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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 May magazine must be sent to the Editor, Mr. R. H. Clarke, 21 Rednal Road, by 12th April. The magazine will appear on 26th April.

## KALENDAR FOR APRIL

- 1.—LOW SUNDAY.
- 8.—SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
- 15.—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
- 22.—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
- 23.—S. GEORGE.
- 29.—ROGATION SUNDAY.

## ALMS GIVING

		<i>Parish Church</i>											
		<i>Plate</i>			<i>Duplex</i>			<i>S. Anne's</i>			<i>The Epiphany</i>		
		£	s	d	£	s	d	£	s	d	£	s	d
Feb. 4	.....	9	18	11	27	8	6	1	4	8	1	15	9
	11	11	6	7	21	16	6	2	8	0	2	4	0
	18	10	12	3	22	12	7	2	2	1	2	8	1
	25	12	8	7	24	10	3	1	8	11	4	5	1



# VICAR'S LETTER

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON,

April 1951.

My dear Friends,

I have been thinking a great deal this Lent on the question of vocation, and wondering how many people nowadays are doing the job they want to do, because they chose to do it. There is no doubt that to-day the tendency is to treat work as a necessary evil, to be got over as soon as possible, so that we can get down to the business of enjoying ourselves. Great numbers of people live for the end of working hours. I notice as I go about that people start packing up tools well before time, and often they are in the lorry waiting to be driven home when the clock strikes the hour. I am told that the same sort of attitude is often found in the office. If a certain piece of work ends twenty minutes before clocking out time, people will not start on a new piece of business, but just sit around killing time until they are ready to rush off and to begin something in which they are really interested. Their job leaves them cold, they just could not care less. If it really is so, that millions of people in this country are regarding their work as an uninspiring way of preventing themselves from starving, it is little wonder that the country is in the awful mess it is at the moment.

Which brings me back to a question of vocation. Vocation means, literally, calling. That old fashioned English word "calling" gives us much more of the sense of the matter than the word vocation. Again the question arises, "How many people have been "called" to do what they are doing to earn their daily bread? I can imagine great numbers of people asking quite genuinely, "Well, who is to 'call' me anyway?" There we come to the point to which I wish to bring you, that it is God who should call us to undertake the work we are doing. But how on earth can God call any human creature to sit behind a desk adding up lists of figures which have no connection with himself, or putting the same kind of screw into the same kind of machine endlessly all day long; or washing the same dishes in the same sink and cooking the same meagre rations in the same pots and pans? Surely God cannot have given much thought to the matter to send us out on such callings as that.

God has set us to live out our lives in the generation in which we are born. The pattern of our lives must be greatly moulded by the pattern of the period of time in which we live. But there is that in us which also goes to shape the pattern of life in our time. It is not the job a man does that tells but the spirit in which he does it.

I imagine that if enough clerks were careless in adding their accounts, they could reduce the world of business to chaos, a chaos which could eventually bring the world to starvation. Just as if a man puts his special nut or bolt into the machine carelessly, he may bring death by accident to his fellow-men. Or if a housewife should let her dislike of her work reduce her to a drudge, she could by her discontent and dissatisfaction, reduce her family to acute discomfort and misery. If men or women accept the way of life which is theirs as a way to which God has called them, the whole business takes on importance and has a meaning which goes far beyond the weekly pay-packet. After all that pay packet, and the hand that delivers it and the hand that receives it will soon have crumbled into dust. But we Christians believe that the spirit that guides the hand must go forward into life. We believe that everything we do casts an influence for good or evil not only upon the present moment, but upon the course of eternity. If we give as much to our job and life as the law demands and not a jot more, we are killing all power of lasting values in what we do. If we give of ourselves

without counting the cost we put into life a significance which goes on long after we have ceased to be known in this world.

When I think of the origin of such bodies as the trades unions, built to give freedom and life to those to whom freedom and life were refused by the holders of power and wealth, and when I look upon the tyranny of the trades unions now, with their insistence that no man shall do a thing outside the ruling of his union, to which he must, whether he will or will not, belong; and dare not do a job outside the hours of his scheduled time, and must give nothing to his community, without being paid "time and a half" for it, and all because the labour he could do is some commodity which he will surrender only to the highest bidder, I feel that the trades unions have created a prison and built bars around man's spirit, and set up a tyranny greater than that from which he set out to free himself. Some people will immediately say, "Oh, he is against trades unions." I am not, I only say that any union, any caste, any clique, which encourages a man to regard the earning of his daily bread as an evil necessity of life, and the job he does as something which he will give to the community only at the barest minimum possible, and at the highest price, is in the end bound to destroy itself, by the underlying selfishness that is in it. The trades unions were a necessity. Alas! it was essential that the less fortunate section of the community should strive to protect itself against the more fortunate. But those who exploited the manual worker in the industrial revolution, and built the slums for him to live in, and gave him a pittance to live upon, did no more spiritual harm than those who to-day are forbidding a man to use the gifts and abilities God has given him, outside the rigid rulings and exact demands of a union to which he is forced to belong.

Again I say that the underlying idea to-day is that work is a necessary evil. I maintain that that man only is happy whose job is his hobby, who sees some purpose bigger than himself and benefiting more than himself, in what he is doing; who believes that the thing he is doing will be for the common good, and that in doing it he can serve God and his neighbour. It is the lack of the sense of service and of purpose that is eating out the heart of the world to-day. We poor creatures who have not wealth, have only got to look at the poor creatures who have, to see how small a guarantee of happiness there is in material possessions. The only truly happy man is he who feels that God is making use of his daily labours for good, and for carrying out His divine purpose, and any occupation can bring this feeling to a man who is honestly doing his best.

"God calling!" That is what this benighted world wants to hear to-day. But the voice of God is drowned in the clamour of the voices of men's selfish selves. We Christians must train ourselves to listen for it, we must hear it, and unless we do we shall continue to drift on aimlessly as the majority of people are doing to-day.

To young people who are making up their minds how they are to spend their gifts and time, what job they are to follow, I would say, "Be sure that it is the work God wants you to do." To those who have chosen a way of life, or drifted aimlessly into some occupation, I would say, "Think it out, and see how far the results of your working will effect God and the community. Do it as for the service of God and to please Him, and whatever it is, done in that spirit it will give you a sense of purpose in life, and a satisfaction which you can find in no other way; and whatever your work is, do it to the very best of your ability.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.



## OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS

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

18th February—Sheila Barbara Smith, Steven Paul Cartledge, John Roy Flint, John Clive Williams, 4th March—Terance Allen Bird, Diane Valerie Drinkwater, Carole Anne Jones, Susan Bentley, Angela Shorthouse, John Derik Hardiman, Stephen Paul Murray, Albert Frederick Paul, Henry Charles Paul.

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

21st February—Kenneth Morris and Janet Josephine Lerwell, 3rd March—Joseph John Gonnall and Dorothy Josephine O'Dell, John Alfred Minton and Ethel Elizabeth Yates.

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

21st February—Alice May Huband, aged 44 years; 22nd February—Mary Cooper, aged 70 years; 26th February—Amy John, aged 63 years; Mary Summerfield, aged 62 years; 28th February—Rossie Gould, aged 80 years; 2nd March—Thomas Phillips, aged 73 years.

## MAGAZINE BULLETIN

Great news for all our parishioners! The circulation is well on the way to 3,000 copies per month. Since Christmas, many new readers have been contacted who are interested in our Church and her services and who also are glad to know what parish they are in.

Each month this year our printers have helped us by delivering the magazines at 11.30 a.m. instead of the afternoon on the Thursday before the last Sunday in the month, thus enabling all the distributors who can, to come to Corporate Communion at 11 a.m. every month to remember before God our work and to ask His blessing. We indeed all have a big opportunity in front of us to spread the work of our Church and I do hope all who can will make a big effort to be at Communion on our magazine Thursday. God will give us strength and inspiration before starting off with our monthly budget.

Owing to some distributors having had magazines with no slips (they were removed by mischievous children) we hope to have each bundle wrapped with slips pasted on as originally. Will distributors kindly cut the slip out to return to me. I am sorry for all the inconvenience caused with the March issue.

On Wednesday, 25th April, at 2 p.m. I hope to arrange a blossom time tour, further particulars next month.—N.E.P.

## OVERSEAS NEWS

The Missionary Committee have much pleasure in announcing that special Missionary Services will be held all day in the Parish Church on Sunday, 15th April. We have been fortunate in securing a visit from the Rev. Canon G. W. Broomfield, D.D. He is the General Secretary of the U.M.C.A., a well-known and great man and much of his time has been spent in Central Africa. He has kindly promised to preach at the morning service and to speak to the children in the afternoon and to preach again in the evening at Evensong. This I know will be a wonderful day for us and we are most grateful to the Rev. Canon Broomfield for his kindness.

We also have pleasure in announcing a Missionary Play which has very kindly been sponsored by the Mothers' Union and produced by Mrs. Skene Smith. This play, called "The Lantern," deals with life in the Far East and I know will be most enjoyable, as all plays are if undertaken by the Mothers' Union. It will be produced on Sunday, 22nd April, at the Saracens Head after Evensong and as usual in our Missionary efforts light refreshments will be provided. Do not miss this special event.—E. G. PACKWOOD.

# ALTAR SERVERS AND ALTAR FLOWERS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Servers</i>	<i>Cross Bearer</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
April 1	8.0 a.m.	R. Yates & G. Parker		Mrs. Foxley
	11.0 a.m.	J. Pownall	J. Oseman	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerely		
	6.30 p.m.	R. Smith	A. Bateson	
April 8	8.0 a.m.	P. Haycock & G. R. Vaughan		Mrs. Gerrard
	11.0 a.m.	W. Westbury	J. Clews	
	6.30 p.m.	J. Vaughan	C. M. Smaylor	
April 15	8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs & P. Southwick		Mrs. Jenkins
	11.0 p.m.	K. Hollier	P. McNair	
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		
	6.30 p.m.	H. Rolleston	J. Jelfs	
April 22	8.0 a.m.	R. Stringer & M. Flynn		Mrs. Hadley
	11.0 a.m.	R. Cheshire	B. Greenhill	
	6.30 p.m.	D. Jelfs	M. Barradell	
April 29	8.0 a.m.	R. A. Clarke & D. Worth		Mrs. Nelson Jones
	11.0 a.m.	M. Carroll	A. J. Townsend	
	6.30 p.m.	R. Hughes	J. S. Lawrence	
May 6	8.0 a.m.	J. Hill & M. Davies		
	11.0 a.m.	D. Jarrett	J. R. Jones	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	B. Whitehouse	B. C. Pitts	

## SIDESMEN'S ROTA

<i>Date</i>	<i>8 a.m.</i>	<i>11 a.m.</i>	<i>6.30 p.m.</i>
April 1	Lloyd, F. W.	Jones, N. V.	Porter, T. A.
	Grenhill, B.	Barradell, N.	Clews, H. T.
April 8	Brown, J. R.	Webb, F.	Griffiths, F. H.
	Hadley, D. J.	Gerrard, F.	Davies, W. R.
	Blake, C. E. J.	Izon, T.	Allan, J. R.
	Searle, R. H.	Richards, D. S.	Greenhill, B.
April 15		Swain, A.	Mackintosh, T.
	Yates, R.	Clarke, R. H.	Walker, G. C.
	Higgs, S.	Reynolds, W. H.	Blake, C. E. J.
		Jenkins, I. B.	Mackintosh, J.
April 22		Floyd, H.	Plevin, J.
	Pendleton, D. J.	Webb, F.	Clarke, R.
	Clarke, R. A.	Wood, N. A.	Pepper, R. J.
		Winstanley, H. M.	Slough, A. J.
April 29		Lloyd, F. W.	Haycock, P.
		Heward, A.	Searle, R. H.
	Davies, W. R.	McCullough, Dr.	Porter, T. A.
	Blinkhorn, H. W.	Pritchett, W. B.	Clews, H. T.
	Yates, R.	Higgs, S.	
	Greenhill, B.	Griffiths, F. H.	



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# EASTER FRAGRANCE

By the Rev. Canon Salter

THERE is an Easter legend which was told to me when I was quite a small boy. I have never forgotten it and as I look back and survey the past years I realise that it has had more than a passing influence on my faith in God and on my attitude to life.

It is said that the crown of thorns which Jesus wore on the Cross was afterwards recovered by one of the disciples and that it was kept for many years in a little chapel in Palestine. Every Good Friday (so the legend says) it was taken out and reverently placed on the altar. At the first sign of dawn on Easter Day the crown of thorns miraculously changed into a garland of sweet scented flowers, the fragrance of which filled every corner of the chapel. On the following night it again changed back to a crown of thorns, but (and this is the point I want to stress) the fragrance of those flowers remained behind, and people used to come from far and near to smell the divine perfume.

\* \* \*

Of course it is only an old legend, but it sums up for many of us most of the meaning of Eastertide. It is true that nearly two thousand years have elapsed since Christ gave His life for us upon the Cross and since He rose again to open the gate to everlasting life, but the fragrance of that historic event remains with us today. Isn't it true to say that our deepest needs and our highest aspirations are not satisfied by scientists or statesmen or social reformers, but that they are satisfied by the Son of God and His revelation to man?

There is a fragrance about the Easter story which brings new hope to a tired world. Most of our present troubles are material troubles, such as the shortage of money or food or home comforts. The Easter Gospel uplifts our hearts and minds to spiritual things. We discover a new world. We find new riches in Christ. We learn



that the things which are seen are only temporal whilst the things which are unseen are eternal. Amidst a shattered and a shaking world we find real security and lasting peace in the living Christ. That is the fragrance the first Easter Day has left behind it. Our friends may leave us, circumstances may change, trouble may be our portion, yet He is still Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and for ever. He is the Friend Who sticketh closer than a brother, the unfailing Guide Who offers us His friendship and guidance in life and in death.

There you have the fragrance of Easter in a sentence or two. In spite of our weaknesses and mistakes, in spite of present failings and past failures, many of us have learned to say with Saint Paul, "I can do all things through Christ Who strengthens me." We deserve precious little of His love and mercy but we cannot live without a great deal of it. It is because Easter brings back to our minds this secret of victorious living, this message of hope and happiness, this way of life which is the best way of all, that it leaves behind it for all time a fragrance which is sweeter and stronger than anything else we know.

*Ring, snow-white bells, your purest praise*

*To glorify this Easter Day,*

*And let our risen Saviour's joy*

*Your voiceless, fragrant breath employ—*

*Teach ye our troubled hearts the way*

*To trust our Saviour every day.*

Solution to Bible Puzzle Corner (see page 62)

Disciples: (1) James, (2) John, (3) Thomas, (4) Andrew, (5) Philip.

Kings: (1) Herod, (2) Saul, (3) David, (4) Solomon, (5) Ahab.



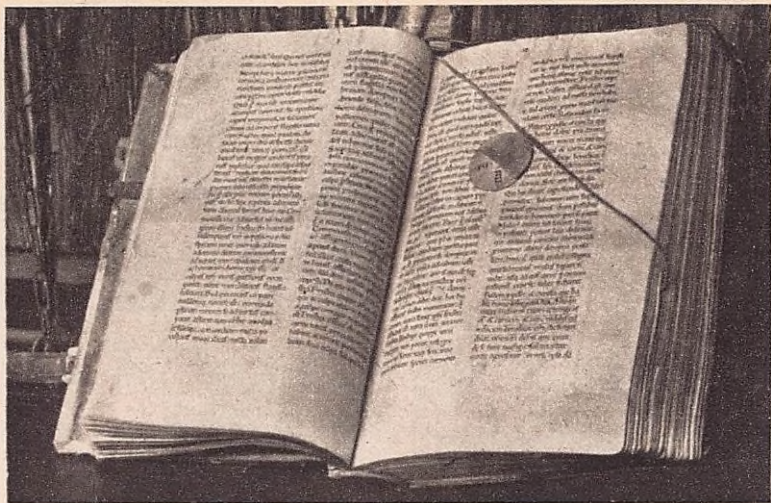


Photo by

An ancient bookmarker in Hereford Cathedral Chained Library

M. Wight

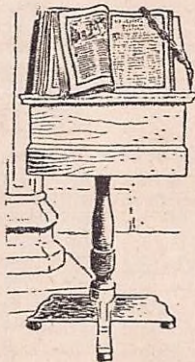
## What a Novelist can do for his Religion

THE WRITING OF THE FOUR GOSPELS IN ONE STORY\*

By Freeman Wills Crofts

THE Editor has asked me to tell how this book came into being, and I am grateful to him for the opportunity.

Some fifteen years ago I read a criticism of the Gospels which said in effect that these contained so many inconsistencies and contradictions that they could not be accepted as the records of actual events. It occurred to me to test this by trying to combine the details of certain incidents given by different evangelists. Instead of meeting with inconsistencies and contradictions I found they fitted together extremely well. Continuing the work as a hobby, the conflated incidents grew in number till at last, by including the matter recorded singly by each evangelist, it became possible to present the contents of the whole



four Gospels in one consecutive narrative.

The gain from the conflation is exemplified in the story of the Last Supper. In his account St. John omits all reference to the institution of Holy Communion, Christ's prophecy of His crucifixion, the arrangements for the Supper and the disciples' dispute. The other three leave out the whole of Christ's discourse and prayer, His washing of the disciples' feet, John's intimate question about the betrayer,

Christ's giving the sop to Judas, and Judas's leaving the company and going out into the night. Both St. Matthew and St. Luke add details not mentioned by the others. The conflated account, on the other hand, gives everything. It presents a single comprehensive picture containing all the known facts.

Examining the text in this way brought home to me another matter:

\*The Four Gospels in One Story. By Freeman Wills Crofts. Longmans Green & Co. Cloth boards 8/6, paper covers 5/-



the number of passages in the Gospels which are obscure, at least to the theologically unlearned. "Blessed are the meek," (Mt. 5.5) is an example. Meek today has come to mean weak or spineless. Could Christ have commended a quality so completely at variance with His own character and teaching?

Commentaries and modern versions give the following renderings for the word translated meek: humble, humble minded, gentle, poor in spirit, not standing on one's dignity, not making claims for oneself, and yielding even one's just rights.

This suggested that such difficult passages might be clarified to the general reader by paraphrasing, not the Authorised Version, but the meaning of the original as held by the majority of commentators. Working on this idea, "Blessed are the meek" became "How happy are those who aren't aggressive, who don't stand on their dignity nor insist on their rights!" While obviously it cannot be stated that had Christ been speaking today He would have used these words, they summarise the best critical opinion as to His meaning.

Once paraphrasing of a part of the work was adopted, uniformity demanded the paraphrasing of the whole. Having gone so far, it seemed a pity to stop short of presenting the story in modern form as well as language. The facts that in spite of the splendour of the Authorised Version, many people today find it hard to read, and that religious workers are constantly advising inquirers to use a modern translation, were an encouragement in this.

*The Four Gospels in One Story* is the result of these attempts. It aims at giving the complete contents of all four Gospels in a single narrative, set out in clear language and in the form to which readers are accustomed in present day novels and biographies.

Obviously such a venture is open to many pitfalls and errors, and no claim

for complete accuracy is or could be made. The order of events, for example, varies in different Gospels and is not known with certainty, and as already stated, the meaning of many passages is obscure. In all cases of attempted modernisation, therefore, notes have been added giving the Revised Version, together with suggested alternative renderings where such exist. Matters of general interest have also been briefly touched on. The notes form a practically continuous commentary on the text.



Photo by

A Royal Bible

Rev. K. Wilson

References and cross references are given showing where every verse in the book is to be found in the separate Gospels, and *vice versa*. There is also a detailed index for students, summarising all available information about persons, subjects and incidents.

It is the writer's earnest hope that the book may prove helpful to those who desire a simple yet complete presentation of the Gospel story, and that even those who know the Bible well may receive a new picture from the change of style and language.

#### Link with America.

**T**RING Church has immense interest for tourists from America. Lawrence Washington's younger son was baptised in this church, and in 1655 his widow was buried there. Two years later their elder son, John, emigrated to America, and his great grandson was George Washington.—STANILAND PUGH.





The Author's Church

As we pass through country villages we see many charming churchyards some of them beautifully kept and some less so. The more enquiring among us may go searching among the tombstones for some of those quaint inscriptions that you will find there, in which our ancestors displayed a gift of humour that we do not now think suitable for such a place.

At times we may come across an inscription of historic value. Scratching with a rusty nail to clean the writing on a tomb, I found I had come across the grave of a famous headmaster of Eton who lived at the beginning of the last century and according to the inscription was the first to make Eton famous throughout the world. On consulting the dictionary of National Biography I found that this was true. Yet Eton College not many miles away had shown scant care for the grave of its distinguished Head and had long ago forgotten it.

In 1803 in this parish for the first time occurred what was then very unusual, viz.: a lady church warden. As I groped among the tombstones here I came quite by chance on her grave in the shadow of the porch.

How few people who look at a churchyard realise that the greater part of God's acre is always on the

# GOD'S ACRE

By the Rev. C. H. J. Grimes,  
Rector of Newton Ferrers

south side of the Church and on that side also stands the main Porch. There was a strong desire on the part of our ancestors to have their remains laid to rest on the sunny side. But we have the record of one old aristocrat who preferred to have his grave on the north side because he said there he would continue in death as in life to keep away from the crowd.

It is true however that up to the beginning of the last century the more important people had their graves beneath the floor of the Church and tombstones over them lying even with the floor. In some old churches these tombstones remain with the inscription on them still clear where it has not been worn away by the tread of people's feet. In such cases the graves of the clergy would be in the chancel and often those of the Patron and his family.

In most cases at a recent restoration these stones have been taken up and replaced by smooth tiles and put somewhere outside where the action of wind and weather rapidly causes the inscriptions to fade out. Here we have such a stone which goes back to 1620 but placed outside and subject to the elements in another 50 years no one will be able to read it. A more interesting stone we have attached now to an outside wall which apparently never had an inscription but which antiquarians tell us from its shape must go back at least to 1270. This confirms what the Bishop's Register also proves that we had a Church here in 1270 because at that date we have the account of the Induction of a Rector.

Thus the book and the stone bear one another out which is the surest foundation for history.

The beauty of our Churchyards is usually increased by the presence of noble trees many of a great age—since they are never cut down unless they



become a danger. Among these trees I like to see a beech because I remember that our word book is derived from the word beech. Early books were made from the bark of the beech and as the word Bible is literally the Book (in this case, the derivation being from the Greek) it seems right that the Bible and the Beech having such a close connexion they should both live in such close proximity to one another—the Bible, one of the main ornaments inside and the beech outside the church.

Nor is a churchyard complete without a yew—our churchyard has an avenue of them at the East End.

Many suggestions have been made as to why we always find a yew in a churchyard.

The common one is that when men fought with bows and arrows these were usually made from the wood of the yew and these yews were grown in Churchyards, because if grown in the fields around, the cattle might get at them and to eat them is fatal to cattle. So as no cattle were allowed in Churchyards, they could safely be grown there and there might be also the idea that because they were there, the farmers would be careful to see that their cattle did not stray there.

As by Royal Command the men of the village must practice shooting on Sundays and holidays it was necessary that each village should have a supply of yews.

Others maintain that the yews were planted as a protection to the Church against storms. The yew tree does not grow to a great height and is not easily uprooted by the storm and its wood being very hard, insects do not get into it and so cause it to decay as they do with many other trees.

Other reasons are given but I believe the true one to be that the yew being an evergreen and living to a great age, it became the symbol of immortality. This it was long before Christian times. It was thus a tree which even our forefathers in the time of the Druids treated with great reverence and loved to have the bodies of their friends laid to rest beneath its shade and somehow that feeling seems unconsciously to continue to our own times. For in our churchyard I find that the favourite spot for a grave is

beneath the shade of an evergreen tree.

There is another curious custom which we observed when levelling the ground of our churchyard viz. : that both sides of the main approach to the Church were lined with the graves of children—what idea lies behind this custom nor whether it is universal, I do not know.

Finally you will observe that I have been careful in writing this to avoid speaking of the burial of any person. I have instead spoken of the burial of their remains. I am too conscious of the remark of Socrates who, when his friends asked him where they should bury him, replied you must catch me first before you can bury me. Meaning of course that we cannot bury the person but only his body. Yet even in our church papers I read constantly of the burial of such and such a person being conducted by such and such a clergyman—yet there is no one, be he atheist, agnostic or much less a Christian, who really believes that the person can be buried.

True, this is only a manner of speech but it is time we tried to avoid such speech as it is a denial not only of the Christian Faith, but of the dignity of man as being the possessor of an immortal spirit.

*(Continued on page 55)*



Photo by

H. Marquis

Study of a Churchyard



# WEEKDAY PAGES for Women

with Homes



Photo by

Stanley Sowton

The Village Pump

## Monday's Washing.

**Parachute Silk.**—Has anyone found it difficult to iron parachute silk? I tried all ways, but whatever I did I could not get rid of the creases in it. In desperation I put some thin starch in it, ironed it wet, and the result was amazing: a lovely smooth finish.—MRS. WALKER.

**Ironing Board.**—For cover use men's long under-pants or pyjama legs. They can easily be pulled on and off, and are quickly replaced when soiled.—MRS. GRIFFITHS.

**When washing** small pieces, collars, cuffs, "fronts", etc., if these are all stitched together at a corner, they will be readily found in the washtub. This applies also to Baby's little socks and gloves.—MRS. REESE.

**Cardigan Washing.**—To prevent the back running up and the whole garment washing out of shape, fasten the bottom of the front and back together with 8 or 9 nipper pegs, and hang on a hanger. The garment can be washed as often as liked and it always keeps its shape.—MRS. PHILLIPS.

## Tuesday's Sewing.

**Oven cloth.**—Make one from the tops of discarded stockings. Cut off the tops

and open them at the seam, four or five layers stitched together and bound at the edges, with a loop at one of the corners to hang near the oven . . . or, these make very soft polishing pads and can easily be washed.—MRS. R. KING.

**Curtains.**—Don't throw away that old mattress if it has a nice looking tick. Unpick, wash and iron tick, and then get busy on the machine and you can make such a lovely strong pair of curtains that will last for years. The side panels make the fringe. I have just made some lovely curtains from two old shelter mattresses, one pair pink the other blue, and I am more than pleased with the result.—MRS. L. GREEN.

**Instead of loafah socks,** procure a straw fish or poultry bag. Cut out size required bind with  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch tape. First tack it round and then machine all round. These are very comfortable to wear and save one getting corns on soles of feet.—MRS. ELWELL.

**Don't throw away** the leatherette bands from old hats, stitch them round the inside of the leg bottoms of trousers. They prevent fraying and make the suit last longer.—MRS. EACOTT.

## Wednesday's Nursing.

**Ice.**—When ice is ordered for external use for an invalid and cannot be obtained, take equal quantities of milk and spirits of wine. Just soak a cloth in the liquid and apply it. This proves the coldest lotion you can have.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

**Tea.**—I always keep a jug in my kitchen which I fill with cold tea, renewing each time the tea-pot is emptied. By doing this I save blisters when I burn myself. It alleviates pain quickly if applied at once.—MRS. MITCHELL.

**Heat rash** can be soothed with a liberal application of calamine lotion. Do not expose the affected part until the condition has cleared. Sunshine is a tonic if enjoyed wisely and in moderation.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

## Thursday's Cooking.

With flavouring essences still expensive, why waste them and also frequently spoil dishes by using too much flavouring? Use a "Medicine Dropper" to ensure accurate measurement of amount required and prevent wastage.—MRS. G. BOLLEN.

**Egg Preserving.**—I have found a simple, cheap and very effective method of preserving eggs is to use borax. Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of borax (obtainable from chemist or grocer's) and scald with a gallon of boiling



water. Let it stand for two days before using. I have never had an egg wasted thus preserved.—NO NAME.

**Herring Roets.**—When you buy fresh herring roets, if you tip them straight into a colander and run very hot water over them it not only cleans them quickly, but part cooks them, so that they use less fat for frying. This can be done to liver too.—MRS. M. P. TAYLOR.

### Friday's Household.

*A good china cement* can be made by dissolving  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. of gum arabic in a wine glass of boiling water and adding just enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply to broken edges with a brush, press together hard, and secure with rubber band or string until bone dry.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

*Soft Egg.*—Recently, when I found that an egg I boiled was not sufficiently set, I placed it under the lighted grill for a few moments which had the same effect of setting the white without hardening as boiling would have done.—MRS. MCCULLEY.

*Modern light oak furniture* is apt to fade in patches. The best treatment is to remove the wax polish by rubbing with paraffin or white spirit, then sandpaper the surface carefully. A fairly weak potassium permanganate solution, followed by plain wax polishing, will give a good light finish which is quite resistant to the action of sunlight.—MRS. FOSTER.

*Turpentine.*—Sprinkled on carpets, heavy curtains, etc., is excellent for keeping moths away.—R. B. M.

### Saturday's Children.

*Bed Table for Small Patient.*—If you have a doll's bedstead (a bright one) use it right side up with a tray to fit. It will cheer up the little patient, also save things getting upset. It can also be used for writing and drawing.—MRS. MAULES.

*A Cot Frame.*—I find that the bottom of a utility cot—a wooden framework with wire, is ideal for fitting in a door to stop toddlers running in and out on rainy days. I merely had to nail pieces of wood on the frame of the door.—MRS. DANGERFIELD.

*Small Girl's Knickers.*—When worn between the legs, can have their life prolonged by being turned into panties. Remove gusset, and leg elastic, and rearrange with seams at sides instead of centre front and back. Join across bottom, slope off sides (cutting off worn part) and hem round leg openings.—MRS. B. DARLING.

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.

## God's Acre (Continued from page

The custom of laying flowers upon the grave is a very old one. Some years ago when I was in charge of the English Church at Ypres it was my work to visit the cemeteries kept up by the War Graves Commission in Belgium and the North of France. On each grave the gardeners had planted some flowers, roses, geraniums, crocuses, daffodils, etc. I cannot but think that to plant such flowers and to care for them is far better than to lay fresh flowers each week which in a few days look dead and untidy and then when as must be the case there is no longer anyone to lay further flowers on the grave, if the rose or whatever flower it is, has been well planted—it will still continue untended to mark the grave and further how much more beautiful our churchyards would now be than they are, if such a custom had prevailed say for fifty years. Thus by planting these flowers we honour our friend and we do a service to the community.

A predecessor of mine who planted a number of wild cyclamen in our Churchyard has earned the thanks of many hundreds, nay thousands, of visitors to it.



Photo by H. G. Granger, F.R.P.S.  
A Giant Sundial



# Church News and Views

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

always been regarded from ancient times as a "harbour of refuge for those in need."—THE REV. C. T. SPURLING.

## Six plus Six.

THE following may interest your readers. After some years' teaching at Henley-on-Thames Grammar School I decided to go back to parochial work and went to get my Letters Testimonial signed by the Rector, Canon A. E. Dams. He said: "I am one of six brothers in the ministry and I am sure those of us in parochial work are happiest. I hope you will be." I replied: "I, too, am one of six brothers in the ministry." I then told him my father, and three uncles, one an archdeacon and another a canon, were clergy, and my youngest sister had married the Rev. Bryan S. Green.—THE REV. J. STACEY BEVAN.

## Stained Glass Choir.

IN Drayton Church, Somerset, is a lovely and unusual scene in a stained glass window showing three surpliced choir-boys singing to the accompaniment of their organist.—J. D. ROBINSON.



## A Movable Holy Table.

IN the North-west of Essex, the little town of Newport, not far from Saffron Walden, has in its fine old church a unique treasure—a portable Holy Table, 700 years old. In appearance it resembles a large chest with a lid which opens. On its inside are five panels, painted in oils. Three bands of carving, also painted, adorn the front. Handles are provided to enable it to be carried for use on battlefield and in camp.—STANILAND PUGH.

## Five Generations.

FIVE generations of my family have been connected with the music of our village church at Kincote. Great grandfather played the violin before an organ was installed, his daughters sang in the choir, and their sons and daughters did likewise. Now, my sister is singing and my niece plays the organ for Children's Services.—MRS. M. HOUGHTON.

## Bird's Nest Lectern.

I THINK I have discovered a unique lectern in Newchurch, Isle of Wight. It has a nest with mother and young, instead of the usual eagle.—MRS. RALFE.

## A Tramp's Carving.

BENEATH a chancel window in the ancient church of Combyne in South Devon there stands a small figure of the Boy Christ carved from a single piece of wood by a tramp off the road. A note attached informs us that it came from the Home of St. Francis at Cerne Abbey, and it is appropriate that his work should find a home in this church, which has



Choir Practice in Stained Glass





### An Angel Font.

**F**IFTY years ago St. Luke's Church was built at Slyne-with-Hest as a chapel of ease to the parish church of Bolton-le-Sands. In its south-west corner stands a beautiful white marble font, the gift of M. Bennett of Slyne House. This beautiful font, consisting of a large scallop shell held by an angel on a raised pedestal, is very similar in design to the one in the all marble Memorial Church of Bodewyddan near the Cathedral of St. Asaph in North Wales. There the font is also a white marble scallop shell but it is held by two children, modelled from life, the Misses Willoughby.—T. PAPE.

### Lived 113 Years.

**T**HE following is inscribed on a memorial stone on the south wall of the very beautiful old church in Boxford, Suffolk: In memory of Elizabeth Hyam, of this parish, for the 4th time widow, who by a fall that brought on a mortification, was at the last hastened to her End, on the 4th of May, 1748, in her 113th year.—MISS M. R. MUSGRAVE.

### Pilfering Souvenirs.

**T**HOUGH it is doubtful whether the granite block, weighing 10 tons, in the cemetery near Down Cathedral, marks the grave of St. Patrick, his name is engraved on it and the saint's cross.

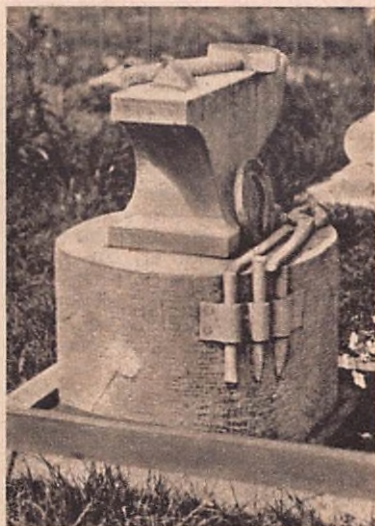
What is certain is that it is a disgrace that holiday pilferers have reduced the headstone to a shadow of its original size, and only the first three letters of the Saint's name can now be seen. The stone has even been undermined to get a handful of soil!—E. V. MALONE.

### The Deaf may hear.

**I**N order that people all over the church may hear the service clearly, an amplifier has recently been installed in Diss Church, Norfolk. And as a help to deaf people, who often miss a lot of the service, separate earphones are provided. Members of the congregation who wish to use these earphones are shown privately how they work so they can use them to the best advantage during the service. This has proved a boon to many deaf people.—MISS M. WRIGHT.

### Blacksmith's Memorial.

**I**N the churchyard at Headcorn, in Kent is a particularly interesting memorial to the village blacksmith. What more fitting memorial to a craftsman than one showing the tools with which he worked during his lifetime, tools with which he fashioned work in iron and other metals, some of which would still be in use long after their maker had passed on. This interesting memorial shows the various tools of the blacksmith:—anvil, adze, chisels, hammer, tongs and punches and a horseshoe, all beautifully arranged in stone to form a fitting monument to a village craftsman.—E. J. ELPHICK.



Blacksmith's Memorial



# The Dividing Line

The strange story  
of a feud

By V. M. Methley

## IX. "Ask a Policeman"

"OH, you little silly!" Dick laughed again indulgently. "Come and look at this one properly—there's a most magnificent sort of palm tree."

"With such fat cones—what beauties! And here's a—Oh!"

She twisted round quickly as a hand was laid heavily upon her shoulder, and a sharp official voice barked out:—

"I arrest you, Ray Chicksand and Richard Blackett, on a charge of conspiracy and fraud."

"What the—why, you old rotter! You quite startled me for a minute."

Dick, who had swung round angrily on the newcomer, burst into a shout of laughter, at sight of the tall, well-set-up young man who stood behind them.

His likeness to Ray was so unmistakable that their relationship could easily be guessed. Detective-Sergeant Roy Chicksand was, in fact, Ray's only brother and, as she proudly considered, a credit to the family—also the Criminal Investigation Department, where he was already well on the way to further promotion.

"What on earth are you doing here, Roy?" Dick asked. "I didn't know you went in for the fine arts."

"I'm not particularly interested, though there are beautiful things here, I can see. But, as a matter of fact, I'm on duty, to keep an eye on the exhibits. It's a valuable collection, as of course you know, and the authorities asked the Yard to send a few of us to stand by, in an unostentatious way."

"So you're just a plain-clothes sleuth, masquerading as the perfect gent," Dick said. "Thought you were over in the States, though."

"Only been back a week. And so Aunt Susie tells me you two have fixed things up in my absence. Congratulations to both—I don't know

which deserves them most."

"Me!" the two spoke simultaneously and Roy laughed.

"Well, if both of you are satisfied, that's all right. Hallo, duty calls! I see a couple of fellows over there, whom I fancy I recognise—I must do a quiet bit of investigation."

His trim grey-clad figure vanished unobtrusively into the crowd: Dick and Ray looked at each other and laughed.

"Dear old Roy!" Ray said.

"A real good sort," Dick agreed. "I wonder who it was he spotted.—Why, they've gone!"

"Oh, not Roy's victims! Only I thought I caught a glimpse of Edelston and Carmel and I wanted to introduce you. But they seem to have disappeared."

## X. "Not fit to be seen"

After a rapid search through the Exhibition rooms, Dick returned to Ray.

"Can't find the fellows anywhere," he said disappointedly "Funny, because we fixed up to meet here this evening."

"Well, we can't wait any longer: They're closing the doors," Ray announced. "I'd hoped Roy would come back, but it's no use expecting sociability from that boy when he's on duty."

"N-no," Dick's thoughts were plainly elsewhere. "Oh, by the way, when will Lady Corlet's carpet be on view in the Church? I promised Edelston I'd take him to see it. Naturally he's interested: I told him what a fine specimen it was."

"The Dedication Service is Wednesday week, but I expect the carpet will be put down a day or two beforehand. And the Church is always open."

"Good!" Dick made an entry in his notebook. "I must 'phone Edelston, although I'll be seeing him soon anyway. He told me they will have a particularly good consignment of rugs shortly and they'd let me have the first refusal for M. and O. Isn't it decent of them? Really, it was a great stroke of luck when I met those chaps."

"It certainly was," Ray said warmly. "If only things were happier with your mother, I'd be quite satisfied."

"Oh, I'll bring her round in time,"



Dick declared optimistically. "Don't worry, dear."

"I try not to—but Aunt Susie gets so depressed. She blames herself for everything, poor dear!"

"She'd too soft-hearted. You have to stand up to mother," Dick said. "That's why I've kept away from Peace Pleasance since she ordered us off the premises. Give her time to cool down!"

One result of this conversation was to fluster Miss Chicksand very considerably a week later.

It was the day before the Dedication service, and Susan was very busy in the Church. Lady Corlet's carpet had been laid down only that morning, and this had meant a general and thorough clean-up.

The charwoman had left an hour before, but Susan found plenty to do in the way of polishing and last minute preparations.

All was finished now and she stood at the Chancel entrance admiring the new carpet.

How beautiful it looked, with its thick silken pile, the blue, rose-pink and dark green colouring glowing in the sunset light which streamed in through the open door. That blue, green and pink was repeated in the splendid delphiniums brought by Lady Corlet for the service, which Susan had arranged with such loving care in the vases and massed on each side of the steps.

She stooped to gather up a few fallen petals, just as steps sounded on the pavement outside the church.

Susan hurriedly retreated into the vestry, carrying her cleaning materials. Safely out of sight, she surveyed the newcomers, through the partly open door.

"Why, it's Dick!" she thought. "He's brought some friends to see the carpet. That shows how much he thinks of it. It makes me feel quite proud!"

She watched the movements of the two strangers with that glow of pride.

"I do wish I could hear what they are saying," she thought. "But I couldn't face anybody looking such a scarecrow. I'm not fit to be seen!"

Susan gazed regretfully at her dirty hands, conscious too of the black smear on her face, left there when she

tried to push back her straggling hair with those grimy fingers.

"Dick would be ashamed of me," she sighed. "And anyway I can see they admire the carpet. Why, the fat one has gone down on his knees to look at it with a magnifying-glass. The thin one seems more interested in the church. What a pity I can't show him the Hollingsgate Tomb and the old plate. He's looking at the Vicar's leaflets now."

Until they left, ten minutes later, Susan watched every movement of the visitors, strained her ears to hear the low-toned conversation between them and Dick. The thin stranger had pocketed a leaflet: perhaps he would send a subscription in answer to Mr. Holford's appeal.

She could not catch much of what they said: only enough to know that they were praising the carpet, calling it "Superb!"—"A beautiful specimen."

Well, that was satisfactory—and how pleased Lady Corlet would be to hear these expert opinions. She should be told before or after tomorrow's ceremony.

"So lucky that I was here this afternoon, even if I wasn't fit to be seen," sighed Susan contentedly, as she stowed away her cleaning materials and set off for Peace Pleasance—and tea.

## XI. "The Dedication Service"

"Some people think themselves very important today, dressing-up to go into High Society!"

Jane Blackett's voice, shrill with angry bitterness, penetrated—as she certainly intended it should—through the open window overhead, near which Susan Chicksand was, at that moment, completing her toilet, for that afternoon's Dedication Service.

Mrs. Blackett had seized the opportunity to shake her mop, when Mrs. Dobbs was sweeping the crazy pavement outside No. 8. They stood now, leaning on their respective household implements, exchanging confidences.

"Is that this affair at the Church?" enquired Mrs. Dobbs. "I s'pose anyone can go, can't they—not only 'er?"

"Oh, yes, to the Service. It's the tea-party afterwards, at her Lady-



ship's—that's what we're so grand about!" Mrs. Blackett sneered.

"Lidy Corlet, you mean? She's ever such a nice lidy, isn't she?" Mrs. Dobbs ventured diffidently.

"For those who like being patronised—some *do!*" snapped Jane venomously.

"I s'pose on'y a few was asked to tea, special friends like, though I'd think you'd as good a right—"

"Oh, I had an invite." Mrs. Blackett tossed her dust-capped head. "But I wouldn't demean myself by going—not I! I'm particular who I meet, thank you! I'd rather keep myself *to* myself."

"Yes, that's 'ow I feel—ever so keen on self-respect an' all that," Mrs. Dobbs sympathised. "Miss Chicksand's very friendly with Lidy Corlet, isn't she?"

"Friendly! She was a servant there, if that's what you mean, her Ladyship's maid—and now she's just made a convenience of, if you ask me! But Susan Chicksand never had no proper pride—she always was a boot-licker!"

The unseen listener in the room above paused with flushed cheeks and tear-filled eyes in the act of putting on her hat.

"Oh, I can't bear it! It's cruel of Jane to speak of me like that. I don't know how she can."

For a moment Susan was tempted to lean out of the window, to answer back. But what was the use? Her tongue was no match for Jane's as a weapon, either of offence or defence. She'd only begin to cry: then they'd sneer at her all the more. And she mustn't make a fright of herself to-day, just when she wanted to look and feel her best.

"Goodness! It was more than half-past twelve and Ray would be waiting for her at the *Cosy* café in fifteen minutes. It was Ray's treat, that lunch before the Service: she had taken a half-day off on purpose.

"I mustn't keep the dear child waiting," Susan thought, hastily wiping her eyes and smoothing back the soft wisp of hair, which insisted on escaping from under her hat.

Moisture still blurred the reflection in the looking-glass and her fingers shook as she gathered up gloves and bag. But she longed to get away out of

hearing of those speakers under the window, before her enjoyment of this long-looked-for day should be quite spoiled.

Ray's first words were discomposing.

"What's the matter, Auntie, darling? You've been crying."

"I—I hoped you wouldn't notice," Miss Chicksand faltered. "It was only—"

At the end of her story, Ray nodded. "It's as I said before, darling—just jealousy, sour grapes making Aunt Jane so sour. She'd love to be coming too."

"Do you really think so? Well, that's a bit of comfort," Susan blinked uncertainly.

"She'd be more furious than ever if she knew Dick was coming," Ray laughed.

"Oh, is he, dear? I'm so glad."

"Yes, for a little bit, anyway—Lady Corlet asked him especially, though he can't stay long. He couldn't even get away for lunch with us. Never mind, we can enjoy ourselves without any men, can't we, darling?"

Ray rattled on, giving her aunt time to recover and display a genuine, if rather watery smile, as the girl picked out a pleasant corner table and ordered their meal.

"We've plenty of time to linger over it comfortably: that's always a treat for me," she declared. "Let's see—chicken, I think, and salad, then strawberry flan and ices."

"It's a regular feast, dear," beamed Miss Chicksand. "If only Jane—"

"Don't even think of her! It'll turn the ices sour. Let's talk of something pleasanter—ourselves, for instance."

The lunch was a great success and the afternoon's ceremony even more beautiful than Susan had hoped and expected.

The special music, the masses of flowers, the Bishop's address, in which he spoke of Solomon's temple and the glory of its ornaments, the honour of beautifying the church—all this, for Susan, centred round the carpet which Lady Corlet, her own friend, had given to St. Bartholomew's.

Afterwards, under the ancient yew-tree in the old churchyard, a happy little group, almost like a family party, centred round Lady Corlet, whose



kind face beamed with satisfaction. "Didn't it all go off splendidly!" she cried. "The dear Bishop—and you read the lessons so beautifully, Mr. Holford.—The music, too—was lovely, and you'd done the flowers so charmingly, Susan dear. I feel so happy about it—so pleased to see you all—and did anybody notice my hat? New for the great occasion, and I really do think it suits me!"

Her pleasure was infectious, as she turned, smiling, from one person to another.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Blackett—you were so good about judging and valuing the carpet.—And here's the Vicar, looking as if he'd found a gold-mine!"

"Indeed, I feel like it!" Mr. Holford declared warmly. "This is a wonderful gift of yours to our dear old Church—I'm so proud of and for her in this new beauty."

"So am I—so am I—and now come along, all of you, to my place.—Let me take your arm, Susan my dear:

I'm a bit tired—and how nice you look!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be getting back to work, Lady Corlet," Dick Blackett said. "Only wish I could take a bit more time off—but that's what it is to be a labouring-man, eh, Ray? Oh, I say, Mr. Holford, don't forget to put through that insurance for the carpet: it ought to be done as soon as possible, you know."

"Yes, yes, I will: I'll speak to the Wardens, today. Thanks for the reminder, Mr. Blackett: I'm sure I don't know what we should have done without you!"

"Nice that they should feel like that," Dick Blackett thought, as he turned away from the church, to return to Merthyr and Owens.

He felt a comfortable warmth of self-satisfaction as he strode along: it was pleasant to be looked-up to, to help people. Curious that he hadn't realized that he could do a good turn to the Church before.

*(To be continued)*

## PETER PAN

*By the Rev. Fenton Morley, B.D.*

**M**OST of us grow old more reluctantly than gracefully. In spite of all the advice on the subject we tend to resent the way in which the advance of time brings us new twinges and deeper wrinkles—and generally slows us down. But it's a universal complaint and perhaps that is why ever since the days of Greek mythology man has clung to a dream picture of that eternal youth whom Barrie showed us in Peter Pan.

Usually people face up to the fact that this everlasting childhood is only a dream, after all, and reconcile themselves to the need for growing up and for growing old. They find compensation in the way in which every stage in a man's life brings with it changes of opportunities as well as of responsibilities, of tastes as well as pleasures. And we learn to respond to these changes. But some of us don't. And they are those strange Peter Pan people who never let themselves grow up.

Of course there is a sense in which it is true to say that none of us really grows up at all. Many important parts of our character and personality are formed in childhood and remain more or less constant. And often we tend to cling to the things of our childhood and to the people who were our contemporaries then, because we find a certain security in the things and people with whom we have always been familiar.

But the Peter Pan folk never go on from that stage however old their bodies become. They are reluctant to leave the protection of childhood and to accept the responsibilities of new human relationships and occupations. And so they drift in and out of temporary friendships, from one job to another, restlessly turning from one toy to another and always at the mercy of their own emotions.

Such people are like the Peter Pan of the pantomime—surprisingly irresponsible in their attitude towards



other people and towards life. They are utterly ruthless in their selfishness and self-centredness for they are quite convinced that the whole world revolves around them and owes them a living.

Naturally their role in the community is a butterfly one. Like the lilies of the Sermon on the Mount, they toil not neither do they spin—and one must grant that, in small doses, their egoism can be rather amusing. But they can be such bores and one can get very tired of their sit-on-the-fence attitude towards life, their complete refusal to play a part in any worth-while activity and their utter unreliability in any time of crisis.

These flimsy people, like Peter in the play, cast no shadow of influence on the lives of others except by their wilful destructiveness. And so they become rather pathetic and lonely people. When they themselves come to the valley of the shadows of anxiety and loneliness they are the most lost of all men. They are children crying in the dark—and yet they are more childish than childlike.

That difference is very important. For when Christ urged us to become childlike in heart and life, He did not mean that we should be childish in our self-absorption and in refusal to grow up and play a man's part in the world. He wanted us to grow up in every good sense of the word and at the same time to retain those values which we began to understand as children and which we appreciate to the full as children of God. They are things like that childlike trust in people which usually wins a response from them—and a child's generosity with his affection, his purity of heart and his essential optimism which finds Today very good and believes that Tomorrow may be even better. All these are linked with that unquestioning trust in God which a child would never lose were it not for the influence of others later in his life.

Thus it is that we have that strange paradox in human nature. On the one hand if a person really grows up to the full stature of adult manhood with a real sense of responsibility towards God and his neighbour, he somehow remains essentially childlike in his sincerity, his vision and his love. On

the other hand if the refuses to grow up in mind and soul as well as body, he remains merely childish in his irresponsibility and self-centredness. The two aspects of child-likeness are in each one of us. It is only when the first predominates that we can attain that essential happiness of which Christ spoke when He said "Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." That is why God's saints in every age have grown richer in wisdom and in love as they grew older in years—and yet seem to have learned the secret of perpetual youth.

### CLOUDS

*What makes these tumbling shapes  
So lovely as they sail  
And turns their peaks and capes  
Into a fairytale?*

*Oh tell me someone pray,  
Who knows about these things,  
Why when clouds drift away  
Their sight such sadness brings?*

*So pure they cannot last!  
So high they cannot stay!  
Clouds that go floating past  
Upon the drowsy day.*

OWEN HAMILTON

## Bible Puzzle Corner

(Solution on page 49)





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## PAROCHIALIA

**THE CHURCHYARD.** I had hoped that this year we should be able to afford some extra help to enable us to keep the grounds in order. Our groundsman and grave-digger has so many interruptions to his work in digging graves that we must some day find more help in addition to that given by the Verger. But unfortunately, we have such heavy commitments in so many ways, that any extra funds we can raise this year will be needed for other urgent requirements, so that I am obliged to call on you all for help once more. The Parochial Church Council has appointed a Committee with powers to co-opt, and I expect that they will proceed upon the same plan as last year. I am, therefore, inviting the various bodies who were responsible for the various parts last year, to continue their responsibilities for me this year. I feel sure that they will agree to do so. Spring is a busy time in our own gardens, but if only we can get down to it quickly when the first growth starts, we shall not have the heavy burden of work later on. It is easier to prevent a mess than to clear it up later. Also we shall the more readily reap the fruits of our labours of last year. So please, dear people, give some of your time. I hope that this year the rest of the congregation will not be so utterly feeble as they were last year. The special bodies did nobly with one or two exceptions, but the rest of the congregation, except for a minute number of people, never offered.

We have been most fortunate in that Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Griffiths have offered to give us quantities of boiler ashes to re-lay our paths. The work has already started and when the paths are laid and rolled it will make an immense difference to the whole appearance of the grave yard. When Mr. Brown, my warden, told me of the suggestion I was delighted, but I had no idea that the effect would be so good. For you and for myself I thank Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths most heartily.

While I am writing of the graveyard I must mention a matter which has been in my mind for some time. I wonder if people who have the bodies of their dear ones cremated realise that it is possible for them to bring the ashes back to rest in the church yard. If they have a grave here the ashes can well be laid in the family grave, or scattered on it. I think that if people know this, it will appeal to them more than leaving the ashes in some remote spot which means little to them. The names of the departed can then be inscribed on the old gravestone, or if a plot of ground is retained, a gravestone can be erected in the usual way. This to me is infinitely preferable to laying the ashes to rest in a city burial place with which one has no particular links, and having the name inscribed on the walls of a city crematorium. I have ideas some day of making a garden of rest here when we can afford it, so that we may be able to bring the ashes home, but meanwhile I want you to know that you can bury the ashes here in a grave which already is in your family, or you can obtain a grave for the ashes of your family—a family grave.

**SPECIAL PREACHERS IN APRIL.** Mr. J. C. Rock of the Industrial Christian Fellowship is to be with us on Sunday, 8th April, at 6.30 p.m. He wants to visit the Youth Fellowship again. Those of us who heard him last time speak about Christianity and Communism will look forward to hearing him again. On Sunday, 15th April, we have Dr. Broomfield coming for the whole day to tell us about the work of the Universities Mission in Central Africa. I am told that Dr. Broomfield is one of the great men of the Church in our generation. I look forward to welcoming him here with us.

On 29th April, Mr. Gilbert Cope, who is getting well-known to us, and helps me so much now that I am without a curate, is coming to take charge for the



whole day. That week-end my wife and I are going back to pay our first visit together to our old church in Wimbledon, which will be a great delight for us.

**CHOIR SUPPER.** Mr. Davies, our organist, the choir, and I wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Porter, and the ladies who helped her, Mrs. Higgs and Mrs. King (Junior) for the splendid choir supper they provided for us and our wives. We are most grateful to them for doing all they did for us. It was a marvellous meal and we thoroughly enjoyed it; and the games which followed.

**A NOTE ON THE "DUPLEX SYSTEM" FOR S. ANNE'S AND THE EPIPHANY AND AGAIN FOR THE PARISH CHURCH.** In introducing this system the Parish Church immediately increased her income by £500 a year, which proves that it is a method of donation which is suitable to this area.

1. It supports the church at home and overseas. A church which is not missionary-minded is dead.
2. The donor must decide with prayer and thought what part of his wage he can give to God. There is no haphazard giving. He allocates so much per week to the Church's work. This he puts into an envelope with two sections, one for home church, one for church extension. If he misses church he must still fill the envelope for that Sunday. So the church suffers no loss if he is ill or on holiday, etc.
3. It gives the church a guaranteed income upon which to work and plan, therefore she can plan intelligently.
4. If anyone is paying 9/- in the £1 income tax, they can, by making a covenant of gift, recover the tax from the Inland Revenue, and so almost double the gift to the church. In July the Mother Church will receive over £200 from such Covenant rebates. So, without any extra cost to themselves, they can greatly benefit their church.

Since we introduced the Duplex in the Parish Church last July, there have been a considerable number of new enrolments in the electoral roll. I should like to see a system working in all three churches whereby a newly-enrolled member receives a personal visit and invitation to join the fund. In time it will come. Any good churchman or churchwoman who takes the trouble to enrol in the fellowship of a church will not mind being invited to join in the financial support of that church, according to its customs. There is something radically wrong with members of a community, who, when their councils and leaders have decided on a course of action, refuse to support it. It is such lack of loyalty which is weakening our beloved country at the moment; God forbid that it should corrupt the heart of His Church.

**FOR WEST HEATH.** We had the dirtiest night of this terrible winter for our meeting, and many people would have been present who could not get there. I found it harder to reach home than to get to the Hall. However, the meeting was well worth while, and the newly elected Committee is a good mixture of different schools of thought in the congregation. Mr. Ward will continue as my Warden. In the short time he has held office he has given me great help. I feel that many, to whom he was a stranger when appointed, are now beginning to regard him as a friend, and to appreciate his welcome at the door. Mr. Cotterill is our People's Warden and has had good experience as a warden of the church. Mr. Hartless, at our first Pro-council meeting soon gave proof of how fortunate we are to have him for our new Secretary.

Mr. E. J. Ward is the new Treasurer, and as such will be in charge of launching the Duplex System of donation in the Church. I feel that in our new Pro-council we have a body who will be keenly zealous for the welfare of the church, and for forwarding the work of God at West Heath.

Although she could not be present because of the awful night, and recent illness, which I am glad to say is clearing up, we all felt the presence of Mrs. France with us. At my request she gave up her secretaryship so that someone else might have an opportunity to hold office. I know how she loves all work connected with the church, and am happy to say that she is to continue as our Hall Manager. I thank her for all she has done as Secretary of the Pro-council, and I am so delighted to see her, who represents the past history of S. Anne's so much, standing beside Mrs. Davies, in building up the Mothers' Fellowship, one of the mainstays of our future progress.

**FOR TURVES GREEN.** Our annual meeting went off in the usual happy atmosphere that marks proceedings at the Church of the Epiphany. I was delighted with the attendance and I felt that we formed a Pro-council that will do great service. Mr. Dudley will continue to act as my Warden, I am pleased to say. Mr. McCracken was most popularly elected People's Warden. Mr. Smith felt that he was often not well enough to be present to see to his duties as People's Warden, and with his keen sense of perfection, would not continue to hold office, unless he could do it in its fullness. I could see his wife looking anxious lest we should endeavour to press him to continue, when she felt that he needs rest. How splendidly he has served his church. I have known him only two years and recognised at once in him a churchman of absolute devotion and integrity. I think Mr. McCracken feels helped to know that Mr. Smith is around the corner to lend a hand with the accounts if necessary.

At the first meeting of the Pro-council Mr. Pickersgill consented to act as Duplex Officer, and it was agreed that we should adopt this method of donation in the Church. Miss Smith is continuing to act as Secretary to the Council. How lucky we are to have someone with her business ability in that office.

Mrs. Tristram has said that she will act as Magazine Secretary for The Church of the Epiphany. The distribution is pathetically small for such a large area, and I should like to see a complete new canvass carried out. I am sure it would raise the numbers considerably. I feel that Mrs. Tristram will be calling to herself some of her fellow workers and getting down to it.

**OBITUARY.** It is with regret I write of the death of Mr. A. F. Townsend, of Westhill Road. He was one of those churchmen who are always quietly and unobtrusively supporting their church. He had, more than most men I know, that quietness of personality, which speaks to me of the peace of God, which passes our understanding. I shall miss his quiet presence among us more than I can say. We send our sympathy to Mrs. Townsend and to her sons in their bereavement.

#### PREACHERS FOR APRIL

##### PARISH CHURCH:

11.0 a.m.—1st April, The Vicar; 8th April, The Vicar; 15th April, Dr. Broomfield (U.M.C.A.); 22nd April, The Vicar; 29th April, The Rev. G. Cope.

6.30 p.m.—1st April, The Vicar; 8th April, Mr. J. C. Rock, of the Industrial Christian Fellowship; 15th April, Dr. Broomfield (U.M.C.A.); 22nd April, The Vicar; 29th April, Rev. G. Cope.



## HELP ! HELP ! HOUSEWIVES AND MEN SPRING CLEAN WITH ZEST !

A Jumble Sale will be held on Friday, 6th April, at 7 p.m. at the Saracen's Head, to provide funds for the purchase of cassocks and surplices for the Choir.

A big sum of money is required so will you, one and all, kindly remember you when Spring Cleaning? Please turn out those clothes (fashions change you know), your pots, pans, kettles, chairs, toys and ornaments; you won't have half so much dusting, you know. MEN, turn out your toolsheds, garages, etc., and how about the factory? Aren't there any seconds goods, you'd be glad to be rid of? This Jumble Sale must be a bumper one, so do help us! For collection, send a postcard to E. G. Packwood, 65 Blenheim Road, Birmingham 13, or ring SOU 1164.

## SCOUT "BOB-A-JOB" WEEK

During the week after Easter, Scouts throughout the country aim to earn money for the movement and for their own troop by doing odd jobs. If you have work of any kind to be done, the 1st S. Nicolas Scouts will be very pleased to hear from you, and if Scouts in uniform, or wearing the Scout badge, call on you, we hope they will be sympathetically received.

## CRICKET

We have again accepted the Youth Fellowship's proposal that another cricket match be played in the summer, preferably on a Saturday. Will those interested please attend a meeting at the Saracens Head on Thursday, 19th April, at 8.15 p.m.—A.J.S.

## K.N.Y.F.

The most outstanding evening during February was the great success of our Valentine Dance; we had the biggest crowd ever and I think everyone enjoyed themselves, including our visitors from varied clubs and organisations.

As our other meetings have taken place after the Lenten Services and have therefore been much shorter, we have had programmes such as "We beg to Differ" and "Twenty Questions" in which every club member could take part.

With regard to the sports side of the club, our hockey team beat St. Lawrence's 5-0, football team beat a team from Birmingham University 7-2, while we lost to The Epiphany at snooker, billiards and table tennis.—D.S.

## HYMNS, PSALMS

1st April—

Morning:	137,	500,	133,	138,	Ps. 57
Evening:	197,	127,	135,	138,	Ps. 103

8th April—

Morning:	132,	334,	140,	126 Pt. I,	Ps. 121
Evening:	129,	230,	522,	222,	Ps. 65

15th April—

Morning:	235,	308,	360,	126 Pt. II,	Psa. 126
Evening:	242,	333,	438,	358,	Ps. 81

22nd April—

Morning:	180,	540,	548,	126 Pt. III,	Ps. 128.
Evening:	529,	177,	266,	21,	Ps. 146

29th April—

Morning:	143,	217,	290,	379,	Ps. 132
Evening:	196,	281,	383,	179,	Ps. 107, vv. 1-15.

## LOOKING BACK. By AN OLD CHORISTER—Continued

Just above Sharpe's cottage and lying back from Brandwood Road, stood a fine old residence, facing south, and situated amongst beautiful grounds. This was called "Brandwood Grange," and at one time, Mr. Sharpe was employed here as a gardener. There was a large glass verandah around the front of this house and the entrance gate to the drive was situated at the top of the little hill called South Hill. I understand from Mr. D. J. Hadley, our churchwarden, that his grandfather, Mr. Hammond, resided at this house up to 1904, but I cannot remember the names of other occupiers, except the Wright family. For some years it remained empty and gradually fell into decay and was finally demolished when modern houses were built on this site. The farm above, now called "South Hill Kennels," was at one time occupied by the late Mr. Boffey. A little higher up from this farm, is "West Hill House," once owned by Mr. F. B. Yates, and for some considerable time now has been the home of Councillor H. E. Goodby. The house on the opposite side of the road called "The Firs" was the only house on that side for many years, until the owner, Mr. Harris, a builder, decided to erect a small estate at the side and rear of this house. During the 1914-18 war, an anti-aircraft gun and searchlight were erected on the site where Wyche Avenue stands to-day. I can remember them coming into action during the Zeppelin air raid on the Austin Motor Works towards the end of that war. Fortunately there have been no buildings erected on the opposite side of the road to spoil the excellent views across to our village and the Lickey Hills beyond. At one time there was a public footpath through the fields here leading to the towpath of the canal below, and many people used it as a "short cut" to Lifford. Higher up the road is "Belle Vue," occupied at the present time by Messrs. Wormell, Slate and Tile Marchants. This was a doctor's residence during the early part of the 1914-18 war and later on became a Nurses's Hostel for the nursing staff employed at the Military Hospital at Monyhull. "Brandwood House" which comes next on this side of the road has seen many changes in latter years. Besides being a private residence, it has been a Golf Club House and is now a T.A. Barracks. The Yarningale Road estate is now built on the beautiful park land that surrounded this fine old house. When my family went to live in Woodthorpe Road in 1913, this road had the appearance of a country lane in those days. There were corn-fields on both corners leading from Brandwood Road, and lower down too, where Hannon Road is to-day. Brandwood End Cemetery, which occupies about 50 acres of land extending back to Broad Lane, was only partly developed at that time. Mr. Cooper was in charge then, and I can remember that during the awful influenza epidemic in 1917, our clergy were obliged to spend whole days at a time here, conducting the many funerals brought into the cemetery during the epidemic which swept through the whole of the country.

The stonemason's yard belonged to Remington's at one time and the late Mr. H. L. Marks took over this business after leaving premises at Lifford. Mustin's Nurseries were established then, but not so extensive as at present. Below here was a farm occupied by the Maiden family, but a few years ago it was taken down and houses built on the site. Just recently the other farm in the road, which belonged to the Greves family for many years, suffered the same fate, making way for a new housing estate which will extend to Broad Lane. Certainly this side of our parish is growing rapidly and has changed considerably during the last thirty years.—C. A. P. ROGERS. *(To be continued)*



# DAUGHTER CHURCHES

## S. ANNE'S

THE ANNUAL MEETING was held in the Church Hall on Monday, 12th February.

The Vicar was in the Chair.

The results of the elections were as follows:

*Council*—Miss Harper, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Palk, Mrs. Banbury, Mrs. Creaton, Mrs. Davis, Mr. Hartless, Mr. Wood, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Sansome, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Matthews.

*Sidesmen*—Mr. Banbury, Mr. Ford, Mr. Ferrol, Mr. Austin, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. H. Hemming, Mr. J. Cottrell, Mr. Brierley, Mr. Sansome and Mr. Wheeler.

The Vicar appointed Mr. Ward as his Warden and Mr. Cottrell was elected as People's Warden.

*Kings Norton P.P.C. Representative*—Mr. C. Hartless.

**S. ANNE'S MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP.** It is with great pleasure that we announce that Mrs. William Cadbury has kindly consented to become our President. She will be present at our *Enrolling Service*, which will take place on 12th April at 2.45 p.m. in the Church, and will say a few words to us in the Club Room afterwards.

Many of you will remember with keen interest, the demonstration given by the four children from the Blind School last Autumn. We have been able to arrange a visit to the School, and they are organising a Concert especially for our Fellowship. This will be on 26th April at 6 p.m.

### PREACHERS FOR APRIL—

6.30 p.m.—1st April, Rev. G. Cope; 8th April, Mr. B. T. Firkins; 15th April, Mr. R. Canning; 22nd April, Mr. B. T. Firkins; 29th April, Mr. I. Cooke.

**ALTAR FLOWER ROTA.**—1st April, Mrs. Boulter, 8th April, Mrs. Allardeyne; 15th April, Mrs. Brooks; 22nd April, Mrs. Beasley; 29th April, Mrs. Magregor.

## THE EPIPHANY

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.**—The Annual General Meeting of the Church of the Epiphany was held on 13th February, in the Church Hall. In spite of the inclement weather, about thirty members attended, and the business of the meeting was carried out in a warm and friendly atmosphere, helped along with a cup of tea at half-time.

Mr. W. Smith presented the accounts in a very clear and concise fashion; it was with regret that members learned of Mr. Smith's decision to give up his work as People's Warden, because of poor health, and grateful thanks were tendered to him for all his work during the past years.

The Vicar asked Mr. C. Dudley to continue to act as Vicar's Warden, and Mr. J. E. McCracken was elected as People's Warden.

Sufficient nominations for Council Members were received to make it necessary to hold a ballot, and the following were duly elected to the Council: Mrs. Field, Mrs. R. Mercer, Mr. J. Middleton, Mr. N. Pickersgill, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Miss B. A. Smith, Mrs. Titcombe, Mr. B. J. Tristram and Mrs. Turton.

It will thus be seen that the Longbridge Lane community are now well represented, and this gives everyone great pleasure.

Mr. R. Mercer was elected as Representative to the Parish Council and to the Finance Committee.

Sidesmen were elected, and a rota of duties for each month will be published in the magazine.

In speaking of the work during the past year, the Vicar thanked everyone for their loyal support in their several capacities. In particular, the congregation as a whole asked that their thanks be recorded to Mr. Raymond Bartlett, who, during his mother's illness, has taken such pains in caring for the Church. Not only has its spotless cleanliness been maintained, but the heating arrangements have been excellent. In addition, Mr. Bartlett has made repairs to the fabric of the Church and put new crosses on the roof. In fact, the Church of the Epiphany bears every sign of having "a man about the house."

Mr. W. Smith expressed something that was in the minds of all present when he asked that thanks be recorded to the Lay-Readers who had so willingly given of their time and talents to our Church Services in the past years.

**ALTAR FLOWER ROTA:** 25th March (Easter Sunday), Ladies Working Party; 1st April, Mrs. Russell; 8th April, Mrs. Pickersgill; 15th April, Mrs. Dudley; 22nd April, Mrs. Warburton; 29th April, Mrs. Wilkes.

### SIDESMEN'S ROTA:

April 1—Mr. B. J. Tristram	Mr. R. Mercer
April 8—Mr. J. E. McCracken	Mr. C. Dudley
April 15—Mr. N. Pickersgill	Mr. J. Middleton
April 22—Mr. B. J. Tristram	Mr. R. Mercer
April 29—Mr. J. E. McCracken	Mr. C. Dudley

**MOTHERS' UNION.** At the time of going to press we are looking forward to a visit from Mr. Clifford, who spent many years in Africa as a missionary. He will show us pictures which he took while out there, to illustrate his talk.

Will members please bring in the Children's Society collecting boxes to an April meeting.

### PREACHERS FOR APRIL

6.30 p.m.—1st April, Mr. I. Cooke; 8th April, Mr. R. Canning; 15th April, Mr. B. T. Firkins; 22nd April, Rev. E. Price; 29th April, Mr. R. Canning.



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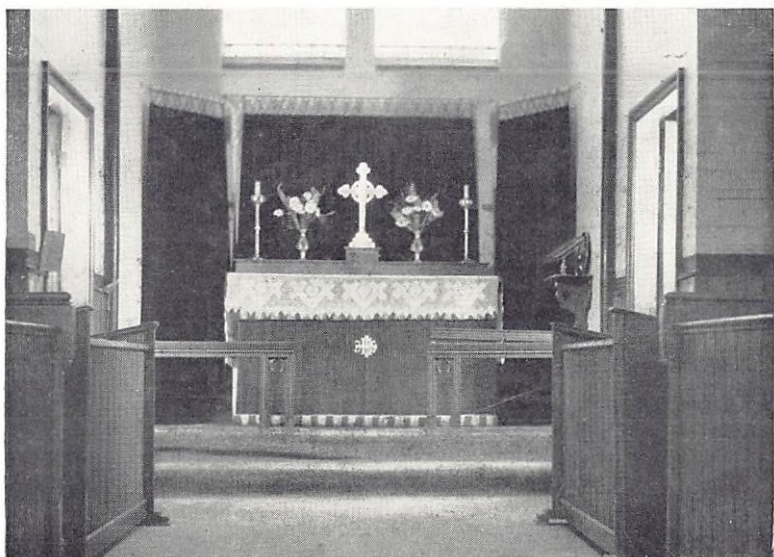
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