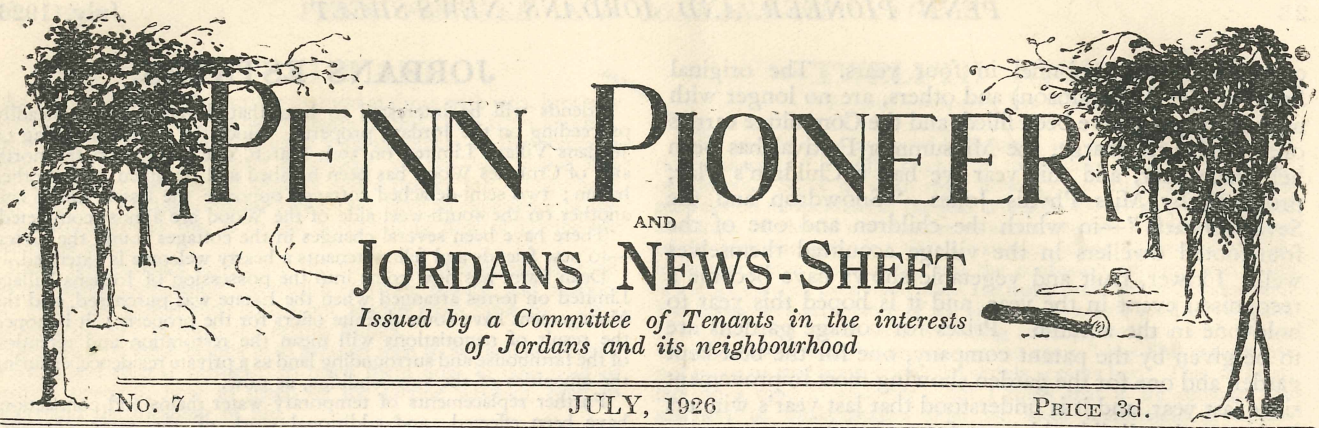


D. DOUGLASS



PENN PIONEER

AND

JORDANS NEWS-SHEET

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

No. 7

JULY, 1926

PRICE 3d.

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

The veritable aim of a community is not that this or that member should be disproportionately at ease, but that the whole should flourish.

PLATO.

EDITORIAL.

Glancing back through the files of the PENN PIONEER, one finds in the "Editorial" of the fourth number, published in May, 1922, this sentence: "Let us picture to ourselves what the village may be—four years hence: it will be interesting at all events to look back in 1926 to the PENN PIONEER No 4, and see how much has been realised, how much not realised." The retrospect may be an interesting and perhaps a salutary exercise. At the time at which F. J. Edminson wrote, the village was some three years old, and the total number of permanent houses built was forty-eight out of the total of about a hundred originally intended; the Tenant Members' Committee had just been fully constituted; Jordans Village Industries Ltd. was in full activity and making plans for permanent workshops; and a number of social activities were in being—the Social Guild, the All-Sports Club, Adult Schools, Sunday Fellowship, Dramatic Society, and so on. There were still important parts of the original scheme to be realised—the completion of the building scheme, the establishment of other crafts and industries, the village School, the Rest Home, the Inn, etc.—but a good start had been made and it seemed to be possible to look forward to a steady continuance of the growth and development of these initial years, and to "a steady growth of the social and communal spirit which it is our aim to foster."

* * *

Looking back over the four years that have passed since 1922, the development has in some respects disappointed those early hopes of rapid progress towards the completion of the original scheme. Owing to the lack of further capital, building slackened off, and only some seven or eight houses have since been built. The failure of the "Industries" and the departure of many of our friends employed on building work, made a great gap in the village life, leaving us the much smaller concern, "Wilton and Company," organised by a few valiant and determined spirits. The social organisations of the village are carrying on, but we miss many of the active helpers of those early days. Deaths and removals, inevitable but none the less regretted, have left their gaps in the ranks of those to whom we looked for leadership. We still wait for the initiation of additional crafts and industries. The

tendency of the village, due no doubt to its accessibility from town, is to become purely residential rather than the mixed village which was planned by the originators.

* * *

So far, the story reads as one of a series of disappointments. But there is, we believe, a more hopeful and encouraging side. Few schemes with anything of idealism in them are carried through without changes and disappointments, but there is plenty of vitality in the village yet. Jordans is not and we believe never will develop into the conventional suburb. There is something of the social and communal spirit in the village which it was hoped to foster, and a sense of freedom from some of the conventional restraints of suburban life, which give room for hope that much that was aimed at by the little group who set the village on foot will come to pass. Development, if slow, continues bit by bit. Eighty-five acres of adjoining land have been bought, and a company has been formed to develop this additional area. This company and the management committee of the original estate have the benefit of the experience gained in village development on the Bournville estates. The new company has sufficient resources to enable groups of houses to be put up and offered for sale, and this should mean that instead of a variety of dissimilar houses being erected by individuals, a harmonious appearance will be preserved. Part of the charm of the original village is the sense of unity given by the pleasant red-brick houses erected by our original architects, and it is hoped to secure such a sense of unity on the newer part of the estate.

* * *

Valiant efforts have been made by the Tenant Members' Committee to make a beginning towards the Village School, which was part of the original scheme. For three years a class for small children was maintained, but the resources of the Committee and the number of children were not sufficient to enable the venture to be continued, and it was reluctantly abandoned. Since then, Miss Phyllis Jones has opened a little school as a private venture in one of the cottages overlooking the Village Green, and it is hoped that this will encourage parents with young families to settle in the village. Certainly, there could be no happier or healthier surroundings for the upbringing of children, and we hope to see them in Jordans in steadily increasing numbers.

* * *

The Tenant Members' Committee, or "Village Council," to which reference has already been made, has changed

considerably in personnel in four years. The original Secretary (F. J. Edminson) and others, are no longer with us, but the gaps have been filled, and the Committee carries on. Under its charge, the Midsummer Festival has been held each year, and this year we had a Children's Play, produced by Miss Phyllis Jones—"Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs"—in which the children and one of the four-footed dwellers in the village acquitted themselves well. Flower, fruit and vegetable shows have become a recognised event in the year, and it is hoped this year to hold one in the autumn. Prizes for cottage gardens are to be given by the parent company, one for the best-kept garden and one for the garden showing most improvement since last year, and it is understood that last year's winners are not to be eligible this year for such prizes.

* * *

The other activities of the Committee have included the establishment of the Fire Brigade, the administration of the Library established in memory of Alfred J. Thorne and Frederick J. Edminson, the upkeep and control of the Village Hall, the arrangement of an annual Village Supper, which brings the whole village together, and other services to the community. May the Committee long continue to have the support of the village and to serve it well and truly.

* * *

Since the appearance of our last issue, the village has sustained another serious loss in the passing of Percy Bigland, who came to live at Stone Dean early in 1921. Born at Liscard, in Cheshire, and educated at Sidcot School, Percy Bigland was intended for the engineering profession. At the expiry of his apprenticeship, however, it was clear that his real gifts lay in another direction, and he became a student in the Art School at Munich, afterwards settling in Chelsea and devoting himself largely to portrait painting, in which he excelled in expressing the personality of his sitters. Among his other activities in later life one must mention his work as a "Quaker Chaplain" during the war, and his membership of the Executive of the League of Nations Union until his departure to India last autumn. In our local branch of the League of Nations Union he acted as President, and contributed his active help and encouragement. In *The Friend* for the 23rd of April will be found an interesting account of his life and personality, and some reference to his visit to India with Mrs. Bigland and other Friends during the past winter. On another page of the PENN PIONEER we print an appreciation by one who spent much time with him in the closing days of his life.

THE SOCIAL GUILD.

At the Annual Meeting of the Guild, held in the Village Hall at the close of the winter session, a useful discussion took place as to the future of the Guild and the best manner of organising its activities. As the officers were all retiring after a considerable period of service, the opportunity was taken of discussing and adopting a modification in the formation of the Committee. Instead of a Committee and officers elected directly by the Annual Meeting, only a part of the Committee was elected directly in this manner, and the remainder of the Committee are to consist of representative members, each appointed by one of the other organisations in the village, such as the Dramatic Society, the Adult School, the T.M.C., and so on. The complete Committee is then to appoint its officers. In this manner it is hoped to ensure the representative character of the Committee and the co-ordination of the various societies which contribute to the winter programme.

JORDANS ESTATES.

Friends will be interested to hear that development is steadily proceeding on the Jordans property. Since the Annual Meeting of Jordans Village Limited on 30th March, one cottage on the north side of Crutches Wood has been finished and occupied, and another begun; two semi-detached cottages opposite the Estate Office and another on the south-west side of the Wood are almost completed.

There have been several changes in the cottages round the Green—to new friends and fellow-tenants a hearty welcome is extended.

Dean Farm has now come into the possession of Jordans Village Limited on terms arranged when the Estate was purchased, and the Management have some definite offers for the property; it is hoped the result of negotiations will mean the restoration and retention of the farmhouse and surrounding land as a private residence, ensuring the amenities of the surroundings, as now.

Further replacements of temporary water mains and connections have been effected, and additional work of the same character is contemplated in the near future.

On the west of the Bridle Path preparations are well in hand for the erection of four houses in Long Bottom Lane, and a further four facing the Bridle Path itself.

Anyone interested in plans and details of the Estate will be gladly provided with the required information, if they will communicate with the Estate Office at Jordans.

OUR SISTER COMMUNITY.

It is with mixed feelings of wonder and expectancy that we view the traces, on the slope beyond the Bridle Path, of foundations to be laid and cottages to be built. Just outside our own borders they are being sketched out; just within call of their near neighbours of the Hatch, the How, and the Garth. A new sister community is coming into the immediate shelter of an older sister. Men, women and children are coming to share the joy of Crutches Wood, of the Village Hall and the Village Green. New lives are maybe coming, to be lived out in near contact with us; and such contacts cannot fail to be fraught with possibilities that are eternal in their issues.

So here and now, even before the cottages take form and before the families arrive, we of the older village (though ourselves not as yet so very old), through the pages of PENN PIONEER, desire to say "Welcome."

We pray that in the spirit which dwelt in William Penn we may learn to dwell together in this fair corner of Bucks, living out the principles of Love and Joy, and Friendliness without end.

WOMEN'S ADULT SCHOOL.

The Women's Adult School met on Tuesday afternoon, July 6th, for its final meeting before the summer break. It is hoped to resume early in September. The attendance has not been large, but there have been interesting discussions which have often been shared by all present. The Study Circle notes on the Coal question, published in *One and All*, made interesting half-hour topics for several weeks.

One afternoon High Wycombe Adult School members joined us, and later some of our own school paid a return visit. We hope that when the School re-opens we may welcome new members from our own village or from the neighbourhood.

A. L. L.

JORDANS CO-OPERATIVE STORE, LTD.

Our shop continues to be a great convenience to the village, and every month shows an increase of business. It will probably not be long before it is able to pay a modest interest on the capital which so far has been lent without charge.

It is wonderful what a varied stock Mr. Hughes manages to keep in such small premises; all sorts of special vegetarian foods he has now, as well as the usual groceries and provisions, fruit and green-grocery, to say nothing of tobacco, paraffin and stationery.

A new wing has recently been added for the Post Office, which is now a full Money Order Office, with a telephone call-box all complete.

Go ahead, Jordans—and the shop will go ahead too.

PERCY BIGLAND.

As we pass along life's journey we meet at times with men, brothers of ours, who seem to be mere visitants to this earth from another, fairer land. They live and mingle with us others in the common things of everyday humdrum existence; yet we may realise that they are always sensible of another and a deeper life. They have clear vision of the infinitude of love; they have an experience of the safeguarding power that is in the never-failing flow of Divine life within the soul.

These rare celestial beings see the world of men going on their way carelessly, unheeding the wealth of truth, beauty, and wisdom that lies close within their grasp but hidden from view by "clay-shuttered doors" of earth and earthly things.

The work of these beings is to awaken men to see and apprehend invisible and eternal verities; to teach them how to take hold of spiritual strength, how to listen to the Divine wisdom, how to understand the meaning of life.

Of these rare beings, who live their earthly life in a spiritual atmosphere, we may claim to have had one till lately dwelling in our midst; and although in his later years Percy Bigland had the trials of illness and of physical weakness, yet one always knew that his inward life was joyful and triumphant.

In his art he knew well how to express the beautiful in nature; in his daily life he gave, perhaps unconsciously, from his great fund of sympathy and friendliness. And when the time was ripe, when the loving Heavenly Father called him into the more immediate presence, he was ready to pass through; and with the words: "That is beautiful, and now I shall go to sleep," he fell asleep, to awaken in the joy of his heavenly home.

I do not think that we in the village feel that Percy Bigland is far away from us. It seems but yesterday that he was telling us, in Meeting, of eternal love that wells up in our hearts for ever, and of the power of God that keeps us safe in every time of need and sorrow. It seems but a few days since we saw the grey car standing at some cottage door and then passing to another cottage door, as the big brother was making inquiry as to the welfare of one and another. We can see him in the Village Hall joining in our festivities, and again in the Fellowship Meeting, telling of the truths so dear to his heart. We grieve for the loss and the emptiness in his earthly home, but in the sorrow there is a sure hope of reunion. And is he not still working to inspire us with the true spirit of brotherhood and comradeship?

THE PEACE PILGRIMAGE.

The happy spirit of comradeship which characterised the Peace Pilgrimage in this particular district will remain with those who took part as a very pleasant memory. Motoring and marching, we made a brave show at Beaconsfield, and met the Pilgrims from the north on the road to High Wycombe. By the hospitality of Mrs. H. T. Cadbury we were a merry tea-party at the Beaconsfield Fair, and were entertained to music by the delightfully quaint Continental Band.

Mrs. Saunderson, of Bottrells, kindly took charge of two of the pilgrims, motoring them down to our Village Green meeting. Dr. Mears acted as chairman, and her address and those of the pilgrims—Mrs. Evans and Miss May—were received with much pleasure and attention by quite a good gathering of Jordans residents and visitors. The resolution was passed and our "Jordans and Seer Green" board safely nailed to the pole by Mr. Morsman.

On Thursday morning Miss Jones and the children—proudly carrying their banner—waved us off to Gerrards Cross, where we marched to the Council School and lined up whilst Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Davis addressed the children.

Then on to Uxbridge, marching and motoring, gaining many a cheer and smile from people along the route. After lunch three of the local clergy received us, and addressed a very large gathering in the Square. In the afternoon the pilgrims proceeded to Southall. Those of our number who accompanied them thither report a most enthusiastic reception and a splendid meeting in the evening.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

Members of the Jordans branch of the Union will be glad to know that it is hoped to have Dr. Norwood, of the City Temple, in Jordans for a meeting towards the end of the winter session. Dr. Norwood is devoting a considerable period to the service of the League of Nations Union, and Friday, March 11th, has been mentioned as a possible date for his visit to Jordans. At the beginning of the session, probably on Tuesday, September 28th, it is hoped to have Mr. E. H. P. Brown, of Wadham College, Oxford, to address a meeting.

"TWELFTH NIGHT."

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it."

And an audience as good-humoured as that which heard the performance of "Twelfth Night," in the Village Hall, is a guarantee of success. Some of them may, however, be interested by a few remarks on an incident in the play which is apt to jar on a modern audience. I should not venture to add a word to Lamb's treatment of the Malvolio episode; Olivia's sudden falling in love with Viola is regular stage convention, and the confusion between the twins is a stock episode used many years and many times before Shakespeare. But Sebastian's acceptance of the situation is a little hard to swallow. If he had been represented as falling suddenly in love with Olivia we might have said, "stage convention again," but Shakespeare has not given us that impression; he simply accepts her. This, as I say, jars on a modern audience; but I think that if we consider the manners of Shakespeare's time we shall understand it better. Sebastian, if his father had lived, might well have found himself sent to court a girl whom he had never seen, and who would not have been at liberty to refuse him, the match having been arranged by their parents. Readers of history and letters of the period, and even later, will easily recollect such cases, and, to go no further than Shakespeare, though Slender knew Anne Page by sight, matters would have gone in the same way if he had not; yet Page is not represented as especially arbitrary or tyrannical; in fact, he is in some ways more modern than many of Shakespeare's characters. It is clear that to a man to whom such a thing was a common event, to accept Olivia's proposal so calmly would not be the impossible thing it would be nowadays.

H. W. C.

THE LAW OF THE WOOD.

The woodmen have been busy among our trees this past winter, and crash after crash resounding through the wood has announced the fall of many an old friend. One here and there has been saved by a ticket of "no leave" attached to it, but the children have lost an old favourite where the fairies, and other of their woodland friends used to come and play with them around its mossy roots. The great trunks lie right and left in wild confusion, obstructing the paths, and thereby showing the cause of many a bend and turn in forest tracks, which remain long after the reason for the detour has disappeared.

Is it all mere wantonness and akin to that spirit of destruction which raged in the beautiful but terrible forest of the Argonne, where blasted and splintered trunks, and alternate French and German cemeteries by the roadside bear witness that man entered that sanctuary and desecrated it?

We believe not. But it is an awesome thing to see a great tree fall. Each blow of the axe has struck nearer to its heart, until at length it quivers to its topmost bough, staggers, and with one wild fruitless effort at self-preservation, falls headlong with a crash that echoes through the wood, followed by a silence so profound that even the woodman is held for a moment in its spell. It was a noble shaft, worthy of its place in our woodland temple, and time has beautifully mellowed its bark, which is neither grey nor green, but "holds the beauty of both." But its fall has revealed to us its inner life, and the secret of its strength and beauty. It was sound to the core, and each succeeding year has added a ring of solid wood around that stout and noble heart. If left a little longer it might have increased in size and height, but it would never have been more perfect, for to the woodman's practised eye it was fully ripe.

We know not what its fate may be. Dragged helplessly away, perchance it will be thrown into the jaws of a heartless machine which turns our chair legs for village halls, at so much a dozen, or more happily it may pass into the hands of some craftsman who, treating it with the care and respect it merits, will fashion from it some thing of beauty. But whether its destiny be high or lowly, it will prove sound and good for many a year to come.

And the young life that was springing up at its feet will now have space and room to grow towards the sunlight, so that it too may serve its day and generation.

We must pass on, it is the law of the wood, but it is the joy of later years to see the strong full tide of life coming on behind, and if the older folk mellow as they ripen, and the younger ones carry on in the spirit of service, all will be well with our wood. G. B.

JORDANS FIRE BRIGADE.

When the Captain of the Brigade was, in the autumn, engaged with his family on one of his wild camping expeditions through the

New Forest, two very curious things occurred. Can anyone explain them?

One evening, as the Ancient Briton (his camping name), with Goldred and the Old Uncle were sitting round the camp fire, the conversation turned on the Village Fire Brigade, and the Old Uncle was enjoying himself making sport of the institution. It was an ideal place to make such sport; the little brown highland stream could be heard running over the pebbles close by, and there was a grand moon pouring its light lavishly over the forest lawns and making the beech trees into a fairyland. Suddenly in the midst of the laughter there was a loud explosion in the fire, and a hefty fragment of red-hot wood leapt out and alighted on the Old Uncle's sleeve. He was emitting smoke in quite a promising fashion when the Ancient Briton dashed the ember away. That was curious, but might be a coincidence—just as he was talking of the Brigade, you observe.

The next time he was jesting on the functions and performances of the Brigade was in the Queen's Bower. It was a gloriously sunny morning and breakfast was just over. The camp fire was still burning brightly under the hawthorn tree. The white tents stood along the beautiful forest glade near the great beech and oak trees (where are there more perfect specimens?). The Old Uncle advanced on his way to wash in the brown stream. Again he jested on the subject of the Jordans Brigade. As he moved towards Freckles his towel was seen to be well alight—even as he laughed. "Stamp it out," we cried and followed the words by action.

But, I ask—the events being guaranteed true—who can explain such coincidences?

H. G. D.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Plain of Everyday.

In the lonely little moments, with the silence all around,
When you're listening very softly to a tiny little sound,
And you're looking very closely and you're quiet as can be,
There's no ending to the wonders and the marvels that you'll see.
No, there isn't any ending to the wonders that you'll see.

You will see a little fairy fly across the sunset skies,
And you'll feel her draw the curtains back that hang before your eyes,
Then you'll see her sprinkle sunbeams all along the gold way
That leads across the dusky plain that some call Everyday,
And you'll see the sunbeams dancing on the plain of Everyday.

You will see the tall old tree-men, clothed in robes of russet brown,
Walking slowly through the forest, on their way to giant town.
You will see the little elfins peeping out of every flower,
Throwing kisses to the fairies hiding in the sunshine bower;
And the fairies catch the kisses in the golden sunshine bower.

You will see the stealthy shadows creeping softly down the lane
And the sunshine running after them and catching them again.
You will see the sunny meadows lying warm and fast asleep,
And the hedges, with the holes in them through which the brownies
peep,
And if you're looking closely you will see the brownies peep.

You will see the long grey clouds floating slowly, slowly by,
And the little rain-elves squeezing through the pin-holes in the sky,
You will watch the rain-elves running, hand in hand, all down the lane,
And you'll watch them playing sliding down the shiny window pane;
They'll be leaving dirty footmarks on your shiny window pane.

You will hear the ocean growling, but you needn't be afraid,
For it's really only laughing at the splash the breakers made
When they played at ring o' roses, skipping gaily hand in hand,
And tumbled over suddenly and rolled upon the sand,
And laughed and gasped and scrambled back across the golden sand.

You will see the moon go sailing in her little silver boat
All across the dark'ning heavens, where the clouds of purple float,
And you'll see the little stars, shining bright to show the way,
Marking out her course before her, lest the Lady Moon should stray.
While she's got the stars to guide her, it's not likely she will stray.

You will see the great wind striding over plain and over hill,
And you'll see how even oak trees have to bend before his will.
You will hear him whistling loudly, or moaning very low;
He's a lonely, sad old fellow, and there's nowhere he can go,
For he hasn't any children or a home where he can go.

You will see the city sleeping, and tossing in its sleep,
And the dark and dirty roadways, where the fairies sit and weep,
For they can't play in the city now the people's hearts are cold,
And the way that leads to fairyland is all blocked up with gold,
And the people fight and quarrel over little bits of gold.

You will hear the fairies sobbing, though they're smiling bravely too,
And still they're whispering softly, telling people what to do,
And how to find the fairies all along the way they go,
And where to look for wonders only fairy-folk can show;
The wonders and the beauties that the fairies long to show.

All these wonders you will see across the plain of everyday,
If you let the fairies draw the curtains from your eyes away;
All these wonders you will see, and many, many more beside
When the curtains of your eyes are drawn—I wonder if you've tried?
How wonderful the world would look if everybody tried!

E. M. D. C.

The Fairy Glade.

Have you ever seen the fairies dance at midnight in the glen?
Have you seen the wee brown pixies and the tiny elfin men?
Have you watched them hold their revels underneath the beech
tree's shade,
Or their dainty, tasteful dew-feasts in the pleasant woodland glade?
They're the sweetest little people, full of fun and joyous glee,
Never sorry or unhappy, living all so merrily.

You may see these magic people in a woodland that I know;
I will take you there with pleasure if you really wish to go;
We shall have to go at midnight when the moon is shining clear,
We must walk with greatest caution but without a scrap of fear!
I will take you through green meadows—up a leafy, winding lane—
O'er a stretch of purple heather till the forest path we gain—

Leading 'neath tall, slender larch trees, giant oak, and beech, and elm,
Till we reach an open woodland—here we find the fairies' realm!
Then you'll hold your breath in wonder as they sing and dance and
play;

You may watch them till they vanish at the breaking of the day:
But, remember, when I take you to this lovely sylvan glade
You will never see the fairies if you feel the least afraid.

KATHLEEN SAUNDERS (14).

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