



# Kings Norton Parish Magazine

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Threepence Monthly

September, 1951

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THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON

KIN 1496

## Lay Readers

Mr. R. K. CANNING, 18 HAZELBANK KIN 1630

Mr. T. MACKINTOSH, 14 BEAKS HILL ROAD KIN 2574

Mr. B. J. FIRKINS, 36 BUNBURY ROAD PRI 1414

Mr. I. COOKE, 26 COLLEEN AVENUE.

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PEOPLE'S: Mr. D. J. HADLEY, 62 BEAKS HILL ROAD KIN 2414

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### Wardens

VICAR'S: Mr. A. J. WARD, 435 Rednal Road, Kings Norton.

PEOPLE'S: Mr. L. COTTRELL, 28 Lilley Lane, West Heath.

*Parish Church Council Representative:* Mr. C. HARTLESS, 74 Cofton Road,

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

## THE EPIPHANY, LONGBRIDGE

### Wardens

VICAR'S: Mr. C. DUDLEY, 7 Central Avenue, Northfield.

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*Honorary Secretary:* Miss B. A. SMITH, 113 Turves Green, 31.

*Clerk to the Council:* Mr. R. J. PEPPER, MONYHULL HALL, 14. HIG 2271.

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*Magazine Secretary and Advertisement Secretary:* Miss N. E. PACKWOOD,

65 BLENHEIM ROAD, MOSELEY. SOU 1164.

*Magazine Editor:* Mr. R. H. CLARKE, 21 Rednal Road. KIN 3580.

*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.

MOTHERS' FELLOWSHIP..... 2nd Thursday in month, 2.45 p.m. in Church.

### THE EPIPHANY:

SENIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP ..... Thursdays, 7.30 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 October magazine must be sent to the Editor, Mr. R. H. Clarke, 21 Rednal Road, by 13th September. The magazine will appear on 27th September.

## KALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER

- 2.—FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- 9.—SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- 14.—HOLY CROSS DAY.
- 16.—SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- 21.—ST. MATTHEW.
- 23.—EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- 29.—ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.
- 30.—NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

## ALMS GIVING

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	8	.....	13	5	11	.....	.....	4	0	1	.....	3	9	11
	15	.....	12	12	4	.....	.....	2	1	9	.....	2	14	6
	22	.....	11	2	10	.....	.....	1	15	2	.....	3	9	8
	29	.....	11	8	9	.....	.....	1	9	4	.....	1	17	0



## VICAR'S LETTER

THE VICARAGE, KINGS NORTON,  
BIRMINGHAM 30.

*September 1951.*

My dear Friends,

Some time ago, it struck some members of the Parochial Church Council that we were so busy considering and directing the material affairs of the Church that we were beginning to forget the spiritual side of things. We are responsible, of course, for the material wellbeing of our church in so far as it concerns the honour of God. It would be an indifferent Council which allowed the "place of God, wherein His honour dwells," to fall into decay or ruin, without making the utmost effort to prevent its doing so. Just as it is an indifferent person who neglects the care of the body, and goes about slovenly and careless of his appearance. St. Paul reminds us that our bodies are temples, places of great reverence and importance, for they can be inhabited by the Holy Spirit. In the same way our constant vigilance and care for our church buildings, especially here where they are so very beautiful and full of history, is an obvious duty. Unfortunately it is a tendency in human nature to get obsessed by the external things, and it was to forestall this danger that we decided to have a special meeting of the Council to discuss the purely spiritual affairs of the parish.

We met in Church first to rededicate ourselves and ask for special guidance in our discussion. Then we adjourned to the Saracen's Head and fell to talking things out. The meeting was rich in inspiration, and we found that it was necessary to meet again to pursue these matters of the spirit. Our second meeting, most appropriately took place in the Old School. I think we all felt how right it was that the first use to which we put the old place, embarking upon its new life of service to the community, was to discuss these matters of wide importance to the whole of our vast Parish of Kings Norton. Again we felt the full possibilities of our opportunities, and the full weight of our responsibilities.

We were led first to discuss the affairs of the Druids Lane Estate. Perhaps many of you are unaware that that complete entity of pre-fabricated homes beyond Parson's Hill, is part of our Parish. I am sure that many people who live at Druids Lane are also unaware of this fact as well. Once or twice people there have asked whether we could do anything to bring the Church to them too. As I have mentioned elsewhere, a very important start has been made in the Sunday School established by Mrs. Dunn. She has laid foundations upon which we can build, and I am sure that the parents of many of the children she has collected together would be interested in our plans. I have decided to hold the Holy Communion Service in the School Assembly Hall once in a month; the third Sunday of each month at 9.30 a.m., starting from October. The first celebration will be on Sunday, 21st October, at 9.30 a.m. Then, as it is impossible for me, even if I ever have a Curate again, to arrange Sunday evening services regularly, we have decided to provide a bus for Sunday evenings to bring people to the Parish Church. We shall start on Sunday, 7th October, which is the Sunday of our Harvest Festival, and also the recommencement of our Youth Evensongs, so that we should have a good congregation to welcome our friends from Druids Lane. Before I came here the Parish extended a welcome to our friends there and visited the whole area. We realise how difficult it is to get all the way down to Parson's Hill for a bus, and then to have the long trek back afterwards. Now there will be no reason why many people from there should not establish full membership of the Mother Church, and grow right into the life of the Parish to which they belong. We shall run the bus until Christmas, and then consider whether we are justified in continuing. It will be up to my people of Druids Lane to prove that it is necessary.



After we had made these plans we moved on to discuss how further we could build up the life of the Church. After all it is a great shame to us all, that with this beautiful old Church, our ancient traditions and all that we stand for, we get so many people only dropping in half-heartedly now and again. As I have pointed out before, if we were packed to the doors there would only be about five to six hundred people there, and the area immediately around us must comprise some fifteen thousand; those within sight of the spire some thirty thousand, and the whole parish between forty and fifty thousand. So that a full church would not represent a large percentage of the people within our boundaries.

But the church is not full. Sometimes it is only half-full. How are we to cope with this problem and set it right. The first step of course is for the "droppers in" to sit down and think things out, and get down to their duty to God. I can think of numbers of people here, and I have been here only two-and-a-half years, who know perfectly well that it is their duty to be in God's house every Sunday, but for some futile excuse, the house, the garden, or some such other thing which God has lent them for a few brief years, or through sheer spiritual laziness, they stay away. To these I say, for your own soul's sake, don't go drifting on into spiritual death, into emptiness and nothingness. We want you, with all your ability and talent, we want you sorely. You could do so much to help us forward in our fight against wrong, which looms so threateningly when we allow ourselves to think of the hateful things men can do and are doing behind the Iron Curtain, when they abandon entirely the God whom you are neglecting.

We hope in future to extend a welcome to all new-comers to the Parish. I shall be grateful if people would let me know when new-comers arrive to live here, in their neighbourhood, so that I may send a letter of welcome to them from the Church. Also there are a number of people coming to Church whom I know well by face, but do not know personally and do not see that I shall ever manage to do so unless we make some definite plan. I am, therefore, having cards printed on which I say that I should like to call on people who will enter their name and address and tell me when I shall find them at home. You can understand that in a Parish of this size, even with half-a-dozen priests here, it would be impossible to go visiting from door to door. Anyhow, the constant movement of the population would make such a thing a great waste of time. So I do hope that all parishioners, old and new, will make use of these cards and enable me to get to know them personally, as I so much wish to do.

One further point. We feel that the Parish Socials we have been running in the past have not really served a great purpose, because the various Fellowships are quite able to make their own plans for getting together as and when they wish. But the experiment of two-and-a-half years has led me to feel that as the youngsters are provided for, with Scouts and G.F.S., and later with the Youth Fellowship, and the "oldsters" have their flourishing Senior Club, we in the middle of the two should get together now and again and get to know each other and make friendships, so it has been arranged that my wife and I shall be "At Home" once a month in the Saracen's Head, to any of our friends who may wish to come and spend an evening with us. We hope that our friends, the members of the congregation, old members and new, will come along and be sociable with us there, and with each other. The Parochial Church Council have further discussed and fully approve of this idea, which was first raised at a meeting of the Entertainments Committee, who are to be responsible for refreshments and organisation. Those At Homes will be for the twenty-one year old and over. It is another attempt at forging a stronger sense of comradeship among us, a sense that we are a family, and not a lot of isolated units going into God's house for our private purposes, and never giving a thought to the people around us.

This letter has already reached disproportionate lengths, but I have been attempting to share with you some of the ideas which have been in the minds of your Parochial Church Council, and some of our hopes for our Parish in the coming winter.

I always feel that the words of William Blake are a fitting dedication for any Christian out to serve God to the fullest, and to bring his fellowmen to Christ:

“I will not shrink from mental strife,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.”

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

## CONFIRMATION

The most important thing in the life of our Church between September and Christmas should be the preparation and presentation of members for Confirmation. That would apply to any community, or club, or fellowship, where a certain number of people were stepping forward and entering into full membership. So it is that I am laying renewed emphasis on the service planned for Sunday evening, 23rd September, at 6.30 p.m. At that service an altar will be temporarily erected at the Chancel step, and I shall present the service of Holy Communion to the people. The Rev. J. H. Codrington, of S. Martins in the Bull Ring, will give an explanatory commentary as I proceed. This should enrich the spiritual value of this, our central and supreme act of worship for all our confirmed members. Also it will, I hope, be a most valuable Introduction to the Preparation of those who are to be confirmed this year.

The first Instruction will be given on Wednesday, 26th September, at 6 p.m. for younger folk, at 8 p.m. for adults. I hope that more people already confirmed will take the opportunity to attend the 8 o'clock lectures, and refresh their knowledge of the teaching of the Church of England.

This is the Course of Instruction as I have planned it:

26th Sept.—What is a good Christian?

3rd Oct.—Why be Confirmed?

10th Oct.—Why the Church of England, and not some other Denomination?

17th Oct.—The Prayer Book; What it Contains, Pt. I.

24th Oct.—The Prayer Book; What it Contains, Pt. II.

31st Oct.—The Holy Communion Service.

7th Nov.—The Creed, Pt. I.

14th Nov.—The Creed, Pt. II.

21st Nov.—The Consecration and all that it implies.

28th Nov.—The new responsibility.

As I am still without a colleague I shall invite candidates from all our three Churches to come to the Parish Church for Preparation.

## PREACHERS FOR SEPTEMBER

11.0 a.m.: 2nd Sept., The Vicar; 9th Sept., Rev. G. Cope; 16th Sept., Rev. G. Cope; 23rd Sept., The Vicar; 30th Sept., The Vicar.

6.30 p.m.: 2nd Sept., The Vicar; 9th Sept., Rev. G. Cope; 16th Sept., Rev. G. Cope; 23rd Sept., Rev. J. H. Codrington and the Vicar, The Communion Service Explained; 30th Sept., Rev. W. W. Rogers.



## KINGS NORTON MOTHERS UNION

COTSWOLDS OUTING, 11th SEPTEMBER.—Members of the Mothers Union, please do not forget the above outing. Those wishing to go, will they please assemble on the Green at 12.30 p.m.

On 11th July, the Kings Norton Mothers' Union had great pleasure in meeting and entertaining to lunch and tea about thirty members of the Wimbledon Mothers' Union. On arrival, at approximately 1.15 p.m., they were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Ashford.

About fifty sat down to an excellent luncheon, which had previously been prepared by the Committee of the Kings Norton Mothers Union, and long before the meal was over, the "ice" had definitely been broken.

A Service was held in the church at 3 p.m., at the conclusion of which Mrs. Ashford showed our visitors some of the interesting relics of Kings Norton Church. Mrs. Blake was superb in her role as guide and we did indeed feel very proud of her.

By this time many members of the Kings Norton Mothers' Union had arrived and mingled with the Wimbledon Mothers Union members on the Vicarage lawns, indeed there was almost a Garden Party atmosphere.

After Mrs. Ashford had shown her friends, both old and new, over the Vicarage, we made our way to the Saracens Head where tea was partaken. The time of departure of our visitors came all too soon. It had been a very happy experience, and one to be long remembered. There must indeed have been many moments of sadness and gladness for Mr. and Mrs. Ashford and our visitors.

We had been as much overwhelmed by their thanks and appreciation, as they had been by their reception. I am sure they did not take back with them the impression that Midlanders are inclined to be unfriendly.

We were very pleased to see again for a few brief moments, Mrs. Guy Rogers, who had been on a visit to Birmingham and who was travelling back in the coach with the Wimbledon Mothers Union.—E.M.P.

## KINGS NORTON YOUTH FELLOWSHIP

The month of July was full of incident having an Extraordinary General Meeting, Annual Club Holiday and the break up Social within a few days of each other.

The Extraordinary General Meeting was held primarily to elect a Vice-Chairman, through the resignation of Sylvia Styles, Joe Vincent being elected in her place. Also at the same time Keith Ackerill was elected as entertainments representative.

The main attraction for July was undoubtedly the Club Annual holiday, which this year took us to "The Dolphin" Holiday Camp, Brixham, S. Devon. On the Thursday night of the holiday the camp held a concert and had it not been for the Club members there would only have been six other members, excluding the band taking part. The general view, I believe, is that everyone enjoyed themselves, but we had to put up with our old enemy, bad weather.

The Wednesday following our return from Brixham saw the break up Social, for the Summer Recess, the Club opening again on 12th September.

The sport section is functioning very well at present, the tennis team being the conquerors of Bournville Y.C. twice and Triplex, while the girls were the victors at Kalamazoo. The cricket team this year have only had two matches to date, both against the Church and both being won.

Saturday, 22nd September, has provisionally been booked for another of the Club's Variety Concerts at St. Agnes Hall, final details being published later.

Everyone who saw the last show can, I am sure, recommend a good and enjoyable evening.—D.S.



## SIDESMEN'S ROTA

<i>Date</i>	<i>8 a.m.</i>	<i>11 a.m.</i>	<i>6.30 p.m.</i>
Sept. 2—	Reynolds, W. H. Barradell, N.	Clarke, R. H. Richards, D. S. Lloyd, F. W. Izon, T. Reynolds, W. H. Jenkins, I. B. Webb, F. Floyd, H. Wood, N. A. Winstanley, H. M. Block, G. H. Heward, A. Marshall, W. J. Blinkhorn, H. W. Slough, A. J. Greenhill, B. Jones, N. V. McCullough, Dr. Yates, R. Porter, T. A.	Pepper, R. J. Plevin, J. Walker, G. C. Clarke, R. Searle, R. H. Higgs, S. Porter, T. A. Blake, C. E. J. Clews, H. T. Davies, W. R. Lloyd, F. W. Griffiths, F. A. Richards, D. S. Haycock, P. Swain, A. Heward, A. Mackintosh, J. A. Slough, A. J. Greenhill, B. Webb, F.
9—	Jones, N. V. Greenhill, B.		
16—	Lloyd, F. W. Slough, A. J.		
23—	Searle, R. H. Yates, R.		
30—	Porter, T. A. Higgs, S.		

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

## SERVERS ROTA

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Server</i>	<i>Cross Bearer</i>
Sept. 2—	8.0 a.m.	D. Pendleton & F. Porter	
	11.0 a.m.	J. Pownall	J. R. Jones
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley	
	6.30 p.m.	R. Smith	B. C. Pitts
Sept. 9—	8.0 a.m.	P. Haycock & G. R. Vaughan	
	11.0 a.m.	B. Westbury	J. Clews
	6.30 p.m.	J. Vaughan	S. M. Shaylor
Sept. 16—	8.0 a.m.	R. Yates & G. Parker	
	11.0 a.m.	K. Hollier	P. McNair
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow	
	6.30 p.m.	H. Rolleston	J. Jelfs
Sept. 23—	8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs & P. Southwick	B. Greenhill
	11.0 a.m.	R. Cheshire	
	6.30 p.m.	D. Jelfs	M. Barradell
Sept. 30—	8.0 a.m.	R. Stringer & M. Flynn	A. J. Townsend
	11.0 a.m.	A. Hughes	
	6.30 p.m.	D. Jarrett	J. S. Lawrence
Oct. 7—	8.0 a.m.	R. Clarke & D. Worth	
	11.0 a.m.	B. Whitehouse	J. R. Jones
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley	
	6.30 p.m.	E. Elliot	B. C. Pitts

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

## FLOWERS FOR SEPTEMBER

2nd Sept., Mrs. L. Smith; 9th Sept., Mrs. R. Canning; 16th Sept., Mrs. E. Morley; 23rd Sept., Mrs. K. McCullough; 30th Sept., Mrs. A. Griffiths.

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# Something to Declare

By the Rev. H. A. Lawrence Rice

OUR Lord chose some most unlikely characters to be His apostles and none of them, perhaps, was more unlikely than Levi, the Inland Revenue man, commonly called St. Matthew.

Excise and Customs officials, however charming in themselves, will never be a popular group of individuals in any country nor in any age of human history. No one likes, no one ever has liked nor ever will like, being mulcted by the Government in taxation, however popular the Government and however mild the taxes.

But when, as in first-century Palestine, the Government is that of a hated foreign power which imposes and maintains its rule by means of an army of occupation; when the taxation is a burden and hardly to be borne; when payment of all duties must be made to a set of officials whose practice of over-assessment in order to line their own pockets is winked at, if not encouraged, by the Occupying Power; then we may, perhaps, appreciate something of the universal detestation in which the "publicans" of Palestine were held by their fellow-countrymen round about the beginning of the Christian era. They were the inheritors of all the concentrated hatred and contempt commonly felt at all times, everywhere, for the swindler, the profiteer, the "snooper" and the "collaborator."

It was from this most unpromising category that the Lord Christ selected one of His right-hand men. It would need some courage to include Matthew, the Tax Collector, in that intimate inner circle, and it is scarcely likely that the latest addition was welcomed with open arms.

Apart from the countryman's mild contempt for the black-coated worker, there would be the inborn hostility of the independent, free-trading fisherman towards someone who stood for the detested Roman system of tariffs and taxes and State interference and



(See

p. 130)

A Penny 2,000 years old, said to be the obverse of the tribute coin

bureaucratic control. There would be the patriot's anger against the collaborationist and the honest man's scorn for the scoundrel.

Not, of course, that it necessarily follows that Levi the Publican was all or any of these things. For all that we know to the contrary, he may well have been an exception to the general rule—one who, amid the almost universal corruption and deceit of his calling, stood out for what was honest and true and of good report. That may have been why he was called from the receipt of custom.

We don't know; but even if he was such an exception it is doubtful if that would have exempted him from sharing the detestation in which the rest of his professional colleagues were held. It is not impossible that Peter and Andrew and James and John had all, at one time or another, been obliged to pay to Levi the bitterly resented duties on the fish which they took to the local markets.

It probably needed all our Lord's personal powers of influence and persuasion to smooth the path of Levi the Publican before he was finally accepted as one of the apostolic band. It says much for all concerned that he was accepted, and it is yet another proof of our Lord's infallible insight into basic human nature that St. Matthew in the end fully justified his Master's choice.

(Continued on page 137)



## Mystery Stool.

**W**HEN the church at Fordwick near Canterbury, was being restored many years ago an ancient stool was found embedded in a wall. Some people say it is a penitent's stool, others that it once belonged to the Vikings and is twelve hundred years old. Fordwick used to be the port of Canterbury, and the church possesses a tomb, sometimes said to be St. Augustine's.—J. D. V. WARD.



Photo by W. D. Ward  
The Mystery Stool

## Reigate Mill.

**S**OME months ago we illustrated the unique Reigate Mill Church. The Vicar, the Rev. F. Howard Shaldon, writes: "The seating therein is for fifty persons, but we have lately crammed as many as one hundred in, though this has meant many being seated on the floor! The repairs lately undertaken were paid for jointly by the Owners who are the Reigate Heath Golf Club, and this Church, and the Church is now leased from the Owners by my P.C.C. for use as a place of worship. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings have had nothing whatever to do with it."

## Pancake Bell.

**T**ODDINGTON Church, near Leighton Buzzard, has a long line of curious carvings of birds, beasts and men, also a mermaid, phoenix and a chained bear round its outer wall. At this church on Shrove Tuesday the Pancake Bell is rung to remind housewives to make their pancakes—an ancient custom. Children of the village assemble near the church and place their ears to the ground in order to hear the sizzling of the witches' pancakes.—STANILAND PUGH.



Photo by Staniland Pugh  
Where Pancake Bell is still rung

## An Ancient Penny.

(See page 129)

**S**OME years ago we received by registered post a coin with this note: A friend once gave me an old penny as a keepsake saying it was very valuable as it was 2,000 years old. I have since then found confirmation of its age and that a similar coin was asked for by Our Lord when the chief priests inquired whether it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar (St. Luke 20-22).

## The Yeovil Oven.

(See page 136)

**T**HE ancient oven which was discovered in Yeovil is now in safe keeping at Lemington, Somerset. It is fashioned out of clay, or brick earth, and weighs 2 cwt. The door is missing, otherwise the structure, though much weathered, is complete. Within the oven would be placed red-hot stones called "bake-stones," which were first heated upon round iron plates, each plate fitted with a handle to facilitate conveyance to the oven when ready, for the cooking of the food places within, and then the aperture would be closed with the door, to be held in position and so sealed with wet clay.—E. GLANFIELD, M.A.



### In a Lapland Church.

THIS is the season of worship for the nomad herdsmen of Arctic Lapland. Not because it is Christmas but because they have recently arrived in the community of Kiruna (100 miles north of the Polar Circle) after five months with their reindeer in the mountains. This photograph was taken in the little church in Kiruna, where men Lapps sit in the pews on one side, women on the other, and their dogs lounge inside the church door behind them. The Cross and the Lapp figures are carved from silver birch by Lapp worshippers.—F. ILLINGWORTH.

### The Bacon Chair.

AN interesting object in Little Dunmow Church, Essex (which, by the way, is a remnant of the old Priory Church) is the "Bacon Chair," which was formerly used in connection with the famous Flitch of Bacon custom. The custom, which originated at this village many centuries ago, came from part of the Priory lands being held on the tenure of offering a flitch of bacon to any couple who could swear to having lived for a year and a day in perfect matrimonial peace and fidelity. After the ceremony the happy pair were enthroned in the chair and carried round the village. In course of time the custom fell into disuse, although it has been revived from time to time in various places. Since 1930 the Flitch Trials have been held at Great Dunmow on August Bank Holiday.—H. T. COMERFORD. (See page 137).



Photo by

T. R. Robinson

### Double Time



Photo by

Frank Illingworth

### In a Lapland Church

### Double Time !

SOME people have wondered why a clock and sundial should be put so close together on some church towers—Putney Church, for example. The answer seems to be that it is a survival from the days when clocks were not so accurate as they are to-day. In those times, it was sometimes useful to have a sundial to check the time of the clock. Even in more recent times, remote villages often used to check their clocks by sundial-time, and the practice only ended when the B.B.C. time-signals were introduced. My photograph shows Greenwich time and Summer time.—T. R. ROBINSON.

### Three Blind Mice.

THESE are in Seaton Carew Parish Church. There is one which persistently climbs the leg of the bishop's chair recently dedicated as a memorial; another is always to be found on a sanctuary rail, and the third on the Vicar's chair. They are the lifelike, though wooden, trade mark of Thompson of Kilburn, the Yorkshire craftsman whose wood carvings will do much to enrich the present century.—W. WILSON CLARK.

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.



# The Harvest Festival Church

By the Rev. KONRAD REES



Morwenstowe Church

THE seas hurled themselves against the rock-bound shores of North Cornwall. The wild shrieking of the wind and the roar of the waves made an inferno of noise in the night. And down below on the jagged rocks lay a ship, its sails, ragged and torn, splayed out from the broken masts, its timbers breaking up, a plaything in the hands of tempestuous waters.

Up the steep and rocky path leading from the beach below, in the dim light of a swaying lantern, there came the mournful procession of a group of men carrying on planks of wood a mutilated corpse. And in the brief lulls of the storm there could be heard a deep voice ringing out the solemn words from the funeral service, "I am the resurrection and the life . . ." The voice belonged to the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstowe who, clad in red-brown cassock, led the bearers from the cliff and performed his duty to the dead from the wreck.

In the year 1834 there came to the remote parish of Morwenstowe in the far North of Cornwall, and to a church which was but a dusty desolation surrounded by a churchyard overgrown by rank grass, a remarkable man, whose fame after his death was to range across the waters, over which his church tower stood sentinel, to

the peoples of the new world. The Rev. R. S. Hawker, poet and mystic, brought to Morwenstowe a spirit which was akin to the romance of the legends of North Cornwall and to the wildness of its shores.

His parishioners, a mixed assortment, included many smugglers and wreckers. Between 1824 and 1875 there were more than eighty shipwrecks in the neighbourhood of Bude, and few members of the crews were rescued from the waves. R. S. Hawker insisted that each dead man wrecked on the shores of his parish be provided with a coffin and shroud and a grave to himself. Over the graves of the crew of the ill-fated brig *Caledonia*, wrecked in 1842, he caused to be placed the figurehead of the ship, a Scottish maiden holding shield and sword, and wrote the lines—

"And there, the relic of the storm,  
We fixed fair Scotland's figured form.  
She watches by her bold, her brave,



The Saxon Font



Her shield towards the fatal sea.  
Their cherished lady of the wave  
Is guardian of their memory."

Hawker put the ancient church in order and brought into its services some of his eccentricities. He would wander about the chancel reciting the service. There is a persistent tradition that he had a bodyguard of cats when going to church and that he allowed them to enter the building. On one occasion he is said to have excommunicated a cat for killing a mouse on Sunday. At baptisms the solemnity of the service was rudely interrupted by the Vicar pinching the infant. The resultant howl of disapproval on the part of the baby was to Hawker the sign that the devil had left it.

His clothes were unusual. He wore a bright blue fisherman's jersey with a red cross worked on the breast. His boots were the great topboots of a long-shoreman. Over the fisherman's jersey was a bright claret-coloured coat, and on his head a wide-awake hat.

His care for the poor of the parish is still evidenced to-day by the slate plaque which he erected over the front door of the vicarage he built. On it are inscribed the words—

"A house, a glebe, a pound a day.  
A pleasant place to watch and pray.  
Be true to church, be kind to poor,  
O, Minister, for evermore."

Hawker is also remembered as being the first to institute the Harvest Festival in the Anglican church. In ancient times on Lammas day (Anglo-Saxon "Loaf-mass"), it was customary on August 1st to make an offering of loaves made from the new corn. Hawker revived this custom, and in 1843 he speaks of an abundant harvest and called upon his people in these words to join with him in a Harvest

Thanksgiving service—"Let us join together in the chancel of our church on the first Sunday of next month, and there receive in the bread of the new corn, that blessed sacrament which was ordained to strengthen and refresh our souls." So, on the first Sunday of October, 1843, Hawker inaugurated in Morwenstowe the Harvest Festival, and the observance of it has since that date become general throughout the land.

The mixture of romance and history which marks his poetry bears the imprint of the grandeur of the rugged scenery of Morwenstowe with its quiet beauty in summer and its raging storms of winter.

Such was the man—that to-day the part of Cornwall where he lived and worked is known as "Hawker country." An epitaph of land and wind and sky and sea.

Like many another Cornish parson Hawker loved not only the people to whom he ministered but their homes and their skilful work on land or sea. He was one

with them and, what is more important, they were one with him in his effort to serve his Master on this rock-bound coast, seldom free from the menace of the sea.

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#### Harvest

*Who sows a seed with beauty fraught  
Shall gather flowers ;  
And he that sows an honest thought,  
Enrich his powers.*

*Each action shall its harvest bear,  
In justice given :  
But he that sows one selfless prayer  
Shall reap all heaven.*

EVA NENDICK.



The Norman Door



Conducted by Miss E. M. Harding



Photo by

J. H. Vickers

The Turkey that hatched and reared 17 ducklings

**Monday's Washing.**

*Soapless-soaps* are proving very popular. Not only do they help water to saturate an object, but they break up the grease. Grease is the hardest part to remove, being present in almost every kind of dirt, but detergents are stronger than the adhesive power of grease, and the globules formed are easily washed clear.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

*Ironing.*—When you want to iron dry clothes in a hurry and have not time to damp them down, do this:—Sprinkle your ironing blanket liberally with water. As you iron the steam will rise and dampen them sufficiently and evenly.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

*For re-tinting* light-coloured articles which are faded, such as curtains, cushion covers, etc., or articles of apparel, dissolve a "Drummer" dye as instructed on its cover and bottle the liquid. Add a small quantity to the rinsing water till you have the required shade, test with a piece of rag, then put the washed articles into it. The crimson produces a beautiful pink, the brown a fawn, and the blue something quite different from "powder blue," and so on.—MISS K. VIALON.

**Tuesday's Sewing.**

*Shirts.*—On buying new shirts for my husband I cut the new cuff in half right across and then fold the cut edges inwards to face each other. Then I machine across and have the other half to renew the cuff when the first one shows signs of wear.—MRS. LOVEGROVE.

*Shopping Bag.*—A good method of repairing weak or broken handles on a

string shopping bag is to use a piece of cord from a discarded pair of men's pyjamas. If the cord is folded in two and sewn along the length, with a piece of string inserted inside it will be much stronger than the original handles.—MRS. E. BISHOP.

*Collars.*—When you knit your next dark jumper for your schoolgirl daughter knit several collars in pastel shades to go with it. These can just be tacked on—and give a nice, fresh appearance, without requiring constant washing.—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

*Socks.*—In your Hints I read recently about knitting socks on two pins *after* the heel is done, but I find that

by starting with two pins about an inch *before* the heel is started is better, since when re-footing I find that above the heel is where it is darned mostly, and cannot be undone and reknitted. The heel is knitted in the usual way and continued until the toe is finished.—MRS. E. R. HANCIER.

**Wednesday's Nursing.**

*A Good Cure* for cracks on finger tips: Take equal parts of boracic ointment and Lanoline, mix well and apply at night. Wear old white gloves to protect sheets.—MRS. M. PHILLIPS.

*A Good Stimulant.*—Those who are easily fatigued will find the following recipe invaluable. Well beat a new-laid egg and add to it a half-cupful of warm water with sugar to taste and a flavour of nutmeg. (Water should be used, not milk, as it is more easily digested.) Rest for about 15 minutes and allow the beverage to digest, when the benefit will be felt.—MRS. DYER.

*Cold cure.*—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on to a heaped teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Add a nut of butter, sweeten to taste, and stir well. Sip this in bed as hot as possible.—MISS MARGARET BELL.

*Behind the ears.*—If you find your ears are troubling you, it may be that you are wearing glasses the side-pieces of which have been lacquered. Either take the polish off the ends by scraping, or use some solvent, such as nail varnish remover. If a rash has been formed behind the ears, ask the doctor to give you some antihistamine cream to stop the irritation, which should clear up in a few days.—MISS E. M. HARDING.



## Thursday's Cooking.

**Apples in Jelly.**—Cook four apples, peeled and cored, very gently to keep them whole. Place in a glass dish, cover with one pint red jelly. Leave to set. Decorate with mock cream. This is a pretty dish for children or invalids.—**MRS. L. M. REYNOLDS.**

**Orange Curd.**—For those mothers whose children don't like the slight tartness in bottled orange juice, here is an excellent recipe for curd which ensures their getting all the benefit of the vitamins. Simply melt two ounces of margarine over a gentle heat, add a tin of sweetened condensed milk, and blend well. Do not boil, just stir well, and when cold, it is ready for use!—**MRS. A. LUNT.**

**Try a knife.**—To give a flat, level surface to the top of a cake just before placing in the oven, stick a knife blade through the centre of the mixture at the top, draw it out and put it in again, making a slight depression like a cross. It will then rise evenly.—**MRS. J. M. LONGSTAFF.**

**Makeshifts.**—Because of the meat shortage we sometimes have a makeshift lunch and I think this is worth a trial: Put as much flour as you require, add enough grated cheese to make it tasty and a small grated onion, mix with milk and water (if you have an egg to spare add that), fry in fat until golden brown.—**MRS. TILBURY.**

## Friday's Household.

**Cut down your laundry bills.** A carpet sweeper in miniature does away with the unhygienic habit of wiping the cloth with a napkin. It has a revolving brush and plastic casing which fits into the palm of the hand. Only a gentle sweep is necessary to pick up crumbs, ash and other particles.—**MISS E. M. HARDING.**

**Use Soap.**—Does your zip-fastener sometimes refuse to zip easily? Then rub the back of the teeth with soap and draw zip up and down a few times. The ease of working is wonderful.—**MRS. L. M. REYNOLDS.**

**The polished legs** of a drop-leaf table are often damaged by the bumping down of the leaf. This can be avoided by sticking on the underside of the leaf a piece of 2-inch Elastoplast or any similar adhesive tape. This will also end the annoyance caused by the leaf rattling against the table leg. Colour the bumpers to tone with the wood. They are not only inconspicuous, but can be removed easily and do not damage the furniture.—**MRS. MILES.**

**Add paraffin.**—When using

Red Cardinal for the first time on steps, window sills, hearths, etc., it is economically and easily applied if a little paraffin oil is added to the Cardinal, and by applying with an old scrubbing brush all crevices are filled in, giving the job a better finish.—**MRS. F. E. WRIGHT.**

**Coathangers** are expensive: why not buy plain wood ones and fix two glove fingers (from an old glove) on each end. The covered ends prevent silk linings of coats or sleeves from getting worn by friction with rough wood.—**MISS N. MISSELBROOK.**

## Saturday's Children.

**Birthday clock.**—For an amusing substitute for candles try icing the top of your child's birthday cake to represent a clock face, with the hour hand pointing to his age.—**MISS P. DAVIS.**

**Playpen.**—To prevent baby from pushing his playpen across the room, set it on top of a travelling rug, with the corners of the rug passed through the bars and securely pinned. The pen will then be anchored by baby's own weight.—**MRS. LECKEY.**

**Watering Can.**—Very often a mother finds washing and rinsing a child's hair can be very difficult. But I have found it much easier to buy a child's watering can and so rinse in this way. This excites the child and so instead of tears it is rinsed amidst laughter.—**MRS. POPE.**

**Cod-liver oil.**—If baby refuses cod-liver oil, try putting the required dose together with about a teaspoonful of gripe water into a small bottle, affix teat, and I think you will find baby will take it quietly. Clean teat with salt and bottle with a spot of liquid detergent in hot water; both come clean quite easily.—**MRS. LEYDALL.**

\*\*\* 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.



Photo by

Miss D. E. Tyler

We mean to do our bit!



# HOMES and CLUBS

By H. T. INGRAM

**I** ONCE knew a very good cook in a very good home, but all too soon for her mistress she fell in love with a young soldier and made him the most comfortable home in the parish. Three or four years passed happily, and friends were made all down the street. Then came tragedy—news that he had died at the front, and all life seemed blacked out and without meaning for his Emmie.

Friends advised her to do this or that, but nothing would induce her to leave her home, which *he* had done so much to make beautiful and “handy,” yet she could not afford to stay, even though she put up the Church deaconess. Then came the bright idea—she would cook for more than two! Round she went to half-a-dozen neighbours and offered to cook their Sunday dinners, so that they could go to Church. And that effort led to far more. The saving in coal, gas, electricity startled the respective inspectors.

As the Vicar remarked, “It used to be done at college: why not in this



Photo by

S. Logan, F.R.P.S.

Elevenes

parish?” Bulk buying may or may not be a success. I wouldn’t know, but I am convinced from what people tell me that a certain amount of bulk cooking, if it is good cooking, saves time, temper and all sorts of minor troubles.

Anyway, it is some such idea that started the Philip and Elizabeth Clubs in the Peterborough Diocese. I don’t know that the members, all young married folk, pool their meat rations but I do know that they pool ever so much more—their “ideals,” especially the problems that are so difficult to solve alone. A very small rock can cause a big shipwreck, and a very small snag can upset a sound wedding craft that sails the seas so gallantly at first. Many young couples start in a new town or village, away from friends, and you know as well as I do that the people who are anxious to give advice are mostly elderly and well-meaning but perhaps too cocksure. What the young couple want is an exchange of hints with their contemporaries. They want to meet to discuss their varied experiences. No one can love his or her neighbours if they rarely meet and never talk over their problems and perplexities.

That is why I welcome “with open arms” the splendid notion of starting



The first public oven (see page 130)



Philip and Elizabeth Clubs in all sorts of parishes. Their aims are very practical:

(1) To bring together in fellowship and friendship young married couples.

(2) To uphold the ideals of faithful marriage and happy home life.

(3) To promote the ideals of happy family life, and I would like to add a very useful fourth objective—the exchange of experience, the discussion of problems—religious and social—the exchange of books, papers, magazines, not forgetting the exchange of such hints as have so long been associated with this magazine.

There are, of course, certain rules which can be modified to suit different parishes. There is an entrance form, subscription card, no badge, and members pay 1/- entrance fee and 6d. per week subscription. There are influential President and Vice-Presidents, and a programme of lectures, film shows and entertainments of all sorts.

I read recently an important article by a competent critic on the "crack-up of the family," which he attributed to the fact that a very inexperienced State is trying to mother our children for us. Even our beloved Mother Church could not do that. Only Happy Homes are the true producers of home-lovers and home-builders for

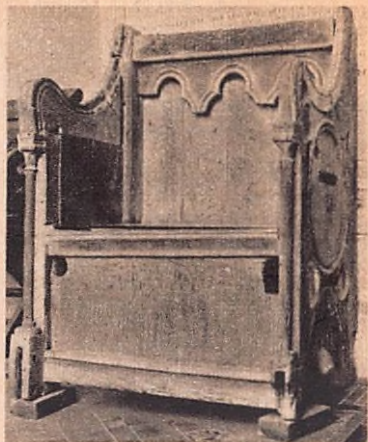


Photo by H. T. Comerford  
The Dunmow Flitch Chair (see page 131)

succeeding generations. I am inclined to believe that when the State comes in at the door the spirit of Home flies out at the window. If the Philip and Elizabeth Clubs can bring back family life to the Nation they will deserve a royal welcome everywhere.

Finally, I congratulate the Founder Chaplain of these clubs, the Rev. C. Gibbings, Longthorpe Vicarage, Peterborough, on his happy thought, which will surely lead to happy homes.

## Something to Declare

(Continued from page 129)

One of the most brilliant pieces of characterisation in that clever and most moving series of broadcasts "The Man Born To Be King" is that of St. Matthew. Here is Miss Dorothy Sayers's description of his conversion: "He has been swept off his feet by a heavenly kindness and beauty of mind which had never dawned, even as a possibility, on his sordid experience. He has no opinion of himself—he never had—but he is expanding and revelling in the sheer ecstasy of not being trodden upon. He has gleefully thrown away all his worldly goods . . .

"He gives the account of his conversion with the utmost sincerity and without any sort of self-consciousness. He is having a wonderful time and Jesus is wonderful, and he wants everybody to know it. Jesus likes

Matthew very much."

So Miss Sayers visualised St. Matthew, and probably she has given us a fairly accurate picture of the original.

"Jesus likes Matthew very much." Should we have liked him? Should we have found him socially acceptable? At any rate the portrait is a salutary one because it gets us away from the piety of the stained-glass windows and helps us to see the Lord's lieutenants as they really were—vital beings of flesh and blood and every human weakness.

It also enables us to see what the Lord Christ can make of such unpromising material—Apostles, Evangelists and Saints. Yes: we can well believe it. Jesus must have liked St. Matthew very much indeed.



# THE LAME DUCK

BY HOOLE JACKSON

## Chapter III

FRANCIS lay stretched full length on the specially constructed hard couch, built for him by Sam Rendell, the village carpenter, under Dr. Vallance's instructions, in the room which Amelia had first intended for a lumber-room on the ground floor of the old Vicarage.

It was an ideal choice for the invalid—a room added by a Vicar soon after the house was built for use as his study, but regarded by later successors as too small. Francis had wanted it when lying in his chair out-of-doors, after returning from his hospital spell in the iron-lung. His father had seen the possibilities at once, and consulted Vallance, who immediately concurred, and Amelia's lumber had had to go into the attic.

The French-window opened on to a small lawn, separated from the main lawns of the house by a long, low escallonia hedge, now blushing bright pink with blooms.

At the moment, Francis, in the privacy of his own lawn, was letting his mind relax, listening to the young ducklings. He saw them waddling in a procession behind the mother-duck, an undulating line which presently took the water of a small pool. Two moorhens turned their heads in aristocratic contemplation of the newcomers, and then swam on gracefully. A smile touched Francis's lips. The clutch of eggs from Colonel Rusters' prize birds had given him an interest and delight he was relishing more and more, and Vallance was pleased with this sign in his patient.

The contagious term of the disease was over; the long fight of the victim of infantile paralysis had begun. Now the will and the mind alone could compass return to movement, and Dr. Vallance was determined that Francis should not sink into the valleys of despair which beset the patients of paralysis—the dread of permanent invalidism, the brooding over the loss of active, healthy life. Francis had been an ideal hospital patient during the initial stage of the battle; but then, once out of the "lung," there had been

the stages of treatment; the lumbar incisions; the activities of the nurses; the visits of Rivers, and the impulse provided by the wish to return home as early as the danger of contagion allowed, coupled with the necessary stages of initial recovery.

Prize ducks were a luxury, and Anne, after hearing Vallance tell her mother that they would be the very thing to stir interest in Francis, bought a sitting, and had them sent to Francis, with a little scented note that thrilled him, and was now under his flat pillow.

When Amelia thanked her, she answered, "Oh, I'd do *anything* for him, and ducklings are so *sweet*. Dr. Vallance is *mad* about them, but good strain eggs are *so* expensive, and a village Doctor hasn't a lot of money, has he? I *do* hope you don't mind, Mrs. Barcombe? Mother thought they might bring good luck. They're supposed to, you know."

"I'm sure he needs all the good luck there is, poor boy," sighed Amelia. "He's resting now. Dr. Vallance doesn't want him to go about much, even in the chair, while the treatment is so successful. He thinks any excitement might slow down recovery, and Francis is doing so well. He's so brave. He'd be delighted to see you; in fact, he's aching to; but you'll understand, won't you, and wait just a little longer?"

This was Amelia's first white lie in the chain of subterfuge to keep Anne from seeing Francis after the relapse. The 'white lie,' as is its insidious habit, had now become truth in Amelia's mind; self-persuasion is an easy process. John would not approve, she knew that well enough, so she kept him out of harm's, and Anne's, way by all manner of womanly contriving, and succeeded so well, that neither Lady Betty nor Anne had the slightest suspicion that Francis had been rendered as helpless as in the period just following emergence from the iron-lung. The Vicar, also, had not the faintest suspicion that sudden turns in the conversation, and his



dismissal on minor errands for Amelia, were part of her quick-witted campaign to prevent a dangerous turn in conversation when Anne or Lady Betty called.

Fortunately, the winter had been lived with an unusual spate of social events, which had involved a long stay in London by Anne and her mother, and, with the coming of another springtime, Amelia had great hopes that Francis might recover, or, at least, regain lost ground and the use of his right arm and leg.

Dolly, the maid, with an armful of washing, paused by Francis's window. "Are 'ee wanting anythin', Master Francis?"

Francis smiled at her. She had been with them since her early 'teens, and was an utterly unspoiled Devonshire girl, of genuine village rearing. He watched her spread out the glass-towels on the grass, then come out later, pick them up, hold them to her cheek, sniff them, and decide whether or not they were ready to take indoors.

"They get the sunshine in they, and the scent of the grass," Dolly had told Mrs. Barcombe, when she asked "Why not use the washing-line, Dolly?" Francis had backed up this country belief; and the washing went on to the grass to spangle the orchard with colour.

Dolly stood in the doorway now, a pretty picture against the blue spring-time sky, "You'm brave," she said, "Remind me of my Granny. *She* was bedridden—oh, years and years. I used to feel so sorry for her. It made me feel sad, but she'd say, "Now don't you fret, li'l maid. You run off and help your mother. She isn't as strong as she pretends to be. I'm lucky to be looked after like this snug under my own roof instead of in a institution. She's a good daughter, your mother, and *you* be one to *her*, see. There's worse things than havin' to take to your bed."

Francis said, "That's how *I* feel, Dolly. I try to think of all the limbless men of the war, and the blind at St. Dunstan's." He smiled, "Count your blessings is a good old rule, not just eyewash. Give me a cigarette and light it for me."

Dolly put the cigarette between his lips with a tender little gesture, and

lighted it, hesitated, and then said simply, "I hope you'll soon be better. . . . Goodness, there's Lady Betty coming into the garden with your father. I must run."

Francis heard voices beyond the dividing escallonia hedge, and Lady Betty's voice was raised excitedly: "I *had* them when I came over the causeway. I wanted to see Amelia about the arrangements for the garden-party in June and took the short cut. I was just finishing dressing when Lord Bamber called, so I put on the pearls. He's an old fuss-pot and likes to be received with pearls." She laughed gaily.

"He stayed so long; I just hurried out and came here at once, and forgot to take off the pearls," she added.

"But they must be valuable!" Francis heard his father say. "We must search for them at once. Where were you when you first missed them?"

"Looking at Francis's ducks. I suppose he *does* visit those fortunate birds, even if he neglects *us*, but I gather Dr. Vallance wants to keep him like a hermit for a time. Now you *must* persuade Dr. Vallance to let Francis come to tea with us. Why not say next Thursday? It will do him good, and Anne's pining for a talk with him. It's really *cruel* to keep them apart, Mr. Barcombe. The poor girl is half in love with him, you know!"

Francis heard his mother's voice break in at this point, and realised she had joined the group. Then, after his father had told her of Lady Betty's loss, he heard him say, "I'll go with Lady Betty at once. Tell Dolly to come with us; she's good at finding lost things. Keep the loss to yourself, Amelia."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Barcombe came in excitedly to tell Francis the news, and was vastly disappointed that he knew all about it. Worse, he stopped her at once in her story by saying in a voice that made her look at him quickly.

"Mother!"

"What is it, dear?"

"What have you been telling Anne, and other people, about me? Stopping them from seeing me? You'd better tell me all, Mother."



His mother's flushed cheeks told Francis that he had guessed rightly. He could not reach out to touch her hand, but he smiled at her with affection.

"You mustn't do things like that, dear," he told her. "Not even for my sake. You see, I heard Lady Betty talking to father. You know, it takes a lot to make him suspect anything—underhand. It isn't that really because you're my mother, and mothers do what others wouldn't, but it must stop. It would leak out, in the end. I love visitors! Why, Sam Rendell and Charlie Medland, and Emmanuel, they all come to this window from the little back gate and talk to me."

He was smiling at her as he spoke. "They're real good sorts: they never hint that I might *never* get up again. Emmanuel brought his new bat to show me—the one he made fifty with in the trial game on Saturday. 'You try this, Mas'r Francis,' he said, 'so soon as ever you're better.' Just as if I should be playing cricket again soon. They make me feel I will get well. Now tell me what you told Anne, and why?"

Amelia was almost in tears. "I—I thought—I mean no girls as young as Anne understand, do they? They're full of life, and if they marry . . ."

"I'll finish for you," said Francis, his voice trembling. "If they marry, they don't want to marry a helpless cripple."

"Oh, Francis!" And she stroked his white hand affectionately.

"That's all right, mother. I *am* a crock but I don't mean to be always. That's as God wills. I'll do all I can to get better. But there's a purpose in everything. I've never seen *that* so clearly as while lying here. But it isn't right to deceive others. Now go and ring up the Hall. If Anne is there, ask her to come over to see me. You must."

Amelia hesitated. Then she said, "Why not wait just a little longer. Perhaps your arm will be well again soon. It would be less of a shock."

"No! I must see her now. I don't want Father to find out first."

Amelia knew Francis would tell his father if she did not obey. She had no choice, but she said, a little tearfully, "I did it for the best."

Francis laughed, "That's the excuse for lots of would-be kindnesses. Do go, Mother, quickly."

He watched her leave the room, affection in his eyes—affection tinged with understanding. Francis had much of his father's wisdom, and his own suffering had taught him that lessons are not usually driven home by life to one so young, except, perhaps, on the battlefield.

When Anne arrived he greeted her with a smile, and said, "Sit down, Anne, there's such a lot I want to say. But first, give me a cigarette. You'll have to put it between my lips. I can't use my hands."

"Oh, but I thought . . .!"

"Mothers always try to hide the worst. I had a relapse at the end of last summer. You've been away in London since then. It's made it so easy for you to believe I was getting better. I *may* be, but the hand I could use last year is useless again."

Her hand trembled as she put the cigarette between his lips and lighted it, while he watched her face. There was a faint flush in her cheeks. He could not know that it was with anger at being deceived, at perhaps being committed more than she would have allowed. She recovered herself almost immediately.

"I'm so sorry, Francis. I had hoped . . ."

"I know. So did I. But I'm quite helpless, you see. Everything has to be done for me, Anne, from lighting a cigarette to all the little daily needs. I'm in the world, and yet out of it, in a sense—physically."

Anne sat down. That mother of his had been very clever! It was going to be most *awkward* now. Her sharp mind saw what Francis intended her to see: the prospect of years of devotion, the slavery involved in the care of an invalid. And people knew Francis was in love with her, and she had even hinted that she returned his love! Her flush deepened. But she would have to go *very* carefully, and, in her selfish way, she was genuinely fond of Francis. She pitied him now, but more because he must lose her, than for the lonely, bedridden years she saw ahead for him.

She parried, "You said 'physically,' Francis. What did you mean?"



"I think more slowly now," he answered. "They say this disease slows down the speed of the mind. Something to do with the motor-nerves, but I think much more clearly, see further. Perhaps it's natural, lying here, looking out on the wild marsh each day; seeing the seasons change, the nestlings come out, and begin to peck around, grow up and be ready for their own turn in the cycle of life. There's a grand beauty in the wildness of the marsh, Anne."

He paused. "I heard your mother ask my father to bring me to tea on Thursday: and they shall bring me. I have to be fed, you know, like a baby. I thought it best you should be prepared. Dr. Vallance is wonderful. If any human aid can put me on my feet again, his will."

He hesitated, then plunged. "I love you, Anne. I never meant to say that, lying here. I don't want sympathy. If I get better, really better, could you . . .?"

"Oh, Francis, of course." She was genuinely moved. "Of course." But she did not kiss him. There might be some risk, even though Dr. Vallance had assured her the period of contagion was past. She thought quickly. He was quite safe. She ran no risk now, so she said, "I'll marry you now. I'm not afraid," and she almost saw herself as his bride, standing beside the wheel-chair tenderly. The trick of self-dramatisation was strong in Anne.

"No, dear. That's impossible. But when I'm well! I shall be one day, I feel it. Now, perhaps you'd better leave me. Ask mother to come in as you go."

The Vicar never knew what passed between his son and his wife. But there was no more subterfuge.

\* \* \* \*

The mystery of the lost pearls remained. The searchers had several times peered into the duck-pool and traced the way Lady Betty had come. But the pearls were gone, and even when the reward notice became tattered, and the summer far advanced, there was no trace of them.

One evening Emmanuel came merrily up the pathway from the back-entrance. "Master Francis, Wallis, you mind the old county batsman, he's

settled at Sheldon House. Goin' to turn out for we Saturday. Wish you might come, if so be as Vicar could bring 'ee."

Francis said, "I think he might; it would be grand, Emmanuel."

"Yes, sure enough. I'll tell the others. I see'd Miss Anne has got married. Proper secret affair 'twere. Major Reid, too. He'm a sight older than she, but these young maids do seem to like a man older than they, and 'tis a very good match. Gone to some foreign place for their honeymoon. South of France they do say."

Francis felt his cheeks flushing, but he was in the shadows. Married! The affair must have been going on when she was with him that evening. Mechanically he reached for his cigarette-case, took out a cigarette with the right hand, put it to his mouth, lighted it, and then fainted.

"Mister Barcombe, Mister Barcombe," called Emmanuel, and the Vicar came running.

(To be continued.)



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# Let the Dead Bury their Dead

By Lieut.-Col. H. E. CROCKER, C.M.G., D.S.O., F.R.G.S.

THE title given to this article would seem to be a hard saying to a man who has lost his father and was on his way to bury him, but when the true meaning is understood it is nothing of the kind.

In Matthew VIII verse 21 and Luke IX verse 59 we are told that when Jesus invited a man to accompany Him, the man replied, "Suffer me first to bury my father," to which Jesus replied, "Let the dead bury their dead: follow me" or, as one Gospel has it, "Go and preach the Gospel."

I learnt the true meaning of this phrase when travelling through Palestine with a Christian Arab guide. We were looking for the tomb of the Prophet Samuel which was close to a village called Nebi Samuel, but my guide did not know the position of the tomb. We stopped to ask a man sitting by the roadside to come and show us the way, but, to my surprise, he replied that he had to bury his father.

I asked my guide why he still sat there when he had to go to his father's funeral whereat my guide laughed and said that it was not to be taken literally. He further explained that "to bury one's father" was a polite idiom meaning that the speaker did not want to go but was too polite to say so. This therefore was what the man meant when asked by Jesus to go with Him. He didn't want to go with Jesus, yet at the same time did not wish to be discourteous in his refusal. He, therefore, like the man whom we encountered, sought refuge in the polite expression of having to bury his father. Jesus of course was fully aware of this idiom and His reply showed that he knew what the man meant.

There are a great many sayings and idioms current in Palestine which must not be taken literally. It is only when one travels through the country in company with someone who knows the language and the manners and customs of the people intimately that one can gain a clear insight into the many and sometimes involved figures of speech which are in everyday use among the people.

Consider, for instance, the parable of the woman who lost a coin and searched diligently for it. When she had found it she called in her neighbours to rejoice with her over her lucky discovery. It was not, of course, an ordinary coin. The loss of that would not have been of great importance and she would never have called in her friends to rejoice with her when she found it. What was meant was one of the gold coins she wore strung on a band round her forehead which formed part of her dowry on her marriage. The loss of one of these coins would have been very serious.

The translators of the Bible had not the knowledge of the language nor of the manners of the people that we possess today. In consequence several of the stories and parables have lost their full meaning through faulty translation and ignorance of the way of life of the people.

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## PAROCHIALIA

This autumn we are to sustain the loss of three valuable members of our congregation. Miss Sylvia Stiles has done so much for the life of the Church, both in Sunday School where she has taken a class and played the piano, and at the Youth Fellowship where her influence has been unswervingly for the best. I know how much both School and Fellowship will miss her, but with what true affection they will wish her all happiness when she is married at the end of September. If only she and Barry Philips, her future husband, had been settling here, but his work in the R.A.F. makes that impossible. For myself and you all I wish them both every blessing. I am sure they will be happy in each other, and take happiness wherever they go.

Then there is Mr. R. Canning. How frequently his name has appeared in this magazine, announcing his duties as Reader. West Heath and Turves Green will miss him greatly; the Parish Church, too, where he has served on Committees and Council for many years. Yet we cannot but feel proud that one of our Readers has made the decision to become a Parson, and enter the full service of the Church. We shall lose him, but I can only feel happiness at the thought that some day he and Mrs. Canning will arrive at a Parish, needing the care and attention of a good Christian leader, and that they will so abundantly fulfill that need. Are there any other men, like Mr. Canning, who have felt that they might do this same thing? Are there any other wives content to make the great sacrifice of personal convenience and material things that such a change may involve?

Then there is Mr. David Pendleton, who this autumn will enter London University to begin reading Theology, for he, too, is leaving the business life to be ordained. In the Children's Service, in the Choir, and recently in establishing the Scouts, he has been constantly keen to help. It is selfish of me, but I cannot but feel sad when I think of the gap there will be when he leaves us, as those other two I have mentioned. But I am proud for S. Nicolas Church, Kings Norton, that two men from our community are to begin preparation for the priesthood. We must all the time fill the ranks when such men leave us. I want more men to help Mr. Cooke with the Scouts; we shall feel the loss of a tenor in the choir when Mr. Pendleton goes. Are there any other men with voices! We need more men to become Readers. But meanwhile, to these three who are to leave us we say, God-speed, and may every blessing go with you in the new life upon which you are entering.

**THE BIBLE CLASS.**—On Sunday, 9th September, at 3 p.m., when Sunday School and Children's Service recommence, we shall be starting Bible Study Groups for boys and girls who are leaving the Children's Service. I have been most fortunate in discovering two people in whom I have the utmost confidence to begin this work. Mrs. J. S. Hill, the Secretary of the Bible Reading Fellowship, is to take charge of the girls. She is a teacher, and brings with her that knowledge of young people which her profession gives to those who are truly interested. Mr. Graham Townsend, is a keen Churchman as yet unknown to our wider circle. I feel that his experience in the R.A.F. in the recent war will give him something which will enable him to hold the boys. Boys and girls of thirteenish and over are welcome to begin in September, and there is only one condition. We shall expect them to put in regular and steady attendance. Without this any study group will be quite pointless, and not only a waste of time for the youngsters themselves, but also for those two very busy people who are to instruct them. The boys will meet in the lower, and the girls in the upper room of the Old School. My fellow Trustees and I have decided to let the Old School to the Church for this purpose; I need hardly remind the Study Groups of the great privilege and responsibility it is for them to be able to meet in such lovely old surroundings, and am sure that they will treat the Old School with great care.

FOR THE DRUIDS LANE ESTATE. PLEASE NOTE.—I invite you to a general meeting on Tuesday, 2nd October, at 8 p.m. in the School Hall, of all those on the Estate interested in the church life of the parish.

On Sunday, 7th October, D.V., there will be a bus waiting to bring you to Evensong. On Sunday, 21st October, at 9.30 a.m., I shall be holding the Holy Communion Service in the School Hall for the first time.—E.G.A.

FROM A COLLECTION OF NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS, ETC. WHO WOULD BE A PARSON? By BASIL W. B. MATTHEWS.

1. Oh, what a thing it is to be a parson; for in his life he hath full many a part to play.
2. Woe be unto him if he doth not seek to please everyone: and woe be unto him if he doth.
3. For members of his flock be not like unto sheep, which be all alike.
4. They indeed be different the one from the other.
5. So that which pleaseth one offendeth another, and that which is the odour of a sweet savour to the one, stinketh in the nostrils of the other.
6. The parson fareth forth daily on his round: and a dilemma confronteth him at every turn.
7. Be he grave and serious in his demeanour; seeking to uphold the dignity of his cloth.
8. He is said to be stand-offish, "pi," and uppish; yea, the ungodly call him a "Holy Joe."
9. So then he trieth to be gay, greeting all and sundry with a merry jest: but this, too, displeaseth some.
10. For although there be many who like a joke: which hearteneth and cheereth them on their weary way.
11. There be many, alas, who lack a sense of humour: and a joke fair getteth up their nose.
12. With young men and maidens, too, the parson hath his problem: for if from them he hold aloof; they dislike him much.
13. So that when to him they should turn, as to a friend in need: with them he cutteth no ice.
14. But if he seem to have much talk with them: or to show them any fatherly affection.
15. They of his flock who scent evil in everything: liken the priest unto them of no reputation.
16. Again, if beholding overmuch intemperance in his flock, he exhorteth all men to abstain from strong drink.
17. He is said to be a killjoy and inhuman: a very Stiggins whose mind is straitened.
18. But if he entereth a tavern, and putteth his foot upon the rail of brass, there be those who say, "behold a wine-bibber."
19. So when he bloweth froth he committeth iniquity, and when he bloweth it not he is likewise a sinner.
20. What then shall the parson do: when he findeth that he cannot please all men?
21. Let him remember that to please men is not his job: for he was ordained to please his Master.
22. And that the Master, loving the souls of men, kept bad company, and was oft-times seen with them of ill repute.
23. That visiting places abhorred by the respectable: the backbiters called Him "a wine-bibber and a gluttonous person."
24. Yea, it was even said, "He associated with publicans and sinners."
25. Why then should the parson worry: for "the servant is not greater than his Lord"?
26. And if the Lord was hated by some: so also will be the servant.
27. Let the servant therefore walk in the steps of his Master: and care nought for the opinions of men.



28. Many there be who will mislike this "psalm," but there is hope for them who see the point.

Mr. W. MARSHALL.—We shall miss the voice of Mr. W. Marshall in our Councils for some time. Owing to pressure of work, which I understand will be increasing for a considerable time, he has been obliged to resign his Vice-Chairmanship of the Parochial Church Council, and his other duties in the Church. I am most grateful to him for all he has done for the Church. We shall always remember the excessive kindness with which he and Mrs. Marshall welcomed us when we came to Kings Norton, and hastily parked us around the parish because our furniture had not arrived, taking quite a large part of the family into their own house for the night. I am sure they will come to visit our various assemblies whenever opportunity affords.

## OVERSEAS NEWS

The Missionary Sub-Committee held a meeting at the Vicarage on 25th July. It was a very important meeting inasmuch as the Wardens had requested the Committee to allocate £269 17s. to the various Missionary Societies. The sum of £269 17s. was the total of money given by Duplex to Overseas extension of the Kingdom, and of that sum £59 9s. was earmarked by subscribers as follows:

	£	s	d
Church Missionary Society .....	24	7	0
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel .....	3	18	0
Jerusalem and East Mission .....	5	4	0
Medical Mission .....	14	6	0
Mission to Seamen .....	5	4	0
Church of England Waifs and Strays .....	6	10	0
	£59	9	0

After discussion the further sum of £210 8s. was allocated by the Committee as follows:

	£	s	d
S.P.G. (£20 to be given to South India) .....	30	0	0
Church Missionary Society .....	70	0	0
Jerusalem and East Mission .....	15	0	0
Oxford Mission (Calcutta) .....	15	0	0
Mission to Jews .....	15	0	0
University Missions Central Africa .....	15	0	0
Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge .....	15	0	0
Zenana Missionary Society .....	15	0	0
Missions to Seamen .....	10	0	0
Save the Children Fund .....	10	8	0
	£210	8	0

There is a big irrelevance in the amounts paid to the two big Societies, the S.P.G. and the C.M.S. This is accounted for by a misunderstanding about the amount raised through the boxes, and next year we hope to do much better things for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

On 9th September we are to have the pleasure of hearing Miss Griggs at Evensong. She was a Mothers' Union worker in the Zenana in China and I am sure we shall all find her most interesting. I would particularly draw the attention of Mothers' Union members to this notice.—E.G.P.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

The Kindergarten and Senior Sunday School will re-open on Sunday, 9th September. Will parents and children kindly note.—M.C.R.

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

Amongst some of the past railway officials at Kings Norton that I can remember was the well known and respected Station Master, Mr. Stallard, who was also an excellent church worker at our Parish Church, and a number of local guards, Messrs. Watson, Cummings, and the two brothers, Tom and Walter Chapman, who were mentioned earlier as old members of Cotteridge Choir. These two talented singers also became members of our Parish Church Choir after leaving Cotteridge and rendered valuable service in this capacity for many years. Walter is still alive, and although not a chorister now, he can still sing a good song, and often entertains his fellow-members of our village "Senior Club" on Wednesday afternoons in the Saracens Head.

For a few years prior to 1914, I was a regular passenger from the old station to Church Road station, Edgbaston, where I attended the Church Boys School in Ampton Road. Amongst some of the regular passengers for the 9.5 a.m. train to New Street, was Herbert Willison, the famous barrister, conspicuous in a top hat and frock coat, complete with a flower in his buttonhole. At one time, Mr. Willison lived in Watford House which was situated at the corner of Middleton Hall Road and Pershore Road, but to-day the site is occupied by a Day Nursery. Many of the old railway passengers on the 9.5 a.m. train, will remember a smaller train which used to leave Kings Norton about 8.55 a.m. from the opposite platform, to Halesowen. This train, consisting of a small tank engine and three coaches was affectionately called the "Halesowen Express."

During Canon Price's ministry here, the Bournville side of our Parish was developing rapidly and it was decided to build a church and form a separate parish there too. I can remember attending the opening ceremony of the church with the choristers of the Parish Church. The church is dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi.

The Bournville Village Trust which was founded by George Cadbury and his brother Richard in 1900 and has just recently celebrated its Jubilee, was developing this "garden suburb" and building more houses and bungalows, but at the same time preserving natural features and open spaces. The Rowheath recreation grounds belonging to Cadbury Bros. Ltd. is also a fine example of planning and preservation from block building. These grounds, complete with the Lido, provide the employees of the works with quite a variety of recreational facilities amongst ideal surroundings. Close to the Hay Green estate is another beauty spot owned by the Birmingham Corporation and known as the Valley Pool and Parkway. The Bournville Works have also extended since I was a boy, and has become one of the finest factories of its kind to be found. This, together with the excellent layout of the "garden suburb" makes Bournville unique in itself.

I cannot remember the name of the first Vicar at Bournville, but I have recently had a reminder of a very popular Curate we had about the time Bournville Church was opened. I am referring to the Rev. W. G. Booth, whom many of our old parishioners will remember, served so faithfully here, especially during the 1914-18 war. During the recent August holidays, my wife and I paid a visit to our Scout Troop camp at Braunton, North Devon, where the boys were enjoying a splendid camp amid beautiful surroundings, under the excellent leadership of Mr. I. Cooke, the Scoutmaster. It was here that I was reminded of the excellent camps we had with W. G. Booth when he was Curate and Scoutmaster here. The troop was larger than the present day one, and it was marvellous how "Dickie" Booth (as he was affectionately called by the boys) managed to get so much work in with the troop, seeing that his church duties, and war time appointment as a Special Constable, kept him so busy. Although I was not connected with the troop officially, Mr. Booth always invited me to help him at the camps. One of the first camps was situated near Beoley, which



was not too far from home and handy for parents to visit, although the transport was rather difficult in those days, and some cross-country walking was necessary. This would be 1917, and when Canon Price heard that I was going with the boys, he suggested that I could deputise for the organist at Wythall Church during his holidays. The following year, we ventured further out and camped by the river in the Vicarage field at Welford-on-Avon. To take the party and the equipment we hired one of Shepherd & Hough's steam wagons. This camp had many advantages over former camps because there were shops in the village nearby, the Vicarage field was ideal for camp and sports, and the river handy for swimming and fishing. I still have a snapshot which was taken during a bathing parade, and I can recognise Reg. Base, Will Walters, Percy Moreton, George Wakeman, with possibly Fred Westbury, George Middleton or the brothers looking on. Mr. Booth arranged with the Vicar of Welford that we should hold our Church Parade an hour before the usual service time, because the church was too small to accommodate the scouts and the parishioners together. We had a full service, with our choir boys arranged in the stalls, Mr. Booth conducting, and myself at the organ.

Many of the old scouts will remember a frequent visitor to this camp, namely Mr. W. J. Woodward, who was nicknamed "Pard." This gentleman took a great interest in the boys and turned out to be an expert in reciting Shakespeare books and adventure stores from memory. He would visit one of the tents just before "lights out" and recite a story in such a way, that one could imagine that he had a book before him. As the boys dropped off to sleep, he would leave the tent and return the next evening, taking up the story where he had left off the evening before. Mr. Woodward also amused the boys by "reading" their hands and telling fortunes. One of the most outstanding incidents which happened during this camp, was the unforgettable visit to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. Mr. Booth thought that the boys would enjoy a visit to this theatre, and asked me to take charge of a party of boys, numbering about twenty, who were keen to go. We had a long walk in front of us, but as our route lay mainly along the river bank, the distance was not so noticeable especially as some of the boys had brought mouth organs, and community singing was kept up until we reached the town. In those days the old Theatre was in existence, but was burned down some time after this period. We were shown to our seats on the top row of the gallery. The boys were interested for a time, but as the play proceeded, I noticed that they became rather fidgety and appeared rather bored, especially as there was no music to liven up the atmosphere. However, they were somewhat relieved when the interval came, and as most of the audience appeared to be leaving the theatre for refreshment, someone suggested going out for "pop." I allowed one or two boys to go, and later they returned with some spare bottles for other boys. These bottles were the old type with a glass marble as a stopper which were pressed in by the thumb, and rattled when tilted for a drink, so that the noise of glass marbles rattling in the bottles could still be heard when the audience was quiet again and the play restarted. After some whispered remarks by the people in front of us, the contents of the bottles were quickly consumed and the empties pushed under the seats, but the boy on the end seat by the centre gangway carefully placed his bottle at the side of him, but apparently at some distance out from his seat in the gangway, for as a late-comer from the refreshment bar tip-toed quietly back to his seat, he caught this bottle with his foot and it bounded down the whole staircase with a terrific noise and rattle. This was sufficient to startle the whole of the audience and to stop the play on the stage, but fortunately we were not turned out, although I expected that to happen, especially as the boys could see the funny side of it judging by the bursts of smothered laughter along the row, and it was some time before I could restore order again.—C. A. P. ROGERS.

*(To be continued)*

## HYMNS AND PSALMS FOR SEPTEMBER

### 2nd September, Trinity XV:

Morning:	160	281	196	302	Ps. 84
Evening:	704	301	764	215	Ps. 89 vv. 1-10.

### 9th September, Trinity XVI:

Morning:	236	207	726	6	Ps. 86
Evening:	214	358	532	271	Ps. 90

### 16th September, Trinity XVII:

Morning:	4	549	185	172	Ps. 93
Evening:	308	432	166	27	Ps. 100

### 23rd September, Trinity XVIII:

Morning:	261	569	676	304	Ps. 103
Evening:	315	321			

### 30th September, Trinity XIX:

Morning:	522	163	254	391	Ps. 111
Evening:	298	248	675	346	Ps. 121

## EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS

### BAPTISMS

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

15th July—Geoffrey Leonard Bache, Linda Margaret Ann Cottrell, John Michael Forester, Pauline Mary Gaskin, Ann Barbara Harvey, Raymond Hensey, Ann Harding, Anthony Mayes, Dianne Lynda Marshall, Alan Paul Marshall, Lindsay Anne Pugh, Ian Maxwell Terry, John Frederick Webb, 28th July—Stephen Michael Raine, 5th August—Royston Strong, Veronica Jane Smart, Valerie Ann Rees, Ian Arthur Charles Roll, Eric Charles Smalley.

### MARRIAGES

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

14th July—Jack Liddle and Joyce Tompkins, Maurice Thomas Harley and Mary Doreen Stanway, Dennis Alan Nicholls and Rona Louisa Walker, David Thomas Mumford and Octavia Irene Davis, Alan Mavin and Doreen Hilda Elizabeth Benson, 21st July—Leslie Arthur Hammond and Doreen Neale, Albert Edward Rhodes and Beryl Joan Lloyd; 28th July—Stanley Edward Taylor and Patricia Margaret Edith Hughes; 4th August—Victor Gough Whettell and Grace Ada Dunkley, Edward William Hyde and Alice May Boyce.

### BURIALS

*I am the Resurrection and the Life*

4th August—Alma (Harry) Duffield, aged 64.

## KINGS NORTON MOTHERS UNION PROGRAMME

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.



## DAUGHTER CHURCHES

### S. ANNE'S

CHURCH OF ENGLAND ADOPTION SOCIETY. I was unable to obtain full details of the raising of the money for the Church of England Adoption Society, last month, in time for publication. Mrs. Brierley has since given me the exact figures. The Sunday School gave £7 2s. 6d.; Mrs. France raised £3 15s. with a whist drive in her house, and Mrs. Savage raised £3 5s. Mrs. Brierley's whist drive raised £1 17s. 6d. Again I thank most heartily all those concerned. I know well that none of them looks for thanks, but I feel that we all should know of the good work that has been done by these kind people, for so good a cause.—E.G.A.

THE ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW will be held in the Village Hall on Saturday, 22nd September. We are hoping to have a "bumper" show this year and in order to do this we are anxious to get as many entries as possible. So please come and support us and exhibit in one or more of the many classes.

All produce will be sold afterwards and the proceeds will be in aid of Church Funds.

PREACHERS FOR SEPTEMBER: 2nd Sept., Mr. R. Canning; 9th Sept., Rev. W. W. Rogers; 16th Sept., Preb. S. L. Thompson; 23rd Sept., Mr. B. Firkins; 30th Sept., Mr. B. Firkins.

ALTAR FLOWERS.—2nd Sept., Mrs. Cottrell; 9th Sept., Mrs. Wilkes; 16th Sept., Mrs. Savage; 23rd Sept., Mrs. Ward (Lilley Lane); 30th Sept., Mrs. Thompson.

CHARGE FOR VILLAGE HALL.—In view of the fact that some time in the not too distant future, as soon as the new Turves Green Schools are completed, the Worcestershire Education Authorities will no longer need our Village Hall, we have decided to make a charge to all bodies hiring the Hall. With the increased cost of electricity and gas and overhead expenses I have agreed that a charge of fifteen shillings for an evening will be suitable, and have asked Mrs. France, our Hall Manager, to act accordingly. We must have money beside us for any chance requirements, and there are always many such in a building of this type, and this will enable us to achieve this purpose. Of course this does not apply to the Church Youth Fellowship, although I think that with them too, it is an excellent principal that they should pay some nominal rent for the use of the Hall, as do all youth groups in the Mother Church.

YOUTH EVENSONG.—Mr. Firkins has asked me if we could have another Youth Evensong on Sunday, 30th September, and I have agreed to this. The last one caused much interest and did much good to the life of the Church.

## THE EPIPHANY

SIDESMEN.—2nd Sept., Mr. Pickersgill and Mr. Middleton; 9th Sept., Mr. Footman and Mr. Tristram; 16th Sept., Mr. McCracken and Mr. Dudley; 23rd Sept., Mr. Smith and Mr. Tristram; 30th Sept., Mr. Mercer and Mr. Dudley.

ALTAR FLOWER ROTA.—2nd Sept., Mrs. Dudley; 9th Sept., Mrs. Warburton; 16th Sept., Mrs. Wilkes; 2nd Sept., Mrs. Wincott; 30th Sept., Mrs. Chadney.

MOTHERS' UNION.—The September monthly meeting will be held on 20th September. On 26th September the Deanery Service will take place at Billesley Common. Mrs. Clayton will be the speaker at the Monthly Meeting on 18th October.

JUNIOR CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Arrangements have been made for members of the Junior Church and Sunday School to go to Clent on Saturday afternoon, 15th September, as their Summer Outing. Full particulars will be announced later. If any parents of the members would like to be included in the party, they will be very welcome. The cost to them for transport to Clent and tea will be 4/- each.

DUPLEX SYSTEM.—The Duplex System of giving was started on 5th August. We cannot let the occasion go by without thanking Mr. Pickersgill for the work he has done in organising the Duplex System. It is difficult for anyone who has not undertaken work of this character to realise the amount of clerical detail involved in it. The best way of showing our appreciation is by a whole-hearted support of the Duplex System.

PREACHERS FOR SEPTEMBER: 2nd Sept., Preb. S. L. Thompson; 9th Sept., Mr. I. Cooke; 16th Sept., Rev. W. W. Rogers; 23rd Sept., Mr. R. Canning; 30th Sept., Preb. S. L. Thompson.

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## THE MAGAZINE ADVERTISERS

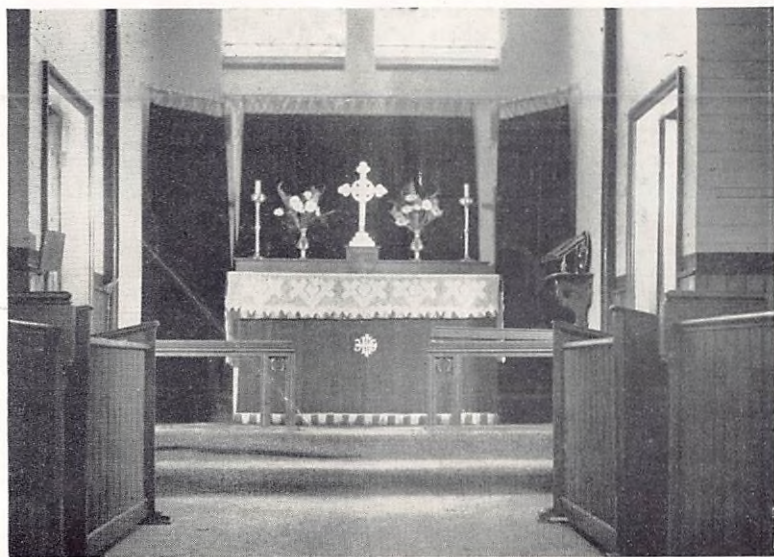
I would like to draw the attention of our readers to the four new advertisements appearing this month: BELLS LANE NURSERIES, Bells Lane, should be very helpful when buying plants for autumn planting. REFRIGERATION by L. L. DU PLERGNY, Chanston Avenue, is a big asset in every home. E. R. QUINEY, York Road, repairer of all kinds of leather goods, school satchels, etc., and finally, a very helpful watch repairer and Jeweller, A. W. WEBB, Heathfield Road, Kings Heath. Will our readers kindly remember our advertisers and support them whenever possible.



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