



Kings Norton Parish Magazine

Threepence Monthly

August, 1950

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whom Baptisms and Marriages can be arranged on Monday and
Wednesday evenings, 6 p.m.—9 p.m. KIN 3289.

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.

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 September magazine must be sent to the Editor, the Rev. J. V. Skinner, by the 12th August. The magazine will appear on the 24th August.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST

6—NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
TRANSFIGURATION.

13—TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

20—ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

24—S. BARTHOLOMEW. A.M.

27—TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

COLLECTIONS

	<i>Parish Church</i>		<i>S. Anne's</i>		<i>The Epiphany</i>	
	£	s d	£	s d	£	s d
June 11	25	9 11	1	7 7	1	18 3
18	26	9 4	1	3 9	1	15 7
25	28	14 2	2	6 7	3	0 4
July 2	18	17 4	2	2 9	2	6 10
9	14	12 9	3	1 7	1	15 7
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£114	3 6	£10	2 3	£10	16 7

DUPLEX FUND

In addition to the cash collections, the Duplex Fund at the Parish Church realised:

2nd July, £9 19s. 8d.; 9th July, £10 18s. 10d.

VICAR'S LETTER

My dear Friends,

It would seem incredible that, the world having just survived a most agonising international struggle for power, should so soon be listening to the rumble of the drums of war again. But it is so. In Korea, as I write, a most cruel civil war is raging. Natives into whose hands the so-called civilised powers have thrust all the devilish machinery of modern warfare, those devastating secrets of which our scientific generation has been so proud, are destroying each other, brother's hand is turned against brother.

Behind all this lies the fearful possibility that this war may be the visible beginning of the dividing of humanity into two great camps, each set upon the destruction of the other.

"How can men be such fools," people are asking, "to plunge from one blood bath into a yet more horrible bath of blood?" Their poor foolish minds are blinded to truth. The psalmist wrote long ago that we were born with the stain of sin in us. We still bring our babes to the font to be christened, so that by God's grace they may be given power to withstand that inclination in all our natures, to put self first and choose the evil before the good, that inclination which we call sin. It is not fashionable now to talk of sin; psychologists and theorists have given it all sorts of pretty names—they have taught us to blame everyone and everything but ourselves for the wrong we do.

In the Kremlin, holding complete power temporarily over the lives of millions of unfortunate slaves, because the Russian is just as much a slave under the present régime as under the rule of the old Emperors, in the Kremlin is a group of human creatures who have openly defied and derided God. They are not aware of a simple fact that man's heart is inhabited either by God or by the Devil. They have rejected God and given possession of their souls to the Devil. Again, it is fashionable nowadays to sneer at the idea of a Devil. "Medieval superstition, old fables," the intellectuals call it. We Christians account for the wickedness of the world by the collaboration of man with God's greatest enemy, Satan, the Devil. No doubt those men of the Kremlin would laugh at the thought of Satan as of God.

What is the course of life for man without God? It is a course of life which leads to the perversion of all that is noble in humanity. Those men in Russia have tasted the corrupting influence of power—and as with all tyrants they dream of dominion over the world. To them human creatures are means only to their end. To them every evil method is excusable to achieve their end. Men to them are creatures to be moulded into the same deadly, monotonous pattern of slaves to their will. Hatred flourishes in their hearts, bitterness and enmity, cynicism and contempt, lies and deceit are weapons in their armoury.

Without knowing it, they and all those whose minds they have corrupted, are agents of the Devil, whose sole object is to injure God, and whose means of wounding God is by perverting and degrading the human creatures He created to love and worship and serve Him.

Their evil influence flourishes most surely where there is misery and want and suffering. A great swelling forth of pity and charity and religion in the hearts of non-communists would be the surest answer to the black threat of communist tyranny which threatens the world to-day. That is why it is so serious that men and women should be content to fritter away God's holy day, and live year in year out with little thought for God. If the churches of England were filled each Sunday with God-fearing men and women, that would be enough to turn the tide of human history away from the dreadful threat hanging over it.

There is one answer to tyranny and that is freedom; there is one answer to lying, that is truth; there is one answer to cruelty, that is kindness; there

is one answer to the Devil in the hearts of men, that is God in the hearts of men.

If perchance the third World War should overtake us, and we should survive and be victorious, out of the very smoke and flames and ashes of battle and victory would rise a new enemy to keep the world in the tenterhooks of uncertainty, of fear. Only when man returns to God, and worships Him in His Holy place, will settlement come to the world.

They who ignore God, who never enter His house, who rarely pray, they are God's most deadly adversaries, they are the most useful allies of those dark spirits in the Kremlin. Science and the machine have brought us so far but have served only to enlarge our fear and misery. Only in turning to the God of all Science, the supreme master of all machines, shall the world find rest unto its soul.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS

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

18th June—Sally Barbara Small, Derek Thomas Dowling, Michael John Ingram, Linda Mary Brown, David Purvis Johnston, Janet Mary Charlton, Hazel Mary Elizabeth Packer, Michael George Randle, Alison Mary Faulkner, 19th June—Alison Elizabeth Pope, 2nd July—Helen Jean Elkington, Arthur Pryce Croft, Brian Dalton, Wendy Hilary Green, Patricia Ellen Newman, Pauline Anne Perris, Martin Raymond Rogers, Keith Anthony Watts, Christopher Thomas Williams.

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

17th June—Sidney George Young and Bessie Wilkes, Peter John Brookes and Joan Irene Chapman, 2nd June—John Herbert Poole and Ena Phyllis Jackson, 24th June—Bernard Albert Rudge and Vera Maud Batey, Arthur Alan Smith and Joyce Winifred Turner, John Bertram Satterthwaite and Joan Ivy Butler, 1st July—Gordon Robert Berrow and Kathleen June Staples, 8th July—William Taylor Harris and Margery Rose Motte, 10th July—Joseph Riley and Hannah Louisa Whitehouse, 15th July—Clement Berkley Neale and Hilda Irene Hollis, Brian Anthony Brelsforth and June Olive Godfrey, William Howard Blunn and Marie Horton.

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

27th June—Ethel Leah Hole, aged 75 years; 28th June—Gladys Keay, aged 50 years; 5th July—Elizabeth Teresa Bull, aged 73 years; 14th July—John Priestley, aged 67 years.

CHURCH OVERSEAS—IMPORTANT NOTICE

It is with great pleasure we announce that the Rev. K. D. Carnegie, a native of Jamaica, has very kindly promised to come to the Saracen's Head after Evensong on Sunday, 13th August.

We understand he is an excellent speaker and I am sure all will realise we are particularly favoured to be able to have him right at the commencement of our new Missionary effort. Will everyone make it their own individual concern to be present, so that we shall have a good crowd to welcome him. Don't leave it to somebody else to welcome him. Do it yourself and then we shall give the Rev. K. D. Carnegie, who returns to Jamaica at the end of August, a reception worthy of his great kindness in coming after a full day's services elsewhere. Please remember it is August and everyone must make the effort to be there, whatever the weather, if we are to have a good attendance.

Mr. R. H. Benson, Secretary of the S.P.G. has kindly arranged this for us.

E. G. PACKWOOD.

VARIA

CRICKET MATCH. In the July magazine the Youth Fellowship challenged the Church to a cricket match, naturally we have accepted and, weather permitting, the match will be played on Thursday, 3rd August, on the Old Edwardian's Ground, Kings Norton, at 6.15 p.m. prompt. Please come along and encourage your team. Thanks to the Youth Fellowship for their assistance in the arrangements.—A.J.S.

MOTHERS' UNION. The Kings Norton M.U. Outing is unavoidably postponed until Thursday, 12th September, leaving the Green at 12 o'clock. Will members bring a sandwich lunch.

MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTORS Outing to Clee Hill and Ludlow on Wednesday, 6th September.

GARDEN PARTY, 24th June 1950

Such a lot of preparation and planning had been put into our efforts to present a really enjoyable Garden Party and although a reasonable measure of success was achieved the rain certainly cut short our enjoyment. Nevertheless everyone agreed that the effort had been worthwhile and that this Garden Party must become an annual affair.

The committee would like to thank all who helped us in any way. Donors of cakes, flowers and produce were very generous. Gifts of prizes were numerous. We must name and thank the following for their kindness and generosity:

Mrs. Edkins (Hiron's Bakery, The Green) for a lovely cake.

Messrs. Tonks (Fruiterers, The Green) for a beautiful basket of fruit.

Mrs. Mackintosh for an exquisite doll.

Monyhull Colony for the loan of all sideshows.

Messrs. Triplex for the loan of ropes.

We must also express our thanks to Miss Campbell and the Kings Norton Ladies Keep Fit class for the entertaining display of exercises and dancing. We join with the members of the G.F.S. dancing team in their disappointment. They had prepared so much for us only to be prevented by the downpour of rain from displaying their talent. We are looking forward to seeing this team at a future date.

May we also thank those who undertook to take charge of stalls and sideshows, and those who acted as stewards and gatekeepers. We would also like to thank those persons who acted as judges and hope they did not contract influenza from standing in the rain judging various exhibits. We must also mention in our thanks that able body of workers who provided such delightful refreshments at such reasonable prices.

You will perhaps be pleased to know that the sum of approximately £55 was raised, so we must thank all who came along and supported us.

Finally the committee would like to express its thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ashford for their kind and generous gesture in throwing open their grounds to us without restriction.

G. GERRARD, *Hon. Sec., Social Committee.*

HYMNS AND PSALMS FOR AUGUST

MORNING				EVENING			
6th	13th	20th	27th	6th	13th	20th	27th
7	37	244	211	540	657	548	516
Ps. 47	Ps. 53	Ps. 56	Ps. 64	Ps. 46	Ps. 54	Ps. 62	Ps. 68
540	187	419	517	266	265	370	369
461	706	692	263	207	665	281	243
298	197	277	555	604	24	300	477

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WHEN I ALWAYS feel that one of the strangest texts in the Bible is in the Book of Revelation in the last chapter but one, where the writer gives a description of God's new heaven and new earth in which, we are told, "there was no more sea." This verse always pains me, for I am a great lover of the sea. Is it possible that the writer was indulging here in a little wishful thinking? The Jews were notorious for their hatred of the sea. They were inveterate "land-lubbers." Apart from the Sea of Galilee, which was only a large lake, they hated the sight of the sea. The attitude of Bible writers is summed up in such words as "There is sorrow in the sea; it cannot be quiet." Even the Psalmist who wrote the 107th Psalm with its vivid account of a storm at sea appears to write with fear and trepidation.

Doubtless the sea has its calamitous aspect just as it has its charms. It has been called deceitful and treacherous, but there lies in this trait only the character of a great natural force, which, to speak according to our feelings, renews its strength, and, without reference to joy or sorrow, follows eternal laws. There is really

Will there be no more Sea?

By the Rev. Canon Salter

something very awe-inspiring about the sea. George Herbert once wisely remarked, "He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea," and there is no doubt that seafarers generally are God-fearing men.

To men of the apostolic age the ocean spoke of separation and isolation, and it seemed to them that this element of unrest, this cause of destruction and death, this divider of nations, could have no place in a new world of social intercourse.

Until quite recently, I have lived all my life within a short distance of the sea. How I miss the roar of the waves in the silence of the night—and the sea gulls with their plaintive cries—and the ships' sirens and horns—and the walk along the beach on a sunny day! There is something very exhilarating and invigorating about the seaside air, something very robust and straightforward about men who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters. It is difficult to imagine England's green and pleasant land without its frame of sea water.

I am always thankful that the Master of men was a lover of the sea. Just as He loved the beauties of Nature, so I believe He loved the sea breezes and the fishermen of His day. In storm or calm, in rough water or smooth, we can still hear the echo of His voice saying to us, as we sail across the Sea of Life, and when we encounter its rough passages and dangerous depths, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith? I am with you always, even unto the end." That is why you and I, come what may, fair weather or foul, need have no fear. With Him as our Pilot, we can say with confidence and courage, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." . . . Yet I do hope, if I am deemed worthy to enter that New Jerusalem of our dreams, that in His mercy, God will let me have a little bit of ocean still.

The Story of the Spire

By the Rev. C. H. D. Grimes



THE word spire comes from an old English word, "to spring up" and means of course that the spire springs from the roof of the tower. Indeed it has grown up from the little baby pyramid of stone or lead which formed the gable of the tower to the mighty thing we see in Salisbury and Norwich Cathedrals. The other name it has, viz., steeple, simply means steep. The spire first became popular in the 14th and 15th centuries when church builders, realising that the tower was the most important external feature of the church, centred their efforts on making it as beautiful as possible, one church vying with another in regard to this. We all know what it has done to give distinction to the Cathedrals of Salisbury and Norwich—the pictures of their spires, if not the spires themselves, are familiar to us all. But probably the most beautiful spire in the world, and that is saying a great deal, is the spire of St. Michael's, Coventry, produced in the latter period of Gothic art and uniting in itself all the skill that previous experience had taught builders to exercise in this branch of their work.

Springing from the base of an embattled tower with highly ornamented pinnacles at each angle and supported by flying buttresses of delicate stonework, there is another short octagonal tower of stone, and from this rises the spire itself with its sides adorned by window lights and mural decorations, all giving a profoundly beautiful effect. Another later effort of the Gothic



Photo by [J. D. Robinson]
Wren's famous Spire.

period produced the so-called crown of Newcastle Cathedral which is reproduced further north in St. Giles, Edinburgh, and the great churches of Glasgow and St. Andrews.

This consisted in flying buttresses from the roof of the tower supporting a circle or crown of stone from which rises a small spire or spirelet. In the later classical period Sir Christopher Wren built the beautiful spires of the Bow church and St. Brides, Fleet Street.

There is a text in the Bible which says that they could not come near Jesus because of the press—press spelt with a small p and not a capital one. Well, that was the problem of Sir Christopher Wren with regard to his London churches and has been the problem of many builders of churches more often on the Continent than in England—where our big Cathedral

close usually supplies the answer.

My memory carries me back to the little Cathedral town of St. Malo where because of the mediaeval fortifications the houses huddle so closely together that the cathedral can only be seen when one enters the small square in front of it. But its beautiful spire covered with crochets or little knobs of stone can be seen for many miles away both from the sea and land and so reminds us of its gracious presence of which strangers would be otherwise unaware. So the builders of such churches, including Wren, felt that they must put their best work into the spire which could be seen by those afar as well as by those near. Oxford, indeed, is often called the

city of spires and so many travellers who by-pass the city by train or car going on their business, especially in the evening light, get an unforgettable impression of the city. Some one has spoken of the part played, in earlier years, when all Wren's steeples were intact, by those steeples in leading the eye up the dome to the golden cross of St. Paul's. Stone spires are scattered very unevenly over the English countryside, the important factor being the presence of good building stone easily worked. They are

most plentiful in the counties of Rutland, Northants, Leicester, Warwick, Stafford, Nottingham, Lincoln, Oxford and Wiltshire. On the other hand Cumberland, Westmoreland, Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, have none, except for entirely modern churches.

Spires can be made of wood covered with lead, copper or tiles, but they are not very durable. Lincoln and Southwell Cathedrals had once such spires but they were destroyed; and Chesterfield has a crooked spire produced by the effect of the sun's heat on the material of which it is made. But not all stone spires are upright and there is a certain village which shall be nameless where there is a leaning spire. According to local legend the spire one day saw a bride coming up the church path, and knowing that she was both beautiful and good—a combination hitherto



Nutfield Spire being reshingled—
a flying bomb casualty.

Photo by Rev. E. C. Hyde.

ness, and so the lesson of the spire is a call to upward things. There are some churches, like Westminster Abbey, which were intended to

have a spire but it was never begun, some, like St. Mary Redcliffe, where it was not finished for centuries after it was begun, some, as at St. Nicholas, Gloucester, where it was never finished and some which have had one but it has been destroyed. Such are the changes and chances which happen even to spires.

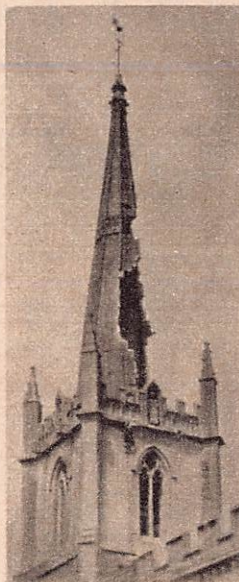
COUPLETS

In Life and Nature
true it is that still
To get the best view
you must climb the hill,
—Miss E. L. Green

When wisdom fails you
how to speak or act,
Then summon patience
and a little tact,
—Veritas

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in
the kindest way.

—C. Foster



Spire struck by lightning.

Photo by Rev. E. C. Hyde



Photo by]

Kairouan City, Tunisia.

[Adam G. Marshall

I. Anchors of the Ark

By A. G. Marshall



STRANGE to relate, the only existing evidence of the survival of Noah's Ark is to be found, if legend is to be credited, some 1,500 miles away from Ararat!

Some years ago when travelling in North Africa I visited Kairouan, the Mohammedan Holy City in Tunisia. It is the only place where Christians are allowed to enter the mosques, of which there are twenty-three. This privilege was secured by the French when they took over the country.

I obtained a permit and a guide to see over the Mosque of the Sabres. (These sabres are huge wooden swords in sheaths, measuring about four feet, covered with carved letters, the total of which make up the Koran.)

After seeing round the inside I was asked whether I would like to see the Anchors from Noah's Ark. I naturally said I would, and was taken into a large courtyard and shown four big anchors in a very good state of preservation. Now this city is about 30 miles from the nearest sea (the Mediterranean) and approximately 1,500 miles from Ararat.

I could find no evidence that the place has even been a port, or that it

has ever had any connection with ships. How the anchors reached Kairouan is a mystery.

The Arab houses of the better class are built with substantial flat roofs and generally in the form of a square containing a courtyard in which the women can exercise after marriage when they are not allowed to show their faces to any men other than their husband. Carpet weaving is the main industry and the shops, which

are what we would call "lock-ups," have no windows, the wares being displayed hanging on the outer walls.

II. Ararat and the Ark

By W. R. Todd

(By special permission of the Sunday Times)

THE idea that the ark might be found on Mount Ararat in Armenia is a romantic conception. It would appear, on the surface, to be justified by the account of the flood in the Book of Genesis. But Ararat in Armenia, 17,000 feet in height, is the highest mountain of the Armenian range; a flood which reached to the height of even 10,000 feet would have been a flood indeed!

What does the Bible say? Genesis VII, verse 20, is clear: "Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered." Now a cubit is the length from elbow to finger tip, 18 inches. Verse 15: "The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits and the height of it thirty cubits." Nothing could be more precise; the waters rose 23 feet; the ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and 45 feet high. Such measurements correspond to the need for which the

WEEKDAY PAGES

for Women with Homes



Photo by [W. Thompson] Robinson Crusoe.

Monday's Washing.

Chamois Gloves.—Wash and rinse the gloves; then place in warm water to which a teaspoonful of olive oil has been added. Allow to soak for a few minutes, then squeeze. This gives back to the chamois its natural oil, and the gloves will look like they did when first used.—MRS. ORDISH.

When starch is scarce curtains may be very satisfactorily stiffened in the following manner. Take one tablespoonful of size and mix with a quart of boiling water. Make a cream liquid by breaking up a Dolly Tint and mixing with cold water. Add to size mixture.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Lace, especially real lace, should be finally rinsed in a little skim milk so as to give a soft, creamy tinge. Iron while wet, first under a cloth and then with nothing between it and the iron. This gives the lace just the right amount of stiffness.—MISS WRIGHT.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Shorts from Sheets.—Out of the strong parts of a worn linen sheet two pairs of double-seated shorts for a schoolboy can be made. These can be left white for school games or dyed a dark colour. The thin parts of the sheet, used double and bound, make good glass cloths or small face towels.—MISS G. MULLARD.

When sewing plastic material, instead of pinning or tacking, use paper clips as pin marks cannot be pressed out. There are no frayed edges to contend with, so only single turnings are necessary. If

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

it drags or wrinkles under the sewing machine try a dusting of talcum powder over the parts to be stitched. The tension the machine must be rather loose and the stitch rather large.—MRS. J. DARBEN.

Cheap Eiderdown.—Make six long-shaped cushions of bright coloured silk or cretonne and half fill with kapok or something soft; then oversew them strongly together crossways and you have a cheap pretty eiderdown in these days of expensive ones.—MRS. COPPING.

Before knitting vests, socks or stockings of wool, do not wind the wool straight away. Tie pieces of string at intervals to keep skein from raffling, place in a bowl and pour boiling water over it. Allow to stand awhile then, while still wet (do not squeeze water out) hang on the line with a piece of string and let remain until dry. Then it can be wound into balls. The article will not shrink when washed after this treatment of the wool and will save toes coming out when too short in socks and stockings.—MRS. MCGREGOR.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Enjoy your Sleep.—If you wake up in the early hours of the morning and can't get to sleep again it may be because the stomach is empty, and acid continues to be poured out and trickles into the duodenum. The remedy is to eat two biscuits with a layer of butter or margarine between, or one or two fingers of Kit-Kat. Fats tend to stop the stomach secreting; that is why a buttered or chocolate biscuit will act more powerfully than a plain one.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Dog's Dose.—The best and easiest way to give a dog medicine is to cut the end of a sausage, take out some of the stuffing, put in the dose such as salts, replace the stuffing, twist the skin round, and toss the tit-bit to your pet. You will see it quickly disappear without any fuss or force.—MRS. PEATE.

A quick temporary dressing for a cut can be made by wrapping a strip of greaseproof paper round it. The paper sticks and stops the bleeding almost at once, and the cut can be properly bandaged later.—MISS G. MULLARD.

Thursday's Cooking.

Sour Milk (if you have any).—If milk has become curdled, delicious fritters can

be made by adding one egg and enough flour to make a batter mixture. Beat well and fry in spoonfuls. Flavour with cheese or currants, etc.—H. G. R.

Milk Shortage.—I find when making pies from bottled fruit I have a lot of surplus juice. Try making a blancmange with it. Measure juice, mix powder with cold juice, boil remainder with sugar and proceed as if you used milk. You will find it a favourite with children.—MRS. BREWER.

Fruit Pies.—To improve the flavour and prevent the juice running out, sprinkle a little cornflour or custard powder on the first layer or lining of pastry. The fruit will set like a jelly.—MRS. G. ROBERTS.

Toffee Charlotte.—Well grease pie-dish with margarine. Put in alternate layers of stewed apple, breadcrumbs and golden syrup. Repeat layers until dish is full and last layer is golden syrup. Put a few small dabs of margarine on top and bake in moderate oven until light brown and slightly crisp. Serve with custard sauce.—MRS. M. MILLS.

Friday's Household.

Goose Feathers.—The unplucked feathered wing of a goose (sometimes obtainable from farmer or poultryman), after being dried in open air, makes a very useful brush for corners and wire mattresses.—MISS HANES.

Cellophane covers for jam jars often refuse to be parted. Pressing them with a warm iron will do the trick, but one seldom has that handy when jam making. Try holding them against the sides of the hot preserving pan for a few seconds. They can then be separated quickly.—MRS. DUNN.

Lemon Squeezer.—If you want your lemon squeezer in a hurry and can't find it, turn an egg cup upside down, place it in a saucer, and use this instead.—MRS. WEIGHTMAN.

Shaky Castors on chairs or table legs are usually due to loose screws. The cup castor type should be taken off and replaced so that the screws will go into new holes (the old holes can be filled with plastic wood). To deal with a pin castor—the kind that has a single screw that goes into the centre of the leg—take the castor off and fill in the screw-hole with a mixture of sawdust and glue. Allow this to harden and then replace the castor.—MRS. GREENHALGH.

Saturday's Children.

Climbing Frame.—When a play-pen is full size fold in one end and tie firmly. Tie flap to side. Stand triangle on broad end, and you have a fine climbing frame to keep toddlers amused.—P. M. MARTIN.

Play-Pen.—When baby has finished with the play-pen it makes a very good

fire-guard if the hinges are taken off at the sides. Two nails can be put either side of the fireplace and half the play-pen hooked on. One side of the other half can be used for a gate to a door if required. It can always be put together again if necessary.—MRS. M. V. MORGAN.

CLASS HATRED

A COTTAGE by a cutting,
A pig, some cows, to mind,
Two apple trees in blossom,
With washing draped behind,
A vision of an English home,
A picture clean and kind.

A row of dingy dwellings
With little air or sun,
Small children playing in the streets
With nowhere else for fun,
A poor and squalid England,
A vision fit for none.

A mansion glimpsed thro' park gates,
Pure air, green grass, tall trees,
A Home of stately splendour,
A fresh sea-scented breeze,
Peace, quiet and English beauty,
With all God's works to please.

To grow a greater England
These three must learn to trust,
In times of scarcity to share,
In friendship, every crust,
Until that demon, hatred,
Crawls, conquered, in the dust.

Herbert Greene (Plumpton)



Photo by]

Shrimps.

[Miss D. Tyler

Church News and Views

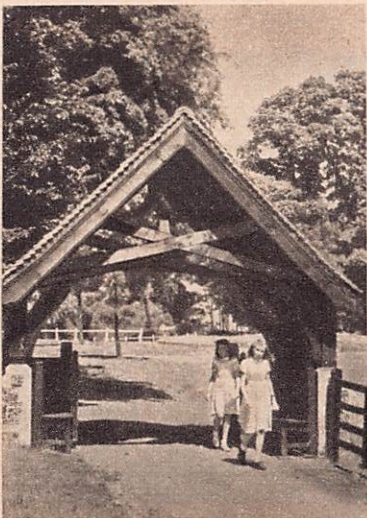
In addition to six five-shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, E.C.4.

Wren's Famous Spire (see page 114)

THE lovely church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, London, suffered much damage in 1941 when it was burned out by enemy bombs. Its exquisite needle-like spire supported upon four flying arches springing from the tower pinnacles, was built by the famous Wren. It is one of London's most famous landmarks. Some £3,000 has been spent in making it safe so that it can carry its peal of eight bells.—J. D. ROBINSON.

Five Pounds a Year!

THE living of Quatford, Salop, was held by John Higgs from 1694 to 1763—a period of 69 years—which must be one of the longest incumbencies on record. He is described as a faithful minister and a wise counsellor, but he enjoyed a stipend of only five pounds a year! In spite of this, he brought up a large family, and was also something of a farmer.—THE REV. G. S. HEWINS.



"All Present."



The Way to Church.

A NOVEL and artistic method of indicating the way to Church may be found at Wyton, Hunts. It is a way worth following, for it is a lovely country lane. The church stands some distance from the road, and is so hidden by pine trees that it can easily be missed. Has this novel photographic signpost a rival elsewhere?—H. C. SPARE.

From a Submerged Church.

IN the parish church of Llanwddyn in Montgomeryshire there is an interesting book-rest used at Holy Communion services. It is made of wood from an ancient yew tree from the churchyard of the old church, now covered by Lake Vyrnwy, which provides Liverpool's water supply. When the lake was constructed about 65 years ago, the church and other buildings were submerged, and part of this old yew tree was preserved and used at a later date to make this desk. In the year 1887 a new church was built on higher ground to replace the one submerged, and there is an inscription in the porch to this effect.—THE REV. E. C. DAVID.

All Present.

THE chancel and nave of Bonnington Church were finished about 1300—good work, too, but no better than that which brings every child in the village to the Church for the afternoon Sunday School. Not far away is a Norman Castle Keep which stands on a moated mount, the only one of its kind in Herefordshire.—H. MARQUIS.

A Travelled Window.

THERE has reached me from Tasmania an account of a window which is supposed to have been taken from Battle Abbey when it was destroyed by Cromwell, to have been hidden and then to have been sent on to Tasmania by the third Marquis of Salisbury. An examination of the very beautiful window now in St. John's Church, Buckland, makes it possible to determine its approximate date as between 1350 and 1400 and that it is of English workmanship.—THE REV. C. H. D. GRIMES.

Good and Bad.

AN unusual and very interesting epitaph is to be seen on the foot-stone of a grave in the churchyard of Olveston, Glos., a village not far from Bristol. The grave is that of a Thomas Davies, who died at an early age in the year 1820, and the inscription reads:—

God takes the good,
Too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad,
Too bad to take away.

If this assertion is true, then there must have been some very unsatisfactory folk in Olveston, for near-by graves record that a number of the parishioners lived to very advanced ages, including even some relatives of the worthy Thomas Davies! His father lived to 97!

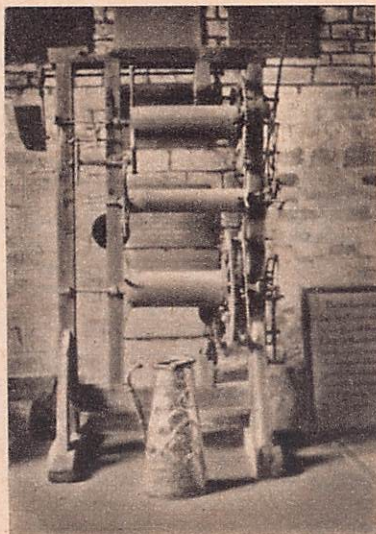
The epitaph is apparently much prized by Olveston people, for it is kept very well, and the lettering is carefully painted.—T. R. ROBINSON.



Photo by |

| T. R. ROBINSON

The Untrue Epitaph.



Never Had a Face.

THE quaint parish church of Barton-in-Fabis, a village 7 miles from Nottingham, possesses a strange clock near the font. It is an apparatus of big gear wheels and wooden rollers, mounted on timber and standing some 6 feet in height. The accompanying notice read as follows: "Works of the old clock made locally in 1735. It never had a face but struck the hours. The weights were crudely fashioned of stone."—J. W. DAWSON.

For Safe Return.

AN unusual War Memorial of thanksgiving has been dedicated at Hatfield Broad Oak Church, Essex, by the Bishop of Barking. Only one member of H.M. Forces from the village was killed in action. Two others lost their lives (one died in hospital and one was killed by accident during training). In addition, the village had no bomb damage, although neighbouring places all had their share. The inscription reads: "In humble thanks to Almighty God that this village welcomed home all its men and women who served in H.M. Forces during the war, except, in whose memory also this tablet is dedicated."—J. E. HORTON.

In the Family.

ORGANIST at the 10th century Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Colwick, near Stafford, is George Poyser, a schoolboy of 15. Once a choir-boy, he is now organist and bell-ringer. His father is chief ringer and organ blower!

Religion is my Business

The Creditors

By the Rev. Fenton Morley, B.D.

H If you go to the cinema, do you find yourself—as I do—getting rather impatient as they screen the long lists of credits at the beginning of the film? Sometimes I wish that they would give us all these names of the people who have had a hand in the making of the film at the very end—when we should have an opportunity of showing our appreciation just as we do in the theatre. But perhaps that wouldn't do because we should then be more interested in hurrying out to catch our bus than in finding out whom we have to thank for some particularly interesting performance. The appreciation of the services of others always demands a certain mental and moral effort. And in the business of life we like to think that any success is like that of the pavement artist—"All My Own Work."

This feeling of independence differs widely with the individual. There is, for instance, the boasting of the self-made man that he has never been beholden to anyone throughout his long and lonely career. At the other end of the scale is the harmless pride of one old lady I know, who is apparently more proud of the fact that she has never got into debt than of her having raised half-a-dozen children on a shoestring of an income. But her financial independence has not made her unwilling to acknowledge that she could not have performed her magnificent piece of family craftsmanship without the example of her own mother, the co-operation of her husband and—as she puts it—God's mercy. And she has shown her gratitude not only with her lips but in her life by her willingness to give others the same help as that which she herself received.

Life has taught her a lot about credit. One result is that she is surprisingly tolerant of the ingratitude of youth. "Young people always think that they are the first ones to

discover the world," she says, "it's only natural for them to think they owe nobody anything. But they'll soon learn—when they grow up . . ."

And she has certainly brought up her own children to appreciate their debt to the past. The only time I ever knew her to be really furiously angry was when someone suggested abolishing the service of Remembrance in November. She called it "cheap ingratitude"—and many other things which you can imagine.

Another thing about her is that she has learnt the value of receiving as well as that of giving. Christ said that it is more blessed to give than to receive—but He never forbade us to receive. The old lady was so much wiser than those self-sacrificing people who pride themselves on doing everything for others but who ruthlessly crush the efforts of other people to do anything for them. They mean well—but they have such a blighting effect upon that mutual co-operation and spontaneous service essential to human fellowship, and to the maturing of character.

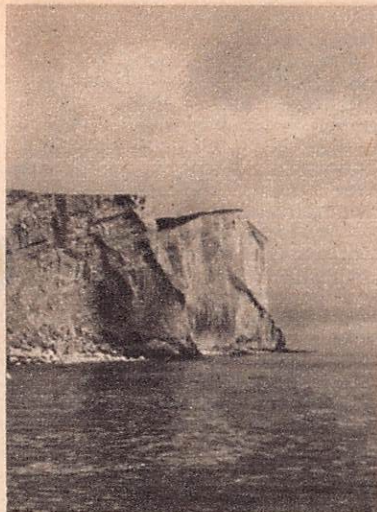
You remember that the old lady said that when youngsters *grow up* they appreciate their indebtedness to others. And she was quite right. In this connection unfortunately some people never grow up—but the mark of a mature and rich personality is not a constant harping on one's independence or a trumpeting of one's rights—but the willingness to accept and fulfil responsibilities. If every man were alive to his responsibilities, there would be no need for any one to fear for his rights.

And our obligation to other people is the reflection of our debt to God. That is why our forgiveness of others is not a favour which we confer on them, but a part of our repayment to our heavenly Father.

So in the business of my life I need to remember my creditors. They are all the people who have had faith in me—all who by their advice or example have lighted my path—and even those who have set obstacles in my way, that I might learn to climb them by the grace of God. I can repay them best by using their investment in me for the wider service of man and the greater glory of God.

THE WATCHMAN WAKETH

By Joan Wayne Brown



CHAPTER III

I'm going to show you the 'historic scene' in the correct order, so I hope you don't mind a long tramp, Peggy, and a bit of a climb thrown in. That will take us to Darby's Hole, and from there we can get home by Birling Gap. Are you game? The first move is up to Beachy Head, past the old lighthouse, and then we'll get a sight of the new one down on the reef. I want you to see it at its best, as the birds see it, and the foxes and rabbits—not far from where you fell. You're not nervous?"

"Not a bit," she replied. "Isn't it the right cure for an accident in the air or anywhere else to go up again as soon as possible?"

They had now reached the hazardous approach to the beach, so the story of Parson Darby had to wait for a time. David was glad to find that he had judged Peggy's character correctly. She was cool and quick-witted, and very soon understood his brief instructions. She showed no fear, and he knew that she trusted him absolutely.

She *did* feel a little frightened, however, for she was one of those people who find "going down" so

much worse than "going up"; and the beach seemed a very long way down. But since this was the right way to the cave, and since David had been good enough to bring her, she fought down her qualms, and answered his "Ready?" with a radiant smile.

She fully expected to feel terrified during the whole descent, but she found that her courage brought its own reward. Soon she was conscious of a thrill of achievement, and when David said, "Well done!" after they had passed over a rather bad patch of crumbling chalk, she glowed with pleasure.

"I say, Peggy, that was jolly good, you know!" David stood on the rough beach and addressed his panting pupil. "Do you mean to say you've never had any practice? When you've got your breath back, we'll move on. Now we're coming to the really tough part!"

"What do you mean—tough?"

"Because we've got a tramp under the precipitous cliff for a mile or so before we reach Darby's Hole. It will be slogging over loose shingle—very much like the moraine of a big glacier in the Alps. I've timed it all right for the tide. Now what I insist is that you don't start any jumping from seaweed-wound rocks—a sprained ankle would be a disaster. Or would it, for I'd love to carry you, not merely haul you!"

So they joked and chaffed and occasionally became serious.

They came on the cave suddenly. Until one is opposite it is not easily seen.

"That isn't the cave? Why, it's hopeless! I don't see how anyone could get up there—except a bat!"

"It can be done easily if you know how. Look, there are footholds of a kind. Parson Darby improved upon the ones the smugglers had. He used to go up there most nights, remember, sometimes in the dark."

"B—but the weather's altered them a bit since then!" Peggy faltered, and then laughed. "I'm not getting cold

feet! Don't think that. It's just that I can't see *how*—But you're going to show me, aren't you?"

"I'm ready when you are," she said valiantly, and David uncoiled his rope once more.

When they were safely inside the cave, she still failed to understand how they had managed to get there. But as she looked round the chalk walls, scored in many places by pick-axe marks, she was very glad that she had come.

"Now, David, while we have our lunch do please tell me the rest of the story. I promise I won't mention smugglers till you've finished. What did Parson Darby do?"

"He used to keep a great lantern in here, and on stormy nights he kept it burning so that the sailors should see and be warned. Think of it—all alone in here, night after night, with the gales howling over the cliffs. Look, he hollowed out pieces at both sides, so that he could shelter. Some people say he shortened his life by the exposure, but he saved a good many others. If there were a wreck, in spite of his lantern, he used to go down and help. Once a brig with twenty-three hands on board was smashed to atoms on the rocks, and he saved them all."

"He must have had superhuman strength," said Peggy, and added a moment later: "I suppose that really was the case. I see now what you meant about the watchman. Because he was doing such a wonderful job, he was given the power to carry it out. Do you know, I can see marks on the floor where the lantern must have stood. And—oh, David, that little hole at the back might lead to a secret passage!"

"It does," he said. "Not a secret one, but it's nearly impassable now. It leads into the heart of the cliff. I've only been in once or twice; it isn't so safe, really, so I won't take you. Why are you laughing, Peggy?"

"I shouldn't have thought you had much of a safety-first complex, that's all!"

"If you're thinking about our climb," he said, laughing himself, "I can assure you that if you keep calm and use your head, climbing is just as 'safe' as anything else that's worth

doing. No, thanks—that last sandwich is yours."

"No, David, it's yours—I've been eating hard while you've been talking," said Peggy, just as if she had not uttered a word herself. "Isn't it *lovely* up here—so snug and Robinson Crusoe-ish! I wish we could bring some furniture and make it into a summer-house."

"I'm afraid a grand piano would hardly squeeze through the entrance! But I've got some things—a few tools over there, because one never knows when they'll be handy, and some books in that piece of oilskin. I was quite a kid when I came here first."

"I wish we could rig up a staircase," sighed Peggy, "and then I could come here by myself sometimes when you've gone back to school."

"A staircase!" David gave an indignant snort. "I suppose you'd like to turn it into an ice-cream parlour, and sell picture postcards! No, but seriously, Peggy, you'd better not explore these cliffs on your own till you've got some idea of the lie of the land. And you needn't start talking about my going back to school yet, when I've got eight weeks' freedom ahead of me!"

"Sorry," said Peggy, who was absently drawing little figures on the chalky floor with another piece of chalk.

"I suppose we'll have to think about going home," went on David, looking at his watch. "I say, you can draw! What are they doing—dancing a hornpipe?"

"They're smugglers, celebrating an extra good haul!" she told him, with a wicked grin. "Here they are, running away from the excise men. But, David, wouldn't it be dreadful if someone got up here, and—couldn't get down again? What would happen?"

"It *would* be rather awkward," he agreed, coming quickly to her side. "If it were you, I'd have to go home and bring you blankets and a pillow, and come every day with food."

Peggy looked up at him, laughing. "I didn't mean it, you know. I just said 'someone.' Of course, I'm not a bit scared, with you. Besides—"

"Besides what, Peggy?" he asked gently.

ark was built. But what of the depth of water? Twenty-three feet could cover no mountain.

The solution must be sought, like all solutions, on the spot. If the measurements of the Bible are accepted, then we must turn to the sole remaining factor, the "mountains." What is the definition of the word "mountain"? Here lies the key to the whole story.

Confirming the Bible

In Iraq today the Tigris and Euphrates flow in a shallow depression bordered by vast expanses of desert. Where the water reaches, by free flow or irrigation, there the desert blossoms; there crops are grown; there man can live. Where no water reaches, the earth is dead. The one we call cultivated land, the other desert. The line between the two is sharp. There is nothing intermediate. Small wonder is it that the Arabs of Iraq, like the Arabs of Egypt, where conditions are similar, have two words, and two words only, to describe their land. In the spoken language of Egypt and Arabia today the "reef" is the irrigated plain; everything else is the "gebel," the desert. Be it plain, hill or mountain, it is all "gebel," desert. So it was in Noah's time.

This established, we are lifted out of a world of wonders into a world of realities. More than that, we see how true the Bible story rings; each word is invested with its real meaning. Turn to Genesis VIII, verse 3: "And the waters returned from off the earth continually." That is, they flowed back into the river, whence they came. Verses 4 and 5: "And the ark rested in the seventh month upon the mountains (=deserts) of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month; in the tenth month... were the tops of the mountains (=deserts) seen."

A World of Desert

It is the complete picture of an uncontrolled flood of the Tigris and Euphrates, swollen by continuous and heavy rain, rising 23 feet above the normal level, bursting its banks and covering a vast area on either side. To those early people, isolated in their lonely valley, surrounded by deserts,

it was the whole world. Months later, the floods subside, the water slowly recedes towards its channel, the ark is grounded in shallow water. Then, and then only, "were the tops of the mountains (=deserts) seen" and, in good time, the ark is left high and dry. We have there the description of a vessel grounding in shallow water, while the water subsides until the higher levels of the earth emerge. It is a description utterly inapplicable to a mountainous region, 10,000 feet and more in height.

Former residents in Egypt will remember Sir William Willcocks, the great irrigation engineer, who projected and designed the Assuan Dam and the irrigation of Mesopotamia. A lifetime in Iraq and Egypt in the course of his duties enabled him to study on the spot every passage in the Bible concerned with irrigation and irrigated countries. Added to that, he was a fluent Arabic scholar, with a profound knowledge of the peoples with whom he worked and lived. He would tender, as an explanation of the Mount Ararat conception, that settlers from the deserts of Ararat after Noah's time had carried the name with them when they migrated into Armenia. "Mount Ararat," he would say, "could no more have been the Ararat where the ark rested, than New York be York."

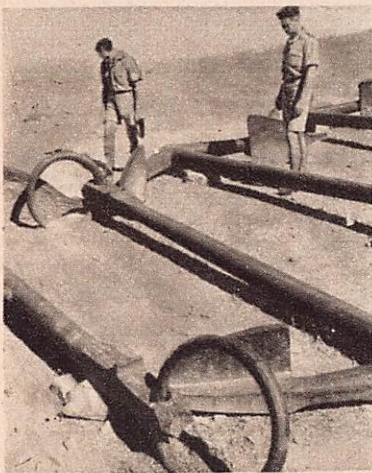


Photo by] [Adam G. Marshall
The reputed anchors of the Ark.

"Well, one wouldn't dare to be a coward here, in the very place where Parson Darby was so brave. Did he drive in this stake, by the way?"

She indicated the stout wooden post round which David had slung his rope. The boy shook his head.

"No, a sailor put that there for me when I was a kid. I always give it a tap with the hammer each time I come up here, to make sure it's still all right."

He went to the stout box in which he kept his tools, and gave the stake a sharp rap.

"Feel," he said, and Peggy felt. It was like the rock itself.

They went down to the shore. This time Peggy felt no fear at all, but only the pleasant feeling of a job well done. When they had climbed up the cliff, they set off at a good pace towards West Dean, the spire of its tiny church guiding them as they cut across the downs.

As they neared the village they came to the road, and soon a small car overtook them and stopped. A pleasant, sunburnt face smiled at them both through the open window.

"This is Dr. Stafford," said David, wondering if he ought to introduce Peggy as Miss Keith. With her round, childish face and shock of brown hair she looked far too young for any kind of formality. But Dr. Stafford took matters into his own hands.

"You must be Mrs. Cleveland's niece," he said. "How nice for Anne to have you!"

Peggy smiled, omitting to say that Anne did not appear to share his opinion. Dr. Stafford evidently thought her shy, for after one or two remarks he turned to David.

"I'm sorry I was called out last night in the middle of our conversation," he said.

"Oh, that was all right, thanks," said David. "I oughtn't to have butted in, when you're so 'usy with all this summer 'flu. Anyway, I feel quite different now."

"That's the stuff!" said Dr. Stafford. "Well, I'm on my way to Tamarisk Farm," and with a parting wave he drove on.

Peggy thought how good-tempered he looked, and wondered why Anne disliked him so much.

"A decent chap," said David. She saw that he was rather red under his tan. "I went round to his surgery last night and grumbled a bit, I'm afraid. I'm going to stop grouching for good, because I shall only make a nuisance of myself to everybody. I shan't study on my own—what's the use? This isn't a game; it's real life. I'll go into that office and like it." He gave a rather forced laugh.

"Behold the model office boy!"

Peggy looked at him anxiously.

"That's silly, David. Stop grouching, by all means, but don't go to the other extreme. And *don't* stop studying the thing you like best. If God wants you to be a doctor, you'll be one," she said simply, "and if He doesn't—"

"Yes, Peggy?"

"Well, you could still be a watchman, couldn't you? Oh, is this the vicarage? How pretty—and that must be your father at the gate! And," she said blissfully, "I believe I can smell the scones!"

CHAPTER IV

Peggy liked Mr. Poole very much, and he liked her. Tall, thin, and fragile, he wore his faded clothes with an air of distinction, and on his fine face there was a look of serenity which could change in a flash to humour. It was obvious that to him poverty had no terrors; but then, as Peggy was quick to realise, he had chosen this way of life, and found his happiness in giving away the little he had. It would not be possible for someone of David's age, on the threshold of life, to share this detached tranquillity.

They had tea in a vast dining room furnished with oak which time had darkened to the colour of ebony. Mrs. Wicks, a tiny dumpling of a woman who looked very odd beside the two tall Pooles, had made a plateful of scones, and announced that they must all be eaten. Peggy felt at home here at once, and after tea she asked if she might have some socks to mend, as she had always mended her father's.

Mrs. Wicks was delighted, as her eyesight was not very good these days. She brought Peggy a basket filled with fearsome objects which had once been socks, and the vicar liked the way the

girl tackled the first one, without showing signs of dismay. This was a girl of spirit, he thought, and he was glad that David had made friends with her.

Peggy was very sorry when it was time to go. David showed her the room that used to be his nursery, and was now a combined study, library, and sports room. He lent her an armful of books on local lore.

Hillside seemed very dull and depressing after such an exciting day. Mrs. Cleveland asked her in a perfunctory manner if she had enjoyed herself, but Peggy detected real interest and a certain envy in Anne's questions, and she gave her a full description of her activities.

Anne laughed at her.

"As far as I can make out, you've been dragged by the hair up and down the cliffs, had a boring tea at the vicarage, and then, by way of entertainment, you sat darning socks! And you come in looking like the Cheshire Cat. Did you see anyone else beside the Pooles?"

"No," said Peggy, and corrected herself. "I was forgetting. Dr. Stafford overtook us in his car. He seemed very nice."

"Oh, everyone seems nice to you," sneered Anne, and paused. "Did he speak to you? Did he mention your lazy hypochondriac of a cousin?"

"Yes," said Peggy mischievously, and waited for Anne to pounce.

"He did? What did he say?"

"Only that it was nice for you to have me here!"

"You little imp!" Anne relaxed, and smiled against her will. "Do you know," she said, "it is! Though you're quite the most exasperating person I've ever come across. The most exasperating *girl*, that is!"

Peggy chuckled. Evidently she could not compete with Stephen Stafford!

Anne's engagement ring flashed in the sunshine.

"Where will you live when you're married?" asked Peggy.

"Oh, London. Bernard has a flat." Anne spoke without the faintest interest. Peggy wanted to shake her.

"Well, you love London, don't you?" she said.

"Yes. Only—" Anne sighed. "I don't love Bernard, that's all!"

"Anne!"

"Don't look so shocked, Peggy. I'd forgotten what a kid you are. I like him—he has pots of money—far more than Pop has—and we shall be able to travel all over the world, and have lovely things. And the parents are so pleased about it. It's *sure* to be a success," said Anne, as if trying to convince herself. "Of course, Bernard's rather old, and has fixed ideas. He'll have to choose everything all-ways, because he says my taste is crude—"

"He sounds frightful," said Peggy, appalled. "He sounds as if he'd be fat and bald, and talk about food all the time."

"Pop has no right to talk about him to you!" Anne said wrathfully.

"He didn't! Your father hasn't said a word! It's what *you* said. Oh, Anne, don't marry him!"

"Really, Peggy, I fail to see—" Anne was trying to be frigid, but she could not keep it up. "I must marry somebody," she pointed out. "I can't live like this for the rest of my life. And it's so—suitable. He's one of Pop's business associates, you see, and they both think it's a marvellous idea. Keeping the money in the firm, or something." She yawned. "I don't understand that part of it. I hate thinking about money—I just like spending it. I'd *die* rather than marry a poor man!"

"It would depend on the poor man, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, naturally. But to be poor *and* bullied—" Anne's cheeks were flushed. "While we're on the subject," she said quietly, "I may as well tell you that before my accident I was engaged to Stephen."

This piece of information did not surprise Peggy at all.

"And he's a bully?" she asked.

"He would be," Anne said darkly, "if anyone gave him the chance. Oh, well! All the same in a hundred years' time!"

(To be continued)

Prayer Card Competition.

We hope to be able to give a selection from the prayers submitted last month, before the end of the year.

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6th Aug.	8.0 a.m.	R. Yates		Miss Collins
	11.0 a.m.	M. Southgate	R. Vaughan	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
13th Aug.	6.30 p.m.	D. Jarrett	A. Sharp	Mrs. M. E. Williams
	8.0 a.m.	T. Broomhall		
	11.0 a.m.	T. Edmonds	B. Jelfs	
20th Aug.	6.30 p.m.	J. Jelfs	J. Clews	Mrs. R. M. Vickery
	8.0 a.m.	D. Pendleton		
	11.0 a.m.	J. Oseman	A. Sharp	
27th Aug.	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		Miss Winstanley and Miss Wallace
	6.30 p.m.	M. Flynn	R. Yates	
	8.0 a.m.	J. Hill		
3rd Sept.	11.0 a.m.	F. Porter	S. Higgs	Mrs. John Blake
	6.30 p.m.	R. Hughes	Rex Clarke	
	8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs		
	11.0 a.m.	B. Whitehouse	B. Greenhill	
	12.15 p.m.	Rex Clarke		
	6.30 p.m.	G. Keay	R. Vaughan	

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

	<i>8 a.m.</i>	<i>11 a.m.</i>	<i>6.30 p.m.</i>
July 30—	Slough, A. J. Pepper, R. J.	Block, G. H. Izon, T. Wood, N. A. Jenkins, I. B.	Clarke, R. A. Sharp, A. Griffiths, F. H. Plevin, J.
Aug. 6—	Erown, J. R. Hadley, D. J.	Marshall, W. J. Reynolds, W. H. Floyd, H. Jones, N.	Clews, H. T. Allan, J. B. Lloyd, F. Searle, R. H.
13—	Blake, C. E. J. Greenhill, B.	Pritchett, W. B. Winstanley, H. M. Clark, R. H. King, J.	Walker, G. C. Slough, A. J. Webb, F. Swain, A.
20—	Searle, R. H. Yates, R.	McCullough, Dr. Webb, F. Swain, A. Wood, N. A.	Mackintosh, J. A. Pepper, R. J. Griffiths, F. H. Plevin, J.
27—	Barradell, N. Jones, N.V.	Blinkhorn, H. W. Block, G. H. Jenkins, I. B. Floyd, H.	Clark, R. A. Sharp, A. Pendleton, D. J. Greenhill, B.

It is requested that at the conclusion of the 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. services the first two named take duty at the South Door; the third and fourth at the North and West Doors respectively.

PREACHERS FOR AUGUST

PARISH CHURCH:

11.0 a.m. All Sundays, the Vicar.

6.30 p.m. 6th, 13th, 20th Aug., The Vicar; 27th Aug., Rev. J. V. Skinner.

S. ANNE'S:

6.30 p.m. 6th, 13th, and 20th Aug., Rev. J. V. Skinner;

27th Aug., Mr. I. G. H. Cooke.

THE EPIPHANY:

6.30 p.m. 6th Aug., Mr. R. K. Canning; 13th Aug., Mr. I. G. H. Cooke;

20th Aug., Mr. T. Mackintosh, 27th Aug., Mr. B. J. Firkins.

PAROCHIALIA

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

Someone wrote to me recently asking if I could possibly help her to find a flat or rooms in these parts as she was coming to teach in one of our schools. In her letter she asked if I could put a note in the magazine. This suggestion has led us to the idea that we might have a "Personal Page" in which, at the charge of a penny a word, people might advertise matters of interest to themselves and other people. If you wish to make use of it, you send your advertisement to Miss E. Packwood, our Magazine and Advertisement Secretary, whose address is 65 Blenheim Road, Moseley. Enclose your postal order with the letter.

Meanwhile if anyone has accommodation to offer—either a part of a house unfurnished, or else board and lodgings, will they write to Miss R. Jones, 3 Park Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, Kent?

CHRISTMAS MARKET

Christmas seems a long way off, but before we know where we are it will be upon us. I have called together a new Committee, we have selected stallholders, and have got the whole affair roughly into shape. I shall make it a matter of policy that in all our parochial affairs I shall spread the interest as widely as possible. Each time we do an affair of any size I shall call upon different people to do it, retaining one or two as links between the old and new group. I know that you will all agree with me that this will be a means of keeping the interest of the Parish wide and healthy. There is nothing more fatal to parochial life than to have the same people doing the same things every time. This applies to all branches of life in a parish. The temptation from a parson's point of view is to find people who are very good at a particular job and to leave that job with them for the rest of time. Soon a solid clique is formed and newcomers quickly realise that they will never have a look-in, so go elsewhere. Any active and zealous Christian should be keenly interested to take part in all parochial affairs and should be given a chance to do so. It should be a distinction when we are called upon to do any special thing for the church.

I emphasise this and explain it fully now so that people who help one year may not feel that there is any reflection intended if they are not asked the next. Indeed if our helpers this year exceed what was done last, they will indeed do well. I am inserting a list of the names of those who are in charge of different departments.

Committee

The Vicar and Mrs. Ashford, The Vicarage, Kings Norton, KIN 1496.
Mrs. Foxley, "The Haunt," Rednal Road, KIN 2809.
Mrs. Vickery, "Uplands," Redditch Road, KIN 1618.
Mr. M. Brady, 62 Meadowhill Road, KIN 1563.
Mr. P. W. Hollier, 45 Rednal Road, KIN 1726.
Mr. D. Barradell (Secretary), 44 Meadowhill Road, KIN 1492.

Stalls

Cakes: Mrs. Heward, 39 West Hill Road, KIN 2327; Mrs. Hollier, 45 Rednal Road, KIN 1726; Mrs. McNair, 35 Grange Hill Road, KIN 1745; Mrs. Reynolds, 131 Northfield Road, KIN 2577.
China and Hardware: Mrs. Berry, 7 Woodlands Road, PRI 2932; Mrs. Hems, 52 The Green; Mrs. Latter, 145 Northfield Road, KIN 2117.
Fancy Goods: Mrs. Hubble, 65 Wychall Lane, KIN 2348; Mrs. Rollason, 66 Meadowhill Road, KIN 2421; Mrs. Stannion, 3 Hazelbank.
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Grocery: Mrs. Green, 11 Wychall Lane, KIN 1925; Mothers' Union.

Photography: The Scouts and Mr. F. Gerrard, 23 Redditch Road, KIN 1035; Mr. I. Cooke, Scoutmaster, 23 Colleen Avenue.

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White Elephant: Mrs. Rogers, 64 Granshaw Close, KIN 2616; Mrs. Meggeson; Miss Udale, 55 Pakefield Road, KIN 2436, Mrs. Flynn.

Father Christmas Sack: Mrs. Jelfs, 355 Redditch Road; Mrs. E. Smith, 90 Bunbury Road.

Side Shows: The Youth Fellowship, Hon. Sec., Miss Sheila Stiles, 23 Westhill Road, KIN 2760.

Bran. Tub: The Sunday School and Mrs. Surman, Lindsworth Road.

Catering: Mrs. Vickery, "Uplands," Redditch Road, Kin 1618; Mrs. Attwood, 23 Redditch Road, KIN 1035; Mrs. Barradell, 44 Meadowhill Road, KIN 1492; Mrs. Blake, 83 The Green, KIN 3289; Mrs. Brown, Lloyds Bank House, The Green, KIN 1338; Mrs. Canning, 18 Hazelbank, KIN 1630; Mrs. Hackett, Hazel Bank, Grassmore Road, KIN 2433; Mrs. Mycock, "The Dell," West Heath Road, PRI 1342.

Decorations: Mrs. Collett White, 16 Rednal Road, KIN 1616; Mrs. Oliver.

Engineering Dept.: Mr. H. M. Winstanley, 45 Westhill Road, KIN 1430.

Bank: Mr. T. R. Brown, Lloyds Bank House, The Green; KIN 1338; Mr. D. T. Hadley, 62 Beaks Hill Road, KIN 2414.

Publicity: The Publicity Committee of the Parochial Church Council.

We have had a preliminary meeting. We did not invite all helpers as some will not be involved until later on and we did not want to trouble them with an unnecessary meeting. The rest of us met to view the landscape o'er. We shall be so grateful if you will set to now, to make, do and prepare for what we hope will be such another happy Christmas affair as we had last year. Be sure not to lose the list of the names of helpers printed here. Please keep it by you, because I hope it will be constantly referred to later on, as you look up the name of the person to whom you are to send this, that and the other.

THE MICROPHONES

The microphones are now fixed in the Church and I am hoping for a gradual improvement of the standard of singing in the congregation. Why is it that Church of England congregations sing so feebly? If it is self-consciousness we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. How can we be thinking of self when we are singing to the glory of God? People say to me, "I feel so conspicuous when nobody around me is singing." As I stand in the body of the church I sometimes think our congregational singing quite awful. Sing to the glory of God; let us open our hearts, and our lips and voices will follow. I have heard it suggested that it matters not to God whether it be a prima donna or a tuneless singer, so long as the heart goes with the sounds. Do please make the generosity of our anonymous benefactor, who gave me a cheque for £144 for the microphone instalment, worth while. When we get settled with our new organist I hope that the congregation will take their singing seriously enough to come to a few practices.

May I again thank the kind donor for the great generosity of the gift. Thanks also are due to Mr. Webb, who with his usual fine craftsmanship has built us a cabinet to hold the machinery of the apparatus. We look to him so often and he never fails us.

CONFIRMATION

I hope that many people are beginning to think about confirmation. I shall begin preparation at the end of September. Think and pray over it now and see whether it is not absolutely essential for you that you should be able to come to Holy Communion for the strengthening and refreshing of your souls. I am ready from now on to receive names for preparation. There will be a class of adults and a class for youngsters, too.

E.G.A.

Mr. Masters has sent the following message: "I wish to express my sincere thanks to all those who so kindly subscribed to the most generous testimonial which was presented to me by the Vicar on my recent retirement as your organist and choirmaster. I shall always have very happy memories of my twenty years at Kings Norton and am very sorry to be leaving you. However, may I take this opportunity of wishing my successor every success and happiness with you."

G.F.S. CANDIDATES

The Candidates, who form the youngest section of the G.F.S., are following the example of their elders. Trained by Yvonne Evans, they have won the Candidates' Diocesan Shield in this year's Competitions. This success is all the more remarkable as it is their first attempt. Congratulations to all.

G.F.S. LONDON VISIT

The 75th Jubilee of the Society was celebrated this year by a Display in the Albert Hall on 10th June. The twelve hundred performers came from all over the country, and the importance of the occasion can be measured by the fact that the Queen attended the afternoon performance and the Princess Royal the evening one.

Twenty members went from Kings Norton, three in the Games Team, two in the Pageant, one Collector and ten to form part of the Choir of five hundred.

We travelled up on the Friday afternoon, meeting girls from other branches at the station, and on arriving at Euston divided into two parties, some having to go straight to the Albert Hall for a three-hour rehearsal. Tired and hungry, we eventually made our way to the Clapham Deep Shelter, to find we had to go down over 190 steps and then make up our beds. The main impressions were of numberless girls and noise, and when, well after midnight the last girl was settled in, a late party arrived from Wales, and the clatter began all over again.

Soon after five o'clock the next morning, we began to get up as we were due at Kensington for more rehearsal. Everything seemed chaotic, but eventually some order began to emerge and we were released to snatch a hasty lunch before the afternoon performance.

This opened with singing by the choir and then took the form of a Victorian Pageant followed by a display of games, keep-fit, skipping and dancing. One of the highlights was the wonderful performance of the Birmingham team easily winning the organised games at both performances. Then more pageant ending with a darkened hall and a hundred torches shining on a large lighted window while the choir sang Psalm 150 and the Commemoration Song.

All over and back to the shelter which somehow seemed more friendly and less uncomfortable on the second night. A tent was made by hanging eleven blankets on a two-tiered bunk inside which girls perched cross-legged to eat lovely iced celebration cakes at midnight.

A very tiring week-end but a thrilling one, leaving lasting impressions. What shall we remember? Our first sight of the Queen; the vast Albert Hall; Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and the Tower; all these but also so many girls joined with us by belonging to a great Society.

S. NICOLAS GUILD OF BELLRINGERS

On Saturday, 13th May, this guild of ringers had their annual outing, accompanied by the Vicar, Mr. Skinner, and ringing friends from Selly Oak and Edgbaston.

The first place visited was Stroud, where some good ringing was enjoyed on the ten bells of the Parish Church, and all partook of a lovely cup of coffee.

Then away through delightful country, bathed in full spring glory, to Bath. This City was seen at its best for it happened to be Assembly Week, and the streets were profusely decorated with flowers. The Abbey and Roman Baths and the hot springs were viewed and admired with some awe.

After a comfortable lunch the party went to S. Saviour's, Larkhall, for some ringing, unfortunately these bells were not in very good condition, and the stay there, though happy, was short.

The next place of call was S. John's, Colerne, where a very pleasant two hours were spent on the bells. The first touch of change ringing in this Tower was conducted by our Tower-master and rung by young ringers who had learnt ringing under him; this was very appropriate, for it was in this Tower that he had learnt ringing as a boy. Many climbed the Tower to view the landscape, and can vouch for the perfect view of valley and hill for a radius of fifty miles.

An old fashioned country tea was enjoyed in an old fashioned way at the Vineyards Café; it was then time to start the homeward journey by way of Malmesbury, Cirencester and Evesham. Home was reached at 10.30 p.m. after a thoroughly pleasant day.

The ringers are very grateful to those many kind friends in the parish who, by their donations at various times during the year, made this happy day possible.

LOOKING BACK—By AN OLD CHORISTER—Continued.

Parsons Hill presented a far different picture in those days in comparison with its present day appearance. There was just a single carriageway with tall trees, pleasant banks and hedgerows on either side, and I can remember the field, with a delightful dell, situated at the rear of Laburnum Cottages before the clay pit was extended to the road side. The hill often proved a severe test to the horse traffic, and later, to the early motor car, and breakdowns were very frequent especially at the steep bend towards the top. Some cars would refuse to climb this part in forward gear and the driver would perhaps run backwards to the foot of the hill, turn the car round, and make the ascent in reverse gear, while other drivers would perhaps beg a tow from a passing carter, and the car would proceed very slowly up the hill with the horse pulling in front and the passengers pushing at the rear. In winter time the hill would sometimes be snowed up for some considerable time, and although inconvenient to some of the villagers, it gave untold pleasure to others as a first class toboggan run from the top to the bottom and over the canal bridge. The only disadvantage to this fine sport was the long trudge back to the top again.

People have often asked me why the hill is called Parsons Hill. At the top on the right hand side, situated where the block of shops and a few houses are built, stood an old ivy covered house, named "Hill Top." This house many years ago was the "Parsonage" where the early Vicars of Kings Norton resided before our present Vicarage was built in 1861, and I understand that the Rev. J. M. L. Aston was the last Vicar to live here. "Hill Top" was pleasantly situated amongst a fine setting of horse chesnut trees and shrubs, also with a delightful small paddock at the side of the house and fronting the corner of Parsons Hill and extending a short distance along Walkers Heath Road. The house was occupied for many years and just prior to its demolition, by the late Alderman J. S. Pritchett and family. Mr. Pritchett besides being a great scholar, linguist, magistrate, etc., was an expert in bellringing and over a long period of years was a regular ringer in our church belfry. His name, together with his brothers and other noted ringers in our village, can be seen inscribed on the various tablets hanging in the tower commemorating famous peals rung on special occasions during the past years. I can remember Mr. Pritchett giving a most interesting outline on the history of Kings Norton, before a large audience in the Saracen's Head not many years ago.

(To be continued)

C. A. P. ROGERS.

DAUGHTER CHURCHES

S. ANNE'S

HOLY COMMUNION: Sunday, 13th Aug., 9.30 a.m. Owing to staff holidays the September Holy Communion will be on the 3rd Sunday in the month—17th September.

CHURCH RESTORATION FUND. In order to raise the £150 required to redecorate and carry out other repairs in the church, the Pro-Council formed a committee with this object in view. Their programme has commenced with a Church Fete and Sports, held on 15th July. It is hoped that members of the Church will organise events to assist this very necessary cause.

MOTHERS' UNION. We understand that the Mothers' Union is well under way and we hope that the outing to Worcester on 20th July was a success.

VILLAGE HALL. The Pro-Council was pleased to learn that the floor of the hall is to be renewed, and are making arrangements to take early advantage of these repairs.

ALTAR FLOWERS. 6th Aug., Mrs. Fryer; 13th Aug., Mrs. France; 20th Aug., Mrs. Smithson; 27th Aug., Mrs. Lawrence.

SUNDAY SCHOOL. The Sunday School will be closed for six weeks from the 23rd July; it will re-open on the 10th September.

MOTHERS' UNION. West Heath Mothers' Union meets on the first Thursday of each month. It has made a very promising beginning with about thirty members. After two meetings and a visit to Worcester Cathedral it is closing until 7th September when it hopes to re-open with a speaker from the BBC to talk on "Good Listening." All new members and friends are cordially invited.

THE EPIPHANY

HOLY COMMUNION, Sunday, 27th August, 9.30 a.m.

Members of the congregation had a most enjoyable day's outing to Porthcawl on 1st July. The scenery over the Malverns and through the Wye Valley was magnificent, and after five hours at the seaside arrived home safely, thanks to a very competent driver.

Children of the Junior Youth Fellowship, armed with paint and distemper brushes have made a mass attack on the Church Hall, under the able direction of Mr. and Mrs. McCracken; they are indeed doing a splendid job of work which was so badly needed. More power to their elbow.

The Junior Church and Sunday School will be closed for a holiday from 30th July to 20th August inclusive, re-opening, 27th August, 1950.

MOTHERS' UNION. There will *not* be a meeting during August. The next meeting will be on 21st September 1950, which will take the form of a "Bring and Buy" sale, proceeds in aid of the Overseas work of the Mothers' Union. Will all members please bring their overseas envelopes and boxes.

FLOWER ROTA. 6th Aug., Mrs. Wright; 13th Aug., Mrs. Cowell; 20th Aug., Mrs. Turton; 27th Aug., Mrs. Savine.

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