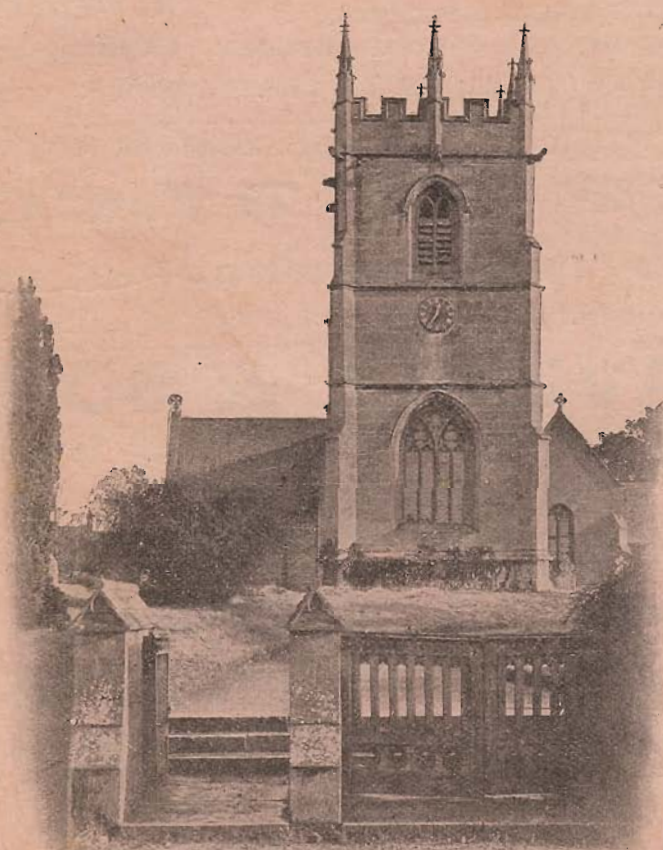


VOL. 13 No 9.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

Badsey—with—Aldington and Wickhamford
Parochial Magazine.



EVESHAM :

W. & H. Smith Ltd., The Journal Press.

Badsey with Aldington & Wickhamford Parish Magazine.

PORTSMOUTH.

One drawback to living in the Midland Counties is the great distance of the sea, but once you make up your mind to get to the coast you have a wonderful choice of seaside places to visit. And so we found, and the rival claims of Llandudno, Blackpool, Weymouth, Weston, and Cardiff required careful consideration before Portsmouth was finally decided on. A convenient trip was billed for Saturday, August 20, and the Stationmaster at Littleton and Badsey kindly stopped the train for us and reserved three compartments. My first impressions on the eventful morning were far from pleasant. "Bang! Bang! It's half-past three!" What had I done to be thus disturbed from my innocent slumbers at such an unearthly hour? There was no grass to cut—nor was any comet due. Suddenly I remembered it was "the Trip." So lighting a candle, and hastily donning my clothes, I hurried out. Feet were scurrying up and down the lane in the dark, voices were hailing one another, and one could detect the suppressed excitement in the familiar tones, even of such hardened travellers as the Twins. By a quarter past four the party to which I was attached was paraded, numbered and started off to the station, marching down to the dulcet strains of the tin whistle. Behind us at a safe distance came the ladies, escorted by Mr G. E. Jones and Mr. W. Sparrow. The train was rather late, so we beguiled the time by counting our pocket money and comparing notes thereon. The train when it did come was evidently anxious to get to its destination, for the part reserved for the Badsey Choir went whizzing past the end of the platform, and had to backreluctantly. We all made a rush for our carriage, and in a few seconds were safely stowed in and on our way. The journey proved a time of hopes and fears, for at Moreton it began to rain hard. Later on it cleared, and near Reading the sun shone brilliantly, but in the run through Hampshire it clouded over again and scuds of rain

fell. In our compartment we found interest in tracing the course of the Evenlode, from its first appearance as a tiny brook until we lost it as a good sized river, just before it joined the Thames. We passed two Cathedral cities—Oxford and Winchester—but could see little of either. Portsmouth was reached about half-past nine. Roll call on the platform, and then quick march to an eating house, where we had a most reviving cup of tea. We had already lost all traces of the others, and saw nothing more of them until night. There was a great crowd at the Dockyard gate, for was not the great battleship Orion to be launched that morning? We thought it best not to go in, but hired a boat instead, in which half of the party ventured, leaving the rest on shore amusing themselves by watching the busy scene. The party in the boat proceeded up the harbour, and after leaving the friendly shelter of the jetty some of us had a new experience. The sea was choppy, and the boat became lively, decidedly lively. "Just like a switchback," one boy said. But we all enjoyed it greatly. The green waves, the stately blue warships, and the dancing small craft, with the fresh bracing wind—to us from the Midlands it all seemed to give new life, and was better than any tonic. Our boatman pointed out the position of the Orion, and almost immediately shouted "Here she comes," and we saw the great hull speeding down, amid the hooting of the steamers. She took the water "like a swan." It was marvellous to see how quickly the tugs brought her round. On our way back we came close by a big first-class battleship, The Prince of Wales. We could see her 12in. guns, her 6in. quick-firers, her torpedo nets and booms, and we felt like naval experts, capable of deciding the question of "mixed calibre" ships on the spot. Next her was a fine cruiser with raking funnels and masts, and we met a wicked-looking torpedo-boat destroyer with its low black hull and funnels.

(To be concluded.)

Badsey—with—Aldington and Wickhamford Parochial Magazine.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

When Florence Nightingale, who died last month at the age of 90, left England for the Crimea in 1854, she took with her a staff of 38 nurses, including ten Roman Catholic and fourteen Church of England "Sisters of Mercy." Such a choice at such a time was viewed with some alarm by over-timid Protestants. A subtle plot to disseminate "Popery" or (what was regarded as only different in degree) "Puseyism" among the soldiers was suspected, and people were even warned against subscribing money for the relief of the sick and wounded, because it was likely to pass through "Popish" hands. One nervous person, who was anxious to subscribe to the fund, but was fearful lest the subscription should go to help in propagating doctrines popularly held to be false on the score either of antiquity or novelty, consulted an Irish clergyman and asked him to what "sect" Miss Nightingale belonged. The Irishman's answer was characteristic—"To a very rare one—the sect of the Good Samaritan."

A MESSAGE FROM THE BISHOP.

As the Bishop has dispensed the clergy of this neighbourhood from the obligation of Mattins on Sunday, September 25th, in order that they and their flocks may attend the Ordination at Evesham, there will be no 11 o'clock service at Badsey on that day. The Ordination will be held at All Saints' Church, the service commencing at 10 o'clock, and it is hoped that many from Badsey and Wickhamford may avail themselves of the privilege of being present.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Parish Library will re-open on Monday, October 3.

There will be a Confirmation for the parishes of Badsey and Wickhamford at Badsey Church on February 21, 1911, at 3 p.m. Classes will begin in October, and candidates, who should not be under 13 years of age, should give in their names at the Vicarage before October 1.

