



PENN PIONEER

AND

JORDANS NEWS-SHEET

Issued by a Committee of Tenants in the interests
of Jordans Village and its neighbourhood



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"God requires nothing without giving ability to perform it"—WILLIAM PENN

"June may be had by the poorest comer,
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune
And over it softly her warm ear lays."
J. R. LOWELL.

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it."
ANON.

EDITORIAL

On looking back one finds that it is now nearly three years since the last issue of the PENN PIONEER. During that time Jordans has seen many changes—chief among them, the passing of four of our friends. F. J. Edminson, who passed away in November, 1922, was a member of the Village Council, Editor of the PENN PIONEER, active member of the Dramatic Society, and friend of the whole village. How everybody loved him! One has only to mention his name to those who lived and worked in the village in the earliest days of its existence to see their faces light up and hear their lips speak praise. One almost hears his greeting near the village store, and some of us see him as he took the part of the Frenchman in one of our earliest dramatic efforts. We still miss him. We are reminded of him when we see the bookcase in the Village Hall—but we also feel that he will be glad to know that the little paper which he started has reappeared. Long may it flourish as a living memorial to his love for our village.

* * *

Dr. Hingston Fox passed away on April 20th (Easter Sunday), 1924. As a village we did not know him well—but we always felt that he was intensely in sympathy with all that made for the best in the life of the village. We knew he was a great man, and we felt honoured that he should choose to live amongst us.

* * *

The loss of our third friend, Walter G. Bell, on May 9th, is still so recent that we can scarcely believe we shall no longer meet him in the wood or by the store. He had become one of us in so many ways. He has been regarded

as "the father of the village," and took the part of Father Christmas at the children's Christmas Party. How we shall miss the little stories, jokes and quips that he told us by the way—or if we happened to meet him in the village store. Few of us had realised that our neighbour was a noted man in many other walks of life less secluded than our own. He is not far from us and we shall feel his presence still.

* * *

Lastly, the tragic loss that the village has sustained in the passing of Samuel H. Davies is one which we shall never forget. Mr. Davies was the Vice-chairman and Treasurer of the Village Council. He was friend, helper, and adviser of all workers and he had endeared himself in a very marked way to us all. The children loved him. His cheery greeting and charming manners had drawn out our affection soon after he came to the village and undoubtedly the whole village grieved as one family for one who had entered into its life with love and sincere interest.

* * *

We are indebted for the appreciations of our friends, which appear on another page, to C. E. Stansfield (of the Friends' Education Committee), Ernest Warner (for notes and information on Dr. Fox), Percy Bigland, and F. J. Gillman (of the Adult School Union).

* * *

In December, 1923, J.V.I. Ltd. went into voluntary liquidation. We rejoice that many of our craftsmen did not sink with the wreck, but are still afloat after all their struggles and trials and are making a long pull for the shore under the name of Wilton & Co. Long live Wilton & Co. ! Hearty congratulations and good wishes to them; may they live to complete the village! A start has already been made.

* * *

In January, 1923, a Village School was opened in the Village Hall. It continued until April, 1925, under the able leadership of Miss I. M. Carruthers. The children loved their teacher and they look back with great happiness on the school days passed under her guidance. Soon after these lines are printed she is to be married to H. T. S. Baylis, of Farnham Common. We are sure that the whole village joins in good wishes for her future happiness.

Miss Throup, of Gerrards Cross, succeeded Miss Carruthers at the beginning of the Summer Term. We extend to her our good wishes.

The Tenant Members' Supper has been held in the Village Hall during February for the last three years. It bids fair to become one of the most popular events of the winter. The exquisite flowers which have decorated the tables the last two years give some idea of the love of indoor gardening which exists in Jordans. It is very inspiring to find a whole village sitting down to a meal together in fellowship and goodwill.

* * *

The Annual Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Show has been held in September. It has without doubt been a success and has done much to stimulate interest in gardening in our village. This year it is hoped to hold a Show on Saturday, July 11th, and possibly a second Show in the autumn.

* * *

We regret that Miss Morgan Brown's article on "Jordans Plays" is unavoidably left over for another issue. The village is indebted to Miss Coates, Miss Morgan Brown and Mr. Sickert for producing two Irish plays, "Cranford," and "The Merchant of Venice."

JORDANS CRICKET CLUB

The Cricket Club—the only remaining section of the one-time All Sports Club—still lives; its troubles are many and various—it is none too easy to keep cheery and keen with the grass in your outfield two feet high and a barbed wire fence a few yards from the pitch—but there is plenty of life in the Club yet, and we are hoping that by the time these lines appear we shall be playing on the green again, with a crowd of spectators basking in the sunshine each Saturday afternoon and cheering us on.

Last year the Club had a short but glorious career of 11 matches, with 8 wins, 2 losses and 1 draw. To our surprise and glee we even beat the renowned Seer Green. Our top scorers were Mr. Saunders and Mr. Rowntree, and our best bowlers Mr. Talmadge and Mr. Ryan.

This season the Club have started with better equipment, thanks to the kindness of many of the residents; there is a full list of fixtures, and with luck and a little more opportunity to practise in the evenings we hope to follow up the successes of last year. H. F. C.

WOMEN'S ADULT SCHOOL

The meetings of the School began again, after the summer break, on September 18th. It was decided to try the plan this winter of meeting at 3 o'clock at the Village Hall on Tuesday afternoons, instead of on Thursday as before. The time is to be divided between a talk on some topic of general interest and the Bible Lesson for the week from the National Adult School Union Handbook for 1924, "Everyman faces Life."

It should be clearly understood that an Adult School is not a Bible Class, but a meeting place for the free and friendly discussion of the problems which face us in our lives, in the light of the teaching of the New Testament. To the solution of these problems we believe that every woman can contribute something, one sharing her education, another her experience and observation; and every such contribution enriches the general stock.

All women of Jordans village or neighbourhood will be warmly welcomed. We need "all sorts and conditions" to make up our School, and it is our desire to make the School a bond of union among all the women who are able to attend. A. L.

Since Christmas there have been one or two special features in connection with the Adult School. Miss Coates kindly read "St. Joan" to us during the half-hour after the Bible lesson. This was very much appreciated, and eventually an Adult School party went to see "St. Joan" at the Regent Theatre in February. On another occasion a lady County Councillor came along and enlightened us with regard to Local Government. A friendly cup of tea between the two portions of the afternoon has proved to be an aid to good fellowship. May we have a really good gathering when the next autumn session begins.

A WORD ABOUT THE JORDANS SOCIAL GUILD

In writing of Jordans Social Guild one writes of a distinctly living thing. Last season the Guild membership rose above 100, all of whom, thanks to Miss Beakbane's assiduity, had paid their subscription. This says something for the quality of living interest which there was in the varied programmes of last winter. It was obvious, of course, that our programmes had to be catholic in the best sense, and it was obvious, too, that we were successful in keeping away from the dangerous habit of constant seriousness. To my mind what the Guild stands for even more than for widening, enlightening and regenerating the mind, is surely a free, hearty, human companionship. True, mutual interests help the companionship, but a little healthy foolishness, within limits, how refreshing it is! I feel sometimes that when I take part in some fine music I may be only touching a few whose "wireless" tunes to the mood I express, whereas when I hear good laughter I know that small thoughts are banished and the pleasant companionship is gaining in warmth. A little lively warmth is a very wise thing, and the unknown bard who composes the "Jocular Jordans" rhymes has his not unimportant part in the Guild's social meetings. (Many have been the guesses as to who the person is, but I am informed that he, or is it she? intends to remain in his or her secret pavilion undiscovered for at least one generation.)

So, personally, I want the Guild to be a kind of wider home where we have some special interest to bring us together. Sometimes it is a concert, sometimes a lecture, sometimes it is a jolly evening when the gay and sportive Miss Hankinson leads our merry dancing and our games. Sometimes we have dramatic performances, and then the hall is severely tested in its capacity for holding the greatest number. Whatever it is, we get the habit of free and open association, and although many of us are strangers, comparatively speaking, we are, I think, feeling an increasing sense of homeliness in the Guild gatherings. Any little set of people who can organise an evening for the enlightenment or amusement of the rest of us will, I know, find the Guild Committee delighted to give them an opportunity. The Guild, in fact, is the village family, and everybody must do his part in helping it in proportion to his capabilities. The village is unthinkable without the Social Guild; let us make it the best possible. H. G. D.

JORDANS FIRE BRIGADE

It is I suppose common knowledge now that Jordans has a Fire Brigade for first aid in case of fire. Any inhabitant who wishes to see them perform may do one of a number of imprudent things, such as lighting a fire with paraffin, drying light material over stoves, throwing matches or cigarette ends into waste paper baskets, going out visiting and leaving oil stoves burning. When these imprudences bring their natural conflagration the said inhabitant must run to his nearest fireman, who from the wisdom learnt in a limited experience, aided by activity and common sense, will do his best with the kitchen pail or will run at express speed to obtain the village extinguishers and hand pumps. It is interesting to perform on these pumps, but simpler and quicker to let go the squirt (extincteur) at full blast, taking care not to hit the anxious tenant in the eye. The Brigade has been immortalised in the "Jocular Jordans" epic song, "When you squirt with your squirts don't squirt quite so high," and the firemen will lower their aim to fit the circumstances. The Brigade has been able, through the public spirit of a few of the residents and of J.V. Ltd., Jordans Hostel, and the Friends' Meeting House authorities, to get together a financial scheme for purchasing what is considered a minimum requirement of fire appliances, and the scheme includes an arrangement for, each year, extinguishing a section of the amounts which are lent free of interest as the services of the firemen are given free of pay. The Brigade will not be conspicuous by the imposing nature of its extinguishing appliances, nor for the palatial size of the appliance shed in the centre of the village, but its members are all able bodied, lively and intensely interested in acquiring a reputation for promptitude and intelligence if the village, the Hostel, or the Meeting House should have the bad fortune to give them an opportunity. The Captain will not be at all averse from accepting further subscriptions to render the Brigade more complete than it can be on its present funds. It may be added that while the Brigade has already extinguished two fires in the village, its most popular function was the creation (and extinction) of a huge bonfire at the Midsummer Festival. H. G. D.

FREDERICK J. EDMINSON

It is good to be reminded of old friends who are gone from us, and I am glad to respond to the request for an appreciation of Frederick J. Edminson, whom I knew well for twenty years from 1892 to 1912. For the first eleven years of that time we were colleagues on the staff of Leighton Park School, Reading, and in daily intercourse. It is thirty-three years ago that as a new-comer I was shown round the park on a lovely May evening by Edminson, and I shall never forget his welcoming kindness to a stranger. After he left Reading, in 1912, we met only occasionally; but our friendship was unbroken to the end of his life.

First, then, I would say that Edminson was a loyal friend, always anxious to help, and to share his thoughts and aspirations. He had, indeed, an unusual power of getting on with men and women of different outlook and upbringing, and of drawing them into comradeship for some great purpose. I remember his work for the cause of peace and for social betterment, and his organising deputations to meet the licensing magistrates. He was the founder and the hard-working honorary secretary of a Peace Society and of a "Guild of Help" in Reading, never sparing himself in such efforts for progress and the good of others, while still faithfully fulfilling his duty to his pupils at Leighton Park.

I remember him, too, on the playing field, a fast forward at football, a dashing batsman at cricket, always an excellent sportsman, doing his best for his side, but always playing the game.

When he and his wife joined the Society of Friends, he threw himself heartily into the service of the meetings in Reading and the surrounding district, a progressive thinker, keenly alert to modern ideas, and though not a frequent speaker in the meetings for worship of the Society, always direct, stimulating and practical when he did so.

I cannot forbear to say a word of Mrs. Edminson, though I am not aware how far she was known to dwellers in Jordans Village—a gracious, kindly lady, gentle and refined, whose influence quietly told for good among all those who came within its range. It is good to have known them both, and I am thankful to be once more reminded of them.

C. E. S.

R. HINGSTON FOX

Richard Hingston Fox was born at Stoke Newington in 1853, the third child of Joseph John Fox, surgeon. For generations there had been a doctor in the Palsmouth family of Fox, and Hingston and his five brothers followed the tradition. He studied medicine at the London Hospital, and he was only 21 when he took his diploma. For a number of years he was in general practice at Finsbury Park, with rooms in the City of London, where he was consulted by business men. Quite early in his career he became a medical officer to the Friends' Provident Institution, with which his association was life-long. In middle age he gave up general practice for consulting work in order to economise physical powers which were never robust.

Always diligent and of methodical habit, Hingston Fox not only reached some eminence in his profession—his word carried weight in Assurance work, and he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 1923—but he was able also to develop an inborn literary gift, which led him on the one hand to make a study of eighteenth century life and character in "Dr. John Fothergill and his Friends," and on the other to make his own translations of the Hebrew and Greek texts which he loved so well. This freedom of spirit and detachment from domestic cares in the midst of a growing family was made possible by the loving and efficient partnership of Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Tylor, first editor of *The Friend*, whom he married in 1879.

Foreign Missions always made a strong appeal to him; he was most of his life a member of the F.F.M.A. Board and for long its medical adviser. When, as the aftermath of war, opportunities arose for international service, Hingston Fox found the place for which his experience and temperament fitted him, and where his understanding and helpfulness were a spur to others. Attendance at the Eisenach Conference, in 1923, gave him the personal contact which he so ardently desired with German friends.

From a testimony prepared by Jordans Meeting the following passages may fittingly be quoted in conclusion:—

"We desire to record our heartfelt thankfulness for his life amongst us, a life we had learnt to value for its gentle and loving spirit, a life given to self-denying service, and a life, we believe, consecrated in obedience to the will and purposes of God.

"Humility was the mark of his greatness. With advancing years,

joy and praise came from his heart as the song of youth and the playfulness of childhood.

"The soul has returned to God who gave it, but the influence still dwells with us, and our praise goes up in thankfulness that it has been ours both to know and to love him."

WALTER G. BELL

We all loved him, this man amongst men; he has drawn us all together here at Jordans. Day by day in the ordinary things of life he has unstintingly given himself to the service of the village; active, cheery and loving, he has taken up this piece of work and that and always done it so efficiently; and yet some of us who knew him intimately knew that all the time he was carrying a weight of trouble and anxiety that was beyond the limits of most men. There must have been some force within of great strength to have done all this, so simply and so generously. One saw it also when he was at Cambridge, by the way that he championed unpopular causes, continuously putting into practice the highest that he knew of truth.

No one can see into another man's soul and perceive how great those inner strivings after truth have been, what struggles and difficulties have been overcome, but overcome they were, for his life bore evidence of the fact.

He was not a man of many words about spiritual truths, but when he did speak, his words carried weight; one felt that they came from a depth of experience, and were couched in such simple pictorial language that one could easily grasp his meaning and remember his message.

With the brain of a clever man was combined the genuineness of the child and the fearlessness of the soldier, the true soldier of the Cross. As we think of him and his life, shall we say anew to ourselves:—

"Stand therefore, first fastening around you the girdle of truth and putting on the breast-plate of uprightness as well as the shoes of the good news of peace. And beside all these take the great shield of faith, on which you will be able to quench all the flaming darts of the wicked one; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God."

P. B.

SAMUEL H. DAVIES

Samuel H. Davies, whose tragic death so deeply moved not only the residents of Jordans, but a wide circle of people beyond the locality, was a man of many interests. Perhaps the most fruitful period of his life, when his powers were at the full, was during his fifteen years' residence in York. He was Head Chemist at the Cocoa Works in that city. He took a great interest in the social life of the great industrial community with which he was thus associated, and actively assisted in the recreational and educational activities which are so conspicuous a feature in the welfare work there.

Educated at Sidcot School in Somerset, he went on to Liverpool University College and Owens' College, Manchester, where he obtained his B.Sc. and a scholarship which took him to Heidelberg University. Later on he became lecturer and demonstrator at his old colleges in this country and at Battersea Polytechnic. After becoming associated with Messrs. Rowntree & Co., Ltd., he travelled widely in their interests, frequently visiting their estates in the West Indies. There, too, he interested himself in education, and held an appointment as one of the Governors of the Technical College at Trinidad.

At the Cocoa Works his memory will always be fragrant, as he had an extraordinary faculty of calling out the affection of those who knew him. His interests were versatile. He was a fascinating talker on books and on art. His garden at New Earswick, in which he took an infinite delight, was indeed a thing of beauty and was generously open to all sorts of people throughout the summer months.

For some years he was a member of the York City Council, where he devoted himself to such causes as Education, Health, and Child-welfare. Neither in municipal nor national affairs was he interested in the disputatious side of politics, but only in their humanistic side.

He was an active and greatly loved member of the Society of Friends. The cause of peace was especially dear to him, and during the war years he consistently maintained the Quaker testimony against all war. He was a Governor of the Friends' School at Rawdon, and some few years ago was elected President of the Old Scholars' Association at his old school at Sidcot, where his sunny humour and "camaraderie" won him the affection of the boys and girls.

Mr. Davies had been in failing health for some years, and came

to Jordans to enjoy the quietude and rest. He had, in common with most of us, to face many sorrows, but those who knew him testify to the extraordinary unselfishness which characterised his whole life. He was, indeed, a bearer of burdens for others, bearing them not only with fortitude, but with patience and inexhaustible cheerfulness, and so he fulfilled the law of Christ. F. J. G.

GOOD OLD JORDANS!

(Tune: "Rule, Britannia.")

When Milton first from London town ran away
 'Tis said by some that the plague was the reason he would not stay,
 In fact historians state that's the reason he would not stay.
 Do not believe it: he came to quaint St. Giles
 To be near Old Jordans and its smiles.
 Good Old Jordans!
 Old Jordans near St. Giles!
 All its natives are in smiles.

And still from London town we run away.
 The noise and the dust and the smoke are the reasons we do not stay:
 The horrible din is one of the reasons we do not stay.
 Here, in Old Jordans, we find sweet peace and calm,
 And are healed by beauteous Nature's balm.
 Good Old Jordans!
 It helps to keep you fit,
 And I'm very glad we are in it.

The rents at Jordans keep your pockets light,
 And frequently you stumble in the mud upon a moonless night,—
 'Tis very, very dark at Jordans upon a moonless night.
 Still, we must grumble—it gives us pleasure too,
 And with this I bid you all Adieu!
 Good Old Jordans!
 It's pleasant fine or wet.
 'Tis the place that I shall ne'er forget.
 THE VILLAGE BARD.

ON DIT

That the village green will be one of the loveliest spots in England when it is one stretch of living green and when the poplars have grown to some size. Perhaps by that time we shall be so proud of it, and in addition, we shall be so well-to-do, that barbed wire will be unnecessary!

* * *

That Crutches Wood and the highways of the village sometimes lose something of their pristine beauty because of the litter that strews them. Of course no one in the village would be guilty of such vandalism—indeed villagers have been known to plant daffodil bulbs in the wood to enhance its spring beauty.

* * *

That Jordans is in the centre of the world. This discovery was made recently by two small village boys who studied a map of our district at the Hostel. Some grown-ups are inclined to agree with them.

* * *

That there are rumours of a wedding—a village wedding. Some little bird whispered that it had to do with a thatched cottage in Buckinghamshire. Can it be connected with "the village bard"?

THE VILLAGE STORE

We are very proud of our village shop. It was opened over a year ago on a co-operative basis with capital subscribed by our own village people and against a certain amount of expert advice, but it is making good. We can buy there all our groceries and provisions and oddments of all sorts, from a reel of cotton to an oilstove, and we have a most obliging and hard-working manager in Mr. Hughes. Also we have at long last acquired a Post Office! It only remains that we all do our bit, by buying all we can at our own shop, to make it the complete success it deserves to be. E. N. D.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

"The world is so full of a number of things
 That I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

R. L. STEVENSON.

The Fairies' Glade and how we kept it.

In a beautiful beech wood, not far from the haunts of men, there dwelt a Fairy whose name was Golden Wing. She had long made her home in this tiny wood, and she and her merry elves knew every nook and corner of it. They always told her when the first cuckoo flew across the wood; they said, "Good morning" to the jolly little squirrels when they first peeped out; when the chaffinches sang from morning to night they knew all about it. And how they were rejoiced in the coming of the nightingale! How glad they were when the first little sorrel leaves peeped forth and by the time the fairy white blossoms were dotted over the green leaves, they had held midnight revels on the softest mossy places of their glade. When the mortals came to build their homes round about the wood, the Fairy Queen held counsel with her Court; she summoned all the fairies, elves and sprites who had ever held high revel with her in the wood. "Ye followers in my train, I ask you, shall we find another home? We love this place, but mortals come so near. How can we keep it sacred, beautiful and full of living creatures? We cannot stay unless the spirit of the All Beautiful remaineth here."

The wisest of the fairies of her court stood forth. "I ask, O Golden Wing, are there any children amongst these mortals? If so, they love us—they believe in fairies—and we all love them. If you can find the childlike spirit in these mortals—big or little—let us stay. We can help them and they will do no harm to us—they will not hurt our glades or harm our lesser brothers. Therefore let us stay."

The Queen replied: "Well said, Beech-bloom! From my shaded bower in the heart of the wood I will watch and listen. If ever I can see the children at their play or hear their laughter or their song, then we will stay here. Seven nights from now we hold our midnight revels on the Eve of Midsummer. Let us meet together then and make our plans."

It happened that the sons of men had planned for revels in the evening of the self-same day. The children danced and sang, the grown-up mortals played—they danced and sang too—they all laughed and the wood re-echoed with their gladness. Then Golden Wing in her invisible bower was glad. How happily she went forth to the midnight revels! To all the elves and sprites she said: "We must stay here still—there are mortals, tiny men and little maids, the sons and daughters of these mortals—they need us; let us still hold revels here and bless this place for the sake of those whose laughing eyes and dancing feet tell me that they believe in fairies."

So was our beech wood kept a part of Fairyland by Golden Wing.
 R. P.

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