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THE EPIPHANY (LONGBRIDGE)

*Clergy*

THE REV. E. G. ASHFORD, M.A., *Vicar*

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON

KIN 1496

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*Organist*: Mrs. L. PALK. West Heath. PRI 1975.

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

Copy for the July magazine must be sent to the Editor, Mr. R. H. Clarke, 21 Rednal Road, by 14th June. The magazine will appear on 28th June.

## KALENDAR FOR JUNE

- 3.—SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- 10.—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- 11.—S. BARNABAS.
- 17.—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- 24.—FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. S. JOHN BAPTIST.
- 29.—S. PETER.

## ALMS GIVING

		<i>Parish Church</i>						<i>S. Anne's</i>		<i>The Epiphany</i>			
		<i>Plate</i>		<i>Duplex</i>				<i>£ s d</i>		<i>£ s d</i>			
		£	s	d	£	s	d	£	s	d	£	s	d
April	1	14	5	11	28	18	1	1	14	3	2	3	6
	8	11	5	11	27	0	2	2	14	5	2	7	1
	15	11	6	11	20	11	3	1	8	6	3	2	3
	22	15	11	9	18	12	7	2	18	2	3	6	9
	29	18	8	6	20	6	0	1	15	1	2	16	8

## VICAR'S LETTER

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON,

June 1951.

My dear Friends,

At the end of his letter, which I published last month, Mr. Frank Ludford appealed to me that I should write a cheerful letter, to send you to work with a song in your hearts. This set me thinking about cheerfulness, and the cheerful people I know. When I came to think of it there are quite a number of cheerful people in spite of the dour conditions of life in 1951. But cheerfulness, like any other thing in life, material or spiritual, varies widely in quality. There is the cheerfulness of the big, hearty person, who has never had an ache or pain in life. He has an excellent digestion and sometimes a conscience not too actively alive to prevent him from being too scrupulously law-abiding as to how he shall keep that digestion in active service. He sleeps well at night, rises fresh in the morning, may even cry out as he throws open the window to the morning air, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." If we are ill, or if we feel low, he slaps us on the back and says, "Cheer up, old lad. It's never so bad but it might be worse." I have found such people to be least cheerful of all when something goes wrong with that grand digestion; the first to cry out, "Why did God let this happen to me? What have I done to deserve it?"

So that we must class this kind of cheerfulness as among the lighter variety. Could we call it, "Animal well-being"? Then there is a kind of cheerfulness which can be achieved by putting on rose-coloured spectacles, and refusing in any event to take them off, putting them on to save oneself from pain, rather than to bring new hope to those around one. Such be-spectacled people tell us how the newspapers exaggerate things, how happy cannibals are if left to eat each other, rather than being interfered with by nosy parker missionaries trying to tell them of Jesus and His love; they tell us that if we give the lower classes baths they will put the coals into them and that there is too much fuss made about such things. In a last resource, when the pink in their glasses wears too thin to keep out the glaring light of reality, they will resort to that little extra drink, that little extra bit of fun in one way or another, to persuade themselves that life is not such a bad thing after all, and that really they are more or less cheerful.

This kind of cheerfulness that is achieved only by giving oneself spiritual injections of narcotic thoughts of one kind and another, usually escapes us in the end, and leaves us empty and afraid. It could be called "The cheerfulness of Cloud Cuckoo Land."

I believe that true cheerfulness can only be achieved by looking life squarely in the face and putting one's hand into God's and stepping out to face it.

I think in this connection of those magnificent chapters in St. John's Gospel, chapters 13-17 inclusive. The scene is so simply yet so vividly set before us. There was our Lord on the eve of His execution, surrounded by His followers, His specially chosen twelve. One of them had already completed plans for betraying the Master, and Jesus knew this. There was Peter, the hot-headed vehement Peter, who, having vowed loyalty to the death, by daybreak had three times denied that he even knew Jesus. There was Thomas, critical, hard to convince, always ready to see the difficult side of things, there were James and John, Sons of Fire, He once called them, they were so enthusiastic about things—over-ambitious, longing for the best places in Heaven hereafter. He scanned their faces, so very dear to Him after three years of the adventure of



His arduous ministry. Soon they were all to fly, like frightened animals, out of the Garden of Gethsemane and leave Him alone, a prey to His enemies.

He knew their weaknesses; He knew their strength; He knew that if they stood faithful to His name and teaching, they would have to suffer very terribly at the hands of the world. In His yearning love He prayed for them, to His Father in Heaven. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil one." He said that strange, enigmatic thing to them, which brings me back to my first point of cheerfulness. "Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is come, that ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: but yet I am not alone, the Father is with me. These things have I spoken unto you that ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer (be cheerful) I have overcome the world."

That is the only cheerfulness worth attaining, the good cheer that is independent of material change and chance, of good luck or bad, even of good health or bad, the cheerfulness which is embodied in the man or woman who, facing the mischances of life equally with the good chances, claims a share in Christ's victory over the world.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTER

### BAPTISMS

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

11th April—James Arthur Mellard, 15th April—Stephen John Ellis, Mark Anthony Knight, Janet Cecilia Pearce, Margaret Ann Smith, Jennifer Anne Tarrant, Brian Erick Witherford, 22nd April—Robert Keith Garvie, 4th May—Francis Gerard Stelly, 6th May—Keith Ernest Braine, Bernice Celia Browne, Peter James Grainger, Cheryl Margaret Hands, Pamela Pauline Johnson, Martin Trevor Jones, Marion Jones, John Pearsall, Allan Thomas Shutt, Peter Robert Sumner, Brian Leslie Twigg, Andrew John Varley.

### MARRIAGES

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

14th April—Philip George Hodgetts and Barbara Winifred Scott.  
5th May—Henry Watson and Jean Margaret Ward.

### BURIALS

*"I am the Resurrection and the Life."*

11th April—Nellie Elizabeth Eley, aged 62 years; 19th April—William James Joseph Penstone, aged 74 years; Jane Hopkins, aged 81 years; 9th May—Florence Guttridge, aged 70 years.



## SIDESMEN'S ROTA

<i>Date</i>	<i>8 a.m.</i>	<i>11a.m.</i>	<i>6.30 p.m.</i>
June 3—	Yates, R. Higgs, S.	Mc.Cullough, Dr. Jones, N. V. Slough, A. J. Porter, T. A.	Heward, A. Haycock, P. Swain, A. Yates, R.
10—	Pendleton, D. J. Clarke, R. A.	Pritchett, W. B. Barradell, N. Clarke, R. H. Swain, A.	Slough, A. J. Mackintosh, J. A. Greenhill, B. Walker, G. C.
17—	Richards, D. S. Davies, W. R.	Reynolds, W. H. Izon, T. Webb, F. Richards, D. S.	Allan, J. R. Pepper, R. J. Plevin, J. Clarke, R. A.
24—	Blinkhorn, H. W. Heward, A.	Jenkins, I. B. Winstanley, H. M. Floyd, H. Wood, N. A.	Blake, C. E. J. Searle, R. H. Porter, T. A. Higgs, S.

## SERVERS FOR JUNE 1951

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Servers</i>	<i>Cross Bearer</i>
June 3—	8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs & P. Southwick	
	11.0 a.m.	J. Vaughan	J. Jelfs
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley	
	6.30 p.m.	K. Hollier	B. Greenhill
June 10—	8.0 a.m.	R. Stringer & M. Flynn	
	11.0 a.m.	R. Cheshire	M. Barradell
	6.30 p.m.	H. Rollaston	A. J. Townsend
June 17—	8.0 a.m.	R. A. Clarke & D. Worth	
	11.0 a.m.	M. Carroll	J. S. Lawrence
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow	
	6.30 p.m.	R. Hughes	B. C. Pitts
June 24—	8.0 a.m.	J. Hill & M. Davies	
	11.0 p.m.	D. Jarrett	J. Oseman
	6.30 p.m.	B. Whitehouse	J. Clews
July 1—	8.0 a.m.	C. A. P. Rogers & M. Southgate	
	11.0 a.m.	G. Elliot	C. M. Shaylor
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley	
	6.30 p.m.	R. Millard	P. McNair

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# "Master, Where Dweldest Thou?"

by the Very Rev. Ronald Sinclair

Provost of Guildford

**M**EN have asked that question not once nor twice, but all down the years ever since that memorable day by the banks of Jordan where John was baptising. "Sir, we would see Jesus." That is the dumb cry, the deepest longing of every human heart, and the restless seeking after pleasure characteristic of to-day is but a drug to drown the age-long ache of the human heart for Jesus—the real Jesus. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." He must do so, just by what He is, by His magnetic attractiveness. And to see Jesus we must find Him, and to find Him we must know where He lives. Where does He live? "Master, where dweldest Thou?" . . . "Come and see." And He led them along the riverside to a booth made of rushes, a bivouac. And the two friends sheltered there with Him from the heat of the sun all that day. What company! How the hours must have sped!

"Master, where dweldest Thou?" Where in fact *did* He dwell in the days of His visible presence? In a stable, a cottage, a bivouac, under a hedge maybe, under the open sky with a sparrow and her brood as His next door neighbours, with the wild beasts in the mysterious wilderness, in the little home of two women and their brother, in the house of a rich profiteer, in a well-loved garden, in a prison cell, on a Cross. "Master, where dweldest Thou?" . . . "Come and see." Now all these places have one thing in common, they are lowly and humble places.

And where is Jesus

likely to be found to-day? "Master, where dweldest Thou?" . . . "Come and see." Come with me and I will try to show you. I would show you a lowly human heart, the heart of a mother, a heart whose door had ever been open to *all* who cared to shelter there, a heart which kept open house. I am privileged to know and to have known quite a number of hearts like that, of men, of women and perhaps especially of little children. And one day, unfelt it may be, Jesus Himself had drawn near and entered that heart in the guise of some friendless or lonely soul, whom that heart had welcomed into its warm hospitality and friendliness. "I was a stranger and you took Me in."

Jesus must be nearer to us than we know, and to be found in the most unexpected places. You and I pass Him by in the street every day, we jostle Him, we stand next to Him at



The home of Mary and Martha

the shop counter, for He lives in every humble soul who opens his or her door to love. He knocks at the door of every heart in the guise of some stranger or somebody in need, and we either welcome Him or we don't.

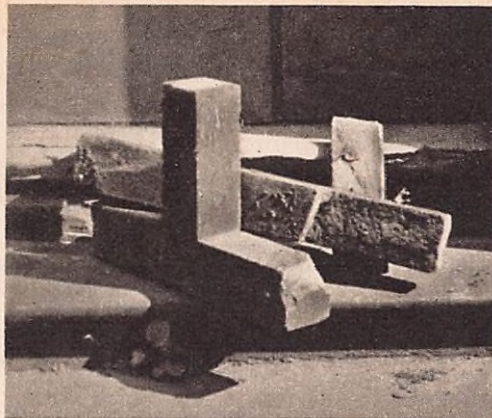
Once He knocked at the door of His own City, Jerusalem; but they spurned Him, and He saw their future doom through bitter tears. Maybe He is knocking at the door of London, of Washington, of Moscow. What if mankind rejects Him? But of one thing I am quite certain. He is knocking at the door of my heart. In His patience and mercy He knocks every day. It may be that I am not

(Continued on page 93)



# 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.



## The Fallen Cross.

TEN years ago, during an air-raid on Merseyside, this stone cross toppled off the roof at the West end of St. Nicholas Church, Halewood. The amazing thing is that the bomb itself dropped at the other end of the church, without damaging it but demolishing part of the churchyard wall, and putting the school hall out of commission.—JOHN G. TEARE.

## The Ramblers' Church.

LEAD Church, near Saxton, in Yorkshire, is believed to be about 800 years old. Its name is inscribed on the flagstone in front of the doorway. Once it was a private family chapel. But for years it stood unused, until in 1932 some ramblers "discovered" the building and set to work restoring it. Their voluntary efforts have been well worth-while, for it is now repaired and furnished, complete even to its own small organ. In November 1932 the church was re-dedicated by the Bishop of Whitby, and on summer Sunday afternoons walkers and cyclists now gather there for Service.—F. UNDY.

## Long Incumbencies.

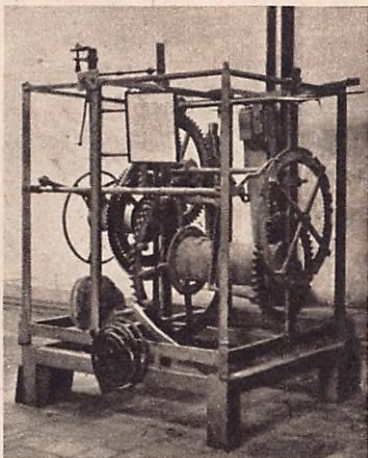
RANDWICK is a parish and village with the hamlet of Oxlinch about 2½ miles from Stroud (Glos.). The church was restored and enlarged in 1867 and again in 1894, the work including the erection of an aisle in memory of the Rev. John Elliott, M.A., vicar from 1819 to 1891 who died at the age of 100. Mamhilad is a small parish in Monmouthshire several miles from Pontypool. The Rev. Christopher Cook was rector from 1850 to 1925, dying at the age of 105.—J. H. DWYER.

## Personal Flowers.

A CROSS of flowers was composed of single blooms offered by each member of the congregation at an Easter service held at St. John's, Maidstone. The idea came from a church in New York.—THE REV. C. T. SPURLING.

## Clock without a Face.

THIS ancient clock in Salisbury Cathedral is made entirely of wrought iron, has no dial, and strikes only the hours. It dates from the year 1386, or even earlier, and must be one of the oldest in England. It is no longer in use but may be seen in the North West portion of the nave near some beautiful old tapestries hung on the north wall.—SYDNEY J. WHITE.



Clock without a face





### Alfresco Church.

**T**HIS picture was taken at the tiny health resort of Ai Ais (pronounced I. Ice), South West Africa, and shows the "Church" where services are held. In the season the space is enclosed with hessian and the stones upon which the two ladies are seated are the only seats. Some people bring their own chairs—and all are welcome to attend. The bell, visible in the background, was given in gratitude by a patient for the wonderful healing powers of the waters at Ai Ais.—**M. MONTGOMERY.**



Photo: A. Wale

### An Old Lady.

**I**N the churchyard at Sutton Courtney, there is a memorial to Martha Pye, Spinster, who "departed this life April 15, 1822, aged 117 years." Is this a record?

### For Poor Prisoners.

**S**T. MICHAEL'S Oxford, once adjoined the city's North Gate in which, until 1771, there was an old prison called "Bocardo." In old prints a cap may be seen dangling on a string; this was lowered for alms with the cry "Pity the Bocardo birds." This gave way to a collecting box in the early eighteenth century made of hardwood in the shape of an iron-bound tankard with a slit in the lid for contributions and a hasp fastened by a padlock with a most intricate little key. This became a family heirloom, and has now been most generously given to the church by Miss G. E. Thurland. Her ancestor worshipped at St. Michael's.—**CANON R. R. MARTIN.**

### A Faulty Cord.

**A**T St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, there is a large tablet let in the church wall which tells of a young man who used to leap from the high tower while his mother went among the crowds collecting money—in 1739:

"Let this small monument record the name Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim! How by'n attempt to fly from this high spire, Across the sabrine stream, he did acquire

His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill Or courage to perform the task, he fell.

No! No, a faulty cord being drawn too tight

Hurried his soul on high to take her flight Which bid the body here below Good-night.

Feb. 2nd, 1739—aged 28".—**MRS. A. P. STEVENS.**

### House on Stilts.

**S**T. Feock Church, five miles south of Truro, possesses a little house or lodge over the entrance to the churchyard. It suggests in my photograph a house on stilts. Can any reader explain its original use? The present church dates from 1874, but the old building was the last church in which services were conducted in the Cornish tongue.—**MISS P. M. KAYE.**



Like a house on stilts



# St. Margaret's Westminster

by Gertrude A. George



"WHAT a lovely church to be married in!" That was what I thought as I stood at the West door and looked down the long nave with its rich and graceful pillars, glow of stained glass and mellowed gold of reredos. And then I reflected that many famous people have indeed been married here: John Milton, Samuel Pepys and Winston Churchill.

The story of St. Margaret's through the ages is closely associated with the history of London, in whose heart the building stands, and here, illustrated by the memorials of many generations, we may glimpse something of those other lives and times of which it tells.

Though the mists of time have gathered over the church's origin, there is little reason to doubt the tradition that St. Margaret's was founded by King Edward the Confessor in 1064 and was thus connected with the Abbey of Westminster and largely under its control. The present church, the third to stand upon this site, dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century. It must have appeared very beautiful with

its richly decorated chancel carving, elaborately embroidered curtains and above all the "great comunyon cuppes all gilt." It is good to hear in these days of the generosity of those who contributed to this restoration. Two people are notable in this respect, and seem to live again for us. One is Dame Mary Billing, a great benefactress of the church, and the other is a master mason employed on the building, who returned the whole of his wages to the churchwardens. (I personally have known a mason who did a similar thing.)

The most remarkable feature of the church is the East window, a world famous example of stained glass, and of very interesting history. It was part of the dowry of Katharine of Aragon. The subject is the Crucifixion, worked out with the highest degree of imaginative feeling. In the centre is the figure of our Lord on the cross, and on either side the crucified thieves, an angel above taking charge of the soul of the penitent thief, that of the other being carried off by the devil. On the right of the cross a mounted Roman centurion pierces with a spear Our Lord's side, and three angels hold chalices in which to





receive His blood, while six others bear the emblems of His Passion. The Virgin Mary and her companions, soldiers and Jewish rulers, St. George in armour, holding a white banner with red cross and trampling on a red dragon, together with two Royal figures kneeling in prayer, are introduced into the intricate design, and the whole is transfigured by glowing colour, crimson, gold, and that pure flame-like blue of the Middle Ages, the secret of which seems now to be lost.

This beautiful window was made in Flanders in the 16th century and was designed for Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey. But when it was finished and sent to England times had changed, and the two Royal figures of Katharine and Arthur which it portrayed were not acceptable to the reigning King. The window was therefore placed in Waltham Abbey where it remained until the dissolution of the monasteries, and was

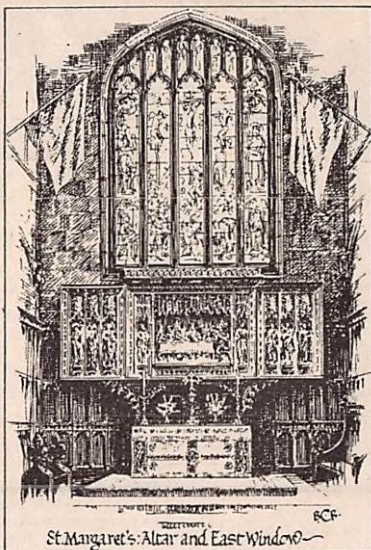
then taken to the chapel of New Hall in Essex. New Hall, having passed through the hands of several distinguished owners, then became the property of General Monk, who valued the window and is said to have buried it to preserve it from the Puritan soldiers. After the Restoration he re-erected it, and so it remained till about 1735, when it was bought by Mr Conyers of Copt Hall in Essex, who had it repaired by one of the best glass-painters in England and placed it in his private chapel. In 1758 it was sold for four hundred guineas to the parishioners of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and at last after all its adventures it was fixed in a place close by that for which it had

been designed.

The memorials and monuments of St. Margaret's are not only unusually interesting but are so well disposed that they seem part of the building. Of these the bust of Cornelius Van Dun is one of the finest. There he is, beautifully carved and painted, in rich red robe criss-crossed with gold, so life-like that I felt as if we had just been introduced. The inscription

tells us that he served successively, as "yeoman of guard and usher", four monarchs, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth.

A brass tablet on the south wall records of another gallant Englishman: "Within ye Chancel of this Church was Interred the Body of the Great Sr. Walter Raleigh, on the day he was Beheaded in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, Octr 29th Ano Dom. 1618." A larger memorial to him, erected by Americans, is the great West window, which in shining reds and



yellows, shows scenes in Raleigh's life and full-length figures of his famous contemporaries.

An adjacent window, also the gift of an American, is in memory of the poet Milton, whose wife and child were buried here. This illustrates scenes from his life and episodes from *Paradise Lost*. It was damaged by bombing during the war but has since been skilfully restored.

Other memorials of particular interest are:— A tablet to William Caxton, who introduced the art of printing into Great Britain, worked at that art in the Abbey of Westminster, and was buried at St. Margaret's, (parish accounts note funeral expenses,

(Continued on page 94)





## WEEKDAY for Women

## PAGES with Homes

### Monday's Washing.

*Iron rust* is frequently caused by steel buttons which have been covered by material. Rust will come through to the material if the button gets wet, and will affect other parts of the garment when folded. To remove, soak in oxalic solution if the garment can be washed. When the stain disappears apply weak ammonia and then rinse thoroughly.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

*Clothes posts* are often very ugly in a small garden, where the washing has to be hung in full view of the windows. Two rustic posts, pine or elm, with a strong galvanized hook screwed in at the right height, can be made to look quite pretty. The cord has a loop at each end to pass over the posts. Honeysuckle or clematis can be trained up the posts and the cord taken down when not in use.—MRS. B. M. GRILLO.

*Wooden drying rods* will never discolour wet laundry if given an occasional coat of good white enamel. The resulting hard surface resists dirt arising from coke boiler or gas cooker, and cleaning becomes an easy task.—MRS. LOMAX.

*For heavy serge* or tweed articles, such as suits or curtains, add a small quantity of clean starch to the rinsing water. As a rule these things are soft and easily crease after washing; the starch restores some gloss and firmness, thus keeping them clean longer.—MRS. S. TULI.

### Tuesday's Sewing.

*Wool* is again going up in price, and housewives will be anxious to knit socks, pullovers, jumpers, etc., before this hap-

pens. Time is precious, so invest in a knitting wool winder which can easily be clamped to the edge of any table without damaging the wool. As fast as you can wind, the four adjustable arms turn rhythmically as a windmill.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

*Old Stocking*.—When the legs of knickers are worn and the elastic is no good they can quickly be repaired by cutting a piece of the top of an old stocking and binding the leg with it; no elastic is required and it will fit well, as it gives.—MISS POTTON.

*Elastic*.—When the elastic band on men's pants overstretch, thread narrow elastic through the middle of it and draw it up; it will save taking band off for a new one.—MRS. GROVES.

*Mat from a Sack*.—To make an attractive mat procure a clean, strong sack. On this pencil out a design. With the wool, unwound from an old jumper or wool coat and skirt, complete in cross stitch. Three colours look very nice.—MRS. WRAGG (aged 80).

### Wednesday's Nursing.

*Dermatitis* may be contracted by handling tulip bulbs, photography or foreign woods such as satinwood, teak, and rosewood. The remedy is to clean the hands with olive oil, but use no soap, and no water. Oily calamine lotion with a little tar will relieve irritation. It is not catching, and will soon clear up if the general health also receives attention.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

*Cayenne*.—Very few people are aware



of the medical value of cayenne pepper which helps greatly with digestion. Its tendency is to draw the blood to the stomach where it is needed while the digestion of food is taking place. It must not be used as liberally as white pepper.—MRS. MARTIN.

#### Thursday's Cooking.

**Saucepans.**—Always fill your saucepan first, to the brim, with cold water; allow the water to overflow, then throw away. Do this even if you only have liquid to boil. Where no solid or liquid touches the saucepan, scum clings round, sticks and is difficult to clean off. Milk burns round the edge too, and causes no end of work. Now try this hint, even if you are in a rush to start your cooking—it pays in the long run.—MISS N. MISSELBROOK.

**Rub the knife** lightly with fat, butter for preference, when about to chop candied peel or dried fruit. Easy and quick method.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

#### Friday's Household.

**Those lost keys.**—I always tie a piece of tape or even coloured ribbon on to my front door key. It makes it so much easier to find in purse bags which have to contain so many things as well as ration books. The sight of the tape means that the key is at the end of it and saves raking over the contents. Try it.—MRS. PURDY.

**Brassware.**—When cleaning use a cork for grooved ridges. This prevents sore fingers and broken nails.—MRS. HARRISON.

**Carpets.**—When the ends persist in curling up, get some old steel 'bones' from old corsets: if long enough cut in half (with pliers) and, using strips about five to six inches long, sew underneath the ends at nine-inch spaces with matching thread. Not along the edge, but the ends of the bones flush with edge of the carpet pointing outward.—MRS. LOXTON.

**Frosting Windows.**—First paint the glass with a thin coat of white paint; then starting at the top and working downwards dab the window with a piece of rubber sponge until the desired effect is obtained.—MRS. WATTS.

**More Light.**—To make candles burn half as long again, take each candle by the wick and give it a coating of white varnish. Put candles thus treated to dry and harden. It will be found on using that the varnish forms a cup

**Puzzle Solution** (see page 94):  
Corinthians — cockle-shell, owl,  
rose, iris, nasturtium, toad, heron,  
ivy, acorns, nest, sparrow.

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.

which holds the fat and makes the candle burn much longer and thus prevents grease running down the candle to waste.—MISS G. BRIDSON.

**When spring cleaning**, take an ordinary clothes peg and break one side level with the tin band. Then, when cleaning window paint and door panels, cover with flannel to get in the corners. The wood being soft, will not harm the best paint and removes the dirt easily from the corners.—MISS E. MOORE.

#### Saturday's Children.

**Babies** generally are very conservative, and do not take kindly to anything new. Mothers are advised to give babies orange juice by cup and spoon method right from the start. When the time comes for baby to be fed with a spoon the gums will have become used to the feel of a spoon and will not become sore when the spoon touches them. Many mothers give baby a spoon to play with. It is sure to find its way to the mouth.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

**Every mother knows** how easily scurf appears on a baby's head. To avoid or cure this use borax on a wet flannel. Rub into the scalp, then rinse off with warm water. Do this each time you wash baby's head and he will never be seen with the unsightly patch on his little head that scurf makes.—MRS. M. FOSTER.

**When shampooing** a small child's head, try rubbing a bit of vaseline across his forehead. A nice wide half-inch streak will form a sort of barrier that helps to keep soapy water out of his eyes.—MRS. DAVIS.



Photo by

The ring tale coons

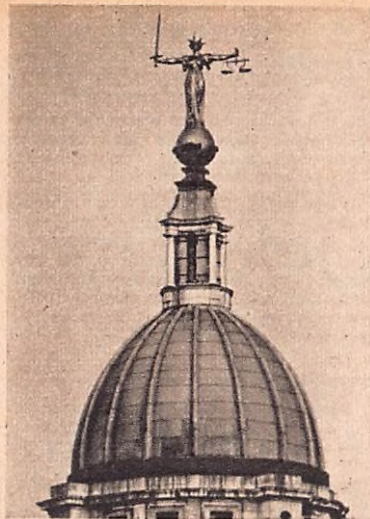
Miss D. Tyler



# The Church and Crime

by A. R. L. Gardner

The writer has had many years' experience of prison visiting. Two of his books, *Prisoner at the Bar* and *The Art of Crime*, are acknowledged as valuable contributions towards the understanding of the criminal mind.



The Old Bailey

NATURALLY when considering the relationship of the Church to crime one's mind reverts immediately to that unforgettable scene in the fourth Gospel where Our Lord defended the woman taken in adultery, a criminal and capital offence under the Jewish Law, saying "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Among theologians this incident in the Gospel has been made the subject of many eloquent sermons, and it still has its heart-searching message for today. If confronted with the same situation, would He not repeat His words?

Then we remember the scene at the Crucifixion, on "a green hill outside a city wall". Three criminals were hanging on crosses. Two were convicted thieves; the third was a political offender, alleged to have spoken "against the Temple"—the Government of Jerusalem of that day. "He suffered under Pontius Pilate" because at that time the Roman Emperor dominated the Jewish State. There was a difference between the two thieves. One looked kindly at the central and fellow sufferer and the other railed at him. To the one who looked He said "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise".

That, one thinks, was to be accounted the beginning of the relation-

ship of the Church of Christ (in all its branches) to Crime.

In the experience of most students of the criminal world there have ever been two kinds of thieves which fundamentally have nothing in common. They are convicted and sentenced by the same Criminal Law—a law devised and frequently amended for the protection of human civilised society. This law the Church has always respected and upheld, as indeed did Christ the similar law of His earthly life. "I come," He said, "not to destroy the Law: but to fulfil it". But He saw quite plainly that there are two types of human beings. One type responds to understanding, love and kindness. The other does not. What did He suggest should be the treatment of the latter? Fortunately He gave us the answer, "Let him be to you as a stranger". And understanding? Well, there was once a man serving a sentence for a serious crime; he had proved quite impossible to manage, until the Governor discovered that the man loved animals. The Governor gave him some budgerigars which he allowed him to keep in his cell. From then on he became a model prisoner.

One must never confuse in one's mind the Moral Law with the Criminal Law. They overlap; but they are not identical. The Moral Law, so far as the Christian Church is concerned, is a way of thinking and behaving which, if perfectly followed and obeyed, would involve a life of absolute individual unselfishness. Christians believe that only one Person has ever lived that life on Earth. All others fall short in varying degrees; yet all who, like the thief, looked at that central figure and said "Jesus, remember me," discover that within the



limits of their own natures they feel impelled from time to time to do things which they know to be great and good. So does "the little leaven gradually leaven the whole lump". The sole object of the Criminal Law is to preserve law and order, to safeguard the lives of individuals, to prevent robbery and violence, to protect too trustful people from being defrauded or blackmailed and to render as far as may be possible that sense of security without which civilised life as we have long known it could not subsist.

The Criminal Law does not eradicate Crime: it regulates it just as a policeman regulates the street traffic. Its aim is to reduce to a minimum the amount of daily crimes committed so that the law-abiding citizen can go peacefully on his way.

The attitude of the Church towards the Criminal Law of the State was expressed once and for all by St. Paul in the days of the Roman Empire. In his Epistle to the Romans (chapter 13 vv 3-4) he wrote, "For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same. For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

The sword of justice and the figure with the scales are familiar to all Londoners who pass by the Old Bailey, the Central Criminal Court. And when within its No. 1 Court the dread sentence of death is passed by the judge, the chaplain who is present says "Amen."

All prisons have their chaplains. It is not part of their duties to criticise the justice of the various sentences passed. Their chief duty is to try to bring the light of Heaven into each prison cell. "I was in prison and ye visited me." To what extent they succeed depends upon the manner of men they are.

Nothing could possibly be plainer than the relationship of the Church to the Criminal Law. But what of its relationship to the criminal himself? "Judge not that ye be not judged." The Christian is never required to pass moral judgment on a fellow being. No human being possesses

the requisite knowledge to do so. We must strive always never to allow our natural prejudices to turn into moral judgments. In the sight of God we all fall short. In the sight of man only the convicted lawbreaker falls short of the accepted code of behaviour and becomes liable to punishment. What then should be the attitude of the Christian to that person? Writing with a long experience of law-breakers of many kinds I think I can

express my own feelings in two short sentences: "Be on your guard and be kind to him." "Watch and Pray." You never know which of the two thieves he may be. You may save him. If so, he has saved you, for surely you will meet him in Paradise.



Photo by

E. Willingale

A Gift from the Governor

## WEST IS BEST

*North to nerve me for my work,  
South to sooth my limbs to rest,  
East to brace me not to shirk,  
And grant me, Lord, the homing  
West.*



# The Dividing Line

The strange story  
of a feud

by

V. M. METHLEY



## XVI. A few Minutes' Peace

"IT'S very wrong and I ought to be ashamed of myself, but even coming to church seems a bit flat after yesterday," Susan shook her head self-reproachfully as she let herself into the vestry by the side-door, then sighed as she remembered the worse than flatness of her return to Peace Pleasance.

Brimming over with news and pleasant excitement, the stony, cold glare with which Jane received her froze the stream of words, and such suppression always made poor Miss Chicksand feel physically sick.

"Anyway, I shall have a few minutes peace, here," she told herself. "And when I've tidied up, I might go to the pictures, though it's dull alone."

But everything else was forgotten after Susan's first proud glance at the new carpet. For there, on the corner nearest to her, was a dark, disfiguring stain.

"Dear, dear, however did that happen?" She dropped on her knees to examine it more closely. "It looks like oil—yes, it is! Could Mrs. Clowne have spilt something when she was scrubbing—but, no, she hasn't been to-day."

What a terrible thing! Susan hurried back into the vestry to fetch a cloth and some cleaning liquid. As she did so, she heard sounds of a vehicle drawing up outside the church, then heavy, manly footfalls.

"Oh, dear, I do hope it isn't the Vicar, before I've had time to do anything to that stain! He said he might

look in this afternoon and he'll be so vexed!"

Flustered, Susan peeped out through the half-open door. No, it wasn't the Vicar and she sighed with relief.

But who were they? Two strange men, wearing white coats and green baize aprons—removal men, evidently, marching up the aisle as though bent on business. Why, they had reached the chancel steps, they were beginning to roll up the carpet.

Without pausing to think, Susan Chicksand ran out of the vestry to confront the intruders.

"What are you doing, please? I'm sure you are making some mistake." She addressed the men firmly.

"Beg pardon, Miss," the bigger of the two men touched the cap which he had forgotten to remove. "We've a written order from Mr. Holford to take away this carpet for cleaning—that stain, y'know. Our van's outside."

"From the Vicar? But—but I'm sure he would have told me."

"Sorry, Miss, but you'll know his signature."

The man held out a strip of paper, Susan took it and read the typed words.

"This is to authorise the removal of the carpet in St. Bartholomew's Church for cleaning purposes.—Signed. G. Holford, Vicar."

"That's certainly the Vicar's writing, but I don't understand," Susan said perplexedly.



"Plain enough, isn't it, Miss?" It was the second man who spoke impatiently. "P'raps you'll let me and my mate get on with our job, now. We're in a hurry, aren't we, Bill?"

"That's right," the other nodded, rubbing the back of his neck with one forefinger. It was an odd gesture, and seemed to Susan oddly familiar: she stared, frowning—and then suddenly remembered when she had last seen that movement and the man who had made it, with his companion. Only a short time ago and in this very church, but there had been a third person with them then—Dick Blackett.

These were those friends whom he had brought to look at the carpet; she recognised them now, in spite of those clothes and the heavy moustaches—false, of course.

It could mean only one thing, and as they began again to roll up the carpet, Susan Chicksand spoke peremptorily.

"You're not to take the carpet: I forbid it, until I've spoken to Mr. Holford myself: I'll take the responsibility."

"Sorry, Miss: we've got our orders."

"You haven't. I don't believe it I won't allow you—"

"You'll find it difficult to stop us!" The second man said roughly. "Here, you hold her, Bill, while I carry on!"

"You shan't—I won't!—Oh, Vicar, how glad I am to see you!"

Miss Chicksand's voice broke on a little sob, as the newcomer spoke, advancing up the aisle.

"Why, what's this all about?"

"Oh, what a comfort! These men—they said you'd given them orders to take the carpet away—" Susan gasped.

"Take the carpet? What nonsense!"

"They showed me that paper—"

"An obvious forgery!" The Vicar glanced at it. "It seems I've just come in time to prevent a most barefaced daylight robbery. Miss Chicksand, telephone for the police at once—"

"Yes, yes, I will— Oh, be careful, Vicar, be careful!" Susan clutched at Mr. Holford's arm, dragging him aside just in time to avoid a crashing blow aimed at him by Carmel. It was followed by another, which caught the Vicar's shoulder and sent him staggering against a pillar.

Before he could recover, Carmel had pinioned his arms behind him.

"We'll have to lock 'em in the vestry until we finish," Edelston said. "That's the idea—you bring the old woman along and the reverend gentleman had better come quietly or I'll knock him out!"

Mr. Holford struggled gamely, but he was no match for the two younger and stronger men. He and Susan were pushed and dragged towards the vestry, when—from outside the church came the sound of a car violently braked, voices, orders, the clatter of feet—

Suddenly the church seemed full of people: through her frightened tears, Susan made out faces she knew—Roy, Ray, Dick, blue-clad police constables.

"Oh, thank goodness you've all come in time!" she sobbed. "These men—but I expect you know about them—"

"Thanks, Aunt Susan, yes, we know all about them!" Roy Chicksand said grimly. "But it's lucky you happened to be here, or we shouldn't have been in time."

## XVII. Crossing the Line

From frying-pan to fire well described Miss Chicksand's movements that afternoon.

First, to the Police Station, where she made her statement clearly and well, thanks to the reassuring presence of Roy, close beside her. That ordeal over, she was allowed to go, after listening in a rather dazed way to the praises and congratulations which were showered upon her.

"But it's just nonsense! Why, my teeth were chattering and my knees shaking, so that I could hardly speak or stand, and my head all swimmy."

"Then it was all the braver of you to stand up to those awful men as you did, Aunt Susie," Ray told her. "I couldn't have believed it of you: Roy and I always thought you such a gentle old darling!"

"So I am. Only—only—well, I couldn't see Lady Corlet's lovely carpet stolen away, could I?"

"Plenty would have. Anyhow, you saved it and the Vicar—and Dick too! He'd have been in a terrible position,



if the carpet had gone, with him more or less responsible. As it is—well, Roy thinks he'll be able to clear Dick completely, but we shan't forget what you did, Aunt Susie, darling."

"It wasn't anything—and here we are. Oh, dear, I wish I could ask you in for a cup of tea!"

"Poor darling, it would be lovely! But I couldn't come anyway: I must get back to the office."

"I think I shall go straight up to my bedroom and lie down," Susan said. "I don't feel like facing Jane at this moment—just sitting there and glaring at me."

"And take up a cup of tea with you," advised Ray, kissing her over the gate. "Good-bye, darling!"

Susan watched her out of sight, then walked slowly and reluctantly back to the door of No. 7. Her knees and ankles felt weaker than ever: it needed quite an effort to open the door and step over the threshold.

And then Susan Chicksand saw the huddled body lying by the fireplace and forgot everything else.

"Jane! Jane!" she cried. "Oh, dear, whatever has happened, whatever shall I do?"

There was no answer: Mrs. Blackett was quite unconscious and Susan knelt down beside her.

"Where's she hurt, I wonder," she said aloud. "Dear, dear, here's a dreadful bruise on her forehead—and where's the blood coming from?"

Moving Jane very gently, she found a deep cut on her wrist, caused by falling on a sharp corner of the fireplace. From it pulsed a steady trickle of blood.

Oddly enough, the sight steadied Susan.

"Looks like an artery cut—that must be stopped quick," she thought, scrambling to her feet.

Out at the kitchen door, she called over the fence to Mrs. Dodds, hanging out her washing.

"Call Matron and get the doctor quickly, will you, please? There's been an accident, Mrs. Blackett's had a nasty fall!"

Susan ran back to the sitting-room with water and clean cloths. As she did so, Jane stirred and half opened her eyes.

"Wha' is it? Wha' happened?" she muttered.

"You've had a nasty fall, Jane, but you'll be all right soon. Just lie still——"

"You—you——" a look of wonder crossed Mrs. Blackett's face. "You—here——"

"Of course I'm here when you want me, Jane—but don't talk now."

"Oh, my—head!" Jane whispered, and fainted again, to Susan's relief. It gave her more chance to stop the flow of blood.

"Let me see——" she muttered to herself. "What did they tell us at the Red Cross lectures—for a cut artery—Find the pressure spot, then hold the thumb on it firmly. That should be the place, yes, the blood's coming more slowly—it's stopping."

When the doctor arrived with the Matron ten minutes later, Susan was still kneeling beside Jane Blackett, both thumbs pressed on the limp wrist.

"She won't die, will she, Doctor?" she whispered anxiously, as he made his examination.

"Not she—with a bit of care. A sprained ankle and plenty of bruises. But if you hadn't stopped that bleeding—well, it might have been very serious."

Later that evening, Susan discovered that the doctor must have said the same thing to Mrs. Blackett. For when she peeped diffidently into the bedroom, Jane's eyes met hers and she spoke weakly.

"Doctor says you saved my life—why did you, Susan? I hadn't deserved it—not after the way I've treated you."

"It wasn't your fault or mine, really—just a silly misunderstanding."

"No. Jealousy, that's what it was—just jealousy of you and Joe." Jane shook her head. "He'd known you so long—and you were so pretty—nicer'n me, too, though you couldn't love him more."

"Nor half as much! I never cared for him that way, nor he for me—why, he'd have laughed at the very idea! Joe never loved anyone but you in all his life, Jane, dear. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I see now how wrong



I was. But I was so lonely after he went—and then I got thinking of him and you being such old friends. And—and he asked for you when he was dying—”

“Jane, I’ll tell you why.” Susan spoke earnestly. “It was just because he cared for you so much. ‘Sue,’ he said. ‘Don’t ever leave Jane—stick to her and look after her. She’ll be a very lonely soul when I’m gone, and she’s been the best of wives to me always—the best and the dearest—”

Susan’s voice broke. Jane was already sobbing without restraint. It was some time before she spoke.

“Then that’s why you stayed with me—because you’d promised Joe?”

“Because I’d promised, yes—though it’s sometimes been a bit difficult.” Susan twinkled.

### XVIII. All’s Well

A week later, Jane Blackett’s first day downstairs was celebrated by a tea-party, given by herself and Susan Chicksand jointly.

That, in itself, was enough to explain what had happened to those invited—Lady Corlet, Mr. Holford, the Matron, Ray and Roy with Dick, though he, of course, had seen his mother several times since the accident.

It was a very pleasant party. The principal topic of conversation was, naturally, robbery, with the activities,

in particular, of Messrs. Edleston and Carmel, now under remand and awaiting trial.

“A very good piece of work, catching those chaps,” Detective Sergeant Chicksand said contentedly. “The Yard’s had them on its mind for a long time, but they were just too clever—till now. So we’ve got to thank several of you folks for helping, one way or another—you, Dick, especially.”

“Me?” Dick grinned ruefully. “Seems to me as if I just acted as a kind of live bait—to trap ’em with.”

“It worked out luckily anyway—but how they’d planned it all out!” Ray said. “Dropping oil on the carpet themselves to make the stain, forging the Vicar’s signature from the printed one on the Church leaflets.”

“Yes—all under my very nose when I was showing them the carpet! No, there’s no getting away from it, Roy, I was every possible kind of a fool and I shan’t forget the lesson in a hurry,” Dick declared.

“I think there’s others who could say that too,” Jane remarked, unexpectedly. “I know I’ve learnt a lot—and not before I needed it. I expect you can guess what I mean: I took up that old tape line first thing when I came down this morning. There’s nothing now between Susie and me.”

“Never any more,” Susan said softly. “So—all’s well.”

*The End*

\*\*\* A new and most original serial, by the well-known Cornish novelist, Hoole Jackson, will start next month. It has the seasonal title “Duck’s Egg.”

“Master, Where Dwellst Thou?” (Continued from page 81)

yet humble enough to hear; it may be that I am too blind to see Him in that woman, for instance, with her shopping basket in the bus queue; it may be that I refused Him by a cross, impatient word or an angry look. It is a terrible thing to reject Love and to wound the Christ afresh.

For He is identified with all men, and to reverence them is to reverence Him, to receive them is to receive Him, to shut them out of my heart is to shut Him out of my heart.

“Master, where dwellest Thou?”  
Can you truly say “Come and see?”

Finally, how can we be sure of getting this insight into His Presence in others? In two ways. Firstly by prayer, which is spending time consciously in direct daily intercourse with Him, Who is “The Portrait of the Unseen God,” in the silence and stillness of the heart—a real “looking unto Jesus”; and, secondly, by meeting Him as regularly as possible at His trysting place in the Service of “the Breaking of the Bread”—the last service He asked us to *do* (not feel) in memory of Him.



## St. Patrick's Breastplate

There are twenty-eight Sundays, this year, in the Trinity season, and there are nearly enough verses in St. Patrick's Breastplate to provide us with great thoughts for each Sunday. This poem as it was first written is worth studying. Here are a few extracts from a translation by Miss Florence Sloan which accurately renders the Irish.

*I rise to-day  
In the prayers of the noble patriarchs,  
In the prophecies of ancient seers,  
In the sweet words of every sermon  
From Apostles' lips—holy discourses.*

And again this for all holidaymakers :

*By the power of the heavens, of sunlight,  
By moon's glow, by fierceness of fire,  
By flashes of lightning and sea's depths,  
By swiftness of winds and earth's firmness.*

*The pure strength of God to guide me,  
The power of God to strengthen me,  
The reason of God all around me,  
The eyes of God to look at me.*

*The words of God to speak to me,  
The ears of God to listen to me,  
The hands of God to protect me,  
The thoughts of God to clothe me.*

That final line is lovely in its sheer simplicity and truth.

Finally, this prayer sums up just what one feels to-day, when there is need of faith and constancy :

*Christ in everybody's heart  
Who is thinking of me to-day.  
Christ in the mouth of every person  
Of the people speaking with me,*

*Christ in the eye of every person  
Looking on me through the day.  
Christ in the ears of every person  
Of those who listen unto me.  
I arise, I believe, and I call  
Upon the Trinity, Three in One.  
From the Lord comes our salvation,  
From the Lord comes our salvation,  
May Thy salvation, O Lord,  
Be amongst us for ever and ever.*

## Bible Puzzle Corner



A Bible Book (Solution on page 87) :  
Name each drawing ; then rearrange  
initial letters to give book.

## St. Margaret's, Westminster (Continued from page 85)

"6s. 8d. for torches, and 6d. for ringing the bell"); three beautiful Elizabethan monuments, those of Thomas Seymour and Esabel his wife, of Lady Dudley, and of Blanche Parry, Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth: the Cole brass memorial engraved with kneeling figures and a long inscription, and artlessly studded with brass nails; and a tablet in memory of the eminent American Bishop Phillips Brooks, author of the hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

St. Margaret's, Westminster, is not only "The Wedding Church". It has another claim to fame as "The House of Commons Church." More than three hundred years ago it was adopted by the House of Commons

as their official church, and the records show how generously they have contributed to its support. On great national occasions they have joined together in services of Intercession and Thanksgiving, and have placed many memorials to famous statesmen within its walls.

Within such a church one realises something of the priceless heritage that has come down to us in the ancient buildings in which many generations have hallowed the great occasions of their lives and left behind the tokens of their presence. St. Margaret's, Westminster, is surely one of which it can be said, "How lovely are Thy dwellings".



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## PAROCHIALIA

May I remind you again of the special service at Morning Prayer on Sunday, 3rd June, at 11 a.m., when I hope that as many members of the Parochial Church Council, and the Pro-Councils will be present as possible to ask God's special blessing on their work during their period of office? The Rev. F. K. Pryce Parry, Vicar of S. Mary, Selly Oak, will be the preacher for the occasion.

We were pleased with the result of our Concert. We cleared over £13 after expenses were paid, and I am most grateful to all who helped make up the programme. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Clark, of Midhurst Rd., who took charge of the refreshments so successfully, and to all who so generously gave us food. Several people have hoped that we should repeat it. We have decided to do so on Monday, 4th June, under the auspices of the G.F.S. Miss Ashby, who is our representative in a special drive in the Kings Norton Area, under the chairmanship of Mrs. H. W. Wilkes, to help clear off the deficit of £20,000 in the Church of England Children Society's Funds, has appealed to the G.F.S. for help. At their request we are repeating the concert, and they are to take all responsibility for refreshments and for the selling of the tickets. It would be good if we could achieve a similar sum, or even more, for the Society. It is a cause very dear to my heart.

You will be glad to hear that I have found considerable help in the arrival of the Rev. W. W. Rogers, who has retired to a house at Rednal. He and Mrs. Rogers attended church here one Sunday morning and in conversation afterwards I found that he was willing to help us in our need. He has promised to put all his Sunday evenings at my disposal. This will enable me to relieve our faithful lay-readers a little. They have been carrying the burden so well. Also I shall be able to visit our daughter churches, apart from my one visit each month for Holy Communion. I am most grateful to Mr. Rogers for his promised assistance.

**THE GARDEN PARTY.**—When we chose 23rd June as the date of our Garden Party, we were unaware that the Unionists of the Ward had arranged a similar function for the same day, in Kings Norton. We have, therefore, had to move our date to Saturday, 30th June. The Social Committee are calmly confident that, given a good day we shall not suffer for the change. I am sorry that this second date clashes with the West Heath Community Association afternoon at West Heath, as I should very much have liked to be there with them, also I should have been glad to welcome West Heath friends here. But their President, Mr. P. W. Hollier, agrees with me that the distance between the two Fêtes will not oppress either too heavily. Anyhow I expect there will be at least half-a-dozen other Fêtes within a short distance.

My wife and I look forward to seeing many of our friends at The Vicarage that day, and we hope that parasols and not gamps will be the essential protection for the garden party adornments. Among the many attractions there will be a Display of Fencing, Ankle Competition, Fancy Dress Parade for Children in two classes: (1) up to 5 years, (2) from 5 to 9 years. Cake Making Competition, Flower and Table Decorative Competition. There will also be Displays by the G.F.S., the Scouts, and the P.T. Class.

There will also be stalls for the sale of flowers, produce and cakes. Sideshows will be provided in variety. Teas and refreshments will be available all afternoon.

**ALTAR FLOWERS.**—3rd June, Mrs. Marshall, 10th June, Mrs. Turner; 16th June, Mrs. Homes; 24th June, Mrs. Meggeson.

THE CHURCHYARD.—It was very gratifying to see the P.C.C. turning out in force to tackle their part of the Churchyard. They indeed reaped the reward of their labours last year and almost covered the whole piece in one evening. The result is delightful. I saw Miss Evans and her sister, Mrs. Hammond, working on the congregation's part last evening. Cannot a few more members of the congregation show a little interest? I hope that the various responsible bodies will get down to it before we become too jungle-like again.

Thanks to the generosity of an anonymous benefactor, we have been enabled to afford the very latest machine for grass-cutting. Mr. Wyatt, our groundsman, says that with it he feels we might even be able to get the whole of the lower part of the churchyard in order in time. It is indeed a marvellous contrivance. If only Science used all her powers to such excellent purpose as this.

## PREACHERS FOR JUNE

11 a.m.: 3rd June, The Rev. F. R. Pryce Parry; 10th, 17th and 24th June, The Vicar.

6.30 p.m.: 3rd June, The Vicar; 10th June, The Rev. W. W. Rogers; 17th June, Rev. O. C. McDowell Morgan, Vicar of S. Margaret's, Ward End; 24th June, The Vicar.

## PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR JUNE

3rd June, Trinity II:

Morning:	259	705	349	542	Ps. 15
Evening:	274	178	(Pt. 1)	679	391 Ps. 121

10th June, Trinity III:

Morning:	520	368	247	546	Ps. 18 (vv. 1-18)
Evening:	270	239	260	31	Ps. 19

17th June, Trinity IV:

Morning:	282	108	531	222	Ps. 24
Evening:	238	189	536	23	Ps. 23

24th June, Trinity V:

Morning:	415	166	182	228	Ps. 26
Evening:	414	268	705	28	Ps. 27

## S. NICOLAS BOYS' CRICKET CLUB

This club is composed of the choirboys and a few of the older boys from the Sunday School. With some promising bowlers and batsmen, the team hopes to enjoy a successful season, and has made a good start by winning the first match. There is, however, one fly in the ointment, and that is, of course, lack of equipment. Although the boys have provided much themselves, they urgently need more to see them through the season, so if you have any pads, bats, or gloves in your house which are no longer used, please let your choir have the benefit of them, for the cost of new equipment is far too high for a choir-boy's pocket. Alternatively, of course, a little financial assistance would be much appreciated!



## G.F.S.

We are glad to report that this has been quite a successful season and the Saracen's Head will be adorned by the Candidates' Shield, the Prentices' Picture, and the Members' Shield.

This has only been achieved by a tremendous last minute effort by everyone, the girls responding nobly to calls for extra rehearsals and for evenings given up to putting the finishing touches to needlework and handwork.

It would take up too much space to give all the results, but mention must be made of the high marks obtained by the girls, trained by Miss Garnett, who acted so well in a scene from "Little Women."

The Skippers also received high praise from the adjudicator and it is pleasing to note that there were twelve entries from Kings Norton this year compared with two last year.

The girls have worked well as a team and it is most satisfactory to know that everyone was able to enter for at least one item.

Here is an extract from the G.F.S. Birmingham Diocesan Leaflet for May in the results of Competition Shield Winners.

Candidates. Kings Norton Prentices, Kings Norton Members, Kings Norton, Townsend Members, Harborne.

So of the four Shields, Kings Norton has won three. How proud we are of them. Congratulations to all concerned.

## KINGS NORTON YOUTH FELLOWSHIP.

On Sunday evening, 1st April (in keeping with tradition) a nonsensical controversy between the ladies and gentlemen was arranged and enjoyed. Mr. Rocks gave us a very interesting talk on "Morals in the Melting Pot" at another Sunday evening and we also had a Record Evening.

We started our Wednesday evenings with a very good debate with Harborne Sommerville Club who came to oppose the motion that "This House believes that Britain owes her Prestige to Public Schools and not to Public Houses." The following Wednesday evening was in a lighter vein in the way of a film show, Laurel and Hardy being the stars; while the last Wednesday of the month was taken up for the rehearsal of the variety show. This show was undoubtedly the highlight of the month which the Club gave to a large audience at St. Agnes Hall, Cotteridge, and we understand it was very much enjoyed.—D.S.

## KINGS NORTON MOTHERS' UNION

The next meeting of the Mothers' Union will be held on Monday, 4th June. Service at 2.45 in the Church, followed by a meeting at the Saracen's Head, when the speaker will be Mrs. Clayton, of Blackwell. The subject of her talk will be "Music in Worcestershire."

THE BIRMINGHAM DIOCESAN MEETING. May we remind all members of the Mothers' Union that the Birmingham Diocesan Meeting will be held in the Cathedral on Tuesday, 5th June. The service commences at 3 p.m., but it is advisable for members to get there as soon after 2 p.m. as possible. We hope that the Kings Norton Branch of the Mothers' Union will be well represented at this meeting.—E.M.P.

## LOOKING BACK. *By AN OLD CHORISTER—Continued.*

During the last forty years a great change in the industrial side of Kings Norton and district has taken place, chiefly through the development of the Factory Centre and the building of new factories around this area. At one time there were only a few large factories in and around this district such as Cadburys, Austin Motor Works, Guest, Keen & Nettlefolds, Kings Norton Paper Mills, Capon Heaton Rubber Mills, and Kings Norton Metal Co. This latter factory had its entrance in Lifford Lane by the canal bridge and at the side of the old Lifford railway station (part of the old station buildings can still be seen here to-day) and commenced roughly about sixty years ago by a few enterprising men under the leadership of the late T. R. Bayliss. After a small beginning, this factory grew and became renowned for metal rolling, casting, extrusion, stamping, wire drawing, etc. Shell and cartridge cases were made here for the Boer War and later for the 1914-8 war. Blanks in various metals were also supplied to the Royal Mint for coin making, including coins for the Colonies, some of which were made with a small hole at the top of the coin to enable the natives to thread them to form a necklace serving both as an ornament and a display of wealth. As the business grew, so extra buildings were added and larger plant installed. Two of the largest chimney stacks to be seen in this area, were built, and are still standing to-day, although one of them was reduced in height a few years ago. The main office block stood by the entrance gates to the factory in Lifford Lane and has just recently been demolished, also the house adjoining the offices in which I can remember the old coachman, Mr. Cogbill, lived. His daughter, Miss Cogbill, was a teacher in the Infants School at Kings Norton and was one of my first teachers there. I still have a photograph of my class, taken about 1906, showing boys and girls of my own age (some of whom are still living in and around the village to-day) with Miss Carr, the Headmistress at that time, and Miss Cogbill also included in the group. If any old scholars would like to see this old photograph, I should be pleased to show it to them.

Very few of the old staff employed at the Metal Works are alive to-day, but such names as Udale, Francis, Mullins, Payne, Jim Rogers, Harry Adkins, George Adkins, Guise, J. Heys and Jim Foster will recall memories to many old employees. Several members of my own family were associated with the Works for many years including my father, and uncle, Harry Rogers, who as Works Manager, rendered valuable service to the firm. He became one of the greatest experts on metallurgy in the Midlands, and after the 1914-8 war, he received the O.B.E. for his distinguished work during that war. I came to work here myself in 1915 and started in the Time Fuse Shop, under Harry James, and later became a tool-maker in the same department. While working here on a nightshift, I had my first experience of an air raid alarm. It was the night on which a zeppelin attempted a raid on the Austin Motor Works and as the airship passed right over Kings Norton, we were plunged in total darkness, causing great alarm to the workers. Although this experience was not so terrifying as the one I had later during an air raid on Birmingham during the last war, in 1940, when bombs were dropped at the rear of my house in Granshaw Close, it gave us a scare at the time.

After the 1914-8 war the business of the Kings Norton Metal Company was taken into the combine of Industrial Chemicals Ltd., and much of the plant and many of the staff were transferred to Witton. It was a sad time for Kings Norton when this took place as many would have preferred the company to remain independent and others objected to the long journey to and from Witton.

The factory buildings were put up for sale and were eventually purchased by Slough Estates Ltd., who converted them into small factories and let them to a number of large and small manufacturers of varied commodities. Thus the Factory Centre was created, and in time, as the demand for accommodation increased, it was found necessary to extend and build additional factories on the pleasant meadowland beyond the old works, with a through roadway, named Melchett Road, running into Pershore Road South.—C. A. P. ROGERS.



# DAUGHTER CHURCHES

## S. ANNE'S

### THE MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP.

Encouraged by the outstanding success of the Youth Service, the Mothers' Fellowship have asked for a special "Fellowship" evening. It is to be the Evensong of 17th June. In it, members of the Fellowship will act as wardens and sidesmen, and will read the lessons. We are hoping that many families will be present as families to mark the occasion.—E.G.A.

The outing to the Blind School on the evening of 26th April was an inspiration to all who went. To hear those severely handicapped children playing such lovely music and singing such lovely lilted songs made us feel that our little donation to their Sports Fund was very inadequate. We hope we shall be able to help them in a much bigger way in the future.

ON 14th JUNE at 2.45 p.m. we shall meet for our little Service in Church and have a talk afterwards, in the Club Room, by Dr. Jean Mackintosh on "Public Health."

ON 28th JUNE at 7 p.m. there will be a demonstration by the Spa Gelatine Company, as Sister Kirkland cannot be with us till October.

12th JULY is the day fixed for our outing to Longleat House, Wiltshire, and there are still a few seats vacant. A welcome is extended to anyone who would like to come if they would give their names to Mrs. Creaton, 84 Cofton Road, Birmingham 31.

FLANNEL DANCE.—On 9th June the Social Committee will be holding a Flannel Dance in the Village Hall at 7.30 p.m. Price of admission being 2/-.

Refreshments will be provided at moderate charges.

The dances, organised by the Social Committee throughout the winter, have proved very popular and have been well attended. We do hope that you will support this "end of the season" dance and so help to make it the "best ever." We would like to extend a special invitation to our friends at Turves Green and Kings Norton to come and spend the evening with us. We can assure them of a warm welcome and of an enjoyable evening.

We are pleased to report that, at long last, the notice boards outside the Church are to receive attention. A tender has been accepted and work should commence in the near future. Tenders are also being invited for repairs to the windows. Several are in need of attention, those in the choir vestry being particularly bad. We hope that it will be possible to put this work in hand soon.

### PREACHERS FOR JUNE:

6.30 p.m.: 3rd June, Mr. I. Cooke; 10th June, The Vicar, 9.30 a.m. Holy Communion, 6.30 p.m., Evensong; 17th June, Women's Fellowship Evening, Rev. W. W. Rogers; 24th June, Mr. B. J. Firkins.

FLOWER ROTA: 3rd June, Mrs. Adams; 10th June, Mrs. Bruce; 17th June, Mrs. France; 24th June, Mrs. Austin.

## THE EPIPHANY.

ALTAR FLOWER ROTA.—3rd June, Mrs. McCracken; 10th June, Miss Smith; 17th June, Mrs. Sanders; 24th June, Mrs. Smith (Coney Green Drive).

MOTHERS' UNION.—The speaker for June will be Mrs. Nicoll. The Festival Service will be held in the Cathedral on Tuesday, 5th June, and the Deanery Service at Holy Trinity, The Lickey, on 20th June, at 3 o'clock. Please keep these dates free.

JUNIOR CHURCH.—The attendance at Junior Church keeps very steady, averaging fifty children each Sunday morning. This is very good indeed, but we still have room and a hearty welcome for many more. May we make a special appeal to all our "regulars" to invite or bring along another friend or relative, to learn of the love of Jesus for all His children. We must show forth His praise not only with our lips but in our lives, and here is a grand opportunity.

JUNIOR CLUB.—The Junior Club is closing down after Whitsuntide for the summer months. It is felt that the light evenings can be better spent out of doors, as we still get clouds of dust from the Club Room floor. It is generally felt that it has been a happy year, and we hope to open in September with renewed zest and full of new ideas.

SIDESMEN FOR JUNE.—3rd June, Mr. Tristram and Mr. Footman; 10th June, Mr. Middleton and Mr. Pickersgill; 17th June, Mr. Footman and Mr. Tristram; 24th June, Mr. McCracken and Mr. Smith.

The Old Time Dance held at Turves Green on 28th April was a huge success and we have been asked to have another. Mr. N. Pickersgill proved a very able M.C. and a word of praise must go to the ladies who gave many of the refreshments and also served them up so admirably.—B. A. SMITH.

### PREACHERS:

6.30 p.m.: 3rd June, Rev. W. W. Rogers; 10th June, Mr. R. Canning; 17th June, Mr. I. Cook; 24th June, Mr. R. Canning.



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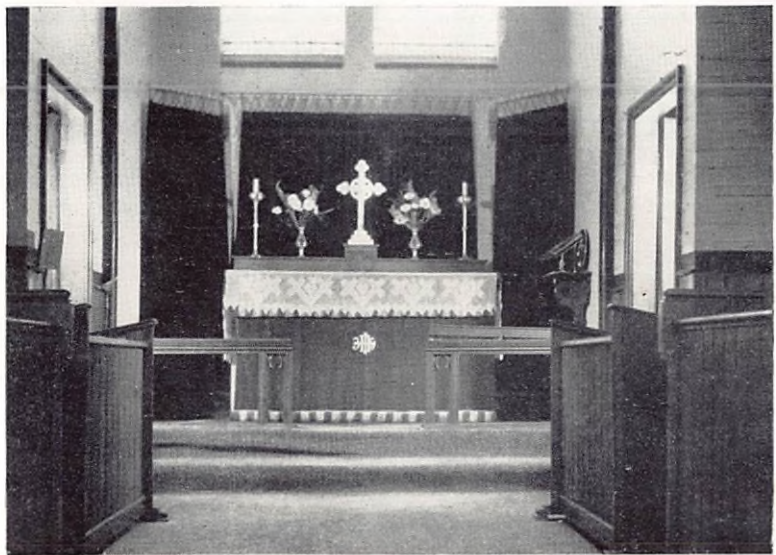
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