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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 August magazine must be sent to the Editor, Mr. R. H. Clarke, 21 Rednal Road, by 14th July. The magazine will appear on 26th July.

KALENDAR FOR JULY

- 1.—SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 8.—SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 15.—EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
S. MARY MAGDALENE.
 25.—S. JAMES.
 29.—TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ALMS GIVING

	<i>Parish Church</i>					<i>S. Anne's</i>				<i>The Epiphany</i>					
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20	15	17	10	24	8	0	1	16	10	2	11	2			
27	14	8	8	19	18	2	1	7	10	3	1	3			

VICAR'S LETTER

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON,
BIRMINGHAM 30.

July 1951.

My dear Friends,

I want to devote my letter this month to telling you about Confirmation, which is the doorway to receiving the Blessed Sacrament, which in two thousand years of Christianity has been held as the heart and inner part of our worship. I am writing not so much to those who are already confirmed as to the unconfirmed who have given the matter thought, or are even seriously contemplating entering the full life of the Church by being confirmed. Also this letter is addressed to the parents of young people of thirteen or so, upwards, who may be thinking of being confirmed. People often ask me what I consider a good age for confirmation. In a genuinely Christian home, where both the parents are keen church people, it does not matter how young, so long as the child is intellectually capable of learning what the Church teaches about God. We need not wait for them to understand fully all that they learn, but so long as the seed is planted, the Christian atmosphere in their homes, and their continued attendance in Sunday School, Children's Service, and Bible Class, will build up that doctrinal knowledge, and give them their spiritual understanding.

Where the home atmosphere is to all intents and purposes pagan, that is, where the parents never come near Church, and neglect their first duty to God, which is to worship Him, I prefer the youngsters to wait until they are of age to take a real decision for themselves, and to stand firm against the weakening, spiritually deadening atmosphere of their homes and parents. Sad experience of large numbers of spiritual casualties among young confirmed people, because of the soul destroying atmosphere of their homes and influence of their parents, has brought me to this conclusion. I have been here only two and a half years, and already witnessed the heart-breaking spectacle of children, who really at the time of their confirmation showed unmistakable signs of the fire of God in their characters, being sucked back into the flow of paganism, which has killed their parents' sense of God, and disappearing into the great mass of "also-rans." It is a source of great grief to any priest, who sees young lives turning to God, like flowers to the sun, and then the deadly shadow of the parents' indifference coming between them and our Lord Jesus, and shutting them out. I would wish any parents who are not regular churchgoers, or who do not solemnly intend to review their church lives, to refuse to allow their children to be confirmed. Let them wait, and then, if their attraction to their Church, through Club or Service continues to hold them, let them be confirmed at seventeen or eighteen. There are very few casualties among such members of the Church.

In our congregation we have quite a number of valued adults, who for some reason or other were not confirmed. Maybe they belonged to some other denomination, or some interruption in their younger lives prevented it, and now they feel too old. Perhaps in their hearts they may have a feeling that Confirmation is rather a childish thing. I would like such people to know that there is a separate instruction course for adults, and that already a few adults have expressed their intention of being confirmed. They will not be alone, nor will they be with the youngsters. They need have no fears intellectually, except the sure knowledge that no man, however wide his brain powers, can begin to absorb the mystery of God. But they should learn what the Church has to teach about God, and so grow to a more defined understanding and appreciation of our Lord Jesus Christ. I pray that any man or woman contemplating confirmation, or who has ever thought of it, will this year come to a decision, and enter fully into the life of the Church. It has been my experience that among such the Church has found her staunchest communicants.

Confirmation, in the earliest days, was the immediate conclusion of baptism. A man was baptised, and at the very first opportunity confirmed. After his

baptism some acknowledged leader of the Church, the apostles at first, blessed him by laying on his hands upon him, and he then was eligible to partake of the bread and wine of Sacrament. Again, from earliest times the partaking of this bread and wine, blessed by the Divine response to the prayers of the faithful, has been regarded as the food for the human soul. I could not possibly go into any detailed discussion about it here—volumes have been written about it—but I do want to impress upon all good church people that this is the teaching of nearly two thousand years in our church that baptism is only completed in confirmation, and only in the fulfilment of both can a man become a full member of the Church and partake in that Holy Meal, which, our Church claims, provides food for the soul, as nothing else can do.

We are fortunate in having the Confirmation Service in Kings Norton again this year. It will take place on Saturday, 24th November. I shall begin preparation of candidates the last Wednesday in September, the 27th day of that month, and I shall take candidates from the three Churches in the Parish Church. The class for younger people will be at six o'clock in the evening; and for adults at eight o'clock.

I have written thus early about it as I want people to have good time to give the matter serious consideration. I should be glad if the leaders of Junior Churches and Children's Services will examine their young congregations and see who are getting near the time when Confirmation will be the next step. I would like them to put and keep this matter before the minds of their people between now and September.

On Thursday, 4th October, I shall invite the parents of all young candidates to meet me in Church, so that I may lay upon them the responsibility to see as far as they possibly can, that their children shall faithfully fulfil the duties they undertake at their confirmation, and again I emphasise that parents can do that only in maintaining a stirring sacramental and church-going life themselves. There is no other way.

On the evening of Sunday, 23rd September, I am hoping that the Rev. J. H. Codrington of S. Martins will assist me in an explanatory presentation of the Service of Holy Communion, as an attempt to revive and re-inspire the spiritual vitality of those already confirmed, and as a beginning to the preparation for confirmation of new candidates.

Meanwhile let us never lose sight of the fact that it is only in the very presence of God at His table that Christians can know of a surety that, regardless of their own feelings and conditional only on their firm resolution to put away past sins and live their future days in Christ, they will receive the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and go out renewed to serve God faithfully in the world which has so forgotten Him in our generation.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

P.S.—Having completed my letter for this month I found this in *The Times*. There is little comment to be made, I think, E.G.A.

THREE BOYS IN COURT

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES*.

Sir.—The subject of juvenile delinquency having now become a national problem for thinking men and women of all political parties and creeds, perhaps your readers of this class might be interested in a case that was before the juvenile court recently in a little Herefordshire market town. The accused were three boys, all between 13 and 14 years. The charge was breaking and entering and stealing. Two pleaded Guilty, the third Not Guilty. All three were found Guilty. Briefly, the evidence showed that the three boys had absented themselves from the secondary school, and had broken into a working man's cottage during his absence at work. They had stolen money and other property. These boys all

come from very respectable working-class homes in modern council houses. They were extremely well dressed, and, of course, their parents were present at the court.

As one of the adjudicating magistrates I closely questioned both the accused and also each of the parents as to what moral and religious instruction had been given to the accused. In each case the accused were nominally members of the Church of England, but in no case had any attempt been made by the parents to give any religious instruction or moral guidance, and in only one case had any of the three attended a Sunday school. In this boy's case his parent informed me that up to last Christmas the boy had attended a Sunday school, but had discontinued attending "because he thought he was too old." Questions addressed to this particular boy elicited the fact that he had no idea whatever what was the eight commandment. Indeed, I doubt if he had any idea of any of the commandments. As for the church catechism, I do not think he had ever heard of it.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. LYON.

Qu'Appelle, Clifton-on-Teme, Worcester.

THE OLD SCHOOL

On Saturday, 14th July, at 3 p.m., Mrs. William Cadbury is to perform the re-opening ceremony of the Old Grammar School, and we hope that many people will be present to witness what should be an occasion of importance. How few places have such a gem of antiquity within its boundaries, and yet, even allowing for the changing population of such a place as this, I am amazed how few people are really aware that we have in the grounds of the Church this charming little medieval building. Thanks to the industry of our committee, and here I must especially pay tribute to the keen interest shown by our Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. D. Winstanley, we have raised several hundred pounds and been able to put the lovely little building into complete repair. Also it has recently been scheduled as an Ancient Monument, which will go far to protect it from any of the vicious materialistic tendencies of our generation, to wipe out the ancient and beautiful in the name of progress.

I must also make special mention of the keen interest shown by Mr. Philip Chatwin, the antiquarian, our Diocesan Architect, who has been responsible for the work, and also influential in raising much of the money, and to Mr. Robinson and his builders who did the work so excellently. Our thanks are due to all who have so generously given money, and I must record the generosity of the Pilgrim Trust, who by the gift of £500 enabled us to do all that was necessary to ensure the future well-being of the Old Grammar School. There are few objects of antiquity more beautiful than the upper room of the old school, and I hope that Kings Norton will become aware of this little-noticed treasure in its midst. The upper room will be used as a meeting place for the Parochial Church Council and Bible Class. The lower room is to be let for any fellowships or societies of a "discreet and orderly" nature. The Vicar and Churchwardens are the Trustees and as such are heartily grateful to all those who have enabled us to bring the Old Grammar School back into the life of the Community.

I hope gradually to furnish the school in a way equal to its importance and great age. The Kings Norton Boys Grammar School have raised funds for some piece of furniture, a graceful and appropriate gesture for which we are most grateful. We thank Mr. Eric Vincent for the gift of an old map of Worcestershire to hang over the fireplace upstairs and from old Miss Cook, who lived on the Green, we have inherited an antique corner cupboard. The Photographic Society have promised a set of fifty steel nesting chairs for the lower room; we thank them for their generosity. For the upper room, we shall in time collect chairs and furniture of antique value and beauty.

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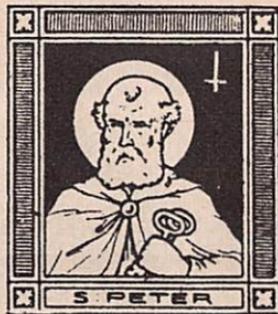
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Home Words



THE RUGGED FISHERMAN

By the Rev. H. A. LAWRENCE RICE



MOST of us, perhaps, have our favourites among the Saints of God—saints whose characters or lives we particularly admire, or those, maybe, whose names we were given at the Font. But most of us, I imagine, have a soft spot for that lovable, rugged, north-country fisherman whose real name was Simon Bar-Jonah but whom Jesus nicknamed "Kephaz"—"the Rock"—which in Greek is Petros and in English Peter.

It was at Cæsarea Philippi that Simon was first called Peter—after he had made that astounding statement of his belief in Our Lord's Messiahship—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Peter the bold, Peter the impetuous spokesman, the warm-hearted, impulsive leader of the little Apostolic band—he it was who first began to realise what sort of a Master he served.

But even he had a tremendous lot to learn before he became Peter the Wise, Peter the Bishop, Peter the Saint and, in the end, Peter the Martyr. First of all he had to be Peter the Coward, Peter the Traitor and then, by the grace of God, Peter the Penitent.

The great thing about the lives of the saints is that they show us what wonderful things God can do with the most unlikely material. He takes a perfectly ordinary individual, full of faults and imperfections, and then in the process of time He turns him into what we call a saint. He takes a rough, uneducated fisherman and turns him into an Apostle and a Bishop of His Church. He takes a hasty, impetuous, violent man with a strong streak of cowardice in him and turns him into a wise, tender shepherd

of souls, who went without fear to a terrible death.

People sometimes say that the Christian ideal, the Christian way of life, is too high, too hard, too difficult for ordinary folk. All very well for saints, they say, for those who are naturally pious and good.

But the point is that none of us is naturally pious and good; we are all born full of a tendency to sinfulness—Original Sin, as the theologians call it. God had to put in a lot of hard work on some of the saints before they became what they did become, and they had to put in some pretty hard work on themselves.

And of no one is that more true than of St. Peter. We need not shut our eyes to his early faults, for they help us to realise all the better what a good job the Master Sculptor finally made of that unlikely lump of human clay.

It is said that Oliver Cromwell, when he was about to sit for his portrait, ordered the artist to paint him just as he was, "warts and all." When we think of the Saints of God we should think of them first as they were, "warts and all," and then as they are, the finished article, examples of Christ-like character. For they are the answer to the people who say that the Christian standard is too high, that it just can't be done. The saints prove to us that it can be done because, by God's power and grace, they have done it. Their very faults are a source of encouragement to us who have so many of our own.

We do not admire St. Peter for being violent and hasty and impetuous; we do not admire him because he wanted to take the easy way out when

(Continued on page 110)



Mystery of a Doorway.

HOW does Castle Ashby Church in Northamptonshire come to possess a very fine Norman doorway? The church, which dates from the 14th century, has no other work of the Norman period. This doorway forms the outer arch of the north porch which opens into the private grounds of the castle. The church in the neighbouring village of Yardley Hastings has a Norman tower, but its nave and chancel were rebuilt in the late 13th and 14th centuries. As Castle Ashby Church was being built about this time, it occurs to me that perhaps an unwanted doorway was transferred from one village to the other.—H. J. SMITH.

The Gardener.

A 24-year-old Moslem has one of the loveliest jobs in the world, for he is the gardener of Gethsemane. He learnt his craft from the Franciscans. The garden is a small piece of ground some twenty yards square, and gets its name from the fact that it was once the *gethse-*

mane or oil press to which the labourers brought the olives which grew, and still grow, on the surrounding slopes. It is believed that olive trees are immensely long-lived and one in the garden to-day may have sheltered Our Lord.—E. C. HARRIS.

Price Five Shillings.

HUNDREDS of readers must have visited Laxey, in the Isle of Man, and noted the beautiful little church, surrounded by a rookery. It is not one of the ancient churches of the Island but was built in 1856 when Laxey was a flourishing mining district. The church and the land surrounding it were sold to the Bishop of Sodor and Man on May 27th, 1856, for the princely sum of *five shillings* by a George William Dumbell, who was then Chairman of the Mining Company. It would be interesting to know what that piece of land would be worth today.—MRS. HAMER.

Only Too True To-day.

ONE day when a famous preacher of the past was very busy in his study a lad asked to see him urgently. On being told the Vicar was specially busy the lad replied: "Oh, but I want to see him *spiritual!*" The vicar at once called the boy in. "Well, my son, and what can I do for you?" "Have you got a pair of old trousers?" asked the lad. "Yes, I have," was the merry reply from the Vicar, "and I've got them on!"—J. M. MAURICE-ADAMS.



The Gardener of the Garden of Gethsemane

No Place for Birds.

THE door shown in the photograph is that of the little-known church at Waterperry, east of Oxford. I have often thought what a frightening place a church must be for a bird: no food, no water, plenty of apparent 'ways out' but most of them delusive. Waterperry Church is full of interest within, but it is difficult to find; for the village is out of the way, and the church is out of the village—so close to the great house that one feels one must be trespassing to come to the door which carries this sign.—J. W.

"That's the flea!"

AN Inspector came to examine the scholars in Bible knowledge. He asked them to draw the Flight into Egypt, so a Headmistress told me. On looking at one boy's drawing he said: "That's very good: there's the ass and Mary sitting on it, and there's Joseph walking beside, but what's that mark near the ass?"

"Oh, that's the flea," said the boy. "The Bible says, Joseph was to take Mary and the Young Child and flea into Egypt. That's the flea."—THE REV. J. E. COPLEY.

A Game Cock Lectern.

ST. Bartholomew's, Wednesbury, possesses a Lectern in the form of a Game Cock, the workmanship supposed to be 13th to 14th century. There is no



Photo by R. Salmons
The Game Cock Lectern



Photo by

J. S. Ward

Latch this Door!

documentary evidence to explain why the Cock was chosen to support the Bible. It may have been the gift of the owner of a successful competitor in a local "main" or "cocking." Or it may symbolise St. Peter.—T. W. BURNS.

Smuggler's Tombstone.

IN the churchyard at Kinson, Dorset, there is the grave of a man who was killed in a smuggling affray in the year 1765. The inscription on the tombstone reads as follows: "To the Memory of Robert Trotman. Late of Rowd in the County of Wilts who was barbarously murder'd on the Shore near Poole the 24 March, 1765.

A little Tea one leaf I did not steal
For Guiltless Blood shed I to God appeal
Put Tea in one scale human Blood in
r'other

And think what it's to slay thy harmless
Brother." —H. J. SMITH.

The Road of the Vergers.

WE in Macdonald Road, Gillingham, wonder if we hold a record that can be broken by any other road in the country. In this row of seven houses live three vergers of St. Nicholas, Rochester, St. Mark's, Gillingham, and the Parish Church. All three are ex-service men.—MRS. MULFORD.

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.

Parsons and Parishes

by

MAX ROYSTON

The picture on the right shows Canon W. O. Williams with a Terrier, dated 1699, which sets forth the rights and privileges of the Rector and the tithes. These include honey, wool, eggs, milk, corn, wheat and rents of glebelands.

THE modern rector or vicar is said to spend on the average less than five years in charge of a parish before being appointed elsewhere. Yet in spite of this constant coming and going in all parts of the country, a curtain of reserve, often amounting to secrecy, is drawn across the events which lead to his selection.

The majority of livings are not in the gift of the bishops, who, in fact, hold the patronage of only 27 per cent with a share in a further 3 per cent. The right of appointment to the rest is mainly in the hands of deans and chapters of cathedrals, colleges, the Crown, the Lord Chancellor, trustees or private patrons.

Private patronage is the most interesting of all and gives rise to the greatest speculation. It originated centuries ago from the arrangement whereby a great landowner, who founded a church on his estate, was in consequence granted the right to appoint the incumbent. This right was usually permanent, being then known as an advowson, and became part of the family inheritance. Patrons have therefore a more or less close connection with the parish concerned, except in those instances where the estate has been sold but the advowson retained.

Most private patrons do not know many clergy outside their immediate neighbourhood and, unlike a bishop, cannot readily select a likely man to fill a vacant living. Where the patron is, perhaps, an elderly widow, she may

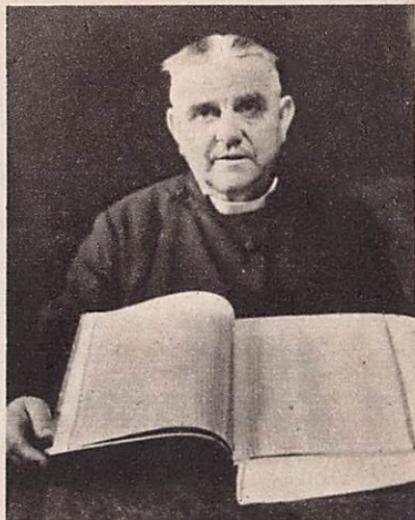


Photo by

H. D. Rider

What is a Terrier?

well ask the bishop to find someone on her behalf. But a man wishes to have a more effective say in the appointment and so it is not uncommon for a patron, especially if he has an extensive patronage himself and no strong personal interest in the particular parish, to ask the bishop to submit three names for him to choose from. On one such occasion a nobleman, whose bishop had sent him the names of two Oxford men and one Cambridge, all M.A.'s, was so undecided whom to pick that in the end he plumped for the Cambridge man because he preferred his hood!

Patrons, however, who have only one or two livings in their gift and therefore rarely exercise their privilege, prefer to act quite independently. Once the vacancy has appeared in the Church press, the patron is certain to have a number of applications. There are still some clergy who think it is faintly improper and commercial to apply for a living oneself, and so they endeavour to find someone of consequence or influence to recommend them. Others actually believe that a personal application is in itself a disqualification. But, in fact, private patrons often make an appointment from their lists of applicants.

Of course a recommendation carries greater weight. For example, a vicar

on holiday was visiting some friends and happened to meet a church official from a neighbouring parish where a vacancy had occurred. As a result of their conversation over tea, the official wrote privately to the patron and the outcome was that the vicar, by the time his holiday ended, was able to announce his new appointment.

Occasionally, in the case of a poor country living, the patron advertises in one or more of the Church papers. One who did so in 1944 received 106

letters from which he made a short list of six and eventually appointed a vicar from an East End parish. Since then, however, the rising cost of living has made it more and more difficult to find men for such places, many of which are in any case destined to be incorporated into districts comprising three or four parishes and run by a vicar with the assistance of a curate. A recent measure to prepare ground for this re-organisation has restricted the rights of patrons by suspending their patronage in parishes affected by the scheme. In this respect the power of the private patron is on the wane.

Since the bishops have a say in less than one third of the appointments made, it is very difficult to organise a regular system of promotion in the Church of England. Except for livings in the gift of the Crown, unless an appointment is made within six months of a vacancy the right of patronage for that turn lapses to the bishop of the diocese. If he fails to appoint within a further six months it then lapses to the archbishop of the province and after him to the Crown where it remains. The Crown also exercises the right of presentation

where a patron is of unsound mind or where the previous incumbent has been appointed to an English bishopric. In the case of a Roman Catholic patron the right passes to the University of either Oxford or Cambridge.

All Crown patronage goes through the hands of Mr. Anthony Bevir, Permanent Ecclesiastical Patronage Secretary to the First Lord of the Treasury, that being the capacity in which the Prime Minister makes a recommendation to the King. When Bishops, Deans or the vicars of great churches are appointed, the Prime Minister as a rule consults the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ordinary livings are usually filled from a list of approved applicants.

The parishioners, as represented by their Parochial Church Council, can in certain circumstances have an influential voice in the appointment of their vicar. They may make representations to the patron regarding the needs and tradition of their parish, though they may not mention the name of any particular man. They

may also, if they act within thirty days of the notification of the vacancy or impending vacancy, take advantage of the important Section 3 of the Benefices Measure, 1931. This prevents a clearly unsuitable appointment by obliging the patron to obtain the consent of the churchwardens acting on behalf of the Parochial Church Council; or, failing that, the bishop's approval of the clerk presented "as being suitable for the duties attaching to the cure of souls in the particular benefice concerned"; or, finally, the authorisation of the archbishop of the province. The patronage rights of the Crown are unaffected by this measure.

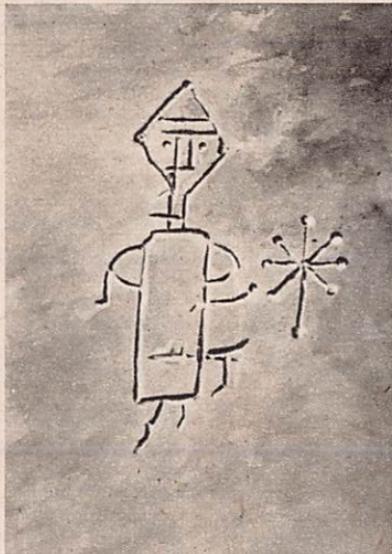


Photo by

W. L. Puxley

Was this quaint scratching in Compton Church a Crusader or a Rector or both?

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



Photo by

A Rare Handful

Miss Tyler

Monday's Washing.

White nylon lingerie should be washed in moderately warm water, never hot. If the latter has been used inadvertently add a touch of blue to the rinsing water, when the yellow hue will disappear. Dry quickly, and never leave nylon lying in a wet pile.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

When hanging out a coat, dress, or similar heavy article, first slip four rubber preserving rings on your line before securing to the post. The rings will prevent the article from blowing away on a windy day if placed two each side of the coat hanger hook, and beneath the wooden shoulders (use only a single coat hanger).—MRS. DISBURY.

Permanent Starch.—Nothing is more dowdy than a white collar or bow that looks crumpled. Thanks to the new Permanent Starch, now on the market, white accessories can be washed often, using an ordinary rinse. Dilute starch with water, and the article which has been dipped will keep its stiffness for a considerable time.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Coats.—When making babies' matinee coats, graft shoulder seams instead of fastening off stitches and seaming. This

sets flat and looks and fits better.—MRS. GROVER.

Door curtains frequently get soiled from people going in and out of a room. To prevent this I have tacked a piece of plastic (transparent) from just above the handle to the floor. Result: a clean curtain always.—MRS. PAYNE.

When making a coat and the canvasses have been tacked on in preparation for facing, sew tape about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide down the edge. Hold firm while sewing: this will prevent the fronts gaping at the bottom of the coat.—MRS. WEST.

A girl's Bolero can be made from a girl's cardigan, when it has been darned at the elbows, and is too small in the length. Shape the front of the cardigan by cutting from the top button-hole, then along the back and the other front. Hem and blanket-stitch. Cut the sleeves at the elbows and make to form a cuff.—MRS. DEWHURST.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Liverish people are easily upset by fats. Some cannot eat cream, pork, egg yolk, chocolate, or even fish and chips. For them glucose is advised when overtaken by a bilious attack. Dissolve two ounces in a pint of water and flavour if desired. Drink it first thing in the morning on awakening.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Vitamin C contained in most fruits—oranges, lemons, blackcurrants, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, rosehips and others—should be taken by those who have poor complexions. These people usually bruise easily. It helps the skin to heal, and keeps away infection.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Taking Temperature.—If temperature is to be taken in the mouth, place bulb of the thermometer under the tongue, and tell patient to close lips but not teeth over it. If the lips are very dry they should be moistened, but be careful not to take a mouth temperature immediately after a hot or cold drink since then the record would not be a true one.—M. E. K.

Temper often has its cause in the state of the stomach. Where anything trivial sends us "off the deep end" it is often indigestion that is at fault. The best cure is exercise and plenty of it. Healthy fatigue will dispel irritation.—MRS. R. FISHER.

Thursday's Cooking.

It is a mistake to throw away any part of a cauliflower. Strip off the green leaf

part, leaving the thick midribs. Wash thoroughly and chop these and the stump. Place in saucepan with a little water, simmer gently for half an hour with the lid on. Thicken with roux—not only palatable, but rich in Vitamin C.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Worcester "Hot Dog."—Peel and boil 1 lb. of potatoes, mash with 1 oz. of margarine and a little hot milk; add a tablespoonful each of cornflour and grated cheese, and work into a stiff paste. Make into thick cakes and fry a golden brown both sides in hot fat; split half-way through and inside place a small cooked sausage. Press down and serve hot.—MISS O. HENLEY.

Watercress.—To grow all the year round, sow watercress in pots, the lower halves of which are filled with crocks and the upper halves with good mould. Stand these pots in deep saucers and keep the saucers always full of water. In the summer they can stand out of doors in the sun as long as the saucers are kept full of water, and in the winter they must be housed. In this way you have salad all the year round once or twice a week.—MISS WHITEHEAD.

Friday's Household.

To prevent the sink waste-pipe from becoming stopped up by food-scrap, cut a piece of perforated zinc into a round of the same size as the stopper and fit it over the pipe-opening. Perforated zinc can be bought cheaply at any iron-monger's and can be cut quite easily with an old pair of scissors.—MISS M. HARPER.

Sometimes, one has to pour liquids, such as perfume, into a bottle with a very small aperture. An excellent funnel for this purpose can be made from a piece of tin foil.—MISS OLIVER.

When the Sink is Stopped Up.—If it stubbornly refuses to yield to the customary kettleful of boiling water, don't immediately panic and send for a plumber.

Instead, at night place a large lump of common washing soda over the outlet perforations. Over this pour a tea-cupful of malt vinegar. Leave till morning, when you will find that the resultant effervescence has cleared the pipe. Then pour a good large kettleful of boiling water down and you will find "All Clear."—MRS. SPALDING.

A good way to fasten the handle of a broom or rake which has come loose is to wrap the end of the handle with sticking-plaster tape and push it firmly into the socket; this affords a good grip.—MRS. RENNIE.

Certain kinds of refuse, e.g.

peelings, fruit stones, drained tea-leaves, anything which will dry out and does not rot, may be thrown over the coke pile, thus adding a little to fuel value and considerably relieving the dust-bin.—MRS. RENNIE.

A large strainer may be made by stretching a porous white cloth (muslin or cheese-cloth) over the top of a receptacle, and securing the edges of the cloth to the rim of the vessel with snap clothes-pegs.—MRS. RENNIE.

Saturday's Children.

Often little ones dislike milk, which is so good for them. Try colouring it with a few drops of pink or yellow harmless colouring. This proves more fascinating than the ordinary "white" milk.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

Nursery Date Pudding.—Rinse 6 oz. of rice in a colander under cold-water tap, drain and boil in water for about 10 minutes, strain and place in top of double saucepan with 1 pint of milk, 3 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar (Demerara or Barbados) and simmer till rice is soft and milk is absorbed. Stir in the dates, stoned and chopped, simmer for a minute or two, then serve.—MRS. WOODLEY.

School Woollen Stockings.—When these are being refooted, turn the legs back to front as this brings thin part of knee to the back.—F. HAWKSWORTH.

Bible Puzzle Solution

(See page 110)

Cedar (2 Kings. 19. 23), Pine. (Isa. 41. 19), Poplar (Gen. 30. 37), Olive (Neh. 8. 15), Sycamore (1 Kings. 10. 27), Myrtle (Isa. 41. 19) Palm Joel. 1. 12), Lilies (Matt. 6. 28), Thistle (2 Kings. 14. 9), Wheat (Ruth. 2. 23), Fir (Isa. 55. 13), Rose (Isa. 35. 1), Vine (Isa. 5. 2), Oak (Josh. 24. 26), Cypress (Isa. 44. 14), Pomegranate (Numb. 13. 23), Willow (Ezek. 17. 5).



Photo by

And Another

H. T. Heywood

"Nearer Heaven" at Hartland

by

PREBENDARY
GREGORY

A prominent American, complete with wife, family and chauffeur, arrived at Hartland late one evening. He had been touring Europe, and now he was "doing" England in a week. At breakfast he told me he was leaving in one hour. He didn't! I talked to him, and as a consequence he spent "more time than he could afford" in Hartland Church and in the Abbey. Seven or eight hours later he left, saying, "I have been nearer Heaven here than I guessed I could be on this earth."—Editor.

FIFTEEN hundred years ago a Celtic missionary, St. Nectan, brought Christianity to the primitive inhabitants of Hartland. A local worthy, taking pity on the missionary's abject poverty, presented him with two cows. These were later stolen by robbers who, to make their crime worse, cut off the head of the saint.

Just before the Norman conquest, the Countess Gytha, wife of Earl Godwyn and mother of King Harold and Queen Edith, vowed that should



Hartland Church Tower—128 feet high

her husband return from a certain perilous journey to Ireland, she would build a church and dedicate it to God in honour of St. Nectan. Her husband did return and in A.D. 1063 the first House of God was built at Hartland.

Gytha endowed the church with lands. Six secular priests lived and worked there and ministered in the Saxon church, and its Norman successor, until 1169 when the only Abbey in North Devon was founded; it flourished in the beautiful valley below the church until the suppression in 1539.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the population of Hartland, a parish contained within a circumference of thirty miles, was double that of Bideford and half that of Barnstaple. Its noble church tower (128 ft.) is the highest of any of the old parish towers in Devon. There is a large statue of St. Nectan, the patron saint, on its eastern face. Strangely enough, when extensive repairs were being carried out in 1848, this statue was found to be in need of a new head—a reminder of how St. Nectan



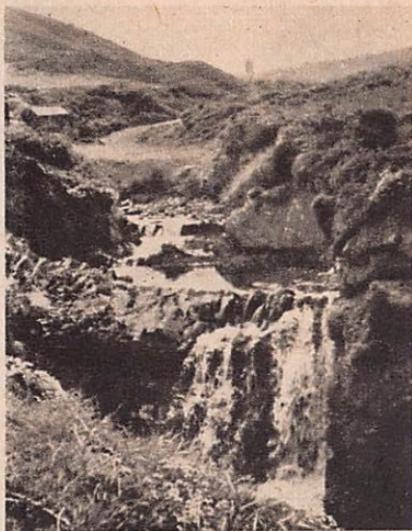
Where the black sheep flourish

met his death at the hands of the robbers. The new head which was affixed to the statue was a mitred one, although there is no evidence to suggest that the saint was ever in episcopal orders, nor that he ever ruled an abbey.

The beauty of Hartland Church is enriched by its 15th century oak rood screen—"It is nobly proportioned and nothing can exceed the brilliance of its marvellous workmanship." Seats were actually erected on the screen during the Commonwealth; thus some of the congregation were distinctly high churchmen! St. Mary's Guild (Lady Chapel) has an elaborately carved and gilded oak roof as old as the 14th century church itself. Small wonder that the church has been called "the Cathedral of North Devon," with its fine Norman font, the Abbot's tomb of Catacluse marble and oak reredos bearing representations of the Saints of Hartland's chapels.

The parish is sprinkled with foot-paths; they spread along the cliffs and zig-zag through woods and vales. The five famous coastal waterfalls alone justify a visit to the shores of Hartland.

The Quay was Hartland's sea gate from Elizabethan times until the latter half of the 19th century, when its



Hartland Church is North Devon's "Cathedral"

little pier was swept away by storms. To-day Hartland can be reached only by road from Bideford or Bude. It is farther away from railways than any other place in England; and it does not regret the distinction. It is hard to believe that this peaceful village was once a busy centre with small ships slipping in and out of its harbour.

Hartland in Springtime delights with its cascades of primroses, carpets of bluebells and multitudes of daffodils that fringe the little streams hurrying to the sea. Later, the honeysuckles bloom in profusion. There are six beaches on the Atlantic bound of the parish. The best known are Shipload Bay, Speke's and the Quay. No bathing accident has occurred for over forty years!

Hartland Point is one of three place names to be found in the ordnance survey map of Roman Britain in what is now Devonshire; the other two are Exeter and the river Tamar. The lighthouse which stands at the foot of the Point (350 feet) is fitted with a 12 million candlepower lamp (the strongest on the British coast) which is visible for sixty miles. The fact that since its erection in 1874 the number of wrecks has greatly decreased does not lessen the truth of the local proverb:—

"From Padstow Port to Lundy Light
Is a watery grave by day or night."



Speke Waterfall—70 feet into the sea

The Lame Duck

By HOOLE JACKSON



Photo by

H. G. Grainger, F.R.P.S.

Chapter I.

EMMANUEL SALT, blacksmith of Combewell, recovered himself from the swing of the mighty swipec which should have put the ball over the roof of the little wooden pavilion, made a wry mouth at his fallen middle stump, and surveyed the slim figure of the bowler for a moment before he broke into a great guffaw. Then he strode back to the old army hut, to which Sam Rendell, the carpenter, had added a neat verandah.

The slim young bowler in his white flannels tossed the ball skyward and caught it, as Charlie Medland, the baker, came out to bat. This Gentlemen versus Villagers was going to be fun! Francis Barcombe, in the glory of young manhood, fresh from his remote but famous school, felt that here, on the cricket-field of his father's parish, he would surely cement the friendship between himself and the local people.

He glanced towards the pavilion, where a little group was seated. His father, John Barcombe, Vicar of Combewell, was listening to the animated chatter of Anne, the pretty, fair-haired daughter of Lady Exburne, with Lady Exburne herself on his right, and his wife, Amelia, seated next to Anne. Francis noted that of all the group his mother alone had not relaxed, but was sitting very upright, the firm line of her lips plain, even at the distance he was from her. He sighed. Surely, *now*, she would reverse her private opinion of the village.

Francis had come home to help

with the removal, and Combewell in winter was not the charming Eden of pantile red roofs and thatch, flowers and fair meadows. His first impression had not been too cheering. The train decanted them at a wayside station, with flood-water over the low-lying meadows, and a heavy mist rising from the waters. The drive to the Vicarage took them over a low ridge, crowned with a plantation of dark conifers, and as they moved down the descent, a wide estuary opened out in front, its waters lapping the lower meadows, with marshland stretching almost to the Vicarage wall.

The Vicarage, of old red brick, stood on what appeared to be a hillock amid this desolation, with a view of sedges, bulrushes, swampy pools, and then a banner of mist. That was the impression from the window of the Victorian dining-room, and the drawing-room faced the same dismal scene. Francis went up to his father's study and found it looked out on the hill-slope behind the house. The big kitchen, too, was dark and gloomy, the window opening out onto what was little more than a yard, but enclosed by limestone rocks instead of a wall, because the Vicarage had been built back into this low hillock, and the rock blasted to secure level foundations.

Amelia, his mother, came in as he was standing in this room.

"I'm sure we shall all die of ague or something in this benighted place," she complained. "Nothing but pigs and hens for neighbours! Before, we had at least a pleasant outlook over

the park to the river, and the best part of London on the doorstep—or a penny bus ride away, which is the same thing. Well, I suppose the doctor was right. We must put your father's health first, although I should have thought he might have been offered a different living from this. Near Bath, or Exeter, or somewhere less like the fever swamps in that book of Charles Dickens. *Chuzzlewit*, wasn't it?"

"We'd better give it a chance, mother," replied Francis, who had his father's optimism of outlook, "I saw some really pretty country as we came along."

"You must have been *lucky*. I saw nothing but cold mist—ugh!"

Now, on this glorious June day, it seemed impossible that the first dismal impression had ever existed. The swamp was still there, but bright with yellow flag-iris, just bursting from bud to bloom. It fascinated him with its life of wildfowl, and the glorious iridescent flashing dragonflies. Combe-well was just a little straggling street rising up the roadway from the marsh, with one fork road thrusting out to a tidal estuary, and a tiny fishing-hamlet snuggled under a low, sandstone bluff half-a-mile down the estuary.

The place was very old: a few cob cottages with thatched roofs; a few larger houses and cottages with either thatch or red pantile roofs; the long, low inn, with a crooked porch; the blacksmith's forge at one corner where the road forked, and the village 'all-sorts' shop, kept by Matty Teague, opposite.

Already, Francis noticed how much better his father was looking; there was colour in his cheeks, and the summer tan was deepening. The work was heavy, but engrossing, and Francis had enjoyed some good fly fishing with his father in the moorland streams a few miles away, and an occasional sea-fishing expedition. The two shared a secret and growing love of the place which his mother only tolerated, and did their best to edge her into the most pleasant company the district afforded. Lady Betty Exburne had been charming and Anne had taken to coming over to play tennis with Francis. He was already very fond of her

and charmed by her unsophisticated ways.

Medland faced the bowling now, and followed the blacksmith to the pavilion after making a couple of runs. The village side was out, skittled out by the young player who had been the star bowler of his school. If the young fellow confirmed his promise, the county, it was said, was going to have a first-class cricketer within a few years! Francis hugged the forecast to his heart and dreamed of being a test-match choice one day.

When his own side went out to bat, Francis joined the group by the pavilion.

"Oh, you were just splendid," said Anne. "I never knew you were so good. Poor Mr. Salt was bowled neck and crop!"

"Put your cap on, Francis," said his mother. "You're looking quite pale. The sun's *far* too hot for cricket."

Lady Betty smiled. "Young men seldom wear hats to-day, Mrs. Barcombe. I suppose no one would have batted without one in your day, Mr. Barcombe? Didn't good cricketers once wear top hats? I'm sure I forget. My husband wasn't a cricketer, I'm afraid. Always off with his rod. That's where he caught the chill that killed him. Ah, Dr. Vallance has hit a four!" And she began to clap.

When Francis went in to bat, there was loud clapping from all round the field. A farm-labourer commented, "If he bats so well as he do bowl, then we'll see somethin', I reckon."

Francis was no all-rounder, but his batting was steady, and he had often proved the mainstay of his school when things were going badly. But now he lacked his usual confidence, and shaped badly at the first ball he received. If the bowling had been of higher standard, he would not have survived his first over.

When he staggered, the Vicar half rose, but Francis recovered himself and went on playing.

"He ought to have worn a cap," muttered Mrs. Barcombe. "Really, young men are *so* foolish."

"Oh!" cried Anne, as a straight yorker sent the bails flying. "He's out already—or a *duck*."

Francis walked to the pavilion very slowly. He felt queer. Dr. Val-

ance, giving him a glass of water, said, "I think you'd better get home and let me have a look at you, young man. It may be the sun, and you can't play about with sunstroke. Come along, my car's just inside the gate."

Two days later, Vallance came up to Francis and sat down by his bedside. For a minute or so he sat smoking his pipe. Then Francis, turning his head slowly and not without pain, said, "Have you told them, Doctor? It's some kind of paralysis, isn't it?"

Vallance let his big, brown hand rest on the younger man's. "Don't go thinking the worst, Francis," he said. "I won't keep anything from you. That wouldn't be cricket, would it? You'll need all the pluck you ever brought to the game. You've got to bat on a sticky wicket for a bit and do your best. Yes, it's paralysis. The symptoms are too well-known for you not to guess. Infantile paralysis, Francis. But remember, the man who is determined to fight it is halfway to winning. I'm your doctor, and I believe you have the pluck, God helping you, to win. I'll back you up to the limit of my skill, and we'll have Rivers down. He's the best specialist I know."

Francis spoke very slowly. He seemed to find it difficult to control his lips. "It's the end of a career like father's. I know that. But perhaps, in time, I could do something. Old Rodgers thought I might write, be an author. I wasn't keen. But it might be a way . . ."

"The very thing," answered Vallance promptly, wondering if his patient realised the long, arduous road which every author worth his salt had to tread. And there was the fight that must first be won against the disease which had laid the patient low, and made him helpless of limb and muscle.

When Rivers had given his verdict and the first impact of the disease and the shock of realising that he might long be dependent on others, had subsided a little, Francis began the fight, and to follow the treatment advised by the specialist. Dr. Vallance led him, little by little, from the first helplessness; compelling movement by subtle artifices, steadfast in

his enforcement of the strongest rules.

Slowly Francis made his right arm serve him; took the pain of subsidiary curative heat and massage. Out of living death came hope, and John Barcombe prayed with his son, as he had prayed with men and women during the blitz. Like Daniel he trusted God completely. In Francis, this faith was simpler, yet stronger for its very simplicity. He had not his father's experience of life, and the conviction that God works in ways that are not ours. The simpler faith served, and like St. Francis there was in it the subconscious love of all nature, as if the world and the universe were a living hymn in praise of the Creator.

"I saw some wild duck go over last night," he told Vallance. "Those outstretched necks symbolized a poet reaching out for the lovely and the incredible."

"Ah," said Dr. Vallance, stroking his heavy moustache. "Duck, eh? That's the best of a marsh—plenty of wild life. D'you know, there's a swan with only one foot down near the estuary? Old Faithful we call him. He had a big fight when he first came here. Then he won a reach of the estuary for himself. Learned how to manage with one foot. You should see him play the old soldier with the visitors! It's a revelation. But in the winter, he has to fight. When the marsh froze once, I tried to help him. He let me loose him from the ice, but no more; shook life into himself and away he went. No truck with duck and hens for him. Two days later I watched him flying over the melting ice, a monarch of the air!"

"That's how I feel about the wild duck. I *must* see Old Faithful."

"So you shall. If you keep on like this you'll be able to walk one day." Doctor Vallance lighted his pipe. "Your mother, I gather, likes nice tame birds. The wild ones are just outcasts, I fancy, in her mind."

Francis smiled. "I never thought much about Mother's outlook on life until I had to lie here so long. She's wonderful in heaps of ways. Father couldn't be better looked after. You know, his mind isn't often on the things of this world; perhaps that's

why God gave him a practical woman like Mother. She likes to dwell on the gloom. She was *always* sure the Vicarage in town would be hit by a bomb, and father was equally sure it wouldn't be. She still sees the marsh as it was that winter night we came here. I'm glad Lady Betty comes so often."

Dr. Vallance rose. "You're doing fine," he said. "Keep it up. Lady Betty wants you to go over there as soon as we get the wheel-chair. That'll be the first move out of doors. She'll be a real tonic to you." But he thought to himself, "He's thinking of Anne. I don't know that that's wise. She was making up to him and now she's sheering off, as if she were waiting to see if he will be cured or be a lame duck all his life. Mustn't

let that cat out."

He walked down the lane in the sunshine, humming to himself. Francis was teaching even him that a doctor of many years' work could still learn a lesson from a young patient. Ha, that's an idea. Now why couldn't the young chap keep *ducks*? Thing *he'd* never had the time to do—ducks—a good living out of breeding them, too. It would get Francis out of doors. This writing idea was all right, if there were nothing else. But tied to a desk? No! Better be a farmer. Ducks wouldn't take too much out of him, and part of the Vicarage land was a stretch of marsh. He'd talk to Francis's father first. No good tackling Mrs. Barcombe: she'd simply say, "That *awful* marsh!"

(To be continued)

The Ugly Sisters

by the Rev. Fenton Morley

SOMETIMES we say of someone that he's "no' as black as he's painted" and that seems to be true of most villains, in fiction as well as out of it. In fact one of the main differences between great writers and poor writers lies in their treatment of bad characters. The novice is always inclined to paint his villains black—glossy black for smarmy rogues, purple black for the horrible and terrifying, and drab black for the uninterestingly evil.

But a Shakespeare can show us that even within villains like Iago or Richard III there are some possibilities for good, however crushed and stifled by that deliberate and persistent wrong-choice which makes wrong-doing a sin against oneself, against other people and against God. That is why the villains of great drama and literature are able to interest the people of every generation. For we know them to be like ourselves—neither wholly bad nor wholly good—and so we can say, "There but for the grace of God go I."

And usually villains are living embodiments of one strain in human nature carried to excess—for example, the Ugly Sisters in Cinderella.

We know quite well that they have been "perfect beasts" to the heroine. We resent their treatment of her as if she were not a human being at all, but merely a machine for the performance of household chores, without feelings or rights.

But when they come to try on the all-important slipper, they are rather pathetic. They have become not merely two ugly and boney antiques attempting the impossible—but somehow a type of misfit in human life. They are the square pegs in the round holes, the people who hang on to a job which they are incapable of performing efficiently, the eternal wallflowers of human fellowship who simply won't fit in.

It's strange that such people are usually so quick to see the faults of others and yet so blind to their own defects. When they hear someone else praised they are anxious to point out his weaknesses. If the children of somebody else get to the top of the class then they allege that there has been favouritism and unfair discrimination. And they seem to be quite incapable of believing that anyone can do a kindly action without wanting to get something out of it.

And yet they are such incurable

optimists about themselves. Like the man in the St. James's Epistle, they look at their faces in the glass and then turn away forgetting what they have seen. In fact, the one person in the world whom such a man never really knows is himself. He has built up a picture of himself to which he clings. And no amount of failure in his business, or his personal relationships, will teach him that his portrait of himself is so touched up by wishful thinking that it has become unrecognisable to others. This lack of self-knowledge prevents such a man becoming a square peg in a square hole—doing the job for which he is really best fitted, and deserving the appreciation of other people for his real value to them, not for his false value to himself.

Sometimes the misfit gets really worked up about his situation and makes a revolutionary change in his job, his home life and his personal relationships. But such an upheaval rarely brings the happiness he expects because the trouble lies within himself—not in his environment. What he really needs to change is his thinking about himself.

The Rugged Fisherman

(Continued from page 97)

Our Lord spoke of going to His death in Jerusalem; we do not admire him because he lost his temper, or his nerve, or both, and cut off a man's ear with a sword; we do not admire him because at the critical moment he played the coward and deserted his Friend and Leader.

We do admire him because he overcame and lived down all those weaknesses and failures, and with God's help became the Rock which Jesus had all along known he would become.

Now what God did with St. Peter He can do with us if we will let Him, and that is why the Saints have such a tremendous amount to offer us in the way of encouragement and example. No wonder that they have been called "God's Advertisements."

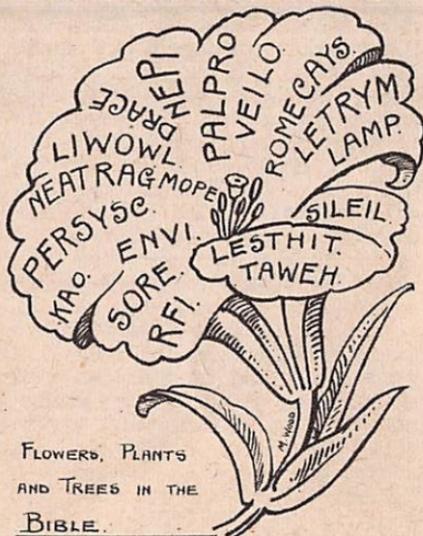
A Church without Saints would be like a Nation without heroes, for the Saints of the past are the glory of the present and the unshakable hope of our future.

And that self-knowledge and self-assessment is not easily accomplished without some standard of comparison. Comparison of himself with his neighbours will send him back into the old routine. What he really needs is to compare himself with Christ, to balance his imaginary value of himself with his value to God, and from that to find his true niche in the world by fulfilling God's purpose for him.

Of course that may mean playing second fiddle instead of leading the orchestra, but what does that matter? I like to think of the little girl who came away from the performance of Cinderella saying to her mother, "I suppose Cinderella will have to have the Ugly Sisters as bridesmaids—but they might be quite useful as Aunts for her children, and they might become quite nice then!"

The child had a very real belief in the mellowing effect of a new relationship—and she was not far from the truth. For the real cure for the misfit certainly does lie in establishing a new relationship—with God, the loving God Who knows a man better than he knows himself.

Bible Puzzle Corner



FLOWERS, PLANTS
AND TREES IN THE
BIBLE.

Name which Books of the Bible they appear in; also, if you can, give apter and verse. (Solution on page 10)

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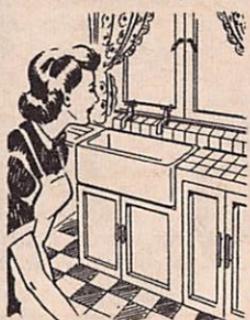
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SIDESMEN'S ROTA

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

N.B.—Please note that a list for 3 months is exhibited in the Porch

SERVERS FOR JULY 1951

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Servers</i>	<i>Cross Bearer</i>
July 1—	8.0 a.m.	C. A. P. Rogers & M. Southgate	
	11.0 a.m.	G. Elliot	C. M. Shaylor
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley	
July 8—	6.30 p.m.	R. Millard	P. McNair
	8.0 a.m.	P. Haycock & G. R. Vaughan	
	11.0 p.m.	D. May	J. Jelfs
July 15—	6.30 p.m.	J. Pownall	B. Greenhill
	8.0 a.m.	D. Pendleton & F. Porter	
	11.0 a.m.	R. Smith	M. Barradell
July 22—	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow	
	6.30 p.m.	B. Westbury	A. J. Townsend
	8.0 a.m.	R. Yates & G. Parker	
July 29—	11.0 a.m.	K. Hollier	J. S. Lawrence
	6.30 p.m.	J. Vaughan	B. C. Pitts
	8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs & P. Southwick	
Aug. 5—	11.0 a.m.	R. Cheshire	J. R. Jones
	6.30 p.m.	H. Rolleston	J. Oseman
	8.0 a.m.	R. Stringer & M. Flynn	
	11.0 a.m.	D. Jelfs	J. Clews
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley	
	6.30 p.m.	M. Carroll	P. McNair

Servers who cannot attend at the stated time should make their own substitutes

SUNDAY SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

The Kindergarten and Senior Sunday School will close for six Sundays, 29th July to 2nd September inclusive. Re-opening Sunday, 9th September. Will parents and children kindly note.—M.C.R.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS

BAPTISMS.

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

13th May—Janet Mary Rea, Margot May Ball, 20th May—Judy Holliday, Jean Ann Lyte, Brenda Lyte, Paul Harvey Meredith, Philip James Reilly, Jonathan Francis Rollason, Russell Edward Rudge, 3rd June—Julia Biddle, Philip Brindley, Valerie Mary Davis, Christine Glenola Elliott, William James Garlick, Margaret Ann Joan Graty, Janice Pauline Holder, Graham James, John Stuart Macavoy, Patricia Catherine Stephens, Michael Robert Watson.

MARRIAGES

Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder

14th May—Raymond Harry Dix and Hetty Eva Bayliss, 19th May—Raymond Albert Reed and Betty Dalby, 2nd June—Arthur Howard Rock and Kathleen Beatrice Wormwood, Ernest Ronald Smith and Lillian Beatrice Jones, Walter Louis Snape and Olive Frances Grove, 7th June—Joseph Worley Hussey and Pamela Uren, 9th June—Gordon Wright Murray and Doreen May Thomas, Douglas Herbert Bingham and Mary Rose Walker.

BURIALS.

I am the Resurrection and the Life

18th May—Alfred John English, aged 84 years; 31st May—James West, aged 68 years; 1st June—Nellie Smith, aged 49 years; 6th June—William Christopher Smith, aged 67 years; 11th June—Nellie Smith, aged 60 years.

HYMNS AND PSALMS FOR JULY

1st July, Trinity VI:					
Morning:	5	230	193	300	Ps. 32
Evening:	343	403	217	271	Ps. 33
8th July, Trinity VII:					
Morning:	33	291	280	390	Ps. 34
Evening:	163	202	12	219	Ps. 37, vv. 1-16
15th July, Trinity VIII:					
Morning:	292	180	169	303	Ps. 39
Evening:	217	520	254	21	Ps. 42
22nd July, Trinity IX:					
Morning:	7	545	537	298	Ps. 46
Evening:	540	266	207	604	Ps. 44, vv. 1-8
29th July, Trinity X:					
Morning:	37	187	706	197	Ps. 53
Evening:	657	265	665	24	Ps. 51

PREACHERS FOR JULY

11.0 a.m.: 1st July, Missionary; 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th July, The Vicar.
6.30 p.m.: 1st July, Mr. Taylor speaking on the work of the "Save the Children" Association; 8th July, Rev. W. W. Rogers; 15th, 22nd, and 29th July, The Vicar.

PAROCHIALIA

I feel that I must apologise for the new structure that is rising in the church yard. Mr. Simmonds is doing his best to give it a bearable appearance, but it is very difficult to lend charm to a coke storing place such as this is intended to be. The church cellar at the most holds thirty hundredweight, an amount which we use in one week of winter. Alas, if only the builders of the vestries had visualised a time when we should no longer be able to call for fuel as we needed it. They did not, so that instead of adding a large cellar beneath the vestries, they left us room for one week's supply. We must have a place where we can lay up a store and from whence the fuel can be most conveniently trundled in barrows to the boiler. Anyhow we shall feel happier when we have our store filled, and need not dread fuel-less weeks as we had last winter. Also, when we have grown used to it and perhaps discovered some camouflage of nature, I feel sure that we shall prefer this to merely dumping it down on the edge of the drive.

"SENIORS TO CHURCH." I wonder if there are any elderly people who would like to get to church on Sunday evenings, or at any other time, but are not able to cope with waiting for buses and cannot walk. I am sure there must be a certain number like that, and if so, we should be only too delighted to arrange for them to be fetched and taken home, as we do in the Senior Club. All you have to do is to send a card to the Clerk of the Council, Mr. R. Pepper, Monyhull Hall, Monyhull Hall Road, Kings Heath, and he will arrange for this. Members of the Parochial Church Council have volunteered to do this, and I do so hope that people will not hesitate to accept their kind offer. Your church wants you, and I am most grateful to the friends who have offered to help us in this way.

G.F.S. Congratulations and thanks to the G.F.S. for running a concert and giving £10 to the Church of England Children's Society. Thanks, too, to Miss Davies and those who helped her for running a Flag Day here for the same cause, and taking the place of Mr. and Mrs. Slough, who were on holiday.

SENIOR CLUB. The Senior Club had a most wonderful second birthday party. It should have been in the Vicarage garden, but the rain fell and we had to have it in the Saracens Head. Our President, Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, came, and with her usual graciousness and charm increased our happiness. We were glad to have several of our Vice-Presidents there as well. The Committee supplied an abundant and delicious tea, and Mrs. Golbie stepped in at a moment's notice to provide entertainment and sing to us. The Senior Club always meets with the firm determination to enjoy itself, and on our second birthday it excelled itself in cheerful enjoyment and goodwill. So we start on the third year of our happy fellowship. Many thanks to our Committee, and to those who so kindly fetched and carried the less nimble members, and to all who made the party such a success.

KINGS NORTON YOUTH FELLOWSHIP. Our programme had rather a hectic start in the form of a Ladies Evening. This was followed the next week by a Social to which the club invited members of Watford Road Youth Club. The other evenings were taken up by a Dance to enable us to buy some cricket gear for the club; a film show and a bottle drive; the latter run on experimental lines, which, in fact, turned out to be by far the most successful.

The Sunday evenings took more serious lines, beginning with an enjoyable discussion led by Mr. P. Southwick. The following Sunday was very interesting, being a "Forum on Religion," the forum consisting of Mrs. Ashby, Councillor Sweet, Mr. Baradell and Mr. Sharp. The month was rounded off by another "Twenty Questions" programme.—D.S.

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

Besides the other factories I have mentioned, there was the old established Wychall Rolling Mills, owned by the Ellis family who were associated with our church for many years. Just recently, however, the factory and grounds were purchased by Messrs. Burman & Sons, Ltd., General Engineers, who have made many alterations and built a large modern factory on this site. About 1910, Bakers Precision Works were built adjoining the Kings Norton railway sidings, motor cycles were made there for several years, but in 1926 work ceased, and the premises were closed until taken over by the Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd. during the following year. The demand for this type of glass grew as the manufacture of motor cars increased and very soon this factory was extended and another product of Kings Norton was placed on the world's market.

There have always been a few smaller factories in existence around the district, but chiefly in the Cotteridge and Sturchley areas. This brings to mind one such small disused factory building that became the first suburban picture house on this side of the City. I can remember as a small boy visiting this place on the opening day and shall not forget the experience of trying to obtain admission in a huge crowd of people assembled outside the place. There was no queue system at first and it was rather difficult to enter the building in comfort, for as soon as the doors were opened, everyone moved in together. I think the admission prices for adults were 4d. and 6d. with half price charges for children. As the floor was dead level, it was rather unfortunate if a tall person came and sat in front of you and there would be many rather impolite shouts from the rear of the hall requesting the ladies to remove their hats so that a full view of the screen could be enjoyed. Breakdowns of the projector apparatus were frequent and often the noise of the excited audience would drown the efforts of the orchestra, which consisted of a piano and one violin. The dearer seats were upholstered in plush covering but the cheaper one were just plain wooden benches. What a contrast to the modern cinema of to-day, but this new form of entertainment was greatly appreciated in spite of the rather uncomfortable surroundings. The ownership changed from time to time and conditions improved and when the place was finally under the management of Mr. Calvert, it was decided to buy a plot of ground opposite the Breedon Hotel and build a new house entirely. This was named the Kings Norton Variety Palace, but as a licence for variety entertainment could not be obtained, it could only be used as a cinema. A short time after the place was opened, and during a Saturday Children's Matinée, a great tragedy occurred here. Mr. Calvert, the manager, while inspecting the roof, fell amongst the audience and was killed. Later on the name of the cinema was changed to "The Savoy."—C. A. P. ROGERS.

(To be continued)

KINGS NORTON MOTHERS UNION PROGRAMME

Monday, 2nd July, Monthly Meeting.

Wednesday, 11th July, Visit of Wimbledon M.U.

Tuesday, 11th September, Half day Outing to Cotswolds.

Tuesday, 18th September, Visit of Stoulton M.U.

Wednesday, 26th September, Deanery Service, Billesley Common.

Monday, 1st October, Monthly Meeting.

Tuesday, 2nd October, Overseas Meeting in Birmingham.

Monday, 5th November, Monthly Meeting.

Monday, 3rd December, Monthly Meeting.

Monday, 7th January, Christmas Party (evening).

Afternoon Whist, Bring and Buy and Children's Party—Dates will be arranged later.

THE TOWER

A happy informal meeting of the Bellringers took place in the Saracens Head on the evening of 12th June. The occasion was the presentation to Mr. Betterton on his retirement from ringing.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Vicar, the Chair was taken by Mr. Cartwright, Vice-President of the Worcestershire Association. He spoke of Mr. Betterton's loyalty to both Service and practice ringing for over 70 years. Mr. Hadley, representing the laity of the parish, expressed appreciation of Mr. Betterton's faithful service saying although he had only known him since holding office in the Church, he had been an ardent listener to our bells for 50 years.

The presentation was made by Mrs. Ashford, and took the form of an umbrella suitably inscribed, a box of cigarettes and £8, also a bottle of whisky given by a ringer who wishes to remain anonymous.

Mrs. Tranter, on behalf of her father, thanked the company and parishioners for their gifts to Mr. Betterton, and said how much he had always enjoyed his visits to the Tower.

The ringers wished him all that was good for the future, and gave him a cordial invitation to the Tower whenever he felt he could manage the steps, and so ended a happy evening.

The ringers would like to take this opportunity to thank all the friends of the Tower for their donations towards this Presentation.—M.P.F.

DAUGHTER CHURCHES

S. ANNE'S

THE MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP. It is with great pleasure that we announce the result of our recent Jumble and Buy Sale, in aid of the "Save the Children" Fund. We cleared just £16. This sum will provide everything for one child for one-and-a-half years.

Instead of meeting as usual in the afternoon of 12th July, we shall start off quite early in the morning on our Summer Outing to Longleat House, Wiltshire. The time will be announced later. There will be no evening meeting this month as there are so many members likely to be away on holiday. We wish everyone a happy holiday and fair weather.

PRESENTATION. On Sunday evening, 10th June, we said goodbye to Mr. Fred Hemming who is leaving West Heath to take up residence at Blackpool. Fred has been a member of the choir for fifteen years and his departure will leave a very big gap which we shall find difficult to fill.

After Evensong, in the Choir Vestry, Mrs. Palk, on behalf of the choir and herself, presented Fred with a cigarette lighter and wished him "Good Speed and Good Luck" in his new sphere.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The Sunday School will close on Sunday, 22nd July and re-open on Sunday, 9th September.—M.F.

FLOWER ROTA.—1st July, Mrs. Bracey; 8th July, Mrs. Creaton, Cofton Road; 15th July, Mrs. W. Taylor, Alvechurch Road; 22nd July, Mrs. Tate; 29th July, Mrs. Lawrence, The Fordrough.

WEST HEATH VILLAGE HALL.—We are asked to point out that the letting of the Village Hall does not include use of the piano. This is for Church use only.

PREACHERS FOR JULY:

6.30 p.m.: 1st July, Mr. B. J. Firkins; 8th July, Mr. R. Canning, 15th July, Rev. W. W. Rogers; 22nd July, Mr. B. J. Firkins; 29th July, Mr. I. Cook.

THE EPIPHANY

ALTAR FLOWERS: 1st July, Mrs. Wilson; 8th July, Mrs. Cattell; 15th July, Mrs. Turton; 22nd July, Miss Leach; 29th July, Mrs. Savine.

SIDESMEN: 1s: July, Mr. Pickersgill and Mr. Middleton; 8th July, Mr. McCracken and Mr. Tristram; 15th July, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Smith; 22nd July, Mr. Pickersgill and Mr. Middleton; 29th July, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Smith.

MOTHERS' UNION.—The Mothers' Union will be held as usual on the third Thursday in the month (19th July) when the Vicar will be the speaker.

There will not be a meeting during August, but we shall re-open on 20th September.

JUNIOR CHURCH.—How splendid it is to see our boys and girls coming to God's House every Sunday morning to worship their Creator.

It is most inspiring and encouraging to observe the sincerity and interest that is shown at our service, and our thanks are due to all those who have carried out their duties so admirably during the past month.

We were delighted to hear that Peter Rea has volunteered to act as Server at Holy Communion and has been accepted; one volunteer is worth more than all the pressed men.

We thank God for restoring Derek Evans to health and we were given a pleasant surprise to see him walk into Church and take his place among us again, looking very fit after so long an absence.

It is proposed that the children of Junior Church and Sunday School shall take a well-deserved holiday, beginning Sunday, 28th July, and re-opening on Sunday, 2nd September. We wish all our children a happy time and good holiday weather.

The Children's Outing will take place on Saturday, 15th September, when we hope to visit the Clent Hills. Further particulars will be given later.

SENIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP.—The Senior Section has decided unanimously on a Summer session. Previously the Club has been closed over this period. To meet the extra cost thus entailed an increase in the quarterly subscription was approved at an emergency meeting; also the opportunity presented itself to discuss the general policy to be adopted during the next few months.

One proposal put forward and passed, was that the surround of the Church buildings should be tackled, and the work of clearing and tidying the surrounding ground is now under way. It is hoped that when the grounds are cleared and made presentable, it will be practicable to hold a Garden Fête and like functions, to raise money for Church and Club funds.

The summer outing to Blackpool on 26th May proved a great success.

The Senior Youth Fellowship wish to send their best wishes to Pamela Uren on the occasion of her marriage, and would also like to thank her for the Bagatelle Board which she has kindly given to the Club.

OLD TIME DANCE. The second Old Time Dance was held on 2nd June and everyone had a very enjoyable evening. The two Dances have made nearly £15 towards the cost of the Children's Outing on 15th September. We would like to thank the ladies who supplied us with cakes for the refreshment interval and all who have helped in any way to make the Dances a success.

DONATION. Mrs. Smith, of Longbridge, has kindly given a donation of £5 5s. for the same purpose, being the proceeds from her Bridge and Whist Drives. This is a grand personal effort on her part and we would like to thank her most sincerely.

PREACHERS FOR JULY:

6.30 p.m.: 1st July, Mr. R. Canning; 8th July, The Vicar; 15th July, Mr. I. Cooke; 22nd July, Mr. R. Canning; 29th July, Rev. W. W. Rogers.

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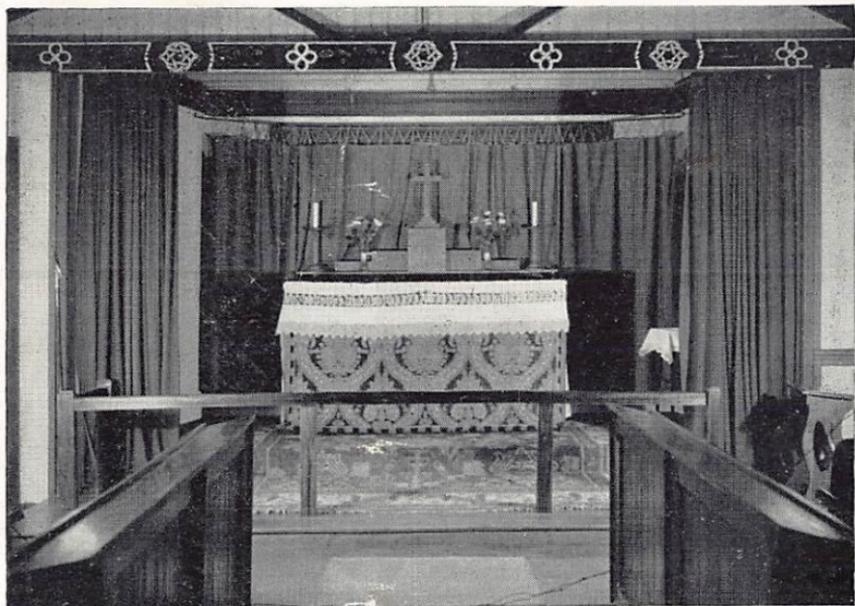
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