



Kings Norton Parish Magazine

Threepence Monthly

March, 1951

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KIN 1496

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Verger and Parish Clerk: Mr. EDWARD BLAKE, THE SARACEN'S HEAD, with
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.
MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP	2nd Thursday in month, 2.45 p.m. in Church.

THE EPIPHANY:

SENIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Fridays, 7 p.m.
JUNIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Tuesdays, 7 p.m.
MEN'S CLUB	Mondays, 7.30 p.m.
WOMEN'S WORKING PARTY	Thursdays, 2.30 p.m.
MOTHERS' UNION	Third Thursday in month, 2.30 p.m.

The Church of the Epiphany organisations all meet in their Church Hall.

SERVICES

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

Copy for the April magazine must be sent to the Editor, Mr. R. H. Clarke, 21 Rednal Road, by 5th March. The magazine will appear on 25th March.

KALENDER FOR MARCH

- 1.—S. DAVID.
- 4.—FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.
- 11.—PASSION SUNDAY.
- 17.—S. PATRICK.
- 18.—PALM SUNDAY.
- 23.—GOOD FRIDAY.
- 25.—EASTER DAY.

ALMS GIVING

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VICAR'S LETTER

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON,

March 1951.

My dear Friends,

I am sure that many people who think they are Communists, especially younger people, are quite unaware of the underlying principles of Communism as they are set out in the writings of its founders and those who have continued the leadership of the movement. Marx, Engels, Lenin and to-day Stalin have expounded the themes of Communism in full, and though the reading of such works as they have produced is often laborious, as I gather from those who have ploughed through them, I feel that we should be clear about the issue, so that we may not, in any mistaken enthusiasm for the so-called common good of all mankind, wish to label ourselves as Communists of the Russian brand.

Volumes and volumes have been and are being written on this subject, and naturally it is in the mind of every thinking man and woman to-day, because the present world struggle has resolved itself into a struggle between Communist and Communist-controlled countries and non-Communist countries. Communism stands, of course, opposed not only to Christianity but to all religions which point to God, because it is Godless. Communism is atheistical and this fact, in itself, must immediately warn all Christians to beware. The saying of Karl Marx is well known that "Religion is the dope of the people." May I quote his famous comparison between the Christian and proletarian morality (communist morality). He wrote, "The social principles of Christianity preach cowardice, self-contempt, abasement, submission, humility, in a word all the qualities of the canaille (scum or riff-raff) and the proletariat needs courage, self-confidence, pride, a sense of personal dignity and independence, even more than it needs daily bread. The social principles of Christianity are lick-spittle, whereas the proletariat is revolutionary. So much for the social principles of Christianity!"

Here, then, is the mainspring of the official Communist attitude to Christianity. What we consider the virtues are considered mean. Hitler in his Nazism had somewhat similar opinions about our faith and morals. So Communism stands opposed to Christianity and to God. Your thorough Communist is Godless.

Again, your Communist history is not the story of man, a created spirit striving and struggling, with many failures, many mistakes, many absolute blunders (and many sparks of insight), to grope his way through this little life towards God, the Eternal Spirit, for this life is all there is, and with our last breath we become extinct as though we had never been. Rob man's spirit of its eternal life and its value becomes *nil*. To the Communist history has nothing of the spirit in it. It is absolutely materialistic, moving on, regardless of present suffering to a time when human creatures shall live in a state of equal bliss for all. Those who have striven for this state will be quite extinct, but material forces will inevitably have brought Communism to its perfect state.

So every creature in every generation must suffer and labour and strive so that in some future time, quite regardless of its endeavours, a future state of purely temporary beings shall have an equal share in the national blessings of the universe. It will not be a case of "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways," but of "Historical Materialism fulfils itself in one way and one way only."

In such a system the individual is not important. One man must be absorbed into all men. We believed that Christ lived and died for each of us; that He has personal interest in each individual; that a man must have the freedom to do right or wrong as he chooses, and if he suffers or his brothers suffer with him, he must be allowed to express himself. If his self-expression is to the detriment of society, then the social order will for as long as required

curb his liberty. Communism dreams of a world state of individuals all equal, all equally responsible, or is it irresponsible? Communism, inspired by its leaders is willing to shed the blood of its opponents to the last drop if necessary. After all, what matter the life blood of a few million temporary creatures, whose life will soon be extinct anyway.

The State is all—a man's loves, for his wife, his children, his home are considered narrow, bourgeois and selfish. We believe that God created male and female. That He, in His divinely loving and beautiful mind devised family life. I maintain that any nation which destroys its family life will eventually destroy itself. To the Communist this is nonsense. Sexual promiscuity naturally follows from this attitude, fidelity to wife and home are despised. Loyalty to one's nation is said to prevent the greater loyalty to mankind.

So we have it, a Godless fanaticism, purely materialistic, depressing the value of the individual, exalting the importance of the State, sneering at the absolute truths and virtues; looking down its nose at honour, purity, humility, justice, cold-blooded to murder for an idea, merciless and predatory and cruel. Some people who think themselves Communist will be horrified to read these words. I would refer them to the writings of Marx, of Engels and to-day of Stalin, and ask them to read these with open minds and accept this solemn truth, that Communism is the deadly enemy of God, of Christ, of man's eternal soul. As I look upon those tortured countries that have been engulfed by Russian Communism I think of those words in S. Peter's first letter to the early Church, written probably just as Nero began that terrible persecution of the Christians in Rome; a persecution which the Kremlin directs in the unhappy satellite countries of Russia to-day. Peter, himself probably engulfed in that outrage, writes: "Be sober, be vigilant, your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour whom withstand, steadfast in your faith, knowing that the same sufferings are accomplished in your brethren who are in the world."

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD

OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS

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

14th January—Alyson Jane Morley, 21st January—Julie Maxine Harvey, Steven John Walls, Cynthia Margaret McGeever, Terrance Leslie Vanstone, Janette Hazel Wigley, Gail Lesley Berry, Norma Louise Waterman, Peter John Copson Rogers, Geoffrey Frederic Johnson, 4th February—Peter John Nicholls, Geoffrey Raymond Titcombe, Carole Lesley Johnson, Linda Margaret Chadaway, Derek Paul Barton, David Frederick Lacey.

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

12th January—Sarah Ellen Carter, aged 54 years; 13th January—William George Dodd, aged 64 years; 17th January—Grace Lillian Dunstall, aged 61 years; 25th January—Allison Lesley Pratt, aged 11 months; 26th January—Nellie Hunt, aged 65 years; 30th January—Kate Dafforn, aged 89 years; 3rd February—Euphan Lillian Marshall, aged 51 years; 5th February—Selina Elkins, aged 75 years; 8th February—Mary Cooks, aged 84 years. Interments after Cremation—6th January—Reginald Bridle, aged 71 years; 18th January—Isaac Tonks, aged 74 years.

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

<i>Date</i>	<i>8 a.m.</i>	<i>11 a.m.</i>	<i>6.30 p.m.</i>
March 4—	Brown, J. R. Hadley, D. J. Pendleton, D. J. Clarke, R.	Izon, T. Swain, A. Webb, F. Gerrard, F.	Allan, J. B. Davies, W. R. Clews, H. T. Griffiths, F. H.
11—	Davies, W. R. Blinkhorn, H. W.	Reynolds, W. H. Jenkins, I. B. Clarke, R. H. Richards, D. S.	Plevin, J. Mackintosh, J. A. Walker, G. C. Blake, C. E. J.
18—	Jones, N. V. Barradell, N.	Winstanley, H. M. McCullough, Dr. Floyd, H. Wood, N. A.	Pepper, R. J. Clarke, R. Heward, A. Slough, A. J.
25—	Pepper, R. J. Porter, T. A. Slough, A. J. Mackintosh, T.	Pritchett, W. B. Marshall, W. J. Blinkhorn, H. W. Reynolds, W. H.	Haycock, P. Higgs, S. Searle, R. H. Yates, R.
April 1—	Lloyd, F. W. Greenhill, B. Brown, J. R. Hadley, D. J.	Jones, N. V. Barradell, N. Webb, F. Gerrard, F.	Porter, T. A. Clews, H. T. Griffiths, F. H. Davies, W. R.

ALTAR SERVERS AND ALTAR FLOWERS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Servers</i>	<i>Crossbearer</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Mar. 4—	8.0 a.m.	R. Stringer & M. Flynn		Mrs. Ingleston
	11.0 a.m.	R. Cheshire	J. R. Jones	
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		
	6.30 p.m.	D. Jelfs	J. Oseman	
Mar. 11—	8.0 a.m.	R. Clarke & D. Worth		Mrs. Large
	11.0 a.m.	M. Carroll	A. Bateson	
	6.30 p.m.	R. Hughes	J. Clews	
Mar. 18—	8.0 a.m.	J. Hill & M. Davies		Mrs. Ludford
	11.0 a.m.	D. Jarrett	J. Jelfs	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	D. Whitehouse	M. Barradell	
Mar. 23—	8.0 a.m.	G. Elliott.	B. Greenhill	
Mar. 25—	6.0 a.m.	P. Haycock & G. R. Vaughan		Mrs. Ashford
	7.0 a.m.	D. Pendleton & F. Porter		
	8.0 a.m.	C. A. P. Rogers & M. Southgate		
	11.0 a.m.	R. Millard	A. J. Townsend	
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		
	6.30 p.m.	D. May	J. S. Lawrence	
Apr. 1—	8.0 a.m.	R. Yates & G. Parker		Mrs. Foxley
	11.0 a.m.	J. Pownall	B. C. Pitts	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	R. Smith	J. R. Jones	

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DO YOU CARE ?

By the Rev Canon Salter

WHEN OUR LORD was crucified there were present three representatives of the human race—those who wanted Him to be slain, those who were sorry to see what happened; and those who did not care in the least either way. Right down the ages we see the same grim drama acted over again. Our Lord is being crucified in many ways in our own day. We see it in the cruelties of man to man. We see it in the neglect and forgetfulness of those spiritual and moral values for which the Name of Christ stands. We see it in the new wave of persecution which is assailing His Church in Eastern Europe. Perhaps we see it most of all in the apathy and indifference to religion in our own land.

Who cares? A modern writer suggests that this is a question which demands a reply from every one of us. Do we ourselves desire the values of Christ to be crucified in our modern world? Are we ourselves doing anything to prevent it? Or are we among the number of the great crowd of people who simply don't care. What does the Cross of Christ mean to you personally? Do you regard Good Friday merely as a public holiday or as a truly holy day? Do you care? I sometimes think we are all inclined to forget those words He once uttered: "He that is not with Me is against Me." There can be no neutrality in the warfare between Christ and anti-Christ. You and I must take sides. It is impossible to be a mere spectator in this struggle between the army of the Son of God and the forces of materialism and godlessness.

There may be many things about the Cross you cannot explain or understand. You may not be able to say exactly why the religious leaders of His day hung Him on the Cross—or why He so willingly laid down His life there. I believe that in the Cross of Christ we catch, focused in one vivid moment of time, two great factors in human life. We see the love of God ready to give its very best for mankind. We see the depths of degre-

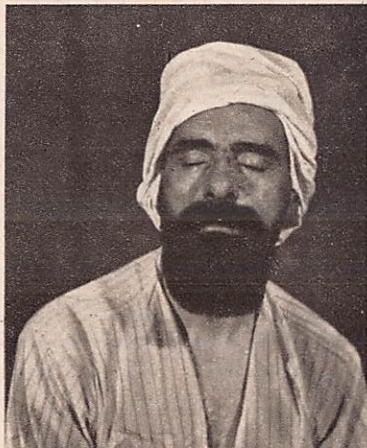


Photo by S. B. Flynn
Did Judas care ?

dation to which sinful man can sink once he begins to revolt against his God. I fail to see how any thinking man can remain apathetic or indifferent if he spends a few minutes meditating on this conflict between Christ and His foes. It is much more than an isolated event. It is an eternal challenge.

You cannot avoid the drama of Calvary merely by looking the other way and pretending not to notice its implications. In this atomic age we are in danger of overestimating the value of material forces and of underestimating the value of spiritual and moral power. The time has passed when men can take the Christian faith for granted. The time has come when you and I by our words and by our lives must show the world Whose we are and Whom we serve. I can respect a man who is unable to accept the implications of the Cross, and I can even respect honest opponents of Christianity, but I cannot help despising the many people who refuse to face this challenge of the Cross. There are three groups of people associated with the New Testament account—the enemies of Christ, the friends of Christ, and the indifferent. You will find the same three groups in the world today. To which do you belong? Do you care that they crucified my Lord?

Church News and Views

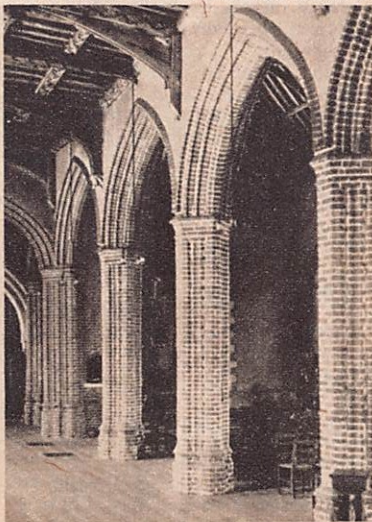
In addition to six five-shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11, Ludgate Sq., E.C.4.

A Painted Font

THE 15th century font in Lavendon church, Buckinghamshire, is octagonal in shape, the panels being carved with various designs of tracery and foliage. What is very unusual about these panels is that the background of the carving is coloured. Whether or not the colouring is an improvement is a matter of taste but undoubtedly it shows up the carving very vividly.—H. J. SMITH.

Once Plastered

MOST of our ancient churches were built of stone, but in parts of the country where there was a lack of this material, brick was sometimes used instead. This is particularly the case in Essex, where a considerable amount of old brick-work may be seen. One of the finest examples is in the village of St. Osyth, near Clacton-on-Sea. The nave of the church, which was rebuilt about the year 1500, is unusually wide, and has five bays of lofty and well-proportioned brick arches, three of which are shown in



Once Plastered



A Painted Font

the photograph. At one time the pillars and arches were plastered over to resemble stone but some years ago the plaster was removed, and the beautiful pattern of the brick-work again revealed.—W. E. WARNER.

"Bells of St. Mary's."

SOME months ago, when the United States college training ship *Empire State* visited these shores, the officers and cadets went to St. Mary's Church, Southampton for a very special purpose. They wanted to see the place of worship which had inspired the ballad, "The Bells of St. Mary's," because that is the Alma Mater song of the New York State Maritime College. The sailors were deeply impressed by the need for reconstruction of the blitzed building, and subscribed two hundred dollars.—MRS. BOWEN.

No one to Play It.

AN amusing glimpse of church life of the past is given in the Vestry minute book of St. Stephen's, St. Albans, for Easter Monday, April 2nd, 1679.

"At the Easter Vestry held this day, it was unanimously the opinion of the undersigned, the majority of such vestry, that the Bassoon provided by Mr. Rumball for the use of the church is entirely useless, as no person is to be found in the parish who will perform on the same, and that the same shall not be paid for either out of the Church Rate or Poor Rate."—MISS G. A. GEORGE.



Tiny Bell Turret

THE beautifully situated church at Acton Turville, Gloucestershire is close to the Wiltshire border. It has a most interesting little bell turret which dates from the 13th century and is shaped like a pyramid, with pinnacles and small round shafts. It is one of the smallest bell turrets in the county.—J. D. ROBINSON.

Perch on the Pulpit?

SWALLOWS are not to be banned from flying about the 12th-century church of St. John's, Newton, Porthcawl, during services. Some people claimed that the birds, which nest in the roof of the porch, distracted the congregation, and suggestions were made to the rector that the doors be closed.

"I will not allow the door to be shut," said the Rector, the Rev. W. Roach. "If our feathered friends want to join us in worshipping they are welcome. If they want to perch on my pulpit they may do so."—MISS BEST.

The Faithful Organist.

MISS M. HUNT, of Broughton Astley, has been voluntary organist at St. Mary's Parish Church, Broughton Astley, for the past 60 years, and during that time has missed only two services. It is estimated that, during the 60 years there have been about 10,000 services.

The services she missed were on account of the death of her father some years ago, and an occasion when the church was cut off by floods.—H. BIRD.

The Sanctuary Ring.

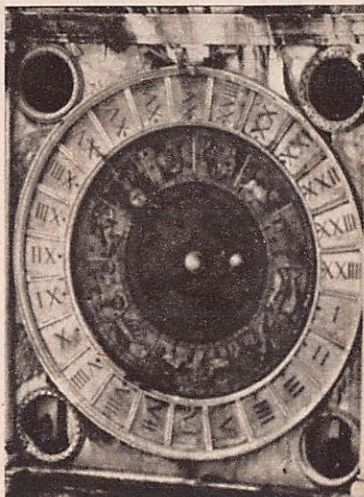
IN the very old church of Stogursey, in Somerset, attached to the south-east pillar, is the "Sanctuary Ring." In 1243 a certain John de Rechrich, guilty of murder, took sanctuary in this church, escaped, and was outlawed. It is probable that the ring was placed here to prevent the escape of future sanctuary seekers, and the township's liability to fine for such occurrences.—K. E. HOBBS.

The Dog Door.

AT Mullion, in Cornwall, there is a small door about the size of an entrance to a dog-kennel in the front door of the parish church known as the dog door through which in the olden days dogs could go in and out as they pleased during the service. If they proved noisy, they were carried out by the vergger with a pair of tongs big enough to get hold of them round the body. One of these is preserved in St. Asaph Cathedral in North Wales.—THE REV. A. B. MOSLEY.

Ancient 24 hours Clock

THIS astronomical clock at Venice stands in the square just opposite St. Mark's cathedral. Like the clock in Wells cathedral, it has two "Jacks" or giants who strike the bell, but these are on the top of the tower. The dial is blue and gold, and shows the zodiacal signs, the twenty-four hours, and the position of the sun and moon. It dates from 1496.—E. RICHARDSON.



Ancient 24 hours Clock

The Cross in Art & History

By Gertrude A. George

THE awards for valour made to soldiers and civilians in the late war—the Victoria Cross, the Military Cross and the George Cross—are a reminder of the close connection of the cross with the life of our people, whether intimately connected with the Church or not. Still today we go into battle with the triple crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick proudly displayed upon our national flag. Crosses of poppies commemorate our dead. The sign of the Red Cross has become paramount as a type of help and healing for men and women of all nations and the main hope of prisoners-of-war.

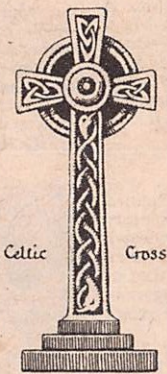
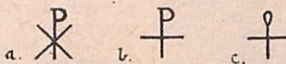
Although the custom of making the sign of the cross with the hand or by extension of the arms has been traced back to a very early Christian period, no actual representations of the symbol have been found in the catacombs of Rome before the 5th century, except the so-called cross of Constantine. This originated as a monogram, formed by the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ, XP, written as in Fig. a. Another form of it is shown in Fig. b. Later, it became a plain cross (Fig. c)—an interesting transition.

Some of the earliest carved stone

crosses in the British Isles are of Celtic origin. They are found mainly in Ireland and in the North and West of Scotland. Massive in form, they are richly covered with the characteristic strap-work decoration of the period, in which animal and bird forms are interlaced with astonishing ingenuity, taste, and skill.

Designs in the form of these Celtic crosses, more or less successful as adaptations, may often be seen among the memorials of today.

With the development of the monastic system in the Middle Ages reverence for the cross became a marked feature of worship, and was reflected in the art of the time. A great cross, or crucifix, called the Rood, stood over the screen dividing the church nave from the chancel. Processional crosses, wrought in gold and silver and flashing with precious stones, shone in the dimly-lit aisles. The sacred sign appeared again as an altar-cross, and upon the breasts of ecclesiastics of high rank pectoral crosses were worn. Within the scriptoriums, inspired by a sincere faith, artists lavished all their rich inventive powers on service books, in which the cross was frequently the basis of design. Incised in stone, painted on shields, embroidered



Celtic Cross



Cross Fleury



Cross Potent



Cross Voided



Cross Crosslet



Cross Patonce

on altar-cloths and banners, the symbol was always before the eyes of men, and its teaching in their hearts and lives.

It was natural that such men, on going forth to fight in the Crusades, the long series of religious wars which began simply to vindicate the right of Christian pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulchre, should make the sign of the cross in the churches they were leaving. "Crusaders' crosses" are sometimes pointed out to us in old churches. Merchants and travellers setting out on long journeys would

also make the sign, known in such cases as "Pilgrim" or "Votive crosses." Still distinct in the worn stone, these symbols thrill us with a sense of nearness to those who were here before us.

A marked feature of mediaeval architecture was the memorial cross, a Gothic turret standing on the ground or raised by a few steps. It was decorated with carved figures in niches, and surmounted by pinnacles. Notable examples of this form of art were the "Eleanor Crosses", raised in memory of the Queen of Edward I. Wherever her body rested on the funeral journey to Westminster the place was marked by one of these crosses, some of which remain to this day, forming such well-known landmarks as Charing Cross and Waltham Cross.

In the Middle Ages the cross was extensively used in the art of heraldry, mainly by the Crusaders, and to prevent confusion in battle a very large number of different varieties was evolved. Thirty-nine different kinds are mentioned by one authority, a hundred and nine by another, and over two hundred by a third. Among these are the Maltese cross, badge of the Knights of Malta, the cross fleury, terminating in a fleur-de-lis, the cross crosslet, cross patonce, cross voided, and cross potent. The last forms the principal charge of the arms of Jerusalem, displayed in gold upon a silver ground—a deliberate suspen-



Pectoral Cross



Greek Cross



Cross with Double Branches



Latin Cross

sion of the rule of heraldry which forbids metal to be placed upon metal, in order to emphasise the arms of the Holy City and make them different from any other existing examples.

In looking at details of an interior we are apt to forget that the ground plans of our churches are themselves the greatest examples of the symbol of the cross. Yet, what a thing of beauty and interest is a

great architect's plan. Grace and proportion, as well as strength, must begin here if the risen structure is to be lovely and

enduring. The particular form of cross which is used as a basis has also great influence on the design. Many ancient churches, such as the basilicas of Constantine and St. Peter at Rome, are built in the form of the T-shaped cross, which has no summit. Greek Christians and those of the East favoured the Greek cross, which has all the sides equal, and many churches were built on this plan. Our churches in the West are generally based on the Latin cross, which resembles the cross of Calvary. Proportions vary considerably, and it is interesting to note that the later the date of building in the Middle Ages the shorter became the choir, while the nave increased in length. Another variation of the Latin cross is the cross with two branches, and several English cathedrals are built on this plan, among them Rochester, Worcester, and Lincoln. They are thus divided by two transepts, the first of which cuts the nave in the centre, leaving the lower half only as proper nave. The upper part is choir, retro-choir, or chancel, but this part is itself divided into two equal portions by a shorter transept, which, according to legend, represents the place of the scroll on the true cross.

Today, amid the destruction of much of the exquisite workmanship of the past, it is good to remember that these symbols of the cross still remain to challenge us to build and rebuild.

WEEKDAY PAGES for Women with Homes



Photo by

Colin Denwood

Blowing his own Trumpet

Monday's Washing.

Less rubbing to make them clean means longer life for tea towels, so wash them frequently. If the edges have become somewhat ragged trim them, and re-hem before washing.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Pressing Seams.—When you are pressing seams use a toothbrush to open and dampen each seam in one operation. Follow along with the iron; pressing the seam flat.—MRS. ALCOCK.

Better Shape.—To keep silk interlock slips from sagging at the sides iron with a fold centre, front and back, with side seams matching. This helps to keep them a much better shape. Creases should be then ironed out.—MRS. H. BRYAN.

Washing Your Skirt.—Here is a hint for people who like to wash their own skirt. Squeeze the skirt gently through soapy, not too hot, water, rinse several times in clean water, then take a wooden curtain rod, or a straight stick and slide the skirt on to it. Let the opening lie along the stick, do not wring out, lay the stick to the line and leave until the skirt is dry. You will find that it will dry a good shape, and need very little pressing.—MISS G. GREY.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Everything handy.—Make an attractive coat hanger for your little girl. Cover it with pretty material with a deep pocket for gloves, scarf and purse. When she is ready to go out there need be no searching for these.—MRS. PEATE.

Shopping Bags.—Handles on leather, cloth and leatherette shopping bags quickly give way. I find that overall buttons save the situation when they do. You bore holes through both bag and handle, push in the button hank and slip in the button fastener. Then your handle

* * * 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.

will be firmer than ever.—MISS D. GORDON.

Cushions.—When making cushion covers of odd materials make them up with two different materials and colours. You can then give a cheery appearance to your room by turning them about.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

When ironing a transfer on linen or other coarse materials, it is very often found that the outline of the pattern is scarcely visible, and makes embroidering very difficult. In such cases, it is a good plan to mix a solution of "Dolly blue" in water, and add about half a teaspoonful of sugar. Use an old pen (preferably a fountain pen), and draw over the outline of the transfer with the liquid, which will remain a good clear blue on the material to be embroidered. As very little liquid is used, an eggcup will be quite large enough to mix the solution.—MISS N. BELL.

Dress Shields.—Steep a piece of strong cotton fabric in solution made from two or three teaspoonfuls of alum dissolved in a cup of hot water. Hang material to dry without squeezing. When dry, cut out shields, using an old pair as pattern. Line side next skin with scraps of silk.—MISS G. CLAIRBROOKE.

Blouse-tidy.—Most blouses have an annoying habit of riding up over one's skirt, to keep them anchored at waist level make buttoned holed loops with sewing cotton at sides and back of blouse inside, cut a length of fairly wide elastic to fit waist, sew hooks and eyes to ends, then thread through the loops. This is most effective and the same length of elastic serves all your blouses.—MRS. PEATE.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Hot Weather Hint.—When you are over-heated and parched with thirst try this method. First, bathe the wrists with cold water, then have a cooling drink. The application of cold water to the wrists cools the blood, and thus tends to reduce the burning desire for drink after drink.—MRS. M. GRIMSEY.

Hot Cloths.—When preparing hot cloths to allay pain, avoid burning your hands by laying the cloths in a steamer placed over a dish of boiling water; they

will keep hot in readiness and will not want wringing out.—MRS. V. DAWNEY.

Sallow Complexions.—Two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur mixed in a pint of new milk and allowed to stand for a short time before being used. This is recommended for clearing the skin. Dab on with a piece of cotton wool.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Thursday's Cooking.

Eggs and Bacon.—Whenever meat is in short supply and eggs are plentiful try this bacon and egg pie, made of 2 rashers, 3 eggs and 4 tomatoes. Line a deep pyrex plate with pastry, cover with a layer of tomatoes and then one fried and chopped rasher. Beat the eggs to which has been added a little milk, pour over the other ingredients, add the remaining chopped rasher and tomatoes, season, cover with pastry and bake in hot oven.—MRS. A. E. KING.

A Change.—Spread slices of bread with your favourite brand of meat and vegetable extract. Dip these into beaten egg and milk, then fry. A tasty addition is grated cheese.—MISS A. LEWIS.

A jelly can be a "last minute" favourite. Dissolve jelly over a pan of boiling water without adding any liquid. This will only take a couple of minutes add cold water as required (to make up one pint) and your jelly will set in half an hour or less. To improve flavour of a jelly add appropriate jam when dissolving in above manner.—MRS. B. HOWARTH.

Delicious!—An excellent scramble to serve on buttered toast; simmer celery in milk after cutting up in small pieces, add a tablespoonful of grated cheese with pepper and salt, cook until the celery is tender, then break in an egg and stir quickly. It is really delicious.—MRS. PEATE.

Potatoes.—If a dinner has to be kept and warmed up later, potatoes dry. When used later don't put them in the oven or mash them, but into boiling water for a few seconds. Then they can be served

whole or mashed with complete success.—MRS. D. NASH.

Friday's Household.

That Rug.—If you have a worn rug frayed in the centre and in bad condition by repeated beating over the line, try putting it face downwards and then gluing a strip (9 to 12 inches wide) of any old oilcloth on the smooth side, and sticking it over the worn part. Place an ironing board or any flat piece of wood on top, and add any heavy weight such as a coal scuttle full of coal. Leave for 12 hours. Then you will find all the frayed carpet will have adhered to the oilcloth and so

made the rug rigid. The rough side of the oilcloth will prevent the rug slipping on polished floors.—W. R. RAMSDALE.

A simple way.—A brooch can be safely worn on a thin dress or blouse by fastening the pin through a piece of cotton wool placed inside the garment. This will keep the brooch upright.—MRS. GOODWIN.

Saucepan lids, especially aluminium, are apt to get very hot. Bakelite or wooden spring clothes pegs clipped on to the lids make safe lifters and save burning one's fingers.—MRS. E. PEARSON

Hangers for doors or cupboards

can be made from cotton reels with a long screw inserted in each to screw them into place. They can, of course, be painted.—MISS PLUMB.

Saturday's Children.

Blepharitis is very common among children. Very often often caused by dirty hands rubbing the eyes. It may occur after measles, sore throats or bad teeth. The eyes should be bathed with weak bicarbonate of soda, a teaspoonful to a pint. At night use penicillin ointment which should be smeared round the edges of the lids.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Puzzle Corner (See page 42)

Solution: Worship, Roaring, Water, Silent, Scorn, Shall, Seeing, Potsherd, Bones, Kingdom



Photo by

F. G. Gratland

Who's that a calling?

The Modern Robinson Crusoe

By the Rev. Fenton Morley, B.D.

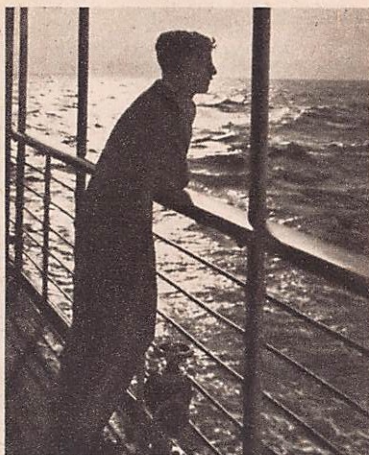


Photo by H. Heywood

Have you sighted your Island ?

THE increasing bustle and clamour of modern life has made the story of Robinson Crusoe still one of the most attractive to many people. In spite of all the amenities of our civilisation, we sometimes long for a desert island life where we could be free from noise, from anxiety and from fear—and where we could find time to think and a place in which to be quiet.

This longing for a way of escape from life sometimes becomes so powerful that it upsets our whole life. We find ourselves restless and ill-at-ease, unable to settle down to the monotonous grind of life after the keyed-up living of wartime, and nothing seems to satisfy us.

Of course, some people are fortunately able to find an outlet for this desire along a sideline of life. That is why the man who cultivates a hobby is often wiser than he thinks—as long as it remains a side-line and does not become the only thing in his life. For the enthusiast whose interests may range from ducks or dahlias to rock-climbing or foreign stamps is giving himself the possibility of achievement, often really creative, and at the same time finding his own particular desert island.

And yet such a way of escape does not really solve his problem. For he comes back to the Monday Morning world to find it just as he left it with all its noise and worries as strident as ever. His desert island has so little in common with his daily life that he finds himself becoming what one might almost call two separate people—the Robinson Crusoe and the John Citizen, with little inter-relation between the two.

This suggests therefore that what a man really needs is something which will give him that desert-island peace, quiet and creative achievement within the bustling world of everyday life. This sounds impossible and yet I expect that we have all met people who seem to have achieved it. They are as busy as the rest of us. Their cares and responsibilities are no less than ours. And they have homes and environments just like ours. But somehow while they are *in* the world, they do not seem *of* the world. They appear to have within themselves a reserve of mental strength, of calm and quiet, which enables them to deal not only with their own problems but also with the needs of other people too.

Christ was that kind of person. Bearing as He did the load of the troubles and sorrows of mankind, despised and rejected of men, He always had the time, the patience and the power to help someone else and meet his need. And the disciples like the saints throughout the ages followed His example, and learned His secret.

* * *

The first part of the secret is very simple. It's just this. Instead of trying to escape *from* the world to some unspecified destination, one's aim should be to escape *to* Someone—in fact, to God the source of all peace and strength. When you read the Gospels you'll see for yourself how often Christ went away for a little time to be quiet with God in prayer. He found it necessary and so do we. But perhaps you have never tried it. You may be passing a Church on your

way to work or to the shops. If you have the time, you could easily slip in for a few moments of something which you can rarely obtain elsewhere—the real quiet and deep calm of the House of God.

But don't be satisfied with a merely emotional desert island. The peace of God is a dynamic peace—not the peace of a still and stagnant pool. Instead of using this quiet to forget the world and pretend that it doesn't exist, we take the world up with us to God and look at it from His angle. And we see the world not as a multitude of things, of noises and of problems—but as a family of people like ourselves sharing our needs and—although we rather forget this point—sharing the love of God. And of course if we use our quiet time with God honestly we shall see something more startling and revealing than the picture of the world—we shall

see ourselves as we really are.

When once we have known the deep companionship of that kind of intercourse with God through quiet and very humble prayer, we never lose it. In fact, our desert island stays with us throughout the day.

At the very centre of our being, there develops that certainty of being constantly in the presence of God, that inner store of power and capacity for right judgment which stands us in good stead throughout our daily life and which we supplement by prayer and by worship. It is the love of God for us and in us, which enables us to love others.

* * *

That is how the Christian Gospel unites and integrates the Robinson Crusoe and the John Citizen within each one of us. For it shows us, not a Way Out from life, but a Way Through life.

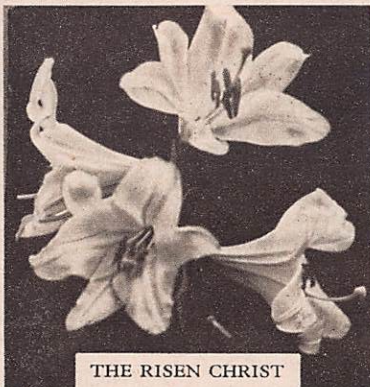
EASTER OFFERINGS

By L. R. Mitchell

SOME one—I believe it was Charles Kingsley—once said “There are silences more pathetic than all words.” Were he alive today Kingsley would find evidences of silent suffering in his own class in rectories and vicarages up and down the country where in his day there was little or none. I wonder if he would have used the wealth of words at his command to make those silences so eloquent that he would have inspired a determined effort among Churchmen to do away with the suffering. The suffering is very real and it is certain to react on the efficiency

of the Church. You cannot expect any parson to do his best work when he is worried by financial anxieties. Like every other father he would like his sons to follow in his steps—to have, at

least, as good an education as he enjoyed, and he may hope that, if God will, one may be called to ordination. What remote chance is there of such a fulfilment of his hopes and prayers? His income has not been increased to meet the rise in the cost of living; heavy taxation and new financial burdens weigh upon his mind, and he may not be getting the support from his congregation he could once count upon.



THE RISEN CHRIST

The lilies and lilacs of Easter Day—
He is fairer than they.
The swans, the clouds and the cherry-trees—
He is fairer than these.
The snow, the frost and the whiteness of wings—
He is fairer than all fair things.

IRENE H. LEWIS.

How can he dream of affording a Public School and University education for even one boy?

Possibly, as a lay-reader, I have more opportunities for observing "things as they are" than the average man: the "silences" cannot always be maintained in the face of obvious facts. Never have I felt so hot and uncomfortable than when hospitality that I knew could not be afforded has been pressed upon me; never have I felt more ashamed than when a little bit of family history has been told me in confidence, which revealed the stress and strain that could have been relieved if the Church but knew. And by the Church I mean every one of us who counts himself a loyal parishioner.

Now who is to blame? Let us imagine that we are all of us Christians in the early strenuous days of the Church of England. What should we be giving to build a Church and support its minister as compared with our expenditure on ourselves? Can we conceive of our giving exactly what we now think adequate? Would cathedrals and churches have been built on such liberality? Would livings have been endowed?

Or let us compare ourselves with men who have accepted Christianity, let us suppose, in the heart of Africa. Should we think the sort of support we have given the Church at home sufficient evidence of the keenness of the African convert, taking into consideration his income and ours?

But there is another comparison that must be made. Does our support of Christ's Church on earth, of her servants who minister to us in holy things, warrant our using those deeply solemn words in the Service of Holy Communion: "And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee"?

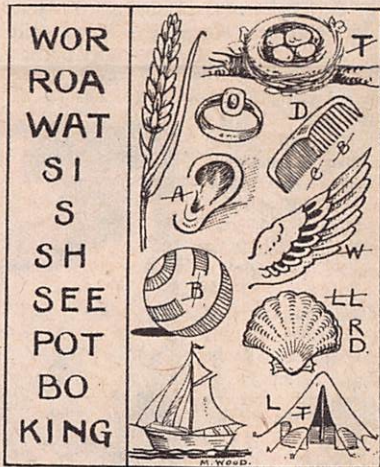
Surely the best of us, the most generous, have need to pray earnestly that our deficiencies will not be weighed—that our offences will be pardoned, and to resolve conscientiously to lead a new life recognising our "bounden duty and service."

Again I ask who is to blame that so many clergy are in starvings rather than livings, that many others are

harassed by financial worries, that so few are sufficiently provided for that they can throw themselves wholeheartedly into work which they know will not be starved of funds? If confession is good for the soul then we can all do ourselves a good turn by humbly admitting our fault. We are to blame. And we cannot honestly make excuse so long as so much money is spent on many luxuries which we could afford to do without if need be.

And I suggest that we can begin to make amends by an enthusiastic support of the Easter Offerings—that ancient and lovable custom of presenting the Easter collections to our Rectors and Vicars of so many parishes. Year after year the chance is offered to us to prove that self-sacrifice is great gain, that service which costs us time and trouble is the measure of our love for Him Who died that we might live lives patterned on His, that what we do for those whom He has commissioned to be shepherds of His flock we do for Him.

Bible Puzzle Corner



To complete the Words (from Psalm 22) add one of the groups of letters to one of the Objects. (Solution on page 39).

It is useful to find by experience that a truism is true.—

E. F. BENSON.

The Dividing Line

The strange story
of a feud

By V. M. Methley

VI. The Eavesdroppers

"RIGHT!" I'm afraid my appointment is in the opposite direction, and I've some notes to make beforehand. I'll just finish them and this cigarette. Au 'voir, darling."

His notes and the cigarette both concluded, Dick Blackett saw that the two men at the adjoining table were talking together, glancing towards him occasionally.

Then the elder addressed him. He was a grey-haired man, obviously Jewish, well-dressed, with a particularly pleasant, musical voice.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "My friend and I could not help overhearing what you said to the young lady, perhaps because it was so interesting to us."

"Indeed," Dick spoke coldly. He knew his tendency to talk too much, and felt annoyed with both himself and the eavesdroppers. "It happened to be a private conversation, you know."

"I know—I know! I apologise, and hope you will forgive us, but we gathered that you were in the same business as ourselves. My name is Edelston, by the way, Eric Edelston: this is Julian Carmel."

"I'm in the Carpet Department at Messrs. Merthyr and Owens," Dick said curtly.

"And you specialise in Eastern rugs?"

"Well, in a way—yes." In spite of himself, the young man warmed to his subject. "I suppose I may say I'm a bit of an expert."

"You need not tell us that, from what we overheard," the other man said, and the touch of flattery won Dick's confidence.

"Well, I've studied Eastern carpets for years," he said. "Then, during my war service in North Africa, Egypt and Persia, I had special opportunities to see some first-class

specimens. I suppose I *am* something of a judge—in a small way. Anyway, my firm trust me sufficiently to let me buy for them."

"Ah. That is most interesting, eh, Julian?" the older man said. "We made no mistake when we decided to speak to this gentleman confidentially."

"About what?" Dick spoke uneasily, wondering if he had again talked too much.

"Well, we ourselves are merchants, Eastern merchants, with opportunities for the acquisition of really first-grade carpets and rugs. We have just received some fine specimens. We thought possibly you—and your firm—might be interested."

"Possibly—" Dick spoke with the carelessness of an expert buyer—perhaps slightly over done.

"One especially pleases us very much. Quite a museum piece really, isn't it, Julian?—that Cabistan rug."

"Oh, quite, Edelston."

"We should very much like you to see it."

"Well, if it doesn't take too long. I'm a busy man," Dick said.

"My rooms are quite near—and I think it might be worth your while."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, of course, if your firm bought it from us, on your recommendation, there'd be a question of commission—a good one. And I don't suppose you are so—shall we say inhuman?—as to object strongly to making a little money."

The elderly Jew's low, pleasant laugh was disarming, and Dick, with his present preoccupations, could not help being interested in the financial question.

"Well, no, not exactly," he said. "So long as everything's straight and above-board."

"That goes without saying! If you can spare a few minutes, we'll go to my rooms and talk things over."

"Right!" Dick replied—and perhaps, seeing what was to follow: "Wrong!" would have been the wiser answer.

VII. "Dick sees Rose-colour"

His luck turned, Dick Blackett considered, from that lunch hour in

the restaurant when he described Lady Corlet's carpet to Ray.

If Edelston and Carmel had not overheard the conversation and been intelligent enough to recognize him as an expert, what chances he would have missed, what a difference it would have made to his prospects!

That very first visit to Edelston's rooms, more than a month ago now, had given Dick fresh confidence in himself and his own judgment. For the Cabristan rug, which they valued so highly, turned out, on inspection, to be good, but not by any means of the superlative quality they imagined.

He pointed this out, giving reasons, and the pair accepted his verdict and valuation without demur.

When he bought the rug from them, on behalf of Merthyr and Owens, they appeared perfectly satisfied with the fair price secured and paid over Dick's commission most readily.

His own firm, too, were pleased, especially when the rug was sold at a good profit within a few days of purchase. Dick was authorised by Mr. Owen, the junior and more active partner, to inspect any other carpets the two merchants had to offer.

"After all, Blackett," Mr. Owen said. "These Jew chaps do manage to pick up bargains—they've generally got natural good taste, too. And we've every reason to trust your judgment, as I hope you will realise when you open your next pay-packet."

This small but satisfactory increase in his salary, together with his commissions on further purchases from Edelston and Carmel, allowed Dick to supplement his savings to such an extent that he began to look forward optimistically to the time when he could make fresh arrangements for his mother.

"After I've set her up in a couple of rooms of her own, or even a little flat, she's bound to be satisfied—she can't complain any more about my meanness," he told Ray, but that wise young woman privately considered that Mrs. Blackett did not want to be satisfied, indeed would prefer to stay where she was and grumble to her heart's content.

She did not say this to Dick. Let him keep his hopes as long as possible,

the girl thought: cruel to dash them before it was necessary.

Meanwhile, Dick deserved much gratitude for, indirectly, making her dear Aunt Susan happier than she had been for a long time.

Generous Lady Corlet was delighted to find that the value of her gift to the church was so much greater than she had expected. The Vicar and his Wardens were almost overwhelmed by such munificence and Miss Chicksand basked in the reflected warmth of all this pleasure and satisfaction, delighted to feel that in her humble way, she had been the means of bringing it all about.

"For you see, Ray, my dear, if Lady Corlet hadn't happened to come to Church that day and if she'd not chanced to find me mending the carpet, she'd never have known how threadbare it was, or been reminded of the one she had stowed away. So it was partly through me—"

"It was entirely through you, Aunt Susie," Ray said staunchly. "And you've every right to be proud of your good deed."

"Oh, so I am, dear—proud and very, very thankful. And did I tell you that there is to be a little ceremony when the new carpet is put down in the Church? A dedication service—the Bishop is coming to take it. Then afterwards Lady Corlet has invited some of us to tea!"

"What a nice idea! You'll be there, of course, Aunt Susie?"

"Yes and you, too, I hope, dear. On the card it says: 'Miss Chicksand and friend'—I told Lady Corlet that would mean you."

"I'd love to come."

"The invitation arrived only yesterday. Jane—Mrs. Blackett—had one too. I happened to be in when the post man brought them. I was so pleased—until I saw her face," Miss Chicksand sighed and hesitated: Ray patted her hand sympathetically.

"Was she annoyed?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so. And I felt sorry because I was to blame. I'd—I'd rather hoped it might please her. You see, I reminded Lady Corlet that I shared this house with Jane—she doesn't know, of course, of our unfortunate misunderstanding—and her Secretary sent out the invitations."

"What happened?"

"I could have cried with disappointment. I opened mine and stuck the card in the frame of my needlework picture over the mantelpiece."

"I know. Yes?"

"Jane just stood staring at her card—well, more glaring than staring. Then she tore it up across and across into tiny pieces and threw them into the fireplace. And—and she looked furious."

"I'm so sorry. But, Aunt Susan, I expect really she'd like to go. She's just—just cutting off her nose to spite her face—and to spite you!"

"Do you think so?"

"Sure of it. It's just the sort of thing she'd have loved in the old days."

"The old days—yes," Miss Chicksand sighed again. "Dear, dear, why does one have to quarrel?"

VIII. "Misunderstandings"

In her heart of hearts, although she would never have allowed it, Mrs. Blackett felt the same.

With fewer outside interests than Susan Chicksand and inclined to sociability, she missed the old companionship and constant interchange of talk, missed even the continual bickering which led up to the final quarrel.

Dick, too, she missed terribly, for, so far, he had obeyed her angry order to stay away and she was much too proud to make any appeal to him. He ought to have known better than to take her so seriously, she told herself—Dick, her own boy, the only creature she loved in the world. He might have known she didn't mean it—or only half meant it, anyway, but oh, no! Too glad to have the excuse not to bother about visiting his poor old mother, gave him more time for the chit of a girl who'd come between them!

Jane's grievances were becoming fat and well-nourished, as grievances will, if fed daily and given no exercise or outlet.

This she could not find among her neighbours, who, on the whole, privately sympathised with Miss Chicksand. Mrs. Dobbs, the new arrival,

being a born yes-woman, was not a really satisfactory confidante.

"It's ever so 'ard on you, Mrs. Blackett," she would say, or: "I'm shore I do feel sorry for you—" but that was not helpful.

Moreover, Mrs. Dobbs, although not with malicious intent, was responsible for a decided increase of bitterness between the house-mates.

It was a misunderstanding, but Jane's pride would not let her say one word to straighten matters.

George, Miss Chicksand's canary, was again more or less the cause of the trouble.

No denying it, George was a careless and noisy bird, with a habit of broadcasting his seed recklessly in search of elusive hems, so that mice were attracted to the carpet round his cage, giving Jane a definite grievance.

Since the drawing of the line however, cage and canary had been removed to Susan's bedroom, where he sang and seed-scattered indomitably and unrestrained.

But one day Miss Chicksand returned from brass-polishing at St. Bartholomew's to find a depressed and frightened bird huddled into a corner of his cage. When she mentioned this to Mrs. Dobbs, that lady wagged her head wisely.

"'Spect the cat scared 'im," she said.

"What cat?" Susan asked.

"Mrs. Webb's ginger Tom. 'E an' Mrs. Blackett was up in your room."

"Mrs. Blackett—in my room?" Susan gasped incredulously. "Are you sure?"

"Yus. 'Bout an hour ago, before she went out to get 'er rations. I saw 'er at your winder, with the cat in 'er arms. Thought it a bit funny meself."

With flushed cheeks Miss Chicksand returned to the sitting-room. Unfortunately, she had no time to recover herself or her temper before Mrs. Blackett returned from her shopping. Without thinking, Susan burst into speech.

"I'll thank you not to take cats into my room, scaring poor little George out of his wits! Oh, I know you hate him, but I never thought you'd do such a thing as that!"

Mrs. Blackett glared at Miss Chicksand. She looked as though she must

speak or explode, but she kept her lips tightly compressed, so that the words could not break through.

She would not give in. With a toss of the head, she snatched up her shopping-bag from the table and marched out into the kitchen, slamming the door behind her.

"Shows what a nasty mind that Susan has!" She muttered under her breath. "Even so, she ought to know better than to think I'd set a cat on to a bird purposely! But I'm not going to explain: I wouldn't demean myself. I shan't tell her that I saw old Ginger sneaking up to her room and just followed to fetch him down again."

So things were left at that and the pair set down a fresh black mark against each other. Miss Chicksand could better endure injuries against herself than George: she told herself that she could never forgive Jane for this last offence against an innocent little bird.

As for Jane, her bitterness was only increased by the sense of being so cruelly misjudged. But *she* wouldn't explain—not she!

IX. "Ask a Policeman"

"Care to come to a show of sorts, darling?" Dick had intercepted Ray as she left Merthyr and Owens one evening. "Oh, nothing very thrilling, I'm afraid—only carpets, china, metal-work, that sort of thing. Lord John Maybrook's collection is on exhibition—wonderful stuff, I believe, and it's only open a few days longer. I couldn't manage it before, though I had the tickets."

"I'd love to go," Ray said eagerly. "Is there time, though? It's past five."

"That's all right. Show doesn't shut till seven o'clock. Sure you won't find it dull?"

"Of course not! You know I want to learn as much as possible about the things you're interested in, dear."

If Ray spoke with perhaps a little more certainty than she felt, her loyalty was soon to be rewarded.

For she found the exhibition fascinating, even though she would have liked to linger longer in the rooms where priceless china and exquisite embroideries were shown. Dick would not pause at this point for more than a few minutes.

"Yes, yes, I know they're fine—wouldn't be here if they weren't. But I want to show you the carpets—see 'em myself too, properly. There's a Yumuk Bokharà prayer-rug—a magnificent thing. Do come on, old girl: there's no time to dawdle."

Reluctantly, Ray tore herself from a group of adorable Ming animals, only to find that Dick was quite right about the beauty of the carpets.

Most of them were hung upon the walls like gorgeous, many-coloured tapestries.

"No, of course, you don't walk on things of this sort," Dick told her. "They're much too frail—and much too valuable. These prayer-rugs: they'd just kneel on them, perhaps once or twice a day—mostly they'd be spread out on divans or hung against walls, like these are. Ah, *that's* the Yumud rug—the one with the red design on a blue background. My word, what a magnificent thing—the design, the workmanship!"

"I like this smaller one even better—it's more restful," Ray spoke diffidently. "And the colours are so soft and lovely—these greys and sage-greens and lemons."

"Oh, yes, a good piece too—old Kazak." Dick approved with a brief glance, then returned to his close inspection of the other rug, magnifying-glass in hand. "You'll soon get your eye in, dear—turn out a jolly good pupil."

"With a jolly good teacher!" Ray laughed. "But do you know what interests me in this small rug, even more than the lovely colours and pattern. It's this absolutely exquisite little darn, here in the corner. Somebody must have spent hours and hours over it—it's the work of a real artist, matching the design and colours so exactly—every thread. Do look, Dick!"

Dick laughed and moved a few paces to bend over the darn with his magnifying glass.

"Well, it would take a woman to discover that!" he said. "I don't believe I should ever have noticed it myself, if you hadn't pointed it out—that bit of a flaw."

"But I don't call it a flaw!" Ray protested. "It's simply lovely, that darn; it makes the rug so human."

(To be continued)

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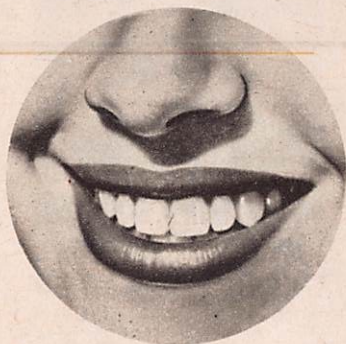
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PAROCHIALIA

I am very grateful to Mr. Swain, of Westhill Road, who has given us underfelt for the carpet in the sanctuary. This will prolong the life of the carpet for years, and we all appreciate the comfort and warmth it gives to the chancel. Thank you very much, Mr. Swain.

SCOUTS AND CUBS. Oh, for more help in running the Scouts and Cubs ! Mrs. Brown, who started the Cubs for us and has done so much to build them up, has been obliged to retire. We owe much to her, and I thank her very much for all she has done. Mrs. Bunn, who, as Miss Silman, was in at the beginning and did a lot for the Cubs, has also had to give up the work now that she is married. This has left Miss Jean Allan alone. To-day I have had a phone call promising help from Mrs. Davies of Heathleigh Road, in a few weeks time. This is a comfort, but if we had more leaders, we could build up strength more rapidly. The Scouts, too, are in dire need. In a few months Mr. David Pendleton will be leaving us. It leaves Mr. Cooke, our scoutmaster, with only three officers to help him, an overwhelming situation. Please step out and help us. After all, if one person can start from scratch to become a Scout or Cub leader, so can another, the spirit being willing and opportunity allowing.

GRAVEYARD. Mr. B. Friar, Registrar of the Brandwood End Cemetery, has been down to judge our efforts in the Churchyard. He wrote a letter commenting on the great improvement in the appearance of the whole place, and was impressed by what we had done. He has awarded first honours to the Sunday School Teachers. Next came the "Congregation," which to my sorrow, I must confess, was only a very, very few people, faithfully led by Miss Ivy Evans. The third place went to the Mothers' Union. Congratulations to all. I had hoped that this year we should have been able to afford a little extra help in the graveyard, but I am afraid that is impossible. Although we have very much improved our financial status this last year, we have such a burden of responsibility before us in the care of our old buildings, that I still have to call on you all to help me once more to cope with the graveyard. If only the weather will allow us to make an early start, we need never let things get too much beyond control. Please help once more.

THE ANNUAL MEETING. I was pleased at the goodly number who turned up at the Annual Meeting. Considering the fierce "flu" epidemic that was raging and general conditions just now, I considered it good. I was very disappointed to see so few members of the Youth Fellowship there. Again I must apologise for the awful discomfort you had to endure, sitting on tables. My only comfort is that it will convince even the most doubtful that we need a Parish Hall.

You will find the list of the newly-elected Councillors elsewhere. I think it is a representative list of names. All ages and all shades of thought are included. Our unwritten agreement that we should hold office for three years and stay out of office for two got a little involved, but it is obvious that in such a matter as this, the basic principle is the important factor that, unless needed for any special purpose or office, we should be content to stay aside for two years, after working for three, in order to give other people an opportunity to serve their church in this special way.

EDITORSHIP. To my sorrow Mr. and Mrs. J. King of 77 Rednal Road, have decided to uproot themselves and to live part of the year away from Kings Norton. They will be very much missed here, and as Mr. King has recently become Magazine Editor and has joined the choir this will be an added

loss to the Church. I thank Mr. King for so ably taking over the Editorship of the magazine after Mr. Skinner left. He has suffered much with great patience to get the material in for the magazine. All of us contributors have been fearfully slow in sending our material. This is a matter in which we must improve. I am glad to say that Mr. R. H. Clarke of 21 Rednal Road (Kin 3580) has consented to become Editor. Mr. Clarke is an expert in all such matters as this and keenly interested. I know that he has many plans in view for improving our magazine. I was delighted when he said that he would be Editor. Again, thank you, Mr. King for all that you have done for us. May you and Mrs. King be as happy when you are away from Kings Norton, as I believe you have been in it for many years.

MOTHERING SUNDAY. I hope again this year to gather together the children from all three Churches into the Mother Church. I shall be grateful if the Daughter Churches will arrange for this. Mrs. Richards and her colleagues have again volunteered to do the button holes for the mothers. Fathers are cordially invited too.

HYMNS AND PSALMS

4th March, Lent IV, Mothering Sunday—

Morning		Evening	
238 & Ps. 119 (vv. 145-152)	193 & Ps. 40 (vv. 1-16)		
330	228		
298	265		
274	223		

11th March, Lent V, Passion Sunday—

7 & Ps. 22	185 & Ps. 51
96	172
200	184
271	27

18th March, Palm Sunday—

98 & Ps. 67	98 and Ps. 130
332	99
445	200
647 (tune 578)	108

25th March, Easter Day—

134 & Ps. 2	134 & Ps. 113
131	135
135	133
499	138

SERVICES FOR HOLY WEEK.

Monday, Holy Communion	7 a.m.
Tuesday, Holy Communion	11 a.m.
Wednesday, Holy Communion	7 a.m.
Maundy Thursday, Holy Communion	11 a.m.

GOOD FRIDAY

Children's Service	9.45 a.m.
Three Hours Service	12 noon—3 p.m.
Service of Easter Music with Anthems, Carols and excerpts from "The Messiah"	8 p.m.

EASTER DAY

Holy Communion	7 a.m., 8 a.m.
Mattins	11 a.m.
Holy Communion	12.15 p.m.
Children's Service	3 p.m.
Evensong and Procession	6.30 p.m.

PREACHERS FOR MARCH

PARISH CHURCH:

11 a.m.—Every Sunday, the Vicar, continuing course of sermons on "The Pilgrim's Progress."

6.30 p.m.—4th March, D. J. Walters, Esq., M.C., M.A. (Headmaster of Bromsgrove School); 11th March, Mrs. E. M. Nicoll (of the Salvation Army); 18th March, H. B. Hitchen, Esq., O.B.E., M.A., Headmaster of Solihull School; 25th March, the Vicar.

S. ANNE'S:

6.30 p.m.—4th March, Rev. E. Price; 11th March, Mr. B. J. Firkins; 18th March; Rev. P. N. F. Young; 25th March, Easter Day, Holy Communion, 9.30 a.m., Evensong, 6.30 p.m., Rev. G. Cope.

THE EPIPHANY:

6.30 p.m.—4th, 11th and 18th March, Rev. G. Cope will continue his course of sermons; 25th March, Easter Day, Holy Communion. 9.30 a.m. Evensong, 6.30 p.m., Rev. P. N. F. Young.

ANNUAL MEETING—RESULTS OF ELECTIONS

Churchwardens—Vicar's, Mr. J. R. Brown; *People's*, Mr. D. J. Hadley.

Diocesan Conference Representatives—Mr. J. A. Elliott, Dr. J. H. K. McCullough, Miss E. G. Packwood.

Ruridecanal Conference Representatives—Miss M. J. Allen, Mr. W. R. Davies, Mr. A. J. Slough, Mr. N. Barradell, Mrs. M. Green, Miss E. M. Walters.

Church Council Members—Mr. J. B. Allan, Mr. J. T. Clews, Mr. C. M. Raine, Mr. J. E. Bevan, Mr. W. S. Higgs, Mrs. L. Vickery.

Sidesmen, Vicar's—Messrs. W. R. Davies, J. H. Mackintosh, J. H. K. McCullough, R. H. Clarke, F. A. Griffiths, D. J. Pendleton, R. H. Searle, H. T. Clews, F. W. Lloyd, P. Haycock, W. S. Higgs, R. Clarke.

Sidesmen, People's—Messrs. W. B. Pritchett, T. A. Porter, N. A. Wood, R. Yates, B. W. Greenhill, G. C. Walker, R. J. Pepper, N. V. Jones, T. Mackintosh, H. Floyd, J. Plevin, J. B. Allan, N. Barradell, A. Swain, F. Webb, I. B. Jenkins, A. J. Slough, C. E. J. Blake, H. M. Winstanley, A. Heward, F. Gerrard, D. S. Richards.

MISSIONARY BOXES 1950

S.P.G. GENERAL FUND: Mrs. R. Green, 18/5½; Mrs. J. S. Pritchett, 7/8½; Mrs. May, 15/6; Mrs. Thompson, 8/8; Miss Cleverley, 19/6½; Miss Packwood, 13/3; Mrs. Porter, 8/6; Mrs. Surman, 4/6; Mr. Blake, 19/8; Miss Hartwell, £2 0s. 10d.; Miss Kirby, 7/9; Mr. G. Yates, £1 3s. 8d. S.P.G. MEDICAL MISSIONS: Mrs. C. White, 8/-; Mrs. Robotham, 13/6; Miss Cooper, 4/7½; Miss Stiles, 3/6½; Mrs. Grove, 6/10; Mr. T. Izon, £1 2s. 8½d. C.M.S. MEDICAL MISSIONS: Miss Gebhard, 3/-; Miss Gosmore, 10/-. GRAND TOTAL £13 0s. 3d.

K.N.Y.F.

There is very little to report from the Youth Fellowship this month, our Wednesday and Sunday evenings are going forward as planned, except where Mr. Bennett was unfortunately unable to visit us, as he was one of the many victims of the 'flu.

Since the last publication of the magazine we have received Mr. P. Oliver's resignation from the Committee and Mr. J. Rollason has been co-opted to fill the vacancy, also Miss S. Kenyon has been co-opted in the refreshment category. I should like to draw attention to a printing error in February's edition—B. Swain should read as B. Swani in the Committee members.

The following piece of news comes from our Cricket Captain: "This isn't exactly seasonable weather to talk about cricket but I think that a word or two would put people in mind of the coming season and I would like to issue an official challenge to the Church to play a return of last years match. I hope that we will be able to obtain the Five Ways ground again.

"Also I would like to appeal for cricket gear for the club team. We shall have a very good fixture list, and due to the prohibitive price of gear, we have had in the past to borrow the gear from the clubs we played. It isn't a very nice position to be in so if anyone could help us with cricket gear of any sort we would be most grateful."—P. T. JONES.

January's programme was rounded off by a very good and enjoyable social, to which we invited St. Agnes' Y.F., Cotteridge, our M.C. was John Rollason, who was officiating probably for the last time before leaving us for H.M. Forces, in which we all wish him the best of luck.—D.S.

CAMPANOLOGY

How many church people have given a thought, when hearing the bells pealing forth their sweet music on Sundays, as to what is involved in the scientific art of change-ringing?

In all churches the bells are hung high in the tower, and are rarely seen by anyone except the tower keeper. In many churches also the ringers themselves are out of sight of the worshippers, who never think it worthwhile to visit the ringing chamber in order to see them at their work.

It would be extremely difficult in a short article to explain all that it entails to acquire the skill necessary to perform this task. The first thing is to show the budding ringer the bells, and let him or her see them in motion;

then to explain all the fittings and the campanological terms applied to the bells in their various movements. The next thing is to let them see how the bell is handled at the rope end, including the rising and falling of it. Then the pupil must be allowed to handle the rope with assistance and given encouragement to become proficient in ringing the bell properly. When this is done, he should be put to ring in "rounds," and instructed in what is called "hunting" from lead to the back and return. Many useful text books have been written to assist in learning the various methods used in change-ringing which, to the persistent student, should not present great difficulty.

Change-ringers are comprised of all classes of people; quite a number of the clergy in various parts of the country being very clever exponents of the art.

In addition to being part of the work of the Church, change-ringing is a most fascinating study, and it is extremely doubtful if any organisation provides greater fellowship than is to be found among ringers.—W. C. DOWDING.

On Tuesday, 17th October, a Peal of Grandsire Triples 5,040 changes was rung in two hours forty-three minutes by the following:

Treble	John Blake
2.	John Oliver
3.	Molly Flynn
4.	Paul Williams
5.	James Cole
6.	Wm. B. Cartwright (Conductor)
7.	Norman Goodman
Tenor	Edward Blake

All these ringers live in this parish, worship in our church, and assist at Sunday Service Ringing. Could any Parishioner remember when last a peal was rung in this tower by an all local band?

We should like to place on record our appreciation of the services of Mr. James Betterton, who has reluctantly been compelled to discontinue regular ringing.

Mr. Betterton will celebrate his 87th birthday in April, and has rung continuously for the past 70 years. He started ringing during the time of the Rev. Aston, to whom he was gardener, and most of his bell-ringing colleagues of the olden days have passed on. He has rung a great number of peals and quarter peals, although there is no record of the exact number; and he recalls that in those days there was very little ringing for the services—the bells were nearly always chimed.

LOOKING BACK. By AN OLD CHORISTER—Continued

Just below the main entrance gates of Monyhull Hall are a few small houses, which, together with a similar row at the Maypole, were built about thirty years ago to accommodate a few of the male staff and their families. Up to about twenty years ago there were no dwellings on the opposite side of Monyhull Hall Road from Lindsworth Cottage onwards, and with tall trees and hedgerows fringing this part of the road, together with the meadowland reaching to the valley below, it presented a truly rural aspect. Broad Lane has changed considerably too. At one time it was a very pretty lane with a roadway quite the reverse to which its name implies, and had an avenue of tall trees together

with open fields on either side. An old house stood by the corner occupied by the snaops to-day, and a farm, for many years tenanted by the Cutler family, stood on the side on which Poston Croft is now built. As the Cutlers were friends of my family, I used to visit this farm quite often as a boy, and I can remember fishing in the pool just above the farm, at the side of the lane nearly opposite the south entrance gates to Brandwood End Cemetery. Except for the two villas beyond here and the little cottages near to the Alcester Road, no other buildings existed until Mr. Jones built the first bungalow in 1918. I must not forget to mention the canal tunnel which runs under the junction of the three roadways for about a quarter-of-a-mile. A pathway leads from Broad Lane down to the one end of this tunnel, and it used to be a common sight to see boatmen leading their horses across the roads and down the path, while the boat was propelled through the tunnel by hand. This canal was rather a busy one in those days and besides the barge traffic, rowing boats hired from the Happy Valley at Yardley Wood, crowded the canal during Bank Holidays and weekends. At the top of the Boat Lane, which runs up from the opposite end of the tunnel to Brandwood Road, is a very old cottage, which has been occupied by the Sharpe family for many years. I can remember them converting the front room of their cottage into a little shop for the sale of sweets, minerals, etc. This was well patronised by the fishermen, also cyclists and hikers, because this was the only shop between Alcester Lanes End and my shop in Parsons Hill at that time, and it was not until 1930, after the modern houses had been erected on this route, that the 18A bus service came into being, and to reach Kings Heath from our village, one had to either go by train, cycle or walk. During Bank Holiday periods, townspeople used to enjoy a ride out by tram to Alcester Lanes End and then walk to Kings Norton by this route, where they would perhaps have a picnic lunch on the Green, saunter round the village, walk on to Cotteridge and return home by tram. These outings were very popular until the tramway was extended on the Bristol Road to the Lickey Hills, after which the circular trips to Kings Norton gradually faded out.—C. A. P. ROGERS.

(To be continued)

DAUGHTER CHURCHES

S. ANNE'S

FLOWER ROTA: 25th March (Easter Sunday), The Ladies of the Church Council.

S. ANNE'S MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP (Please note change of name). As you see, we are now a Mothers' Fellowship. It was decided by an overwhelming majority to become a Fellowship instead of a Mothers' Union, as most of us feel very strongly that, rather than bar anyone from membership of our organisation, we would rather be free to welcome anyone whose marriage has gone astray.

You are cordially invited to our next meeting on 8th March when we hope to have Mrs. Best to talk on "The Children of Europe."

We also invite you to an evening meeting of the Fellowship, in the Club Room, at 7.15 p.m. on 22nd March, when we shall have an Open Whist Drive (which means husbands and friends are welcome) with the proceeds going to the blind children.

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