**Manchester Evening News**

**Rector Criticises Church Over Rents
By A Staff Reporter**

 Rector of St. Wilfrid’s, Newton Heath, the Rev. Denis Shaw has criticized the dean and canons of Manchester Cathedral, who are the landlords for many houses in Newton Heath, for their treatment of shopkeeper tenants in Oldham Road.
 The shopkeepers have received notice terminating their tenancy, with the option of entering into a new tenancy at increased rentals.
 The attack came in a letter which Mr. Shaw wrote in St. Wilfrid’s parish magazine.
 He said: “The Oldham Road shops have been struggling for a long time. Now it’s the last straw.”
 **He said the Church was doing what any other landlord would do. “But what is right in law can be iniquitous in the kingdom of God.”** The land at Newton Heath was given to the Church in the fourteenth century for use as burial ground. It wasn’t until the Industrial Revolution that it was developed for housing.

***SUFFERING***

 The Oldham road shopkeepers are suffering from the growth of the council housing estates in New Church Street, and the consequent building of larger shops and supermarkets in the area.
 Canon R. H. Preston, of Manchester Cathedral, said: “The whole business is a public service which causes us a great deal of time and trouble, and we get almost negligible returns of about one per cent.
 “The principles for the running of the estate, which is in the hands of the trustees, are carefully laid down by Act of Parliament.
 “It seems a mistake for Mr. Shaw to publish something like this when any question about the estate can always be raised with us.”

**GIFTED STUDENTS SHUN SCIENCE**By a Staff Reporter

 Industry will be starved of scientists for many years to come – unless enough gifted students can be attracted into all the courses available at universities.

This was the prediction today of Manchester College of Science and Technology’s careers officer, Mr. Bernard Holloway, following a report from the Universities Central Council on Admissions.
 The report said that most universities had vacancies for sciences students, while all the other courses were full up.
 The emphasis was on the lack of quality rather than the quantity of the students admitted.
 Mr. Alan Pennington, the director of industrial liaison at the Manchester College of Science and Technology said: “There is no mystery surrounding the lack of science students. It is simply that not enough elect to do science in the sixth form after “O” levels and even after “A” levels, not enough of the brighter students choose science.
 “Those going to the arts side tend to be better students.”
 He added: “It is by no means an even picture. Every desk is filled for students of chemistry and chemical engineering, but for a course on textiles, even in Manchester there are empty desks.”
 He gave bad science teaching as an added reason.
 The vacancy figure for the present academic year in the science faculty at the Manchester College of Science and Technology is 9 per cent. Out of 1,823 students there are 176 vacancies. This means that 14 science departments out of 20 have vacancies.

**Missing Teenagers Marry at Gretna**By Our Correspondent

Three weeks after eloping from Stockport, a teenage couple were married in Gretna today. They were Anne Goddard, a 17-year-old machinist, of Broadway, Bredbury, and 18-year-old George Ryder, of Swythamley Road, headle Heath.
 Police began a search when Anne’s parents reported her missing.
 Said George: “I had a letter from my parents, who were quite agreeable to my marriage. I wrote to the police and told them where we were.” Said Anne: “My parents would not let me get engaged and said that I could not marry until I was 21.

They had nothing against George. We met six months ago at a dance hall in Stockport.
 “We planned to come to Gretna two or three weeks before we left. I took my clothes – so many each day – to George’s home and then we left by train.
 “I’ll go back to my parents’ home to collect my clothes, but I don’t’ know what sort of reception I’ll get.”

***HITCH-HIKED***

The couple left immediately after their wedding to hitch-hike home. George’s parents expected the couple home before midnight. Said Mrs. Ryder, mother of nine children: “Anne’s a lovely girl and they are both very lucky. He is a sensible lad and I know he will look after her. We will do everything we can to help them.”
 Anne will not be going back to her parents’ home when she arrives tonight, according to Mrs. Ryder. The couple are going to look for a flat on their return.

**Homes Hit By Torrent of Mud and Water**By A Staff Reporter

Three families watched helplessly today as a torrent of muddy water poured into their homes in Dean Lane, Hazel Grove, near Stockport, flooding into cellars and foundations, and over their gardens.
 The water was pouring out at the rate of hundreds of gallons a minute from a broken water pipe under the street.
 Forcing its way through the tarmac the water flooded neighbouring streets.
 The three Dean Lane houses, lying on a lower level than the street, were badly flooded.
 Said Mrs. Cynthia Walmsley, aged 35, of Dean Lane: “When I looked out about one o’clock this morning the street was like a swimming pool.
 **“Our foundations were 10 inches deep in water and sludge.** “The fire brigade pumped most of it out but we are worried about the foundations and the dampness. Our garden has been completely wrecked.”
 Mud from the foundations of the road was carried up with the water and has left a one-inch film over neighbouring streets and gardens.

***15in DEEP***

Said a neighbour, 52-year-old Mr. George Stonier: “The stream came through the side gates of my garden. My cellar was 15in deep in water.”
 Water Board and fire brigade officers switched off the supply in the area.
 A Water Board official said: “The road had completely subsided over the pipe and we were able to get at it quickly.
 A contradicting firm who have been on the site laying a water main, were today working to replace the fractured pipe.
 “It looks as if the foundations of the road are badly damaged but we won’t know the extent until we get a surveyor on the site.”

**The Minstrel Who’s Just A Big Mystery
By James Fox**

Bob Dylan, the original musician of folk-poetry, blew into town today on another wave of sell-out concerts, to sing at the Free Trade Hall.
 And this “modern minstrel genius,” as American poet Allen Ginsberg called him, this self-elected reject from the middle-class backwoods of Minnesota, becomes more of an enigma every day.
 After six LPs and as much, if not more, exposure than the Beatles, Dylan has successfully sheltered his own poetic soul from the limelight in a one-sided game of chess with newspapermen and questioners.
 Only a few phrases have been uttered from Dylan’s lips outside his songs. And what he has said has been a mixture of send-up, humorous mockery, and evasiveness, resulting, recently, in the same treatment from the Press.

**Hypnotic**

During Dylan’s concerts, too, there are no explanations, no introductions, none of the usual political diatribes between the songs that are common to protest singers. Despite this, or perhaps as a result of it, since it heightens the mystery, he is hypnotic on stage.
 The atmosphere at his concert is one of tense rapture, with the crowd facing forward to catch every mystic syllable of the songs to quote daily, like a religious manifesto, on street corners.
 Now there is something disturbing about Dylan; he is said to have disowned all the songs he ever wrote before he turned to “folk-rock.” He is said to have become an introvert. He was nearly booed off the stage in Dublin recently when he came on with three tons of sound equipment and his new backing group – simply called the Group!

**Perplexed**

There were pleading shouts of “We want the real Dylan. Leave it to Mick Jagger,” as he belted out the endless choruses of his hip-orientated rhythm and blues songs.
 There is a growing uneasiness with Dylan among his fans. It is that he is changing without telling them why. They are in the dark and feel perplexed.
 When the Dylan cult originally took hold, it grew directly out of the Dylan songs. They were poetic and expressive against the comparative banality of pop music. They incorporated everything from folksongs to protest to hip to abstract existentialist poetry and to Dylan’s special brand of “the aesthetic of the ugly,” gathered, it seemed from hard traveling along dusty roads, suffering hardships and heartaches.

**Complaint**

He had opened the floodgates of a sudden new medium which was peculiar to young people, in which they could express themselves. They latched on, copying him and quoting him.
 But Dylan never stopped to explain to his fascinated fans what he was doing or the changes he was going through. Unlike the Beatles, the only thing that was common property was his songs. He expected them to be sufficient, and his complaint with newspapermen who asked him questions like “What exactly are you protesting about?” was that they had never listened to his songs before asking him about them, and that they were trying to find, in the present trendy fashion, a label for him.
 And on his trip to Britain last year, in the face of some of the most controversial songs he has ever written, he said wearily: “I do not write about anything.”
 But as one of his friends said to me recently, ‘Dylan is just a poet, he lives like a poet with a few friends around him. He finds the normal questions journalists ask him pretty irrelevant.”
 Dylan wasn’t to please his audiences, or rather not ot disappoint them, and obligingly says: “I just get the word from other people to turn up somewhere and I am there.”
 If there is a change it has come about between these two British tours. The old Dylan at the Albert Hall in London last year, was the poetic Dylan, with one guitar, a handful of harmonicas, and a few wry jokes.
 This time the magic is still there, but he must have thrown a few fans off the track.
 For one thing the existentialist Dylan has married. For another, the man who took contemporary folk music out of its hermetic shell, shared it and enriched it, has now seemingly turned his back on it.

**Passengers Booked on ‘Ghost’ Flight**

Red-faced British European Airways officials in Manchester were today apologizing to two passengers whom they booked on a flight…which didn’t exist.
 The “ghost flight” was a 5 45 from Manchester Airport to London on Saturday, and the passengers. Mr. James Fox, of York Road, Choriton-cum-Hardy, and Mr. Magnus Linklater, a Londoner, had booked their seats on Friday afternoon.
 Said Mr. Fox, who was booking both seats, “When I rang up on Friday everything was confirmed.”
 On Saturday Mr. Fox was in touch with the booking office of BEA, to cancel Mr. Linklater’s reservation. He had been taken ill with flu. Officials accepted the cancellation and rechecked Mr. Fox’s booking.

***“RING UP”***

At 12 30 on Saturday afternoon Mr. Fox got an urgent message from BEA to ring them. At 2 pm he went to the Deansgate office and was told that the 4 45 flight did not exist. After apologizing, an official said that the lines on his timetable were so close together that, with the pressure of work, it was easy to make a mistake.
 The first available flight was at 8 pm – too late for Mr. Fox to keep an appointment in London. He took a train instead.
 Said an official at BEA: “This was obviously the mistake of the originating clerk. We’re very sorry about all this.”