

(continued from previous page)

Fellowes, a well-known stage actor for 25 years. Three years ago he was appearing in the West End with Eric Portman in the play *His Excellency*, and expected that he was headed for a long run. Coming home tired from the theatre one night, he stepped out of an underground railway carriage before it had stopped and slipped on to the live rail. One leg and the foot of the other had to be amputated. Owen Fellowes was trying to strike it rich so that he could send his wife and young son on a holiday. The three years since his accident had been as grim for them as for him, he explained.

All the money-hunters did well, risking a pound or two of the initial three allowed them and either building up or slipping back as the questions ranged through history, famous people, arithmetic and popular songs. But only one who had the courage to risk his three pounds straight out and to keep doubling up made the ultimate of £150. He was the Rev. Vivian Symons, of Biggin Hill. His parish—in that little place made famous through its Air Force fighter station during the Battle of Britain days—is an impoverished one. This clergyman found he had no church, only a hall to use for his services. He had the idea of buying an old disused church in London and moving it, literally, brick by brick, to Biggin Hill. With energy and enthusiasm, the Rev. Symons and members of his congregation sought and soon found a truck and willing helpers for their task. The radio show became the clergyman's opportunity to raise money for petrol.

"How much do you think the petrol for this expedition of moving a church would cost?" asked Eamonn Andrews.

"I'd say £150!" promptly answered the reverend contestant—and proceeded to get it.

## ROUNDELAY

*DOWN the hall of twilight green  
Or room of the admiring mirrors,  
Scornful of the lurking errors,  
Let your dancing foot be seen.  
While the light of love is shed  
And youth is scarfed about your head,  
For you the dance is softly set,  
Daphne, Doris, Margaret.*

*Bodies blend in tangled play,  
You are in your native waters,  
Taught by blood triumphing daughters  
Through the tumult tread the way.  
No event can halt the path,  
Not old regret nor instant wrath,  
For life is true and pretty yet  
As Daphne, Doris, Margaret.*

*But late begins another ball  
In which the motion slowly passes  
With faces in the shameful glasses  
And shadows clinging to the wall:  
But you must learn this thing to do—  
To make a dance of days for you,  
And hurl your laughters at the threat  
O Daphne, Doris, Margaret.*

—J. R. Hervey

A GIRL I know says that a zipper stuck half shut is the second worst discomfort in the world—the worst being one stuck half open. I debated the point. I didn't see the difference. It appears that half shut means a little more delay in arriving, whereas half open means late to bed. — J. D. McDonald in a talk in *Here's My Discomfort*, an NZBS series.



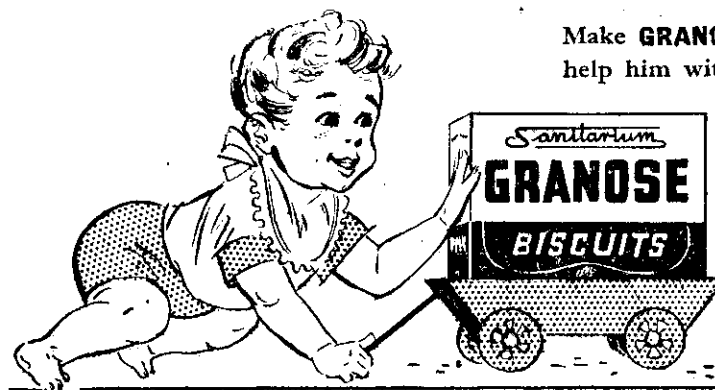
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