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The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth, including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district, and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian, and non-profit-making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the society.

The annual subscription is $\pounds4.00$. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal $\pounds5.00$. Overseas $\pounds5.50$. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

<u>Chairman</u> - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth. (Tel. 42562) <u>Vice-Chairman</u> - Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth. <u>Hon. Treasurer</u> - Mrs. I. Pritchard, The Manse, High Street, Petworth.

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.

<u>Committee</u> - Mrs. J. Boss, Mrs. Julia Edwards, Mr. Ian Godsmark, Lord Egremont, Mrs. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. P. Hounsham, Mr. John Patten, Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent.

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Peter or Bill (Vincent).

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I have not given you a separate item on Magazine finances this quarter: you should be reasonably well acquainted with the relevant issues now. This issue is up to strength because of individual donations by members, including an anonymous gift of £200, a very generous donation by the Rother Raft Race Committee, and the profit from the Sussex Singers evening. The January Committee meeting, as is traditional, will discuss subscription matters with particular reference to expenditure on this magazine and I will then outline our intentions in the March Margazine.

This has been a very satisfactory quarter for Society activities. The August trip to Coates Manor and Dale House at West Burton was extremely well-attended and certainly much enjoyed. As always Mrs Thorp and Jonathan and Jane Newdick were gracious and amiable hosts. The morning start for Riley's Blackdown walk clearly deterred some of our usual walkers (myself included) but the consensus was that this was one of the best Society walks ever. I was also absent for the visit to Manor of Dean, very well-attended this year. There was the usual relaxed air of kindness and hospitality which over the years has been such a feature of this visit. The Sussex Singers gave us a great evening and a note on this appears as a separate item. Our very grateful thanks to Bob Lewis for arranging it. The Midhurst Society walk around Petworth was followed by tea and refreshments in the United Reformed Church hall, some thirty-five Midhurst Society members attending. Congratulations to the Midhurst Society on their eminently readable magazine, the first, I trust of a long line. Ian and Pearl's Balls Cross walk was a marvellous autumn excursion through new territory followed by a surprise tea provided by Ruby and John at Langhurst Hill, and slides of previous walks taken by Ian. All in all a real afternoon to remember.

Daryl Cunningham started the new season of monthly meetings in spectacular fashion with a return of Puff the barn owl and her friends. Despite Daryl's late appearance owing to car problems, the evening was a great success, refreshments being taken first while we were waiting for Daryl to arrive.

I am very pleased to say that we have coopted Mr Philip Hounsham to the committee. He will be well-known to anyone who comes to Society functions and I'm sure his good sense and good humour are going to help us enormously.

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You will have heard that Inspector Gerry Marshall is leaving Petworth for a new position at Crawley. Petworth will be sorry to lose him but we wish him well. His interest in the town will remain I am sure and he will continue as a member of this Society. I hope his successor enjoys being at Petworth as much as Gerry so obviously did.

Magazine No. 53 sold out effectively within a week of appearing and back copies will be hard to come by. The same will clearly apply to this issue. To ensure your copy it's a good idea to join us.

Peter

5th November 1988.

Please support:

PETWORTH PLAYERS PANTOMIME

RED RIDING HOOD (By Wilfred Miller)

at Leconfield Memorial Hall

WEDNESDAY 11th JANUARY £2.50 7.30 p.m. (Children/Senior Citizens £2.00)

THURSDAY12th JANUARY£2.507.30 p.m.(Children/Senior Citizens £2.00)

FRIDAY 13th JANUARY £2.50 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY 14th JANUARY £2.50 7.30 p.m.

MATINEE 14th JANUARY 2.30p.m. £2.50 (Children and Senior Citizens £2.00)

Box Office David's, Market Square.

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With the Petworth Society at Manor of Dean. September 25th. From a colour slide by Ian Godsmark.

PROTEST AND DISSENT

Protest, if it is to have other than token value, needs to have a chance to sway an issue. It may not in the event do this but it does need to have a chance. If it has no chance to sway an issue it degenerates into dissent, a mere statement of objection in the face of something that is going to happen regardless of any arguments brought against it, cogent or otherwise.

A disconcerting feature of recent proposals affecting Petworth is that protest in the sense of presenting effective argument against suggested change hardly finds a place either at Parish Council or Petworth Society level. Neither body can realistically feel that its voice has any great influence on the march of events. "Consultation" may be offered, comments invited, but these will not affect a decision which has effectively already been taken. The removal of the Registrar of Births and Deaths from Petworth was bitterly opposed by the Parish Council, individual councillors at a higher level and by this Society. To no avail. Protest had to be made but few had any illusions that this could be more than a statement of dissent.

A protest certainly has to be made about the imposition of car parking charges and the proposed reduction in status of the East Street Post Office. There may be arguments in favour of both initiatives but few seem to know what they are. At first sight neither would appear in Petworth's interest. Protest we must but it seems likely that these proposals will go through and that we shall again be left as more dissenters to a fait accompli, in other words a decision that affects us but to which we have been in no way a party. The likelihood of failure should not however condition our responses. It is surely right that while there is a chance to register our disapproval we should do so. Letters concerning the Post Office should be sent to Mr Burnside, District Manager Counters, Aldershot District Office, 4 Pickford Street, Aldershot. If you feel strongly, write. If you simply leave it to others to write, do not complain when June comes and the East Street Post Office is no more. It will be too late then. Car parking charges I understand are opposed by the police on the grounds of the catastrophic effect it would have on on-street parking. The police must be right there.

If protest fails that is not the end of the matter. Objections need then to be channeled to urge particularly that the money received from car parking on this side of the Downs is used on this side of the Downs and not to finance schemes at Chichester or on the coast. By the same token we should try to ensure that wherever the new sub-post-office is sited, and it is far from obvious where this will be, that it is easy of access for the elderly and infirm ie those who would seem most at risk from this latest "rationalisation".

Peter.

THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP:

A PLEA FOR HELP

34, The Avenue, Hambrook, Chichester, Sussex PO18 8TY.

P.A. Jerrome, Chairman, The Petworth Society, Trowels, Pound St, Petworth.

Dear Peter,

Following our conversation concerning the waterwheel and beam pump at Coultershaw, I should be grateful if you would publish this letter in the next Petworth Society Bulletin, in the hope that it may encourage some volunteers to assist members of the Sussex Industrial Archaeological Society (SIAS) in opening up the site to the public. As many readers will know, the water pump was installed in about 1764, originally to provide a water supply to Petworth House, but which was later extended to serve the Town of Petworth. The pump remained in operation until about 1960, latterly to deliver water to cattle troughs in Petworth Park. After a period of neglect, it has subsequently been restored to working order by members of SIAS and is now opened to the public on two Sundays every month during the Summer. The Coultershaw pump is important in that it provides an example of engineering technology in use before the introduction of steam power, as usually associated with the industrial revolution. Also at the site are stables used for the towing horses on the long abandoned Rother Navigation, together with the remains of the wharf which once served Petworth, as well as a lock chamber.

Because members of SIAS are widely scattered over the County, with a great many resident in East Sussex, providing sufficient people to keep the site open throughout the Summer is proving an increasing problem. It would therefore be very much appreciated if some Petworth Society Members, who know the area well, would be willing to offer their services on one or two Sundays a year, between about 11 am and 4 pm. No previous experience is needed, since there will always be at least one SIAS member on hand to "open up" and deal with any problems. I can vouch for the fact that it is often a very pleasant way of spending a Summer's day and that one meets some most interesting people, sometimes from the most unexpected parts of the world.

Hence if any of you feel that you might be able to help and would like to know more, could you please contact Mr R.M. Palmer (of SIAS) at 11, Artlington Close, Goring by Sea, Worthing BN12 4ST, or telephone him on 0903-505626.

Yours sincerely,

Mike Pope

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Can anyone please help?

Peter.



Ron Pidgley's attractive design for the Petworth Fair poster.

PETWORTH SOCIETY RECIPES (1)

PEPPERMINT CRUNCH

Ingredients

2	ozs	Crushed Cornflakes
1	tsp.	Baking Powder
4	ozs	Margarine
4	ozs	S.R. Flour
1	tsp.	Drinking Chocolate
2	ozs	Soft Brown Sugar
		Pinch of Salt
8	ozs	Sifted Icing Sugar
		A little water
15	tsp.	Peppermint Essence

Chocolate

Stage 1

Melt margarine, mix dry ingredients and stir in melted margarine. Pack into a well-greased swiss roll tin, bake for 30 minutes approximately in a moderate oven.

Stage 2

Mix icing sugar, water and essence to a smooth and <u>stiff</u> mixture. Spread over base while it is still warm, and then when cold, cover with chocolate and allow it to set hard before cutting into desired-size portions.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY

It's one year since the hurricane Crossed Sussex downs and wealds. What once were Sussex forests Still look like battlefields.

The woodmen with their axe and saws Extract the timber hoards, And what was Sussex oak and beech Is now no more than boards.

And when I tread my favourite walks, My heart is filled with dread For what was last year's wounded Is this year's certain dead. So once again with axe and saw And the all consuming flame, "How are the mighty fallen" In this never ending game.

And I wonder if the earth will see In the next three hundred years As many newly planted trees As my un-numbered tears.

So if we think we really care Why don't we have it seen Why can't we each one plant a tree To keep old Sussex green?

And when we go for our reward On ground where angels trod Count not what God has done for us But what we've done for God.

Ken Wells.

BYGONES

I wish I were a child again to hear the muffin bell, To bowl my wooden hoop and meet the knives and scissors man. In pinnys white with goffered frills, we gathered wayside flowers,

Then Sussex Downs were sheep scattered, and only skylarks heard. While we played on the close cropped turf, to while away the hours. We watched the swallows darting above the great mill-wheel, Which never ceased its turning above the foaming pool. And once a week, come Sunday, the bells rang out to all, Whole families would walk to church in answer to their call.

P.C.

SUSSEX SINGERS at PETWORTH

As part of the continuing campaign to raise funds for the Petworth Society magazine one of the Society's two-hundred postal members, Mr. Bob Lewis from Patcham brought the Copper family and an ensemble of other well-known Sussex folk-singers to the Leconfield Memorial Hall for a Harvest Home celebration on Saturday evening, 1st October. No fee was charged and all proceeds went toward Society funds. The singers had an enthusiastic and appreciative audience and one that was guite prepared to join in with them.

An early solo came from Ron Spicer of Ardingly with an old song handed down originally from his grandfather and telling of a notorious murder near Folkestone in the 1860's. Such songs, often gloomy and even macabre in tone, were published as broadsheets and sold by hawkers who intoned the songs in order to sell their broadsheets. Dick Richardson from Crawley was next with "Rusty Highwayman," sung unaccompanied as so many of the songs were. Vic Gammon from Wilmington, who followed him, accompanied himself on the zithern, a kind of mandolin, one of several unusual instruments he had brought with him. Later in the programme Vic played a French-made melodeon while Ron Spicer delighted the audience with several songs sung to his piano accordion. Many of the old songs are to our taste sombre and melodramatic reflecting an age when not everyone could read and news of events travelled orally and at its own pace.

A number of pieces were rendered by the Copper family singing as they do in harmony but without accompaniment of any kind. Bob Copper, a frequent contributor to local radio and television sang with his son John, John's wife Lynne, and his daughter Jill with her husband John Dudley. Like Bob Lewis they have been to Petworth on several previous occasions. Their songs look back to a time when farming was quite different from today and celebrate sowing, reaping, ploughing or shepherding. The farmer who condemns "the damned idle devils who follow the plough" because they had not done an acre a day was reflecting a way of farming that had hardly changed from Saxon times to the period between the wars. Dick Richardson's lament for the death of General Wolfe was another broadsheet type song and obviously older than much of the other material, while Bob Lewis' hunting song "Last Valentine's Day" seemed to have come home at last.

With its mention of Colonel Wyndham and his hounds it seems to have its origin in the Petworth area a hundred years ago. Who, one wondered, was the retainer Jim Norris "who cared not a pin"?

The evening concluded with two songs by the Copper family and the whole ensemble were warmly thanked by the Society Chairman, Mr. Peter Jerrome on behalf of the Society. The continued and prolonged applause from the audience was a tribute not only to the ensemble's help to the Society but also to the marvellous entertainment they had given their audience.

A NEW RECTOR 1919

A statement of intent by the Rev. V. Powell on taking the living of Petworth in 1919. These two pages torn from a notebook are all that survive. It is not known what else was in the original notebook. A note on the reverse of the second page says that the Rev. Powell was instituted by Herbert Jones, formerly Rector of Petworth, now Bishop of Lewes, and inducted by the Rev. Aubrey Pain, the Rural Dean and Rector of Lurgashall.

foreword to this Record It may be of interest to future Rectors of this Pansh to know the point of view from which I begin my work. By strong conviction I hold a Catholie View of the Church & deeply value the full Catholic teaching. I was trained at Cuddesdon (after a short business Career in New York) ordanied in 1908 at I Paulo by the Bishop of London and served under a High Cherry Vicar (R. Berisford Peuse) al J. Mary of Eton, Hachney Wig until 1912 when I followed him to S Johns, Meddlesbray as Senior Curate. In May 1915 Iwent to hance as 4th Class Chaplan & served in Vanous parts of Europe until May 1919 meeting Every possible type of mind + religious thought It may interest future generations to know that this expensive has led me to discover that the ignorance of the average inglishman of religious Truths is at this time almost complete: also that he is intensely conservative in retaining any Small grain of teaching or practice he may ouce have acquired and deeply suspicious of anything new to hein . But I have found that he has a nat "Seuse" for god + is nady to learn four those he trusts. Before appointing in., the patron ('nd heconfield) asked me my second + I told him fully. He has so

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Before appointing me, the patron (Lord Leconfield) asked me my views and I told him fully. He has no sympathy with my Catholic outlook but told me "to go ahead but not to go too fast". And so I intend to do. Teaching and gaining trust must come first and I intend to make as few changes as possible this first year or more.

In the past this town has been very much cut off from the outside world but I am told by the Dow-Lady Leconfield that my predecessors have given great variety of teaching so that there are as many modes of thought in this little town as might be found in a great city. Sockett was an advanced Churchman of his day, Holland though an evangelical was branded as a Roman for introducing the use of a surplice! Jones was a moderate Catholic when Rector here while Penrose was a Protestant Orangeman. Their teaching survives in various groups of my parishioners and there exist also two non conformist Chapels and a Roman Church. So it must be for me to win their trust and teach and to pass a self denying ordinance on myself.

Two things I intend to do at once. When first I came to the Church I knelt near the Altar and noticed crumbs of the Blessed Sacrament lying on the floor. Therefore I shall at once introduce the use of wafer bread. Also I must have a daily Celebration.





Rector of Petworth in 1950. George Garland. the Rev. L.H. Yorke (right) as Photograph by George Garl The Induction of

Otherwise I intend to keep the services exactly as I find them, building on the accustomed "use" and adding rather than taking away.

Not by might nor by power but by My Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.

A NEW RECTOR 1988

In the nineteenth century a parishioner of Petworth might live a large part of his life under the same rector. The scholarly Charles Dunster had come to Petworth in 1789 and had been incumbent as the century turned, Thomas Sockett had come in 1816, Charles Holland in 1859. The century had all but passed before the induction of Herbert Jones, later to become Bishop of Lewes, in 1896. An induction of its very nature must initially set a stranger at the very heart of Petworth and only the years can forge a true bond between town and rector. Charles Holland looking back as an old man in 1894 would have known this well and known too that the first strangeness had long gone. Few, he recalled, would now remember his first sermons. On Whit Sunday that year he had preached from that very text he had used on the corresponding Sunday thirty-five years before "Is the spirit of the Lord straitened?" (Micah ii7). (Petworth Parish Magazine June 1894) Tenures have been shorter this century but an induction remains a comparatively rare event: this would be the eighth and possibly the last in this century. Few now would recall Herbert Jones who left for Hitchin in 1906. More remember J.T. Penrose, a man of a legendary kindness and an almost equally legendary absent-mindedness, his ministry spanning the Great War and marked with tragedy both private and of course communal. Valentine Powell had come just after the war followed by G.A. Provis in the thirties. Harold Godwin was here through the war, the tragedy of the bombed school and the sombre years that followed. Leslie Yorke had been rector in the early fifties, Hugh Owen Jones from the late fifties and John Greene for the last decade. Quite different men, each in their own way trying to come to terms with Petworth in the context of their Christian beliefs and values. Few, if any, would have found Petworth an easy parish, even less so perhaps as the century has advanced and the old certainties have been so ruthlessly challenged.

People walking determinedly in the dark streets indicated an event of some kind. Lombard Street was dark and with no cars passing almost like a street from Charles Holland's Petworth. Those coming up East Street would walk against the traffic flow. Cars were already parked in Church Street; by the time the service began they would be parked on both sides with hardly room for a lorry to pass. Even in 1896 the old houses would still have stood in the Churchyard, shutting the church away from the world; it was different now, the old houses long gone and the churchyard standing open.

Inside the church there was a little of the feeling of quiet that precedes a service, more the expectant hubbub of an unusually large congregation. A subdued hubbub perhaps. I thought of the Toronto Scottish visit in 1985 when the church had been packed to bursting, the numbers swelled by the quests themselves, the service planned to perfection by John Greene to honour a great occasion. The organ had been there then: this time of course the organ was missing. I remembered reading how in 1812 the vestry committee had presented to the Earl of Egremont "their most respectful and grateful thanks for his very munificent present to the Parish of the organ lately erected in the Church". What had they had before? Stringed instruments? A harmonium? In 1816 Thomas Sockett the new rector had substituted a winter evening service for the afternoon one. The vestry committee acknowledged the Earl of Egremont's provision of a brass chandelier. The Church would be lit with 150 "mould sixes" - a type of candle. Tonight the lighting was of course electric, and the music came from pianos at the back of the church and an ensemble of musicians in the gallery; stringed instruments and the brass of the Town Band. In the gallery they were heard but not seen. It would have been nice to have seen them, but they had certainly made a virtue of necessity, turning the lack of an organ into a strength.

Suddenly the Archdeacon came up the aisel. The Introit hymn was "All my hope on God is founded". A procession of churchwardens, servers, deanery clergy, and the Bishop of Horsham with his Chaplain, came up the aisle too. The Bishop introduced the service and there followed prayers, a reading from Ephesians and then, for the Gospel, appropriately enough Mark's account of the choosing and mission of the disciples. It was a text that, with its emphasis on discipleship and service, would underlie the entire service. The sermon would precede the institution of the new rector.

The new incumbent, said the Bishop, would have not only Petworth as his charge but Egdean also. He had come with the warm and enthusiastic commendation and support of his former parish, some of whom were in the present congregation. He would look to receive loyal but expectant support at Petworth. Anyone coming to the living of Petworth would need an awareness of its long heritage. His immediate predecessor John Greene had worked devotedly not only as rector but as Rural Dean. The developing bond between Rector and Parish would require application on both sides. Jesus had chosen a nucleus for his disciples, the men he wanted. He had chosen them to be with him and sent them out to do his work. The new Rector would need the gift of time, time for his own prayers, time too for his congregation's. There might be times when his parishioners could not find the time to pray, but he as their priest must always find the time. True preaching was not so much a matter of words as of personal example. Asked by novices how to preach St Francis had told one that he should live the sermons people need, and another that he should preach the Gospel with words if necessary.

The following hymn was, 'O Holy Spirit, Lord of Grace', sung to the familiar Tallis' Ordinal. Lord Egremont the patron then presented the new Rector to the Bishop: "Right Reverend Father in God, we present to you Michael Alan Morris to be admitted to the cure of souls in this parish". The Bishop then instructed the new Rector and the congregation as to their duty of loyalty to the historic faith of the Church of England, the Rector affirming his belief in the catholic creeds and his intention to use only the forms of service authorised or allowed by Canon. He then took the Oath of Allegiance (to the Sovereign) and of Canonical obedience (to the Diocesan Bishop at Chichester). The Bishop of Horsham asked the officiants and churchwardens to go to the font "where our life in Christ began". Here he required a two-fold undertaking, one from the priest, one from the congregation. The priest to build up the church by teaching, baptism and confirmation and the people to commend the Gospel to others by their example. The procession moved back to the chancel where the Bishop exhorted the priest to serve the members of the Parish, in marriage, in sickness and distress, and in death, so attending to the study of God's Word that through it he might instruct and encourage all in his care. Continuing the theme of two-fold commitment the Bishop again reminded the congregation of their duty to support the priest and build up the church. Moving finally to the altar the Bishop sought a similar commitment from priest and people regarding the celebration of the Eucharist. These pastoral undertakings being given by both parties, the Bishop admitted the new Rector to the Care of Souls. The institution was complete.

The induction followed, the Bishop remaining in his seat while the churchwardens conducted the Archdeacon and the new incumbent to the door of the church. The Archdeacon placing the incumbent's hand on the key then inducted him "into the real, actual and corporal possession of the Rectory and Parish Church of Petworth with all the rights, members and appurtenances therein to belonging." The Rector locked and unlocked the door and tolled the bell to indicate his taking possession. The Archdeacon then returned him to his seat saying, "the Lord preserve you going out and your coming in, from this time forth for evermore". The induction was followed by a celebration of the Eucharist.

The service seemed logical, straightforward and never self-consciously dramatised. The main symbolic action was the locking and unlocking of the church door at the Induction. The continuing emphasis on the role of priest and people together was helpful, while this formal yet uncluttered initial meeting between priest and people could only help to exorcise the strangeness of coming to a new place. It was an effective spiritual counterpart to the more overtly social atmosphere later at the Leconfield Hall.

Ρ.

PETWORTH SCHOOLDAYS

We left Snow Hill in the Park to live at Magnolia Cottage, Pound Street in 1921, my father being head forester to Lord Leconfield. I was eleven at the time and remember it as a long hot summer. I think there was a severe drought. School was at the North Street boys school, to be destroyed by enemy action in 1942. The headmaster in 1921 was Mr Wootton; his two daughters were teachers too, one at the North Street School, one at the Infants School on the site of the present public library. Another teacher was Miss Grisedale who taught the juniors at the boys school.

Having walked down North Street recently I can't think how I could have bowled an iron hoop from home to school, but then of course there was little or no motor traffic. My hoop was made by Bill Baxter, and he had made also the skidder with which I controlled the hoop. Girls used a wooden hoop with a stick. I enjoyed my time at the boys' school. I remember gardening down the Horsham Road and playing football on the common.

After I left Petworth School I went to a boarding school in





"We arrived at Billingshurst Station..." Evacuees photographed by George Garland in 1939.



"In the autumn we would pick blackberies...", Evacuees photographed by George Garland near the Virgin Mary Spring.



Hampshire but was sent home with a suspected mastoid. I was then taken on my first car ride. It was a trip to Chichester Hospital in Dan Hill's taxi! When I started at Midhurst Grammar School I used to go to Petworth Station in a horsedrawn cab driven by Mr Cobby, I remember Albert Pellett and Dennis Moyer as travelling with me, the Price brothers would already have joined the train further up the line. Arriving at Midhurst we had to walk the considerable distance from the Station. All this changed when the first Tilling Stevens buses started to run to Midhurst, then we were dropped right outside the school!

Mr Stevenson the master who followed Mr Wootton at Petworth School formed a choir and I together with Frank Pullen, Ted Gigg, Ron Howick and one other sang on one occasion at the Albert Hall. I was never in the Scouts but joined the Rovers when they were started by a Captain Foulks who ran a farm for fattening chicken. Charles White and Ned Pullen are other names I recall, and at Goodwood races time we would line the road shouting, "Chuck out your rusty coppers". Someone thought it was a better idea to collect for the Cottage Hospital so we were removed.

At sixteen I left school and went to J. Boxall's of Tillington as an apprentice joiner. Bert Hollingdale, Arch Wakeford and I worked on sixteen cottages on the left side of Station Road and I saved enough money to buy my first motor, an A.J.S. for £18. Its farmer owner was an A.A. Scout. He showed me the controls and I simply started it up and set off; there were no tests in those days. When I left Boxalls I went to work at a furniture factory near Fernhurst making drop-leaved tables. I also worked for Mr Woolford the Petworth builder before going to work at Messrs Norman Burt at Burgess Hill. I would cycle to and fro each weekend. Here I learned estimating, costing and general office work - good preparation for various positions as assistant clerk of works and clerk of works. The war intervened of course but I returned to this work afterwards becoming Clerk of the Works to the Marguess of Exeter in 1952. I retired in 1975.

Joe Wilcox.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EVACUEE

I was amongst thousands of children uprooted from my home Sunday, 3rd September 1939 because war was declared.

New,

Each child had a satchel or small case with a change of underclothes, gas mask and each identified by a luggage label.

Not knowing where we were going we assembled at Peckham Rye School and proceeded to the Railway Station where we boarded trains for an unknown destination. Children were crying all around me, but at eight years old I thought this was going to be a great adventure. The journey seemed to take forever and for many of us it was the first time we had seen fields, other than local parks.

We arrived at Billingshurst Station and were then transported by bus to Petworth, arriving at the local boys school to wait for families to come and choose children they wanted.

A well spoken lady took me and another girl, but it was only to be for three weeks. The lady had a caravan in the garden and we both slept out there at night. I was nervous of the dark so was not happy about the situation.

I then moved to Mr. and Mrs. Diplock's house, Station Road, where I met Rendle, Brian and Audrey. Rendle wasn't at home much, I think he was in the forces. He made me a picture of Pinocchio in silver paper and it was one of my greatest treasures. It was fortunate that the family had a piano so that I could carry on practising and having lessons. My music teacher lived in a cottage near the post office.

The winter of 1940 was very cold. Thick snow everywhere. Brian and I had great fun playing snow balls and rolling about in it.

The family used to take walks through the countryside and one day we walked towards the mill and off through the fields and found a swing bridge, which was great whilst you were on it but when we came off you still felt as if you were still swinging.

The Sadler family lived next door and I remember three boys because they used to tease me, and when I moved again to my third billet to Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell's at 3 Hampers Green, it turned out that Mrs. Sadler and Mrs. Stillwell were sisters and Mrs. Stillwell's other sister was Mrs. Ayling who used to live near the green in London Road. I was treated like one of the family and got on well with Dorothy and Iris, who were the Stillwell's daughters. Mrs. Maud Sadler used to let me use her piano for practising, she lived in the house at the top of Mrs. Stillwell's garden. We used to go for walks across the hills behind the vicarage up to the Cottage hospital, sometimes across the sheep downs down to the Virgin Mary Spring but I used to worry about going through the bracken because of the adders. We used to pick wild primroses in spring, also daffodils. In the autumn we would pick blackberries. Hops we also picked, for some reason they were needed, but I am not sure for what, but it was all part of the war effort. The children used to get paid so much a jar. Of course, this was all new to me, being a Londoner, but I used to love it all. I used to say that I never wanted to go back to dirty old London.

Iris and I used to walk to school with Jean Ayling, Iris's cousin, and the Mapston girls. We would walk back for lunch then back again for afternoon lessons. There were no school meals at this stage, they came in later at 5d a day which came to 2/6d for the week.

One day at school we heard that a bomb had dropped, landed in Petworth Park and richochetted over the wall to land on the boys school. Girls in my class, who had brothers, seemed to sense that something was amiss and they were crying. It was awful. I don't think that many families in Petworth that day who were not affected. It was the only experience I had had of bombs other than seeing and hearing doodle-bugs as I was away from home until May 1945. Another sad occasion was when one of the little girls got run over by an army lorry. She had a coat on with a hood attached, which restricted her vision and the lorry driver said being high up that he never saw her, she was hit on the back of the neck and died instantly.

We used to go to Church every Sunday and sometimes a Nun would take the service. We were given stamps to stick in a book, which became part of a nice collection. Occasionally the army, which were stationed down London Road, would go to Church with the band and we used to trot alongside. One Sunday after Church a crowd of children followed the band, running and dancing along as if the band was the Piped Piper of Hamelin, but we went too far, got back very late for lunch, and really got a telling off. I can only ever remember Mrs. Stillwell getting cross once with me and it was certainly on that day.

Mr. Stillwell used to work hard all day and his hobby was his garden. He would grow enough potatoes and vegetables to last the year with Mrs. Stillwell salting beans and putting them in kilner jars, she also made all her own jams and cakes. She used to make about six different kinds so that at tea time we had a grand spread.

One day I fell asleep in the garden of number one Hampers Green and in the evening I didn't feel at all well. The Doctor, came diagnosed Scarlet Fever and sent me to Chichester Isolation Hospital. Mrs. Stillwell had to burn some sort of candles in the bedroom, seal windows and doors up with tape for 23 hours to fumigate the room and then it turned out I had sunstroke. I had been put in the ward where other children had scarlet fever, but was moved into a room on my own because the rash had disappeared. Mrs. Stillwell came to fetch me with a suitcase of clothes as for 2 weeks I had lived in pyjamas.

At school we had several London teachers who had evacuated with us and I remember Mrs. Bell saying to me, when I was eleven that I should leave Primary School and go to Petersfield, where Battersea Central School had been evacuated. I didn't want to leave the Stillwells and Petworth but was persuaded it was the best thing for my education. Whether it was for the best, I do not know, as I was never happy at Petersfield, but I have very fond memories of a very happy three and a half years spent in Petworth.

Postcript:

Spending a holiday, this year, at Seaford, I took my husband on a nostalgic visit to Petworth visiting The Square, Hampers Green, Sheep Downs, Virgin Mary Spring. I noticed the school is now a private house; the Blackbird Cafe at the top of Lombard Street is no longer there. I looked for some sort of memorial as to where the boys school had been but found none.

I should like to thank Doreen Hill for her hospitality and introducing me to Peter Jerrome who in turn gave me Rendle Diplock's address at Hove and my husband and I subsequently visited him and his wife Maggie two days later.

Also I would like to thank Sue Goldsmith (nee Hunt) and her mother who helped me to locate lost friends, whom I shall be getting in touch with shortly.

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Valerie Frolich (nee Groom) 12 Shorton Road, PAIGNTON, DEVON TQ3 2NA.





I think it is very nearly time, I introduced the members of the family. It was often said by people "That if one Rowe was seen, all of them had been seen" but we were in fact quite different in many ways.

Francie the eldest of the family, had Mother's looks and black hair, and had left school when I was born, and was in domestic service as house parlourmaid at a big house about a quarter of a mile away, and therefore did not come home every night, but only one afternoon and evening a week and every other Sunday. The cook at the house was very good to Francie, and often sent home a relish for our tea, and so it was only natural for us to await eagerly to see what Francie had got in her basket.

Ethel was two years younger than Francie, and was always referred to by Mum and Dad as "DICK". This may have been that they were hoping their second born would be a boy, but this was always strongly denied!

Ethel worked daily for Mrs House, the farmer's wife who lived just below us from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m. helping with the household chores, dairy work and looking after their three children. I remember Ethel coming home from work and straightaway helping with the ironing. She was also very handy with her needle, and before long Mother allowed her to use the sewing machine, this was very useful and soon Ethel was making our underwear, and dresses for school, not forgetting the white pinafores which we wore to protect our dresses.

Joe was the elder of the two brothers, and was working at the local flour mill, so each night he would come home, very dusty with flour, and his hair white. Whether it was always necessary to get in this state, or whether it was to convince everyone that he was really working very hard, I suppose we shall never really know, but he was well liked as a boy, and was very willing to help at night with the gardening, and in the Spring would help to dig and plant our large garden.

Jim, had a love for the soil, so after leaving school he went as a carter for Mr. House the farmer. The two horses in his care, were his pride and joy and they were really very good pals, as one would see Jim talking affectionately to them each night, when after a

day's ploughing they were given a good grooming in their stable. Jim would come home, have his tea, and before long would settle in the armchair by the fire, and very soon would be sound asleep. We had many a laugh as while he slept he was dreaming about his day on the land, and this is the sort of thing we would hear him mutter in his sleep.

"Whoa, Dolly steady old girl, that's a good furrow if you like. No Capt'n, not too fast, steady, whoa, one more turn, at'll do us for today".

The younger members of the family were all girls, and it was probably with the next three that we were all classed as having a similar resemblence, I suppose this could be said of Nellie, Kitty and Molly, and looking back on school photographs this was revealed.

Mother often remarked how fussy Nellie was over her food, but nevertheless this was merely a habit, and soon forgotten when Mother's rabbit stew, and roly poly puddings were placed on the table, these were always eaten with relish and never a morsel left on the plates.

Kitty and Molly were old enough to be given various chores after school, such as getting in the coal, chopping the morning's wood for both Mum and Granny, helping with the washing up, Molly enjoyed reading and just when some exciting part was coming in the book it was time to wash up the tea things so Mother's voice would be heard saying, "Come on you girls, clear the table and wash up the crocks". Molly would often remark "Just let me finish this chapter Mum, and then I'll come". "That book will be there when you have finished come on help Kit wipe up" and unless Mother was firm that chapter might have been a very long one indeed.

Amy, again resembled Mother in looks but with brown curly hair, which each night Mum would brush and then roll up with rags and her ringlets always looked very attractive. We all had long hair, and of this Mother was very proud. Our hair was well brushed each night before bed, damped with cold tea and apart from Amy, each one was plaited and the ends tied with strips of white rag. I can remember the tin on the scullery mantleshelf where our rags were kept, and like all kiddies, squabbles often occurred if one of the other took the wrong 'Tie ups' and peace had to be restored once again.

AT OLD WESTLANDS (2)

My mother hadn't been able to go to Wisborough Green school every day because in her time a small charge was made for attendance. "It's different now, you all go free," she would say as she sent us off. As we made our way along the Plaistow Road towards Kirdford school we'd play five-stones or knuckle-bones, throwing the squares into the air, catching them on the back of the hand, and then picking them all up. In the old days they had been made from the knuckles of a pig's foot and I think some of the children still had this old-fashioned kind. A good place to play was Mackerels Common where the cricket pitch was because the grass was mown short. We had to make sure however that no one saw us steal into the roped area where the wicket was. Marbles was another game to play as we walked along the road, bowling them along as we went. Hoops too were often seen on the quiet roads: a boy with an iron hoop and a hooked stick might walk for miles without seeing any traffic. Girls always had wooden hoops. Entertainment was pretty sparse; a man with a monkey on a chain and a drum would occasionally come up out of Kirdford along the Plaistow Road on his way to Guildford. People would give him a few coins as he passed. I suppose we were pretty out of the way.

When I went to Westlands to work for Mrs. Duncton, my future mother-in-law, one of my tasks was to clean the steel knives. There was no such thing as stainless steel then. Down in the old passage we had a table with a wooden board that fitted over the top of it. The other requirement was a tin of brick dust, a canister of a fine red powder fitted with a sprinkler top. I'd pour a portion of the powder out into a saucer and dampen it sufficiently to produce a stiff paste. I'd then take a cork and rub the knives with the powder. Possibly a cork was used because it wouldn't easily wear away but it may be it kept one at a remove from the brick dust. It was very abrasive and could easily work itself into the fingers. Other people used knife machines for this purpose but in my experience they tended to break the knife-handles. Granny Duncton had two sets of knives: one she kept in a drawer, cleaned, rubbed with vaseline and wrapped in chamois leather - the other would be in use. Every so often the sets would be changed round so that they all received the same wear. Salt cellars were something else that needed attention, for salt would make the silver go green. We'd use a cake of Monkey Brand soap, rather the consistency of chalk, wetting a cloth and rubbing the silver with it. It would clean any kind of silver.

An important side-line in my time were rabbit-skins. A man would come round collecting them with a flat horse-drawn trolley. He'd either exchange them for oranges or pay a half-penny cash for each skin. I found however that my husband's cousin at Montpelier sent the skins away and could get sixpence each if they were good - they were used for furs - so I took them to him. The Beagle hunt brought a lot of rabbits back: the hounds would be put into a farm-cart, a net thrown over them and they would be taken to the hunt. I skinned all the rabbits and had the skins for my trouble. When we were about to be married I gave Jonas what I had saved from sending off the skins and told him to buy a suit. He settled for a pair of grey trousers and a non-matching coat! My skins were well thought-of because I skinned the rabbit whole, head and all and then filled the skin with paper so that it didn't shrink. Then I'd leave the skins in the kitchen so that the smoke dried them a little. After a day or two I'd simply take out the paper. This worked better than drying the skins outdoors as so many people did.

Eggs were another item that we found it better to sell ourselves as opposed to accepting the price offered by the travelling men. People often bought them from us in quantity for storing in waterglass or Isinglass which gave them a lime-like coating on the outside. The only thing you couldn't do with an egg kept like this was to boil it, otherwise they were perfectly serviceable. Chickens didn't lay in the winter in those days.

Entertainment was not something to be taken for granted as it is today: we had very largely to make our own. There was a time when Granny Duncton would regularly clear out the barn and invite anyone who cared to come to Westlands and learn to dance. Granny would teach them the steps but did find some of the men very clumsy. We had someone to play mouth-organ and someone else to play melodeon. The dances were of course the old-fashioned ones and a good number of people came up from Petworth to dance on the boarded barn floor.

When Granny's sister came up from Portsmouth to stay she was wearing slippers - the only footwear she could put on because of a bunion and a gathering which she had on her foot. It turned out that she had had treatment for some years but all to no avail. When she showed her foot to me I got an onion, cut it in half and told her to rub the place with it, twice, or if necessary, three times a day. It healed while she was staying with us at Westlands. Onion was good for wasp stings and I always took a shallot with me when I went out to Marshalls picking blackberries. Another of Granny's sisters had a sore throat which wouldn't clear up and Granny gave her an orange and told her to chew up the entire peel. It cured her sore throat.

Goose fat we would get at Christmas and use for greasing cart wheels. My father-in-law Jonas Senior would brush it into his shoes so that when he went out in the winter wet the mud didn't stick to them. Goose fat smelled vaguely of disinfectant or the old-fashioned tallow candles but there were so many different smells on the farm that another different one didn't matter very much. The old tallow candles were still used in some households if a child had a bad cold. The candle would be melted and the tallow allowed to run all over the sheet of brown paper. The paper would then be put on the child's chest and back. In winter the old people at Westlands still wore the old-fashioned chest protectors, an oblong piece of flannel with a head-hole. It protected the lung if the weather were bitterly cold. And the winters were cold. Granny told the story of a postman who used to deliver with a horse and cart and who simply froze to death on his cart. The horse went on stopping at his usual calls so that it was ony when the cart got back to base and the postman was found to be lifeless that it was realized what had happened. Granny always swore it was true.

Westlands had ever so many holes and dips and the cows would get down into them and have to be hauled out with horses and ropes. In winter it was the practice to put down brush faggots to make the muddier places safer. Once Jonas dug a hole to make better use of a spring and a cow got down in the hole. I remember it was a terrible job getting her out and her having to be carried back by several men using a gate as a makeshift stretcher.

As you know we smoked bacon for people. Andrew Smith the showman had just killed a pig and brought the meat up to us. He wanted pea-meal rubbed in before it was put in the chimney. "Rub it in well," he insisted. I found it in fact very difficult to rub in the flour-like powder but I persevered. It smelled beautiful after three weeks in the chimney. When the bacon was taken out of the chimney it would be laid on the kitchen floor covered in sacking. "I wish people would come and collect it," Granny would say as we kept having to step over the joints.

I remember the November Fair particularly for the water-pistols or shooters the boys had. I liked the fairground horses but even they made me giddy: the swing boats made me positively ill and I never tried them but the once. Andrew Smith's coconut stall backed on to the Town Hall. As for the side-stalls we couldn't sample them all simply because money was so scarce. Someone paid for me to see "the smallest woman in the world". She was a little wizened old woman but except for her size there was nothing very unusual about her and she chatted easily enough with those who came to see her. I remember another stall where you could watch a man mixing and making sweets like rock and toffee.

There were a lot of plum trees at Westlands. People used to come up to the farm and buy the fruit. The old-fashioned greengages with the pink stripe went for two shillings a bushel; we used one of the old wooden measures. Half a bushel was enough for some customers. White Hart cherries, large red and yellow, were another plentiful fruit; these we sold at sixpence a pound. We made an early effort at Pick-Your-Own but people did such damage to the trees that we had to go back to picking the fruit ourselves. Birds were a great problem: we had to tie tin cans to the trees with long hanging strings that we could pull whenever we went out of the back door. Old Mr. Duncton suffered badly from asthma but he would camp out in the garden and blast away periodically with a 410 to stop the birds settling. The birds ate the fruit and ate the corn: there were birds everywhere. If snow was on the ground people would trap them with three bricks and a tile and stick. The bricks would be stood up, and some corn put into the space between them. The stick would be set so that when the birds pushed it the tile would fall down and trap them.

People used country plants much more than they do now. Granny's sister had two pigs and used to go up to Flexham Park to cut the young bracken shoots as they came through the ground. She would boil them up for the pigs. Chestnuts were also used as pig-feed and, of course, acorns. For turkeys agrimony was boiled up with periwinkle to ward off the "gapes" - a kind of inflammation when the birds simply sat listlessly with their mouths open. It appeared to be connected with them running through wet grass. Onion tops and stinging nettles were chopped up to feed them. You had to be extra careful if it hailed as the birds would die if they ate the hailstones. All in all turkeys were not the easiest birds to rear!

Mrs. Duncton was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

A FAMILY FACTORY

My recollections of the family walking-stick factory near Shillinglee go back to the period just after the Great War. We lived in Plaistow then and I would go down to the factory chatting as boys do to the men as they worked. They seemed quite old to me then but curiously much the same age when I went back some twenty years later. Sometimes I would help my father with small tasks like taking the string off sticks he had tied to bend and left overnight. Lintotts was very much a family concern and my father was the grandson of the founder Leonard Lintott. Each generation up to mine had gone into the business, but my father and his brothers had other ideas; they had had to go into the business whether they liked it or not but the new generation could make up their own minds. In the event they made careers for themselves away from the factory. The eventual consequences of this, if unforeseen at the time, were serious, in latter years the management all become elderly together. I never actually worked at the factory at all although I have a considerable knowledge of the various crafts and skills practised there.



This postcard comes from about 1900. The brick building in the foreground housed the machine shops.

The factory buildings stood halfway between Chiddingfold and Plaistow on the Plaistow side of Shillinglee. The buildings had been extensively renovated after a great fire in 1919 and there was a brick machine shop. The old storage barn was particularly distinctive, held up as it appeared by a large strut and with a roof that reached almost to ground level. I can never remember the barn without the strut so I suppose it did its job well. I can't speak from personal recollection but I know that Lintott sticks were exported all over the world in huge quantities in the Victorian and Edwardian period and this was still the case after the Great War. World conditions made the market volatile at certain times; an obvious instance of this was the Russian Revolution of 1917 which at a stroke destroyed a huge and profitable export market. The collapse of this particular market cost Lintotts a good deal of money and no doubt resulted in some bankruptcies among wholesalers. As producers we supplied basically wholesale, and a leading exporter of our sticks were Messrs. Howell of Old Street in the City. We would certainly prepare sticks to order if people came to us with a particular commission but we were essentially a wholesale outlet. Much of our exporting was handled by specialist firms like Howells but I believe we also exported directly at this period. Before the 1914 War Great Uncle Henry travelled the country as a representative, going by rail of course and putting up at hotels. He might be away for months at a time and often appeared almost to have vanished from the earth. The only sign of him were the orders that came back to the factory. These were quite extensive so he must have been a good salesman. On a smaller scale people might buy direct from the factory and take the sticks round to sell. I particularly remember an old man who used to sell them in Haslemere. He'd always say: "Those I know are going to pay up I charge half a crown, those I'm not sure about I charge a bit more." I suppose half a crown was about the price of a stick, I'm not very good on the prices as I have never actually bought a stick in my life!

Sticks could be produced from almost any wood but an absolutely basic Lintott product was the distinctive crosshead ground ash stick, the product of an elaborate process spanning a number of years and starting with the ash-keys themselves. These would be collected locally or perhaps bought in, I'm not sure which. They would then be "stratified" i.e. put in damp sand over the winter to keep the seed moist and let the husk decay. In spring the ash-keys would be sown close together in drills outside and allowed a year's growth. At the height of two or three inches the tiny trees would

then be dug up and replanted in a nursery bed holding several thousand tiny ash plants. This was no ordinary transplanting however; the foliage would be stripped from the young plants and the denuded stem laid horizontally in a shallow trench in the ground. Just one vertical shoot would be left and all the others rubbed out. The former main stem would now become the root and the new vertical shoot the stem, the latter growing effectively at a right angle to the former. The young ash would grow on in this way for three years and at any given time the factory would have several extensive ash plantations around it at varying stages of growth. Women would tend the plantations over the year; the primary need being to take off the side-shoots as they appeared on the new main stem, leaving only a growing point of a few leaves at the top. At the end of this period of growth the young ash trees would be dug up and tied in bundles while the few shoots at the top would be removed. The ash would then be stored in a barn for twelve months. I remember the barn as having the old-fashioned faggot roof, you never see them now. The time in the barn would of course allow the ash to dry out; it could not be used green.

After its sojourn in the barn the ash stems would be taken to the kiln room where a skilled man would first cut them to a suitable length depending on how he assessed each individual stick. For this job he would use an old-fashioned bow-saw with its thin narrow blade, and string around the handles at the top to control the tension on the blade. Effectively it was like a big fretsaw. The men at the factory made their own bow-saws using the wood of the wild service tree. The kiln room housed a copper, having a system of flues connecting to an adjacent two inch steel plate containing sand. As you can imagine it needed to be a big steel plate in order to accommodate various lengths of stick. The sand would simply be heated to a temperature that would allow the stick to be straightened easily but no great intensity of heat was required. The copper was run on coal, sawdust, offcuts and shavings which made for economy of running and also for a tidy factory. There were no ugly piles of shavings lying about. The ash would be laid horizontally to warm in the sand. Now was the time to straighten it. For this an angled board of beech wood called a horse was used. Propped at a slant it was simply a large board with a series of some five or more notches cut in one side and ranging from narrow at the top of the board to wide at the bottom. The straightener would straighten the stick by applying pressure against the appropriate notch. It looked easy but was in fact a skill born of long years of practice. This was my father's

particular job in the factory. I remember once that Lady Winterton's niece was looking round the factory with her aunt and was heard to observe that the man working beside the horse kept winking at her! He was of course aligning the stick in the horse.

The next man in the chain, the finisher, would take the sticks from the kiln room and rub them down with sand and water. No, I can't remember that he used a cloth. People had tough hands in those days! No varnish would be put on ash and the bark would remain on. Most woods had the bark left on with the notable exception of chestnut. From the finisher the stick would go to the "furler" or ferruler who put the metal ferrule on the bottom. Jack Ayling did this for years, putting the end of the stick into a machine to taper it off slightly and then hammering the ferrule on. The ferrule would be essentially of brass but with a steel tip to stop the brass wearing. We bought in the ferrules in quantity; we certainly didn't make them ourselves. I always supposed they came from somewhere like Birmingham but I don't know for certain. A little indentation was made in the top of the ferrule to stop it coming away from the stick.

Chestnut, another basic material for stick-making, was treated quite differently. The sticks would be bought from Cowdray or Leconfield, Lintotts sending in a copse-cutter after they had bought the wood. If you bought copseland you had to clear it and leave it tidy when you had finished, but it was in any case in your interest to use all the undergrowth even if only for rough wood like faqgots; after all you had paid for it. The chestnut would be cut in sizeable sticks. It wasn't always easy to buy up copseland as the great estates sometimes preferred to let the chestnut mature over a period of years for chestnut paling rather than selling it off after three years for our purposes. The process of making chestnut walking sticks was quite different in essential points from that outlined for the crosshead ash. The newly cut sticks would be immersed in giant oblong coppers some ten to twelve feet long. Copper they really were too i.e. heavily lined with copper to prevent corrosion as the juices came out of the chestnut. The sticks would be put into the coppers, and lifted out, in large bundles. The boiling chestnut gave off a distinctive, almost fruity, smell not unpleasant at all. The peeling of the bark was often done by women, particularly in wartime. Once the sticks had had the bark removed they would be stored to dry off - a period of several months.

When reasonably dried, the sticks would be taken into the kiln room and the ends immersed in the round copper. The craftsman would judge the temperature before taking the stick out to bend it in a blacksmith's vice. He might make the bending using a metal ring or do it freehand. Either way he'd then secure the bend with string. The day might be spent bending, after which the sticks would be immersed upright in warm sand, to a depth to cover the bend. They would be left like this overnight. In the morning the string holding the bends would be taken off and the sticks laid horizontally in the sand prior to their being straightened in the horse, much in the same way as with the cross head ash. The finisher would scour the straightened sticks and from him they would pass to the machine shop where the ends would be tidied up on the reamer, a machine with something of the character of a lathe. The reamer would taper the ends as necessary and generally tidy them up, the stick being turned as it was held between the two arms of the reamer rather as in a giant pair of nutcrackers. The stick would then be passed on to Charlie Hunt who had a blow lamp which he would use to partially scorch the chestnut and thus add a little character to the stick. He'd look particualry to darken the knots as he ran the lamp along the stem. Chestnut without this treatment has a rather uninteresting look. Charlie always did this job using one of the old-fashioned paraffin blow-lamps. After this the stick would have the ferrule put on and go finally to the varnisher. I can't remember now how the sticks were dried; presumably there was some sort of rack with holes for the sticks to stand in as the varnish dried. The factory worked on piece-work, payment for the number of sticks produced, although the women I'm sure were paid by the hour.

Ash and chestnut were not the only woods to be used extensively at the factory. Blackthorn was often worked, as too was hazel, or less often cherry or even holly. Nor were walking sticks by any means our only product. Hiking sticks and thumb sticks were popular as too were the six foot Scout poles which would have a badge on the top. Crutches were required in large quantities during the Great War, while the traditional blackthorn shillelaghs were a popular line. I remember that exports of these to Ireland, our principal market, were banned during the period of the "Troubles". During the Second World War American servicemen stationed near the factory bought shillelaghs in some quantity to take home as mementoes. The aristocrat of walking sticks was the Malacca cane, the stem of the rattan palm. Imported of course for us to work on, a good Malacca, bone handled and silver mounted,



Popular People.--No. 9.

Leonard Lintott.

Photo by A. Weston, Neugate Street.

From "The Stick and Umbrella News" 1st December 1893.

CHIDDINGFOLD, SURREY.

