



AUGUST 1970

CAVERSHAM BRIDGE

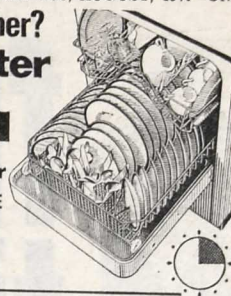
NATIONAL COMPASS, AUGUST, 1970—ONE

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Don't lose sleep and sun-fan because your neighbours are spending £40 each at a posh hotel while you're glad of your in-laws' spare room for free.

Nor because your friends are going to Biarritz, ("Everyone should holiday here") and are going to be snooty about your caravan's view of the Great Yarmouth beach.

Blow everyone else—you're having yourself some rest and enjoyment—not buying a status-symbol.



The Charles Hodgson Column

free time

SO GREATLY
VALUED . . .
... OR IS IT ?

If you won £10,000 on the pools how would you spend it? This is the sort of question some people like to speculate on, knowing that it is very unlikely it will ever happen to them. The problems of handling large sums of money are the troubles of a tiny minority.

But translate this into terms of time instead of money and it comes very much nearer home.

10,000 MINUTES

If you had 10,000 minutes, what would you do with them? This is a problem facing us every week, for if my calculations are correct, there are just over that number of minutes in one week. Normally, of course, it is not so much of a problem. In an ordinary working week much of the time is organised for us. There are certain hours when we have to be at work, or there is a certain amount of work to be done by a specified time.

It is when we come to holiday times that the problem, or the opportunity if you prefer it, becomes more acute. To have a holiday period of 10,000 or 20,000 minutes—or even 30,000 if you are lucky—really makes you think about the use of time. Of course a good deal is taken up with sleep, which is either a wicked waste or a good investment according to the way you look at it. But most of the remainder is yours, so what do you do with it? Some of it you spend on pleasure, simply enjoying yourself and having a good time. Some of it is profitable, broadening your interests and extending your education. Some is rest and relaxation, recovering from the stress of the rest of the year. Some is frittered away and lost without trace. And some is spent looking after someone else and considering another's wishes.

FREEDOM OF CHOICE

The proportions vary and the categories overlap. But one of the pleasures of being on holiday is the freedom of choice we have in the use of our time. It gives us a chance to unwind, to be ourselves a little more, to be able to sit and think if we want to. It is a major part in the process of re-creation.

This is fine for a limited period, but however much we enjoy a holiday most of us are glad to get back to the normal routine when our lives are ordered by some discipline outside ourselves.

So spare a thought, will you, for those who are constantly facing the burden of how to spend their 10,000 minutes every week. There are many invalids, crippled and housebound; there are many old and lonely people; there are people out of work and people utterly unprepared for the retirement which has crept up on them. For people like that having 10,000 minutes to spend is no holiday.



A CHANCE TO UNWIND

Dear Sir,

So you don't like apartheid, huh? Okay, okay, I'm not very fond of it myself, though I don't know much about it, never having been to South Africa and being unwilling to take my opinions secondhand, even from the Press.

But I protest against your linking me with apartheid—"Blind eye", your front page, June issue—because I decline to support the conspiracy to subvert law and order. (The faces in your picture condemn your attitude. The only bloke who looks like a human being is the copper, obviously turning up his nose at what's behind him).

The fact that I regard cricket as among the more fatuous occupations of mankind has nothing to do with the case. If a flannelled fool wants to spoil a perfectly good load of turf by walking about on it, I let him.

An argument over apartheid springs up in the village pub. At chucking-out time one of the arguers joins his pals in the village cricket club and goes out to play on the village green.

Thereupon his pub opponents invade the pitch and stop play. The cricket club sends for the village bobby "Acting on information received", he orders the cricketers off the field and remains to "protect" the rioters against possible aggression by the would-be players.

And the vicar stands on the boundary, boos the cricketers and cheers the rioters. He is smugly aware that his church services are protected by law against interruption, though, by the cricket analogy, people who disagree with Christianity have a right—nay, duty—to enter his church and kick up merry hell while the vicar is preaching.

So there we have it. In England 1970, maintenance of the right to interfere with people with whom we disagree is known as Law and Order.

What good does it do to anyone, black white or green, in South Africa.

Yours, A. L. Enfield, Solihull.

letters..

Dear Sir,

Force of circumstances means I have only just read the May copy of "Compass". It was a surprise to see a letter criticising adversely Charles Hodgson's article on pollution for the slant used in the article is similar to the one C.S. Lewis used so successfully in his "Screwtape Letters". I thought. The latter is acclaimed by many Christians for the way it shows us how evil builds up as we remain inactive or indifferent and selfish. Charles Hodgson sought to make us think by his unusual article.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. Irene Smith, Richmond, Yorks.

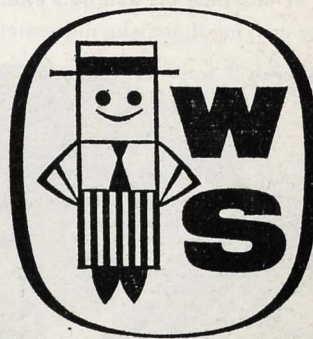
Dear Sir,

As long as you have this very large immigrant population with their disproportionate offspring, of course there will be acute housing shortage for *our own people*. There is abundant space in the countries of origin, and having trained these overseas people why should they not return to help their compatriots to a better way of life? This is their form of social service—to their own people.

There is a larger amount of unemployment in the West Country than the national average, but people cannot move to the Midlands where the work is because of the shortage of housing. So our own people, again, suffer that these people from overseas may reap the advantages we have struggled for over the centuries.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. E. E. Rees-Jones, Paignton.

(Further thoughts on the issues raised by the South African Cricket Tour can be found on the opposite page.)



WALTER SMITH

Your Favourite Butcher

FAMOUS FOR
ENGLISH
MEAT & POULTRY

22 Shops and in The Bull Ring



In June we came out against the South African Tour. We were on the side of protest. The tour didn't happen—but the issue was concerned with more than a game of cricket. The rights of protest, law and order, individual rights in a free society, our attitudes to South Africa were just a few issues pinpointed in the weeks of heated debate leading up to the tour's cancellation:—

Here Compass Newspapers continue the debate.

YOU CAN'T BUILD BRIDGES FOREVER

says Norman Power

Vicar of St. John's, Ladywood, Birmingham.

Nothing is more hateful to a cricketer than to oppose a game of cricket. But apartheid is more hateful—to oppress a race for pigmentation, something nobody can help. In Communist countries a man has a choice. He can be very conformist and he'll be safe. An African baby has no choice; he'll have no vote, no property, no chance in life or education or sport.

Members of communist teams are as much victims of the system as anyone else. Iron-curtain team-members sometimes escape. Half a dozen have done so in recent years. It is worth encouraging sport with communist lands for this reason alone.

The more one studies apartheid in action, the more horrible it becomes. One friend who has escaped said that what hurt most was to see her father, a learned schoolmaster, pushed about, shouted at, made to wait till last if white people were present, and always called BOY by anyone who happened to be white. He is over 60. "And we dared not even show we were upset." Can you imagine the blazing anger of Christ at a situation like that? Examples can be multiplied.

Gradually, I am realising that the M.C.C. don't fully appreciate this evil, neither do many good people who are in favour of playing South African teams. For people with relatives in South Africa it is better to keep quiet. Liberal South Africans say they can't be sure when it is safe to talk freely.

Apartheid Worse

For a hundred years we have tried 'building bridges' by playing white South Africa; we have shown them our own inter-racial sport. It has availed little. Apartheid is worse under Vorster than under Smuts. The protest movement has achieved more in a year than the rest of those hundred years. Already we hear New Zealand is to be allowed to choose Maori footballers to play Rugby in South Africa. South African sportsmen are beginning to demand a re-examination of the policy of segregated sport in their country.

In the apartheid debate we still hear from people who think that only Communists oppose apartheid, that Mr. Vorster was a war-time ally, that their freedom demands they see these games if they want to.

On the other hand, there are undoubtedly some few who welcome any excuse for a bit of chaos, who want to see this country hurt, who are more concerned to show that communism is 'more anti-apartheid than thou' than to bring about any reconciliation between the races in South Africa.

For a cricketing cleric it is very agonising. Brought up in a clerical home, as Edwardian and Anglican as could conceivably be imagined, the apostles, W. G. Grace and Jack Hobbs were to me familiar if somewhat confused childhood figures. I gathered woolly that the Lord's Ground was not at Canterbury but Marylebone, that Grace was dead but still available in Church. To a Vicarage child of six it was a bit muddled. But there was a good 'net' in the garden. I was brought up to regard Bishops and First Class Cricketers as above ordinary mortals; I have never quite got over this. It comes naturally to call a Bishop 'My Lord', but deep down I feel there is only one person who had a right to be called 'Your Grace'.

We lived in Newcastle, Northumberland was, of course, a minor county. One of many attractions about Birmingham (we immigrated in 1926) was first class cricket.

My cricketing heritage is deeply rooted in me. But one thing does matter more. It is my other heritage, my Christian faith.

PROTESTERS ARE THE PHARISEES OF TODAY

says David Chisholm Vicar of St. Alban's, North Harrow

I must confess that cricket has never particularly interested me, and I have no sympathy with the South African Government's policy. But the cancellation of the South African's tour, and particularly Christian support for its cancellation, is most disturbing.

The people whom Jesus condemned as beyond redemption were not the Roman imperialists who enslaved His country, the Jewish racialists who hated and despised the Samaritans and Gentiles, the renegade tax collectors who robbed their fellow Jews for their Roman masters, nor the prostitutes and sinners, but the Pharisees. He said that they were beyond hope because they lived for the outward show of religion, wearing important religious dress, saying prayers in public. They lived to keep the rules of pharisaism but left out justice, mercy and good faith. They were bigoted, and thought no one else had a right to hold any views, and went to great lengths to win converts whom they ended up by making more hard-hearted than themselves.

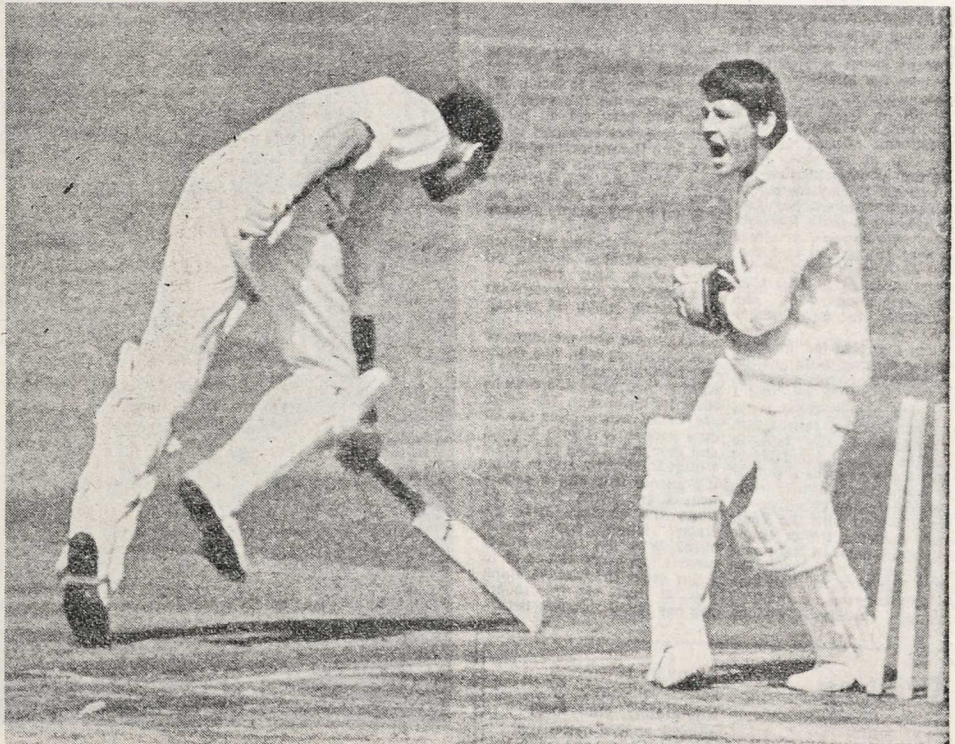
Religions have always tended to produce people like the Pharisees, and unfortunately the Christian Church has not been exempt. But today we have a new brand of Pharisee in our midst, not religious Pharisees but political ones. For the so-called "progressive left" displays all the signs which Our Lord condemned in the Pharisees of His day. The outward show of religion is replaced by the outward show of 'leftist' hair and dress, taking part in demonstrations and using 'progressive' jargon loudly in public. The rules of 'leftism' are just as intricate as those of the Jewish Pharisaism which Jesus condemned, and are followed in the same way to the exclusion of tolerance.

justice and trustworthiness. These modern Pharisees are ready to howl down anyone who does not hold their views. And leftist indoctrination goes to even greater lengths to win converts than the old Pharisees of whom Our Lord said: "You travel over sea and land to make one convert; and when you have won him you make him twice as fit for hell as you are yourselves."

Jesus' own method of making converts were so different from the pharisees who used pressure and religious sanctions to force people into keeping the law. Jesus won people by befriending them. The pharisees tried to stop the tax-collectors working for the Romans by ostracising them. Jesus went into their homes and befriended them. Jesus' method of dealing with opponents was to love and help them.

It was sad to see some Christian leaders joining forces with the new pharisaism and urging Christians to use the Pharisees' method against the South Africans. You can expect the secular humanists to follow the pharisaic line of ostracising the South Africans, but any true Christian should have learnt from his Lord that that is not the way. Ostracising South Africa will only harden them in following their segregationist policies. Our Lord's method of befriending and loving is the only way of changing people's hearts and minds. CHRISTIANS should be following a policy of converting the white South Africans by friendship and love. Let us not only invite S.A. cricketers, but S.A. politicians!

Reprinted from North Harrow Compass.



CRICKET — THE UNWILLING CENTRE OF POLITICAL STORM

And deep at the heart of that faith is a belief in God's fatherhood and human brotherhood. Any barrier between people and people is to be smashed as Christ smashed through it when he spoke to the woman of the hated Samaritan race, when he told a story of a GOOD Samaritan, when he befriended the Roman Centurion. Above all, it is asserted every time when we say 'OUR FATHER'.

It seems to me that there can be no compromise with apartheid. Unless I tried to do something, how could I ever say 'Our Father' again? Of course, individual South Africans should be treated with all courtesy. It is the SYSTEM of racially-selected teams on official tours that is the target.

Blackmail and Threats

One argument for holding the tour impressed me deeply. It is this. If I am free to oppose the tour, should not those who want it to be equally free to support it? Would not cancellation be giving in to blackmail and threats?

Slowly, I began to think that the reticence demanded must go both ways. I am free to say what I like, but if I go to a Moslem area and shout insults at Allah I am simply demanding trouble from lack of sensitivity to other people's cherished beliefs.

It seems unthinkable that the M.C.C. should be willing metaphorically to spit at my cherished beliefs in 'Our Father'. That is what it seems like to me and to thousands of clergy who love cricket. Freedom demands a certain reticence and sensitivity on both sides.

AN APPEAL TO REASON

and it's

YOUR decision

SECOND CHANCE FOR SQUARE PEGS

I'd never imagined it was possible to feel old at thirty-five, but it was. Many doors are closed to the woman over thirty who wants to train for either a first or second career. After fifteen years of domesticity I wanted to do something useful, I had no burning desire to enrol for a full-time course at University. I simply felt that with a potential working life of at least twenty years, I was worth training, but for what job?

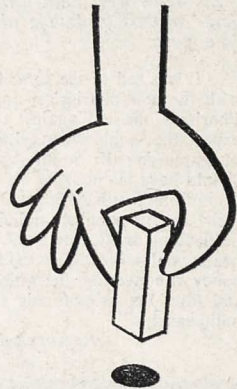
The people at the Labour Exchange were enthusiastic, but not really able to help. . . . 'Yes I could type . . . no I didn't want to sit in an office all day.' I enjoy being with children but with a home of my own and a family to care for, plus the fact that I was unqualified, the outlook seemed bleak.

Dead End? Certainly not, the little dolly miss at the Ministry decided that I was one of the many people who could be helped by the Ministry's Vocational Guidance Service. I filled in a form and duly received my appointment.

Vocational Guidance has been with us for some time, there are several agencies, but the fees put the service out of reach for most of us. The Ministry scheme is quite free and available for anyone, of either sex, over the age of eighteen. There are Vocational Guidance Officers attached to most Ministry of Employment and Productivity in most major cities.

When I arrived for interview I was presented with another questionnaire. It was a beauty. Would I underline the jobs I might like to do? These included Post, Farmer, Hairdresser, Accountant. I also had to underline the qualities I thought I possessed. I wonder how many people own to being selfish or irritable?

My interview with the Vocational Guidance Officer lasted well over an hour. In fact it was an informal chat about the work I had done, my own hobbies and interests, (swimming, walking, reading, writing,



theatre and antiques); and the practical problems a woman with a family has to face if she intends working full time. My mind had been set on social work so I was surprised when work in a library was suggested.

It was as simple as that. A brief telephone call, an interview and I was accepted for training at my County Library Headquarters. Training lasted a month in which time I learned about books both on and off the shelves. After training I was appointed library assistant in a small group of branch libraries.

I can't deal with the range of jobs which are open to a qualified librarian, but with school children one can't afford to be stuck for an answer. The hours are varied which gives me off duty time to cope with cooking and shopping. I find the people I meet interesting and in helping an old lady find a book I hope I am giving service. At times the children drive me scatty. Where was Tyburn Tree? Who did invent safety pins? I love every second of it. I am often tired, but I think now, at thirty six, this square peg has found a square hole.

By Dee Dover



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by C. J. Francis



THOMAS HOBSON

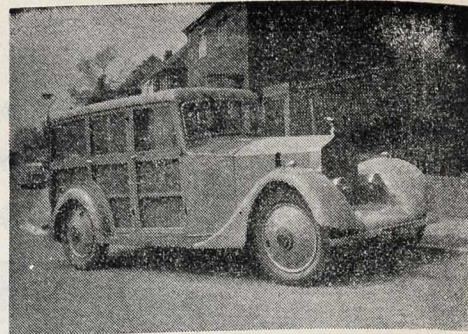
1544 - 1630

Many readers will no doubt have heard the expression 'Hobson's Choice', meaning take it or leave it. The expression is derived from a Cambridge postmaster named Thomas Hobson.

Besides being in government employ Hobson also kept a stable of horses which were used by travellers. He was a popular host and customers would come from a wide area seeking his com-

pany and hospitality.

Although Hobson appeared to have a fine sense of humour the genial host in fact was very much a man of principle, especially when it came to the hiring of his horses. The animals had to be let in strict rotation. Thus the customer was obliged to take the one standing next to the stable door or go without. Hence the expression 'Hobson's Choice'.



Her aristocratic birth was obvious

THE GREY AND GRACIOUS LADY

Our next car had to be cheap and therefore old; but we couldn't foresee buying another for several years, so it had to be something which would not be a heap of rust in two years. Therefore on logical grounds it had to be either a Land Rover or a Rolls Royce. So we went shopping for an old Land Rover and found. . . . Her!

She was then a mere thirty-six years old, and her aristocratic birth was obvious, but her welcome was warm and immediate. Our children sat between her wide and protective wings: our cat fell in love with her bonnet, and she accepted us all with a warm smile.

Her gait was, by modern standards, a bit slow and ponderous; but she could at need eat up 250 miles of road in a surprisingly short time, and with equal calm she could inch through traffic queues all day.

Her needs were moderate. A gallon would take her two tons twenty-five miles at any speed, and she would accept with equanimity as big a load as we could cram in her. Her steering, her power brakes and her "crash" gearbox were no problem for my wife, who had great difficulty learning to drive an A40.

Apart from all these assets, and her utter reliability, she spread peace and goodwill among all road users. Pedestrians smiled. Car drivers would forego their right of way at a roundabout for the pleasure of seeing her bonnet pass in front of theirs. Vicious little mini drivers, prepared to cut up anybody, would give her the space and respect due to a lady.

In snow her 20in. wheels rolled happily on while other cars bogged themselves down in a mere six inches of snow. The modern disease of aquaplaning was not for her: she kept her feet firmly on the ground in all weathers.



by Brian Favell

This month our motoring correspondent takes time-off from giving advice to pay tribute to an old flame.

Our love affair, though deep, could not last. Her coach-built body—her second in thirty-six years—was less durable than the rest of her, and after three years of bliss the inevitable had to be faced. The spare time of a curate would not have been equal to the task of building a new body—someone else would have to do it. So we parted, and there were tears at the parting. The Land Rover which we got in exchange, though it had many virtues, could never be quite the same. . . .

We like to think that somewhere, resplendent in her third new body, our magnificent old lady is still giving some family the joy which we had in her.



Our children sat between her wide and protective wings

CAVERSHAM BRIDGE

THE NEWSPAPER OF ANGLICANS
FREE CHURCHMEN AND ROMAN CATHOLICS
IN CAVERSHAM

No. 71

August, 1970

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CAVERSHAM and the ARTS

THE 750th ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF READING ABBEY IS TO BE THE OCCASION FOR A FESTIVAL OF READING IN 1971. Many local residents can still remember the time when Caversham was not part of Reading and indeed a considerable part of Caversham is still in Oxfordshire and not part of the County Borough of Reading.

But we in Caversham ought to be thinking what part we can play in the Reading Festival. The remarkable response to the Mayday Week events have shown quite clearly that "Reading over the river" is a community with a distinct and vigorous life of its own.

The splendid concert given by the Dolmetsch Consort (with noteworthy support by the Henley Singers) on the first night of the Flower Festival at the parish church was attended by over three hundred and fifty people. The players themselves were delighted with the response and welcome they received and have expressed a willingness to visit Caversham again. The concert among other things proved that Caversham is prepared to support a really first class concert. Not only have we apparently many people who would welcome the holding of more evenings of this kind in Caversham but we have many who are themselves talented musicians and actors.

The Church has for long been the patron of the arts, and most English musicians of note have had strong connections with the Church, many at some time in their life serving as organist at one of our Cathedrals.

I hope that we can soon give some thought as to how the Christian Church in Caversham can make a contribution through drama and music to the festival of 1971. The parish church with the beautiful grounds of Caversham Court adjacent to it makes an ideal setting and the improvements now being made to the organ will widen the musical possibilities at St. Peter's. But there seems no reason why some smaller musical events should not be held in some of the other churches.

The Flower Festival has set many people thinking about the role of the Church in Caversham as the patron of the arts. Let us take the opportunities provided by the Reading Festival to give music and drama a more prominent place in our church and community life than has sometimes been the case.

John Grimwade

Mayday Week Shop

Penta Building, kindly loaned by Reading Garage Ltd., was a most useful focal point throughout Mayday Week.

As a splendid place for the Shop—it was the means by which £1,060 was taken.

This was also due to the devoted work done over a period of months by several ladies' secular and church organisations and most ably co-ordinated by Mrs. Jo Stevinson. Mr. N. G. Kent's display and design showed the goods to best advantage. During the Week Mr. E. G. Crutchley was the over-all manager, and each day there was a manageress in charge of a group of 12 ladies serving in the Shop.

Penta Building also was an excellent meeting point where over a cup of coffee people could look at the exhibition on World Poverty, listen to records of The Settlers and Suzanne Harris—and read the literature on sale to stimulate thought about the problems of world development.

The interest shown by Reading Garage Ltd. was much appreciated, after meeting certain expenses the profit (the amount to be published in next month's Bridge) was divided between Christian Aid, Oxfam and Shelter.

The Editor regrets that once again it has been impossible to publish all the material that has been received.

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Lord Thurlow at the opening of the Shop.

Photo Evening Post.

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RANDOM JOTTINGS

FROM AN R.C. LAYMAN

Recently I met a remarkable woman — remarkable for vivid gifts of faith and trust. We have all read of people who have such a strong gift of faith that strange things happen for them. 'The Small Woman' who rescued the hundred orphan children in the Far East during the last War; the experiences of Pastor Wilkerson in "The Cross and the Switchblade" are two well-known examples. But I personally had never actually met someone to whom this kind of thing happens.

This woman works with homeless beatniks, many of whom are habitual drug abusers. She runs a house for about a dozen of these boys and girls and, as you can imagine, dealing with such people she runs into many crises. Sometimes they prefer to 'live in little boxes' as she says, maintaining their own gas ring cooking facilities and independent method of living. Others prefer to pitch in and live more on a community basis. The running of the house seems sufficiently elastic to cope with either.

Two of her S.O.S. calls to the Almighty which I particularly remember were answered in dramatic fashion and immediately. One night she was called to a young woman on the beach who was said to be dying from hunger and exposure. She of course

went down and found the girl was indeed in a bad way. She did what she could but realised she needed more knowledgeable help to be effective. She just knelt there and then and prayed desperately. Very shortly one of the local professional social workers appeared. Although she had not thought of her specifically, this woman said that of all people she realised this was just the person she needed. The remarkable thing had been that even though it was in the middle of the night, the social worker had felt a powerful urge to go to that particular part of the beach where she found the woman and the girl. Their joint efforts did in fact save the girl's life.

Another and rather different story she told me was that there was a great need for a caravan for some project to do with her strange household. There was no money available to buy or even rent one so she just prayed hard. Within a very short time—I cannot remember whether it was within a few hours or the next day—a caravan duly drove up. It was brought by someone prepared to lend it if she had a use for it!

Her method of prayer in these circumstances is very simple. She tells Our Lord that if he wants her to do this work (and it would seem to her that He

does), He must help her as she cannot do it alone.

She is herself high Anglican, though impatient of denominational tags, and has taken this request to some of the monasteries, both Anglican and R.C. Realising she needs massive spiritual help for this demanding work, she has begged them for help by prayer. Not content with this she has managed to start having the occasional religious seconded, as it were, to her household to do social work there and among other beatniks in the district. They do not push religion down the throats of the young, but the calmness of their presence has a remarkable effect and produces an atmosphere which many of these young people find attractive and beneficial. (It is rather the same with the women alcoholics and drug addicts the Wantage Sisters care for at Spelthorne. Many of these would die rather than admit the wonderful atmosphere there has helped them, but it is apparent that it does).

Many of these young people are spiritually hungry and are attracted by different types of religion, not necessarily by Christianity. They yearn for mystical experience, but unfortunately want instant mysticism and this is why for many the hallucinogenic drugs are so attractive.

After talking to this woman I began to realise how little we trust God in our day to day life. Perhaps we should all listen more to the promptings of

WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN

CAVERSHAM PARK THEATRE

Caversham Park Theatre's last production, performed at the beginning of June, was a straightforward play — no gimmicks, no exaggerations of plot or of characters—the old eternal triangle situation coming to a climax in an ordinary house, to an ordinary family. CPT welcomed a new producer in Veronica Haywood, who played a principal role in "Happy Families", their last presentation.

DIFFICULT

This was a difficult play to produce (though easy enough to digest), because any playwright who spends

the Holy Spirit and be more confident that prayers for help will be granted, believing that there will always be an answer, though not necessarily the one we expect. Perhaps we should not shrink from demanding work and not be afraid to get involved. Perhaps we should all just say more often to ourselves, "Cast thy care upon the Lord and He will sustain thee."

the beginning of his play—establishing the fact that his characters are 'ordinary' people, in an 'ordinary' house, using ordinary conversational phrases, runs the risk of tedium. For normality on stage can be very unexciting. And it is all too easy for the cast to respond to this and be so busy trying to appear 'natural' on stage that they forget that, as distinct from TV or film technique, everything on stage must be heightened, or 'normality' becomes banal.

SLOW

Thus Act I was slow in both play and playing, but Act II was a different matter—more attack, variety of pace, more finesse, and now we began to feel involved.

WARMEST FEELINGS

Obviously our warmest feelings were for Amy, the "Woman in a dressing gown", blissfully cocooned in her own imagined domestic security. Amy was sympathetically played by Ann Griffin and one

could identify with her. Fred Millward had, perhaps the most difficult part in the play as Jim, Amy's husband—"A little man who's gone as far as he can go", who found himself unable to leave his responsibilities and change his way of life. Christopher Renshaw, a guest played with CPT, caught beautifully the intolerance and contempt of youth for "the other woman" and bewilderment as he realised that his own personal egg-shell could so easily be cracked.

GEORGIE

Lesley Saunders had the difficult task of making Georgie, the other woman, a sympathetic and likeable character. A Barbara Windsor-type neighbour was played by Jose Buck. She lifted and brightened the play enormously, and the scene in which she and Amy "drowned their sorrows" was very, very funny. David Garfoot, Rita Smith and Nicholas Cockman contributed to the play in smaller roles.

On the whole the accents were rather too "standard English" for this play.

Setting and properties lived up to CPT's usual attention to detail.

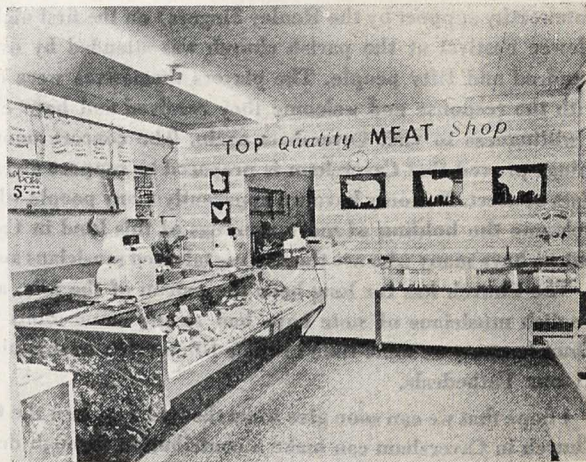
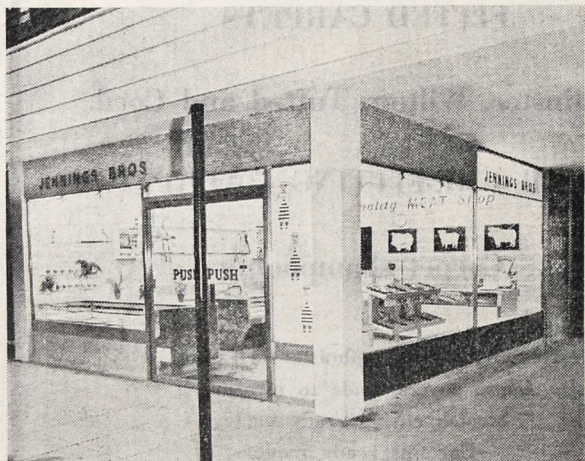
Richard Howard, well-known to CPT audiences as actor and producer, stage managed this production.

J.H.

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St. Barnabas' Hall

FRIDAY, 2ND OCTOBER, 8 p.m.—book this in your diary and come to a cheese and wine party at St. Barnabas Hall. If you've never seen the hall before you will probably see it as merely a rather pleasant building, but if you remember it in the old days you will be shattered at the transformation. For, from being a very dreary edifice, its leaded windows letting in great gusts of wind, its overhead ventilators leaking at every point, it has been transformed into what must surely be one of the most attractive parish halls in the diocese. You will find much to admire, from the tastefully-decorated committee room which replaces the old stage, to the attractive curtains, the large store cupboards, the renovated kitchen.

The credit must go, in the first case, to Malcolm Cooper, the priest in charge. Though he would be the last to say so, it is his drive and foresight which supplied the necessary impetus to the work and it was Mr. Cooper himself who carried out much of the reconstruction. After that enthusiasm knew no bounds; groups of people got together to deal with various aspects of the work. The blocked up drains presented the first problem, particularly when it was discovered that when the new estate was built and the ditch to the then-existing pond blocked up and channelled into pipes, by an oversight on the part of the local authorities, the drainage system was never properly linked up.

About seventy people became involved in the work; space forbids naming them all; some, like Graham Barnes, Roy Bradbury, Mr. Eley, Andrew Gillings and Mr. Lloyd have now unfortunately moved away, and it was very sad that Frank Galloway died shortly after finishing the new coal bunkers; he would have been so proud of the finished product.

Apart from the roof, windows and structural work on the stage, everything has been done by voluntary labour. And the total cost? Only £1,000. And this has been raised by other voluntary efforts, handyman sales, etc.

The members of St. Barnabas have every reason to be proud of their efforts, so do go along to their cheese and wine party and see for yourselves what can be done, what has been done and what, we hope, will be done to other dreary halls in time. W.D.

THE INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF ST. BARNABAS' HALL AS IT NOW IS—

E. P. Collier School

With the opening of the new comprehensive school at Emmer Green, a link with the past has been broken by the closing of E. P. Collier School. The school first opened in 1899; it was then known as the Swansea Road Board School, and its principal master was Mr. W. H. Baseden. In 1922 it began to change its character and eventually become E. P. Collier Central School, named after a member of the Reading Education Committee.

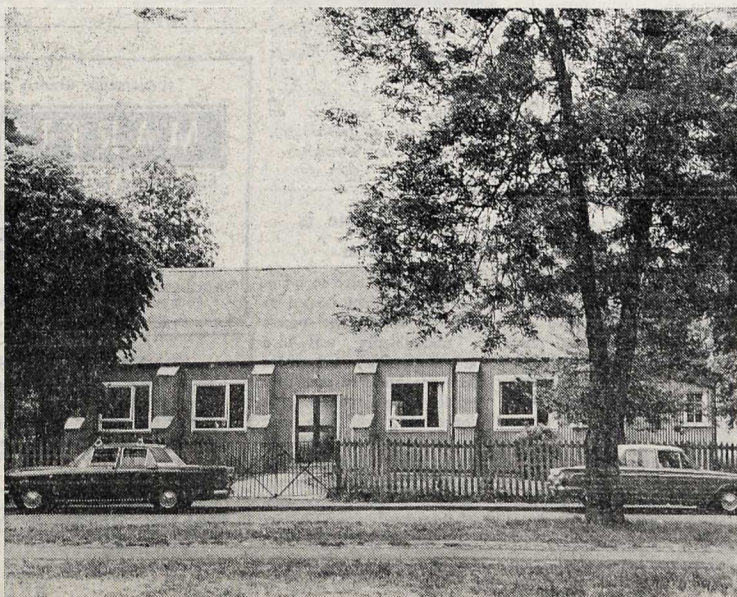
Mr. Arthur Wheatley succeeded as headmaster in 1922 and during the 26 years in office, brought the school up to very high standards; it became known as one of the leading educational establishments in the area. But recently the premises have become very out-of-date and inadequate, and now the pupils, staff and the headmaster, Jim Wilson, are being transferred to Highdown where it is hoped they will maintain their tradition of high standards.

Peter Shock, a former pupil at the school, has produced a little book entitled "The Collier Story". Price 1s. 6d. (2s. by post) it can be obtained from Mr. Shock, at 131 Hemdean Road, Caversham, and it would be well worth having for anyone interested in our local history.

For when the school finally closed on Friday, 24th July, some 8,000 local children will have passed through its doors over a period of almost three-quarters of a century.

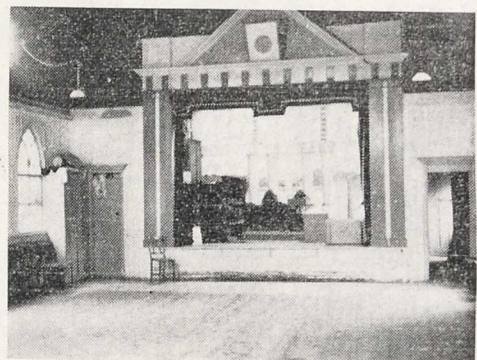
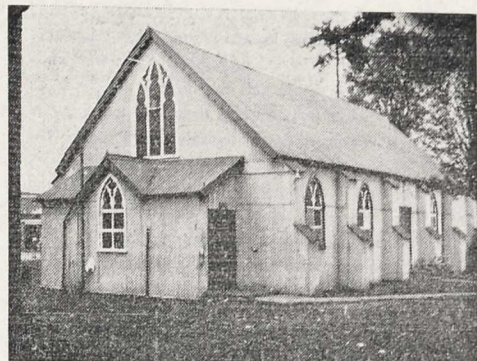


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MAYDAY WEEK

— FLOWER FESTIVAL —

THE CHURCH IN CAVERSHAM SPENDS SO MUCH of its time working outside its own precincts that it is almost with a guilty feeling of self-indulgence that St. Peter's celebrates festivities within its own four walls. Such an event was the flower festival which took place at the end of June. And unlike most flower festivals the proceeds went not for church restoration but to support "Shelter".

Anyone (and there were about fifteen hundred) who visited the church during those three days, must have been aware of the vast amount of work that went into the effort from the time the idea was first mooted and Mrs. Evans and her committee swept into action.

The refreshment arrangements alone were being planned from March onwards under the very capable control

of John Gledhill, who has actually only been in the district for eighteen months.

But enthusiasm was tremendous and once the call went out for volunteers to St. Peter's Wives, the Mothers' Union and other bodies, help was forthcoming from all directions.

No praise is too high for Mrs. Sagar and the Thames Valley Flower Arrangement Club; the effect was wonderful and what was particularly noticeable was the number of people who commented: "What a lovely church". Our flower arrangers had, in their wisdom, resisted the temptation of simply using the church to display vast banks of flowers. Instead they had enhanced the church by their very careful arrangements, the colour schemes fitting in so well with the church itself, and the whole effect was one of great beauty.



The Foxtail lilies on the right aroused much interest. On the left is the giant array of Annunciation lilies beneath the Mothers' Union banner.

The World Outside

The two services held that week-end presented a wonderful opportunity for everyone to see St. Peter's in all its glory. On Sunday night the church threw open its doors not merely to the people of other churches in the district but, in effect, to the whole world. So great was the congregation that many people sat in the churchyard where the service was relayed. The theme of the service, from the sermon by Father Huddleston to the folk songs by the Conscience, the hymns and the litany, was the responsibility of man to man. We looked at the homeless, the hungry, the dispossessed, and we considered our duties towards them.

One of the fine arrays that stood by the pulpit.

Walton Adams.



Almost a Private Affair

By contrast, despite the very crowded church and the presence of one Roman Catholic priest, Monday night's service was almost a private affair, when we welcomed into the church a new deacon and a new priest. It may well be that this is the first time an ordination has taken place in St. Peter's, and there can have been few happier occasions for, in the short while he has been with us, Fred Dawson has endeared himself to everyone for his kindness, his sense of humour, his enthusiasm. We were very happy to welcome so many of his family on this occasion, and pleased, too, that the Bishop of Oxford agreed to hold an ordination in Caversham. It was sad that Bindy Shaylor was not well enough to be ordained at the same time, but this is an event we look forward to eagerly.

In the meantime, we celebrated our patronal festival in a unique way, emphasising our togetherness as a family and reminded, both by the ordination vows and by our Rector's sermon, of the responsibilities of both clergy and laity.



Mrs. Sagar, chairman of the Thames Valley Flower Arrangement Club (right) watches as the finishing touches are put to an arrangement of delphiniums among the vestments.

Walton Adams.

Their Name is Legion

It would be nice to mention all those who helped to make the festival the success it undoubtedly was—nice but impossible, for more than one hundred and fifty people were involved. No doubt they will have felt amply rewarded by the very lavish praise heaped on them by all our visitors, whether it was appreciation of the floral arrangements, gratitude for the eternal cuppa, or merely enthusiasm for the tremendous sense of welcome.

W.D.

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ATTRACTS CROWDS

THE BISHOP OF STEPNEY'S VISIT TO CAVERSHAM

Preaching to an immense congregation many of whom had to stand, the Bishop of Stepney in his sermon at the special Mayday week service took as his text Chapter 1 verse 17 of the epistle of St. James: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning". Pointing out that the renewal of the Church had been the theme of all important conferences of Christians in the past decade he asked his listeners to consider what this would mean in the coming years. Renewal, said the Bishop, for some people meant no more than giving the Church a contemporary look; for others it meant re-union and we had indeed to thank God for the ecumenical movement. But the real renewal, said the Bishop, would mean that Christians were involved in world events.

"We cannot escape from this involvement. To-day for the first time we are all involved in world events, and interdependent, though we may wish we were not. We live in a global village: everything tells us of this fact, and it throws up great problems of adjustment. Poverty, humanism, nationalism and race are all part of the process of social change". Did we, asked the Bishop, see them as outside God's control, or did we see God calling us to commitment and faith through them?

In addition to the Rector, the Rev. Terence Harris, the Rev. Lyn Lewis and the Rev. John Crowe took part in the service. The lesson was read by Major General Lord Thurlow the President of Mayday week who is a member of Mapledurham Parochial Church Council, and a Congregationalist and a Roman Catholic read extracts from the British Council of Churches report on "World Poverty and British responsibility"

(Continued in col. 4)



(Continued from col. 3)

The choir which included members of the Free Churches sang the anthem "Glory, love and praise and honour", and the music was under the direction of Mr. R. J. Brind. The service was specially drawn up for the occasion by the Rev. R. J. Packer and blended together the traditional and the modern in a way which produced a most effective act of worship for the occasion. The Mayor and Mayoress of Reading, Coun. and Mrs. H. Williams, were among those present.

The Bishop of Oxford after the ordination service on St. Peter's Day—on the left the Rev. John Davies ordained deacon—on the right the Rev. Frederick Dawson ordained priest.

Walton Adams.



Bishop Huddleston with the Mayor and Mayoress of Reading, the Rector of Caversham and other clergy after the Mayday Week Service on Sunday, June 28th.

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MAYDAY WEEK CONCERT

Perhaps one could be forgiven for thinking that the programme of 17th century music to be played and sung in St. Peter's to launch the Mayday Week festivities would appeal to a specialised audience only. How wrong that thought proved to be, as Dr. Dolmetsch spoke to the packed church on Saturday night and with great charm, humour and clarity, explained and described the pieces to be played, and the instruments that were to be used. To understand music is nearly always to enjoy it, and Dr. Dolmetsch gave us that understanding. The talented Dolmetsch family—equally at home on recorder, viol and violin and admirably aided by Joseph Saxby at the miniature, touring Dolmetsch harpsichord—played the delightful music with love and care.

The Henley singers also added to the enjoyment of the evening with a thoughtfully chosen group of madrigals and motets which dovetailed with the instrumental music admirably. What a talented group this is! They sang with style and musicianship, ably conducted by Frederick Rogers and Gordon Silvester. Their concluding 'Os Justi' by Bruckner was a tour de force.

Lastly one must mention the glory of the flower decorations in the church—to listen to beautiful music in a bower of flowers made it an evening of enchantment, long to be remembered.

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Obituary

Mr. Percy J. Alexander.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Percy J. Alexander on May 25th. Mr. Alexander, who had been in failing health for some months, lived at 98, Conisbro Avenue. The funeral service, which took place at the Baptist Church, was conducted by the Minister, the Revd. L. S. Lewis assisted by Mr. Leslie Wyeth who gave the address.

Mr. Wyeth, in his tribute, referred to Mr. Alexander as a teacher, a servant of society and an educator of youth in the path of righteousness, a man whose accomplishments were varied and whose services were legion. 'P.J.' as many knew him retired from active schoolmastering in 1946 having been at George Palmer Secondary School for many years. At school he made a great contribution to out-of-school activities in that his main hobbies were gardening, wood and metal work and photography and in these subjects he was able to pass on to the younger generations the wealth of his experience. As a Churchman Mr. Alexander served the local Bap-

tist Church as Secretary and Treasurer for many years and was President of the Reading Sunday School Union 1938/39.

Mr. Alexander's all-embracing passion was the Scout Movement. He founded the 3rd Berks. Troop in 1911 with eighteen boys and by 1920 it had grown to one hundred, such was his enthusiasm, attention to detail and forethought. He also filled many offices in the Local Scout Association and is best remembered for his work as Badge Secretary and in recognition of his service to the Movement he was awarded the coveted Silver Acorn.

Mr. Alexander was predeceased by his wife Nora, in January of this year.

Gosbrook Road Methodist Church

A son, Stewart Norman, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hackman on 13th June. Mr. and Mrs. Hackman already have a daughter, Catherine.

Julia Hackman is an active member of Gosbrook Road Methodist Church, being the joint Gift Day Secretary, with Mrs. Eunice Cooper, a member of the Young Wives' Group, and the Circuit Youth Secretary.

St. Paul's

At St. Paul's Presbyterian Church a Garden Party was held in the church grounds on Saturday 27th June. It was a pleasure to welcome back Dr. and Mrs. Roland Hill, former members of the congregation, who formally opened the proceedings. The weather was fine, a fair number of adults and a large number of children were present and everyone enjoyed the side-shows, the tea and the evening entertainment—a one-act play. Once again the organisers of the afternoon are to be congratulated on achieving a very successful result. Besides all this there is a wealth of value in people coming together and discussing all those little hardly noticed things that make up life. We were particularly glad to welcome back some of our younger married people who have left the neighbourhood and come back to see us.

St. Paul's people are very proud to know that a former well beloved minister of the congregation, the Rev. Kenneth Tyson, M.A., B.D., was awarded the Order of the British Empire recently. The goodwill of his friends is expressed towards him.

METHODIST CHURCH SUMMER MARKET



The Market in progress

Photo: Walton Adams

IT WAS ANOTHER FINE DAY FOR THE SUMMER MARKET AT CAVERSHAM METHODIST CHURCH on Saturday, 30th May. It was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Prior at 3 p.m. Various stalls had been well organised—Garden by Mrs. Kings, General by Mrs. West and Mrs. Wooldridge, Men's by Mr. Powell, and Sweets by Miss Jean Marshall and the Bran Tub by the Young Wives.

This year there was something new in the form of a Handicraft Exhibition organised by Mrs. Eileen Flint.

Items included paintings, pottery, embroidery, knitting, sewing, model making and flower arranging. These had all been arranged in the church.

MAPLEDURHAM PARISH COUNCIL

The monthly meeting of Mapledurham Parish Council was held on Tuesday, 16th June, 1970. Mr. E. F. Dawe, Chairman of the Council presided at the meeting.

The Council have been waiting for many years to hear that something positive is to take place regarding the construction of the turning circle at the bottom of the village, and at the meeting they were informed that the legal formalities had now been completed, and the County Surveyor's department should commence work within the next two or three weeks.

The Council are very disappointed that neither Oxfordshire C.C., Reading Borough Council or the developer at the Ridge Hall, Cliff House development in Upper Warren Avenue, which includes the escarpment area adjacent to The Warren are prepared to give the Parish Council any assistance, financial or otherwise, towards improving the particular area. The matter is being further pursued.

Despite continual pressure and countless letters sent to the County Council regarding the road to Mapledurham Village, the County Council are still not prepared to carry out any improvements on the road until next year, even though the proposed Country Park is due to be opened during this summer. The Parish Council are now asking for some road improvements to be carried out, if passing bays cannot yet be constructed.

At the same time the Council has expressed its very strong opposition to the opening of the Park until proper road improvements are carried out.

The Council were informed of a meeting that had taken place with a representative of the County Surveyor's department concerning the proposed re-routing of the Chiltern Queen's buses. It appeared to be the County Council's policy to divert as much traffic as possible to the B.479, and it was intended the B.4526 (Trench Green-Woodcote Road) shall be downgraded and become a single track road. It is probable this has influenced the bus company, but the Council are to make representations to the Traffic Commissioners and are hoping to appear before them when an appeal is finally heard.

The Council are wishing to obtain information from residents who suffer from poor and inadequate water pressure. They already have several names of persons who suffer this inconvenience; the problem is not confined to the present dry spell.

Upon receipt of this information which is being collected by the Clerk, action is to be taken with the Thames Valley Water Board in an endeavour to try and ease the problem.

The Council were advised of problems facing the residents of Graveney Drive, and will give the residents any help they are able.

The afternoon was concluded by the newly-formed Girls' Brigade, under the direction of Mrs. Ide, presenting a display. Mr. C. J. Mills, the treasurer, announced a result over £55. This was an increase on all previous records. Thanks was expressed by the Minister, the Reverend Terence Harris to all concerned.

Various competitions had been organised. Bowling was won by Mrs. Baker and Mr. Stephens; Ball game by Mrs. Lewis; biggest sucker of the Peas was Mr. Laker; Mr. Laker also won the Peg game; Mr. Stephens won the Horseshoe event; and the Treasure Hunt won by Mrs. Waters.

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ROUND THE ANGLICAN PARISH

Preoccupation with Mayday week events did not detract from good congregations at the patronal festivals of St. Barnabas and St. John's. There was a large congregation at St. Barnabas for festal Evensong on a hot Summer evening on June 10th when the preacher was the Rev. Peter Beresford-Peirse, until recently rural dean of Reading. Members of other districts were able to see for themselves the wonderful improvements to the hall. After the service the Churchwardens presented Mr. Walter Canning with a fireside chair on behalf of the congregations of the parish. Mr. Canning retired earlier this year from the Parochial Church Council after forty-seven years, service, having been secretary for much of that time. Mr. C. V. Burnside spoke of his work as a councillor and Dr. E. V.

Beale about his work as a member of the choir. Still singing at St. Peter's, it was appropriate that the presentation should take place at St. Barnabas where he had begun his musical career as a choirboy.

Another happy evening followed at St. John's on June 24th with a congregation larger than last year's. The preacher was the Rev. James Swift who until his ordination three years ago had been a member of St. John's and his visit was much appreciated by many of his old friends. He is now assistant curate at All Saints, Headington. The Rev. Terence Harris and members of Caversham Methodist Church were also present and a large number of choir members from the other parts of the parish came to help with the singing.

Ladies of St. Barnabas and St. John's served refreshments on both occasions.



Mr. Walter Canning in the chair presented to him by members of the parish.
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nesday, August 26th.

St. John's News

Members of the community who have long memories, will no doubt remember the Revd. D. A. Vile, Priest-in-charge here 30 years ago. Mr. Vile is now vicar of St. John's, Caterham, in Surrey.

Last year members of St. John's Mothers' Union visited Caterham as guests of the Mothers' Union there. In June this year the roles were reversed and it was Caversham's turn to be the host. Managing somehow to find their way through the sudden crop of traffic lights in Reading, Mr. and Mrs. Vile and their party of mums arrived in time for a short service in church. This was followed by an excellent tea over which stories were swapped and memories renewed.

Had Caversham changed? Not much thought Mr. Vile. Anyway its the people who matter and they were just as welcoming as he had remembered them.

St. Andrew's News

WOMEN'S GROUP

Glamour came to Caversham on June 25th in the form of a make-up demonstration. We were pleased to have invited the Rimmell International Ltd. to give us a talk and practical demonstration on make-up in general. Miss Harris gave us an excellent evening in which she applied make-up to Mrs. Pope, a member of the group, and in doing so passed on many tips to keep our complexions in good order.

Many members attended and we were very pleased to see their teenage daughters who must have been very interested in the correct method of looking after their skins.

On June 24th, 12 members of the group made a tour of the Marks and Spencers store and it proved very successful. This is the second party that has made this tour in the last six months and once again everyone was amazed at the small amount of staff that were required to run such a large store, bearing in mind the organization involved.

JUMBLE SALE

For the first time for many years St. Andrew's ran a Jumble Sale on Saturday, June 20th, in the Balmore Hall. A fine warm day, a large quantity of jumble—much of it of exceptionally good quality—and sheer hard work all contributed to an excellent result of £80. Particular thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls who kindly organised things for us. This sale was part of the Summer Fair and the proceeds like those of the Fair were given to Christian Aid.

ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE

The exterior of St. Andrew's House and garden has been improved recently by the erection of gates and fencing. A further addition which at the time of writing is on order but not yet in position, will be a name board on the front gate. Those who live near St. Andrew's are often being asked where the Priest in Charge lives. Such requests, it is hoped, will soon cease!

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Matthew Vincent on a first class honours degree in Chemical Engineering and a Research Fellowship at Sheffield University.

CAVERSHAM BRIDGE, AUGUST, 1970—SEVEN

Wedding at St. Andrew's



Mr. Stewart Buck and Miss Julie Holloway who were married at St. Andrew's Church on June 13th.
Walton Adams

ST. ANDREW'S ENTERTAINS STEPNEY MOTHERS

On a lovely June day members of St. Andrew's Mothers' Union derived much pleasure from entertaining a party of eighteen mothers of different nationalities, and their young children, from Stepney. The youngest member of the party was only five weeks old.

The Stepney visitors travelled by coach, and on arrival, lunch was served in St. Andrew's hall, after which they were taken to the Rectory garden, where they were welcomed by the

Rector and Mrs. Grimwade who had made their lovely garden by the river available. This was much enjoyed by the mothers and children, as most of them live in flats with no open space.

The weather was perfect, and afternoon tea and ice cream were served before their return home, laden with flowers, gifts of biscuits and sweets.

It meant quite a lot of hard work but all who helped found it very rewarding.

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Crime Prevention



Photo: Walton Adams.

IF THERE IS ONE THING GUARANTEED TO ANNOY LEONARD WILDEY it is hearing the expression "The perks of the job". For, as he rightly says, the remains of a tin of paint soon becomes a pint of paint and before long it is a two gallon tin. And when does 'taking perks' become downright dishonesty?

It is not surprising that

he has strong views on the subject because crime prevention is his job. After many years with the local police force, in August last year he was appointed as one of the two crime prevention officers for this district.

To talk to Mr. Wildey is to realise just how serious the problem is and how much our own carelessness contributes to the crime rate in the country today. Most of his time is spent visiting business premises and advising on security methods, methods which are constantly changing. As he says, there is no way of preventing the determined criminal from breaking in, but a great deal can be

done to prevent amateur thefts. It is amazing how trusting we all are. "We were only gone five minutes", we say, and seem surprised that anyone took advantage of our absence.

Did you know that two million pounds' worth of goods are stolen in the Thames Valley area in one year alone, or that over 4,000 cars are stolen, to say nothing of petty thefts from cars themselves. Mr. Wildey considers that at least 75% of these crimes could be avoided if people took sensible precautions. He tells the story of the man who had the latest lock fitted to his safe but forgot to notice that the outside hinges could be dismantled in a couple of minutes.

Apart from advising firms on security, he and his colleague often give talks to various organisations and shortly they are going to visit the local schools with a film entitled "Don't talk to strangers".

Mr. Wildey, who lives with his wife Margaret—or Terry as she prefers to be called—and young son David, in Briants Avenue, is a very useful member of our local community. So if you want to know more about the subject of crime prevention and methods of security he will be very willing to help. And, in the meantime, if we can co-operate by keeping our houses more secure, locking cars and removing the keys, he'd be awfully grateful. As he says, prevention is better than cure any time.

ROUND THE CLUBS

Emmer Green Townswomen's Guild

The most recent contribution to the Social Study Group programme "Religions of the World" was the Venerable Boochuay Ketatissa. This delightful Buddhist Monk, complete with his gold coloured robes and shoulder bag, told us of the disciplines of his religion which began in the 6th Century B.C. Of the 4 Buddhist temples in Britain, our speaker came from the one run by monks from Thailand who cater for the needs of the Thai people in this country.

Of topical interest was the talk given by Miss Claire Dover, Science correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, to the monthly meeting on the eve of the recent newspaper strike, her subject being "Fleet Street".

Caversham Afternoon Townswomen's Guild

"Antecedents of the Townswomen's Guilds were the Women's Suffrage Societies. It was therefore fitting that there were many absentees from the Guild meeting on Election Day, many members being involved in Election duties". There were the opening remarks of the Guild Chairman, Mrs. A. Smith, who also welcomed two new members.

The Speaker, a member of the Avon and Kennet Navigation Society, Mrs. E. Hutchings, gave a very interesting illustrated talk on "Colourful Canals". She described the fascination in boating on the various canals; she also supplied the historical background of the canals and linked them up with the European Conservation year, as much work is being done to clean and restore our canals, both by local Authorities and voluntary workers.

A full report of the National Council meeting held in the Albert Hall on May 20th and 21st was given by the delegate, Mrs. A. Smith.

On the 26th May a group of members and some husbands had an enjoyable evening at the Piccadilly Theatre, London, and on June 10th a group of forty people visited the Crimplene factory at Hayes, Middlesex, many returning with one or more dress lengths. (There is to be a fashion competition when the dresses are made up).

The result of the Guild's effort for the Caversham May Day week was £15.

The Caversham Heights Townswomen's Guild

With the General Election fixed for the day of their monthly meeting and St. Andrew's Hall in use as a Polling Station, Caversham Heights Townswomen were faced with a change of plans for their Ninth Birthday Party but, with the stoic unflappability one has come to expect of Townswomen's Committees all the Kingdom over, the Committee soon had preparations under

way to provide a feast worthy of the occasion and a social event long to be remembered in the life of the Guild.

The Drama Group gave a most polished performance of the play "Caroline"—the same play with which they had carried off the cup for the best performance by a Women's Group in the recent Woodley Festival. The part of Caroline, an embittered woman bent on spreading her own unhappiness, was played with great understanding, but it would be unfair to single out the name of any one performer as the parts of the people whose lives and happiness she destroyed were all portrayed with a depth of feeling not often found in an amateur production, and more than one Guild member was to be seen surreptitiously brushing away a tear as members accorded prolonged and enthusiastic applause to the performers!!

During the month a party of members enjoyed a trip to the Watermill Theatre to see the "Grass is Greener", and a second trip to this popular theatre is planned for July 21st.

Maplewood W.I.

The President, Mrs. Betty Lewis, welcomed the speaker, Mrs. Barbara Justham, who fascinated members with her memories as an opera singer. Miss de Peyer gave her account of the Annual General Meeting at the Albert Hall. Thanks were given to Mrs. Warwick whose coffee tainment raised £6 4s. 0d. Bursaries to Denman College were voted for and won by Mrs. Harden and Mrs. Matthews. Coming events include Mrs. Wooldridge's Garden Party on August 18th. The stall for 'Mayday' week was well supported. Raffles were

won by Mrs. Mayo and Mrs. Thomas.

Keep Fit classes begin in September.

Mapledurham W.I.

At the June meeting at Trench Green, the President, Mrs. Lacey, gave a report on the A.G.M. at the Royal Albert Hall which she had attended. A demonstration of hair styles and different wigs was given by "Barbara", a hair stylist of Caversham, which was interesting and amusing—a colour photograph was taken of the different "models".

Blagrove W.I.

Before members and friends visited Littlecote House near Hungerford Mrs. Wright presided at the meeting which was held in the coach. After a ballot Mrs. Birks and Miss Reynolds were winners of the tickets for the champagne party at Watlington House.

Arrangements were discussed for upholstery classes to take place in the autumn. Three new members were welcomed.

Rosehill W.I.

Mrs. Green, the President, welcomed the members, visitors and one new member to the seventh birthday party.

Miss C. Stevenson was awarded the Silver Bowl for most points in the competitions through the year. Mrs. Isaac, a visitor from Springfield St. Luke, won a competition. The birthday cake made by Mrs. Neal and iced by Mrs. Kelling, was cut by Mrs. Sizer (V.C.O.). Entertainment was provided by Bursaries to Denman College were voted for and won by Mrs. Harden and Mrs. Matthews. Coming events include Mrs. Wooldridge's Garden Party on August 18th. The stall for 'Mayday' week was well supported. Raffles were

Cotton Lingerie and nightwear by Wolsey and Morley.
Cotton Blouses by Aertex and London Pride.
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A real-life experience from a contributor who wishes to remain anonymous.

to a friend

God knows what I expected when I crawled into your study that evening. Certainly not the comfort handed out by well-meaning friends. "You can't have cancer, you'd look much worse", they said. Nor did I expect you to say, as a braver friend did: "Cheer up, you can only die once". Besides, I wasn't at all sure I was afraid of dying. As to miracles, well it wasn't that I didn't believe in them; I just didn't see myself as a recipient. My faith was too weak, for one thing.

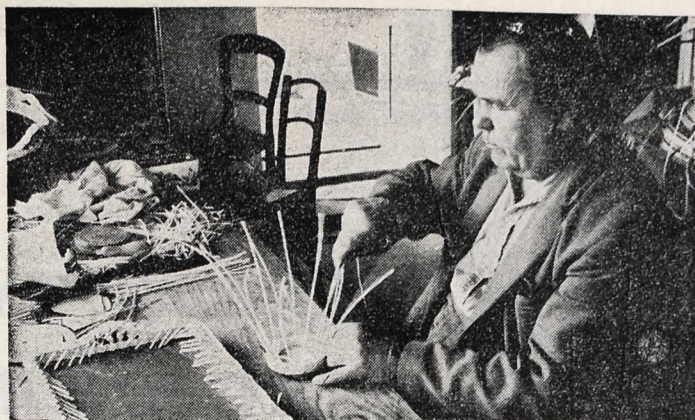
I only knew I was terribly frightened, past human comfort, scared to face the period which must elapse before hospital tests revealed the cause of the trouble. Others might take the experience with some degree of control—somehow I couldn't.

Actually I remember little of what was said during that first brief interview. Looking back I realise you obeyed the rules, listened, held out a helping hand, fixed another appointment. But at the time I was only conscious of having been utterly honest, of no longer being alone. I was glad of the brief respite and prayed for strength to combat the panic I know would return in the morning.

But I had been up for a good ten minutes before remembering there was a chance—albeit a very small one—that I might have an incurable illness. I paused, seconds passed—no panic, no terror. Perhaps I was too exhausted to feel anything.

Hours passed, I became puzzled. In the middle of a morning's work I deliberately dwelt on the possibilities of cancer. Still no panic. As the hours turned into days and the zombie-like trance became a real sense of calm, I let out my breath, began to live again. My physical condition for a time seemed, if anything, rather worse. But now I could live with it, now I could wait for tests and X-rays. Days turned to weeks and calmness became positive happiness. Life became interesting, I could laugh again.

Now, months later, presented with a clean bill of health, I ask myself was it a miracle? But why me, why then? I don't know, I just don't know.



THE SUE RYDER FOUNDATION
by Ellsye M. Finnie

A patient, resident of the Cavendish Home, making trays. These are sold in the Sue Ryder Remembrance Shops to help raise funds.

A New Life for Victims of Nazi Horror Camps

*They see her here; they see her there;
The needy find her everywhere.
Courageous; Brave; Who can she be?*

She is Sue Ryder O.B.E.

(With apologies to Baroness Orczy)

The name 'Sue Ryder' is fast becoming a legend in many parts of the world as the organisation founded by this remarkable woman continues its giant task of caring and concern.

Suffered

The Sue Ryder Foundation was created to provide a permanent and living memorial especially to the people who died in the Nazi concentration camps. The symbol of the organisation is a spray of rosemary, but for those who suffered and survived this is not for remembrance of the past. It stands instead for hope for the future. It is a pledge by the Foundation that in its compassionate concern its aim is to wipe out shattering memories that appal and replace with something of the fragrance of rosemary.

For the victims who died in the ghetto sad hearts can only mourn. But for the torn, battered survivors help and encouragement was needed if they were to regain their rightful place in society when the war ended. In 1945 Sue

Ryder joined an Anglo-French Mission caring for these people, and when in 1951 the official teams withdrew she continued alone in the camps, hospitals, and prisons. In 1957 she was awarded the O.B.E. in recognition of her work which she has gone on doing ever since. Today there are Homes and Settlements in Poland, Germany, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Israel, Greece, India and England.

The threads of the organisation are held together in an office at Cavendish in Suffolk and the heart of it all is Sue Ryder herself. She and her husband, Group Capt. G. E. Cheshire, V.C., D.F.C., D.S.O., have a flat at headquarters and a family of two. Leaving them for long periods at a time is one of the personal sacrifices Sue Ryder makes for what is now her life work.

As well as survivors and the children of victims of Nazi persecution, the Foundation cares for sick and disabled people of all ages, providing homes for the homeless, equipment for the handicapped, security, hope and a bright prospect of useful and happy living.

Remembrance Shops

The organisation depends on voluntary contributions and funds are raised by means of bazaars, fetes, selling of greetings cards, etc. There are Sue Ryder Remembrance Shops in several towns in this country and income from them is now an important factor in their finances, but even more shops are wanted.

A minibus "Joshua" was bought with the help of a collection of trading stamps and Sue Ryder drives herself in this over her vast territory, totting up some 50,000 miles each year. She makes time to visit solitary sufferers in their own home as well as keeping in constant touch with the many Homes and Settle-

ments. She receives no salary and pays her own travelling costs, sometimes even sleeping in the van rather than at an hotel to keep expenses to a minimum.

There is a wide vision of ever more Homes, more equipment for the disabled, further supplies for increasing need. They state that for every £22 donated to the Foundation a wheelchair can be bought. A sum of £58 will buy an artificial limb, and £150 will go far towards maintaining a bed in one of their Homes. At the moment for every bed they have there is a long waiting list of needy people.

Gratitude

Those who have reason to bless its founder express their gratitude in various ways. Some who lived through the horrors of war, prisons and camps are now professional musicians, singers and actors, but are willing to postpone official engagements to participate in a concert in aid of the funds. A group of Polish musicians recently toured this country for eight weeks, giving nightly concerts. Their programme included some of the haunting music that had been com-

posed in secret in the shadow of the extermination camp, melodies that stir the heart strings, poignant yet triumphant. For these people the scars are fading and with the help and encouragement of the Sue Ryder Foundation their mind has been turned to music and their voices into singing.

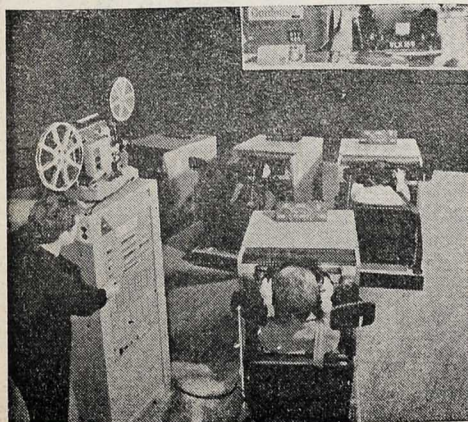
Local Committees

As a result of these concerts more interest has been aroused in the Sue Ryder Foundation, more local Committees are being set up and more money has found its way into the very worthy 'kitty'.



Sue Ryder

IDT/LINK AT CHRISTIAN ROAD SAFETY LEAGUE EXHIBITION



Indoor Driver Trainer Car Simulator on Show at Guildford Cathedral

An IDT/Link car simulator—an essential part of the equipment which makes up a complete system for giving initial driver training in the complete safety of the "classroom"—was shown by the manufacturers, Indoor Driver Trainers, Ltd., at the Christian Road Safety League's Exhibition at Guildford Cathedral in July.



time off

TELEVISION by Harold Jeffries



Frankie Howerd as he appeared in the series "Up Pompeii" with actress Valerie Leon.

Humour is a many splendoured thing

One man's meat is another man's pain in the neck. Way-out furniture in sleek modern design is the acme of good taste and gracious living to one and a clinical mass of chrome, leather and stainless steel rubbish to another. There is, as they say, no accounting for taste.

This holds good for most of life and particularly in the realms of humour. What sends one member of the human race into paroxysms of eyetrickling, heart-taxing, explosive mirth, leaves another stonily silent.

Because of all this it would be quite wrong to rule out the blue comic as unfunny simply because he may not be some people's cup of tea. In any

case it is a fair argument that sex is as good (and perhaps a better) source of merriment than a trip on a banana skin. At least it's less cruel. The trouble with sex as a source of humour is that it can become a deadly, crushing, awful BORE.

That's why so many T.V. light-entertainment programmes can leave you yawning rather than laughing. Take Frankie Howerd's latest exploit "Up Pompeii"—a light-hearted romp through the bedrooms of ancient Rome. The series had one joke and even the comic genius of Frankie Howerd and the ability of a supporting cast couldn't make it seem any less of a drag. Humour, like everything else,



Bill Cosby, American Television actor and comedian.

demands some sort of variety. That's why the Bill Cosby show seen recently on B.B.C.2 was so refreshing. One man, a microphone and nothing else but inventive genius gave us a wide choice in humour. Whether as Noah enquiring "Say Lord what's a cubit?" or a comparison of a dog and a cat as domestic pets, or two brothers who just will not go to sleep on a hot summer night, the humour of Bill Cosby was clever, well-observed and, above all, varied.

No one would pretend that Frankie Howerd is not a gifted comedian but it is surprising how dull a gifted comedian can be if his material gets stuck in a rut.

For my money we need more Bill Cosby type humour and less of "Up Pompeii" to liven up the T.V. laugh shows.

youth hostelling

by Chris de la Perrelle

The Youth Hostel Association was founded to encourage all, and especially young people, to explore the countryside and thus to promote their health, rest and education. The development of youth hostelling was largely due to a German schoolmaster, Richard Schirrmann, who at the turn of the century was appalled at slum conditions in the cities, where streets were the only playgrounds. Schirrmann had the idea that if the country would not come into the city, the children must go into the

country. This he proceeded to set in motion and due to inadequate resting places he opened "Youth Hostels" where they could now stay. The first hostel to be opened was in an old castle in Burg Altena in 1909, and ever since this date the movement has grown steadily. By 1931 there were 20 hostels and now in 1970 there are about 265 to be found in England and Wales alone.

Problems

One of the greatest problems that faced the early

hostels was that of finance, a problem that is still with us today. The present Y.H.A. annual membership fees are: The young (5 years and under 16) 5/6, Juniors (16 and under 21) 12/6, and Seniors (21 and over) £1.0.0. On top of these are the actual hostel charges. Overnight fees are about 5/- and meals about 3/-. For those who wish to cook in the members' kitchen, the cost is only 1/-. This low cost of accommodation is maintained because the hostellers are expected to take

an active part in the daily chores such as cleaning up and assisting food preparation.

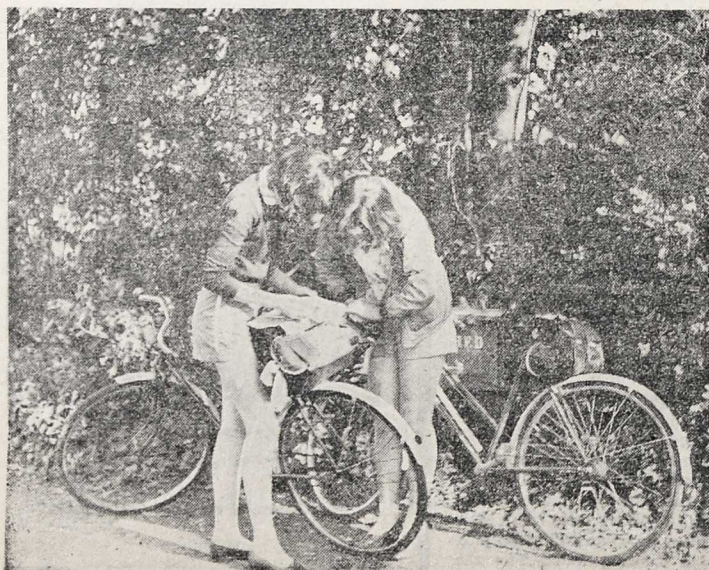
The Hostels

Any member may stay at a hostel for up to three nights in succession. There is always a common room in a hostel but this is often used as the dining room as well. Sleeping quarters are adequate, usually in the form of dormitories, washing facilities are always provided. Almost every hostel has a members' kitchen and most have small food stores. After reading this do not think that all hostels are built specifically for Youth Hostelling, but many are reconstructed and adapted for this purpose. Hostel buildings vary from cottage to castle but all offer similar facilities.

The Future

With a membership of just over 200,000, the future of the Y.H.A. is dependent on the members themselves. One must remember that the Y.H.A. is a form of simple accommodation for those who wish to travel cheaply under their own steam, that is on foot, by cycle or canoe.

Apart from the hostels in England and Wales, there are another forty countries which have thriving youth hostel associations and in which your Y.H.A. membership is valid.



"Say Lord, what's a cubit?"

THAT SLANG AGAIN!

NATIONAL COMPASS, AUGUST, 1970—SEVEN.



"Take up your Uncle Ned and walk".

Remember last month's rhyming slang? We promised you more, and here it is. What do you make of these Bible sayings where we've replaced one or two words in each sentence with a rhyming slang expression? No answers given, but there's a clue for you to check with.

- (1) Take up your Uncle Ned and walk. (Matthew 9: 6)
- (2) Jacob awaked out of his bo-peep. (Genesis 28: 16)

- (3) I will lift up my mincepies unto the mountains. (Psalm 121: 1)
- (4) The love of bees and honey is the root of all evil. (1 Timothy 6: 10)
- (5) And the mincepie cannot say to the brass band, I have no need of thee, or again the loaf of bread to the plates of meat, I have no need of you. (1 Corinthians 12: 21)
- (6) For whosoever shall do the will of my Father. . . he is my one and t'other and skin and blister, and mother. (Matthew 12:50)

Young



"I will lift up my mincepies . . ."

Compass

FOR A WET DAY

The diagonal of the square printed below shows the five vowels, and the "X's" are missing letters. With the help of the clues, find what the missing words reading across are. The initial letters reading down will spell something that's useful in the mornings.

(Answer below)

XXXXX
XEXXX
XXIXX
XXXOX
XXXXU

1. Famous for his fables.
2. To do with the law.
3. Get up!
4. Jolly sharp, and used by Pa!
5. Animal noise.



Club Message

5 237 JT5A 5? 5TT Y9AC5JJ
YT12 A4A241J. Y5B? Q91
L1374, L9b? Q91 L1374, L4
L91TX T9K4 ?9 8451 5291?
89T3X5QJ, L85? Q91 514 793B7
?9 X9 B4 +? 241A 5BX 5291?
5BQ 4+Y373B7 783B7J 785?
85K4 85CC4B4X ?9 Q91 91
Q91 65A3TQ. L4TT C13B?
4 ?15Y?J 619A 784 24J?
t4?741J, J9 L1374, :1374, :1374
?9 1J.

SPECIAL from our Reporter

YOUNG COMPASS'S roaming reporter, ever on the look out for news and comments for our readers, took a walk-about last week. Then she did a spot of standing and staring. Later, in a burst of indignation, she sent us this report.

Frankly, I'm horrified—repeat horrified—at the sight of some girls I've seen around. Too many of them look dishy front view and sluttish back view. Down at heel, scuffy shoes, hair fabulously back-combed and arranged in the front, but I doubt if the backs of their heads have seen or felt a brush or comb in weeks. Pity the poor guy sitting behind one of these bedraggled creatures on the bus! What a view! What a let-down! And talking of shoes, it seems that some dolls hate cleaning shoes. So do I! But dirty, muddy, mucky shoes make a girl (or a boy, come to that) look a right mess. And as for tights, I saw far too many festooned with ladders. Better save on something else and invest in a new pair of tights than make dishy legs look undishy. And another slam. This time at chipped nail varnish. Horrid! Revolting! Better no varnish than chipped polish that screams to be cleaned off. The rule is, off with the lot at the first sign of a chip.



Sorry, some of you girls, but it's time you bucked up your ideas a bit and watched these little details. Believe me, they make or mar.



NELBARDEN SWIMWEAR—Jack Carter, London.

The Silly Season

Newspaper reporters (and some other people) often call the summer months 'The Silly Season'. Parliament is on holiday, no world conferences are being held, and news of politics is scarce. So there has to be a general scrape around for less important news. 'Well, so what?' asks **Young Compass**.

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

ANSWER TO WORD SQUARE

Aesop, Legal, Arise, Razor, Mlaou.



SHOE SHINE?

Top marks to eighty young people who recently decided that rather than wear shoes out on a charity walk they would organise a free shoe-shine in one of our cities, and get their sponsors to pay per pair rather than per mile. They manned shoe-shine teams at the station and at several points in the city centre, and polished everything from bover boots to slim sandals. Result? They made more than £100 to help pay for country weekend holidays for poor children.

ZANY CLARA



Zany Clara wants to know if the bathing belles, up above, strike every hour



The Welfare WORKERS

Man in the street

by Ken Hills

"What broke Humpty Dumpty into bits?"

"His fall?"

"No, kindness—and they'll never get him back together again."

It is a strange thing that what is intended as kindness in our society can often have the effect of carving people up. Get a bit of trouble in a family and it can become like a gold rush! Specialists in social welfare rush in and stake their claims—all with the best possible intentions.

You may think you're one person—but by the time you've been helped, you'll find you're divided up into a parent, a husband, a car-owner, a debtor, a tax payer, a rent payer or householder, an applicant for a benefit, a patient, a client, and a dozen other things as well—and the chances are there'll be a specialist for each of you. You will be helped, pigeon-holed, and spiritually carved up!

A teacher tells of a pupil who has drifted into trouble. He yearns to discuss the child's problem with the parents, the probation officer, the school attendance officer, a welfare worker, and a youth leader, all together. He is sure that by doing so they can all help each other to help the girl—the whole girl with her whole problem. He says he hasn't a chance. It isn't done.

The conditions under which our faithful workers in human welfare do their devoted best are bedevilled by rules and regulations, by shortage of workers, huge "caseloads," departmental jealousies and professional snobbery.

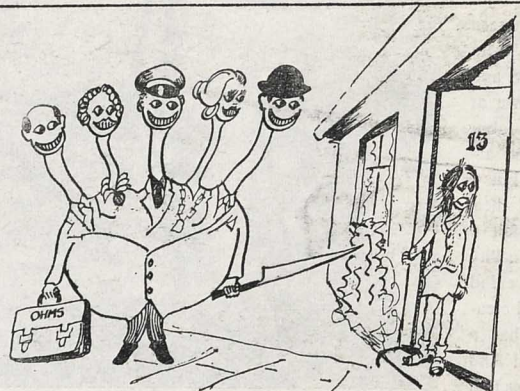
We all have reason to be grateful for the way they do their work—despite everything. But work in social welfare is frustrated by the separateness of its many parts.

Simply to applaud workers in social welfare for what they achieve is like lauding hospital doctors—and ignoring the 100 hours a week they have to work, or extolling teachers and nurses and ignoring their low pay. It won't do.

Yet, that's just what we're doing in so many aspects of our society today—perpetuating inefficiencies, injustices, hypocrisies—under a welter of praise for those who struggle under them.

We just sit like soldiers playing dice at the foot of a man's Cross saying: "My, you ARE a Son of God," satisfied that we've done our duty.

It isn't enough—and we have little time to change our ways, for the trend of modern society is more and more to analyse and categorise you—and to make acts of humanity harder and harder.



"Hey, Mum, there's a man at the door. He says he's come about our troubles. He says he's come to help."

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WATCH OUT and be a good neighbour

If you are going away be sensible.

If you are staying at home be a good neighbour.

If you are going on holiday, before leaving your home it is only sensible to take the following important precautions against crime.

Cancel papers.

Cancel milk.

Remove empty milk bottles.

Cancel bread.

Cancel any other goods deliveries. (Do not leave notes).

Deposit valuable jewellery and silver with your bank.

Lock the shed, garage, and ladder.

Leave curtains in normal position.

Securely fasten all windows.

Lock outer doors.

Take your keys, or leave with neighbour.

Request neighbour to visit house while you are away.

Tell the police your address, the dates between which you will be away, where you can be contacted, the name of a neighbour keeping an eye on your house and who is holding the keys.

If you are a neighbour keeping an eye on the house of somebody on holiday:

Look around the house EACH DAY.

Visit at IRREGULAR intervals.

Check front and REAR.

Push CIRCULARS, etc., out of sight.

Keep an eye on strangers visiting or showing an interest in the house: be cautious about giving them information.

IMMEDIATELY inform the police of anything SUSPICIOUS, HOWEVER TRIVIAL IT MAY SEEM.