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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.
JUNIOR BOYS' CLUB	Mondays, 6.30 p.m.
THE EPIPHANY:	
SENIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Fridays, 7 p.m.
JUNIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP	Tuesdays, 7 p.m.
MEN'S CLUB	Mondays, 7.30 p.m.
WOMEN'S WORKING PARTY	Thursdays, 2.30 p.m.
MOTHERS' UNION	Third Thursday in month, 2.30 p.m.

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

SERVICES

ST. NICOLAS	<i>Every Sunday: 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, the Rev. J. V Skinner by the 15th July. The magazine will appear on the 27th July.

KALENDAR FOR JULY

- 2—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 9—FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 16—SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 23—SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 25—S. JAMES, A.M.
 30—EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

COLLECTIONS

		<i>Parish Church</i>			<i>The Epiphany</i>		
		£	s	d	£	s	d
May	14	26	0	1	1	19	0
	21	27	2	1	1	10	8
	28	37	9	1	3	19	6
June	4	29	9	4	2	7	1
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		£120	0	7	£9	16	3
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VICAR'S LETTER AND NOTES

THE VICARAGE,
KINGS NORTON.

My dear Friends,

A few days ago *The Times* gave a leading article on the responsibility of the laity for the Church. It arose out of the fact that the leaders of the Church of England had decided to call upon all our churches to dedicate their alms on Trinity Sunday to a Candidates' Ordination Fund; this fund to enable men who wished to be ordained and had not enough means to afford training, to be financed by the Church. It pointed out the serious situation in which our church now stood in view of a population which had increased by millions in the last two or three decades, and of a ministry which had decreased considerably, so that to-day we have far less men to care for innumerable more people in this country.

There are all sorts of reasons why we have come to our present condition, but it is futile to blame the past, although we must be alert to benefit from past mistakes in future planning. But we must face the fact that there is a serious shortage of man-power and that, however willing we may be to work, those of us in the ministry, we cannot begin to cope with the material at our disposal. We must have more men and women to work whole-time for the church, and the lay-folk of the church must take upon themselves far more responsibility for the spiritual condition of their church, than they have done in the past. And it is here that I come to the part you will have to play if the Church of England is to rise to the great opportunity which I feel that God is offering her in our generation.

In our parish we have a perfect example of the church as she is in 1950. A century ago Kings Norton must have been so lovely, with its few houses lying around the green, its old school, its old church and one or two public houses of equal age and beauty. The great tide of industrialism surged out from Birmingham and engulfed the place; a few hundred people found the world of factories enclosing them and to-day I reckon that the population of this Parish must be over thirty thousand people, a number, which, in the next ten years will rise easily to forty thousand.

We have our mother church and two daughter churches to supply the spiritual needs of that large crowd of people. We have two priests to take out the word of God to His people here, to baptise them, to marry them, to tend to them in sickness and in death. We shall be lucky if we get a third man to come in and help, although we can offer him a house with the job.

To assist us in our work we have three lay readers. These are men who have been willing to do some preparation and qualify to take services on Sundays when needed. They are in constant demand. I wonder if it strikes some people that when they have a sense of duty done, because they have been to church once on a Sunday that these three men, and a fourth who hopes to qualify shortly, turn out to take services, to help in the Sunday School, to preach and teach the word of God, to administer the cup at Holy Communion—and because we have so few, they are almost every Sunday on duty somewhere.

At West Heath and Turves Green two faithful men every Sunday morning conduct a Children's Church. In the Parish Church here, and at West Heath, Turves Green and Bells Lane, a handful of devoted Christians give up their Sunday afternoons, year in, year out, to teach Christianity to our children.

In the three churches the Wardens render faithful service and regular worship. In the choirs of the Parish Church and West Heath, a handful of men and boys give regular attendance.

All these men and women have voluntarily accepted the duties God has

laid upon them. They are paid nothing for what they do—it is their offering to God. Others are helping too, in councils, in committees, in magazine distribution, in running the organisations of the church. But with all that they do we are working to the minimum of our capacity; they are a faithful few in a parish of many thousands of potential workers.

If one business man can become a lay-reader—that is the answer to most business men: if one man or girl can become a Sunday School teacher, that is the answer to most of the men and girls in the Parish. If the members of our organisations, some people by no means strong in health, can undertake to clip grass in the churchyard, that is the answer to most of the rest of the Parish. We are all equally busy, we are all equally tired.

The Church must look to her lay people. They have, for too long, been content to blame the parson, and talk as if the Church were his private property. It is no such thing. We are all joint heirs of the blessing of God in our church. I want right now a panel of at least twelve lay-readers. You men of the congregation, please search your souls, and see if God is calling you. Does it not appeal to you that you may be able to preach the gospel, to take part in the ministry, to share in the care of the churches. I would like each active man in our circle to ask himself before God, whether he is not the man God wants to preach the gospel.

The whole of the second half of the last Diocesan Conference was taken up with the discussion of a resolution (printed elsewhere in the magazine) sent out by the Lambeth Conference, calling on the laity to renew their life in Christ. In a masterly discussion on this resolution, the Archdeacon of Stoke-on-Trent explained to the conference the Church's great need of the active co-operation of her laymen. Gone are the days when men just go to church. They must live the church and be a living, animate part of the church. With careful study of the Bible, with regular and devout private prayer, they must renew their inner life, and having received life in Communion with God, in regular and ordered worship in His House, with their fellow Christians, they must be fearless to speak God to their fellows.

The Archdeacon said that whereas a man could not work at the same bench as a communist for a single day without becoming aware that he was a communist, yet he might work with a churchman for a year without being aware that he was a churchman? Is it true? Is it true of the laymen of our three churches? Another fact he told us which startled me a lot was this. In a training college for teachers under the post-war scheme there was an ardent group of communists. There was also an ardent group of Christians. One of the Christians talking to one of the communists asked him how much his membership of the Communist Party cost him a week. The answer was "Seven shillings and sixpence." Seven shillings and sixpence a week to pursue an empty dream into an empty oblivion. What of us who profess to serve the living, life-giving God?

Looking upon our congregation I should say that I had far more than a dozen men of sufficient education and zeal to become fellow-workers in preaching the gospel. I wonder whether God will give them to me on this first appeal. If so, with discussion and reading it would give me great joy to prepare to "send them forth."

Although her need for men is desperate the Church is taking only the best—with careful sifting she is accepting those whom God guides her to deem worthy of the call. But for those men who cannot become priests the church has abundant work to do as lay-readers.

Meanwhile I must tell you how cheered and comforted I have been by the ready response of all the organisations of the Church to help in the ordering of the Churchyard. It gives me a joy beyond words to see you all, at the end of your busy days, cutting and trimming and reclaiming for beauty and

order the place wherein God's honour dwells. This to me is the outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual grace, which makes me feel sure that with patience, in God's good time, the little leaven of our faithfulness shall leaven the whole lump of Kings Norton's bleak indifference.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

THE DUPLEX SYSTEM

The letter's have gone out and the answers are coming in. I hope that by the time this reaches you you will all have sent in your replies. It is easy to postpone things like this—but please be prompt. We are so keen to know what is to be the fruits of our hopes and labours in this field of action.

CUBS

We have been given a Union Jack for our Scouts. We have been given our colours. Now will some kind benefactor give us our colours for the Cubs. Things go well in spite of the usual ups and downs involved in getting a new thing started in a Parish, but, oh, for more leaders. If anyone reads this, is a good churchman, and has done any Scouting, we should be grateful for his help in the troop. If you are grateful for what others did for you when you were young, come forward now and carry on their good work with the new generation.

THE CHURCHYARD

All the various organisations have accepted the invitation of the Churchyard Committee to take charge of a certain part of the old churchyard. The Parochial Church Council met to inspect the plot and decide on a plan and immediately fell to. They almost finished their first clipping in one session. The Youth Fellowship, the G.F.S., the Sunday School teachers and the sidesmen have all set to. I gather that the Mothers Union, inspired by Mrs. Collett White, have a plan laid. Mr. Friar, of Brandwood End, has been down to see the first state of the place so that he may the more justly assign the prize for the best kept part at the end. The Scouts have not yet started, but I am hoping that by the time this reaches you, they will be well under weigh with the rest. We are once more without a groundsman and gravedigger. If any of you know a man who would work well in the job, we are paying six pounds a week. I should be very glad to hear of someone soon, before the cemetery falls into too great decay again.

G.F.S.

Once more the G.F.S. have won the Shield for the Diocese. It has almost become a habit with them to do so ! It is a tribute to the high standard of preparation that goes to their training, and we congratulate all concerned.

E.G.A.

CHURCH COUNCIL

The Church Council met on the 22nd May, thirty-four members attended.

The Committees of the Council reported on their activities since the last meeting. A special report was received from the Missionary Committee which had held its first meeting. Miss Gladys Packwood had accepted the position of Secretary to this Committee which will be responsible for organising missionary activity in the parish.

The Council learned with much pleasure that subject to the granting of the necessary faculty, Mr. F. Webb had agreed to carry out the alterations to the oak reredos. Mr. Webb's craftsmanship with oak is well known, the church possesses many examples of his work.

The Council agreed to accept responsibility for tidying up a portion of the churchyard. The members have tackled the task with much zest, and shown the progress that can be made by co-operation and enthusiasm.

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Little Prayer Cards

By H. T. Ingram

"Sending a prayer, O friend, to Heaven's gate,
If thou wouldst have an answer, bid it wait."

BUT what sort of prayer is the waiting prayer? Is it the importunate prayer, the oft-repeated prayer, or the prayer that has ceased to be the prayer of the heart?

Years ago I asked a number of scouts who had all attended a Church Sunday School whether they prayed morning and evening. They were asked to put their answers in a box. The first I took out to read was written very neatly: "Please, sir, I don't say any now, because I don't know the language."

That strange answer set me thinking, and I consulted a learned Eton schoolmaster who, I thought, should know all about boys, and he sent me an extract from a recent sermon. Here it is: "Personally, I constantly find myself thinking, speaking or writing, sincerely enough and even with conviction, of matters connected with religion, and then being shocked to find that what I have thought, spoken or written of as realities are not in fact making much difference to my practice. I imagine that everyone who is a regular churchgoer must have felt the same sort of difficulty. Words often repeated gather, I admit, a value through familiarity, and become part of the furniture of our minds,

FOR JOY IN THE MORNING

For all shadowed by sorrow,
for prisoners of pain, for
children starved of love, we
beseech Thy pity, O Lord,
that this night they may
know Thine arms to be a-
bout them to comfort and
to bless, Thy word to assure
them that joy cometh in the
morning.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

O GOD, Who hast
made home the safe har-
bour of man's life, as
Heaven is the haven of
his soul, grant us in dark
and dangerous days never
to lose sight of the shin-
ing lights of Thy eternal
love, through Jesus Christ
our Lord. ✠ . ✠ . ✠ . ✠ . ✠

always there to greet us when we come back from work, as comfortable and serviceable as the notorious piece of furniture of which Eliza Cook wrote so feelingly more than a century ago:—

'I love it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving my old Arm-
chair?'

"But even an arm-chair grows worn and shabby, and needs re-stuffing. How much more our words and forms, since language and the world are for ever changing."

Do, then, some of our prayers grow worn and shabby chiefly because they have been used so frequently and sometimes thoughtlessly? Would they be more real if they dealt with our daily round and common task, with our modern problems and our everyday thoughts—our homes, our business, even our games?

I give two of such prayers* on this page that they may serve as first steps towards an ideal that I hope others may help to attain. Will you send me this month on postcards, please, prayers (not more than 60 words) that you would like to use, and which you think others would like to use, too? It will be a labour of love, I am sure, but that is no reason why I should not offer a guinea prize which you can give to any charity if you like or spend it on a new prayer book for yourself. Address: H. T. Ingram, c/o The Publisher, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4.

* If any reader would care for copies printed on cards they can be supplied at 1d. each, 6s. 9d. per 100, post free.

Strange ? Questions:

By the Rev.

W. E. Purcell

Q.: Not so long ago I had to be interviewed for a job. What struck me as curious was the way in which various members of the interviewing board kept asking me questions about how I occupied my leisure: what books I read; what games I played, and so on. In fact, they asked me as much about that as about my technical qualifications. Later, when I had the job and all was settled, I met one of the chaps who'd been on the interviewing board, and I asked him about these questions. "Character, my boy," he said, "that's what we were getting at. You can usually discover a man's character by what he does in his spare time."

I have been wondering ever since whether that is really true. What do you think, Padre?

A.: I certainly think we can tell a good deal. There is a story of Abraham Lincoln, greatest of American Presidents. He once rather pained a close friend by turning down an applicant, for a post of trust, whom the friend had recommended. So the friend hurried to see Lincoln and asked him indignantly:

"Why wouldn't you hire him, Abe?"

"Didn't like his face."

"But he can't help his face!"

"Every man over forty," Lincoln said, "can help his face."

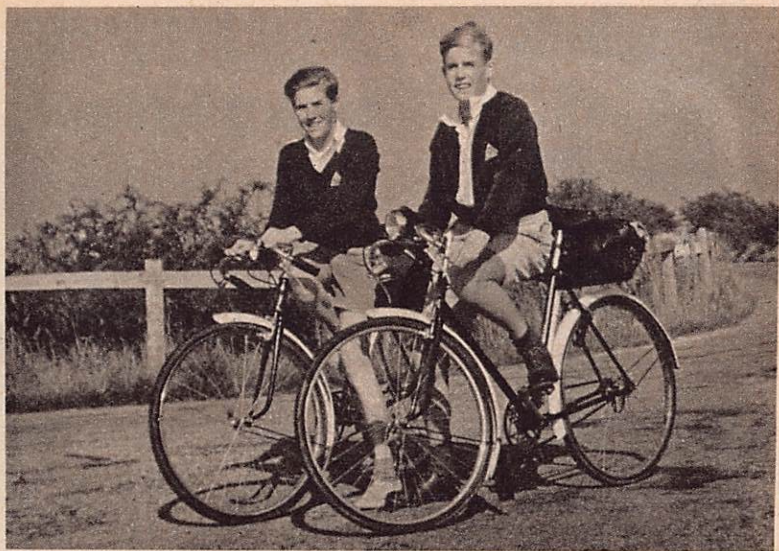
Now that is profoundly true. Of course, the President did not mean that we can be held responsible for the actual shape of our features! But he did mean that we can be held responsible for the look in our eyes: honest or shifty, brave or craven, bored with life or afire with love of it. He did mean that we can be held responsible for the way we hold ourselves; for the general impression, pleasing, displeasing or neutral, which our whole personality makes upon others. And the reason why we can thus be held responsible is because it is what our real interests are which to a large extent affects the development of our personalities. This bent of our minds can develop us in good directions, if the bent itself is good, in bad directions, if it is bad. And the third possibility is that, if we have no particular interests at all, but prefer to watch rather than to play the game

of life, we shall not develop at all but merely grow older, as happens to many people, perhaps to an increasing number in this modern world.

There is a well-known phrase, "the soul is dyed the colour of its leisure hours." You see what that means? It is the same kind of thing as we are thinking about. Our characters, personalities, souls—use whichever word you prefer—are enormously affected by the nature and quality of *what our real interests are*.

However, examples are much better than theory, so let's have a few. A lifetime's leisure devoted, say, to the filling in of football pool coupons will not enrich the personality in the same way as time devoted to creating something, whether it be a great book, a small garden or a new kind of hen-coop. Similarly, a man interested in climbing mountains will obviously be likely to develop a different bent of character and outlook from another whose interest may be limited to taking a bus to the nearest cinema. Again, a fellow interested—really interested—in running a boys' club or a scout-troop, in doing something for nothing, just because he believes it right, pretty clearly has some weight of conviction in him which places his character in a higher category altogether than that of some other chap who would never dream of doing anything for nothing at all.

Isn't that clear? After all, if you were on an interviewing board (I hope some day you will be) and two candidates came before you, each having the same technical qualifications but being entirely different in the way they spent their leisure: to which would you give the job? To the one who said he played games, liked a pipe and a book, was keen on cycling and would like to have been an explorer, if he'd ever had the chance, or to the other who just said, "I've no particular interests; but I go to the films fairly often, two or three times a week generally"? You would give the job to the applicant with the busy



[Photo by]

Keen on Cycling.

[P. W. Lang

leisure and the many interests. And why? Because of what those interests were able to tell you of his character.

So, then, I believe that the people who interviewed you were on the right lines in asking so much about the things you did in your time off. Nor do I think one ought to leave this without noticing how the same test applies to everyone. For how many of us do you think could successfully pass it? There are far too many today whose leisure-time interests are on the low level of mass-spectacles, mass-excitements ready made; and too few whose interests are personal, self-created. Books, hobbies, games, good works for God and man—these may seem an old-fashioned recipe for happy leisure and strong character. But, believe me, as producers of both those necessary things, they have the dogs and the pools beaten from the start!

Incidentally, if I were ever on an interviewing board one question I should certainly ask all applicants for a job would be how they spent Sunday. If the answer turned out to be something like "with my feet up reading the Sunday paper" I should be less

disposed to showing favour than in perhaps another case where the answer was "Well, I go to church; I walk; I make the day as different as possible from the others of the week." And the reason why I should be more favourably impressed by such an answer is that it would tell me something of the man's character. The way he spends his Sunday is a test case of any man. For that matter, the way it spends Sunday is a test case of a nation's character in certain important respects. And in both instances you can be quite sure of this: that where there is respect and reverence for the things of God, there also you can be pretty sure of finding character.

The same list might reasonably be applied to the way a man spends his holiday. It would be a real test of his character as well as his Christianity.

THE PARISH CHURCH

*Pause ere thou enter, Traveller, bethink thee
How holy yet how homelike is this place;
Tine that thou spendest humbly here shall link
thee
With men unknown who once were of thy race.
This is thy Father's House; to Him address thee
When here His children worship face to face;
He at thy coming in with peace shall bless thee;
Thy going out make joyful with His Grace.*

[Lines seen at Christchurch Priory.]

A Royal Godmother

By Bertram Teale

because he was the wealthiest and most influential citizen of London at that time. He was a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth and was a frequent visitor at her court. The Queen was very fond of his pretty daughter, who was his only child. Like the loyal subject that he was he called her Elizabeth, after his beloved Queen.

Little Elizabeth was the very apple of her father's eye and as she grew up his great ambition was to see her suitably married to the son of one of his merchant friends. But Elizabeth thought otherwise. She and a certain Lord Compton had fallen in love with one another, but stern old Sir John Spencer strongly disapproved.

One fine day, this wilful young lady managed to get herself smuggled out of her father's country house (situated among the then green fields of Canonbury), in a baker's basket and she and Lord Compton were married.

Old Sir John was furious, and declared that from that time onwards he would not recognise her as his daughter. He was an obstinate old man and would not relent and probably was very miserable despite his wealth and honours and the high favour in which he was held by the Queen.



St. Helen's Church.



St. Helen's, South Door, 1635.

IN the heart of the City of London is one of the most fascinating of old churches—St. Helen's, Bishopsgate—full of beautiful old monuments and memories.

I love its quiet and its mellowness. One day I was admiring a specially handsome monument on a wall to the memory of an Elizabethan worthy and his wife. Their carved figures, in alabaster, were lying side by side. I tried to puzzle out the Latin inscription and found that the figure in armour, wearing a ruffe, represented Sir John Spencer, and the lady by his side, also wearing a ruffe, was his wife. Away in a corner of the large monument was the figure of a girl kneeling, demurely and devoutly, looking as good as ever she could be.

"You wouldn't think that she smuggled herself out of her father's house in a baker's basket to marry a Lord would you?" asked somebody at my elbow. She later handed me a history of this wonderful old church, and amongst lots of other stories, I came across this one relating to the gentleman in the ruffe whose monument I had been looking at.

More than 300 years ago, in the City of London, there lived a very wealthy merchant named Sir John Spencer. "Rich" Spencer they called him,

A year or so later, Sir John Spencer was immensely flattered to receive a message from Her Majesty at Greenwich, stating that she wanted to see her loyal subject, Sir John Spencer, on an important personal matter.

The old City merchant went off to the Palace and presently stood in the presence-chamber of the Queen. A gentleman usher was at the door, dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, the badge of his office, around his neck. The mid-doors were thrown open and the coming of the Queen was announced. An imposing procession entered, at the end of which was the Lord Chancellor.

Then came the Queen, wearing a golden crown and clad in a bejewelled gown of white silk, the long train of which was borne by a Marchioness.

Wherever the Queen looked, all knelt before her. Whoever had a word from her remained kneeling unless the great Queen raised him.

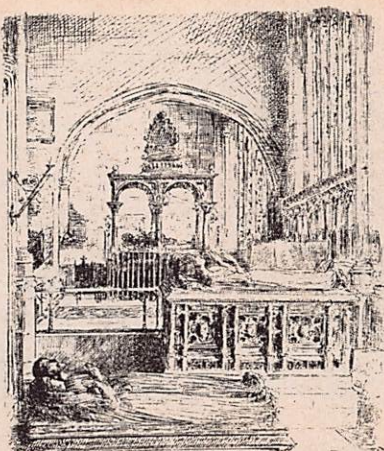
At last she saw Sir John Spencer who, polite old courtier as he was, knelt before her at her look. "Ha," said the Queen, stretching out her hand, and raising her loyal subject, "Our good citizen, Sir John Spencer, welcome! Thou wert informed then of our wish to converse with thee?"

"I had the honour to receive your Majesty's commands to that effect," answered the citizen.

"Thou hast ever regarded our slightest wish as a command, good Sir John," continued the Queen, adding significantly, "though thou hast paid dearly for thy affectionate regard to our person."

The old citizen sighed as he remembered that it was while his daughter had been an attendant on Her Majesty at Court that she had met young Lord Compton. The stern old face went red and then white. Sir John dropped on to his knee again and in a low voice said: "I hope—I trust—your Majesty does not mean to lay commands on me to pardon."

The Queen interrupted him. "Listen to us, Sir John Spencer. Your paternal anger will be respected by us. It is a favour which we have now to require of thee. An infant boy has somewhat strangely fallen to our particular guardianship. He is of such rank and birth that we conceive thee



monuments in St. Helen's.

to be a fitter person to act as his sponsor than any of the nobles of our court. The civic position suits thee much more for serving the future fortunes of this boy and by my troth, Sir John, thou shalt have a Queen for a partner in the office."

The old knight was immensely relieved and gratified. "Your Majesty does me an honour that kings might be proud of," he replied. Then he went on rather sadly: "I have no child now. My new godson shall fill the vacant place."

The Queen's dark eyes sparkled with pleasure at his reply and as she dismissed him she said: "Farewell for the present, good Sir John Spencer, due tidings shall reach thee when it becomes necessary to assume thy new duties."

Later there came to Sir John Spencer another royal command, and he paid a second visit to the palace at Greenwich. When he was ushered into the royal presence he found her surrounded by a great crowd of councillors, officers of the Crown and courtiers. Her Majesty's household chaplain was also present. "Welcome, Sir John," said the Queen as the distinguished citizen bent low before her, "thou art punctual, though we have been some time in readiness. We have arranged this day for the baptism of our poor little

Continued on page 110.

WEEKDAY PAGES for Women with Homes



Photo by]

[H. C. Spare

We are Seven.

Monday's Washing.

Clothes Horse.—Having put our young daughter in a bed, we took the utility cot to pieces and found that the two long sides put on end like a pyramid make an ideal clothes horse, holding far more than an ordinary one does. With two little hinges on the ends of the legs at the top and a strap along the bottom to prevent slipping apart you have a *clothes horse* that is easily converted back into a cot in case of further need.—MRS. BEDFORD.

Nylon Stockings.—To lengthen the life and preserve the appearance of precious Nylon stockings, always wear rubber household gloves when washing them, as this prevents "snags" or catches. Always wash them every night after the day's wear; never wear stockings two days without the nightly dip.—MRS. A. H. KEMP.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Jumpers and Jerseys.—I find it is a very good thing, when knitting the sleeves, to make a button hole in the third or fourth row from the bottom of sleeve, leaving the seam open for 1½ inches, so that when one is washing up it can be unbuttoned and turned back. This saves the sleeve edge from getting stretched and keeps it in shape.—E. E. S.

Machine Seams.—When next assembling your home-knitted garments try machining the seams with machine medium stitch. The result is neat and tailored, and when the time comes (as it generally does) for the garment to be unpicked and re-knitted the machine thread comes out easily, and obviates the risk of clipping a wrong piece of wool if the garment has been sewn up by hand.—MRS. BOSTON.

Holiday Hanger.—To make a useful travelling hanger for silk frocks and blouses, crochet round a brass curtain ring. Make a loop of fancy elastic, 3 inches long, and sew it to the ring. This will pack easily. When you want to use it roll a newspaper lengthwise and put it through the elastic.—MISS L. McCULLY.

Useful Teapot.—Finding the electric iron out of order when ready to stamp transfers on to a birthday gift, I placed the small articles with transfers under the hot teapot and was delighted to find that the heat completed the job in a most satisfactory way.—EDITH PATCHING.

Patching.—When putting a patch on the legs of pants or sleeves of a garment, have a piece of paper, several times folded, pushed down under the hole. The patch can then be easily pinned on without any awkwardness, or the top material pinned to the underneath.—MRS. E. WALL.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Try a duffle coat, from Government surplus, as a man's bed-jacket. Remove the hood and make a few adjustments and you have a professional-looking wrap, of cleaner colour and better appearance than a tweed coat or cardigan with their tight armholes.—MISS MORE.

Bed-Table.—Try an ironing board, but be sure it is securely fixed. The legs will go under the bed. The patient will be made more at ease than with a tray which wobbles and tips over.—MISS L. DAWSON.

Peppermint Pipe.—When you have a cold try this, and don't scoff at it because it is so simple. Buy a clay pipe, and pack the bowl with cotton wool, and sprinkle over the wool a few drops of oil

of peppermint. Then smoke it (without lighting it, of course), inhaling the fumes which will quickly relieve the clogged bronchial passages.—MRS. SOUTHGATE.

For Choking.—If unable to get your breath raise your left arm straight above your head and stretch as far as you can towards the ceiling. I have never known this fail to bring relief and it is much better than hitting people's backs.—MISS B. C. JONES.

Cellulose Wadding (1s. 10d. a big roll) makes far better extempore handkerchiefs than the paper variety when colds are about. It is sold in a thick roll. Use about 2 or 3 tissues, cutting them the size you want. They keep smooth best if in a bag or small cardboard box. They don't stay nice if just stuffed anyhow into a pocket.—MISS K. RAND.

Thursday's Cooking.

Children Love It.—Here is an attractive method of serving semolina pudding. Make the semolina in the usual way, pour half the mixture into a suitable dish and cover with slices of cooked apple or other fruit, then cover with the remaining semolina. Mix one tablespoonful of sugar with one teaspoonful of cornflour, then add a cup of milk or milk and water, bring to the boil, boil for three minutes, cool and add colouring, then pour over pudding. Serve cold. Children love it.—MISS D. WEBB.

Icing.—The easiest way to make delicious icing of any flavour is to melt and stir a packet of jelly crystals in the usual way as for jellies. Use just enough to mix the icing sugar and beat in a knob of butter or margarine. You have flavour, colour and lovely icing which sets quickly on cakes or buns or for sandwich sponge. The surplus liquid of jelly put into moulds.—MRS. R. READER.

Garlic is the most healthful of our foods. In countries where garlic is consumed regularly stomach troubles, duodenal ulcers, cancer of the stomach, etc., are absolutely unknown. A clove of garlic scraped up fine, and added to a vegetable soup, makes all the difference to the flavour. Rub a salad bowl with a clove of garlic before putting in the salad; you will be surprised to find how much nicer it is to the taste. Try to discover other ways in which garlic may be used but keep the secret to yourself—keep them guessing.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Beans in Tomato sauce are somewhat tasteless, but piquancy may be achieved by the addition of curry powder. As tastes vary it is advisable to test while cooking to get the amount just right.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Friday's Household.

Any Old Tins.—Old syrup, fruit, jam and vegetable tins can be put to good

use as "fire bricks." Fill the tin with coal dust, leaving the top open, and put it in a corner of the empty grate. Lay and light the fire in the usual way. Gas given off by the heated coal dust will burn in the fire. The next day a good size piece of coke will be found in the tin. Such use of old tins effects a double economy. It cuts down the size of the grate and at the same time makes good use of coal dust.—THE REV. W. S. STANNARD.

An Old Telephone directory or railway timetable is excellent for use when dishwashing up. Pans will not harm a clean sink. Glass will not crack on the thick pad. A page can be torn off each time as it becomes soiled.—MRS. GARDNER.

Saturday's Children.

Toddlers' fur-backed mittens have no cuffs and wrists are often exposed. A good idea is to knit a cuff or wristlet (3-4 ins.) and attach it to the inside of the mitten, thus covering the gap often left between the sleeve and glove. Mittens are less easily pulled off and lost.—MRS. BENNETT.

Training for Toddlers.—One old pair of celanese or locknit directoire knickers will make two pairs for the toddler. Turn leg hem to waist, shape and hem new leg shaping, sew up sides and thread elastic in waist. This saves much valuable time, looks neater, and saves endless washing. Small girls soon take a pride in keeping them dry and comfortable.—MRS. SCARRS.

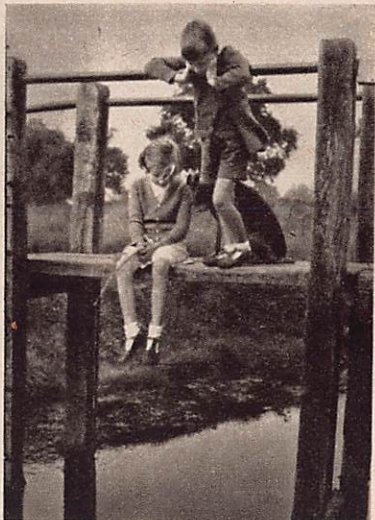


Photo by]

[L. Corrigan

Patience is a Virtue.



If you know of any Church News which would interest our readers send it to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, during July. Six five-shilling prizes are awarded monthly. Photographs are especially welcome.



Sunday School Champion.

LAST year Mrs. Ewbank of Bassenthwaite, Cumberland, celebrated her 92nd birthday, and completed 80 years of teaching in Sunday School. She began helping in Sunday School work in Cockermouth at the age of 12, and later, when she married the Rev. J. Ewbank, continued at Bolton for 39 years. After her husband's death she moved to Bassenthwaite, and there again collected around her a little Sunday School. The children still go eagerly to her house, and as one little boy said: "How proud I'll be to go to Mrs. Ewbank's when she's 100."—MISS SHERWEN.

Poetry Earns Dollars.

MRS. B. F. Gibbs, author of "The Voices" (Hutchinson), who has been a constant contributor for many years, has been awarded a thousand dollar prize, offered by "Poetry Awards" of California, for a poem on Individual and International Morality. We are sure our readers will wish us to congratulate her.

At Ninety-Nine.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Cooper, Rector of Tockenham for 57 years, kept his 99th birthday last year. He was still preaching twice every Sunday, and had not had a holiday for years when his 83-year-old brother took his place in the pulpit at the birthday celebrations.—MRS. PRICE.

Side by Side.

WHEN I was Curate of the Parish Church, Deal, in 1898, three George Dennes—grandfather, father and son—regularly sat side by side in the Chancel immediately in front of me. The eldest George Dennes was our Clerk. His father and grandfather—also George Dennes—had in their time both been Clerks and occupied the same seat. Five generations of George Dennes, three of them the Clerks, and two more qualifying to follow them in due course!—THE REV. N. L. BICKNELL.

Flying Bomb Casualty.

THIS is a view of the interior of the spire, of St. Peter and St. Paul, Nutfield, Surrey. It was damaged by blast of a flying bomb in June, 1944, and was repaired in July, 1949. The removal of the old shingles and boarding let in the light and made this photograph possible. It shows the huge central post of oak, and some of the 12 side members, each 32 ft. in length. Note the outside jackdaw's nest at the very top.—THE REV. E. C. HYDE.



Flying Bomb Casualty.

Youth Will Serve.

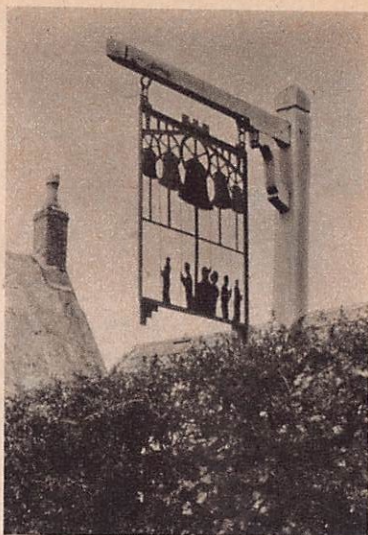
EVERY Sunday, half-an-hour before each service, three boys, myself, Desmond Hislop and Ronald Hallsworth, all under 15, mount the spiral staircase in Longford church tower, and soon the six lovely-toned bells are ringing merrily. On special occasions, such as Christmas, Easter and Harvest Festivals, the bells are rung for an hour, several hymn tunes and changes being played. The church choir consists of ten boys and eight girls, all of whom are no more than 15 years of age.—DAVID SMITH (aged 14).

Cattle in the Cathedral.

IT was in Chichester between 8 and 9 on a summer morning. In the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral a small congregation had gathered for Holy Communion; outside in the street great herds of frightened cattle were being driven to the market at the far end of the town. One terrified bullock ran into the churchyard, and then into the Cathedral itself through the great west door. Up the south aisle, bellowing as it went, across the transept, along the south choir aisle the animal pursued its way, followed by a horrified verger who feared it might go into the Lady Chapel. But fortunately it passed that by and, turning into the north aisle, went down the north side of the Cathedral, and out through the west door again into the churchyard, without having done any harm beyond frightening the verger and the women who were cleaning in the nave.—F. M. BALLARD.



Up a Tree.



The Six Ringers.

A VILLAGE inn, the "Six Ringers," at Felmersham, Bedfordshire, has a very interesting copper sign. In the church tower there are only five bells so only five appear on the sign. But the inn is the "Six Ringers" so two men are allotted to the tenor, the heaviest bell. A legend in the village has it that there were six bells in the tower until the monks from a neighbouring village stole one and, taking it away by boat, lost it in the River Ouse.—H. J. SMITH.

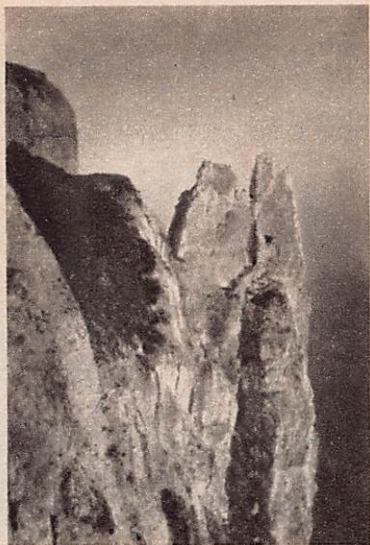
Up a Tree.

AN unusual bell tower at Pietermaritzberg, Natal, is a tree, an Australian Gum or Eucalyptus. It stands in the grounds of St. Peter's Church, which has a small belfry but no tower.

The Church was founded by the 1849 Settlers and is known as "The Settlers' Church." Building began in 1851, the builder being a Yorkshireman, the mason and sculptor coming from Scotland.—E. H. STERN.

Linby's Roof Garden.

THE roof of the great porch of Linby Church has a wild garden. No one planted it. The warm west wind carried water willow, harebell and celandine seeds into the mossy crevices between the stone slabs, producing a floral pattern in pink, blue and yellow, admired by visitors. The Rector says: "It is lovely; the garden will stay there to welcome all worshippers."—MRS. GILBERT.



THE WATCHMAN WAKETH

By Joan Wayne Brown

fall many hundred feet to be dashed to death on the shore.

He ran to the cliff edge, and, throwing himself flat, peered over. A small white face looked up at him.

"Look here!" he called out, and found that his throat was quite dry.

"Whatever you do don't move till you can hang on to a rope I'll be lowering to you. If you can get it round you and tie it you'll be safe enough. Then you can't fall any further, thank God."

The corniced cliff had broken away cleanly under the girl, and there was no threat of a further fall of chalk. If he was careful, the rope trailing down should not cause a further avalanche. Inch by inch, he lowered it. A gull screamed as though in derision at the clumsy contrivance. At last, the rope dangled within the girl's reach.

"Now, be careful," he urged. "You've got to do just what I tell you and not what you think will be O.K."

She was precariously wedged in the Chimney, her back against one wall, her feet, so far as he could see, buried in debris that had fallen with her and choked it like a chock stone.

"Can you get the rope end round you?" he called.

"Of course," she answered, with more assurance than David felt. As she made fast, the chalk began to slither downwards from under her feet.

"Steady," he shouted. "More slowly, take your time. Now, do exactly what I tell you. I can't pull you up, because it will start the cliff falling on your head. You've got to walk up the face and take in the rope as you advance. You're sure you've tied it properly?"

"Sure," she said, "and I think I understand what you want me to do. Sorry to be such a trouble, but it is exciting, isn't it?"

He didn't answer, but the thought swept through his mind that here was a girl who didn't lose her head—the sort of girl he liked.

CHAPTER I

DAVID POOLE was seventeen, and this was the first day of his long-awaited summer holidays. At last he could taste freedom again and breathe Sussex air, and explore the mighty chalk cliffs which had fascinated him all his life. He walked slowly, a coiled rope slung over one shoulder.

A sudden shout made him stop short. He shielded his eyes from the sun, and gave an answering call. A moment later he saw the figure of an old shepherd he had known all his life coming rapidly in his direction.

"Master David! Come quick, Sir!"

David thought he heard the words "girl" and "cliff."

"Coming!" he shouted, and broke into a run. His tall, light figure covered the ground at racing speed.

"Oh, Master David, thank God you've come! I be too old for this kind of thing. There's a girl jammed down there—went too near the edge, little fool. Now she seems stuck in Fox Chimney, and if she falls she'll drop—"

David shuddered. He knew the place. If the girl slipped, she would

"Let the rope take your weight—lean back on it and start walking. I'm not going to pull you—only keep the rope steady. I am leaving you to do it all yourself. See?"

She laughed—actually laughed. He could not see her, for he had made himself firm several yards back from the edge of the cliff. From time to time he felt the rope tighten as the girl advanced her hold, inch by inch. He could only pray she wouldn't lose her nerve. Anyway, he could stop her falling. How the gulls screamed! And why had Ned gone pelting off for help? Of course, he was very old and rheumatic and all that, but he might have done something to help. Now slowly, slowly, the girl was climbing deliberately up towards safety and him.

Peppered with chalk she appeared like a Father Christmas, dishevelled, breathless, but triumphant.

"I did, I did what you told me and of course I'd seen photos of the men bird-nesting on cliffs to help me."

"You are grand," he said. "I would not have believed anyone would have your pluck and coolness, but don't risk that sort of thing again, will you? It simply isn't safe for visitors to trust the cliff. It's treacherous and shifty and all that I hate. And yet it's that I love to face and conquer."

"I'm not a visitor—I'm a resident," said the girl. She sat up, and pushed back her damp curls. She looked at him with interest. "You must be David Poole!"

"Well, I am—but how on earth did you know? And who are—" He broke off, as he remembered gossip he had heard in the village when he was home for half term. "You're Anne Cleveland's cousin from India, and you've come to live at Hillside."

"Yes, I'm Peggy Keith. I didn't arrive till yesterday. I came out to explore as soon as I could, and this is what happens! Aunt Sylvia told me about you," she went on, "because she was wondering if your father would coach me a bit next term. You see, I'm at such an awkward age—sixteen and a bit. They'd hoped I was about nineteen, to be a companion for Anne. I'm afraid Daddy didn't make things very clear in his letters.

Aunt Sylvia doesn't think it's worth sending me to school, and I can't begin my nursing training till I'm older. Do you think your father would take me on?"

"Well, I don't know—I should think so. He never has coached girls before, but—"

"Everybody's been very kind to me," she suggested, "ever since I went down with fever, and Daddy had to send me home at very short notice. Although he's Aunt Sylvia's only brother, they hadn't kept up a correspondence for years, and it must have been a shock for them to have me dumped on them."

"Let's see, your father has a medical mission, hasn't he?"

Peggy nodded. "Mother was a doctor too, but she died before I can remember. The climate where we were is fairly good, so Daddy didn't have to send me home. I shouldn't have come here, but for that illness. Now that I am here, I want to take up nursing. Not that I'll be able to do the full course—I shall go back to India the very second I'm twenty-one, in spite of what Daddy says!"

"He wants you to finish the course, I suppose?"

"Yes," she said blithely, "but he'll be thrilled to bits when I flout him! That is"—her face fell—"if he misses me as much as I miss him."

"I say, your arm's bleeding," cut in David, noticing for the first time the crimson stain spreading across the short sleeve of her cotton frock.

"It's nothing. A flint barked it a bit when I fell."

He took a clean handkerchief from his pocket.

"I'd better just put on a temporary bandage," he said, and turned back the sleeve. There was a nasty gash, and he bound it skilfully.

"Thank you," she said. "You ought to be a doctor."

To her surprise he flushed painfully, and looked away.

"I'd have liked to be," he said briefly, "but—"

"Of course, it's very hard work," she said, misunderstanding him, "and pretty discouraging sometimes. At least, Daddy finds it so, because he's working against such odds all the time. But he says that he wouldn't

be anywhere else, even if he could. I'm afraid it will be harder still when he's old." Her brows met in a frown. "Of course," she said in her impetuous way, "I see now that I've got to learn all I can about nursing, because I'd be so much more of a help to him then. So I'll finish the course, even if it does mean staying in England a bit longer. I've known for ages that I ought to do that—but I'm lazy. I've so much enjoyed running the bungalow and doing as I liked, and talking to people, and having fun!"

"You're honest, anyway!" he laughed. "Well, if you feel keen on nursing and are able to do it, I hope you'll carry on with it. You're evidently meant to. The sickening thing is that when a person isn't able to do what he's meant to . . ."

"What do you mean?" asked Peggy, rather out of her depth.

"Just that I always wanted to be a doctor, and now I've been told that it's out of the question. I've always known that Father was desperately poor—he's the Vicar here, as you know, and it's a small stipend. He gives a lot of it away, and I wouldn't have him any different. I'm not criticising him, Peggy—don't think that! He's doing what he's meant to do, after all. I realised ages ago that my training would be a struggle, but I didn't imagine it would turn out to be impossible."

"And it is impossible?"

"Quite. My headmaster put it very plainly at the end of this term, and Father said the same this morning. In fact, things are worse than I thought they were, before I came home. I've got to leave school at the end of next term, and start making money at once." David spoke quietly enough, but with a note of suppressed anger in his voice that made Peggy look at him anxiously.

"How?" she asked bluntly.

"An office, I suppose. Tied to a desk all my life, when I know—I *know* I could be a doctor! Why, Stafford himself says—"

"Who's Stafford?" Peggy put in.

"I'm sorry to be so inquisitive, but I really do want to know!"

"Dr. Stafford lives here, in West Dean. His house isn't far from your uncle's. He and his mother have

always been most frightfully decent to me. My mother's dead, you see."

"Like mine," she said, with quick sympathy. "When one comes to think of it, our circumstances are rather alike, aren't they? You're an only child, aren't you? So am I. Our mothers are dead, and our fathers—well, doctors and clergymen are very similar, aren't they?"

"H'm, perhaps. I see what you mean. But there's one big difference between us. You can do the job you're meant for, and I can't."

"But if you're meant to be a doctor, you'll be one," said Peggy. "If one is intended for some particular thing, the way will be made clear. I don't mean easy, but possible. And if one isn't—well," she added, finding her own words inadequate, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

David looked at her in a startled way, and finished the verse for her.

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." His keen dark eyes were shining now. "Peggy, what an extraordinary thing that you should say that *here*. You don't know how often those words have come into my mind as I've wandered about these cliffs. There's a story about a queer sort of cave near here—a grand story about a watchman who did not wake in vain."

"Do tell me!" begged Peggy.

"I will. I'll even show you, if you like, though it's a pretty tough climb for a girl, but you're not the panicky kind. We can't go to-day—it's too far, and I think it's getting late. Besides, you'll have to ask your aunt if it's O.K. Still," he promised, "we'll go as soon as we possibly can. And now we'll have to get home."

CHAPTER II

Hillside, where the Cleverlands lived, was a fair-sized modern house built of bright red brick and staring white stucco. It was a good landmark, but it did not fit in with the green landscape, and in the same way, the family itself did not fit in with the quiet, kindly people who lived in the village. Peggy, who had arrived only the day before, had already sensed this, and felt something like pity for her relations.

"Why do you live here, if you don't like it?" she asked her cousin Anne that evening, when the two girls were walking round the well-kept but very dull garden. Anne, who was nearly twenty-one, had a slight limp and walked with a stick. Her pretty face wore a discontented expression.

"That's because Pop's so pig-headed," said Anne. "You haven't seen him yet, but he'll be home to-morrow. My brother was ordered country air when he was a child, so Pop built this house, and we all had to live here. I wish he'd sell it now and let us move, but he hangs on to it for sentimental reasons. Desmond—my brother—is dead now, you know, but he liked this benighted hole, and so Pop wants to stay."

"I knew you had a brother," said Peggy, "but I never heard much about him. You must miss him dreadfully."

"Oh, yes, in a way, but we were never great friends, as some brothers and sisters are," Anne said indifferently. "He had stupid ideas. He wrote poetry!"

Peggy was surprised, to say the least of it, to hear her talk like this, and Anne saw her expression and flushed slightly.

"Oh, let's go in," said Anne. "I can see you heartily disapprove of me!"

"Why, Anne, I don't know you! Can't we walk round just once more, if you're not tired? The air is so lovely," said Peggy, and added shyly: "What *was* your accident?"

"Oh, it was nothing very exciting. I was riding on the downs and got thrown. That was two years ago. I fractured my left leg in two places, and although the bones have knit quite well, I still get exhausted at the least thing!" She spoke with a melancholy pride which showed that she rather enjoyed her disability. "Unfortunately, the only doctor who understands me is in London, and now that he's too busy to come down here, and I can't manage long car journeys, I don't think I shall ever be any better."

"Oh, Anne, I'm sure you will! What about this Dr. Stafford in the village? Isn't he any good? David seems to think—"

"David! What does a raw boy like that know about things?" Anne's voice was shrill, and a sudden flush came into her cheeks. "Dr. Stafford, if you must know, is a bad-mannered boor, and hasn't the remotest idea how to prescribe for sensitive people!"

She turned and limped towards the house, to show that she had had enough of this conversation, and this time Peggy did not demur. With what she intended as a parting shot Anne added: "Oh, Mr. Poole rang up to-day. He's quite willing to coach you, and wants you to go there to tea to-morrow. He said something about your having a picnic with David first."

"Oh, yes! I'm so glad he hasn't forgotten! He said he'd take me to a wonderful cave," Peggy's blue eyes were bright.

"Parson Darby's Hole," yawned Anne. "I don't envy you, my child! It's a ghastly place to get to. You have to go tramping along the beach first, and *that's* bad enough. Oh, no, I've never been. Not many people have. It's a real climb to get into the Hole. David will have to rope you and all that."

"There's a story about it. He promised to tell me."

"Oh, yes, there is some local yarn," Anne said indifferently. "Well, I hope you'll enjoy it! Mother said she'd no objection to your going, because you'll be safe enough with David. It's not my idea of fun!"

* * * *

Peggy was singing to herself because the sun was shining and she was going for a picnic to-morrow. David had asked if she could meet him at ten o'clock in the morning, as he did not want to hurry over the climb. Peggy was ready at least half an hour too early, with the packet of sandwiches which, with four apples, she was taking for their lunch. As soon as she saw David's tall, thin figure swinging along she ran out to meet him, and they set off towards the cliffs. He was gravely pleased to see that she was wearing golfing shoes.

"I'm longing to hear the story," she said. "Anne told me your cave was called Parson Darby's Hole. Is he the watchman?"

"He was the Vicar of East Dean more than two hundred years ago. In good old Parson Darby's days there was no lighthouse at Beachy Head," said David. "There was nothing to warn sailors of their danger. Ship after ship used to come to grief, and so he decided that something must be done—and the person to do it was himself. He knew the cliffs well, and of course he knew the old smugglers' caves. This particular one is about twenty feet from the beach, and above the high water mark. It was very narrow in his days. He made it wider by hewing it with his own hands, with chisel and axe."

"But what about the smugglers?"

Peggy asked. "Weren't they using it?"

"No, not then—the smugglers were ages before that! Ned and his friends say they were probably Spanish smugglers, so they may have come to this coast before the King of Spain got his beard singed! Peggy, I'm afraid you're more interested in the smugglers than you are in Mr. Darby and his hole."

"I'm not! Honestly, David, I think he must have been perfectly splendid, so do go on," she begged. "After all, smugglers are ten a penny, and I've never heard of anyone like him before!"

To be continued.

A ROYAL GODMOTHER

(Continued from page 101)

charge." Sir John bowed in silence and the company, at a motion of the Queen's hand, proceeded to the small chapel close by.

Old Sir John was more gratified than ever when he found that the Queen had decided to give the child as a Christian name his own surname of "Spencer." This unexpected honour and the attractiveness of the sturdy infant melted the old man's heart.

"Madam," said he to the Queen, with tears in his eyes, "I have resolved to show my sense of this honour by adopting this child, now my nameson. He shall be my sole heir and so that no foolish relentings may afterwards affect this resolve, I here solemnly vow to settle my estate in this child's favour and to place it immediately in your Majesty's possession if you will honour me by accepting such a trust."

The eyes of the Queen sparkled with unaffected pleasure: "'Tis well, Sir John Spencer," she said, "we are all witnesses to your promise and know that it will be kept."

She then turned round and exclaimed, looking to a side door, "Without there, you may enter." The door was thrown open and to his great surprise Sir John Spencer saw his own daughter, Lady Compton, and her husband. They came and

kneelt at his feet. Before the agitated old knight could speak the Queen addressed him.

"Sir John, the child whom thou hast here adopted is thine own grandchild. Take these his parents also to your favour and make this one of the happiest hours in the life of your Queen."

"Forgive me, dearest father," cried the young mother. "Forgive me for the sake of your little grandson."

Of course, Sir John could not resist such an appeal. Probably in his heart of hearts he had wanted to be reconciled long before, but was too proud and obstinate to admit it.

"Heaven bless you, my children," said the old man, embracing them in turn. "I will forgive and forget all the past." Then, turning to the Queen with moist eyes, he added: "And I heartily thank you, your Majesty, for bringing about this most happy reunion."

And they lived happily—well, for many years afterwards. And today, anyone who goes to St. Helen's Church, in the City of London, can see on the south wall in the corner of that handsome Spencer monument, Mistress Elizabeth, still handsome, still devout and still demure, reminding us of those days long ago "when Queen Bess played the part of a fairy godmother."

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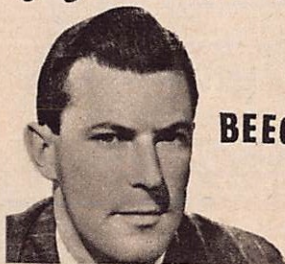
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OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS

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

7th May—Charles Alan Conway, Dennis Conway, Robert William Dallow, Christopher Hardman, Pamela Annette Small, Robert David Gross, Robert Peter Michael Symons, Anita Rosamonde Warburton, Ann Elizabeth Waters, Margaret Elizabeth Bowden, Pamela Jean Stanley, 21st May—Peter Michael Longman, David John Cotterill, Christine Ann Sturgess, Madeleine Sarah Perkins, Helen Pauline Knight, 28th May—Andrew Charles Hemus, Grenville Peter Hadley, Gayner Joy Estelle Hadley, 4th June—Robert Thomas Evans, Ronald Terence Evans, Christine Alison Fruman, Mary Louise Fruman, Maurice Allan Wood, Susan Flint, Pamela Ann Roden, Alan Crawford, Jennifer Lynne Birchley.

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

27th May—Stanley Herbert Spalding and Jean Margaret Smith, 29th May—Walter Henry Rooke and Amelia Toon, 3rd June—Derek Furneaux Roberts and Margaret Irene Mortiboys, William Biddle and Mary Gwendoline Powell, Jack Middleton and Eileen Dawn McCracken, 8th June—Norris Leonard Baldwin and Rosa Eleanor Lovett, 10th June—Sidney Arthur Byfield and Vera Olive Wharton, Norman Allan Worwood and Edna Mary Smith, Bernard Joseph Miller and Clara Shirley, Walter Henry Buckley and Julia Elizabeth Fay Goodwin, Frank Sadler and Barbara Alice Heseltine.

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

19th May—Mary Silk, aged 77 years, 23rd May—Emily Dawe, aged 75 years, 1st June—Ethel Parsons, aged 64 years.

ALTAR SERVERS AND ALTAR FLOWERS

		<i>Server</i>	<i>Crossbearer</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
2nd July—8.0	a.m.	J. Hill		Mrs. Blake
	11.0	M. Flynn	A. Sharp	
	12.15	S. Higgs		
	6.30	B. Whitehouse	R. Vaughan	
9th July—8.0	a.m.	Rex Clarke		Mrs. Porter
	11.0	D. May	J. Clews	
	6.30	P. Stephens	B. Jelfs	
16th July—8.0	a.m.	A. Sharp		Mrs. Porter
	11.0	R. Hughes	R. Yates	
	12.15	F. Peplow		
	6.30	D. Worth	A. Batson	
23rd July—8.0	a.m.	R. Stringer		Mrs. Jelfs
	11.0	M. Carroll	Rex Clarke	
	6.30	J. Pownall	R. Yates	
30th July—8.0	a.m.	P. Haycock		Mrs. Hackitt
	11.0	G. Keay	B. Greenhill	
	6.30	M. Davies	S. Higgs	
6th Aug.—8.0	a.m.	R. Yates		Mrs. Canning
	11.0	M. Southgate	R. Vaughan	
	12.15	J. Kennerley		
	6.30	D. Jarrett	A. Sharp	Miss Collins

THE CHURCH OVERSEAS

Probably many parishioners who have received their invitation to join the Duplex Fund will wish they knew more of the work of the various Missionary Societies to guide them in selecting the one or more to which they would like their overseas contribution to go (see footnote). I think it is also true to say that all those who know something of the marvellous achievements in the mission field in our lifetime wish they knew more.

So that we shall know more of the way in which the good news of the Gospel is being given to men, women and children of many races and colours; of the work of Christian healing and teaching and initiation of social reforms; and of the life of the young branches of our world-wide Christian family—the Church—a Missionary Sub-committee of the Church Council has been formed.

The Vicar has agreed with the suggestion that we should have the opportunity of hearing missionary preachers more often, and that on two Sunday evenings in October, there shall be films depicting work in the mission field in place of the sermon. On Friday, 27th October, the Committee hope to arrange for a missionary on furlough to tell his firsthand story and answer questions at a Missionary Social, probably commencing with music and ending with light refreshments.

The Committee has on it representatives of all the parochial organisations and has suggested to each that news be exchanged by letter with similar organisations in the younger Churches. We hope that suitable extracts from this correspondence will find their way into this magazine. If any members of our church are already corresponding with friends or relatives in the mission field, occasional news of their work and its reward, their successes and disappointments, would be very welcome.

Most of the Missionary Societies have their monthly or quarterly news bulletin, and all have their annual report. Anyone who would like to receive one or more of these is invited to contact the Secretary, Miss Gladys Packwood, 65 Blenheim Road, Moseley, Birmingham 13 (SOU 1164). It is intended to provide a selection of these and other relevant literature on a bookstall at the Missionary Social.

It is hoped that as a result of these and other activities, our parish will become more closely linked with the extension of Christ's Kingdom where there are millions (particularly in India and China) to whom the Gospel has not yet been preached. Also that by our gifts, our prayers, and perhaps our correspondence, we may more effectively support the work of those who are sacrificing so much in the front line—a front line on the other side of which atheistic communism has a large army and powerful weapons of propaganda.—R.K.C.

(It is quite satisfactory to leave this part of the Duplex Enrolment Form blank. Then at the end of the year, the Missionary Sub-Committee will recommend to the Church Council how the money should be divided and to which Societies it should be sent.)

NOTE.—A missionary sermon will be given in the Parish Church on 23rd July at 6.30 p.m. by the Rev. T. H. Dart, Vicar of S. Peter's, Handsworth, who has spent many years in the Church overseas.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE AND INFANT SUNDAY SCHOOL

In accordance with our usual custom the Children's Service in the Church and the Infant Sunday School in the Saracen's Head will be closed during the period of the day school summer holidays. They will meet for the last time on Sunday, 23rd July, and then close until Sunday, 10th September.

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

In summer time it was a common sight to see boat loads of school children from the poorer parts of Birmingham arrive at the wharf, and accompanied by teachers, make their way to a field at the bottom of Bells Lane for sports, games, and tea on the grass if the weather permitted. For this annual treat the children brought their own cups which could be seen tied around their necks with tape or ribbon and they usually returned home carrying huge bunches of flowers which had been purchased from local gardens. I can remember similar outings arranged for our Church Sunday Schools treats, by boat to Earlswood via the Stratford canal, which was a welcome change from a railway journey and long walk to the Lickey Hills or Dodderhill Common, but it had rather a disadvantage if the weather suddenly changed because there was no cover in the boat and I can recollect on one occasion during a heavy thunder-storm, we were forced to shelter under the tunnel which runs under Brandwood Road. The traffic on the Birmingham and Worcester canal was far greater in those days than at the present time, because although it was much slower than its main competitor, the railway, the charges were much cheaper, and the canals were always busy. It was interesting to stand on the old bridge at the bottom of Parsons Hill (which at that time was a "hump back" construction similar to those in Lifford Lane) and watch the gaily painted barges containing salt, hay, etc., being towed along by one horse or two donkeys. Upon reaching Hopwood Tunnel, which was commonly called the "Three Mile Tunnel" although it is reputed to be just over two miles long) the animals would be untied from the barges and make their way by the top path to the other end of the tunnel. This path is still called the "Donkey Track." Before a steam tug was employed to tow the barges through the tunnel, the barges used to lie on their backs and propel the barge through by pushing against the brickwork with their feet. When this tunnel was cut during the last century, the excavated soil, etc., was carted and left in large heaps over the cutting. These are now known as the "Mounds" and are a favourite playground for children and make delightful spots for family picnics in summer time.

Barges were often tied up outside the old wharf for the night and there were some stables at the side of the towpath to accommodate the animals. The barges used to come over to my parents shop for provisions to last them throughout their journey, which often included Worcester or Gloucester. A short distance along the tow path stood the "Boat Inn" (now a private dwelling house) managed in those days by Isaac Smith. This was patronised by local customers, bargees, and by fishermen, who lined the banks of the canal at week-ends and came in large numbers from the city. Sometimes a customer, perhaps a little merry, would leave the inn with uncertain steps, miss the towpath and finally walk into the canal. This ducking quickly retored the victim to a sober state again, once he was hauled out. Beyond the inn lived Mr. Jones the "keeper" of this section of the canal. He had an unusual kind of boat which he used in connection with his work. We boys called it the "Iron Duke" and in winter time it was used for ice breaking. It was very amusing to see it being towed along by six men with a looped rope around their waists, while two others rocked the boat from side to side, breaking the ice to allow the barges to get through. I can remember several severe winters when it was impossible to do this, and the barges were icebound for several weeks on end and the ice many inches thick.

By the junction of the Stratford and Worcester canals stands "Junction House" which was occupied at that time by Sam Heys and family. The two sons, Jack and Jim, were both in our church choir at the same period as myself.

Kings Norton has always been noted for its loam and clay, so it is not surprising to find a Brick Works established in this district. This industry was

started at the end of the last century and I can remember my parents telling me that the first bricks were made by two women (one was named Mrs. Grantham) entirely by hand, and the row of houses, called Ardath Terrace, on the right hand of Parsons Hill, were constructed from hand-made bricks. The Hough family, who lived in Walkers Heath Road, were associated with the works for many years, as also the foreman, Harry Newell, who lived by the works and was an expert in brick making.

Laburnum Cottages, situated on the bank above Ardath Terrace, also date back to the last century. I can remember them being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Watton, two charming old people, and Mrs. Smith, whose daughter, Ada, was the local dressmaker. On the Ardath Road side of the old canal bridge were a row of stables owned by Joe Hobbis, who was a haulier in this district for many years, and a little further along the canal bank was a large boat house which belonged to a city doctor and his family who, in their delightful boat, often spent a week-end cruising on the canal. As my early boyhood days were spent at my parents shop, first at the corner of Ardath Road and later on the opposite corner of Baldwin Road, I can naturally recollect more changes in this part of the village than any other. Baldwin Road was partly cut about 1907 and only 24 houses were erected together with our shop on the corner. It remained a cul-de-sac for 29 years until the Broad Meadow Estate was commenced in 1936, and there are still a few families living in the road that I remember came to live here when those few houses were first built. At the top of the road was the "broad" meadow which was owned by the Baldwin family and covered the large area on which the present day housing estate stands, bounded by the two canals and Broadmeadow Lane. Here was our natural playground, and as there were no playing fields or park in Kings Norton at that time, many hard games of cricket and football were played on this field between a combination of Parsons Hill, Baldwin Road and Wharf Road boys, against our chief rivals, the boys from the "Green" district. Many of the former boys were in the church choir and it is an interesting fact that the bigger percentage of our choir boys came from this district and as many as two and even three brothers from different families were in the choir at the same time.—C. A. P. ROGERS.

(To be continued)

RESOLUTION 37

The attention of our readers is drawn to the following Resolution 37 of the Lambeth Conference Report, viz.:

"The Conference urges all church people to look upon their membership of Christ in the Church as the central fact in their lives. They should regard themselves as individually sharing responsibility for the corporate life and witness of the Church in the places where they live. They should discharge this responsibility and give a distinctive witness.

- (a) By the regularity of their attendance at public worship and especially at the Holy Communion.
- (b) By the practice of private prayer, Bible reading, and self-discipline.
- (c) By bringing the teaching and example of Christ into their everyday lives.
- (d) By the boldness of their spoken witness to their faith in Christ.
- (e) By personal service to Church and community.
- (f) By offering of money, according to their means, for the support of the work of the Church, at home and overseas.

"Thus there will be in every locality a living centre of Christian faith, witness and fellowship."

CHURCHYARD COMMITTEE

The above Committee met last month to decide how best the work of clipping the grass could be dealt with this summer. It was suggested that our Secretary, Mr. C. A. P. Rogers should write to the various Church organisations and bodies, and ask if they would be responsible for certain plots in the church grounds, and organise parties of helpers to keep the plots tidy. In response to this appeal, work has now commenced, but we still need other helpers for clipping the grass in other parts of the ground not covered by the above scheme. The Committee have formed a rota so that one or more of its members will be on duty every evening at 7.30 p.m. or on Saturday afternoons throughout the season and also to help the organisation which is working at that time on their plots. Also to issue tools or direct workers to the section of the ground requiring attention. We appeal to all parishioners to please help us to make these grounds presentable and tidy once more by giving us just one or two hours per week. Since we cleared the old cemetery last year we note that several grave-owners have appreciated this work by having their memorial stones cleaned; while others have tidied their graves and planted flowers and some have laid paving around, which certainly makes the graves neater.

More baskets for dead flowers will be provided and a special one for broken glass and vases, and we do hope that visitors to the graves will use the latter and not leave broken glass either between or on the graves, as this is dangerous to workers cutting and gathering the grass. We are arranging for the rubbish in the new cemetery to be carted away, also the dumps of grass cuttings and dead flowers which have accumulated at the top end near to the graves, to be removed and burnt. Trusting that every one will help up in this needed work of getting our church grounds in order once again.

T. A. PORTER, *Chairman.*

THE KINGS NORTON YOUTH CLUB

I think that few people realise the good work of the Youth Fellowship in promoting a society of friendship in Kings Norton.

To bring this point home I must use facts. In 105 evenings in 1950 the K.N.Y.F. has been active on 58 of those evenings in the form of socials, discussions, debates, dramatics, cycle rides and hikes.

This has had the effect of creating a unity among the young people; a unity based upon respect and on a deeper insight into one's friends. It has established new friendships that would not otherwise have existed.

We do feel that this type of association is essential for all community life.

On Sunday evening the D.Y.F. holds a discussion, which is usually on a philosophical plane, with such subjects as "Should there be any Relationships between Politics and Religion," "Man's Greatest Achievement," "Are the Fine Arts Necessary in a Modern Scientific State?" "Free Love," "What do you Look for when You Choose Your Friends?" All of these subjects have been discussed on a Sunday evening.

The good attendances, the serious nature of the discussions, the freedom in which members have expressed their views. These factors have all combined to make these evenings a custom as well as a success.

Wednesday evenings are usually on a less serious plane, taking the form of a social, with the appearance, occasionally, of an outside speaker.

Very rarely is the D.Y. Fellowship inactive on a Saturday. Weekdays are used for rehearsals of the play which the Youth Fellowship is producing this Christmas. The play is "1066 And All That." Much work has already been put into the production of this play.

If enthusiasm counts for anything then this latest venture of the Club is ensured of certain success.

The difficulty of maintaining the Club on this level reaches Parliamentary heights, with committees, officials, programmes of organisation.

The Youth Fellowship then is far from being a static body of youths and young girls meeting twice a week; it is an intelligent and enthusiastic Club made up of people who have the Club uppermost in their thoughts and deeds.

The Club is now a gathering ground for people who have learnt to "Give and Take" in the true club spirit.

Our only real regret is that we represent such a small portion of the youth of Kings Norton (although we have well over 130 members to date). We are always glad to see a new face because we realise that then we are taking our club spirit farther afield.

We have many future ventures arranged for the summer. A tennis tournament has been arranged, two cups have been obtained and we think that the trophies will be keenly contested. Perhaps the most interesting of our future ventures, from the point of view of the general churchgoer, will be *our* proposed cricket match with the Church.

We should like to take this opportunity to challenge the Church to a cricket match, to take place sometime during the summer.

[We think we should tell you that it is taken for granted by the Youth Fellowship that we will defeat you.]. We think we should also let the Church know that the Fellowship has a table tennis team (hint).—T.W.S. & G.K.

DAUGHTER CHURCHES

S. ANNE'S

HOLY COMMUNION on Sunday, 9th July, at 9.30 a.m.

FLOWER ROTA: 2nd July, Mrs. Boulton; 9th July, Mrs. W. Tayler; 16th July, Mrs. Matthews; 23rd July, Mrs. Hodges; 30th July, Mrs. Gamble.

THE EPIPHANY

HOLY COMMUNION on Sunday, 23rd July, at 9.30 a.m.

FLOWER ROTA: 2nd July, Mrs. Tristram; 9th July, Mrs. McCracken; 16th July, Mrs. Saunders; 23rd July, Miss Smith; 30th July, Miss Smith.

CHILDREN'S OUTING.—The Children's Outing will take place on Saturday, 15th July, to Red House Park, Great Barr. We shall meet at the Church Hall at 1.45 p.m. Double deck buses will leave the Kalamazoo at 2.15 p.m. There will be no charge for the children. Any parent or adult friends who wish to go will be charged 3/6 for the journey and the tea.

PREACHERS FOR JULY

PARISH CHURCH:

11.0 a.m.—All Sundays, The Vicar.

6.30 p.m.—2nd July, The Vicar; 9th July, Rev. J. V. Skinner;
16th July, The Vicar; 23rd July, Rev. T. H. Dart;
30th July, Rev. J. V. Skinner.

S. ANNE'S:

6.30 p.m.—2nd July, Rev. H. J. Guest; 9th July, The Vicar;
16th July, Mr. T. Mackintosh; 23rd July, Mr. R. K. Canning; 30th July, Mr. B. J. Firkins.

THE EPIPHANY:

6.30 p.m.—2nd July, Mr. B. J. Firkins; 9th July, Mr. R. K. Canning; 16th July, Rev. H. J. Guest; 23rd July, Mr. I. G. H. Cooke; 30th July, The Vicar.

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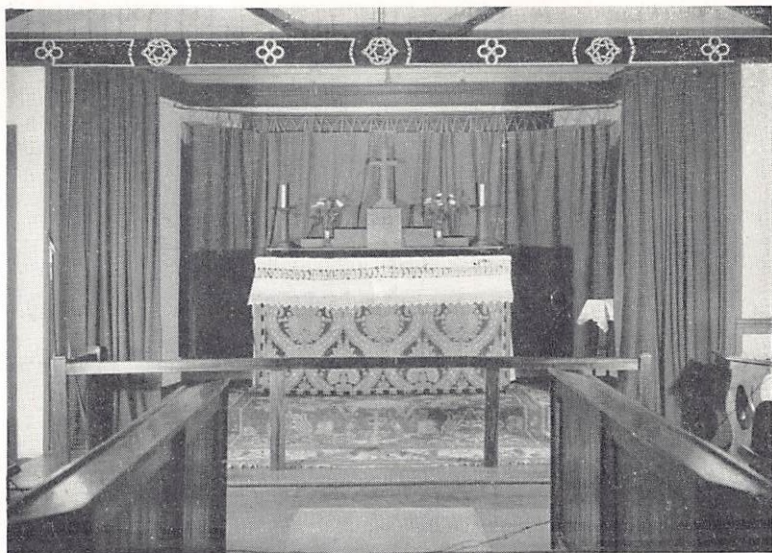
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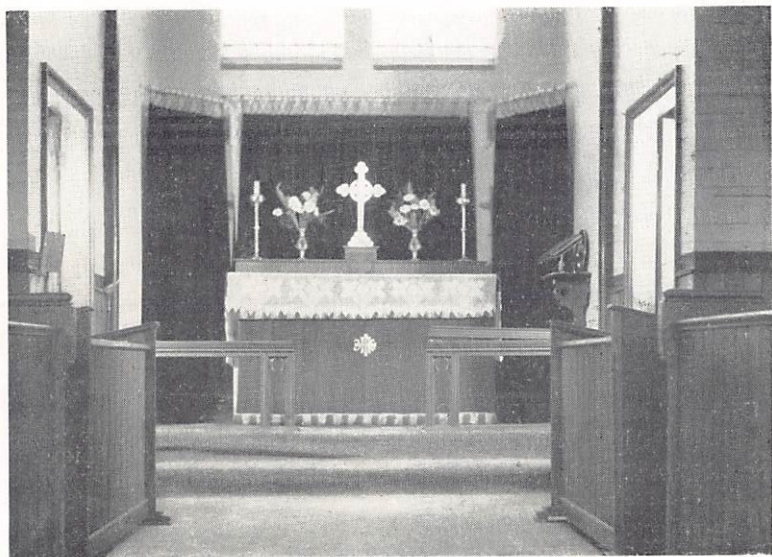
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