

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

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Contents.

- 1.—Chronicle of Events.
- 2.—Our London Letter.
- 3.—The Prince of Wales' Scout Rally.
- 4.—The Coming of Christmas.
- 5.—Climbing Boys.
- 6.—A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Kingham Hill Magazine.

No. 25.

OCTOBER, 1922.

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

Mr. F. Harwood supplies the following report of the various games played by the Kingham Hill Cricket Club, of which he is the Honorary Secretary.

The 1st XI. finished a fairly successful season with a win over Milton, beating them by 128 runs. Owing to rain three matches were not played—Chipping Norton, Moreton-in-Marsh, and Salford (2nd XI.). Congratulations to F. G. Goddard for topping the batting averages and also for doing well in bowling. J. Farmbrough is to be congratulated on his good bowling, also J. Jones. Matches played, 16; won, 11; lost, 5.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	No. of Inns.	Times		Most in an Inns.	Total Runs.	Aver.
		Not Out.				
F. G. Goddard	16	...	3	...	797	61.3
F. Rose	11	...	2	...	170	18.8
W. McSweeney	12	...	5	...	127	18.1
G. Bond	12	...	3	...	102	11.3
T. Barlow	16	...	2	...	150	10.7
P. Floyd	15	...	1	...	129	9.2
W. Barlow	9	...	1	...	62	7.7
H. Silver	19	...	2	...	130	7.6
J. Jones	11	...	0	...	84	7.6
J. Farmbrough	14	...	1	...	85	6.5
C. Melton	17	...	0	...	104	6.1
A. Gibbs	15	...	1	...	73	5.2
F. Meehan	10	...	0	...	26	2.6

* Signifies not out.

We won Chadlington twice, Milton twice, Chipping Norton, Hook Norton, Stow-on-the-Wold, Shipton, Kingham, Moreton-in-Marsh, and the Visitors. We lost to Churchill twice, also to Shipton, Kingham, and Stow once.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names.	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.		
J. Jones	35	...	6	...	93	15	6.2
J. Farmbrough	167	...	45	...	385	46	8.3
F. Goddard	63	...	17	...	184	22	8.3
H. Silver	74	...	12	...	254	27	9.4
F. Rose	116	...	30	...	318	28	11.3
W. Barlow	41	...	4	...	100	7	14.2

The 2nd XI. were not so successful, having played 12, won 5, lost 7. H. Mitchell came top in the batting; he also did some good bowling. W. Coates topped the bowling.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	No. of Inns.	Times		Most in an Inns.	Total Runs.	Aver.
		Not Out.				
H. Mitchell	13	1	...	42	147	12.2
A. Osborne	15	2	...	30	129	9.9
F. White	13	0	...	23	106	8.1
W. Coates	13	2	...	15	86	7.8
C. Orris, Junr.	10	0	...	26	61	6.1
A. Cave	4	0	...	12	24	6.0
G. Hancox	14	1	...	13	60	4.6
C. Orris, Senr.	11	1	...	27	38	3.8
S. Ward	9	3	...	10*	22	3.6
F. Murton	13	1	...	18	42	3.5
A. Topp	12	1	...	6	16	1.4
E. Hatton	9	0	...	3	11	1.2

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names.	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
W. Coates	66	8	195	27	7.2
H. Mitchell	63	11	165	22	7.5
F. Murton	42	3	183	21	8.7
G. Hancox	15	0	108	9	12.0

The annual sermon on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society was given by Dr. J. H. Ritson, on September 10th. He took for his subject, "Getting and Giving," and his text was Psalm cxix. 11, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." The offertory amounted to £2 12s. 9d.

The School was re-opened on September 18th, after the usual six weeks' holiday.

The services in the Chapel on Sundays, September 25th and October 2nd, were taken respectively by Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Reed, from the Evangelization Society.

On September 29th the boys journeyed by train to Shipton, where they spent a very happy and pleasant time. The occasion was a cricket match on behalf of the Oxford Hospital. Several prominent cricketers gave their services, viz., J. Hobbs, T. Hayward, Strudwick, Parkin, Astill, Mills, etc. The teams were captained by F. G. Goddard and R. Hartley. Our Scouts did yeoman service in many ways. There were several hundreds of spectators, and a goodly sum was forwarded to the hospital.

With sincere regret we record the death of Leslie Murton, which took place on October 13th, at Stourbridge, where he was spending a holiday at the home of T. and R. Corneloues. We shall miss his bright and cheerful presence. Although debarred by weakness from taking an active part in sports, he took a great interest in them and was "official scorer" for the Cricket First Eleven.

For some years he was a regular teacher at Sunday School, where he won the affection of the boys in his class.

A memorial service was held on Sunday afternoon, October 15th, and the funeral took place at Kingham on October 17th, the first part of the service being taken in our Chapel.

All Old Fellows will be sorry to hear of the death of our old friend, Mr. Tucker, which took place on October 16th.

Mr. Tucker's genial disposition and kindly interest won him many friends in Latimer House and on Kingham Hill.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Tucker and family in their bereavement.

On October 21st, the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, we hoisted "The Flag" and had our usual "talks" on the life of Nelson and of the great victory in which he lost his life.

Our Harvest Festival was held on Sunday afternoon, October 22nd. The Chapel had been decorated by the boys and teachers. Mr. Carruthers took for his subject, "A Loaf of Bread," preaching from St. John vi. 35, "I am the bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

We deeply regret to record the death of Tom Luxton, which took place on November 6th. Since his return from Safonica, where he saw "active service," he had not been well. For the last twelve months he was confined more or less to his bed. The end was quite sudden and was caused by hæmorrhage of the lungs.

He was famous round about Kingham Hill for his skill in cricket and football. He took a class in the Sunday School as long as he was able, and did good service there.

The funeral took place at Kingham on November 10th, and a Memorial Service was held on the following Sunday afternoon—Tom's favourite hymn, "The Sands of Time are sinking," forming part of the service.

On November 11th we assembled in the School for the observance of "The Two Minutes' Silence." The hymn, "Our God, our Help in ages past," was sung, and our Chaplain then led us in prayer. Mr. Young gave a short address, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

In the evening the bonfire (postponed from November 6th) was lit in the furze field. The huge fire was a great success, and the amusing antics of the "guy" were a source of great amusement to the numerous spectators.

November 15th, Polling Day for the General Election, caused some little excitement on the Hill. Most of the older residents recorded their vote at Kingham. All were delighted to hear that our candidate, Major Edmondson, had won the seat for the Conservatives.

On November 20th a football match between Chipping Norton C.E. School team and the School Eleven took place. It proved a very good game, both teams putting their utmost into the play, and the game ended in a win for the "Hill," the score being 4—3.

On Wednesday, November 29th, the School boys attended the Church Missionary Exhibition in Kingham Village Hall. Exhibits were displayed showing the habits, etc., of the natives of Africa, Japan, India, China, and Mohammedan countries. There were also ten minutes' talks of work done by the C.M.S. in these countries.

Native melodies and hymns were well sung by a choir of Kingham girls. Our best thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Scammell for their efforts to interest one and all.

The following report of the doings of the Kingham Football Club is supplied by Mr. F. Harwood, Hon. Secretary:—

Up to the present time our Football Teams have met with little success and some rather bad luck, owing to matches being put off for Cup ties and Shield matches. We hope to do better as the season advances, although as regards the 2nd XI. there is not the same chance of success. They are meeting teams that are quite equal to Junior League football, and although they certainly do their best, they are at a decided disadvantage in age, weight, and size as compared with their opponents. The results of the teams up to date are as follows:—

1st XI.—Played 6. Won 2. Lost 4.

2nd XI.—Played 8. Lost 8.

We wish all our readers "A Happy Christmas" and "A Bright New Year."

T. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LATIMER HOUSE.

December, 1922.

It scarcely seems a year ago since we dated our letter December, 1921. Time passes so quickly that we are nearing the end of another year almost before we are aware of the fact.

We do not aim to base this letter on politics, but on looking back over the past twelve months we cannot help remarking the feeling of unrest and lack of confidence of the public. There is no doubt that the recent General

Election did much to ease the minds of the people, and we look to the new Government to restore confidence. We feel sure that in the coming year business will brighten up, and in doing so we hope that many important problems will be solved, especially the unemployment situation.

We have great pleasure in wishing all our old friends at Kingham Hill the Compliments of the Season. May the New Year bring Health and Prosperity to all.

It was with deep regret and sorrow that we heard of the deaths of Leslie Murton, Tom Luxton, and Mr. Tucker. They will all be missed by their friends at Kingham Hill and elsewhere. Leslie was very popular on account of his cheerfulness, humour, and keenness in sport; Tom as one of the leading sportsmen on the Hill; and Mr. Tucker, who was an old associate, and friend to all. His assistance at the concerts in the past years went a long way to making them so successful.

We had the pleasure of having Mr. and Mrs. Cave with us for a fortnight during September, while Mr. and Mrs. Carley were having their annual holiday. As usual, they organised a concert for the benefit of the residents of Latimer House and any Old Boys who cared to come.

Our hearty congratulations to Percy Coiley on the occasion of his wedding, which takes place on Sunday, December 10th.

Notwithstanding our inability to obtain a large number of playing members, our Football Club has been fairly successful so far. We have a large number of friendly matches to play, and our Secretary, F. Dack, has given us the following information:—

Matches played 7. Won 3. Lost 4.

Oct. 7.—Pinchin-Wilkinson F.C. Away. Lost 0—6.

„ 14.—Stanhope Institute F.C. Away. Lost 3—7.

„ 21.—Ivanhoe F.C. Home. Lost 3—5.

„ 28.—Fortis A.C. Home. Won 6—1.

Nov. 4.—Wightman Rovers F.C. Away. Won 8—2.

„ 18.—Wightman Rovers F.C. Home. Won 5—3.

„ 25.—Ivanhoe F.C. Away. Lost 1—7.

Since our last publication the following Old Boys have paid us a visit:— J. Burnett, R. Burnett, F. Clark, A. Camp, G. Hammond, G. Huckle, F. Hyde, H. Horne, G. Jones, A. Maskell, E. Dray T. Pitt, A. Jarvis, W. Silver, C. L. Viner, and J. Moull and E. Fawdry on a visit from Canada.

RED AND GREEN.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' SCOUT RALLY.

On October 7th last, about 70,000 Scouts and Cubs assembled at Alexandra Park to welcome the Prince of Wales, as a Scout, on his return from his world travels.

He certainly had a rousing welcome, and one which he is not likely to forget.

Eighteen Scouts from Kingham Hill were privileged to take part in that welcome, and I am equally certain we shall never forget it.

Herewith a short account of our trip.

We left Norwich House just after 7 o'clock in the morning, and walked to Kingham Station to meet a special train which was nearly filled with Scouts on arrival at Kingham. Needless to say, the journey to Wood Green Station, although taking over three hours, passed all too quickly, as there were so many things to talk about with our brother Scouts. A discussion was soon taking place as to who was going to win at Football when Kingham Hill met Shipston-on-Stour. It was not definitely decided.

We arrived at our Assembly Ground, in the Park, and found our positions by 12 o'clock, when we were dismissed till 1.30 to get some food.

Despite a huge crowd, we succeeded in getting our dinner, and had time for a look round the "Palace" before lining up. At 1.30 we were all in position, impatiently waiting for orders to move on to our "Rally" Ground.

While waiting, our County Commissioner inspected us and congratulated our Scouts on their clean and smart appearance.

About 2.30 we marched off to take up our positions on the "Rally" Ground, and by 3 o'clock we were all in order. I think the next two hours were the longest ever experienced in our lives. Just imagine over 50,000 lads, full of life, standing in line from 3 o'clock till 5.15, and any moment expecting the Prince to come along.

He came eventually, and we were all very pleased to see him. The strain was over. Close by us was a Scout with a "1914 Star," which did not escape the Prince's eye, and he had a word of congratulation for him.

After the Inspection the Prince returned to the Saluting Base. Then came the Charge and the "Shout." The Scouts, not to be out-howled by the Cubs, all shouted their Patrol Cries for all they were worth, and a terrible shout it was. I cannot describe it.

The Prince then addressed us through the means of a microphone, but all we could hear in our position was the last sentence, "Good luck to you all."

The Speech was as follows:—

"I thank you all for travelling so far to greet me, and in such large numbers.

"I know in these hard times how difficult it must have been for many of you—and for your parents, too—so I appreciate it all the more.

"On my travels during the last three years, I have seen your brother Scouts in most parts of the world, with the same old hats, staves, and bare knees, and the same old smile when things look bad, and there they were, doing just the same good turns to other people as you are doing.

"You are members of a very big and jolly brotherhood, and you are doing a fine thing by making yourselves strong, active, efficient Scouts. You are

thereby carrying out your motto, 'Be Prepared,' to be good, useful citizens for your Country, and for that greater brotherhood of free nations which forms the British Empire. There is no harder duty than that, so stick to it and do it well, and good luck to you all."

Three mighty cheers were given for the Prince on the call of the Chief Scout, and the Prince called for three cheers for the King, which were just as mighty, and as a proper finale the band played the National Anthem.

Duty over, we made a bee-line for the Canteen and refreshed ourselves with cakes and tea.

Having over two hours before our train was timed to depart, we strolled about the Park and saw the Lake, Racecourse, etc. Our journey to the station was a very slow one, as everybody seemed to be of the same mind, but we managed to get to our train one hour late, and arrived at Kingham Station just after midnight.

It was a very long day, and a very tiring one, but despite that, we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and shall never forget it.

It was an interesting experience in every way for our Scouts, and good resolutions and good work have already resulted from the Rally, and I am hoping for great things in the future.

F. G. GODDARD.

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS.

The following events happened whilst I was a member of the Royal Marine Detachment of H.M.S. "Brilliant." All events are quite true, but as I have no diary, dates and names will not be too accurate.

As most people are aware, even during peaceful years units of the Navy are called upon constantly to act quickly, and at times at great risk to themselves—in some distant portion of our Empire—in the interests of the Mother Country and incidentally of our Colonies.

The following is a good example and will, I hope, give an idea of how the Navy works and plays at such times.

About 10.30 a.m. on the 19th December, 1910, we were lying at anchor in Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, carrying out the usual daily routine and eagerly looking forward to Christmas Day for a break in the monotony, when a special messenger arrived aboard with a cablegram in cipher. On deciphering the first portion the Captain discovered that he was to proceed to a certain spot under sealed orders and there await instructions by wireless.

Steam was quickly raised, all engagements ashore—including concerts, dances, cricket matches, etc.—cancelled, and we proceeded to sea about 2 p.m.

After about forty hours' steaming, we arrived at the Bluefields, the spot mentioned, for orders. Here we lay at anchor all night.

The Bluefields lie off the coast of Central America, and proved a most interesting spot. The water is azure blue and so clear that we could see every object in the ocean-bed quite clearly. This was most fascinating. Thousands of fishes could be seen swimming about, and at least half the ship's company were soon engaged in trying to catch them.

I thoroughly enjoyed that evening. The antics of the fishes were most amusing. Some were very highly coloured, having brilliantly striped bodies in yellow, black, and silver. These the seamen nicknamed "footballers." The bed of the ocean was very pretty, being covered with coral and sea growth.

We were kept in roars of laughter by the language of the fishermen. The fishes could be seen approaching the bait, and great excitement would prevail. If the fish took the bait, there would be a cheer; if no bite, the fishermen would use pure naval swear words and be greeted with roars of laughter. One enterprising stoker opened a book, the stakes being matches—these are very scarce on board ship when abroad—on fishes taking the bait.

We weighed anchor the following morning, and proceeded to Belize (capital of British Honduras). Here we had to drop anchor about five miles out, as the water is very shallow up to that distance.

By this time we had learned that we were to be concerned with a revolution, but the orders were kept so secret that no one except the Captain and the Governor knew where the revolution was expected.

Belize proved a splendid place and a fine example of British power abroad. The natives, who are chiefly of mixed Spanish and negro origin, with a good sprinkling of pure negroes from the West Indies, and a large number of whites—mainly British and American—engaged in timber trading, are very proud of the fact that they are British, and consider it an insult if they are called anything else. The children are very eager to learn and prove very intelligent. Our ship was the first British warship which had visited the place for 35 years—except for a very short visit by a cruiser a year or two before. The natives were delighted and welcomed us heartily. We were only in the place for a few days, but I had enough invitations to cover a month.

Several swift rivers flowed into the harbour, and on these the large lumber camps, for which the place is famous, are situated. The most important tree is the mahogany. The logs are floated down the rivers, gathered in the harbour, and shipped to all parts of the world.

At the time of our arrival the log cutters were gathered in Belize for the Christmas festivities. These fellows are very wild, but respectful to the British, and although there is a good deal of horse-play amongst them at this time, it is generally confined to their own sort, and they do not interfere with property or the inhabitants.

A rumour went round that our ship was here to police the place in case of trouble with these fellows. This caused great indignation ashore, as the inhabitants, including the log cutters, are very proud of their loyalty to Britain.

This, of course, was a mistake, but the Governor could not inform the inhabitants of the purpose of our visit until after our object had been carried out.

The day following our arrival was Sunday. A good many of the ship's company, including myself, went ashore in the afternoon. Several of us followed a road into the country. The vegetation is, of course, tropical and somewhat wild. We followed a track through a forest and caught several glimpses of snakes and other wild creatures. We also came across two armies of ants, for which this country is famous. One was red, the other black. A native boy informed us that these ants engage in battle like human beings. They make a tiny road of their own from their nests in all directions to facilitate travelling. They leave the road when necessary to procure food, etc., and pick the road up again at the nearest point to return to their nest.

We sat and watched one roadway for over an hour. The ants in this case kept chiefly to the right—they appeared to have a sort of rule of the road. Their favourite food appeared to be a tiny green leaf. These they carried in an upright position like a tiny sail, and as nearly all the ants travelling one way—presumably towards the nest—were laden thus, they presented a sight similar to thousands of miniature ships. These ants were of the red variety, and about a quarter of an inch long.

Before leaving the jungle we became very thirsty, and quenched our thirst by climbing cocoanut trees, plucking the green pods, and drinking the milk.

During our stay in the place the annual races were held. This is the chief public event during the year. The animals used are little larger than an English pony, but they are well bred and can move very fast. The ship's company came in for some excellent treatment on this occasion; the natives vied with each other in their hospitality. Belize is certainly not a pussyfoot town; whiskey flowed freely round the whole course. The natives carried boxes of cigarettes, and if they offered us a smoke we were expected to take a packet. A corporal who was my companion very much regretted that he had one pocket only. Later I received an invitation to a native gentleman's house facing the course. Here I sat in comfort to watch the races, until Fate—in the shape of one of my host's comely daughters—came along and invited me to have a ride.

By my side sat a corpulent Chief Petty Officer, who consented to accompany me. To our horror we found that we were to have two spirited racers. We tossed for mounts, and very soon cleared a very large space of people. Until we were up to our knees in a swamp we did not discover that the English method of steering a horse was just the reverse to the Central American method.

Fate again stepped in and decided we should see the start of a race. We went. The course was bounded by a fence a few feet high, and we stood on the opposite side to the course to watch a field of about ten horses start. In our excitement we forgot to hold our horses in, or perhaps we didn't know how to. Anyway, as the race thundered past, our mounts sprang over the fence and followed in their wake. C.P.O. P. started with a distinct list to starboard, which he kept along the whole course. I became very fond of my

mount and kept my arms round its neck the whole way. An extra jerk threw my helmet far enough back from my eyes to enable me to see the Captain and Lieutenant-Commander either exploding with wrath or laughter.

Needless to say, we were highly cheered, and both of us were presented with a pocket book by the Stewards after the race.

After the races we were entertained in one of our host's houses. This native gentleman had two houses and two complete families.

We were due aboard at 8 p.m., so we had to leave early. After taking leave of our friends, we left the house and found Lance-Corporal T. sitting on the step unwell—anyway, he couldn't walk. We couldn't get a cab, so we tied a piece of rope under his arms and towed him in. The roads were covered with a soft white dust which enabled us to pull him along quite easily. We managed to get him to the jetty, where it was so dark that we had great difficulty in finding our boat. We managed to get Lance-Corporal T. in the stern sheets, but it was so dark that he could not be seen, and unfortunately for him, the doctor, a very heavy man wearing large fishing boots, sat on a seat and firmly planted his feet on T.'s face, thinking it was a sack of provisions for the morning.

The following morning, very early, we proceeded to sea, and arrived at Truxilla, a seaport town on the coast of Central America, after a day's journey. During the journey, when we were rolling somewhat heavily, Lance-Corporal T. was heard to remark that even if his face did get better in less than a month, he would remain on board until we left for England.

(To be continued.)

D. A. BOARD.

CLIMBING BOYS.

All boys are climbing boys (mothers need no reminding of this!), for they climb trees and scale walls to-day, just as their ancestors did. But I am not writing of tree-climbing—to let you into the secret at once, I will tell you that I am writing of boys who lived about a century ago. They also climbed trees, but some of them obtained their living by climbing and were known officially as "Climbing Boys." These poor boys climbed chimneys!

As we advance in our civilisation our customs change or are modified, and the last hundred years has witnessed the passing of a custom and a character so familiar to our forefathers. There are very few of us who remember the custom of sending little chaps up chimneys, and I was only reminded of it by reading an extract from "The Times," dated April 24th, 1822, announcing a meeting of the Society for Superseding the Necessity of Climbing Boys by encouraging a new method of sweeping chimneys. And I imagine that present-

day juveniles little guess the meaning of their parents' exclamation, "You dirty little sweep!"

The practice of chimney-sweeping by boys was peculiar to Great Britain and unknown on the Continent. In 1817 there were over 1,000 boys engaged in this kind of employment, and they were usually children whom nobody wanted. These workhouse waifs were often apprenticed to sweeps by the guardians of the poor and Parish Authorities because only a small premium was required. Some sweeps took them from the authorities without a premium, for a climbing boy brought his master profit. I expect many of you have read "Oliver Twist," and remember how poor little Oliver was nearly apprenticed to a sweep. Briefly the story is as follows:—Oliver had asked the Workhouse Master for more gruel, and the Parish Authorities had decided to get rid of him in consequence. Five pounds were offered as a reward to anyone who would take Oliver off the hands of the Parish, and a certain Mr. Gamfield, a chimney sweeper, badly in need of five pounds, applied for the body and soul of the said Oliver.

"If the parish would like him to learn a light, pleasant trade, in a good, 'spectable chimney-sweepin' bisness," said Mr. Gamfield, "I wants a 'prentis, and I am ready to take him." . . .

"It's a nasty trade," said Mr. Limbkins. . . .

"Young boys have been smothered in chimneys before now," said another gentleman.

"That's acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down agin," said Gamfield; "that's all smoke, and no blaze; vereas smoke ain't o' no use at all in making a boy come down, for it only sinds him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, gen'men, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down vith a run." . . .

Gamfield should never have made this speech, for it cost him one pound ten shillings—he could have Oliver, but only three pounds ten shillings reward, because chimney sweeping was a nasty business. At length Oliver appeared before the Magistrate for that worthy gentleman to sign the indentures, but they were never signed;—

. . . Oliver fell on his knees, and clasping his hands together, prayed that they would order him back to the dark room—that they would starve him—beat him—kill him if they pleased—rather than send him away with that dreadful man.¹ . . .

The appeal was not in vain, and Oliver was returned to the workhouse.

But workhouse waifs were not the only boys put to chimney-sweeping: sometimes boys were sold by inhuman parents—the smaller the child the higher the price paid, for some flues were no more than twelve or seven inches square.

¹ "Oliver Twist," Chap. III.

It is recorded that a small child of four years was sold by a beggar woman for eight guineas, and another boy sold by his mother for three guineas.²

Some children were kidnapped or enticed away, and having once got into the hands of some unscrupulous sweep, were seldom heard of again. In those days, when a child had done wrong, some parents would jokingly threaten, saying, "If you are not good, I'll give you to a sweep, and he will take you away and send you up a chimney."

There are many legendary stories of boys being smuggled away and sold to sweeps, and an instance of this is the case of Mrs. Montagu, of Portman Square, London. This lady's son was kidnapped, when a child, by sweeps and put to the business. Some years afterwards he was sent to sweep the chimneys of the house from which he had been stolen, and was thus discovered by his parents. Mrs. Montagu was so grateful for the return of her son, that she entertained annually on May Day all the Climbing Boys in London. At her magnificent mansion she provided them with a very substantial dinner, which was followed by sports, games, and dancing in the beautiful grounds.

Apart from one or two of these benevolent people and the Society already mentioned, no one seemed to take an interest in or care much for these little chaps. Just picture for yourself what they had to go through. I imagine a tiny child, stripped naked to the waist, with hands above head, and his only hold by pressing his knees and back against the brickwork, having to ascend the chimney to brush the soot down. It must have been a hard and cruel task, often a painful one. Mr. George Panter, who died at Leighton Buzzard only recently, one of the last of the Climbing Boys, received severe burns while employed in sweeping a chimney.³

Add to this cruelty, this inhuman treatment, a bullying rascally master, who gave more kicks than ha'pence, and your picture is nearly complete. I say nearly, for I have not touched upon the wretched home-life of the boy.

Have you ever read Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies"? If not, do so, for it contains much that is interesting and novel. Chapter One will tell you all about Tom, a little chimney boy, and here are a few excerpts:—

. . . He (Tom) lived in a great town in the North Country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. . . .

. . . He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. . . .

² Hammond, "*The Town Labourer*," pp. 177-192.

³ Newton, "*Antiquarian and Historical Notes*."

Mr. Grimes, Tom's master, made a new customer, and a wealthy one. too, and his master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time next morning; . . . And, when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again.⁴ . . .

I should like to tell you more about Tom, but I must leave his adventures for you to read, if you have not already done so.

And now we read what Charles Lamb says about Climbing Boys:—

. . . I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks, poor blots, and innocent blacknesses, I reverence these young Africans of our own growth, these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimnies), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to all mankind. . . . Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny, but it is better to give him twopence.⁵ . . .

Now, I do not think I have painted too black a picture of this awful business, but I must be fair and just—you would have me so—and tell you of one who was a good master and a friend to these helpless boys. His name—Josiah Herbart, the principal sweep in Hampstead about 1787. This gentleman employed many young lads (chiefly recruited from the workhouse) and gave them a good home. When not sweeping chimneys, they came under the matronly care of Mrs. Herbart, from whom they received much kindness. On Saturday nights her boys were to be seen in the garden washing in large tubs, while on Sundays, dressed in white corduroy trousers and blue jackets with brass buttons, they attended the Parish Church and sat in a special pew reserved for them.⁶ Josiah took an interest in his boys and a pride in his work, as his business card will show:

JOSIAH HERBART,
Chimney-Sweeper,

Son and Successor to the late Benjamin Herbart, Begs Leave to acquaint his late Father's Customers, Friends and the Public in General, that he is removed to the Flask Walk, Hampstead, where he hopes for the Continuance of their Favours.

Cleans foul Chimneys, and when on Fire puts them out with the greatest Care and Safety; likewise cleans Smoke-Jacks and Smokey-Coppers, and performs what he undertakes in a decent Manner, having clean Cloths for upper Apartment, and attends with the Boys himself.

To prevent Impositions, which frequently happen, by Chimney-Sweepers going about in my Name; please to employ none that calls at your House,

⁴ Charles Kingsley's "*The Water Babies*," Chap. I.

⁵ Charles Lamb, Article in Hone's "*Everyday Book*."

⁶ Newton, "*Antiquarian and Historical Notes*."

nor call out in the Street, without looking at their Caps, but direct as above, and your Orders shall be faithfully obeyed, by Day or Night, in Town and Country, and the Favour gratefully acknowledged, by your obedient humble Servant,

JOSIAH HERBERT.

Repairs Old Bellows in the neatest Manner.

Please to direct as above. N.B.—Please to take care of this Bill to prevent Mistakes.⁷

Well, we must take off our hats to Josiah, for he was a worthy sweep and a good man—he was an exception. No doubt there were others in his day, but they were in a minority.

The mention of Josiah Herbert's business card reminds me of the quaint method of advertising employed by sweeps. A sweep usually exhibited on his house a large board, on which he had painted not only his name and business, but a kind of personal testimonial also, the latter often in poetry. There are many examples of this throughout the country, and if you care to pay a visit to Burford, Oxon, and will ascend the hill a short way, you will see one of these boards. Perhaps you have seen this:—

JOHN SMITH

lives here.

He will sweep your Chimneys and is not dear,
With Brush, Scraper and Machine
Will sweep your Chimneys neat and clean.
And if your Chimneys are on fire,
Will put them out if you require.

There is humour, too, in some of these verses, for a certain sweep in Upminster, Essex, declares:—

“No better sweep I'm sure you cannot find,
We don't leave half the soot behind.”⁸

We should be thankful if they did leave the soot behind for our gardens, but if one desires one's own soot, they make a charge for it!

The days of Climbing Boys are happily over, but legislation was necessary to abolish the practice. As early as 1789 there was an Act to regulate Chimney Sweeping, but this did not prevent the fearful cruelties practised on the young boys of those days. Therefore in 1842 it was made penal to compel or knowingly allow any person under the age of twenty-one to ascend or descend a chimney, or enter a flue for the purpose of cleaning it. And no child under sixteen years of age could be apprenticed to the trade.

⁷Newton, “*Antiquarian and Historical Notes.*”

⁸Ditto.

But there were many evasions of the law, and it was not until 1864 and 1875, when the Act was extended and made more stringent, that Chimney Boys were finally abolished.

Since then, chimney-sweeping has advanced in methods of work. To-day the Sweep—I beg his pardon, I mean the Chimney Cleaner and Soot Merchant, or, better still, the Ramoneur—no longer walks the streets, followed by his boys, crying, “ Sweep!” or “ Swee—ee—eep!” He drives to your house in horse and trap, or even on a motor-cycle, and is very independent. Indeed, to obtain his services, one must usually make an appointment with him.

And please, when the sweep next visits your house, do not tell him all the things I have written about him.

A. F. JARVIS.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

There is the old wish—printed, written, spoken, I suppose, millions of times each year. We wish it for others, others wish it for us, and we fervently wish it for ourselves. Then that’s the end of it till next year.

At the time we really mean what we wish, but how many work afterwards to bring about the desired result?

When we wish good things for our friends, what about those to whom we are indifferent, or those whom—well, we dislike? Do they get any good wishes? Certainly. They have friends, they have well-wishers, so that at the beginning of the year everyone wishes someone and “ someone ” wishes “ everyone ” a better time.

Yes, a fine lot of wishing, all well meant, all truly meant. What can we *do* to carry the wishes further?

This is what I suggest:—

Just keep on wishing the same wish all the year along. Make it a yearly wish, not “ once a yearly.” If we really wish a person well, it will not be possible to do anything to annoy or hurt. We shall be doing something in a negative manner, viz., refrain from any action or word which would be likely to cause ill-feeling.

Shall we limit this resolve to those whom we call friends? Let each person decide. Even so, all will hold in check some annoying phrase or action, and will do a kindly thing where possible (the very withholding is kindly), others will do so for us, and all will benefit.

Therefore, if we keep the wish fresh all the year through, 1923 will be a more happy and prosperous year than 1922, and that is our true wish.

F. MARLEY.

