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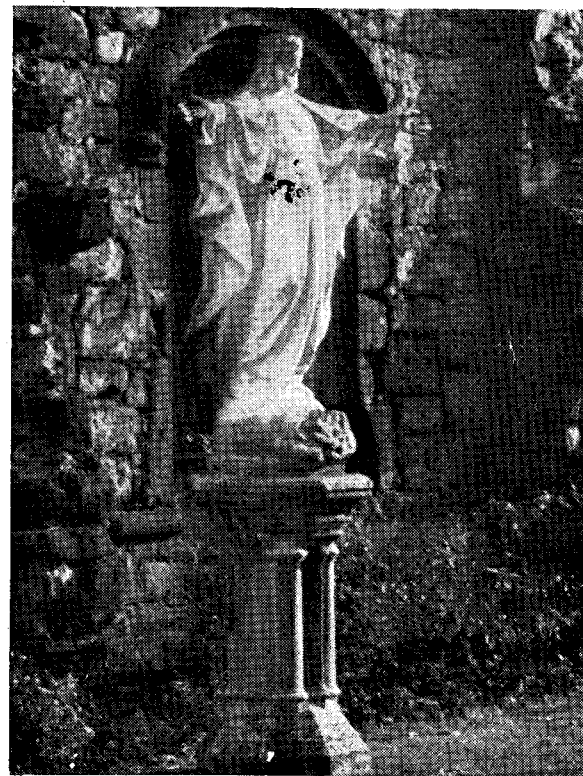
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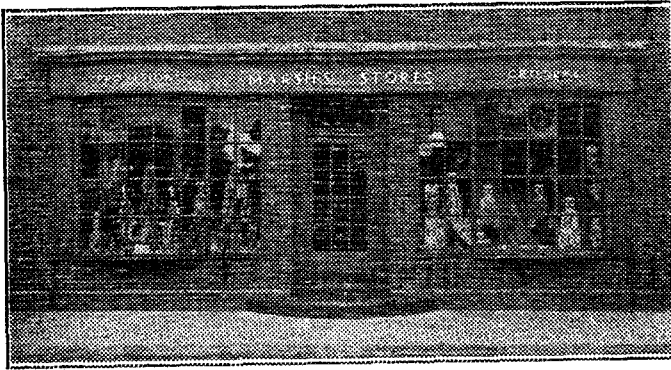
## CLAPHAM with PATCHING PARISH MAGAZINE

Rector: The Rev. A. R. EAMES, L.Th. Tel.: Patching 69.



NOVEMBER 1959

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## PESKETT'S

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TIMES OF SERVICES FOR NOV. 1st, 15th and 29th.

Patching: H.C.7.0.

Clapham: H.C.8.0., Mattins 11.0., Evensong 6.30.

For NOV. 8th, 22nd and Dec. 6th.

Clapham: H.C.7.0.,

Patching: H.C.8.0., Mattins 11.0., Evensong 6.30.

Remembrance Sunday is on 8th November and in order that the two minutes silence is kept, Mattins at Patching will be at 10.55.

#### WINTER ROTA OF SERVICES.

You notice that the winter rota commences on 1st November. Sunday School is at 9.45 at the Church which is heated, and where the full services are held as shown above.

ALTAR FLOWERS AT PATCHING. Nov. 8th Mrs. Sanderson, 22nd Mrs. Cooper,

SIDE CHAPEL: Nov. 8th Mrs. Holtom, 22nd Mrs. Avery.

#### BISHOP OF LEWES PRESENTATION.

I have received seven contributions amounting to £6 for this presentation to the Bishop this month (October) and for the Bishop Bell Memorial Fund five contributions, totaling £3 have been received and forwarded to the Diocesan Office. This fund remains open indefinitely, and I shall be pleased to forward donations.

#### THE CHURCH AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In the four previous contributions on the Church and the New Testament, I have stated that the Church is "a witness and a keeper" of the Scriptures, which claim is made in Art. XX. in our Book of Common Prayer. As a witness, the chief function of the Church has been to testify what books or writings should be included in the Canon of Scripture, and also to teach what Scripture means. As a keeper, the Church is the steward of Scripture, and her duty is to guard the truth as it has been revealed. The claim made by the originators of the great majority of the hundreds of Christian communities, separated from the Church from the sixteenth century in English speaking countries, that every man is at liberty to interpret scripture for himself, is denounced in this Art. XX. The Scriptures themselves bear witness to their proper function. Both Gospels and Epistles were addressed to those already instructed in the faith (Luke 1.4; John XXI.24; 2 Thess. ii.15, iii.6; 1 Cor. XI.23; XV.3; Heb. V.12; 2 Peter 1.12; Jude 3 etc) and were never intended to take the place of a teacher, or to serve as a

## HOME WORDS



### LEST WE FORGET

# Remembrance Day



H. A. L. RICE

**B**ETWEEN the two great wars of our time people used sometimes to say, "Why keep up Armistice Day? Why not just forget the miseries and muddles and mistakes of the past? Why not look hopefully forward, instead, to a future of peace and progress when wars will be unthinkable?"

Perhaps it was chiefly those who grew up in the uneasy years of so-called peace who felt most strongly that Armistice Day, as it was then called, had served its purpose and might well be done away with.

But since then any optimistic hopes there may have been of an era of peace and sweet international reasonableness just round the corner have been blown to shreds by the blast of a second world war, and by its tragic aftermath of hatred, suspicion and tyranny. If we needed a Day of Remembrance between 1918 and 1939 to remind us of the tragic consequences of war, how much more do we need one now that we have seen how slow and reluctant are nations and statesmen and the ordinary peoples of the world to learn the lessons of the past?

Personally, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that ferocious and destructive wars, such as those which have disgraced and ravaged our modern world, are by way of being a judgment upon the nations that compose that world, and in particular those nations that profess to lead it.

Not, of course, in the sense of being a punishment inflicted upon it by an angry and outraged God; but in the sense that such appalling conflicts are the only logical result of the way that most of us lived and spoke and behaved in the years between the wars, as many still live and speak and behave to-day.

Men must worship something or somebody, and if they cease to worship God they will find a substitute to worship, even if it only turns out to be themselves. In pre-war Germany and Italy, as in Soviet Russia today, men were taught to worship that most dangerous and most pitiless of idols which is called the State. In Western Europe and in the United States of America far too many people went a-whoring after the false gods of material prosperity and the selfish pursuit of pleasure.

These were feeble and unheroic gods with which to face the warlike deities of the dictator states. The best that could be said for them was that at least they did not demand of us that we should torture and kill our fellow men. They only caused us to forget the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God. We did not have upon our consciences the bestialities of Belsen, Dachau or the Siberian salt mines, but we had little enough to boast of in the way of positive spiritual practice or leadership.

Just before he committed suicide

in 1945, one of the Nazi leaders, Dr. Ley, wrote in his diary, "We have abandoned God, and now he has abandoned us." He was referring, of course, to Hitler's Germany, but his words contain a universal warning to which we all would do well to pay heed. For the Western nations, too, had largely abandoned God, and in September, 1939, began to reap the whirlwind. Once more, in John Bright's unforgettable words, the Angel of Death was abroad in the land and we could almost hear the beating of his wings. Once more the guns began to speak their murderous message of hate and destruction; once more there were rows of wooden crosses in corners of foreign fields, which are "for ever England."

And what of those to whom we pay homage on Remembrance Day—the Glorious Dead of two World Wars? We have been told so often that they died so that we might live in a better, saner and more peaceful world. As we look around us today, we may feel tempted to feel that these men and women died in vain.

Towards the end of the first World

War an English poet wrote those moving words which decided the emblem we wear on Remembrance Day:

"If ye break faith with us who died,  
We shall not sleep though  
Poppies bloom in Flanders fields."

The poppies still bloom in Flanders; we fasten them each year in our button-holes. But have we kept faith with the Fallen? Do they sleep contented wherever they may be in God's great Universe?

These are questions which few would care to answer with a confident affirmative. Korea, Indo-China, Algeria, Suez, Berlin, Tibet restrain us—and, over all, the shadow of "the Bomb". If ever Christian people needed to pray from their hearts—"Give peace in our time, O Lord; Forgive us our trespasses and deliver us from evil," they need to do so now and in the years ahead.

If ever Remembrance Day was needed, not only to honour the Dead, but to bring the living back to God, it is desperately needed today—lest we forget, lest we forget.

*Remembrance Sunday in the Cotswolds  
(Nether Swell, Near Stow-on-the-Wold)*

Photo: The Times



## Our Silent Heritage



GARTH CHRISTIAN

IN the Church of St. Martin, Salisbury, is a medieval stone carving of a head wearing spectacles! Through the centuries this unique figure must have gazed upon knights kneeling in prayer before going off to Crecy and Agincourt, and young soldiers back from Alamein and Normandy.

But there is a real danger that the sculpted head will gaze down upon no more visitors to Salisbury. For the church may fall in ruins.

That is no exaggeration. Over the centuries the walls have been thrust outwards by the formidable weight of the roof. If the south aisle and fifteenth-century nave collapse, into the ruins will go the ancient and gracious spire, the fine craftsmanship of the Tudor Chapel of Corpus Christi, and the superb carvings in wood and stone.

At the moment the walls of the nave are shored up with timber supports. The roof has to be tied, a pillar rebuilt. And facing the 260 people on the Electoral Roll will be a bill for £17,000.

There are other St. Martin's in Britain. There is—or was—the parish church of Oxborough, Norfolk, which suddenly fell down in ruins one night. (Though already much is being done towards restoring it.)

That is why, in 1952, the Church Assembly welcomed the formation

of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust (Fulham Palace, London, S.W.6). Its aim was to help the parishes in raising the £4,000,000 required over the next decade to repair our 10,000 historic churches,



St. Martin's, Salisbury

Photo: G. Pennethorne

some 300 of them containing masonry that was old when William the Conqueror came to Britain.

A tall order? An impossibility? Maybe that was what people said when craftsmen began building the 8,000 churches which have come down to us from the Middle Ages.

But where is the money to come from? One clue to the answer was provided when a B.B.C. 'Week's Good Cause' Appeal by Lord Halifax brought in no less than £9,000—

including generous gifts from old-age pensioners and blind people who are so often quick to respond to broadcast appeals. The Pilgrims' Trust promised £10,000 a year for ten years. Bequests, Seven-year Covenants and grants from various Trusts have benefited splendid parish churches like Beverley Minster—largest parish church in England—Earls Barton, Northants, with its Saxon tower, the fine East Anglian Church of Long Melford, and several hundreds more.

One could fill pages describing the splendid churches which have been saved by the Trust—and which still need much more help. There is South Lopham, with the finest tower in Norfolk, and Thurleigh, Bedfordshire, a 13th-century church, which has just been saved from partial demolition.

Or there is the Westmorland church where rain was pouring in at forty-two different places until the Trust came to the rescue. Their supporters have also helped noble town churches like St. Editha's, Tamworth, and St. Mary's, Warwick, as well as village churches with attractive names like Thorverton and Cornworthy (near Exeter), Cherry Willingham (Lincolnshire), Walsham-le-Willows (near Ipswich), Whitchurch Canonicorum and Lytchett Matravers (Dorset).

Help is needed, too, by little Downland churches like North Marden, where the total population of the parish is twelve! Indeed, there are eighteen fine old churches in the Archdeaconry of Chichester where the population of the parish is fewer than a hundred.

While the parishes have done much to help themselves, some £3,000,000 is still needed before all our parish churches are in good repair.

Will the spectacled figure in stone in St. Martin's, Salisbury, like the

people of Oxborough, Norfolk, see this aim accomplished? Through the centuries our parish churches have served as silent witnesses of the Christian Faith, calling men to offer themselves to their Master; and inspiring them to go from the altar to do His will in hospital and workshop, school



All Saints', Pavement, York  
Photo: G. Crowther



Bath Abbey—after recent restoration  
Photo: Reece Winstone

and office. There, in every generation, men have knelt and wrestled with their problems and difficulties, finding in the surrendering of self something of the faith and courage that fired the early church builders.

What of their future? The answer depends upon the generous response of the ordinary people of Britain.

## The Way of an Eagle

W. A. RAMSAY

IN the autumn of 1957 I met a Norwegian writer who had just released a Golden Eagle in the mountains near my home. He had rescued the bird from captivity and death. It had been caught by a peasant who was keeping the poor bird cooped up until a Government official would come and kill it and give him the reward offered by the Norse authorities for vermin—for thus is that noble bird classified in Norway. I was disappointed that I had not got an opportunity to take the eagle myself, and I told the liberator that I'd try to track her in the mountains. Her name was "Eos" (or Aurora), the goddess of the dawn. "If you call her by name she will come to you," said my new-made friend, Reidar Brodtkorb.

I hardly believed that a bird that had never seen me—and a Golden Eagle at that—would come to my call. But the thought of having an eagle in my arms was alluring, if a little alarming! When I went up the mountain which I had suspected the bird to frequent I took a cord lasso with me. "Eos," I thought, might come near enough to walk into the ring of the lasso, laid on the ground with some meat in the centre as bait—and then I would gently catch her by the legs.

I realised that I was probably being unduly optimistic. After all, the bird had no reason to trust men by whom it had been badly treated

until it had come into the possession of its liberator. But he *had* said, "She knows her name."

When I saw the mountain that I had to climb, to reach the region frequented by that eagle, I was almost afraid to tackle the 2,000 feet of the ascent—indeed it seemed folly for a person of my years (70) to attempt it. But—well, to have an eagle come to my call—was that not worth a big risk even if it were the last thing I did? Strength seemed to come with the effort; but after an afternoon of climbing and shouting the name "Eos" to the wind, I was coming down disappointed and sad, when, right above me, I heard the ridiculous little "Wee-wee" (almost wailing) cry of a Golden Eagle. And there, over the top of the wood through which I was descending, I saw her—so low down that it must have been "Eos". She had, I feel sure, been disappointed that we had not met (for she was hungry indeed). However, when I retraced my steps uphill and on to the moor above the wood there was no sign of her! With my glasses I took one despairing look round in the fading December light, and there, some 300 yards away, sitting in the heather apparently looking at me—an eagle! "She will come if you call her name," Brodtkorb had said. So I called and, to my horror almost, the great bird rose, spread her wings and bore down upon me. I had taken off my shoes and stockings (for the ground was marshy) and I had left my gauntlets at home, for the Norwegian had said, "Gauntlets will frighten her." So I felt singularly unprepared to take on a Golden Eagle. "She will land on your shoulder," my friend had said, but I was afraid she might put her talons into an artery—the great carotid—in my neck. And here she was coming at me like a Comet Jet!

(Continued on page 174)

# Church Notes and Views

## The Knight's Last Ride

A TRAGIC accident occurred in Pilton, North Devon, in the year 1627, when Sir Robert Chichester was thrown from his horse while crossing Pilton Bridge. His spur caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged along, with disastrous results. A beautiful monument was erected to his memory in the Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin, and he can still be seen, kneeling there in effigy, with the fatal spur affixed to his heel. One of the most interesting churches in North Devon, Pilton has much to show the visitor. Owing to some kind of subsidence, the pulpit, screen, and the south arcading are leaning over to one side. The pulpit carries a long white arm, holding an hour glass for timing the sermons, and the screen is a model of grace and beauty, even among Devon screens. Outside above the south porch is the following inscription:

"The tower of this Parish being by force of arms pulled down in ye lat unhappy Civil Wars, anno domini 1646, was rebuilt 1696 . . ."

—C. G. SLADE.

## TO OUR READERS

We offer five shillings for every photograph with notes which we print on this page, and half-a-crown for every paragraph without a photograph which we consider of sufficient general interest for publication. Entries should be sent to: The Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. Unsuitable contributions can only be returned when accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

## A Holy Well

OUR photograph shows the ancient well from which Holywell Church, near St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, gets its name. According to local legend, the well owes its reputed sanctity to a seventh-century Persian Bishop, Ivo, who was buried at St. Ives, and whose remains were transferred to Ramsey Abbey about 1000 A.D. His bones, and the wells and springs connected with his name, were credited with healing properties. The basin of the well was restored in 1845 and surmounted by a brick canopy.—C. R. WILMER (ST. IVES).



## An Unusual Window

LANDKEY Parish Church, Devon, has recently been enriched by a new stained glass window in the Children's Corner.

It consists of three panels. One depicts the Good Shepherd, with a lamb under his left arm and holding a shepherd's crook in his right hand, while a small British boy is touching his robe. The centre panel has three figures of small girls, British, Chinese and Korean., and the third panel shows Peter the fisherman with a small negro boy, a Boy Scout and a little Indian girl.

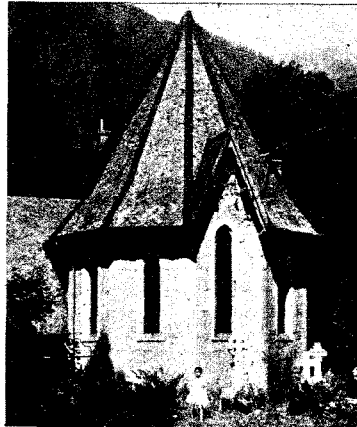
The whole design represents our Lord bidding St. Peter "Feed my lambs", the lambs being represented by children of all nations.—REV. C. K. BURTON (TAVISTOCK).



Alan and Colin



The Lych Gate—Aston-on-Trent



The English Church—Chamonix

## Family Tradition

ALAN and Colin Childerley are choristers at Eltisley Parish Church. Recently, Alan received a medallion in recognition of five years' regular service in the choir. Colin, the younger of the two brothers, will soon qualify for a similar award. Their father is also a chorister with 30 years of service to his credit, while their grandfather, who was also a churchwarden, served the church for fifty years—a fine family record.—REV. J. HODGSON (HUNTINGDON).

\* \* \*

## Stones from the Sea

THE church at Aston-on-Trent in Derbyshire has a fine lych-gate of unusual design with wonderful carving on its oak beams. It was built many years ago in memory of a Rector of Aston who served the parish for nearly 50 years. The curious feature about it is that the stones with which it is roofed are said to have been brought here from the sea, the nearest point being about 100 miles away. One wonders if the Rector had any associations with the sea, or perhaps a love for it.

FRANK RODGERS (DERBY).

\* \* \*

## Tourists' Church

THIS very English-looking church is to be found opposite the railway station in Chamonix-Mont-Blanc, France. It has served many generations of English tourists in that mountain resort, chaplains being provided by the Colonial and Continental Church Society. As few English folk now stay in Chamonix-Mont-Blanc, the church has been lent to the Reformed Church of France and Belgium, whose services resemble those of the Scottish Kirk. The graves are those of English people who died in the Alps.—E. J. WISEMAN, F.Z.S. (BARNET).

# ★ ————— ★

## Weekday Pages for Women

CONDUCTED BY MARION HURST

### ★ ————— ★

#### Monday—Washing

To remove grease stains on fabric. I spilled quite a lot of grease on my grey skirt, and used the following method to remove it. I sprinkled a good coating of talcum powder over each stain, left it on for about ten minutes and then covered it with brown paper. I then pressed it with a not-too-hot iron, brushed off surplus powder and the result was that all the stains had gone. This method also removes grease stains from wallpaper.—MRS. F. HARRISON (BELFAST).

#### Tuesday—Sewing

I am sending a sewing hint which I find most effective. Turn a large scrap book into a handy file for used patterns. Paste two pages together at the edges, leaving the top end open. Slip the patterns between the pages and paste a picture of the pattern on the front page. You will then be able to locate the pattern you want at a glance.—MRS. J. COOPER (WHITELEY, Nr. WARRINGTON).

#### Wednesday—Nursing

*Drawn Sheets:* Fold sheet lengthwise into three, put just below pillows over ordinary sheet across, folding a short end one side under the mattress and long one the other side. Everybody gets rucked sheets, not to mention crumbs, so pull short end, folding firmly under again.

*A Donkey:* This is either a pillow or bolster wrapped into a sheet. Twist ends tightly, put either under patient's knee or against the feet; twisted ends under the mattress. This prevents the patient slipping down.—MRS. B. W. THOMPSON (DESFOED).

When one member of the household starts a cold, put a small washed-out tin, such as an empty evaporated milk tin, on the kitchen hob or some other light heat. Put a little water in the tin and add a tablespoonful of coal tar or pine essence purchased from any chemist for a few pence. The fumes will permeate the house and will both help to get rid of the cold quickly, and also prevent other members of the household catching it.—MRS. E. M. WARD (FERNDOWN).

#### Thursday—Cooking

A delicious but simple dish can be made from the following. Stew some rhubarb. When it is cooked add some sugar and mix in a raspberry jelly. When cold the rhubarb will be well set in the jelly and is not too acid to eat, as rhubarb usually is on its own. Also not so much sugar is required.—MISS L. M. HARRINGTON (REDHILL).

*Christmas Cake:* 10 oz. self raising flour; 8 oz. butter; 6 oz. currants; 6 oz. ground almonds; 8 oz. sugar; 6 oz. raisins; 4 oz. cherries; candied peel and mixed spice to your own fancy; 4 eggs.

Mix the butter and sugar to a cream. Add half the eggs, beat up to a creamy mixture, then add all the dry ingredients and the remaining eggs. Avoid the use of milk if possible. If made well in advance of Christmas, this cake will keep quite well. To add extra fruitiness, store an apple in the tin in which the cake is kept before icing.

Bake Reg. 3 for  $\frac{3}{4}$  hours according to the size of tin you use.

#### Friday—Household

If you have a silver teapot that has got furred-up, put a dessertspoonful of bicarbonate of soda inside and fill with boiling water. Allow to stand overnight and it will be quite clear by morning.—MRS. J. CHARLTON (STOCKSFIELD ON TYNE).

#### Saturday—Children

A large plastic cloth with a circular head-hole cut in the centre is one of the quickest made 'pinnies' I have ever seen. Tucked well down, it covers every inch of baby—even his toes—and is very useful at mealtimes.—MISS V. F. PLANT (BLAKENEY, GLOS.).

**MAKE YOUR OWN SWEETS FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES.** *Cocoanut Ice.* 1 lb loaf sugar; 2 tablespoonsful condensed milk; vanilla essence; 1 cupful of water; 6 oz. desiccated cocoanut; cochineal.

Dissolve the sugar in the water over a low heat until completely liquid. Then boil for 10 minutes; add the cocoanut and a few drops of vanilla essence, and boil for another 10 minutes, stirring all the time. When the mixture thickens, draw away from the heat, stir in the condensed milk, mix well and pour half the quantity into a buttered tin and leave to set. Keep the second half hot by standing the pan in a bowl of hot water. Add a few drops of cochineal and mix well. Pour the coloured mixture on top of the white, which has cooled in the tin. When set, turn out and cut into bars.

#### Helpful Hints

To clean shabby varnish—use the following liquid. Dissolve two table-spoonsful of borax in boiling water. Add three pints of cold water. Rub over the woodwork with a cloth wrung out in this and, when dry, polish with linseed oil.

Photo: Eric L. King



Snowdon from Capel Curig

## For Beauty's Sake

To the true all love is true,  
And love's reward is such  
It's beautiful to view  
And wonderful to touch.

True love's a sacrament,  
As pure as star is pure;  
Love is our beauty lent  
To make our glory sure.

Be true for beauty's sake;  
Be clean, be lovely, whole.  
Oh will you not awake,  
O Heart, O Hand, O Soul!

WALTER NUGENT SINKINSON

★ ★ ★

Instead of folding trolley and afternoon tea cloths—roll them. This avoids all fold marks.

★ ★ ★

Place a lump of sugar in your biscuit tin. This will keep both plain and sweet biscuits crisp and fresh.

THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

# The Broad Sea

VICTOR DIAMOND

"HERE. Drink this up, dearie; it'll do you good." The white-capped nurse took the old man's head tenderly into the warm nest of her arm, as she held the feeding cup to his lips.

He pushed the cup aside feebly. "Is Steve here yet?" he asked.

"Be here soon, grandad. Just drink this up and we'll soon have you ready. It isn't every day we've someone a hundred years old."

"A hundred!" he laughed. "You think it's a wonderful thing to be a hundred. But I tell you I'm going to live till I'm a hundred an' two; a gipsy told me."

She brushed his white hair, a mat of shining silk. She arranged his sweeping moustaches, stained a little from the pipe he would still smoke. They called him William Smith, but that had not always been his name. Once, when he played as a boy on the bleak shores of Heligoland, he had spelled his name Schmidt. Still, that had not made him a less loyal sailor in Her Majesty's Navy, as would-be traducers had sometimes found to their cost. At last, in the twilight of his days, he had come to the Old Men's Home. He was much loved. Almost they treated him as if he were their baby, rather than the oldest resident.

"Light my pipe please, nurse."

They didn't let him light it himself now for fear of fire. As she complied and put a match to a pipe which surely would have killed a less-seasoned smoker, it seemed almost as if his face lit up from within; he looked like a picture of some patriarch of old. Yet William had a grievance. Though he was never heard to complain of anything else, it irked him that they wouldn't let him light his own pipe.

"Why can't I light it? I'm not a baby," he would say. "An' anyway, no woman knows properly how to light a man's pipe."

He puffed for a few moments in silence as she helped him into his clothes. "When's Stevie coming?" he asked again. "He must come today 'cause it's his party as well as mine. It's not everybody's got a great-great-grandson."

"Come, put your coat on, dear," she replied soothingly, "and we'll go right along and see if he's come."

The great dining-room was packed with guests. You'd have thought it was Christmas to look at it. There were festoons and coloured streamers everywhere; balloons and silver stars, and a frieze, specially painted by one of the residents, which depicted sylvan scenes and Santa Claus with his reindeers, with simply no regard for place or season. The thing, it

seemed, was to get plenty of colour into the birthday party. Everyone of importance in the town seemed to be there. All the Committee, with their ladies, such splendid guests, and the Mayor himself with a gold chain that looked as if it had been stolen from some ancient ship's anchor and covered with gold to serve its turn.

But the old man's eye scanned them and then looked beyond them all, seeking another face. "Where's my Steve?" he asked.

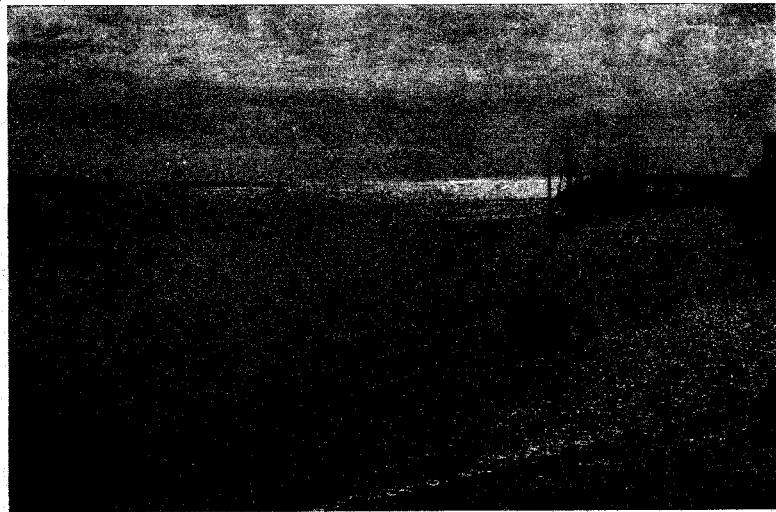
There was a scuffle and a scamper. "Here I am, gran'." The little boy climbed on the old man's knee and eagerly placed in the old veined hands a small box. "I made something for your birthday, gran'. Hope you'll like it."

"Now I wonder what it is?" He was quite oblivious of the grand company. There, in a small world of their own, the very old and the very young were a community of spirits apart. It had often been so. Many a day, when the sun shone, they had

sat together on his favourite bench beneath the three pines all in a row. They would trudge together very slowly across the lawn which swept so widely, right down from the great house to the trees. He would say they were going aboard. For it was the old sailor's fancy that the three pines were three masts, crowded with sail, and he the master of the ship as he sat on the ancient oaken seat fashioned from a tree older than himself. Many a day, as they sat there, he would talk to the boy of ships, and, with hands still cunning, would fashion for his delight the small paper boats which they then dispatched with unimaginable cargoes to magic islands that never were. He opened the small box that Stephen thrust into his hands, and took out the little ship, fashioned from bright red paper, with a tiny blue sail to catch the wind that would blow it to fairyland.

"I made it myself, all by myself, gran'. Nobody helped me even a teeny bit."

Photo: Eric L. King





"Eh, it's a dandy, that one is," William chuckled, and gathered the lad into his arms.

Then Matron asked him if he'd have his presents. They gave him a new chair, beautifully upholstered in warm colours; they gave him a new pipe with a silver band right round it; they gave him a pair of new slippers in embroidered wool. But the old man made little response. But when they gave him a box of matches, the old man's tongue was loosened. For him the gift symbolised freedom. Now he could light his own pipe.

He put the child gently from his knee and stood up to face them all.

"I'm thanking you," he said, "for all yer kindness. Some folk think it's a grand thing to be a hundred years old. But, long ago, when I crossed a gipsy's palm with silver, she told me fortune. She said to me, 'You're going to live a long, long time. You'll see your great-great-grandson come and play at your knee. You'll live to see your one hundred and second year; and then, like all good sailors, you'll come at the end to the Broad Sea.'"

So they all laughed and clapped. They lighted the candles on the birthday cake, specially made in the Home kitchen. And, because one hundred candles, even small ones, generate a lot of heat, they all began to melt, and it seemed as if the lovely cake would be spoiled. But Sister, wise in the ways of cakes and candles, as well as in those of old men, had put the candles on a silver board on top of the cake, and she swiftly slid away the board with its melting wax and the cake was saved.

They all enjoyed the cake. But William said, "I want a special piece for Steve to take home. Wrap it up in one of them papers, will you?" And he put it into the child's hands and said, "There, son, that's for your supper when you get home."

And when at last it was time to go, and Stephen climbed once more upon his knees, old William's face lit up with a joy beautiful to see.

"Say, Our Father," said the child, taking the lined hands between his small palms.

"Our Father," repeated William obediently. And so they went through it all.

"Kiss me, gran'." And the white moustache swept the fresh young lips.

"Night, night. God bless." He waved farewell and was gone.

The old man was sometimes not too sure whether there was or was not a heaven, but he was quite certain, if there was, it would be where little Steve was.

But a day arrived when the child came no longer. They dare not tell old William he could never come again. They told him he had gone to school.

"But can't he come on Sunday?"

It became harder and harder to answer him. And with the weariness of waiting William Smith grew tired and the light died from his eyes. He developed a cough which shook his slight frame. Even Sister was unable to coax him to eat. He kept saying that he wanted to get to the Broad Sea and go aboard again.

It was Sunday. "Where's Steve?" he asked.

"He'll come soon."

"Yes, he'll come soon." And the weary old man sighed his bitter disappointment.

It was at tea time that they missed him, and a search of the whole building proved fruitless. Someone said they had seen him walking on the lawn.

At five o'clock, as the mist came down, William Smith had set out on his last voyage. It had seemed to him that little Stephen stood calling from the midst of a shallow shore where the lawn had been.

"Come on, gran'," he was crying. "Come on to the sea, the Broad Sea."

"Ay, ay, my lad," responded the old sailor.

He waded slowly through the swirling mist as it lay thick across the grass. He thought he was moving through the shallows of some bygone shore. Then it seemed as if a tiny hand clasped his own, and small fingers guided him to where the three tall pines stood, just like the masts of a ship in the gathering gloom. The long sweep of the lawn lay completely covered, like a calm sea at utter peace.

Slowly the old man made his way. He had just passed his hundred and first birthday—he was in his one hundred and second year. Hand in hand with the child he went, until he came to the old oaken bench beneath the pines. And the small hands once again took the toil-worn palms in his own, and the shining eyes looked up again into eyes grown so dim and weary.

"Say, Our Father," said the voice. "Our Father," quavered the old man.

William Smith had come at last to the Broad Sea.

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But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark;  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.  
For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place,  
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When I have crost the bar.

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## THE WAY OF AN EAGLE

(Continued from page 165)

Now, I knew that that bird trusted me, or she would not have responded to my call. Indeed, after a long life of adventure amongst animals of all kinds in Britain, I have never had such a touching moment as when that exile eagle gazed at me from the heather waiting to hear her name. She had always had kindness from those who named her. So, not a move—hungry as she was—until I gave the password—"Eos". And then, "as an eagle spreadeth her wings," gladly and swiftly did she hurtle towards me. No greater thrill can I ever have in this life than when I found myself able to stand until nothing but her eager talons were within my view. Then, and not till then, I struck out and, grasping her thighs, pulled her to the ground. I was afraid this unceremonious action might scare the bird, so I sat beside her at once and handed her a piece of meat. This she took in the talons of her left foot as she drove the other talons into my right hand, which immediately began to spurt blood. I realised that her action was not hostile—my hand was the only thing she could find to grip for leverage. All the same, I lay there panting with staccato grunts of pain as I pulled at her talons with my free hand—but this only made my big pet tighten her grip. The talons were like daggers in the back of my hand, and for a week after I felt that my hand had been through a mangle.

Had I dared to interfere with a dog or cat that was eating, I'd have paid for my temerity. But the kindly "Eos" went on tearing at the meat and then sat up and asked for more, releasing her grip on me at once. This time I was more circumspect when I fed her and kept my hand out of the way. She went into a

huddle, like a dog with a bone, and turned her back on me. When I touched her teasingly on a shoulder she turned and rose at me majestically, air-borne at three feet above the ground and falling backwards still grasping the meat—a truly fearsome sight. But I said, "Get on with it now," and (Norwegian though she was) she knew what I meant and turned round to finish her meal.

I have been with "Eos" several times since, but she is now self-supporting and apparently with others of her kind, which is where her owner meant her to be.

Thomas Hardy has a beautiful poem about a scraggy thrush which he saw on the last day of the nineteenth century. In this, the professed atheist wonders sadly what any creature could find to sing about in such a world as ours—

"That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware."

And, as the song of the thrush touched chords of hope in the heart of Thomas Hardy, surely the confident flight of that majestic eagle to the arms of the unknown friend who had uttered her name—that hungry exile's name—surely there must arise in the Christian's heart an equal response to Him Who has said to His children, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run and not be weary and they shall walk and not faint." Or, as the Scottish paraphrase puts it so beautifully,

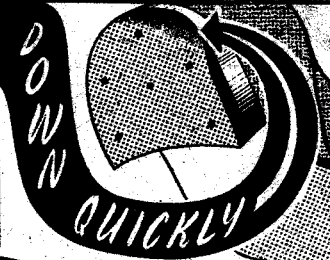
On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,  
Their wings are faith and love;  
Till past the cloudy regions here  
They rise to Heaven above.

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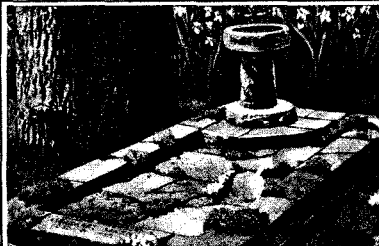
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mine out of which a man was to quarry the truth for himself. The Church is the teacher of truth, the Scriptures are the test of truth. The Ethiopian Eunuch (Acts.VIII.27) confessed that he was not able to realize the meaning of the Scriptures he was reading, but when a representative of the teaching Church - the deacon, Phillip - explained, then he quickly realized the wonder and reality of the Faith and was baptized.

Always the Apostles followed this method. They taught, first; and proved, or bid men prove for themselves, by appeal to their Scriptures, afterwards. (Acts ii.14-36; XIII.16-42; XVII, 2,3,& 11). Their Scriptures were of course the Old Testament ones.

Article XX in the Prayer Book commences - "The Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies and authority in controversies of faith" -

In view of the great numbers of Christian bodies around us whose members claim to be of the Christian Church, it would be wise to consider what the Prayer Book means by "The CHURCH" which has such "POWER" and "AUTHORITY". "The Church" is in our minds when we profess in the words of the Creed that -"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" the Church of England is a true part of the ONE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH founded by Christ Himself, a part which can show that she has kept, unbroken continuity with that society founded by our Lord when He commissioned it with the words "All authority hath been given unto Me...go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them...teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt.XXVIII.19,20). To be continued.

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