 18	8.0 a.m.	R. Yates & G. Parker.		
	11.0 a.m.	B. Westbury	M. Barradell	Mrs. Berry
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	J. E. Vaughan	A. J. Townsend	
Feb. 25	8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs & P. Southwick		
	11.0 a.m.	K. Hollier	J. S. Lawrence	Mrs. McNair
	6.30 p.m.	H. Rolleston	B. C. Pitts	
Mar 4	8.0 a.m.	R. Stringer & M. Flynn		
	11.0 a.m.	R. Cheshire	J. R. Jones	Mrs. Ingleson
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		
	6.30 p.m.	D. Jelfs.	J. Oseman	

LOOKING BACK. By AN OLD CHORISTER—*Continued*

I do hope that the reader will forgive me for having dwelt so long on the subject of Monyhull Hall in these articles, but I felt that many of our parishioners would be interested to learn a little of the history, and good work that is carried out in this noble institution, also the important part it has played in the life of our parish. I cannot conclude without mentioning the names of several well known people who have given such excellent service here and a few more historical facts of the place itself. Mention must be made of Miss Cullwick who succeeded Miss Carse as Matron after the first world war and Dr. Steel who was appointed Medical Officer in 1924, and has just retired after 26 years of loyal service to Monyhull. Dr. Steel was also responsible for the creation of the excellent Social Club for members of the staff which has been very successful and well supported for a number of years. Many of our parishioners who have attended Whist Drives in the Assembly Hall at the invitation of the Club, will have met Doctor and Mrs. Steel many times at these functions. Dr. McCutcheon who came as Medical Officer in 1920, and was appointed the first Medical Superintendent in 1921, also gave valuable service here. He did much to improve the conditions of the staff and patients during his term of office, but owing to a severe handicap of ill health, he was forced to retire in 1939. Shortly afterwards he died and was laid to rest in our church yard. To his memory, Mrs. McCutcheon presented to our Church a set of beautiful oak Altar Rails.

It was during Dr. McCutcheon's term of office that the institution was transferred from the Guardians of the Poor of the Birmingham Union to the City of Birmingham Corporation. This took place in April 1930, and a committee was formed of City Councillors, who were made responsible for the welfare of this and other similar institutions. Many well known Councillors served on this committee including Alderman Denton who served for many years as Chairman, also Councillors Seymour and Sweet, who are so well known in Kings Norton. I can remember Mr. Seymour as a boy living in Wychall Lane and attending Sunday School at the same period as myself. He was also one of the first scholars to attend the Kings Norton Secondary School.

Everyone knows of the valuable work which Councillor Sweet has done since he was elected to represent Kings Norton on the City Council, and it was good fortune for Monyhull when he was made a member of the committee and took such active part in its affairs.

Although another change was made in 1948 when the new National Health scheme came into being and the title "Monyhull Colony" changed to "Monyhull Hall" and the term "institution" changed to "hospital" under the authority of the Hospital Management Committee, we were very fortunate to retain the services of these two experienced Councillors on the new management Committee Mr. Seymour remaining as Chairman. When our present Medical Superintendent, Dr. Earl, was appointed to succeed Dr. McCutcheon in 1940, the second World War had broken out and several of the younger members of the staff joined the forces and Monyhull settled down to war time conditions. Air raid shelters were built and a section of the staff undertook the responsible A.R.P. duties. During an air-raid on Birmingham in November 1940, ten bombs were dropped by the enemy on the Monyhull Estate and although the patients and Nursing Staff were shepherded to safety and loss of life amongst them was avoided, three of the A.R.P. staff, Messrs. Turner, Wood and Davies, who were on duty outside the old Hall were killed by a bomb dropped in the drive by the side entrance to this building.

Mr. R. J. Pepper was appointed Clerk and Steward during the early part of the war and later became interested in our church affairs at Kings Norton.

After being elected on our Church Council, he succeeded Mrs. Hobbis as Clerk to the Council and we are very fortunate to have him still serving in this capacity, besides other church duties. Miss Parsons, our present matron, is well known to many of our parishioners, and has rendered valuable service at Monyhull since Miss Cullwick left some years ago. She is very popular both with the staff and patients here, and works hard in the interests of all concerned. At the present time there are about 1,150 patients in residence (800 adults and 350 children) and a staff, including part-time workers, of nearly 400.

C. A. P. ROGERS.

(To be continued)

DANCE—SATURDAY, 10th FEBRUARY 1951

The next dance organised by the Entertainments Committee will be held in the Schools, Pershore Road South, on Saturday, 10th February 1951. Please note this date. Dancing to the Lynford Quartette from 7.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Admission by ticket, 3/- (including refreshments). Tickets obtainable from Mr. J. Clews, 11 Kings Hill Drive; Mrs. Elliott, 112 Redditch Road; Mrs. Page, 52 Yarningale Road; Mr. G. Goodger, 306 Broad Lane; Mrs. Canning, 18 Hazel Bank; Mrs. Reynolds, 131 Northfield Road, Mr. A. Rogers, 64 Granshaw Close, Mr. F. Gerrard, 23 Redditch Road.

K.N.Y.F.

The Youth Fellowship held their Annual General Meeting in December. The Vicar again consented to be President, and the following were elected on to the Committee; Mr. P. Haycock, Chairman; Miss Sylvia Stiles, Vice-Chairman; and Misses A. Mellish, Sheila Stiles, J. Vincent, Messrs. A. Batson, P. Oliver, D. Sambrook, P. Southwick, B. Swain and J. Taylor.

The Club's Christmas activities included several very enjoyable and profitable evenings of carol singing, ably led by Mr. P. Oliver, and a successful Christmas Dance. On Boxing Day, a party of the more hardy and venturesome members hiked over the Lickey Hills.

During January, the Club was invited to join St. Agnes' Youth Club (Cotteridge) for a social evening, and also West Heath for a Fancy Dress Dance where, incidentally, one of the club members took first prize.

The January programme began with a Social run by the new entertainments committee, and was followed by a musical evening (10th January), a lecture on "The Spoken Word" by Mr. Bennet of the Arden Singers (17th January), a debate (21st January) and a Social (31st January).

The meetings for February will be held after the Lenten Services and will consist of a debate—"We Beg to Differ" (7th February), Dancing Instruction (21st February) and "Twenty Questions" (28th February).

The Sunday evening meetings are still being held in the Saracens Head after church, but with a varied and more attractive programme.

KEEP THIS DATE OPEN—GRAND VALENTINE DANCE, WEDNESDAY, 14th FEBRUARY.

The Club wishes it to be made known that their gramophone is available for hire at 10/6 per evening, records 3d. each. Apply Club Secretary.—D.S.

CHRISTMAS PARTY AND SOCIAL

SATURDAY, 16th DECEMBER 1950

A really enjoyable time was had by all who came to the Christmas Party and Social held in the Schools, Pershore Road South, on Saturday, 16th December 1950.

The schools were delightfully decorated for the festive season and created an atmosphere of friendliness which was quickly transmitted to the people present. It was good to see many new faces.

The party quickly got moving with a swing. The crowd entered with zest into the many games and novelty dances and numerous prizes were soon being distributed to the lucky winners. Balloons and streamers were brought in and added to the fun.

Music was provided by the Lynford Quartette and this small but lively combination contributed in a large measure to the success of the evening.

Fun, games and dancing went on all the evening broken only by the interval for refreshments, and all too quickly the fingers of the clock indicated that our revelry must come to a close. It was with thoughts of a very pleasant evening that we all joined together in the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

The ladies in charge of refreshments are to be congratulated on a difficult job well done. The committee feel that we ought now to express our grateful thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Searles and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. These four persons have attended without fail at every function and taken over the ticket collecting and cloakroom jobs most conscientiously.

Finally we express our thanks to the caretaker for his unfailing assistance and the cheerfulness with which he sets about clearing the mess we leave behind.

MISSIONARY NEWS

The Missionary Committee has not been idle during the Christmas Season, but has been busy making arrangements for the present year.

At the last meeting, the Vicar took over the Chairmanship in place of the Rev. J. V. Skinner, and Mr. Canning was unanimously appointed Vice-Chairman. During the meeting a total of £50 was allocated to various Missionary societies and very shortly there will be news of help given by us to the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association.

Various missionary services are being arranged for 1951, news of which will be printed later, but to carry on with there is interesting news about a forthcoming event.

A very pleasant and interesting evening service has been arranged for 28th JANUARY. The Rev. C. G. Stuart Cox the newly-appointed Area Organiser and Secretary for the C.M.S. in Birmingham, has kindly consented to come to S. Nicolas and bring a film called "Report from East Africa." This film is of very high standard and has been spoken very well of by the press: it has also been accepted as part of the normal week-day programme of the leading News Theatre in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

I am sure that all our readers will be in Church that Sunday evening at 6.30 p.m. to give a real welcome to the Rev. Stuart Cox on the occasion of his visit. It will most probably be his first visit to any parish as Area Organiser in Birmingham. We must give him a hearty welcome to Birmingham, and as far as Kings Norton is concerned, an encouraging start and assurance of whole-hearted support. So don't forget 28th JANUARY, but make it your own personal obligation to attend. Your reward will be a most enjoyable service.—E. G. PACKWOOD.

DAUGHTER CHURCHES

THE EPIPHANY

HOLY COMMUNION. 25th February a 9.30 a.m.

CHRISTMAS PARTY. A very happy gathering was held on 6th January in Turves Green Schools, when the Junior Church and the Sunday School met together for the Christmas Party and prize-giving.

The Senior Youth Fellowship had volunteered to organise the entertainment, and, after a real Christmas Party tea, they kept the children happily occupied with games and charades.

With their teacher, Miss Frances Robinson, the "tinies" surprised us with a simple presentation of the Christmas story—our older actors and actresses will have to look to their laurels!

After the games, our Churchwardens, Mr. W. Smith and Mr. C. Dudley, shared the pleasure of handing book-prizes to those who had earned them, and at 7 o'clock, a band of tired and happy youngsters made their way home. At 7.30 the older members of the Church came into their own and enjoyed a Social evening, at which the charades performed in the afternoon were again given with even more dash and spirit!

S. ANNE'S

St. Anne's Junior Club held their Annual Meeting on 30th November, Mrs. Palk, President, presiding, assisting by Mrs. H. Lawrence, Vice-President. The following were elected: Secretary and Treasurer: Marina Bevan; Assistant Treasurers: Yvonne Newey and Doreen Scott; Committee: Carol Hill, Pauline Brain, Sheila Bambury, Brian Baker and Allen Jones.

The Club held its Annual Party on 21st January when everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The "Eats, Pop and Ice Cream" were regaled with gusto!

On 24th December the Junior Club did the Carol of the Nine Lessons at 11.15 a.m. instead of the usual Service. Also at 6.30 p.m. the Carol of the Nine Lessons was sung in place of Evensong. The Rev. G. Cope conducted the Service and both choir and the large congregation joined heartily in the singing.

CHOIR BOYS' OUTING. This was held on 8th January and took the form of a visit to the Pantomime which was made possible through the kind generosity of the Mothers' Union at S. Anne's. This was a great day and excitement was even greater when "Buttons" announced that there were fourteen choir boys in the audience to help with the singing of the community song "Away." How did "Buttons" know they were there?! After the show tea was partaken at a café which is given by the same person every year as a Christmas present to the boys and then we all came home with many happy memories of a very pleasant day.

MOTHERS' UNION. The next meeting of the Mothers' Union will take place in S. Anne's Church on 8th February at 2.30 p.m. when the speaker will be Miss Peggy Bacon, organiser of Children's Hour at Broadcasting House. All members are asked to bring any friends who are interested in order that there may be as representative a gathering as possible on such a memorable occasion.

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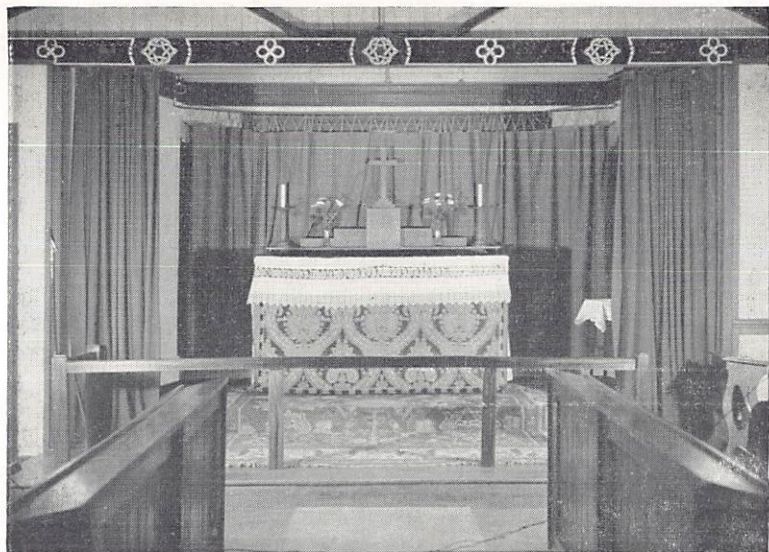
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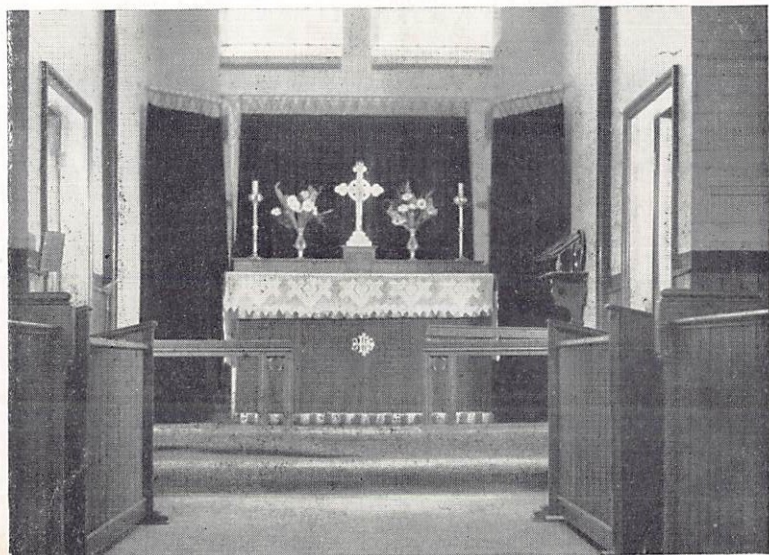
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