



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

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine,
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men;
Love for plea and gift and sign.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

EDITORIAL

Our thanks are due to our supporters—including the Parent Company and the advertisers in our journal—who enabled us practically to cover the cost of printing our fifth issue in the summer of this year. This included the cost of a block for the heading, designed by Mr. W. G. Bligh, an item which will not occur again. Encouraged by this success, we venture on a sixth number of the PIONEER, and hope that we may continue to receive the support of our former friends in establishing the venture on a self-supporting basis.

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Our present issue includes one or two items held over from the summer number, notably an article on "Jordans Plays," by Miss Morgan Brown, who leaves the beaten track of a mere historical record and ventures on a somewhat novel presentation of her impressions. The Village Bard has been prevailed upon to allow us to print some verses of the Village Anthem. Other contributions are much on the same lines as in former issues, but our readers will find a larger proportion of purely literary matter. We shall welcome expressions of opinion, from any and all quarters, as to whether the paper is meeting the wishes and views of its readers. Criticisms, suggestions for improvements, and—better still—articles for inclusion in the paper, will be very gladly received.

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It is pleasant to see building once again proceeding in the village, and especially gratifying to see our friends Wilton and Co. at work upon a pair of houses. Our prosperity as a village, and the satisfactory solution of many of our problems, turn upon the steady growth which we hope to see in the very near future. The school problem, in particular, is not likely to be solved until we grow considerably. The morning school for

small children, started in January, 1923, came to an end in the summer of this year for lack of sufficient funds. Although an effort has since been made to carry on on a voluntary basis, it is feared that it will not be possible to continue this experiment after Christmas.

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Residents in the village will be interested to learn that we are now officially known by the name of "Jordans" instead of by the longer name of "Jordans Village." This change was recently sanctioned by the Parish Council of Chalfont St. Giles, in which parish Jordans is included. Originally the name "Jordans" stood for the farmhouse which afterwards (in 1912) became the Hostel. This farmhouse became "Old Jordans" when Jordans Meeting House was built in 1688. It now seems natural to use the old name "Jordans," without any addition, for the village which has come into being in close proximity to the historic farm and meeting house.

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The Village Store continues to grow in usefulness. Thanks to Mr. Wilfred Bligh, vegetarians are now able to supply many of their needs directly from the store. The post office facilities have proved a great convenience to all of us, and an effort is now being made to persuade the authorities to grant further facilities, so that telegrams, money orders, etc., may be dealt with. Difficulties were experienced by the stores in connection with the delivery of newspapers, but Miss Mears came nobly to the rescue, and not only delivers promptly our newspapers, magazines, etc., but circulates now and then a little Jordans news-sheet of her own, which we welcome as helping to bridge the gaps between successive issues of the PENN PIONEER. Her occasional reminders of the ideals with which the village was started may well be pondered over.

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We have not attempted a detailed account of the events of the past half-year. The Midsummer Festival, when a sandpit was converted into a Greek Theatre, and a shortened version of Aristophanes' "Frogs" was presented, was one of the most notable, and the *Bucks Advertiser* paid us the compliment of publishing an entertaining set of sketches of the performers.

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The efforts of the Dramatic Society are always popular, and since the summer they have given us Synges' "Riders to the Sea"—recently described by a dramatic critic as

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Story of Godgifu.

Many years ago, in a remote abbey, there dwelt a maiden, Godgifu by name. She entered the abbey full of zeal for the glory of God, and hoped to nurse the sick, teach little children, embroider altar cloths and perchance, copy and illuminate missals. But, having neither birth nor learning to commend her to the abbess, she was forced to become a lay sister, and to spend her time mainly among the pots and pans.

One day, a wounded hare ran into the abbey kitchen, seeking shelter from the huntsmen. Godgifu bound up its wound and nursed it till it was strong enough to run out into the wild again. Some saw it as it coursed through the copses. They rejoiced in its swiftness, but knew nothing of the tender care of the lay sister.

At another time a swallow with a broken wing fell into the abbey garden. Godgifu found it and cared for it, until its wing was healed. As it flew from the garden men saw the beauty of its flight, and wondered at the glory of the sunset glow upon its wings. Yet they knew not that it must have perished but for the tenderness of Godgifu.

A fading sprig of sweet briar she once found and planted in a corner of the garden. Through her patient watchfulness it took root and flourished. The abbess and the sisters loved its refreshing fragrance, its tiny pink blossoms, and its small glowing berries. Often its scent clung to their garments, and they carried it about with them as they worked. Yet did they not dream that the fragrant bush was the gift of the kitchen sister.

Sometimes a mason, at work on the abbey church, dined in the abbey kitchen. One day, he carved very beautifully and very tenderly a doe suckling her fawn, nor did he understand why he had done so. In like manner, a wood carver carved a delicate, drooping wood anemone, nor did he understand any more than his brother craftsman what caused him to carve it.

It is thought, perhaps strangely, that all the work of the sisters of the monastery was touched by a subtle beauty, as the creation of those who were dominated by some tender, all-pervasive influence, of which they themselves were not fully conscious. Certain it is that the abbess knew she was more tender and compassionate after she had been to the kitchen and ordered the meals for the day, though she could not have explained why it should be so.

Godgifu worked on for years in the abbey kitchen, and knew not that she did aught more than make ready the meals. One night, feeling very weary and old, she lay back like a tired child in the Great Father's arms and slept. When the sisters found her, they knew that she dwelt no more with them, and that she had looked up into God's face and seen His smile. Then they began to understand much that had been dark to them. They knew what a wonderful presence had gone from them. A deep humility fell upon them and gave them new thoughts and new desires.

The kitchen sister was buried in the place of greatest honour, before the high altar. On the stone that was placed above her were carved these words:—

Godgifu—Lay Sister.

Being poor she made many rich.
Having nothing she yet possessed all things.
The glory of the Lord filleth the whole earth.

EMILY BOLAM.

This little story shows us how to make "Beautiful Jordans."

A Strange Adventure.

When I woke up one morning, the sun was black as ink,
The nice green grass was blazing red, and all the sky was pink,
The mud was white as driven snow, houses were upside down,
The people walking on their heads, with faces golden brown.

When out of bed I clambered, I tried to find my clothes.
But they had changed since evening, to satin garden hose.
I jumped out of the window, and landed on my head,
Rolled down the lawn, and found myself lying upon my bed.

The bed was laughing loudly, and started down the hill.
I said, "Dear bed, stand still I pray." He growled, "Will you lie still?"

Then faster, faster, faster, he sped along with me,
Until at length he dropped me down, right down into the sea.

He cried, "Goodbye—goodbye, dear," and sailed out of my sight,
So I was left, and suddenly it turned as black as night.
Then when the daylight came again I found myself in Rome;
I took a flying leap in air, and safely landed home.

(Aged 13.)

KATHLEEN SAUNDERS
(Seer Green).

Children's Verses.

I
Patter, patter, little feet;
Clatter, clogs, and slippers, patter!
Chatter, chatter, in the street;
School's done,—what does it matter?

II
Rum-ti-tum-tum!
This little drummer boy
Plays on his drum.
When you come near him
Can you be glum?
He makes you hear him—
You know he's come!
He is so apt at
Giving a rap-tat,
He must be musical!
Rum-ti-tum-tum!

III
I want to see all the workmen
Here in the road,
I want to see all the workmen
Tip out their load:
They're building houses—
Mortar they mix—
I see their ladders,
Barrows and bricks.

E. B. C.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

JORDANS CO-OPERATIVE STORE, LTD.—For Groceries, etc.
Vegetarian Foods now stocked. Come and see what we stock
for a small Store.

WILTON & COMPANY, LIMITED, Builders and Decorators,
Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Registered Office: "Arnlea,"
Jordans.

W. O. SAUNDERS, Coal and Coke Merchant, Haulage Contractor,
etc., "Rosemary," Jordans, near Beaconsfield. Furniture
carefully removed. Estimates free. Orders promptly executed.

FOR LANDSCAPE GARDENING, jobbing gardening, making of
lawns, apply to H. A. VANNEROM, "Rummen," Jordans,
Beaconsfield.

NEW LAID EGGS.—Eggs for hatching-out available in spring.
E. POLGE, "Woodene," Jordans.

HOME-MADE CAKES, plain or fruit. M. J. THORNE, "Wabun
Annung."

HAND-MADE CALENDARS, CARDS,
HAND BLOCK-PRINTS, WATER COLOURS, ETC.

Book orders early.

W. G. BLIGH, "Walden," Jordans.

M. C. LOFTY, Baker, Grocer, and Corn Merchant, Seer Green.
Cakes and buns a speciality. Hovis and wholemeal bread daily.

JORDANS VILLAGE, LTD.—Building Land. For lay-out and
full particulars apply to the Estate Office, Jordans, nr.
Beaconsfield. Tel.: Chalfont St. Giles 75.

JORDANS PRODUCE.—Plants, Fruit, Vegetables, Seeds; Honey
and Eggs. Specialities: Polyanthus, Violas, Violets. Price list
and particulars from Mrs. G. BELDAM and A. H. CROOK.
Tel.: Chalfont St. Giles 75.

CAR FOR HIRE.—A. H. CROOK, Jordans. Tel.: Chalfont
St. Giles 75.

FOR SIGN WRITING.—Apply CHARLES NORRIS, The Tent,
Jordans. Distance no object.

On the authority of a local farmer: "What Jordans land wants is dung. Dung it three times a year." Excellent advice, but remember that weeds and kitchen refuse dug into the second spit make a cheap and efficient substitute for stable manure, and that even in Jordans, many flowering plants will thrive without any special attention. Below is a list which experience has shown to do well here. Slips or seedlings of most of them can be obtained in the autumn from gardening friends.

Aubrietia, arabis, alyssum, catmint, saxifrage. Wallflowers, especially the orange Siberian. Snapdragons, flax, anchusa, heleniums, violas, lavender, thyme, rock roses, Michaelmas daisies, sunflowers, golden rod, irises, poppies, and pinks of all kinds. E. G.

JORDANS PLAYS

They certainly were a weird assembly, a mixed crowd; not mixed socially, I don't so much mean, as mixed in point of time, at least judging by their dress, which certainly belonged to all time or no time.

To find out who they were by their conversation was quite impossible, for they all talked at once and in loud strained voices as though they were all being continually implored to speak up, and one noticed all had a nervous strained look combined with an obvious desire not to catch each other's eye.

There were animals amongst them. I certainly saw a whole donkey and a bit, and the business braying bit to boot—it was talking hard with the best, and there was a ghastly little dog with a ghastly wall eye which seemed to appear whenever I caught sight of a charming party of ladies of the crinoline era; and, yes, there were some delightfully dressed dancing children, and indeed I have a vivid memory of delightful grown-up country dancers too, somehow dancing on despite the crowded scene.

A good many were partaking, or rather pretending busily to partake of meals, chiefly tea I think, there seemed to be several of these meals going on, all very busy, but most unsatisfactory from the point of view of sustenance enjoyed, and each cluster of guests paid not the smallest attention to the rest of the company, nor offered them refreshment, which perhaps was as well, for there was little enough to go round as it was. The crinoline party seemed oftenest engaged on such a meal, and did I once even see them with wine-glasses in their hands—could it be?

My difficulty in trying to arrive at anything definite was much increased by the fact that not only did they keep on the continual move, but also they kept on changing; for instance I noticed one stout and healthy looking man in modern dress, who seemed to be in a most strenuous mood, trying to persuade everyone to something, I don't know what, to do them good. As I tried to fix him, he suddenly turned into a gorgeous mediæval nobleman, though he seemed as deeply obsessed with his subject as ever; and then the scene continually altered, sometimes delightfully and roomily in a beautiful wood, but more often in a small space distinctly cramped for such a large assembly, and then they came and went as though they were trying gracefully not to stumble up and down a small flight of stairs.

A good deal comes to me as I shut my eyes and think back; there was a big and burly man charging about with a long staff, he seemed either in great glee or grievous dejection, a Jew perhaps, though his nose did not seem quite right. I observed also in a far corner an old white-haired loon, heavily chained, seated on an upturned bucket, most dejectedly chanting an unending song, reducing me to tears whenever I looked his way; of course I could not hear a word of his song, particularly as some wretched frogs would keep on croaking; there was a sick man making his will, a lawyer, I vow a young woman, in a too long lawyer's gown, taking it down; another old man in an armchair continually in trouble for his handkerchief; a violent young maidservant prancing around with various implements of her profession. She seemed to be trying to serve a tea and a particularly unappetising one at that; yes, and two delightfully excitable, enterprising ladies in strange attire, kept turning backwards and forwards into other people—and some Ancient Greeks, I fancy, in somewhat scanty though beautifully coloured attire, one of whom varied between being bolder than brass or in a most despicable funk, whilst another rowed backwards and forwards regardless of all obstacles in a most unseaworthy craft—'twas well he was on dry land—and dear me, yes! that delightful pair of, I suppose, troubadours—a funeral procession with a most chatty and businesslike corpse—and surely St. George engaged in a terrific combat with a most loathly dragon; why, there were several fights and several corpses, and dear me! bless me! I expect you can carry on for yourselves if you want any more. M. M. B.

OUR VILLAGE ALPHABET

A is the Artist—bare knees and brown locks,
 B the Barbed wire which tears all our frocks.
 C's the Committee which *will* meet in town,
 D stands for Dogs—black, tan, white and brown.
 E's the Estate, which strangely doth grow,
 F Fruit and Flowers, which we all like to show.
 G's for the Green, with its velvety Grass,
 H for the Houses—not many, alas!
 I is the Industries which flourished erstwhiles,
 J is for Jordans, "near Chalfont St. Giles."
 K stands for Keys which are always astray,
 L for the Lanterns which show us the way.
 M's the Guild's Music, its Mirth and its Mime,
 N is the Notice-board—sixpence a time!
 O's for the Office, which stands on the Green,
 P for the Players, the best ever seen.
 Q stands for Quiet (when the dogs will allow),
 R for the Roosters, which add to the row.
 S is the Stores—to support them is right,
 T is the Tennis Court—derelict quite.
 U is for Union, of "Circles" beware,
 V is the Village, that's still "in the air."
 W's for Wilton's, who never say die,
 X for Xpenses, which always are high.
 Y stands for Youngsters, for a school far too few,
 Z Zenta and Zamia—no others will do. X.

THE VILLAGE ANTHEM

At Jocular Jordans, near Chalfont St. Giles
 The natives' kind faces are always in smiles:
 The new red-brick houses are covered with tiles
 And beautiful country surrounds you for miles.
 I cannot escape it: I'm fast in the wiles
 Of Jocular Jordans near Chalfont St. Giles.

At Jocular Jordans a squirt they would buy
 To put out the fires they say they would try.
 Our brave Fire Brigade in the flash of an eye
 Will rush round the village—and squirt at the sky,
 While poor Captain Dalton will run out, and cry,
 "When you squirt with your squirts, don't squirt quite
 so high."

At Jocular Jordans we held a great feast;
 We came from the North, West, the South and the East.
 And some dined on cabbage, and some on dead beast—
 Let's hope that the joint was not naturally deceased.
 We all dined together—the great and the least,
 For thus is good fellowship largely increased.

At Jocular Jordans we donned Grecian "togs."
 Our actors produced Aristophanes' "Frogs."
 The players discoursed in such wise dialogues,
 They left the spectators enveloped in fogs.
 At night, in the wood, we supped round blazing logs—
 I tell you at Jordans we're getting gay dogs.

SPIRIT OF NIGHT

Oh thou Great Spirit Night, who stealest down
 To wrap the weary earth in slumber sweet,
 Who stillest all the tumult of the town
 Till its great heart in even pulse doth beat,
 Who spread'st a mantle soft o'er hill and vale
 And blow'st the clouds in billowing banks of grey;
 Who steep'st the sleeping earth in moonlight pale
 And croon'st God's world to sleep till dawn of day:
 Come thou, O Spirit Night, to me most dear.
 Teach me to know thy mysteries infinite,
 Teach me to rest in thee without a fear
 And slumber on thy breast till morning light.
 Take my fond thoughts with thee to those I love,
 Bear them upon thy gentle wings away.
 Raise from my soul a prayer to God above
 That He will make me worthy of the day.

E. M. D. C.

one of the most perfect plays of the age—and a dramatised version of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

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Instead of a single Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Show held in September, the experiment was made this year of holding two shows, one on July 11th and the second on October 3rd. Some anxiety was felt before the first show on account of the dry season, but a very creditable collection of exhibits was brought together, and the same may be said of the later show. At the latter, prizes generously given by the Parent Company were awarded for the most creditable group cottage gardens, and these were gained by Mr. W. Matthams and Mr. H. Gray, Mr. H. Vannérom being highly commended.

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The officials of the Guild are, we gather, a little concerned lest the growing vogue of "wireless" may tend to diminish the audiences of the Hall on all but the most popular occasions. There is no doubt that the broadcast programmes have made a secure place for themselves in the public estimation. Music and entertainment such as used to involve the trouble and expense of an expedition to town, only to be undertaken at infrequent intervals, are now brought to our firesides night after night. The parent who cannot leave the children in the evening is no longer shut out from the opportunity of recreation. Those who appreciate music but have no executive ability, are no longer starved for lack of music. Public men and leaders of thought in all departments of life have the nation for an audience, and the listener participates in great national occasions. On the other hand, "listening-in" can never entirely take the place of local gatherings such as the Guild organises. Something is lost in transmission however good the instrument, and the personal contact between a singer or lecturer and the audience has a value which will always give the old-fashioned concert or lecture a pull over a wireless transmission, while the more social occasions will always retain their own place in our lives.

PERSONAL NOTES

BIRTHS.

Hearty congratulations to the parents of the following children born in the village since the publication of No. 4 of the PENN PIONEER. Though in some cases tardy, the congratulations are none the less sincere:—

Arthur Cheston—May, 1922.	Joan Saunders—Jan., 1924.
Helen Roake—July, 1922.	Lois Polge—July, 1924.
John Mance—Dec., 1922.	Giles Cooper—July, 1924.
Nancy Robertshaw—April, 1923.	A daughter to Dr. and Mrs. Bevan Brown and to Mr. and Mrs. Saunders—both in Nov., 1925.
Gordon Ryan—July, 1923.	
John Roake—Dec., 1923.	

Congratulations also to the following former residents of Jordans: Mr. and Mrs. George Bolam, on the birth of two sons—John Bolam, Nov., 1922, and David Bolam, June, 1925; Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Cheston, on the birth of a son in Sept., 1925.

MARRIAGE.

The good wishes and congratulations of the whole village went out to Mr. J. C. Cavett and Miss Eileen M. D. Thorne, on the occasion of their marriage on August 27th, 1925. A goodly gathering attended "our village wedding"—the first occasion on which two members of the village have been married at Jordans. Although the morning was dull and wet, the afternoon was bathed in sunshine. Never has the old Meeting House looked lovelier nor the "Mayflower Barn" received a sweeter bride. Good health, good luck, and all happiness go with them.

DEATH.

We extend the sympathy of the village to Mr. Hancock on the loss of his wife in July. Mr. and Mrs. Hancock were amongst the first villagers, and she is much missed by those who had long known her quiet goodness.

REMOVAL.

It is with much regret that we record the removal of Miss Morgan Brown. She had endeared herself to all in the village, and we still miss her very much. The large gathering which met in the Hall at the beginning of August testified to the place she held in our hearts. All good wishes to her in her new life at Cippenham.

DR. HODGKIN.

It is an honour to have Dr. H. T. Hodgkin living amongst us for a time and to have heard him speak on more than one occasion. Villagers will be interested to know the sort of work he has been doing in China, and a friend has very kindly contributed a brief account of this. Those who "listen in" will also be interested to note that he is giving the address at the broadcast service on Sunday evening, December 20th, at the London station.

DR. HODGKIN

HENRY T. HODGKIN, M.A., M.B., is a member of the Society of Friends, who, after strenuous work for the Student Christian Movement, went out to China as a missionary, giving half his time to the Y.M.C.A. and half to the regular work of the Society of Friends. After a few years he returned to become the Secretary of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association. He gave ten years to this service, including the very difficult years of the war. During this time he was one of the founders of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and rendered notable service to the pacifist cause. At the conclusion of his ten years as secretary, he went out with his wife to China, and travelled widely through the country to groups of students and others, delivering a large number of lectures. Consequent on this visit, he became one of the secretaries of the National Christian Council, a body which links together the various Protestant Churches in China and the missionary societies.

Towards the end of May he left China to come home to England for a few months' rest. While he and his wife were travelling across Siberia, the tragic shooting of May 30th took place at Shanghai, and on his arrival in England he was plunged into a maelstrom of work, speaking and writing and interviewing people in all parts of the country and of many different sorts and conditions with regard to the Chinese situation. He has done much to arouse interest, to create sound opinion, and best of all he has won the affection of both Chinese and English to a most remarkable extent.

JORDANS SOCIAL GUILD

The Guild has published its list of fixtures for the quarter ending on December 31st, and one need hardly specify them in detail. Variety is very evident. There are the usual Socials, when "all the talents" may appear and there are the special performances of the Dramatic Society and the Cricket Club, not to mention Whist Drives and Lectures, the latter as usual rather poorly attended. Mr. Beck, Major Austin, and Mr. Chapman have given us fresh matter to think upon, but sad to say the people who wish to escape thought seem to be more numerous than those of the opposite category—or is it "wireless" that is responsible? Comparisons need not be made, but one can say that the standard of performance, if anything, is rising, and often reaches a most creditable point. The arrangements for the spring session are approaching completion, and meantime a new dancing evening (Tuesday) has been arranged, when both modern dancing and country dancing have their share.

H. G. D.

GARDEN APHORISMS

Sow thinly. If you raise seed-boxes on logs, they may possibly escape slugs.

Don't walk on the ground when it is wet.

The hoe is the gardener's best friend.

A stake in time saves nine—but you may want all the nine if the south-wester blows.

Always pick flowers as if you were stealing them.