

Talented young writers unearthed in writing competition

Thank you so much to those who entered the 'Dave Pigeon: Inspired by the Suburb' writing competition. So much hard work clearly went into each story and Swapna was floored by the talent from the children.

We have our two winners: Well done to Maya Smythe with her story 'In the Suburb there was a Wood' and Ella van Reeuwijk with her story 'Clifton the Red Squirrel'. Swapna says, 'I was so very impressed with our winners. The competition has unearthed two brilliantly talented young writers.'

Maya's story was a delight. She painted such a glorious picture of the Suburb woodland with her words. Ella's story had great characterisation. Clifton is an incredibly brave squirrel and I loved the twists in plot as he discovers Charlie's true colours.'

Both winners receive the 'Dave Pigeon: How to Deal with Bad Cats and Keep (most of) Your Feathers' book, signed by both Swapna Haddow and illustrator Sheena Dempsey and a selection of Dave Pigeon goodies.

In the Suburb there is a wood

In the Suburb there is a wood. That wood is called BIG Wood. Now a *beautiful* young robin lived in this wood. She chirruped her lovely song and it was as beautiful as she was.

Also in this everlasting greenery was a jay. When he heard this song he said to himself:

"Why, are my ears playing tricks on me!? That can only be the song of a young robin!" He flew up to see the creature. When he saw her and she saw him their eyes locked. This can only mean one thing the other animals thought. Love.

The robin was the first to speak. Since she was *beautiful*, young and a perfect match for other birds she was used to them faffing round her.

"Oh my darling jay," chirruped the robin in her sweet as sugar, mesmerizing as honey voice "come fly with me."

"May I really!?" asked the jay

"You may."

"I'll do it."

The jay found an envelope marked 'Open me' He did so. Inside it said:

My darling jay

Come fly with me tonight!

Be in the glade at 9:00 sharp or you will miss me.

Robin xX

Mist. Moonlight. Images of the jay not concentrating where he was flying and falling into the arms of a fox swirled in her mind. Where was he?

Wing beats. Heart beats. Images of the robin leaving him in these dreadful woods and then her getting lost spiraled in his mind. Where was she?

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!!!!!! Startled, the robin peeked her head over the pile of leaf litter.

"Robin?!" said a voice.

"Jay?!" cried Robin

"It's me!" yelled jay and robin. They both smiled at each other.

"Come fly with me." sung the robin.

"I will." replied the jay.

In peace in the sunset sky, the perfect couple flew together. They inhaled fresh and flowery tastes and smells with every drawn breath. They danced about in the trees with the prickly pine needles and blossomed flowers. Soft and endless blades of grass billowed out under their legs and felt like marshmallow pillows.

"Will you come run away with me over this forest?" asked robin.

"Yes." And they flew over the sunset and they were never heard of ever again.



Clifton the Red Squirrel

The Red squirrel is one of the rarest animal to live on earth. This Red Squirrel in the story has a bushy tail, red fur and kind eyes. He is called Clifton. Clifton loves children and on sunny days he sits in trees nibbling nuts and watching children play on The Green in Hampstead Garden Suburb.

THE LIFE TIME OF CLIFTON

Clifton is a fun, kind and happy red squirrel. He spends his days sitting in trees and watching children. You see Clifton gets his food from picnic leftovers, sometimes he finds his food in the bins, or scattered around on the grass, but sometimes he finds nothing.

He sleeps with his two brothers in a big, old oak tree in Little Wood. Clifton doesn't spend much time with his brothers because they go looking for nuts while Clifton watches the children and gathers left over food for him and his bothers' meals.

Although he finds lots of food he doesn't eat it straight away. Nuts are Clifton's favourite meal. They would get a scrap of food, break the nut and eat it as a 'scrap and nut salad'. Sometimes Clifton finds some sweets and brings them home and has them for dessert or saves them for a birthday treat.

STORY

Clifton was very happy with his life but really wanted a human child as a friend. Days and days went by until one day Clifton said to his brothers, 'I will find a child friend and nobody can stop ME!'

So Clifton went looking for a human child friend, until the afternoon he found a boy called Charlie wondering round the Market place. He had cool brown hair and green eyes with a peachy brown skin. Clifton liked the look of Charlie and decided that he would make a good friend.

Well the good thing about Charlie is that he loves red squirrels and he already had 1000. The bad thing about Charlie is that he is very, very greedy too...

...Well he is the reason why red squirrels are rare. HE'S GOT THEM ALL!

When Charlie went home Clifton followed him quietly. As they got to Charlie's house, Charlie said "I wonder if the key is still in the downstairs bathroom under the sink and if the 1000 red squirrels are OK."

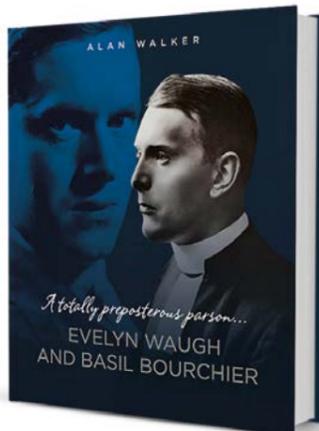
When Clifton heard that he felt so angry with him. No wonder red squirrels are so rare. He thought, 'I'd better free them or I will be the last red squirrel to be free in the wild.' Clifton sneaked in the house in a tick of time, like a racing car.

A minute later Clifton got the key, unlocked the huge white door and all of the squirrels ran out happily, climbing the stairs and running out of the door feeling free! Clifton felt relieved, and went off to join the others. They ran far away to Little Wood, so Charlie would never find them.

The Red squirrels stayed in Little Wood and if you have a good look out you might be lucky enough to see one climbing up the bark of the old trees.



A Totally Preposterous Parson: Evelyn Waugh and Basil Bouchier



Alan Walker's latest book is primarily a study of the life and career of Basil Bouchier, first vicar

of St Jude-on-the-Hill. However, at the heart of it lies the coming together of two strong-minded men, a priest and a pre-eminent novelist, whose less than flattering view of the former substantially affected the ongoing reputation of the clergyman. In the light of meticulous new research, Alan Walker seeks to recalibrate Evelyn Waugh's opinion of Basil Bouchier.

The notion of a celebrity religious figure is difficult to grasp in this increasingly secular society. At the height of his powers, Basil Bouchier was considered one of most famous clergymen in the Church of England. His spectacular and theatrical sermons

brought hundreds of devotees from all parts of London to the Suburb. Young female acolytes would vie to sit of the steps of the pulpit to collect the beads of sweat from the clergyman in their lace hankies. His writings and broadcasts were so avidly followed that in a 21st century context one can see him as a Twitter and Instagram star with social media fiends tracking his views on such divers subjects as feminism, animal rights and the supernatural.

At the beginning of the First World War Bouchier accompanied the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy Corps to Belgium.

Founded by Mabel St Clair Stobart, a parishioner and suffragist, the corps worked between field and base hospitals. Bouchier's unusual war experiences culminated in his being arrested and sentenced to death as a spy on account of an incorrectly signed travel pass. Unbelievably it was only due to the eleventh hour intervention of the German Judge (who had visited the Garden Suburb as part of a pre-war town planning delegation), that Bouchier and his colleagues were reprieved. After leaving St Jude's, Bouchier's later ministry was at St Anne's Soho. Mired in a scandal involving a long history of interest in the

welfare of choirboys and servers, Bouchier died aged only 53 in 1934. He left part of his estate to the King and Queen.

Outside the confines of Hampstead Garden Suburb, Bouchier would probably be forgotten today if it were not for a few lines in Evelyn Waugh's memoir, A Little Learning, in which he is ridiculed as "a totally preposterous parson". Evelyn Waugh, the 20th Century's foremost comic novelist, perhaps most famous for Brideshead Revisited (though I myself have a particular fondness for The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold) had been a regular worshipper at St Jude's from shortly after it opened in 1910 and was confirmed there in 1916. His father, Arthur, was a Sidesman and chaired a number of Parish Committees. Arthur Waugh and Bouchier became good friends and he published a number of the Vicar's works.

By the time of his autobiography, A Little Learning (1964), Evelyn Waugh had been a Roman Catholic for over thirty years and had long since come to think of the Church of England as an essentially 'bogus' institution. Later biographers of Waugh have trotted out the 1964 portrait as if it was gospel and an accurate account of Waugh's youthful opinion of his vicar. Alan Walker, in this entertaining and lavishly illustrated book, reviews Waugh's statements through the prism of church records and concludes the novelist actually had a much warmer and more generous view of Bouchier – and indeed the Church of England as a whole.

STEPHEN JAMES

A Totally Preposterous Parson: Evelyn Waugh and Basil Bouchier, by Alan Walker, is available from St Jude's at a special price of £10.

Charm from Suburb's C P Wade

A slim booklet entitled Charles Paget Wade Before Snowhill, perfect for an afternoon's read, has just been published, telling us much about the charming early Suburb architect C P Wade. It is authored by Paul Capewell whose day job for the past couple of years has been at the HGS Trust transforming their customer facing information.

Wade was the lead architect working on Asmunds Place, to a plan laid down by Parker and Unwin for this first street in the Suburb. He also detailed much of the Great Wall, including its Gazebos, and among the many fascinating nuggets in this booklet are references to two other sets of gazebos, one pair built in Asmunds Place, lost to wartime bombing as was the Clubhouse (replaced by Fellowship House) on which he did major design work, and the other pair intended for the Rotherwick Road gateway into the Suburb but never built.

Wade had a special interest in detailing, particularly tile creasing such as over archways and in parts of the Great Wall. This interest in

small-scale individuality comes out strongly in the booklet, and started early in childhood. Readers who have been to Snowhill, the manor house near Broadway that he gave to the National Trust, will know of his vast collection of knickknacks, furniture, whimsical items and anything of fine craftsmanship that caught his eye.

The booklet sketches his birth into a wealthy family, a lonely but seemingly happy childhood spent with his grandmother from the age of six, in Great Yarmouth, and a constant love of drawing, rather than academic learning, throughout his schooldays.

Born in 1883, at age 18 he was articled to the diocesan architect at Ipswich and in his six years there was inspired by the market, the harbour, the street scenes and the antique shops, never ceasing to complement his architectural drawings with separate personal 'takes' – what today we would call dummy street scenes. Capewell gives us the feel of Wade's personality – never a mere draughtsman, and always eager to add whimsy.

This outstanding and original draughtsmanship led to Wade being selected to illustrate Raymond Unwin's seminal 'Town Planning in Practice' some two years after joining Unwin's team at the Suburb. Unwin, we are told, referred to Wade's 'charming and imaginative pictures'.

Wade left Unwin's office in 1911 when his father (aged only 62) was in declining health and indeed died that December.

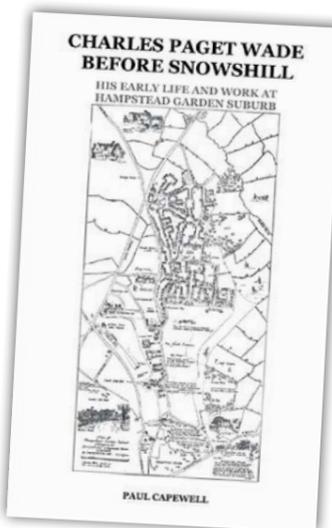
The final chapter tells us of conscription (at age 34) into the Sappers, and his work, behind the front lines, to enhance the temporary accommodation that was afforded to his regiment.

During that time, an old issue of Country Life advertised for sale the dilapidated manor of Snowhill, and after the war, finding it still for sale, he bought it to house his rapidly growing collection, and made its rehabilitation his major project leaving the Suburb finally in 1919. His former Suburb colleague M H Baillie Scott designed the garden.

According to Wikipedia he remained a bachelor until

marrying in 1946, retiring to the family property in the West Indies, donating Snowhill to the National Trust in 1951, and dying visiting the UK in 1956.

Charles Paget Wade Before Snowhill, his early life and work at Hampstead Garden Suburb, 49pp, by Paul Capewell (£4 from the author at the HGS Trust office or £1.99 on kindle via Amazon)



Welcome to St Jude's

Sunday 18 December:

6pm Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols followed by mulled wine and mince pies

Christmas Eve:

4pm Children's Nativity
11.30pm MIDNIGHT MASS

Christmas Day:

8am Dawn Mass
10.30am Parish Celebration followed by seasonal refreshments

Sundays:

8am Said Eucharist
10.30am Sung Eucharist

Thursdays:

9am Said Eucharist

All Welcome

SAINT JUDE-ON-THE-HILL • THE PARISH CHURCH OF HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB

www.stjudeonthehill.com