

J. C. Cavett

# PENN PIONEER

AND

## JORDANS NEWS-SHEET

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

No. 2

MAY, 1921

PRICE 1d. (By Post 2d.)

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

### A VOICE FROM THE TREES

Ye works of art divine, the trees I love,  
Beauty materialised,—I would I had  
Art of the singer to immortalise  
Your stately avenues of perfect form  
Down which I ofttime walked with reverent step,  
Thinking out thoughts of import to the soul.

\* \* \* \*

The trees that grow the strongest and most fair  
Do stand alone, while those within the grove  
Are weaklings all: the plant that clings and preys  
We call a parasite. Be not of these!  
But rather imitate the noble pine,  
Which straight up to the zenith casts her thought,  
To draw from thence her power to grow upright.

\* \* \* \*

And when I shall have passed the barrier dark,  
And am no longer seen of mortal eye,  
If one here be who doth my memory keep,  
And fain would hear, but for one moment's span,  
The Voice now silent,—come beneath the trees,  
Thou'lt find my spirit there—beneath the trees.

\* \* \* \*

What sound could be more sweet or scene more fair!  
From yonder haven in the wooded swell  
Of earth's mild bosom, where the hill and dell  
Melt in each other's flowing lines, and where,  
Straight upward through the sunlit winter air,  
Blue wisps of smoke in sleepy silence tell  
Where simple wants and peaceful labours dwell,  
Come the glad cries of children. Who would care  
Who once has learned to love such scenes as this,  
To toil for coin in those vast human hives,  
Where squalor holds the whip and hunger drives,  
And pleasure, crowned a king, the sceptre wields;  
Where men know not earth's primal founts of bliss,  
Nor that deep peace the sweet-breathed country  
yields.

CHARLES HERBERT FROGLEY,  
1876—1914.

### EDITORIAL

In our first issue (August 18, 1920) we spoke of the historical associations by which "Jordans has become 'holy ground,' linking the New World and the Old in bonds of Love and Liberty." On February 12, 1921 (the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth), another link was made in the great chain of Peace and Good-will which binds the two Continents together. A few short notes, such as space allows, of the historic Ceremony ("Jordans' Gift to America") appears in another column. We are proud to think that the name of our Village is so closely associated with the cause of International Friendship.

Friends of the PENN PIONEER AND JORDANS NEWS-SHEET will be interested to know that in addition to the block cut from the Mayflower Barn and placed in the box to be deposited in the Peace Portal at Blaine, Washington, between Canada and the United States, near the shores of the Pacific, there were safely placed therein one hundred copies of our paper!

This "Ceremony of the Barn" has been the most striking event in our local history since our first number was issued eight months ago. But meanwhile the Village has been growing in bricks and mortar, and Life in the Village has not been lacking in interest and vitality: and as we reminded our readers in our first Editorial "it is in the interests of this Village and its neighbourhood" that the PENN PIONEER has been begun. Our first number was naturally largely devoted to the past history of the Village—its hopes and aspirations. But we wish to remind all those who are keen on its success that the paper is intended mainly as a means for expression of the Village Life, and as a bond of union between the Villagers. It is for this reason we invite the fullest expression of thought and opinion from all living in the Village, and from those interested in its welfare. We gladly publish to-day two articles (the first we have received)—"Sundown in Crutches Wood" and "Psyche in the Woods"—from the pen of local contributors. Each is inspired by the crown and glory of our Village—the Crutches Wood—our Cathedral.

## NOTES ON THE MAYFLOWER CEREMONY: FEBRUARY 12, 1921

*"The big doors of the country barn  
Stand open and ready." (Walt Whitman.)*

The block removed was *not* a beam: it was only a small portion of a beam, twelve inches long by seven deep.

Dr. Rendel Harris in the concluding speech of the ceremony is reported to have said that "the evidence with regard to the barn being composed of the original timbers of the 'Mayflower' was accumulating, but whether it was yet sufficient to satisfy all critics he did not know."

Miss Loie Fuller's speeches are unfortunately *not* reported: they were "wonderful"!

The name of the "custodian of the relic" (see *The Times*, February 14), is neither Terry nor Terris, but Mr. Frank Terrace. On receiving the gift he assured us that "it would never be out of his sight until he put it in the Peace Portal."

We hope he slept well and had a good passage!

Neither the Prince of Wales, nor the King of the Belgians, was present, but the latter was represented by his Ambassador, Baron Moncheur, who made a graceful little speech on the friendship of Belgium, Great Britain, and the United States:

The "two little girls in Quaker costume" (Miss Margaret Palmer and Miss Pearl Gray) were charming. And so was Master Douglas Palmer in his Scotch kilts.

The sixteenth century (or earlier) strong box, into which the block was placed to be carried to America, was presented by Sir Basil Thompson's secretary, Miss M. Bidwell. It was found in Somersetshire and is a mystery of mechanism. There are two or three almost exactly similar, and obviously of the same date, in the South Kensington Museum. An extra bolt was attached to it made from a portion of the "keel" (so we are told) of the "Mayflower" and wrought in the village smithy by our friend, H. Tripp.

The inscription on the brass plate now fixed in the barn on the site of the cut-out block is: "This tablet, presented by American Friends, marks the place where a piece of timber given by the British Society of Friends from the 'Mayflower' Barn at Jordans has been taken to be placed in the Pacific Highway Association's Peace Portal, erected on the boundary between the United States and Canada. This gift commemorates our common ancestry, and especially the Peace which has lasted for more than one hundred years, between the United States and Great Britain. February 12, 1921."

The massed flags were magnificent: "wonderful," said Miss Loie Fuller, who was responsible for the film which was taken of the ceremony.

The mottoes on the Peace Portal, referring to the Hundred Years of Peace between Canada and the U.S.A. since the Treaty of Ghent, 1815, are: (on one side),

"Children of a common mother";

(on the reverse),

"Brethren dwelling together in Unity":

(on concrete and steel doors recessed in the walls):

"July 4, 1915, open for an Hundred Years,  
May these doors never be closed."

Albert P. I. Cotterell in a few happy words suggested that we could go further and acknowledge that we were all "Children of a Common Father."

Samuel Hill, President of the Pacific Highway Association, the inspirer and motive power of the movement which culminated in the Ceremony, spoke eloquently of William Penn and the Pilgrim Fathers, and of the "Peace which passeth all understanding."

Other speakers were: Mr. Frank Terrace, Mr. F. C. Wade, Agent General of British Columbia, Baron Moncheur, Belgian Ambassador, and Dr. Rendel Harris.

*"O to go back to the place . . .  
To hear the birds sing once more:  
To ramble about the house and barn and  
Over the fields once more:  
And through the orchard and  
Along the lanes." (Walt Whitman.)*

"Is the Mayflower found?"

This is the headline of two letters which appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* (April 14-21) over the name of J. W. Horrocks, of the University College of Southampton, challenging the conclusions of Dr. Rendel Harris. Mr. Horrocks confesses that he has "not been to Jordans," and answers his own question by saying, "Perhaps it is." Nor has he a word to say about the cracked cross-beam and its relation to Governor Bradford's account of the Voyage of the Mayflower across the Atlantic. His case is distinctly "non proven."



## SUNDOWN IN CRUTCHES WOOD

High beechen shafts in aisles and arches run  
Their groined roof-timbers to the upper air,  
With latticed branches like rich oriel fair,  
Through which the glory of the setting sun  
Streams in; and all the woodland glade is one  
Delight of colour; every tree-trunk dons  
A garb of golden green, or burnished bronze;  
And where the line of shadow has begun  
Are tender harmonies of softer hues,  
Fine greys, deep purples, and mysterious blues.  
Thank God for colour. In the gathering gloom,  
And the sweet coolness of the falling dews,  
Our surcharged senses clasp the Soul, and lose  
Their narrow limits in the Larger Room.

E. S. L.



## "PSYCHE" IN THE WOODS

Rest! how much it is needed to-day! To rest is an art, but few people of the Western races explore its secrets. Life for them has become a rush and a scurry. Henry David Thoreau went to the woods "to live deliberately"; and where can man go better to find new life and seek for rest? When the sun's scorching rays draw sweat from heated brows, seek then the shady trees. Or should the piercing winds creep through the marrow in thy bones, just pause in some sheltered copse. When with toil thou art weary and worn, stay awhile in the woods and seek new life with Nature's friends. The birds, the elves, the flowers and the trees, the squirrels and the mice, each have a message for thee. Just fall flat, and with thy back on the ground listen to this call from "Psyche" in the woods:—

"Come with me,  
Come and see,"  
She saith.  
"These graceful bending trees  
Have shed a bed of leaves  
For thee.  
Then wake,  
And take  
A breath  
Of leafy beechen breeze."

One can imagine that under some divine guidance Psyche entered the woods in her wanderings and there found Cupid. From Soul and Love sprang Life; that is why the woods so teem with Life, and are so full of Soul and Love; and the language spoken there is the beauty of their Truth.

SYLVANUS.

## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT JORDANS

The Guild Hall continues to be the centre of the social life of Jordans and although from the point of view of numbers it might easily be inferred that there is a loss of interest, yet in the things that matter—the spirit of fellowship and comradeship—there is no lack.

The second Exhibition and Sale of Horticultural Produce, Handicraft, and Needlework, &c., was held on September 8, 1920, having for its object the payment of the loan on the piano. Interesting side-shows included Peeps in Palestine and a Cinematograph, and the function concluded with a concert and dance. As a result the sum of £30 was realised.

The Christmas festivities again proved to be an expression of the old-time message of goodwill, enhanced by a children's Christmas party, when about sixty children of the village were entertained to tea, games, &c., plus a real Christmas tree and Father Christmas.

Interesting papers and talks are given from time to time on such subjects as Charles Dickens, Local Government, Old English Mystery Plays, &c., &c., and continue to fill a corner in the more intellectual realm of village life. Recently a series of Saturday popular concerts have been inaugurated and are proving to be an attraction; it is intended to continue these.

A recently developed feature worthy of notice is the Black Diamond Minstrel Troupe, who, composed solely of village workers, commenced during the winter to practise with a view to giving entertainments in the district. So successful has the venture turned out that three engagements have already been carried out and others are contemplated.

These notes would be incomplete without mentioning the Jordans Adult School, which meets every Sunday morning at nine o'clock in the Guild Hall, and to which all men are invited of any political or religious creed—or of none.

The President is Ernest Leigh, and the Secretary, H. Burfoot, both of Jordans Village, who will gladly answer any inquiries.

And as a last word there is the Women's Group, truly a small band of enthusiasts, who manage week by week to meet and interest each other, working quietly and with no flourish of trumpets for the social good. The latest report is that they are planning an excursion to the Zoo!

So the door of Social Service remains open at Jordans, and a welcome awaits all who care to associate themselves with us. May it never close!

F. H. H.

## JORDANS FOOTBALL CLUB

The above club was formed in August, 1920, and has a membership of thirty-nine.

During the season 22 matches have been played out of which 15 were won, 4 lost, and 3 drawn. Goals for club, 62; against 39.

Several whist drives, dances, and a concert have been organised by the football club committee to help to meet the expenses of the Club which have been very heavy.

A. P.

## WALKS AROUND JORDANS.—No. 1

(By our Own Correspondent)

To PENN (5-6 miles).—Take the footpath to Seer Green, bear to the left at the Village Well keeping on through the village until the road drops suddenly and joins another road; turn to the left here and almost immediately turn into a field through a gate: this footpath leads through woods to the Beaconsfield-Amersham road; on reaching this turn to the right keeping on for about 300 yards, then to the left along a lane leading into the woods: there are several footpaths through these woods, but, if bound for Penn, it is advisable to keep straight ahead; eventually the path leads along a little lane to the high road at Knotty Green: from this point to Penn is about a mile and a half and the route should present no difficulty.

"Every house is built by some man  
But He that built all things is God."

(See "Life of Octavia Hill.")

"If Eden be on earth at all,  
'Tis that which we the country call."

(Silurian poet.)

## "J.V.," "J.V.I.," AND "T.M.C."

The meaning of these mysterious letters, so intimately associated with our Village, may not be known to all. J.V. stands for *Jordans Village*; J.V.I. for *Jordans Village Industries*. The former (J.V.) represents the Parent Company; the latter (J.V.I.), the child. J.V., whose Executive is called the Committee of Management, has appointed two Sub-Committees: (1) Finance; (2) Estates. J.V.I. are practically the contractors for the Parent Co. (J.V.): they are the builders of the Village. It will be of interest to our readers to know the names of those who serve on each: we append them.

J.V.

e.f. J. Edward Hodgkin (Chairman),  
e. Walter G. Bell,  
e. Frances M. E. Clarke,  
— Albert P. I. Cotterell,  
e. Amy H. Crook,  
e. Fredk. J. Edminson,  
f. Anna L. Littleboy,  
e. Alfred B. Thorne,  
e. J. Doyle Penrose (representing Luton and Leighton Monthly Meeting),  
e. R. Hingston Fox,  
f. Joseph H. Roake,  
f. F. Norman Stackhouse,  
Henry Harris (Secretary).

J.V.I.

Geo. C. Bolam,  
H. G. Fish,  
J. H. Glaze,  
W. Gross,  
F. H. Hancock,  
Thos. C. Keen,  
Walter Kentish,  
Sydney Lawson,  
A. S. Pickstock,  
Fred Rowntree,  
Horace Tomlin,  
Charles Wellings,  
Henry Harris (Secretary).

R. Hingston Fox, J. H. Roake, and F. N. Stackhouse represent the Tenant Members' Committee.

e—Estates Committee.

f—Finance Committee.

T.M.C.

In addition to the above, at a meeting of tenant members of the Village, held on Saturday, March 19, 1921, immediately following the annual general meeting of J.V., the following were elected to serve on the *Tenant Members' Committee*, viz.:

Joseph H. Roake (Chairman),  
Fredk. J. Edminson (Secretary),  
Walter G. Bell,  
Herbert F. Cundall,  
Nora P. Cundall,  
Helena Graham.

Six places remain to be filled: we hope this may take place without delay.

## THE NAMING OF HOUSES "FROM A TO Z"

To the Editor of the PENN PIONEER

Dear Mr. Editor,—A tale is told that a certain romantic bride, Zita by name, asked her lover, Alexander, to have an inscription engraved on the inside of her wedding ring. He, not so romantic, had considerable difficulty in finding suitable words, but at last decided on the simple phrase, "From Alexander to Zita." This he simplified still further and asked the jeweller to write, "From A. to Z." On the day of his marriage he received the ring with the whole alphabet neatly engraved inside! History does not record what the lady said, but one likes to think that she was of a practical turn of mind and used it as a means of teaching her family their A B C.

Now that brings me to Jordans Village and the cottage groups. We started gaily naming them at A, and have now got as far as F. To try and complete the alphabet seems hopeless at the present price of bricks and mortar. In fact, would it not be better to give up this monumental task and settle on some humbler scheme which does not involve the building of twenty-six blocks for completion?

All sorts of ways of naming the groups can be suggested, from the names of Quaker worthies to those of one's favourite puddings. The latter suggestion has great possibilities, but might be unsatisfactory to posterity. At any rate let us find something that is a little less dull than the present methods, whose only merit is simplicity.

Sincerely yours,

X.

[The Naming of Roads and Groups of Houses is receiving the attention of the Estates and Tenant Members' Committees. We shall be glad of any suggestions from Tenants.—EDITOR.]

## EDITORIAL NOTES

In the name of the Village we wish to express our sincere sympathy with Bertram John and Jessie Elizabeth Cheston on the loss of their youngest child, Crispin John. He was the first baby actually born in the Village. He lies in the new graveyard, near the Meeting House.

Our warmest congratulations to George and Emily Bolam (née Barnes) on the occasion of their marriage. We wish them all true happiness.

"Cuckoo!" The cuckoo was first heard at Jordans on April 13. It is reported that an imitation cuckoo had been heard in the district for some days beforehand, rivalling the real one for purity of tone. His place of abode is said to be the brick-kiln! Who is he?

"Who stole the dead chick?"—Trotskya. Since when, we are informed, her manner in public has been chastened!

Gehenna!—A Village eyesore and a nuisance. From an æsthetic standpoint, and in the interests of the health of the community, we would suggest to those responsible that the refuse heap and hole, between groups A and B, should be removed to some remote part of the Village. They are most unpleasant for those living near, and do not add to the picturesqueness of the Village.

A genuine West, and an offer for sale! Our friend, Harry Tripp, is the fortunate possessor of a painting by B. West, of William Penn signing the Peace Treaty with the Indians. It has been highly valued by "those who know" and is for sale! Canvas size, 39in. by 29in. What offers? Write to H. Tripp, Penrose, Jordans, Nr. Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Heartly congratulations to William and Violet Winifred Mance on the birth of Winifred Mance, the first baby-girl born in Jordans; also to William George and Ethel Elizabeth Hill, to William Owen and Bessie Saunders, and to Thomas Charles and Eva Edith Keen.

As the result of our Census taken on April 23-24 we find the population of the Village has reached exactly 100 (not including prospective tenants), an increase of thirty-five since August last.

Of these hundred, thirty are children, fourteen of whom are attending school—the majority at Seer Green: two go as far as High Wycombe, two to Chalfont St. Giles.

The children not attending school vary in age from four years and ten months to six months.

Is it not time we had our own Village School? We are glad to know there is a keen demand for one, and that the matter is beginning to receive serious attention.

We received many letters of congratulation on the appearance of the PENN PIONEER No. 1. Amongst others from Lord Lee (at that time Minister of Agriculture), Sir Jesse Boot, who is keenly interested in Jordans, and "Plum" Warner!

P. F. Warner in a letter to the Editor says: "Thank you ever so much for the little paper you sent me: it is most interesting. I have always been very fond of Village Cricket and used to play a good bit of it on Bearsted Green in Kent, where many of the heroes of old used to perform."

Next year we hope we may be playing cricket on our own Village Green, and we will invite "Plum" Warner to come down!

## OUR DIARY

1921.  
 May 7. CONCERT in the Mayflower Barn. 8 p.m.  
     Folk Songs.  
 ,, 21. LECTURE in the Mayflower Barn, by Fredk. Andrews (late Headmaster of Ackworth School), on "William Penn," 8 p.m.  
 ,, 28. Some pupils of Munster Road School, Fulham, will impersonate "The Heroes of the Mayflower" in the Refectory of Old Jordans Hostel. 6.30-8.0 p.m.  
     Invitations will be sent to all school children residing in Jordans Village.  
 Admission, 1s. (children half price); 2s. 6d. for three (Concert, Lecture, Play). Tickets from the Editorial Committee.

## SELF-GOVERNING PUBLIC SERVICE

(Reprinted in part from *The Friend*, April 22, 1921)

Like a searchlight against a black sky the great conception of each industry organised as a self-governing public service, stands out clearly against the chaos of this time. It is based upon the conviction that it is only the organisation of industry for service rather than gain that can hope to pass the tests laid down by Jesus. Only service that is self-governing and rests on free enthusiastic self-expression can rise to the full meaning of that splendid word. And just in so far as it fails to reach this level, it falls from service into servitude.

The idea of industry as self-governing public service sets up a system that is bound to fail unless supported by people of high character, and at the same time it makes that moral appeal—that great gesture of trust in human nature that will make high character certain.

What is the purpose of industry? Surely neither more nor less than to provide the community with the things that it needs. But the astounding fact is that industry has never yet been organised for this purpose. Industry has been organised under the control of shareholders to produce dividends.

Contrast this with the new conception of the whole personnel of an industry organised as a self-governing public service, in which all sections pull together for the attainment of the common objective, and no longer pull in different directions for the division of the surplus product. Here is the team spirit embodied in its highest possible form—a great union of science and skill that converts industry from an uninspiring scramble for material things into a great and splendid adventure. The three principles of service, adventure, and comradeship, so clearly laid down by the Carpenter of Nazareth, are here realised to an extent which is impossible under any other conditions.

Self-governing public service means that the control of each industry is no longer in the hands of shareholders, but is transferred, under public ownership, to the elected representatives of every essential function in that industry. Management acquires an entirely new meaning, for it becomes leadership in precisely the same sense as that in which a football captain leads his team. It is of the utmost importance that there should be no misapprehension as to what is meant by reorganisation. The word "workers" means all the people who work, whether administrators, technicians, or operatives. In hundreds of cases the people who are at present holding technical and administrative positions under capitalist control, would be, from every point of view, the most suitable people to take service in precisely the same positions under the new industrial democracy. To men of experience and initiative the call of self-governing public service opens up possibilities that no other system can ever hope to rival, and to such men the choice between industry for service and industry for gain, is bound to be a foregone conclusion. The class war is in fact a battle of ideas and not of classes, and it is going to be possible to enlist for the best idea the services of the best men.



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

## The Child's Natural History

(Directions for Use.)

Please pronounce all "r's" as "w's" and recite in a singsong, without punctuating pauses. These precautions will lend an air of truthfulness to the text of which it is sadly in need.

THE MOFF.

The Moff's a little animile  
 De-void of horns and tail;  
 His body's soft and squashy  
 (As likewise is the whale).  
 He's sometimes grey like ashes,  
 And sometimes black, as ink,  
 His head is very, very small,  
 And so he cannot fink.  
 He lives on cloves and dresses,  
 Wot Muvver packs away,  
 He doesn't do no lessons,  
 Nor nuffin', but just play.  
 Until he finds a candle,  
 And then he flutters round  
 And shuffles off his mortal coil  
 Wiv a horrid crackly sound.

A. H. R.