

THE ST. NICHOLAS' REVIEW

APRIL 1948

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 MR. H. S. WADDLE.
 Secretary and Treasurer: MR. H. S. WADDLE.
 Organist and Choirmaster: MR. A. BELL.

THE RECTORY,
 HETTON-LE-HOLE.
 April, 1948.

My dear Friends,

Looking back over last week-end, I feel I can say that Easter, 1948, has been one of the happiest I have known for a long time. I hope all those who attended the services here felt, as I did, a very real atmosphere of joy and thanksgiving in our church. The numbers attending the various services during Holy Week were not large, but the spirit of devotion was there, and I am sure that a well-kept Lent and Holy Week are necessary if we are to capture the full joy of Easter. Our real thanks are due to those who have recently visited us with their various messages, and not least to the Rural Dean, the Rev. A. J. Gadd, for his most helpful Good Friday meditations.

I am sorry if this month's magazine should reach you rather late, but I have held it back from the printers so that the report of the Annual Meeting can be included.

May I add a personal note of thanks for your most generous Easter Offering. I am also most grateful for the Council's decision to relieve me of the rates and dilapidation payments on the Rectory. There can be few clergy to-day who have the desire to live in the official houses, much less the means to keep them properly. They have, however, no choice in the matter, and a great many parishes have, these last few years, taken this way of assisting them.

Yours very sincerely,
 HERBERT D. CAVE.

VESTRY AND ANNUAL PAROCHIAL
CHURCH MEETING.

As seems to be usual these days, there was a very thin attendance at these meetings. It seems such a farce for the Secretary to report a roll of 300 electors,

and only a bare score trouble to attend the meeting. At the Vestry, the Rector appointed Mr. Richardson to be his warden for a further twelve months, and the meeting unanimously re-elected Mr. Waddle as People's warden. At the subsequent Parochial Meeting representatives to the Diocesan and Ruri-decanal Conferences were appointed: Mrs. Sparrow and Miss Flockton to serve on both, with Mr. Hilton in addition for the Ruri-decanal Conference. These, together with the wardens, became members ex-officio of the Church Council. The other places on the Council were filled as follows: Messrs. J. H. Adamson, W. Chrystal, T. Colling, G. Hauxby, H. Hutchinson, A. Lawson, J. Tully. Mmes. Barkhouse, Grant, Jobson, Lambton, Smithson, Soady, Terry, Waldren, Wheatley, J. G. Willis, and Miss Harding.

The Treasurer presented a Balance Sheet for 1947, which the meeting considered very satisfactory. He mentioned that the Parish had been able so far to pay its share of the Bishop's Reconstruction Fund (£100 a year) out of current income, and the various accounts still showed a balance. The magazine showed a slight loss on the year's working but the rapidly rising number of subscribers should set that right this year.

The Rector took advantage of the meeting to thank all those who, in any way, help the church to function so smoothly. It is doubtful if the general congregation realise how much work is done "behind the scenes" in a church such as ours.

(Copies of the balance sheet are available on the table at the back of the church).

WITHOUT COMMENT.

The following letter recently appeared in the "Manchester Guardian," which few of our readers see (it may, of course, have appeared in other papers, too), but it touches many points on which we would do well to ponder. Though it specifically mentions Dresden (the Eastern Zone) conditions in the other zones will not be very different.—

"To give you an idea what your two parcels meant to us I shall try to describe our life over here—as far as allowed.

Our daily rations: 350 grams bread, 20gm. sugar, 25gm. meat, 10gm. fat, 30gm. jam, 25gm. "Nahrmittel" (such as noodles, oatflakes, peas, beans, barley), 125gm. a month so-called coffee (say, 28 grams to the ounce).

Bread is very bad, made of oatmeal, bran, wood-meal (!), chestnut-meal, and some corn. Fat means some stuff like margarine, or oil or sometimes butter (so-called butter, for I suppose it never has seen a cow), or we also get, instead of 10grm. fat, 20grm. sugar. (Try to cook with sugar instead of fat!) Jam is not the stuff we know as jam. Only God and the chemists know what it is made from. Most times we get so-called honey and I think it is completely chemical. The meat we get is without any fat and most times beef. Formerly we now and then got pork, but also without fat. The fat is cut off before the butcher gets the meat. As the farmers have no fodder for the animals meat is without any strength. Most farmers must kill their animals for want of fodder. For the 25grm. "Nahrmittel" we only get oatmeal (which is very bad and tastes bitter) and barley. Peas and beans we have not seen for years. Only children up to five years get noodles.

Vegetables.

We cannot buy these things every day or when we just want to have them. We must wait until they are "called up" (that is, made available on the ration.) And that is very bad for us. One week we get oatmeal, the week after we get honey, and one week after that we get fat. Twice a month we get our meat, so that only every second Sunday we can have meat for dinner (and then it 200grm. a person, sometimes less, for we also must buy sausage) . . . Now and then we get some vegetables—that means turnip-rooted cabbage only. I should like to know who eats all the other vegetables. It is half a year ago that we were promised to get some onions—yet we have not seen them up to now. We also did not have any vegetable during last summer, nor fruit. But you can see them grow in the fields and on the trees.

Soap we do not get at all, nor shaving soap. Once a month we get 30grm. a person of liquid stuff, called "liquid soap," but you dare not wash your face or body with it, it is of too caustic an effect. To wash our linen we get about 1½lb. a month washing material for three persons (as we live with my mother).

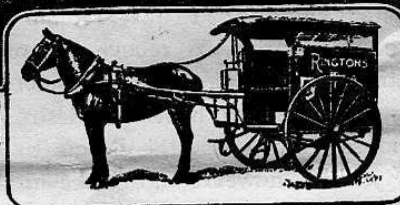
Last autumn we got 2 cwt. of potatoes a person. I was lucky enough to get them all before the cold weather began. Many people have not got all of them up to now. From all this you see that our principal food is potatoes. As we have not had satisfying nourishment nor food supply for years, we all could eat heaps of food (if we only could afford it). That means we eat very many potatoes—with salt, or, if we have it, with a broth made of a bit of fat and flour. Or we eat potato-soup or all kinds of dishes made from potatoes. So most of us have eaten up all the allotted potatoes (to last till July) already now. We, too, only have about 20lb. and I do not know what we then, when they are finished, shall eat.

Now you will imagine that we cannot live from the food we get, therefore many people go to the farmers with their linen or shoes, or furs, or golden watches, and try to get wheat, or peas, or beans, or flour for these things. But the farmers in our zone have to deliver a very large percentage of their harvest. So they do not have very much for themselves and cannot give a lot to those nearly starving people. On the other hand, many people offer them so much and so valuable things, only to get something to eat, that a bombed-out person who perhaps could only obtain some bed-linen as outfit, but now thought for exchanging purposes, will not get anything.

The Farmers.

I really should like to look into a farmer's house, into every corner and every wardrobe—it must be crowded like a warehouse. Saxony always has been an industrial country with lots of industrial towns and only few places with farmers. Hence you must go for at least two or three days by train to reach agricultural regions. Now here is another fact: farmers are not allowed to exchange food against other things. So, if you go with your knapsack full of nice things you rather would keep yourself, it may happen that on the station the police will snatch it from you. Or, what is worse, you travel for two days, sleeping

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CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. III. No. 4.

— EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES —

APRIL, 1948

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

ONE of the most frequent arguments put forward by good, decent and simple people against the Christian teaching that God is love and that He is the Father of all mankind is the way in which wickedness seems to triumph in this world. "Look," say these people, "how wicked men always get away with it, and how good men, those who try to do what is right and just, nearly always get the worst of it. Prosperity and success seem to be the reward of wickedness, whilst suffering seems to be the reward of goodness in this world. Just look at our world to-day. People who don't care two hoots for anybody but themselves get a grand time of it. They never go short of anything. They take no more notice of the rationing system than they do of the North Pole. They live on the fat of the world. Scarcity is nothing more than a rumour for them. They dine and wine to their belly's content. And petrol? Why! they seem to swim in it. But people who try to be decent go half-fed, with their underwear in rags almost, suffer discomfort and get a hard time of it in general. Where's your justice, to say nothing of love?" That's how the argument runs, and it certainly seems a strong argument—a very strong argument.

An Obvious Argument.

Now this apparent triumph of the wicked is a very old argument indeed. It is one of the first things which trouble people as soon as they begin to think life out for themselves. To see through it people have to continue thinking far beyond the beginning point. For one thing, it seems obvious common-sense. But then, so many things that seem to be obvious are not true. At first sight, the world doesn't *look* round. Neither, at first glance, does it seem to be moving through space. It took people some thousands of years to discover that what seemed so plain to common-sense wasn't so at all. The world is round, not flat. And it is moving at a tremendous speed through space. Bacon once said that "a little thought inclineth to atheism." In other words, atheism is the result of arrested thinking, of thinking too little. The triumph of the wicked, at first sight, is as clear and obvious as the idea that the world is flat was to our ancestors. But our ancestors were mistaken. The world is not flat. And, so the good folk who think that the wicked always triumph are equally mistaken. The

wicked don't triumph—not even in this world. And after all, this is not the only world to be taken into account.

Not a New Argument.

Good, simple people have always been distressed by the apparent triumph of evil in the world. The Bible is full of their complaints that God should allow the sinners such a good time. It echoes their distress in page after page. One of the greatest and profoundest books in the literature of the world is all about this problem of the triumph of the wicked. Have you ever read the Book of Job? Even if you have, read it again, but in a modern translation, like Dr. Moffatt's. The Book of Job is really an argument in the form of a drama about the prosperity of the wicked. Then there are the Psalms, many of which also express the doubt and the darkness arising in good men's minds at the sight of the prosperity of evil men. But most important of all are the last twenty-six chapters of the Book of Isaiah. The ancient Jew had very good cause to be troubled by the apparent success of wickedness. How was it that pagan, godless nations like Assyria, and Babylon were allowed to conquer Israel, God's chosen people, and oppress them and destroy them? It was a very dark and bitter experience for the Jew to see the wicked nations that believed not in God triumphing over God's own people. It was a problem. All this was over 2,500 years ago. So we can see that it is a very ancient argument.

Another Point of View.

Many different answers, of course, can be made to this stubborn problem. For instance, the triumph of the wicked is short-lived. Do you remember Hitler and his boast that his Third German Reich would last a thousand years? It lasted exactly twelve years, two months and eight days. At last he died like a rat in a trap. From any point of view, surely, the poverty and hardship of a decent life was preferable to the giddy, short-lived prosperity of a Hitler or a Mussolini. But there is another answer. What looks to us as triumph, as prosperity, who see it from the outside, is something very different experienced on the inside. What appears to be triumph to us is, in fact, misery, fear, insecurity and torment to the people who seem to be getting away with

their wickedness. Success which is obtained by flouting conscience isn't all beer and skittles to the man who succeeds—not by a long chalk. He lives a tormented, hunted existence in most cases. The Bible, however, gives a much deeper answer to the problem. It goes down to the roots of reality.

The Answer of the Bible.

Now the Bible is dead certain about one thing, namely, that the whole world, both of Nature and of Man, is under the control of Almighty God. It is wholly dependent upon His will. Man-kind moves and acts—whatever be the character of its action—only within the limits ordained by God in His love and wisdom. This is what the Church calls the doctrine of divine Providence. Nothing that men can ever do gets beyond the control of God's will. The world, for all its gigantic wickedness, is nevertheless tethered to the will and purpose of God, Who is our Father. This is the bedrock, the fundamental affirmation of the Bible about God's relation to the world. In His control of the universe, God is sleepless, un-resting and all-seeing. This is the ultimate, and the decisive, determining fact of the world's existence: that it is finally directed and controlled by God, Who is All-Loving and All-Powerful.

One—mark this, only one—of the ways in which God controls the world is by subjecting the evil purposes of men to His own will. This is summed up in one of our most familiar proverbs—"man proposes, God disposes." Men do indeed pursue their own wicked objects and purposes, but God, unawares to them, uses their wicked purposes to promote his own purpose of righteousness. In other words, God makes evil serve the good. This is what the Bible teaches, and history proves it over and over again. Let us consider one example.

Christianity and the Roman Empire.

One of the greatest achievements

of the Roman Empire nearly two thousand years ago was its truly marvellous system of roads. The Caesars built a system of grand roads connecting Rome, the centre with the outermost fringes of their far-flung empire. The Romans did the same thing when they invaded Britain. Travel was easier in the Roman Empire in the first century than it was in England in the seventeenth.

Now what was the object for which these roads were built? The answer to this question presents no difficulty. It was to make it easy for the Roman emperors to subject and oppress the peoples of the empire, to hold them in check, to suppress any rising rebellion. The roads were built to enable the famous legions to move quickly from one point to another. The Caesars, when they made their roads, were pursuing their own purpose—to hold the people under. But God used those same roads for His own purpose, which was altogether different. It

was over those same roads that St. Paul and the Apostles travelled to found Christian Churches all over the Roman Empire. Without these roads, Christianity could not have spread. Caesar built the roads to tyrannize and compel; God took possession of them to spread a Gospel of love and compassion and liberty. In due time, the Roman Empire perished. But that other Empire—the Empire of Christ—continues to this day.

"So be it, Lord, Thy throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires
pass away.
Thy Kingdom stands and
grows forever
Till all the earth shall own
Thy sway."

Even wickedness contributes to the Kingdom of God.

With good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

A. R. Davies.

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

(concluded)

By CANON GORDON IRESON

of Newcastle Cathedral

CHRISTIAN worship can never be "up-to-date" because it is rooted in something that happened in the past—the Coming of God in Christ. Yet it is always up-to-date, because what was made known and accomplished in that Coming is true for all time. This "coming" was completed when Jesus was born in Bethlehem. But it didn't begin there. It had been a-preparing for three thousand years and more.

Before the truths made known in Christ could be understood, it was essential that men should already be in possession of certain great facts—for example, that there is only one God, that He is holy and just and cares for His people. These truths could not be broadcast, as it were, to the whole of humanity. They had to be learned and cherished in the experience of one particular race. For this special vocation the Hebrews, or, as we call them today, the Jews, were chosen. That is why Christ was born in Palestine, and not in Spain or Italy. The Bible makes no sense at all unless you accept the

fact that the religion of Israel was a real expression of God's purpose. Though it stood in need of the fuller truth revealed in Christ, it did in the main express what God wanted it to express. This is true not only of their beliefs but also of their practice, and you will remember that worship—of a particular kind—was a fundamental part of their religious life. And our Lord accepted that worship as right in principle.

Only in one respect did He deliberately change a fundamental idea of Hebrew worship. That was when He substituted for the Passover the New Covenant of His own Body and Blood, and by His own sacrifice made for ever unnecessary the sacrificing of bulls and goats. But He went "as His custom was" to the synagogue on the Sabbath day, because *what the synagogue stood for was right in principle*. And though He overturned the tables of the money changers and cast out the merchants from the Temple at Jerusalem, He did not overturn the altars and cast out the

(continued page 31, cols. 1 & 2)

Great New Testament Words

III. NEIGHBOUR

BY THE EDITOR

ONE of the most popular books forty years ago was Robert Blatchford's book, *God and My Neighbour*. It sold several million copies. It was one of the most effective bits of anti-Christian propaganda ever written. I read it when I was a youngster and got into trouble over it. My father, who meant well, saw me reading it and took it away from me. He threatened me with a real hiding if he ever caught me reading anything of Blatchford's again. He made the mistake which all dictators make, that you can kill ideas by physical punishment. The result, of course, was simply to make me more careful what books I read *when my father was about*. In fact, I read all of Blatchford in the library, to which my father never went.

God and Neighbour.

Now in a sense, the phrase "God and my Neighbour" sums up the whole of the Bible. One of the most striking incidents in the life of Christ is the story of the young lawyer who came to Christ to find out how he could achieve, not worldly success, but eternal life. The story can be read in the tenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke verses 25-27. "And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him (i.e., cross-examined him), saying, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' And He said unto him, 'What is written in the law? How readeest thou?' And he, answering said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.' And He said unto him, 'Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.' But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, 'Any who is my neighbour?'" That, of course, is the crux of the whole business. Who is my neighbour? Christ answered that question by telling one of His most wonderful stories, the Story of the Good Samaritan—the foreigner who came to the help of the man who fell among thieves.

Meaning of the Word.

Literally, the New Testament word for neighbour (*plesios*) means "one who is near." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and the one near to you as yourself." Generally speaking, it may be said that the one near to you can be divided into two classes (1) a member of your family and (2) your fellow countryman. The obligation—the Christian obligation—

to love members of one's family is, of course, so obvious that it is taken for granted. Indeed, there is nothing distinctively Christian about it. Family love is a universal human practice. Its rudiments are characteristic, even of animal life. We have all heard stories of the courage and savagery that the most timid of creatures, like sheep and rabbits, will exhibit in defence of their young. Whilst, then, family-love is everywhere taken for granted, in fact it is recognised much more in theory than in practice. The family can be and often is an arena of dreadful hatreds. In short, it takes Christians to show the true meaning of family love. It is indeed the real test of ability to love.

The People With Whom We Do not Live.

Strange as it may seem, it is easier to love people with whom we have no personal dealings, with whom we have no personal relations, that it is to love the people with whom we live and work and mix in with day by day. The people with whom we have nothing to do make no demands upon us, so it is easy to idealise them and feel kindly and sentimental towards them. This is why a certain type of pacifist feels so well-disposed towards the enemy. He doesn't live with them. He doesn't experience their brutality in his own flesh and blood.

Some years ago, Japanese soldiers subjected Englishmen to the indignity of stripping them of their trousers. I wonder if our international idealist would have sweated loving-kindness towards the little yellow brother who pulled his trousers down? It is not unreasonable to entertain some doubt on the point. It is so easy for Englishmen to be very lofty and moral and indignant about America and her Negro problem. We don't have to live with Negroes and so can love them to bursting-point. But the Americans have to live with them. To love people when you live with them is a slightly different proposition from loving them when they are far, far away.

The People With Whom You Do Live.

But to love the people you live with—your neighbours—is the essence and challenge of Christian love. This may well be the great and profound purpose of marriage and the family—to provide the relationship in which mankind can learn what Christian love really means, and in which also mankind can undergo

the training and discipline which such a love demands. Christian marriage and family may well be the institution in which men and women are providentially ordained to learn what it means to love *one* person, in order that at last they may love *all* persons. My closest neighbours are my wife and children. They provide the daily test for me, as I do for them. It is a very tough test indeed. How do you feel when your child insists on collecting the rare and only egg your chickens lay—and *then drops it*? Do you smile and say—"How charming and lovely of the little fellow," or do you go off the deep end and scream out words that cannot be printed in a parish magazine inset? If love is so easy (which it is supposed to be in marriage) why do so many marriages go wrong? If love of neighbours is so simple, why do social and political movements develop such jealousies and conflicts among their members, who are all supposed to be united in their striving and ideas and objects? Look at the hatreds and passions that are engendered by revolution among the revolutionaries themselves. We are only beginning to learn that in this little word, neighbour, is the crux, the vital, final issue of the entire human problem. How to love the person near to you! What a problem.

The Neighbour is a Person.

It all comes down to this: how to treat the man or woman next to you as a person, as a free, responsible, moral being—which is the manner in which God treats mankind. In other words, how can you act like God Himself? For this is literally and precisely what loving our neighbour means. Perhaps it may now begin to dawn upon us what lunacy it is to imagine that loving our neighbour is something easy and simple; especially that it is something so empty and shallow as a mere vague, diffused, universal sentimentalism. Our neighbour—he is a *Person*—an *Other*. He is a *Thou* to my *I*. This is the profound, revolutionary meaning that the New Testament pours into the word "neighbour." "In the Biblical literature the word *plesios* or neighbour receives a shattering blow, for it takes to itself a whole series of over-tones which directly contradict the underlying meaning of 'friend.' The neighbour in the Bible means the man who is not your friend, does not understand you, is outside your horizon, does not believe what you believe, is so much your opposite that at certain moments in the Bible the synonym for the word 'neighbour' is the *Other*." (P. 108 of Cambridge Sermons by Sir Edwyn Hoskins). So great indeed is this task of loving our neighbour, that it demands nothing less than a *complete transformation of human nature*.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

by ALEC VIDLER

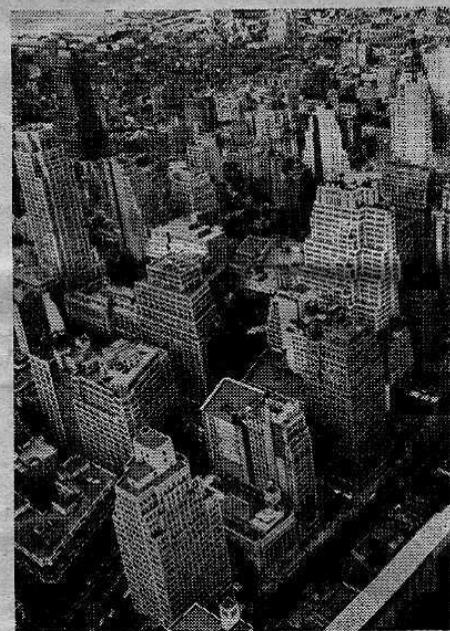
Warden of St. Deniol's, Hawarden

I HAD always hoped that one day I should be able to visit America, and when the chance came of spending two or three months there with all expenses paid I was naturally delighted. During my lecture tour I travelled some thousands of miles, but even so I saw only a small section of the whole country, roughly what is included in the triangle formed by Boston, Chicago and Washington, D.C. I confess now that I shall not be satisfied until I have crossed the Atlantic again and penetrated to the Far West and the Deep South.

Some of the things that interested me most were the little things that nobody tells you about beforehand. For instance, American buses, called street cars, look quite different from ours, and you pay your fare not by buying a ticket from a conductor but by putting a coin in a slot machine—the same coin however far you are going. The contrast between the London Underground and the New York Subway is even more striking, and I was proud of the fact that London definitely has the advantage

here. In the New York Subway it is almost impossible for a stranger to discover where he is or in which direction he is travelling. Indeed, it has been well said that, whereas in London you travel by Underground in order to be sure of knowing where you are, in New York you get lost in the Subway and come up to the street to get your bearings.

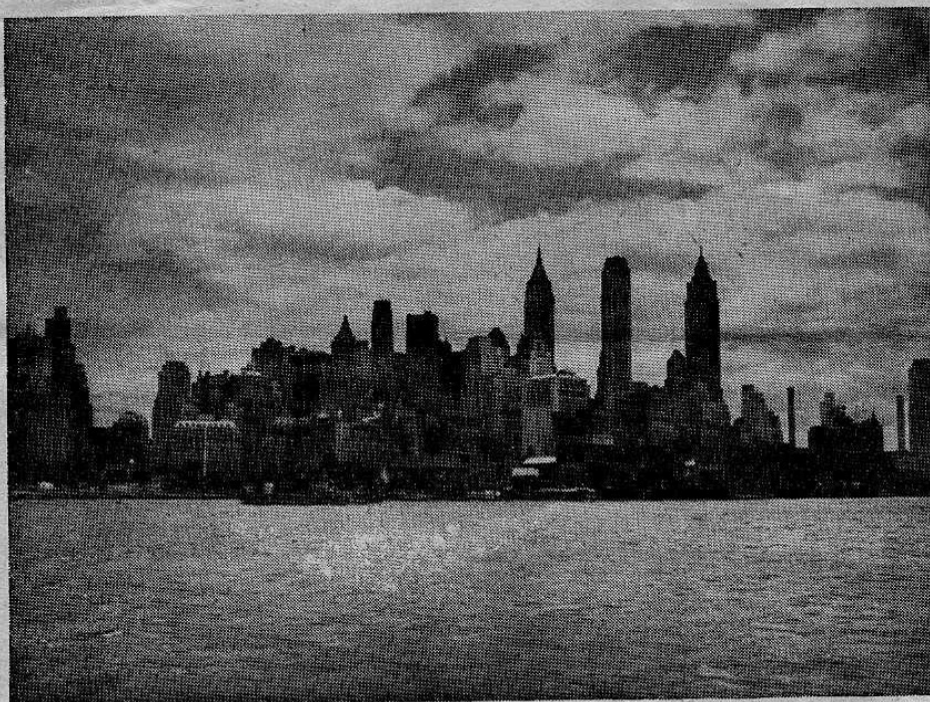
Then, of course, meals in a foreign country are particularly interesting to an Englishman at the present time. It did not strike me that Americans eat more than we do. Most of them could not afford to even if they wanted, because food prices are so high; butter, for instance, is about 6s. a pound. But their diet is much more varied than ours, and it is this variety that an English visitor enjoys. The Americans appear to have no use for some of our pleasantest indulgences, early morning tea, elevenses, nor even afternoon tea; but this may be because they do not really know how to make tea. On the other hand, their drug stores seem to be well patronised at all hours of the day!



New York's skyline as seen from the Empire State Building

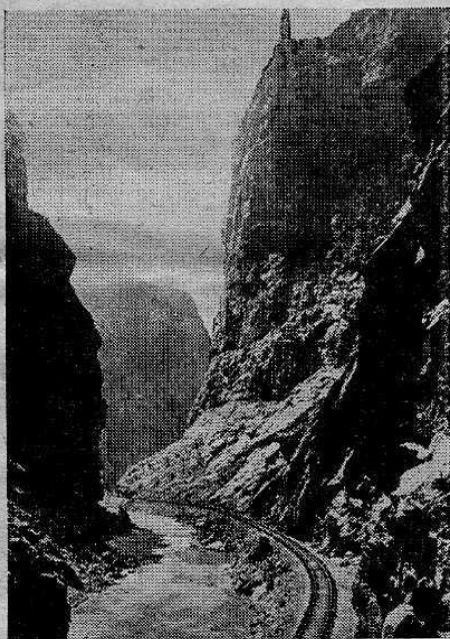
BILLION DOLLARS SKYLINE

View of the lower Manhattan, with the more important Wall Street and other structures



Drug stores, you must know, are not merely chemists' shops, but they sell practically everything, and in particular include a glorified milk bar. One American custom, I confess, disgusted me: they almost invariably smoke during meals, that is to say, between courses everyone lights a cigarette.

However much the politicians may obstruct the Marshall Plan, there is no doubt that Americans as individuals sympathise keenly with European hardships and are eager to relieve them. In the case of Britain, they imagine that we are much harder hit and are much shorter of food than is actually the case. Everywhere I went I found people sending parcels of food and clothing to Europe. Officially Americans are still very optimistic about their own future, and they pay a public homage to Human Progress that would send the editor of *Christian Renewal* into an apoplectic fit. But in this way they are really whistling to keep their spirits up. For in private they are much more scared than we are about the prospect of a Third World War. They have good grounds for their alarm, but it expresses itself in curious and sometimes rather silly ways, such as purges at Hollywood. Their newspapers always keep up a fever of excitement, often about trivialities—more so than ours, which is saying a good deal. American newspapers consist of about fifty pages on weekdays and a hundred pages on Sunday, so that they have plenty of space with which to keep people agitated.



*The Royal Gorge in Colorado, between
Denver and Chicago*

No single person could possibly understand a vast and complex country like the U.S.A., even if he had lived there all his life. But I believe that you come nearest to understanding the Americans if you keep in mind the fact that as a people they are both very young and very successful. There is something of the infant prodigy about them. Or you may say that they are like a young man or woman who has every material advantage and who in addition has won a lot of prizes and scholarships. But it is still quite uncertain how they are going to turn out, and to what cause they are going to devote their extraordinary endowments. They have all the charm and gaiety of youth, but also the irresponsibility and the immaturity.

Because they are so young they exhibit quite sincerely in their politics a simple idealism which older and wiser heads are tempted to regard as hypocrisy; but the truth is that they really do manage to blind themselves to the ruthless struggle for power which is going on all around them and in their own breasts. Nor do they appreciate the complexity of political problems and the delicacy of political ideals. Thus they do not see that the personal liberty which is most worth while is the fine flower of a long and steady tradition; they think it means no more than being able to do what you like.

I fancy that the restlessness of Americans is also connected with their

adolescence. They always seem to be on the move. The ceaseless stream of traffic on the roads surpasses anything I had imagined. Forty-four million citizens have driving licences, and most of them appear to be using them all the time. An extreme illustration of this restlessness is the fact that the average family in New York City moves every eighteen months from one house or apartment to another. They just move for the sake of moving.

American religion, too, which is more ostentatious than British religion, has an adolescent quality. While it is a dogma of the American Constitution that the State is quite separate from religion, yet it is a part of the American way of life that every citizen shall have a religion in private, even if he does not practise it. In point of fact it is estimated that fifty per cent. of the population are practising members of some church or sect, compared with ten per cent. or less in England. Their churches are certainly full and flourishing; but the atmosphere is rather like that of a youth club. One does not come away with the impression that the religion of Americans is very deep or painful. They seem to attend services because they enjoy them, and not

because the tragedy and sin of the world and of themselves drive them there.



*Willow Run, Michigan, Kaiser-Fraser
production line*

CROWDS THROG ABOUT THE CAPITOL

*in Washington, on December 8th, 1941, as Congress gathered for a declaration of war
against Japan*



Fourth Letter

OPEN LETTERS TO A TRADE UNIONIST

by SELWYN GUMMER

My Dear Alf,

Between the wars many of us were unemployed. It was not much fun. Seventeen shillings a week took some living down to, but somehow we survived. Of course, we could have done what many of our mates did. We could have gone to Cowley, Coventry, Slough, Bexley Heath, or any other of the towns where new industries were springing up. But we did not. WE chose to remain at home on starvation rations among the things we loved rather than feed moderately well among strangers in a strange land.

Did we choose the better part? I would not like to answer that. Every man to his choice. If we prized our homes with all that they meant to us of love and friendship, culture and community, above that of food and raiment who is there to say that our choice was wrong? On the other hand those who elected to leave and seek employment elsewhere, no doubt did so in search of a fuller life, and were fully justified in what they did. He would be a foolish man who attempted to decide who did best. But no one dare say that either did wrong.

Unfortunately, the present administration, through the Registration for Employment Order have made it appear that we who stayed at home unemployed were guilty of a grievous sin against the well-being of the community, and have taken steps to prevent such a thing happening again. In the future whether we like it or not all of us will have to leave the old familiar places when by chance we are thrown out of work.

I wonder if they realise what they have done! Did the countless thousands

who left the Welsh valleys between the wars rush back to the pits when the nation's crying need was for coal? Have they come back even yet? If five per cent. of them have returned I should be very surprised. The burden of the national coal crises has fallen almost entirely upon the shoulders of those who chose to face the hardships of unemployment beneath the shadows of those familiar hills between the wars. What a blessing they were there! Where would we have been without them!

Now, however, by the prudence of a "visionary" administration, all that is to be changed. We will all go where we are wanted, not where we want, and it is to be assumed that the authorities know where we are wanted. To make matters worse the trades unions have not only given their sanction to these Orders, but have promised their support in their implementation. This is serious. And it does not ease the blow for them to plead that our economic crisis has led them to their decision. It was our economic crisis that necessitated the drift of the unemployed between the wars from their homes to strange towns, and we, the trades unionists, justifiably condemned the government for tolerating such a state of affairs. But under that undesirable situation we were at least given the choice either to stay on in poverty, or to leave in search of plenty.

Here is a complete *volte face*—a betrayal of all that trades unionism has ever stood for. "Men shall not be subjected to the hardship of separation from their homes and families because of economic necessity." This has been a fundamental tenet of the trades union creed from the inception of the movement, and through its surrender the present leaders stand condemned. Nothing that they have done in the way of securing better wages and better working conditions can atone for this treachery through which the working population of this country are doomed to lie under the threat of being ordered to "move on."

Another factor that might have been taken into account, if only from the motive of self-interest, is that of preserving stable communities. Trades unionism has depended upon workmen living together—the same workmen as far as possible—having a common interest, swapping ideas, sharing a common culture, and seeking the same

objectives. The peace, progress, and prosperity of any industry depends upon such conditions of labour.

There are, however, still deeper considerations which one expected would have been taken into account. Pioneer trades unionists rebelled against the materialistic atheism which manifested itself in the inhuman treatment of the worker by so many unscrupulous employers. To treat men as though they were animals, to be valued only by what they produced in the market was a denial of all that these men held dear. The worker was not an economic unit. His economic valuation was purely incidental, and far subservient to his social value, and his worth in the sight of God. There are things more precious than money, and circumstances more to be desired even than full employment. If faced with the choice, there are still many who would prefer a crust of bread shared with loved ones than the most sumptuous repast eaten alone.

Have we so soon forgotten the horrors of disintegration that fell upon our working communities through the enforced departure of so many of the old natives during the slumps of the past, that we can, with our eyes wide open accept without demur a barefaced policy of social disintegration? Is it not enough that ten years of war in a single generation has scattered populations far and wide so that most of us are strangers to one another that we should choose in peace to make war's confusion worse confounded? Had we eyes to see it would be obvious to us that not least among the causes of our present distress is the breakdown of community that the uprootings of the last 40 years have brought about. We need nothing so much at this point in our history as to be left where we are, undisturbed, so that we might get to know one another, and learn all over again the art of living together. For the sake of our immortal souls we cannot afford to be "pushed about" any more.

Your Lodge mate.

P.S.—Had there been direction of labour from 1926-1930 when you were unemployed you would not now be holding the exalted position you do in the trades union. The same goes for Aneurin Bevan, Shinwell, Jim Griffiths and scores of others.

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To Our Readers

If you will regularly buy an extra copy of the Parish Magazine and send it to your relations and friends who have left the parish, you will forge for them a new link with Home.

(continued from page 26, col. 3)

priests, because what they stood for was right in principle.

Now, why all this delving back into the Old Testament? Because that is where the roots of Christian worship are to be found. You can go to almost any Christian church or chapel in the world, and you will find a type of worship which not only in its use of psalms and Old Testament scriptures but in its whole make-up—of readings, prayers, psalms, hymns and a sermon—is a Christianised form of Hebrew worship.

Now, it is not that this Jewish inheritance is an unfortunate accident from which we ought to escape. It is that the Christian Church is the NEW ISRAEL, the inheritor of the privileges and purposes that God has been working out in human history for thousands of years.

So, when you go to church, don't start complaining that the language and ideas are ancient and out-of-date.

In the first place, it's a thoughtless criticism. You see, when men and women come before God, all the superficial differences of culture and education, or as between one age and another, disappear. What does it matter that one age reckons its wealth in terms of flocks and herds, and another in terms of stocks and shares? What does it matter that one set of people travel on camels, and another in cars and aeroplanes? They are all sinful men, needing divine redemption, and the things they want to say to God are the same in every age.

Secondly, Christian worship is not the gathering together of a few individuals to express their private religious aspirations in an individual manner. Christian worship is the special privilege and responsibility of that ageless body—the Christian Church. Worship is the Church in action; offering herself to God, bringing God to men and men to God. You don't join the Church by coming to its services. You take part in its worship because you are a member of the Church.

That is why broadcast services can never be a substitute for joining in Christian worship in church. If you are confined to bed or to the house and cannot go to church (but would if you could), then the radio service is for you a link with the worshipping Family of God. But if you are not a Church member and don't take your part in corporate worship, don't plead "listening in" as an adequate substitute, because it isn't. Christian worship is an essentially corporate affair—the gathering together of the people of God in Christ.

Finally, I can't end this brief account without explaining that Christian worship is of two kinds. The services

that are broadcast Sunday by Sunday do not give a complete idea of how Christians worship. They can't, because you can only broadcast sound, whereas the central act of Christian worship is essentially an action. The heart and centre of the Church's life, and of all Christian worship, is the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion, or the Eucharist. (It has several names). Though among the various Christian bodies it is celebrated (and to some extent understood) differently, this act has always been at the heart of the Church's life because our Lord made it so, when He said, "Do this in remembrance of me."

Let me quote you some words of Dom Gregory Dix*, which describe how this simple yet profound action has always had the central place in the life of the people of God. "Do this in remembrance of me."

"Was ever another command so obeyed? For century after century, spreading slowly to every continent and country and among every race on earth, this action has been done, in every conceivable human circumstance, for every conceivable human need from infancy and before it to extreme old age and after it, from the pinnacles of earthly greatness to the refuge of fugitives in the caves and dens of the earth. Men have found no better thing than this to do for kings at their crowning and for criminals going to the scaffold; for armies in triumph or for a bride and bridegroom in a little country church . . . for the wisdom of the parliament of a mighty nation or for a sick old woman afraid to die; for a schoolboy sitting an examination or for Columbus setting out to discover America; for the famine of whole provinces or for the soul of a dead lover . . . for the repentance of Margaret; for the settlement of a strike, for a son, for a barren woman, for Captain so-and-so, wounded and prisoner of war; while the lions roared in the nearby amphitheatre, on the beach at Dunkirk, while the hiss of the scythes in the thick June grass came faintly through the windows of the church . . . furtively, by an exiled Bishop who had hewn timber all day in a prison camp near Murmansk . . . one could fill many pages with the reasons why men have done this, and not tell a hundredth part of them. And best of all, week by week, and month by month, on a hundred thousand successive Sundays, faithfully, unflinching, across all the parishes of Christendom, the pastors have done this . . . to make the holy common people of God."

GORDON IRESON.

* The Shape of the Liturgy. P. 744.

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WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

I want to tell you about a beautiful book which my children received last Christmas. Enid Blyton doesn't need any advertising. A more widely read author amongst children under eleven there can scarcely ever have been. I read right through *Before I Go To Sleep* (published by Latimer House Ltd.) myself with the greatest of pleasure, and what I enjoy I imagine you would enjoy, too. As my children have also liked this book very much, I feel it is a good reason for telling you about it.

All Enid Blyton's writings have an unusually easy flow. Her sentences have a rhythmic combination of words which is a constant source of amazement to me because she only uses the most ordinary, homely words which children themselves use all the time. *Before I Go To Sleep* is a book of Bible stories and prayers for children at night, to be read either by the mother, or later on for the child to read to himself. There is a story and also a prayer for each day of the month, and when the month and the book is completed, you start from the beginning again. Most children like stories over and over again. Mine like them till they know them off by heart and can 'read' the book themselves, guided, of course, by the pictures. I think it would be wise at first to keep strictly to the right story and prayer for the right day, because the whole book has a plan and a symmetry about it, which it would be a pity to break. All the stories are simply and beautifully retold. Every page is well illustrated by Grace Lodge, and there are several full-page coloured illustrations. At the end of the book there are special prayers and stories for special days such as Christmas-time, Good Friday and Easter, and there are also special prayers of thanks, a birthday prayer, some simple Graces, and the Lord's Prayer with an explanation.

Miss Blyton, in her "Note to the Mother" at the beginning of the book, suggests that the child shall make up his own personal prayer at the end and she gives us one that her own child made up. This is the beginning of a child's real personal life with God and is most important. When I first teach my children I stress the "thank-you's" rather than the "pleases." Richard, now aged three, only says "Thank you, God, for a lovely day—Amen," or I should say he says "day, Amen," being backward with his speech; but Rachel, aged five, says two set prayers which she recently learnt off by heart and then a "thank you" prayer, which is a long list, in which besides her

gratitude to God she has a desire to keep me beside her as long as possible. She often says quaint things, such as, "Please, God, make mummy and daddy kind to their children." Tonight, which terminates a happy birthday, she said, "Do you think God will mind if I mumble my prayers rather quickly because I am tired?" which shows that she has some idea of a personal relationship between herself and God. It is important to get children to kneel to say their prayers and to shut their eyes. It is something different from anything else they do, and gives them a sense of humility before God which will be a source of help and strength to them in later years. Older children often abandon their prayers, but it is not wise to worry them about it. A carefully chosen book, such as *Growing Up*, by Vivien Bremner, or the one I am writing about, put in their way may help them to come back to their prayers.

Ruth McCormick.

HOUSEHOLD CORNER

Feeding of School Children.

It does so surprise me when we have small children to tea and they ask for tea to drink. They have it at home, they say, and they don't mind if it is strong. I wonder why parents ever begin giving their children tea to drink? I can't understand it, when everyone knows that plain, raw, uncooked milk is so much better for them. The addition of tea spoils the milk for very young children and it is of no food value to older children, and moreover is much too hot for them. My children drink cold water or fruit juice when they have drunk all the milk there is available. Milk is a rich source of food and contains nearly all that is necessary for the human body. It should be drunk very slowly to be digested.

It is most important that children should be constantly reminded to chew their food well, especially bread when it is new. Things become indigestible when they are not well chewed. Digestion begins in the mouth, and if the jaws do not do their work, the digestive organs have more than their fair share to do. Sloppy food, such as porridge oats, which slides down without any effort on the part of the jaws, should be avoided if possible. Coarse oatmeal or whole wheat porridge is better, as it requires some chewing before it is swallowed.

Adolescents seem to crave sweet things at all times. Any food at all should be discouraged between meals, but especially sweets. Not only are they bad for the teeth, but the calcium which is needed for the teeth and nails and bones to be in good condition, is used up by the body in its effort to digest the sugar. If appetites must be appeased between meals, suggest fruit or hard-baked bread.

Recipes.

Bottled Lemon Juice (or Limes)

When lemons are available, try and get a dozen. Cut in halves and extract juice, add a pint of water and pound of sugar (or less). Boil for about ten minutes, pour into heated bottles, and cork whilst hot. A tablespoonful of this syrup to a tumbler of water makes a lovely drink.

Cheese Flip Jacks.

Sift together 12 oz. flour, a little salt, cayenne, mustard to taste, a few drops of lemon juice, rind or essence, work in 2 oz. margarine and 2 tablespoonsful grated cheese. Roll out *thinly*, cut into oblong biscuits, bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven. They have a bubbly appearance when cooked.

DO YOU KNOW—

- (1) That sound can be silent, if it becomes very loud?
- (2) That a new science called "Ultrasonics" is being created out of "silent sound"?
- (3) That sound is a series of vibrations, so many per second, and that the human ear can only register (or catch) them up to the rate of 20 per second and that beyond this number sound becomes silent?
- (4) That by means of ultrasonics, operations can be performed on animals without breaking the skin?
- (5) That whisky can be made a year old in two minutes?
- (6) That towns can be cleared of soot by the same means and the yield of corn be increased 15 per cent.?
- (7) That "silent sound" can successfully mix oil and water?
- (8) That "silent sound" is a new form of energy of terrific destructive power?
- (9) That unless, somehow, human nature can be changed, "silent sound" will be used, like the atom, to blow us all to hell?
- (10) That changing human nature is exactly the business of the Christian Faith?

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anywhere on a station, you are lucky enough to find a farmer who just wants what you have in your bag and give you several pounds of flour or peas, and then you go back, and just on your way back there will be another control and they take everything you have with you away! And you cannot do anything against it. Of course, you may cry or scream, but it won't help.

Many people die of starvation. There are no medications to be had for ill people nor additional food (only for people with tuberculosis, but it is very little what they get). Only think of old people who cannot earn any more and have lost all they had by bombs. They must starve, for it is impossible to live on the ration we get here for two years.

Parcels.

Well, I hope you will now imagine how happy we were to get your two parcels. I nearly cried with joy and deep emotion when I saw the fat and the onion. To think just of those things! As it was the day when we got our meat allotment, I took part of the fat and the onion to make a stew of minced meat. Part of the milk I took as medicine for my heart (every day a tablespoonful). It was ever so good for me. Most of the eggs my husband got for his health (he ought to have eggs and pure honey), and of the wonderful beans I made two dishes with potatoes and some flour mixed together (to get as much as possible of it). Then it does not taste so well, but we cannot have it in another way. We must make very much of even the smallest bit of food.

The soap is really very good, my hands are already quite better now. And, besides, it is such a nice feeling to wash with soap! My husband told me that I must make it last until we shall have better times! With the machine twist I quickly sewed all the buttons on my husband's suits he had lost during the last time. I did not have any sewing material up to now. We did not get any for months."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Text for the month: Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." (Matt. 28, 20).

THE WISE MAN AND THE CHILD.

A certain learned man, who was very proud of his learning, was continually asking his master, a king, to put his wisdom to a test, "for, sire," he said, "if I may be allowed to prove my wisdom to you, perhaps you will agree to make me one of your counsellors."

At last, the king agreed to do as he asked, saying: "I will cause one to come before you in my presence to whom you shall put three questions from your store of learning, and if your questions confuse him so that he cannot answer you, then I will consider your reward."

The learned man could hardly wait for the test, so sure was he of the result. "Three questions! and if I confuse him, surely my fortune is made. It'll take more than ordinary brains to answer them I'll warrant."

So the next day, he appeared before the King, who asked him "You are ready for the test? Then here is your opponent." And he called in—a little boy.

"A little child! Does the King jest?" muttered the wise man, much taken aback.

"Ask your first question," ordered the king.

"Ahem!" coughed the man, "surely this will be easy. Child, answer me this. If the sun, from which we get light and heat were to shine no more upon the earth, what would happen?"

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"Whatever God decided best to happen," answered the child.

"A good answer," said the King. "Ask your next question."

"H'mm. Let me think. I hardly expected to question a child. Now—suppose a ship were on the sea, and a great storm arose. The ship's rudder is carried away, and the ship is being hurled on to the rocks. What can the captain do to avoid disaster?"

"Trust in God," replied the child.

"Right again, said the King; Now your third and last question."

"Dear me, thought the learned man, this won't do. I must think of something to confuse him this time. Listen, boy. Imagine a great earthquake over the whole world, which sweeps away all life, all vegetation and even crumbles this earth to dust. After that, what would be left?"

"God would still be left," answered the child simply.

"A right answer this third time too," exclaimed the King. "Learn humbly from this, O wise man, that the wisdom of a child is often greater than the boasted learning of men, and that knowledge of books and science is as nothing against the knowledge of God."

* * *

I wonder how many of you know the old trick sentence that has the word "and" in it five times one after another?

A sign writer was putting a new sign outside the shop of Jones and Brown. One of the partners came out, and did not like the spacing, so he said to the painter "You've left too much space between Jones and and and and and Brown."

THE CALENDAR.

April 18th. EASTER III.

Holy Communion, 8 and 10.30 a.m.

Mattins, 10 a.m.

Evensong and Sermon, 6 p.m.

April 23rd (Fri.) St. George M. Patron of England.

Holy Communion, 9 a.m.

April 25th (Su.). ST. MARK, EV.

Holy Communion, 8 a.m.

Mattins, 10.30 a.m.

Evensong, 6 p.m.

May 1st (Sat.) SS. PHILIP AND JAMES AA.MM.

Holy Communion, 9 a.m.

May 2nd (Su.) ROGATION SUNDAY (EASTER V).

Holy Communion, 8 and 10.30 a.m.

Mattins, 10 a.m.

Evensong, 6 p.m.

May 3rd, 4th, 5th. Rogation Days.

May 5th (Wed.) ASCENSION EVE.

Evensong and Address, 7 p.m.

May 6th (Thurs.) ASCENSION DAY.

Sung Eucharist, 7 a.m.

Holy Communion, 10 a.m.

Evensong (said), 6.30 p.m.

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May 9th (Su.) SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.
Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
Mattins, 10.30 a.m.
Evensong, 6 p.m.

May 16th (Su.) WHITSUNDAY.
Holy Communion, 8 9 and 10.30 a.m.
Evensong, 6 p.m.

Holy Communion every Wednesday, 10 a.m. Thursday,
7.30 a.m.

Evensong: Monday - Thursday, 6.30 p.m.
Saturday, 7 p.m.

PARISH REGISTERS.

Holy Baptism.

Mar. 5th—Kathleen, d. of William and Jane McBeth.
10th—Wendy, d. of George and Nora Shenfield.
14th—Maureen, d. of George and Sarah Hepton
(received); Baptised 21st May, 1947.
14th—Margaret Linda, d. of William Herbert and
Barbara Glass Linnell.
21st—Shirley, d. of Ernest and Edna Watts.
24th—Kathleen, d. of Gordon and Joyce Grieves.
24th—Janet Ann, d. of Norman and Florence
Marjorie Hammill.
27th—Gordon, s. of Gordon and Elaine Julia
Scott.

27th—John, s. of William Best and Mary
Thompson Welch.

30th—Keith, s. of Timothy and Barbara Sullivan.

Confirmation by the Bishop of Jarrow, March 9th.

Norman Harker, Robert William Kendrew, Donald
Matthews, Frederick Scott, George Simpson, John
Willis.

Valerie Freek, Mary Jorgensen, Joan Morgan, Annie
Munro, Kathleen Pearson Park, Maile Park.

Holy Matrimony.

Mar 27th—Joseph Pelling and Martha Ellen Hill.

27th—Raymond Fletcher and Mary Lizzie Robson.

27th—Dennis Roberts and Dolores Ashcroft.

27th—James Minor White and June Mary Mason.

27th—Thomas Roland Stones and Lilian Rowland.

27th—James William Robson and Sylvia Mary
Isobel Cattrell.

27th—Eric Bramfitt and June Lawson Hodgkiss.

29th—Ian Alexander Porteous and Dorothy
Latimer.

31st—George Smithson and Ethel Henry.

Burials.

March 24th—David Reed, 6 Jane Street. 58 years.

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