GRANDAD'S
LIFE
and
REMINISCENCES.

By

JOHN R. CLARK,

Kilmacolm and Oban.

1956.

GRANDAD'S LIFE and STORIES.

INTRODUCTION.

Let me say at the outset that this little brochure is written solely for the edification of my grandchildren, JOAN, SANDY and PATRICIA. It has no literary pretensions whatever, and is just a plain statement of the various incidents and reflections which go to make up my life story. Most elderly people like to think that they will be remembered by their children and grandchildren.

This story was started in the year 1945 when in my 70th year. Joan, as lively as a cricket, was then 12 years of age; Sandy, a self-reliant boy, strong-willed but loveable, was 10 years old; and Pat, his bonnie wee sister, was 8. Ah! my dears, I cannot tell you what a delight you have all been to your Grannie Clark and to me. We had just the two girls: ISABEL, the elder, Joan's mother; and NANCY, the younger, mother of Pat and Sandy. I thought it was wonderful to have two charming little daughters, and have always been exceedingly fond of them; but to have lived to see my children's children - well, my thankfulness and delight baffles description. God bless you all!

The first half of the story was written somewhere about 1945. Then enthusiasm must have waned, because the second half was not completed till the present year, 1956, and I am now 80 years of age. You will thus see that I have been vouchsafed a Bonus of ten years beyond the allotted span. My contemporaries are slipping away like 'snaw off a dyke', and I sometimes feel that I have not much farther to travel on life's journey.

"The bird of Life has but a little way to fly - and Lo!
The bird is on the wing."

which, after all, is just the reason why I should finish my story without any further delay.

JOHN R. CLARK

Caerleon,
Kilmacolm,
&
Wellpark,
OBAN.
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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

I was born on 30th October, 1875, at my father's farm 'High How', in the parish of Bampton, Westmorland, a few miles east of Lake Ullswater. It is two or three miles from the village of Helton, my father's birthplace, and about nine miles -from the market town of Penrith.

My mother told me that I was born with a caul on - a silvery one - and old wives declare that to be born with a caul is to be born lucky. It was a coincidence that the doctor who attended at my birth - Dr. Robertson, from whom I get my second Christian name - had also been born with one of these appendages. We were both born on 30th October; he was the youngest of ten children, and so was I: and report has it that he said I would be lucky, like he himself. He added that if I were as fortunate as he, then I would be a very lucky and fortunate man. Well, his prediction has proved to be correct because I have been lucky: lucky in love, lucky in business life, and lucky in my home and family circle.

But there were other peculiar circumstances connected with my birthplace. The farm of 'High How' was said by both my father and mother to be haunted! Now I am not going to tell you some blood-curdling story of a ghost who carried his head under his arm. Far from it; our ghostie was more considerate, and in fact never showed itself at all. My father used to relate that sometimes when he and mother were sitting by the kitchen fireside, he with his newspaper and she with her knitting, the sound of clogged footsteps could be distinctly heard advancing up the farmyard. With grim and set determination they came right up to the kitchen door. "Wha can that be at this time o' neet?", mother would ask. "Nay, A' knaa nut, but A'll sean see", father would reply as he rose to open the door. But there never was the vestige of anyone 'wick or deed' (quick or dead). On other nights when all was quiet and still, there would be a tremendous crash in the farmyard, just as though every implement had been violently dashed to the ground by some super-human visitant. Dad would take his lantern and go out to investigate, but invariably found everything hanging in its proper place.

Then Dad would tell a story of how he was riding up the home field on a pitch black night, when suddenly a brilliant light shone from the old farmhouse; so bright, he said, that one could have seen a sixpence lying on the grass. On other occasions, he often passed a man on a black horse, and although my old Dad knew every man in the district for miles around, he could never identify this man, who always disappeared into

thin air immediately he was passed. There was also an amusing story of an old woman, with a basket on her arm, wearing a little shawl and riding a donkey, who greatly intrigued the old man. She would suddenly appear some distance ahead, but, try as he may. Dad could never overtake her. When he walked his horse, she walked her donkey; when he cantered, she cantered, when he galloped, she galloped; and she invariably gave her shawl a little flick before disappearing altogether. He also had a fund of stories about the spirit of 'Jammie Lowther', founder of the House of Lowther, who kept the little village in an uproar for many a long year. By the way, I saw a reference to these supernatural occurrences some years ago, I think in the 'STRAND Magazine'.

Perhaps it is only fair to say that my respected Dad was fond of company and refreshment at the village inn. However that may be, I know that we had to do our utmost to keep a solemn countenance while he told his stories because he was very annoyed if any of us children had the hardihood to laugh at him or doubt the truth of his assertions. It is rather curious, however that when I had grown to manhood I was telling the story of the footsteps up the farmyard to a cousin of my father's who lived at Helton, and she exclaimed: "Well, how strange! I have heard those footsteps approaching our kitchen door, many a time. On one occasion I heard them so distinctly that I threw off my apron to be in readiness to receive my visitor and went to the door, only to find that there was nobody there." So you see our invisible visitant evidently meant to keep in touch with the Clark Clan.

The fact of my being born in a haunted house is perhaps responsible for the interest I have always taken in supernatural stories. In fact, about twenty years ago I made some investigations into Spiritualism. I had entertainment in the process, but I finally came to the conclusion that about 95 per cent of the phenomena is due to telepathy, self hypnotism, or fraud. Nevertheless, I am bound to say that there was a residuum of about five per cent of the results which I could not understand.

Well, ghostie or no ghostie, 'High How' was a lucky spot. Dad was lucky there, and financially he was successful. Alas, it is also true that when he left 'High How' and went to a large farm of 700 acres named Hay Close', near Plumpton, his luck deserted him, and he met with financial disaster.

It is a curious coincidence that on 30th October, 1925, exactly 50 years from the date of my birth, I moved into a new house, which I had had built in Wedderlea Drive, Cardonald, Glasgow. So I called my house 'High How'. We were all very happy there, my dear wife and our two

children and myself and there I was quite prosperous. Eight years later we left Cardonald and removed to a new house at Kilmacolm. But I was not risking the loss of my luck, like Dad, so again the new home was called 'High Howe'.

I cannot remember anything about 'High How’ and my earliest recollection goes back to the age of about three. It was a wintry day and my feet were very cold. In those days we all wore clogs on account of the muddy roads, and I had seen my sisters warm their feet by taking some hot cinders from the fire into a small shovel, dropping them into a clog shake it vigorously, empty out the cinders, and replace the clog on to the foot. Unfortunately, when I tried to copy them, a red hot cinder fell into the top of the clog which remained on my foot. I tried to hook it out with my finger, but only pushed it farther down. By that time the cinder had burnt through my stocking, at which I yelled blue murder, which brought mother to my assistance. The scar remains to this day.

About the age of four or five I can remember being driven in a trap to Penrith, where mother was to buy my first suit. The selected suit was tried on and found to be satisfactory, but when I was asked to 'doff' the new suit and 'don' the old petticoats I suppose I kicked up Dublin. I was not going to part with my new suit: "no, not for Joseph; not if he knows it" - an old Westmorland saying which I had picked up from my mother.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD.

(Re-written).

Somewhere about the time of my birth my father left 'High How' and took over a larger farm, 'Hay Close', of about 700 acres, situated near Plumpton, between Carlisle and Penrith. I was told by my sister Rachel that Hay Close was an attractive place, and that it had a far finer environment than High How; but I cannot speak of it from my own knowledge, being only an infant at the time. I never visited Hay Close in my manhood, which perhaps I should have done, but I believe it is quite accessible from the Carlisle Penrith road.

Unfortunately, a severe agricultural depression set in about 1879, and like many other farmers throughout the country, Dad met with financial disaster. Not only so, but he became involved in Law cases which were ultimately carried to the High Court in London, which went against him. As I have said, his luck deserted him when he left High How. I suppose my father spent hundreds of pounds on lime, manure and fertilisers, and I have heard him say that his successor at Hay Close reaped all the benefit from his outlay for many a year from bumper crops. Dad would ruefully shake his head and say "If they (the creditors) had only left me alone I would have been one of the richest men in the country." However, "Man proposes; God deposes".

Father was too proud to accept work in the country where he was well known. He had had a sound education, remaining at school till he was about 18, was well up in Land Surveying, Mensuration, Latin, English and Mathematics, a beautiful writer with the old quill pen, and an excellent arithmetician. With these qualifications and his farming experience, he was well qualified to take on the duties of a farm manager; but no! stubbornly he would have none of it, so he took mother and the younger members of the family to Mlddlesbrough, that iron metropolis on the river Tees, where he obtained a situation in an Iron Foundry. He could not have earned more than 20s. Od. per week, which grieved mother very much. Still, food was cheap in those days, and mother managed not too badly.

I am glad to say that we never wanted for food. Bread, fine appetising white and brown loaves baked by mother, would only cost about 1½d. per loaf; cheese 6d. per lb.; corned beef which made excellent pies, 6d. per lb.; liver, sausages and bacon about the same price. Regularly on Sunday all five of us, with mother and dad, would gather round the 'yak' (oak) table, and I had the privilege of saying Grace

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee."

By the way, coals were 6d. per cwt. as against 6s. 0d. nowadays, so you will understand the great advance in the cost of living since my boyhood. For Sunday's dinner there was the unfailing Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding, crisp and brown, with lashings of gravy - a dish fit for a king.

Middlesbrough had many blast-furnaces, and I can remember fearfully watching the ruddy glare in the sky at nights, wondering if the Day of Judgement had come. It was then rather a grey town, but with enterprising Town Councillors, and when I visited the place a few years ago I found many improvements, new Municipal Chambers, a fine park, wide roads, and best of all I found 'our' street (Thorn street) was still quite trig and respectable.

The tenants in Thorn street all took pride in their houses. There would only be eight houses on each side, and Friday evenings was a busy time for the mothers and children who turned out with brooms and pails to 'swill' the pavement in front of the doors and windows. Many a time I took a hand at the game, and there was keen competition to make the best possible job of it. At three of the four corners of the street were small shops supplying groceries, milk, paraffin, etc. There was no electric light in those days, not even gas, and oil lamps were in general use.

Here I went to the Board School, my age when I first set foot across the worn stone of the threshold being five. It was late enough to be starting to equip myself for what was solemnly described as 'the battle of life' . But I was not an absolute beginner when, on that red-letter day I took my place on the hard bench and answered my name, which by some mysterious process, was already inscribed in the large register on teacher's desk. At the same time I handed over the four pennies, hot from my hand, which was the charge for each week of a child's schooling before education became free. And so I was launched on an exciting and, for me, uncharted sea on which I was to toss and bob for the next seven years.

The curriculum only covered the three R's, grammar and syntax, essay writing, a bit of Shakespeare, geography and history, but we got a very good grounding in all the subjects. The teacher I liked best was a Scotsman named McLean, who made our lessons very interesting. He was a tall, well set up man, with blank moustache and a fine open and cheerful

countenance. There was another teacher, Mr. Burton, whom I had for the last three years, and whom I cordially detested. He was a hard, surly-looking individual, with chest trouble, and used to disgust me by going outside into the play-ground coughing and spitting phlegm all over the place. He flogged us for the least misdemeanour, and it is a wonder he did not kill all my boyish desire for education; but to do him justice he knocked our subjects into us. I do not think I was particularly brilliant at school, although I could generally hold my own. Arithmetic was always my forte, and I topped the class of about 60 boys in that subject. You see, my old Dad often took me between his knees, with slate and pencil, "to do a bit o' counting". One little trick he showed me was what he called 'casting out nines' - a method of proving the accuracy of multiplication and division calculations which I have used all my life. For instance:

371 x 268 = 99428.

Proof:

3 plus 7 plus 1	=	11.	Cast out 9	=	2
2 plus 6 plus 8	=	16.	Cast out 9	=	7
2 x 7	=	14.	Cast out 9	=	5
99428; 4 plus 2 plus 8	=	14.	Cast out 9	=	5

agreed. so correct.

One day when going to school I heard a great chirping on the house tops. I looked up and there was a little green parroquet being viciously attacked by a number of sparrows. It fluttered down to my feet, and in spite of severe pecks I promptly pushed Polly into my cap and ran home with my prize. Its pawky attitudes were a great diversion, and she soon taught our pussy cat to keep her claws to herself; but, alas! before we could afford to buy a cage sister Margaret knocked a kettle of hot water over my poor pet who did not survive the disaster.

I won't trouble you much with a full statement about my brothers and sisters, as I intend to place a little pedigree tree in the appendix.

JOSEPH was the first born, but died at age 13 as the result of an accident. He was standing on top of a heap of turnips, slipped and fell on to the upturned prong of a farmyard fork, which pierced. his thigh, and he subsequently died,

WILLIAM, the second member of the family, went into the Civil Service shortly, after Dad's financial trouble. He was a fine type of man, and it was mostly due to his influence and coaching that I became imbued with the desire for more education.

ROBERT was the next, but died when about 9 months old.

RACHEL was my eldest sister, always the same, sweet-tempered, placid, a good conversationalist, and I was very fond of her.

AGNES came next. She claimed that she had been 'converted' at the age of 16, and she certainly lived strictly, up to her faith and belief all her life till she died at the age of 70. She once told me that she had long been deeply concerned about her immortal soul. Then when in bed during the silent watches of the night, dwelling upon her aspirations heaven ward, a bright shaft of light suddenly shone on her and, in her own words, "Then I knew that I HAD GOT IT". In saying that she had been converted, she no doubt meant from a state of sin to righteousness. Or put it this way: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me". It Agnes knew that her Saviour was standing there knocking at the door of her heart, and she OPENED THE DOOR. She became His, and He became hers. And to my mind, that plain statement, bereft of all form, ritual or ceremony, is the whole scheme of salvation. Now, my dears, please excuse this personal statement. She lived in humble circumstances all her life, with her husband, William Horner, who was of the same persuasion as herself; but I used occasionally to send her a cheque, and I can assure you that I never did so but what the amount was returned to me in some form or another, ten. twenty, and sometime. one hundred-fold! It just seemed that her Lord and Master was not going to be beholden to anyone for the maintenance of His servant.

MARY ELEANOR (Nelly), a tailoress, married John Motion. Shortly after their marriage he was left a fortune by his brother in Singapore, and John promptly retired. Their three sons were John; James, a C.A.; and Alex now a Vicar in Newcastle. Nell, was invariably kind to me, and I have pleasant recollections of her.

TAMAR ELIZABETH, a good hearted soul, was rather a wild member of the family and very self-willed. She died in her forties after being married twice, and I rather think she paid dearly for her waywardness..

THOMAS EDWARD got the same kind of education as myself. After being in the Post office, latterly as a telegraphist, he ran away to sea when 15, and remained at sea for the best part of fifty years. He was a proper rolling-stone, gathering no moss, but certainly he had a wide, exciting and adventurous life.

MARGARET FRANCIS is my youngest sister, a spinster, who has always been an exceedingly useful member of our family.

I, JOHN ROBERTSON, was the youngest of the ten, and I must say that on the whole we were a very agreeable bunch of brothers and sisters. Margaret and I are the only two members left out of the ten.

I left school at the age of 12½. having passed out of the sixth standard, which in those days was the highest for Board Schools. My sister Nelly tried hard to persuade me to go to the Grammar School, and offered to pay my fees; but I was anxious to start work and would hear of no more schooling. Hurrah! I was in my' teens, with rich blood coursing through my veins, full of the desire to be out into the busy world and work. like a man - to help in a small measure my beloved mother. True, I was only a little nipper "a wee Chinee" my sisters called me in those days - but I was content to start on the bottom rung of the ladder and even at that early age I was imbued with the ambition to succeed in life somewhere, somehow. I knew I should have to be better educated in order to equip myself, because an old refrain we used to sing at school stuck in my memory, and it has always remained with me:

"When lands are gone and money spent,
Then Learning is most excellent".

But Education would have to wait till I could save up to buy the necessary books.

After the summer holidays I got a situation in a Tailor's shop in Middlesbrough. The wage was 3s. 6d. per week. (Now-a-days boys get ten times that amount or more!) I gave 3s. 0d. to mother, and kept sixpence for my pocket-money. What possessed me to be a tailor's Boy? I just don't know perhaps it was a case of "Any port in a storm" - but I was asked by a Tailor's cutter if I would go into their tailoring department, and I reasoned with myself that if it were possible to become a cutter like the fine, prosperous-looking gentleman who interviewed me, then I could not go far wrong. In any case it was the first situation that came my way, and as I liked the cutter, Mr. Budge, I jumped at it - like 'a cook at a gross art'.

But Dad shook his head and said: "Nay, Johnnie, I was like t'see thee something better than a tailor."

There were four tailors in the workshop, and I was their boy. But it is just as well, as affairs turned our, that I did not bind myself as an apprentice. Soon I had learned to sew, to machine-stitch, shrink cloth, and make button holes - little items not to be despised, as they came in very useful when I went into lodgings later on. One day the firm's van man brought a crying boy up to our workshop. He had been playing on some packing boxes downstairs and had torn his new jacket on a nail. Would any of the tailors repair the damage? No; none of them had any time to spare; but one of them called out: "Give it to Jack: he will soon fix it". So I took the jacket and carefully mended the tear. A few weeks later I met the boy and asked what his mother had said about his jacket. He laughed and said: "Why, she does not know. She never noticed the tear", which I think was good enough compliment to my workmanship.

On 26th August, 1888, before I was 13, I sustained a terrible loss. My dear old mother - she seemed old to me but was only 58 - turned very ill with pleurisy and pneumonia, and died after a short illness. What a blank there was in my life! Over and over again I used to dream, with delight, that my mother was back beside me. She was always dressed in white, and would stroke my hair, clap me on the shoulder, and sit me down to a meal which she had prepared. and tell me to be a good boy, and I was very happy. Then when I awoke and found it was all a dream my heart sank into the depths of sorrow and despair. She was a kind mother to me, and I cannot remember ever being chastised by her, nor my father. Perhaps that is why I cannot bear, right down to this day, to see a little child being beaten.

This is perhaps an appropriate stage to mention that my father, your Great Grandfather, was a short thick-set man, 5 ft. 4 inches, clean shaven, with only slight side whiskers. He was very strong, and I remember him saying that he often carried a bag of wheat, 2½ cwt., on his shoulder. He was a good-natured man who never grumbled about the loss of his fortune, and many a time I have seen him go off to some social function with his clogs tucked under his arm to give an exhibition of clog-dancing and singing. Mother was a good woman, and I remember being taken to church and sitting on her knee, generally falling asleep as soon as the sermon started. She was my idol; slightly built, with care written on her face, the result of being suddenly plunged from affluence to penury. She was a good debater, and sister Rachel once told me that the fox-hunters used to like to drop in at High How for an argument with Mrs. Clark. They could always depend on getting sound common-sense from her.

I have had eight lucky escapes during my lifetime, and the first one occurred shortly after mother's death. I was going to Sunday School when I met a number of my playmates. The said they were going to the docks to have some fun, and wanted me to go with them. So I "plunked" the Sunday School and accompanied them. Each of us commandeered a little boat, and I was standing on the stern of my little craft when a boy propelled his boat right into mine. I toppled over the stern of the boat like a flash, but luckily I managed to clutch hold of a rope from a near-by ship, and only sank up to my neck. There was nothing for it but to walk home in my wet clothes, a distance of a mile. There was no-one in the house at the time of my arrival, so I changed into a dry suit, and went out again. On the Tuesday I was down with a violent chill. One of the tailors told me to go home, drink sixpenny-worth of "Black Beer and Rum", which I did, and I was all right again in another couple of days. But I shudder to think what might have happened had that rope not been handy, as none of us boys could swim.

The next event in my life was a big fire at the shop where I was employed (Hedley's) in Middlesbrough. That was the winter of 1888/89. One Sunday morning my old Dad called upstairs: "Johnnie, thee had better get up. Robert Harrison has just been to say that Hedley's shop is on fire". It was the biggest shop in the town. I hastily threw on my clothes and ran downstairs. "Noo", said my canny old Dad, maybe thoo has left a hot iron on the tailors' board and set the place afire, so don't ga' ower near the shop till thoo finds out what's what." Alas! when I arrived the six big windows of the shop were out, the roof fallen in, and the firemen were playing water on the contents. But our little tailors' shop across a little street was all safe. So I had not left a hot iron on the bench. I was out of a job! But not for long.

Another tailor along the main street soon sent to ask if I would like to be his boy, to which I agreed. He was a comical little man named Hill. "Jannie", he said to me one day after he had cleared and re-dressed the window, "I am going round the corner to see a man. You finish the window", and with that he pushed a lot of price labels and descriptive tickets into my hands. He pointed to the suits and rattled off the various prices, at a speed I could not remember. I did the best I could, however and presently Mr. Hill returned wiping his moustache, and I knew he had been at a near-by pub. He examined my work, and then: "Fine, Jannie, fine. I'll just change some of the prices and everything will be ship-shape."

I only stayed about three months with Mr. Hill. He was a decent little man - his own worst enemy. Periodically he would take it into his head to leave wife, family and business, and go off on tramp. They never knew where he was, but one thing was certain: they did know that he would turn up again sooner or later. Sure enough, after a few months' absence he would return like a bad sixpence, just as if he had been 'round the corner to see a man".

The reason I left Mr. Hill was because an important letter had arrived home from brother William suggesting that my sister Margaret and I should go to him in Dalkieth, Midlothian, to assist his wife Bella with house-work and nursing, and he further suggested that I should accompany her, as he would like to take me in had with a view to improving my education. This was a red letter day in my life, but it all will have to remain in abeyance till I get started on Chapter III.

CHAPTER III.

I GO TO SCOTLAND.

When I was nearly 13½, on the 1st of April, 1889 to be exact, my sister Margaret and I left Middlesbrough and travelled to Dalkeith, seven miles from Edinburgh. We said "Good-bye" to my sisters who were still at home, and to Tom, but when it came to the turn of poor old Dad, he just crumpled up. There was a rending catch in his voice when we were parting, and the tears welled up in his eyes. "Noo, be good bairns", he said, "an' if Willy is not kind to thee just let me know an' I'll sean bring thee back home again." Poor old chap bereft of his youngsters; I have many kindly recollections of him.

We went to live with my elder brother William and his young wife, Bella. Willy was an Excise-man in government service, and as I have said he kindly took my further education in hand, since he, like Dad, had received a good education. Margaret was to assist Aunt Bella. There was a baby of five months, William Jr. and I well remember the first time I received him into my arms. He was the first baby I had ever handled and I was scared stiff in case I let him drop. I thought the baby would be as long as the night-gown, and places the empty part of the gown over my arm, whereupon he promptly fell over my arm, head downward; but fortunately I caught hold of the lower end of the gown and no harm was done.

But to return to brother William. There was a real man for you! He was the straightest and most upright man I ever new - the very soul of honour; six feet of manhood, rather gaunt in the clean-shaven face, but thin, wiry and strong. Under him I studied English, History, Geography, advanced Arithmetic, Mensuration, and started Mathematics - Algebra and Euclid. I often accompanied him on a five mile walk (ten miles there and back) to a Brewery or Distillery near Edinburgh which he had to survey, and we had some rare talks.

He always carried a book of some kind in his pocket, and it was a real treat to hear him deliver passages as Clarence's Dream (King Richard III); "To be or not to be; that is the question" (Hamlet); "The quality of mercy is not strained" (The Merchant of Venice); "Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold" (Merchant of Venice); "The Seven Ages of Man" (As You Like it), and many other priceless passages from Shakespeare. It left so profound an impression on my mind that I have loved Shakespeare ever since.

Another time, when crossing a little stream he would say: "Now Johnnie, can you apply your knowledge of mathematics and tell me how you would set about calculating the width of this stream, supposing there were no bridge here? Or he would draw my attention to a church steeple and ask me if I could ascertain the height by measuring its shadow, problems which I usually managed to solve.

My first lesson in Astronomy was from brother William. We were out on the road as usual, when he started to explain how the earth, accompanied by its attendant moon and the planets, revolved round the sun at immense speed. He made it quite clear to my limited intelligence, and was so absorbed in his illustrations while gesticulating wildly with his arms that he did not see the amazed look on the face of a passer-by. Still, I am sure that this exposition was responsible for my studying Astronomy in later years, visiting observatories and reading many treatises on this entrancing subject.

Your Great-Uncle Willy was very practical in his instruction, as you will see, and had the knack of making education both interesting and attractive; and it is largely due to him that I owed my desire to improve my mental equipment. Yes; a grand man was William, and I owed him a lot, a debt, by the way, which I think I discharged when I got thoroughly settled down in business.

When at Middlesbrough, I used to imagine that Dalkeith would be a small village with thatched cottages, and I was surprised to find that it was a pleasant busy little town with numerous avenues and roads bordered by trees and solid-built houses.

Now another story for a change! On Saturday night I went for a walk along the main street of Dalkeith. Presently I felt a sting at the back of my neck. Then there was something which stung my ear. I could not make out what it was all about until it suddenly dawned on me that someone behind me was taking pot shots at my head through a pea-shooter. I turned round, and as luck would have it, got a beauty right in the eye. This put the tin hat on it and my patience vanished! I saw three boys at a short distance behind me, one of them with a shooter, and I promptly charged the lot. The first one got a straight biff in the chest, and down he went. I managed to trip the second; and down he went. The third was disappearing up a close when I gave him a parting lift with the toe of my boot. Just fancy! three Scots boys routed by an English boy. It is almost unbelievable, because you know, my dears, that it is generally agreed up here in Scotland that one Scot is worth three Englishmen!

Talking about fights, I remember a tough one I had at Dalkeith one wintry night. There was a big lumbering lad, bigger and heavier than I who used to shout "English Billy" after me. That night was no exception, and although he had a pal with him I promptly went up to him and demanded to know if he was looking for a fight. Yes; he was; and I must say that his chum was a sport because he never offered to interfere in any way. So the battle royal started. But though the lad was bigger and heavier, I had the benefit of being a lot more nimble on the feet. I danced around him, dashing in for another punch whenever the opportunity offered, and I was agreeably surprised to find that he was soon winded. I re-doubled my efforts and finally succeeded in making his nose bleed. Of course, I had taken a bit of punishment too, but that did not trouble me. The blood had unnerved him and he signified that he had had 'enough'. So I walked off, satisfied that I had more than held my own.

There was another fistic affair when I was at school in Middlesbrough. We Board School boys were the sworn enemies of the Grammar School boys, who, of course, were better clad than ourselves. One of the Grammar School boys however, was a holy terror. I only knew him as Tommy MADMAN, whether that was his real name I cannot say. Like myself he dearly loved a fight, and he had a great reputation as a 'scrapper'. Yes; your Grandad was a pugnacious little rascal in those days. Well, Tommy got hold of me one day and threatened to knock me into pulp, so there was nothing for it but to settle the affair one way or the other.. We fought for about three-quarters of an hour, and neither of us would condescend to say 'enough'. Bash, bang, up, down, went the jolly old game until Tommy said he would be late for school, but he would get me some other day and finish the fight properly. We never did, but I must say he was a good sport. So, Sandy, always be ready to stand up for yourself.

"Beware the entrance to a quarrel,
But being in, bear it that the opposed may be beware of thee."

Bella, my sister-in-law, and my sister Margaret used to enjoy playing pranks on me during my stay in East Glebe, Dalkeith. One night I prepared for bed, threw off my clothes, turned down the bed-clothes, and jumped in. Wo-o-o-oh! What the deuce was that? My legs were all tingling from prickles. It was dark, and I cautiously groped under the bed-clothes and found I found there a nice collection of holly twigs and leaves!

I studied under brother William for one year, I think I can say that I made good progress and covered a lot of ground. Then one day a gentleman called to tell me that there was a vacancy in the Telegraph Office at Eskbank Station, on the old North British Railway, and that if I went to see the stationmaster he thought I would get the situation. My brother had no objection, probably because his second child was nearly due. He accompanied me to the station for an interview and I received the appointment, My brother Tom had risen to be a Telegraphist in the Post Office at Middlesbrough, and he had taught me the Morse alphabet, so I was able to send and receive messages at Eskbank station within about a week. Miss Denholm, my first mistress, said that she had never had a boy who picked up telegraph so quickly, and Tom's coaching came in handy. I do not know what I will have to tell you about brother Tom before I finish my story, so I had better just say that we were always good friends. He was four years older than I, and he was my boyish hero. He ran away to sea as Engineer's Steward after I came to Scotland, and he spent all his life at sea. for about fifty years he sailed the Seven Seas, and finally retired on a Pension to a little home at Cardiff with his wife, Jenny, whom he married late in life. His wife pre-deceased him by a few years, and Tom died in 1945 aged 74. They had no children.

Tom was an interesting chap, but money simply burned holes in his pocket. As a teller of hair-raising stories, he was an expert. I quite believe his stories were true, because he was a trained boxer who used to practise with Freddy Driscoll, the well-known Welsh boxer. Tom would stand up to any big sailor, and in some cases it was not a case of fists but knives. But to tell of his exploits would take up the rest of this little book. He was only 5 ft. 4 inches in height, with a pair of brawny shoulders like his father.

Miss Denholm, my Mistress got married soon after I had started on the Railway at Eskbank, Dalkeith, and my next mistress was Miss Kate King, daughter of Mr. King, Stationmaster at Hardengreen, a good station not far from Eskbank. One day I found an ant and was playing with it on a desk in the office. Miss King saw me, but said nothing and went on with her work, her back towards me, so I rolled a piece of paper into a pellet and dropped it down the back of the neck of her dress. She naturally thought it was the ant, and to my dismay she started to scream. This brought the Stationmaster who happened to be passing the office at the time, and after hearing our stories he gave me a wigging for my pranks.

By the way, I forgot to mention that I started at Eskbank Station on 1st April, 1890, when I was 14½ years old, exactly one year after my arrival in Scotland, and my wage was 5s. 0d. per week. April fool's Day

twice over, but I never regretted coming to Scotland, quite the reverse in fact, and I was very happy with brother William and 'Aunt' Bella, and also with the old N. B. Railway.

I often said there are three things I admire about Auld Scotia.

> "O! Caledonia, stern and wild
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and flood."

*I love the Scottish scenery***.** Indeed, an American-Scot whom I talked to on the Esplanade here in Oban last year maintained that we had the finest view in the world, and he swept his arm round pointing to Pulpit Hill, Kerrera Sound and Island, with Mull in the background, and on to Lismore and Morvern; and that is the view I have from my window. *I like the Scottish ladies***.** I married one of them, as did brother William. *I simply love the Scottish Doric.* I do not know why it is so, being an Englishman, but such is the fact. I think I must take it from my old Dad. Many a time I have seen him reading and enjoying his well-thumbed copy of Robert Burns' poems, mostly in Scots Doric, and I know Burns pretty well myself. I have puzzled many a Scotsman when I asked what Burns meant by "A damen icker on a thrave." You will perhaps notice that I can say little about Scotsmen. The reason is that they can generally be depended upon to speak for themselves.

There was a big Railway Strike on the N. B. Rly, about the latter part of 1890, and I was sent to take charge of the Telegraph Department at Hardengreen during the absence of George Greig, who was sent temporarily to assist at Queen Street Station, Glasgow. I was very proud of my three instruments. It was at Hardengreen that I had my second and third narrow escapes.

My telegraph station was in the signal box and one day I received a telegram for the Stationmaster and another for the yardsman. I went to the Stationmaster first. He was in an upstairs office, and below was the Weighing Office. Wagons of long goods trains were very slowly passing over the weigh-bridge just outside the Weigh Office, and I wanted to get across to the other side to get to the yardsman's bothy. It was too far to go round the guard's van at the end of the train, or perhaps it was just that I was too lazy, but anyway I crept between two of the moving wagons and out at the other side. I was just stepping on to the next pair of rails when there was a piercing whistle from an engine and a shout from one of the yardsmen, and to my horror I saw a passenger train bearing down on

me about a dozen yards away. I jumped back just as the passenger train passed me. I got a proper dressing down from the yardsman, and he was right: it was a foolish thing to do.

My third narrow escape was like this. I left the signal cabin one day to go home for lunch. When I got to the foot of the cabin stairs, I found a long goods train slowly rumbling past. I stamped my feet in impatience, and immediately the guard's van passed me I darted forward to cross the main line. Swish! went the Carlisle Express train just as I was stepping into the 6 ft. way. My chances would have been pretty grim had the express been a second or two later - long enough for me to have run into its path.

Now for a different story. My sister-in-law Bella sometimes made boiled onions in milk for supper. One day she sent me for a quarter stone of onions. I marched into the shop and the grocer's wife said: "Well, Johnnie, what can I do for you today?" whereupon I gave the order: "A quarter stone of boiled onions please." But that was not as bad as the time I went into the stationer's and asked for a "Penny gottle of bum".

At Hardengreen I became acquainted with George Greig, whom I have previously mentioned. He was a little older than myself, but we have been very good friends, right down to the present day, he was 83 and I 80. A good lad, was George.

I worked from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m. at Hardengreen. I could not go home for tea, and if I happened to be flush with cash I would give myself a treat in the form of seven 1d. cakes for sixpence. Proper big fellows, twice as big as the cakes now bought for 4d. and I demolished the lot with gusto.

While at Hardengreen I was only receiving my Eskbank pay of 5s. 0d. per week, but Mr. King, Stationmaster, thought I deserved more, so he wrote to my superintendent on the matter and I believe he praised my work. In due course word came back granting me 1s. 0d. for each day I was at Hardengreen, and at the end of the month I got 30s. 0d. all in a lump sum, and didn't I think I was rich! At the end of the month George Greig returned to his post and I went back to Eskbank. Shortly afterwards word came from my superintendent in Edinburgh asking if I would accept a post as Telegraphist at Manuel Station, about half-way between Edinburgh and Glasgow. Manuel was the junction for Bo'ness, and there was a busy locomotive shed there. the 'salary' was 10s. 0d. per week. Ten shillings to keep a growing lad in lodgings and clothes! Now-a-days such boys earn anything up to 50 or 60 shillings; but this was an opportunity to go out into the world on my own, and I shall have to tell

you about it in the next chapter. Before doing so, however, there is rather an unusual story to tell.

I was confirmed into the Episcopal Church of Scotland while I was in Dalkeith, and I was doing my utmost to live an upright and godly life. Well, on several occasions, I had a fearful nightmare. I would suddenly become aware of the fact that Satan was in bed beside me, and then we started to struggle. This nightmare occurred on a good number of nights, and finally we had the worst battle of all. We went spinning around in bed until I got thoroughly angry and I grabbed hold of 'Old Nick's' nose. It CAME AWAY IN MY HAND LIKE A PIECE OF SOFT PUTTY, and that was our last encounter. He has not troubled me since, which is perhaps a pity?

CHAPTER IV.

LAUNCHING OUT INTO THE WORLD.

Well, I was saying that I was offered an appointment at Manuel Station. Brother Willy had no objection, and as there were now two babies in the house, Willy Jr and Gilbert, I was anxious to be off on my own and to get into grips with the world. It was on 22nd June, 1891, that I left Dalkeith and went to Manuel, when I was about 15¾. Manuel is a small place and there were only a few houses for the Railway employees. Several goods trains started from Manuel and a couple of goods guards asked me to make out clean copies of their daily reports, and this earned me an extra 2s. 0d. per fortnight, which I found very acceptable and useful. My lodgings cost me 8s. 6d. or 9s. 0d. per week, so I was left with two or three shillings with which to clothe myself. Mrs. Graham, the yardsman's wife was my landlady. She was very kind-hearted and I was very comfortable. Willy Graham's principal duties were in connection with the marshalling of the goods trains. A short time after I left Manuel, poor Willy was caught between two buffers and never moved again. The Stationmaster, Mr. Robertson, and I got on very well together. I usually had a book of some kind on my telegraph bench, and he often used to tell me to stick to my books.

I think it was at Manuel that I first started to study Shorthand. While at Manuel I acquired a knowledge of the duties of the Booking-Clerk, whom I sometimes used to relieve in the evenings. My hours at Manuel were also 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and I sometimes called in to see Jimmy Anderson, the signal-man in a little signal cabin on the Bo'ness-Avonbridge line. I remember Jimmy telling me one day that he was very fond of his porridge in the mornings, which I can well believe, because instead of milk he poured a gill of whisky over his porridge. He was an inveterate snuffer. He kept his snuff in a ram's horn and many a time I have seen him take a little spoonful of snuff to each nostril.

At Manuel I had my fourth narrow escape. I went to my lodgings for lunch one day. Mrs. Graham was a bit behind with her work and I found my potatoes hard and not properly cooked. In my hurry a piece of hard potato got stuck in my throat, I coughed and spluttered, but could not dislodge it. In the meantime Mrs. Graham was thumping me on the back, but I was getting blue in the face, and Mrs. Graham called out to her husband, "Willy, come quick, John is choking." He was on night duty that week and slept during the day. But an extra whack on the back and a violent cough dislodged a small piece of the potato and I got relief, but it was a "near go".

After about five months at Manuel my Superintendent wrote to the Stationmaster to send me to Stirling to take up duties as Telegraphist at that station. This was 14th November, 1891, when I was 16. this suited me fine, because the father, brother and sister of my sister-in-law Bella lived in Stirling, and Mr. Henderson kindly offered me to take me under his roof-tree.

Stirling is a bonny little town, and, as you know from your books, one steeped in Scottish history. I enjoyed my stay there immensely. the two daughters, Mary and Margaret, were very good to me, and so was their father. He was a fine old Presbyterian of Covenanting stock, and held a little service in his home every Sunday evening before we retired to bed. his prototype was the good man in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night". What left an abiding impression on my mind, however, was his unvarying petition on behalf of the young boy who shared their roof-tree - that God would guide his footsteps and lead them in the ways of righteousness. Aye, he was a grand old man was Gilbert Henderson. Perhaps on your journey through life you will come across a picture depicting the Covenanters holding a meeting amidst the hills, with one of them on the top of a hill on the look-out for Government troops. The prominent figure in that picture is a venerable old Scotsman, bareheaded, with his bonnet on the top of his staff and hands clasped above it. I am told that this was also a Gilbert Henderson, an ancestor of Aunt Bella's father.

When I was at Dalkeith I had been confirmed by the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway and so was a member of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. My brother Willy was an Episcopalian and a keen churchman. Well, while I was in Stirling I attended the Presbyterian Church with the Henderson's and it must have been at Stirling that I formed a preference for that form of worship, and I have been a Presbyterian ever since. Not that it matters one jot or one tittle what denomination one belongs to, because "the heart's aye, the part aye that mak's us richt or wrang".

During the early part of my short stay in Stirling I was tormented by Johnnie and Grant Henderson. Johnnie was a year or thereby younger than I, and Grant about three years younger. How they did torment me about the Battle of Bannockburn! If you ever mentioned England or Englishmen they pounced on me with: "England! Englishmen! What about the Battle of Bannockburn when the Scots knocked the stuffing our of your countrymen?" I could get no peace for that darned Battle of Bannockburn, until it suddenly struck me to look up the English victories over the Scots in my history books. I prepared my ammunition by compiling a goodly list. That put a different complexion on the

arguments, and soon I got peace, as there was no more mention of the Battle of Bannockburn."

I spent the Christmas of 1891 with the Hendersons, and I remember going to buy a Christmas card to send to Nelly King, sister to the Miss King previously mentioned. There was a pretty one, hand-painted I think, at half a crown, which I could not resist, and it just about cleared me out of my pocket money. Perhaps it gave the lassie some pleasure.

One day while on duty at Stirling station I received a telegram from my Superintendent in Edinburgh reading: "When can you go to Cupar, Fife?" I replied: "Can go to Cupar, Fife, on Monday", but I had had enough of working for 10/- per week, so I added to my reply, "Wire if any advance in salary". Back came another telegram: "The transfer to Cupar, Fife, would not mean immediate promotion." I thought that was not good enough so I telegraphed: "Decline to go to Cupar." I heard no more about the transfer, but in another three weeks or so I received another telegram: "When can you take up duty at Queen Street Station, Glasgow." I replied "Can go to Glasgow on Monday. Wire if any increase in salary." The stereotyped reply returned: "Transfer to Glasgow would not mean any immediate promotion", so I countered with: "Decline to go to Queen Street, Glasgow." However the Superintendent wrote to the Stationmaster saying he thought I had better go to Glasgow, and promising that everything possible would be done to get me an increase. Queen Street Station was a busy and important telegraph station, so I packed my bag and on Monday morning said good-bye to my kind friends in Stirling, and set off for that great city Glasgow, where I did not know a single soul. Age 16¼. That was an important change in my life, which deserves a separate chapter. I was very happy during those three months at Stirling, and remember my stay there with pleasure.

CHAPTER V.

I COME TO GLASGOW.

I arrived in Glasgow on 18th January, 1892, when I was 16¼ years of age. Mr. Henderson had kindly come on in advance and arranged with friends of his to give me lodgings. They were Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLachlan, of 15 Hill Street, Garnethill. Mr. McLachlan was a Venetian-Blind maker and a fine type of Scotsman.

But the main thing about 18th January, 1892, is that it was the day I first cast eyes on your Grannie Clark. I will have a bit to tell you about that bonnie lass later on.

When I reported for duty at the Telegraph Office, Queen St. Station, I found that the staff consisted of Mr. Watson, the clerk-in-Charge, John Forrester, a lad of about two years older than I, and 16 girls, or young ladies. I felt very bashful about being suddenly launched among so many girls, but I soon found my feet among them as they were all very friendly.. John Forrester and I took week about on early and late duty, 7 a.m. till 4 p.m. on week, and 2 p.m. till 11 p.m. the other, each with an hour off for a meal, so that for the first time I went on to an 8-hours day. A few days afterwards word came through that my salary had been advanced to 12/- per week. Mrs McLachlan was very moderate in her charges, with the result that I had about 3s. 0d. left for my clothes. those were Spartan days, and I had to examine both sides a sixpence before spending it; and it was fine training and taught me the value of money. I remember it took many weeks before I felt able to indulge myself by buying my first copy of Shakespeare, namely half-a-crown. I see from an old diary that in March 1892, I bought a suit for about 25s.!! Now, a suit costs about £15-£20.

It was while I stayed with the McLachlans that I learned to play draughts and chess. These are both fine games, and what I particularly like about them is that there is no element of luck in them. You win a game entirely by skill and it is generally the player who sees farthest who wins the game. I have played draughts and chess all my life since then, and derived great enjoyment from these games. Mr. McLachlan was an inveterate draughts player and was continually worrying me to play. At first he could simply knock spots off me, but I gradually drew level, and latterly I could beat him just as easily. However, I was wanting to get on with my studies, but he would give me no peace. So in desperation I bought a little draughts guide and studied it carefully. I remember the last time we played together, when I was about 17 or thereby. We started

on Saturday shortly after 1 p.m. and I made up my mind to give him a proper sickener. We played, with a break for tea, till 10 p.m., and finished up 27 - 0. I would not even allow him to get a draw. That finished him, and I got peace. At that time we had a telegraph messenger in the office, Jim Pearson, and I taught him to play draughts. He became engrossed in the game and used to spend hours studying it. Finally he could beat me with ease. I really believed he would have become the champion of Scotland, but poor Jimmy got into bad company, lost his post on the Railway, became a Slater's labourer, and one day he was blown off a roof and killed.

I must, however, tell you one more story about draughts before I leave the subject. About 1918, when I was 33, married, with wife and two nice girls, we spend a holiday up among the hills beyond Beattock. the best draughts-player in the district was Mrs. Campbell, a gamekeeper's wife, she could beat all the men for miles around. Well, she heard that there was a draughts player staying at Kinnoll Bank, so the bold lady tramped over the hills, a distance of two miles, with her board tucked under her arm and draughtsmen in her pocket, to challenge me to play. How the men folk had warned me about her, as she used to crow over them all, and they were anxious that I should beat her. We started to play, but I soon found that she was a novice with no knowledge of book-play. I know how to take advantage of any weak move, and how to set numerous traps, and the result was that poor Mrs. Campbell got a drubbing. How the men cheered and shouted: "Mrs. Campbell, you have met your match at last."

I taught myself chess mainly out of a little primer, although brother Willy had previously taught me the rudiments of the game. There are some beautiful little things in Chess, and it has always been a source of great pleasure to me. There are some games in which the loser is simply bludgeoned into subjection. In others the coup de grace is administered with a beautiful rapier-like thrust. I was never more than a good average player, but I could generally hold my own in most games. Your Grannie Clark was a tolerably good player, and I had to treat her with respect, because if I tried any pranks with her she had an awkward habit of turning from the defensive to the offensive, often with devastating effects. I was a member of the British Correspondence Chess Club once, and played a man in jail. A fine player he was too. He was the most microscopic writer, as well as the crabbiest-looking writer I ever saw, and I used to think that there was no wonder he finished up in jail. I rather think he beat me in the game I played him by correspondence. Another time I played a gentleman in America. It took us 18 months to finish one game. He made a palpable slip in one of his moves, and I allowed him to take it

back and play again. Later on I stupidly did the same thing, but he seized upon my slip, held me to it, and of course won the game. Yes, a grand game is chess.

It was about this time that I learned to swim, In one of the public baths in Glasgow. I hope, my dears, that you will all learn to swim. I remember reading about a boy who fell into the canal. He was only a yard of so from the edge, and was drowned, whereas a couple of strokes would have saved hi life.

During my first year at Queen Street I was sent up and down the country to various stations to relieve Clerks who were off ill, to such places as Garngaber (Lenzie), Cowlairs, Grahamstown (Falkirk), Sunnyside (Coatbridge) and Carlisle Canal, a busy good Station. I also remember being on duty at Partick on the occasion of the launch of H.M.S. Ramilles on 1st March, 1892.

When at Carlisle I lodged with a Mr. Gillespie, a Railway carriage examiner, and his wife - a grand couple with whom I was most comfortable. I was on night duty at Carlisle Canal, and as Mrs. Gillespie had a full house I had to get into a bed vacated at 6 a.m. by a Goods Guard. At this time my father had sunk his pride and returned to his native district. He was working on a farm near Plumpton, a few miles south of Carlisle, so I thought I would pay him a surprise visit. One morning after breakfast I set off for Plumpton where I arrived about 10.30 a.m. My old Dad was immensely surprised to see me walk up the farmyard, and could only ejaculate: "What, Johnnie?" We spend a happy hour or two together. When I was leaving him I remember him saying, with emotion, "Thoo did varra weel to coom to see thy oald Dad." Not much, you may think, but he was a man of few words, and I knew it expressed a lot.

I had a very short sleep that day after I got back to Carlisle, and during the night when on duty I turned mortally tired and sleepy. I felt I must have forty winks,and the only place where I could lie down was on top of a stationery press, about six feet high. Up I clambered and laid down with great content. There was little to do, at the instruments, and I was soon sound asleep. Presently I awoke and could distinctly hear one of the instruments signalling "CE, CE, CE". It was Hellifield Station calling me, but I could not move a muscle. "CE, CE, CE" went on the instrument, but no, I was in the grip of a form of nightmare and could not move. I knew I was on the very edge of the stationery press, and I mentally registered the fact that I was in imminent danger of falling down six feet. However, by a great effort I managed to pull myself out of the nightmare

and scrambled down. The Hellifield operator was a decent sort and just signalled: "Been lying on your back?"

The morning I left the Canal Station for good the Yardsman came to say "Good-bye", and I was very proud of myself when he said "I just wanted to tell you that I don't think we have ever had such a young telegraphist at this busy station, but you have managed everything just as well as your seniors."

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG MAN.

I returned to Glasgow after being at Carlisle a short time. and it was about this period that I had another narrow escape. It was a wild blustery day and I was going along a narrow street behind Cambridge Street on my to the office. The wind was howling furiously and I said to myself: "You had better keep an eye on the chimneys, Johnnie". Just at that moment I heard an ominous rumbling on the roof above. Looking up I saw a chimney pot hurtling through the air making straight for me. I made a leap forward, missed my step and fell, when down crashed the chimney pot just at my side. That was narrow escape No. 5.

I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. McLachlan for over a year, till March 1893. Mrs McLachlan was a very old lady with no domestic help, and as her health was failing she felt no longer able to look after a lodger. I looked around the district and went to lodge with a widow, Mrs. Henderson, at 21 Abercorn Street. She, too, was a very old lady of about 70, extremely honest and kind. The old lady was so poor that she could not afford the few coppers necessary to get her washing mangled. She used to put her sheets, towels or tablecloths on a sheet of paper in the kitchen, then she would take off her slippers and tread up and down, up and down, over the liner or cotton washing.

I am afraid I was a bit of trial to her, and she could never understand why such a young lad should have to work till 11 p.m. I must admit that I did not even then go straight home. Sometimes I would go for a fish-and-chip supper and dld not get to my lodgings till nearly midnight. When I was on early duty at 7 a.m. I depended on her to waken me. And I remember one morning when I must have been extra exasperating. She had called me twice unsuccessfully, and at the third time, she knocked loudly on the bedroom door and shouted: "John, are you no going to get up? You'll no come hame at nlcht, and the devil himself wouldn't get ye up in the mornin'."

At that time the price of the 2 lb. loaf was 2½d., and as a 2 lb. loaf was too much for either of us, we used to half one between us. Then she would say to me: "Now, John, this is your turn to pay a penny for the half loaf, and I will pay three halfpence. The next loaf we get you will pay 1½d. and I will pay 1d." Such was her sterling honesty: she would not cheat anyone out of a farthing.

I only saw her read two books: the Bible and Vol. 1 of the Sermons of the Rev. Robert McCheyne. I am sure she knew both of them by heart. She did not like the Roman Catholics. On a Sunday morning she would look over the little kitchen window curtain and watch the R.C's. going to early Mass. Then she would say: "Poor souls, they go, with their shawl on their heads and twopence in their hands." At the time I used to attend a little Episcopalian Church near by, and she would say: "Ah, John, there is only a thin partition between you and the Roman Catholics." Yes, she was of the rugged, stern, independent Presbyterian school, but a fine old lady nevertheless.

I had no fireplace in my little room, and many a time when I got up early to do a bit at my books I found the ink in my ink-well frozen solid. So after staying with her for a year or two I looked round for fresh lodgings with a fire. Before leaving, however, I hunted all over the bookshops in Glasgow for the second volume of the Sermons of the Rev. Robert McCheyne, and she was fairly overcome with delight when I presented it to her as a parting gift. Poor old girl, she was sadly upset when I left her, and with tears in her eyes as she was saying "Good-bye", she brokenly said: "Ye ken, John, I felt for you as if ye had been my ain son."

About March 1895, when I was nearing 20, I went to lodge with Mrs. McGaw, a widow, at 87 South Portland Street, on the south side of the Clyde. I had a nice little room, and Mrs. McGaw was moderate with her charges. I had been getting an increase in wages every year and was not so hard up, so felt that I could afford to have a cosy fire. Somehow I have always been fortunate in having nice landladies, and not one of them ever tried to overcharge me. One morning in particular stands out in my memory of an experience I had with Mrs. McGaw. I was on 7 a.m. duty, but slept in till 7.10 a.m. I threw on my clothes, thrust on my boots without tying the laces, stuck my collar and tie in my pocket, and ran helter-skelter along South Portland Street. It had been an exceptionally severe winter and we had had about six weeks of frost. I had to cross the Suspension Bridge and when running over I saw that the River Clyde was choked from bank to bank with blocks of ice. It was an extremely rare occurrence, and was due to a thaw after the hard frost, bringing down the ice blocks from the upper reaches of the river. But I was in such a desperate hurry that I had only time to take a fleeting glance. At length I arrived at my telegraph office about 7.25 a.m. Yes, I was 25 minutes late and I had visions of all sorts of complaints being sent to my Super-intendent. I ought to explain that I was all alone on duty between 7 and 8 a.m. and had about 20 instruments to look after. Well, "Would you believe it?", when I arrived at the office I found an Edinburgh Relief Clerk sitting

at my instruments, and he had kept the work all in apple-pie order. He had been on night duty at Cowlairs Station, and in the morning he thought he would come down to Queen Street to have a chat with me, and then catch the 7.45 a.m. train to Edinburgh. The chance of such a thing happening on the only morning I ever slept in must be about 1000 to 1. So you may imagine the sigh of relief when I saw Johnnie Morrison sitting doing my work at the instruments.

Ever since coming to Glasgow I had been applying myself to my books, studying various subject on my own, and when about 18½ I competed at a Civil Service examination. The first attempt was just to get the hang of the ropes and see what an examination was like, but still I did not do badly. I was easily in the first half, out of 1000 competitors throughout the country, strangely enough, at the next attempt, six months later, I had only made a slight improvement, a thing I could never understand. At the third trial, however, I came close to the goal. There were about 70 competitors who sat with me in Glasgow, and many of them teachers and others who were studying all day under tutors, or attending special classes, whereas I only had a few hours in the forenoon or evening and was studying all on my own. But out of those 70 I came out 5th or 7th, I forget which. But the strain began to tell on me, and after the third attempt I was just about a nervous wreck. My old Dad was now a Grieve on a farm near Askham, so I went there for the remaining days of my holidays. My sister Nelly was there preparing for her marriage with John Motion, also sister Rachel. They were very good to me, especially Nelly who used to get me tit-bits of various kinds, Bovril, etc., and I remember her once saying "By, our Johnnie does look bad!" It was a battle to keep myself on my feet, and sometimes I felt that I would have to give up the struggle and go to bed. However I stuck it out, and managed to pull myself together before returning to work at Queen Street. So I decided to chuck up the idea of entering the Civil Service and go in for a Commercial career. I had no intention of staying on in the Railway, as the maximum salary at that time for our grade was only £70 per annum. Brother Willy was mad when I told him, and said: "You are like a man who is standing at the goal mouth and won't kick the ball through the posts. You are certain to pass the next examination." But I was adamant, and it is just as well, as events turned out, because I have been far better off in Commercial life than I would ever have been in the Civil Service. Still, I must say this, those years spent studying Civil Service examination subjects proved to be exceedingly valuable to me, and I found the benefit derived from their study useful to me all my life.

CHAPTER VII.

COURTSHIP DAYS.

Now, girls and boy, we come to a really important part of my life. there was a bonnie dark eyed girl in the office whom I had admired ever since I entered it - Nannie Thomson by name. I liked her best of all the bunch, and many an envious glance I sent in her direction. She was as good as she was bonnie, too, and a great favourite with the staff. She was an expert telegraphist and a beautiful writer, an accomplishment she retained right down to the end of her life. I do not know of any old lady who could write so well. As a girl she had a nice clustering of curls round her neck, and when I looked at her in her tartan skirt and reefer jacket I thought she was just perfect. I do not know how I had the nerve to make advances to her, as I was only about 20 and still had my way to make in the world, but anyway I mustered up courage one day to ask her for a walk. I remember the date well - May 10th. I was filled with delight when she agreed, and we arranged that some night when she was on late duty till 8 p.m., and I was on early duty, I would walk home with her. It was about a mile from Queen Street to McKinlay Street, and oh! Boys, did I enjoy that walk! It was grand and "Nannie" was very nice to me. When I told her how diffident I had been about asking her for a walk she said: "You need not have had any qualms, Jack: you know I like you fine." The old song says:-

"And Grandpapa kissed Grandmama
In the second Minuet,"

but in our case I can say

"And Grandpapa kissed Grandmama
Beneath an old oak tree."

And so started our friendship and subsequent courtship. She was as true as steel to me, and I simply worshipped the ground she trod on. I also registered a vow to work my very hardest to win her for my wife. She waited for me for several years, and we were married on 28th June, 1900. And that, my dears, is how I won your Grannie Clark! Mortal man could not have wished for a better wife, and she was a devoted mother. I am persuaded that she brought a rich blessing with her, and we had a truly happy married life for 47 years. Yes, I could never get away from the feeling that the good God had directed my youthful footsteps towards "Nannie Thomson". And by some inexplicable reason I am somehow imbued with the idea that I must have been set apart to look after my

dear partner. My life was spared many times, and I do not know for what purpose unless it was that my niche in life was to look after her, to stand by her side to sustain and help her at a time of life when she needed support. Also, whatever measure of success has been vouchsafed to me in my business career, it must, I think, have been to enable me to provide her with her requirements when her health began to fail. Don't smile, my dears, and say that I have out-of-date ideas:

> "There are more things in heaven and hearth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Now, I must not forget to mention this little tit-bit, soon after our friendship started, Nannie Thomson gave me a Swan Fountain Pen for my birthday. I treasured that little gift and kept it carefully for close on 50 years. I called it my lucky pen. I have given it to Joan with the hope that she will guard it carefully, and that it will prove to be a lucky possession with her.

When writing about Cowlairs, I forgot to mention close-shave No. 6. I had been on night duty there, and when the day telegraphist came in for duty a passenger train for Glasgow arrived, and soon started to move out of the station. I seized my hat, ran to the train which was on the move, jumped on to the running board of a carriage and clutched the door handle. On turning the handle the door swung open, carrying me with it at an awkward angle. I didn't know what to do to save myself, but a gentleman sitting at the window thrust his hand out, caught hold of me by the collar and pulled me into the carriage. He gave me a terrific dressing down, and told me I might have been killed. Foolhardy again!

CHAPTER VIII.

INTO COMMERCIAL LIFE.

You will perhaps wonder how I manage to remember dates and other particulars in my career, and the reason is that I have always been an inveterate diarist. I have a pile of over 40 diaries, but I can't trace any between 1895 and 1900, so I will have to depend largely on my memory for that period.

On deciding to abandon the idea of entering the Civil Service I set about equipping myself for a Commercial career. It is just as well that I made this decision, because by the time I was 40 I was earning twice as much as I would have had in the Civil Service, and at 60 I would be making three times as much. I had always taken a keen interest in shorthand, and was by this time a fairly expert writer of the winged art. Brother Willie also taught himself Shorthand and had a very good knowledge of it. We used to exchange letters in shorthand, and I think he learned to how to write it more to keep me company than anything else. I also had had two sessions at shorthand classes at the Commercial College in the Athenaeum. In the first session I won the first prize of £5. In the next session (Senior Reporting) I also won a prize, 3rd I think. I had also been practising Typewriting. Then I went to Whiteley's College in August 1896 for intensive tuition in Double Entry Book-keeping. I believe I hold the record for that College, having completed the whole course in **ten days**. Of course I was by this time a fairly expert arithmetician, and as Book-keeping is only the common-sense application of figures to books, I found it very simple. By the way, I have taught several young men Book-keeping, but the most apt pupil I ever had was my son-in-law Alexis, father of Sandy and Pat. It was real joy to see the slick way in which he picked up the instruction how to keep business books. Well, I now felt fairly well equipped, so I watched the advertisement columns for "Situations Vacant" in the "Glasgow Herald" and was quickly offered the post as Book-keeper to a firm of Wholesale Jewellers. So I resigned my post as Telegraphist at Queen Street Station as from 12th September, 1896. I was sorry to cut my connection with the old N.B. Railway Co., as I enjoyed being with them, and somehow always felt thoroughly at home in their service. The girls in the Telegraph Office gave me a good send-off, with a little presentation, and I said "good-bye" to my Railway friends.

I started with the firm of Wholesale Jewellers on 14th September, 1896. There were four brothers (Jews), all partners, and were in a good way of business; but I had not been long with them when dissension between the brothers broke out. First one brother lifted his capital and

set up on his own account. Then another brother followed suit. So I thought I would quit likewise, though the senior Partner (Isaac) was always very nice to me. He was sorry when I left, and as their business was now somewhat reduced, he asked me if I would look after his books in my spare time in the evenings, to which I agreed. I kept his books for several years, for which he paid me 15s. 0d. per week, which was a good addition to my other earnings, and enabled me to start saving in earnest to prepare a home for "Nannie Thomson".

Just at the time I was preparing to leave there was a vacancy in the Engineers Department at Queen Street Station, and I was asked to put in an application, although by this time I had almost promised to accept a post which was offered me in an East India Merchant's Office. However I accepted the post in the Engineers Office on 12th October 1896. First I was Shorthand Writer and Typist on the Correspondence Department, then about a year later I was promoted to the Accounts Department as Book-keeper, Wages Clerk, etc. The Principal used to take me with him in his little Saloon Car when he went out to inspect sidings, bridges, etc., and on one occasion we had a nice run to Fort William just after the West Highland Line had been completed. I reached the maximum Salary while in this post, and with my earnings in the evenings, I was quite comfortable. But I had no intention of resting on my oars, and looked out for fresh fields to conquer. There is not much of particular interest to record while I was in the Engineer's Office, but I might mention that Willie Binnie, who had been a Telegraph messenger under me in the Telegraph Office, had also been transferred to the Engineer's Department, and we worked together. He stayed with the Railway and we have always been good friends. He is now retired and lives at Lower Largo. In one of my letters recently I asked him if he could write shorthand and he replied: "Well, that's a good one! Fancy you asking me if I can write shorthand. Of course I can. Why you taught me yourself!" I had forgotten all about it.

While I was with the Engineer's Department I continued my studies at the Athenaeum and attended the class for French. I won the 1st Prize in Grade 1; 2nd or 3rd Prize for Grade II; and also a prize for Advanced French in Grade III. I also attended the Class for Commercial Geography, and won 1st Prize, which was rather surprising, as I was never very good at memory work. In fact, it was Geography that kept me out of the civil Service. In addition I studied German, Spanish and Income Tax. I knew a fair amount of Spanish at one time, and with regard to German, well I got as far as starting to translate a little German story into English. It is still on the stocks, and I hope to get it completed one day, as I consider it would make a nice little story or play for the Children's Hour on the

Wireless. It is a curious thing that although I spent so much time studying foreign languages I have never had occasion to use them in my business life. I used to think I would like to go out to Chile, and use languages and my other qualifications there, but it never came to anything. Perhaps it is just as well.

There is another little story which I must tell you. In March, 1899, I saw an advertisement which looked rather promising, so I put in an application. It proved to be from a first-class Glasgow Firm who sent for me to have an interview. My Chief in the Engineer's Office would insist on sending them a find tribute to my worth. Then I called at their Office for an interview with the Manager, who put me through a shorthand test, and an oral examination in different subjects. Evidently everything was satisfactory, for he suddenly turned to me and asked me if I had seen the Agreement. I said "No", so he put me in private room, gave me an Agreement and asked my to study it carefully. Imagine my surprise to find that it was an Agreement to go out to India to one of their Tea Plantations, to be Secretary to the Chief Tea Planter on the estate. It also referred to the necessity to be considerate in dealings with the natives, the study of the language, and mentioned the salary I would receive, which to my mind was princely. On the Manager's return, he asked me if I found the Agreement satisfactory. I said it was very satisfactory, but added it was the first I had heard of the post being in India. He nearly fell off his chair with astonishment, rang for his confidential Secretary, interrogated him, and then gave him fits for omitting any mention of India in the advertisement. The he turned to me and said: "Mr. Clark, we can't expect you to decide to go out to India on such short notice. Think the matter over for a day or two." I did so, went to see him again, and said I was prepared to go. Several other gentlemen were present, and we were preparing to have the Agreement signed when one of them said: "Would it not be a good idea to have Mr. Clark passed by the Doctor, for his own satisfaction?" The others thought it a very good idea so I was given an introduction to a West End Doctor. He examined me and pronounced me fit in every way. But just at that time I began to perceive that nannie Thomson was going to be terribly upset about my departure, and after considering the pros and cons I finally went to the Manager and said I would go our for three years if they would guarantee me a post in their Head Office in Glasgow at the end of the term. He laughed and assured me that once I been in India I would not dream of coming back to their Glasgow Office, and added that if there was a man in India who could teach me about Tea Planting it was their representative to whom they proposed to send me. His last words were: "I will give you another week. If you change your mind, the situation is yours." However, I did not change my mind, and that was that. Another appointment I nearly

accepted was with a Distillery firm, but I did not care for their trade, being an Abstainer, so I did not go into that trade, which perhaps is just as well.

I left the Engineer's Office on 31st January, 1900, having accepted a post as Shorthand Writer on the Correspondence Department of Nobel's Explosive Company, Ltd., 195 West George Street, Glasgow, with whom I started on the following day, 1st February, 1900. This one of the finest and most sumptuous offices in Glasgow, with a staff of about forty men. There were four of us in the Department, and we worked under the General Manager, Mr. Johnston, and the Assistant Manager, Mr. Shand. Occasionally we did work for Mr. Harry McGowan, now Lord McGowan, the head of Imperial Chemical Industry Ltd., with whom Nobel's Explosive co., Ltd. subsequently merged. I got a grand training in this office, as all these gentlemen were first class English scholars and wrote beautiful letters. I had quite a good salary with Nobel's, £25 more than I had on the Railway, and having by this time saved up a comfortable little Bank Account, I was prepared to get married to my dear girl who had waited so well for me; but that is worth a new chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLARK CREST.

Now, girls and boy, let us have a little change. I am going to tell you about the Clark Crest.

An old lady of 70, my father's cousin Ada, told me that an antiquarian once told her that the Clarks were at one time a well-to-do family in the Watermillock district of Westmorland - "Quite the people of the place" she said, but one member of the family had squandered the estate. I think I would be in my twenties at the time, and once when I was visiting my people at Helton, Westmorland, my sister Rachel showed me some Watermillock Church magazines containing excerpts from the old Church Registers, in which the Clarks frequently appeared. She got me interested, and as a result I began to make investigations into our genealogy. I made visits to Watermillock, on the west side of Ullswater, saw two old tombstones to the memory of John Clark (which by the way I arranged to have re-cut and cleaned) and had a talk with the Vicar. He helped me all he could, and was very interested, and mentioned that from the records he could see that the Clarks were numerous in the parish at one time. They were a useful class of men, as he often came across them occupying positions of trust, but said that there was not a single Clark left in the parish at the date of my visit.

Well one day I was going through the various papers which had been sent to me, and I came across a Christmas card printed by another cousin of my father's, Mrs. Nussey, Potternewton Hall, Leeds. On the card was a crest bearing three geese (or swans) and three pellets. I wondered what it was. Some time afterwards I learned that an old lady, a descendant of the Clarks of Askham had the Clark Seal, so I got in touch with her and she secured an impression of the Seal in sealing wax. Behold! here were the three swans and three pellets again.

Well,here is a curious coincidence. I had an opportunity to do a kindness to an old Baker in our Bread Factory, and as a mark of appreciation he presented me with an old book on Heraldry. I was idly turning over the pages one day when Lo and behold! I came across the Crest with the three swans and three pellets. The letterpress below the Crest stated that it was the crest of Sir John Clark, b. 1624, and that an ancestor, John Clerks, had greatly distinguished himself at the Battle of the Spurs in 1513 and took prisoner a high personage in the French Army - the Duke of Longueville. I never succeeded in tracing the connection between Sir John Clark and the Clarks of Watermillock, but it would

appear that the old Seal with the Crest had lingered on in our family for over 300 years.

The Motto attached to the Crest is said to be "What I should do, that I will do". There is a find determined ring about that, isn't there? Just a few days ago (January 1946) I had occasion to second a motion complimenting one of our Managers for doing yeoman's service for the Company. I told them about the Clark Crest and said that Mr. Ferguson must have adopted the Clark Motto, as he had always enthusiastically entered into any work he had to undertake and invariably brought it to a successful conclusion. They were very interested, but chaffed me about my warlike ancestor.

That is all I can tell you about the Clark Crest, but be sure not to forget the Clark Motto: "What I should do, **that** I **will** do." If you adopt it, and follow out the injunction, I am persuaded that happiness and success will be yours.

While I am on the subject, I may as well tell you that I have papers in my possession showing that the question of succession to the Ellenborough title greatly exercised the family of William Clark of Widenwath. There was a big family of them and they evidently thought that they had some claim to the title. One half of the family were in favour of action, and the other half against, and the latter view prevailed, although my father's Uncle Thomas, Clergyman of Gedney Hill, said that if he had been a younger man he would have made the Lord E. topple on his perch. I know that the forebears of the Ellenboroughs were the Laws, one of whom was Governor of India, and I know that the Laws were friends of the Clarks, or connections, because they appear as witnesses in marriages in the Clark family, but I could never trace the relationship. In some notes in my possession by the aforementioned Mrs. Nussey, she said in effect that she used to know the connection between the Laws and the Clarks but she had forgotten where it came in. Was that not annoying - just the very thing I was so anxious to trace. I asked another old lady who was keen on Pedigree, a prim old dame, but all I could elicit from her was that it was the question of an illegitimate child. In any case, I am of the opinion that any such claim as was contemplated would not have succeeded at Law. By the way there are Clarks at Widewath, Helton, to this day.

CHAPTER X.

OUR MARRIAGE.

Let me see now: yes, we have arrived at the year 1900, when I entered the service of Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd., at the age of 24¼ as Shorthand Writer and Typist on the Correspondence Dept. I got on very well with them I liked to work for Mr. Shand, the Assistant Manager. as well as for Harry McGowan, but somehow I did not care for Mr. Johnston, the General Manager. He was a splendid dictator of letters, but he would make no allowance whatever for mistakes or slips, and in short was very exact in all his ways. He never knew our names, and I believe that one day he went into Mr. Shand's room and asked: "Who is that new man in the Typing Room?" "That will be Mr. Dunlop", Mr Shand replied. "Well, don't send him to me any more", said Mr Johnston. And that was a bad mark to the name of Mr. Dunlop, who, by the way, left some time afterwards. After a month or two he again went to Mr. Shand and said: "Who is that red-haired man in the Typing Room?" "Mr Wilson", said Mr Shand. "Well don't send him to me any more" And that was the end of Mr. Wilson. That only left me and Alex. Fitzpatrick who could take letters from Mr. Johnston. Alex. was a great shorthand writer, doing about 160 words a minute, and I used to try to emulate him but I was only a 140 words per minute man: and I always had the fear that Mr. J. might pounce upon me for some slight inaccuracy. However, I did my very best, and everything was going on all right until one day I had to take some letters from him. He was dictating a very long letter to me, and walked up and down the Board room until finally he went to the other end of the room and looked through the window, his back turned to me. I was so far away that I could just catch the words, and the strain brought on a nasal haemorrhage. I held a handkerchief to my note, and presently he walked back and stood beside me. My hanky was covered with blood and I felt that he was looking at it when he stopped beside me. But do you think he stopped dictating? Not a bit of it: he kept on dictating till he was finished. I left the room, and banged into the lavatory, and said to myself: "This is the end of Nobel's for me! I will not work under a man like that." And I got a new situation within a fortnight.

Harry McGowan , (now Lord McGowan), tackled me on the stairs one day and told me I was making a mistake, as I was the most highly thought of in the Typing Room. Then Mr. Shand came back from his holidays. He, too, said I was making a mistake, and that I was singled out for promotion. But I had taken such a 'scunner' at Mr. J. that I would not withdraw my letter of resignation. I hear afterwards that Mr. Shand stormed into the Secretary's Room with a stiff complaint about my

successor, and said: "The fact of the matter is that I had been at home I would never have allowed Mr. Clark to leave". Well, that was that, and for good or ill I left Nobels's Explosives Co. Ltd.

The only friend I made at Nobel's was James Ross. He was in the Typing Room when I joined the firm, but was promoted to another Dept. soon after I started. He retired on pension, and died after a few years. We were good friends right down all the years.

I started at Nobel's on 1st February 1900, and left on 31st August, 1901.

It was during this period that Nannie Thomson and I were married - on 28th June 1900. I was still supervising the Books of Speculated Brothers, Ltd., and with the two salaries I was in quite a comfortable position and quite prepared for my voyage on the sea of matrimony.

We were married by our old Minister, Rev. D.M. Connor, of Daisy Street U.P. Church Govan-hill, in the Dixon Halls. There would be about 50 guests, and it was a nice little wedding. I remember Nannie's father, old John Thomson, getting up to reply to the toast of "The parents of the Bride and Bridegroom", and in the course of his remarks he said: "Weel, ladies and gentlemen, the young couple are weel suited tae one anither. The are like taw halves wha are noo chappit thegether into ere hale, just like this", and he interlocked his hands together and held them up. I also had to reply to the toast of "The Bride and Bridegroom", and here is a tip for Sandy to remember against his Wedding Day. In the course of your speech, be sure to refer to "The lady whom I now have the honour to call my wife", because there will be a burst of applause and hand clapping, and that, Sandy, provides you with a breathing space in which you make up your mind about the rest of your speech.

Well, I was deliriously happy to have won my wee wifie at last, and we had a delightful honeymoon up at a cottage in Ardrishaig. 'Tigh-na-Rhuda' (The Red Cottage), was the name of the house. Your Grannie and I had a trip up to Ardrishaig a few years ago, just to have another look at the spot where we spent our honeymoon.

I perhaps should mention here that after leaving my lodgings with Mrs. McGaw in South Portland Street I went to Mrs. Irvine, Holyhead Street. There I was joined by Harry Watson, who became my bed-mate. He also worked on the Railway at Queen Street. We got on very well together and were pals till both married about the same time. I was writing his widow not long ago. I left Mrs. McGaw to get married.

CHAPTER XI.

MY PERMANENT POST.

My dears, I started these reminiscences about 1946. It is now, as I resume my story, 1956. Much has happened in the interval, but one BLACK day stands out prominently, the 8th July, 1947. On that day, alas, I lost my dear wife, after 47 years ideal married life. I was dreadfully distracted, and perhaps that is why my Life Story was put on the shelf. But I shall tell you about that disaster when I reach the year 1947.

Let me see: the last chapter dealt with my marriage and states the reason I left Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd. So to resume.

Just before leaving Nobel's my eldest daughter, Isabel, was born on 27th August, 1901 at 8.25 p.m.. What a happy day that was at 72 McKinlay Street, Glasgow. She was a bonnie baby and the apple of my eye, and she sure did get a good welcome.

I left Nobel's Explosive Co., Ltd. at the end of August 1901, and on 1st September I started with Montgomery & Co., Ltd., Flour Millers, Maltsters, Malt Extract Manufacturers, Wholesale Bakers, and the proprietors of 'Bremen Bread', as book-keeper at a good salary. Nobel's had a sumptuous office at 195 West George Street, Glasgow, with luxurious carpets on the hall and stairs, with a couple of Commissionaires, and a staff of about 40 clerks. Montgomery's had a very humble office in Orchard Street, Partick (now the site of Picture House) and there was only a staff of eight clerks. I remember taking your Grannie to see my new quarters, and after inspection she just said: "Well, Jack, you left the finest office in Glasgow, and you have come to the dirtiest." It was true. The shelves had not been swept for years. However, I took up my duties, and we soon removed to more pleasant offices in Dumbarton Road. I stayed with the good old firm for 50 years and was always very happy with them.

My first job was to bring the books up to date, and that was some job, because the books were about 4 months behind. However, I soon had put them in order and everything was going smoothly.

The Glasgow Exhibition was running at the time at which Montgomery & Co., Ltd. had a Model Bakery, and Mr. John Montgomery wanted to know how it had turned out financially. Mr. Carnie, the Cashier, had told him that the firm had made a nice profit, but he really knew very little about book-keeping, and I was asked to work out the exact figures. I did so, and it turned out to be hundreds of pounds less that Mr. Carnie's figure. Mr. Montgomery, a very shrewd man, able to form his own opinion on the probable results, accepted my statement without hesitation. Poor Mr.

Carnie got a wigging for misleading our Chief, while I got an increase in salary.

Soon after I went to this firm, we removed our home to 14 India street, in order to be near my work.

During this Winter (1901/2) I was attending Advanced French Classes, and I remember well how I used to rise at 6.0 a.m., jump into a cold bath, rough towel myself, take the underground to the Athenaeum to attend the class from 7 to 8 a.m., and then home for breakfast and be at the office at 9.0 a.m. to start the day's work. Sometimes I felt like slipping into bed after the cold douche, to get warmed up, but no! Your Grannie would not let me in, saying it would undo all the good of my bath.

Early in 1901 I was also attending Speed Classes for shorthand (140 words per minute) and I remember one night our old teacher dictated 700 words at the speed, which we then had to transcribe into handwriting. I transcribed those 700 words in 28 minutes, and when I put down my pencil the teacher (Mr. Kirkpatrick) came over and asked me if I were finished. Then he consulted his watch and said: "Well, Mr. Clark, I have never seen that done so quickly in all my teaching experience." You see, that was where my training as a Telegraphist came in, as we to take off telegrams at top speed of handwriting.

By the way, I remember the death of Queen Victoria on 22nd January 1901. I was on the way to a class when I heard the news, and hurried back home to tell your Grannie, and we were both very sorry about the death of our good old Queen. I have seen six monarchs on the throne:

Queen Victoria,	Edward VIII,
Edward VII,	George VI,
George V,	Elizabeth II.

During 1902 and 1903 we were in the throes of Legal battles at the office. Once case was about a piece of silt at the edge our Mill Dam at Haddington, which Mr. Montgomery had excavated, thus depriving the wives of Haddington of their washing-green We had had bad luck in the Court of Session, but took the case to the House of Lords where we had a resounding victory. The Respondent was a Haddington Lawyer who had championed the cause of the old wives, and when the case went against him he could not face up to the bill of costs and we had to pay the expenses ourselves.

Keep out of the Law, girls and boy: it is an expensive luxury - win or lose.

CHAPTER XII.

TROUBLE ON THE BOARD.

Now I come to a disturbing affair which gave me a tremendous amount of work. On 4th January, 1904, our Secretary (a Glasgow Lawyer) embezzled £5000 and decamped. One day soon afterwards Mr. Montgomerie called me in to his Private Room and said: "You have been appointed Interim Secretary, Mr. Clark, at yesterday's Board Meeting of the Directors, and you are to take over the work at once." "But, Mr Montgomerie", I said, "I have had no experience in Secretarial Practice". "O! never mind", said he, "you will soon learn". So I had to dive in and at the same time swot up a volume on "Secretarial Practice". All the time there were Meetings of the Directors to attend, preparation of Minutes, Registration of Transfer of Shares, etc., etc.

It took 18 months to straighten out the mess left by the late Secretary. Then the question of the appointment of a permanent Secretary came up for consideration. Mr. Montgomerie put my name forward, but the other four directors, all East of Scotland men, wanted to remove the Secretary-ship to Edinburgh and appoint an Edinburgh Lawyer as Secretary. There was a bit of a shindy. Then the Shareholders held a big meeting and a Committee was appointed to enquire into the dissentions on the Board. After several months, the upshot was that the four Directors were defeated; two of them resigned; and I was still to be in the Secretary's post, with a rise in salary.

In the midst of all this, the Cashier, Mr. Carnie, embezzled £500 and disappeared. The next day his photograph was in the hands of the Police at all the principal ports in the country in case he tried to get away abroad. Quick bit of work, wasn't it. But he gave himself up, and finally the Sheriff let him off as it was a case of 'First Offence', and Mr. Montgomery had kindly asked the Sheriff to deal mercifully with him. He went to Canada, and years afterwards fell down a lift and was killed. He left his Cash Books in a mess and I had to work all night straightening them out and finding out the exact amount of his defalcations. So there I was, Book-keeper, Cashier, Interim Secretary and Accountant all rolled into one. Not only so, but long before this Mr. Montgomery had discovered that I was a rapid shorthand writer and typist and so had all the correspondence work thrown at me. Talk about work! Many and many a night I worked on till the early hours. One morning I was going home along the deserted road when a big lumbering labourer spotted me and made for me. "What time is it?" said he, sizing me up. "Twenty past

2", said I, pointing to a nearby clock. As we both looked at the clock, I was greatly relieved to see a policeman coming towards us. The prowler saw him too, and promptly disappeared!

My father, Wm. Clark (your Great Grandfather) died on 2nd February, 1904, of senile heart decay, aged 72. We were all at the funeral in Dad's native village of Helton, Westomorland, (except Uncle Tom who was at sea), and Dad was buried in Askham Churchyard. About this time your grandfather's niece, Ruby Brown, went to Woodpile Asylum, near Glasgow, as a Nurse. She was a bonnie and stylish young woman, and here is a story she told us. One day when she had a half holiday, she left the Asylum by the back door on her way to Glasgow. On the step of the door there was sitting an old inmate. As Ruby tripped down the steps swishing her silk skirts, the old woman looked her up and down and said: Ma Goad! I never saw sic style comin' oot o' this Asylum ever since I cam intae it!"

During the trouble on the Board of Directors, I was uneasy in case the company might be wound up, so we removed on 12th May, 1905, to 50 McCulloch Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow, which was more in the hub of commercial activities than Partick which was then an independent burgh.

In the same year, my eldest brother, Willie, and Excise Officer, left Glasgow to be Supervisor at Stourbridge.

CHAPTER XIII.

CALM WATERS..

After the trouble at the Board was finished, I told Mr. Montgomery that, if it was all the same to him, I would prefer to be appointed Cashier instead of Secretary. Mr. Montgomery was quite agreeable. I was appointed Cashier and Accountant and a Glasgow firm, Dunlop & Murray, C.A., were appointed Secretaries, a post they have held right down to the present day. I also received the thanks of the Board for my services and was presented with a nice cheque.

Your Grannie's father, John Thomson, had stayed with us ever since we were married, but when 73 he had to give up work owing to age. On 21st December of the same year (1907) he was removed to the Western Infirmary for an operation which was quite successful notwithstanding his advanced age. He was a tall white-whiskered man, and he and I were always good friends. He lived with us for another 13 years, died on 16th June, 1920, age 86, and we buried him at Hamilton Cemetery.

My younger daughter NANCY was born at 50 McCulloch Street, Pollokshields on 23rd May, 1907. I had to cycle for the Nurse between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning, and Nancy arrived at 5 a.m., just as I returned. It was a bit exciting. When I told Isabel that she had got a nice wee sister, I was struck by the look of extreme happiness on her face - a great joy and ecstasy. Like Isabel, Nancy got a very warm welcome into our home. Isabel was 6 years old at the time, and we were more than delighted with our two wee girls. It is a curious thing, but true nevertheless, that I have never regretted not having a son, and I can only conclude that it was because I was too deeply thankful for having been vouchsafed two bonnie and clever daughters by **Le Bon Dieu**.

We were in calm waters at the office at this time, and this continued for a few years until in 1908 Mr. Montgomerie bought an Engineering Factory in Fairly Street, Ibrox, and started to convert it into a Wholesale Bread Factory. This was entailing a lot of late work and I was rewarded with another rise.

I had been thinking of going abroad about this time, being well qualified in all Commercial subject, but this advance in salary made me finally decide to stay with the old firm which had rewarded me so handsomely.

Not very long before the opening of the Bread Factory in 1910, the Bakers Operatives Union withdrew their men after a dispute with them about the hour of starting work. Other employees were drafted into the Bakery in their place, and one night when I and others were shaping loaves of dough some of the Bakers on strike stood outside on the window-sills jeering at us "Black-legs" and threatening what they would do to a particularly expert man and the rest of us. One dark night Mr. John Montgomerie, his son Mr. Duncan Montgomerie, and Mr. Frame (Bakery Foreman), and I were on patrol duty to convey various 'scab' bakers into the Factory. We had a 'scab' with us, when suddenly out of the mist there appeared a stalwart striker who gave the loyal man a sever blow and knocked him down almost unconscious. Ultimately the dispute was amicably settled and work was resumed as usual.

Old Age Pensions at 5s. 0d. per week were instituted by the Government on 1st January, 1909, and Grandpa Thomson received his. He always took Nancy with him for "a wee walkie" when he went to the Post Office, and Nancy would insist on carrying the Pension. At the time she would scarcely be three years of age, but she always took great care of the two half-crowns.

I have a framed enlarged photograph of Isabel and Nancy; it should remain in the family you will perhaps be interested to know that Isabel was then 8 years old, and Nancy about 3.

I have always been a regular attender at Church, had a class of ten nice little girls in Daisy Street Church Sabbath School, was elected a Manager of the Church, then Treasurer, and finally an Elder, a position, however, which I did not accept.

In 1909 also there was a bit of excitement in the office. An office boy, Robert McGhie, won a prize of £5 per week for life, a house, and a Pony and Trap, in a Limerick competition. The firm awarding the prize (London Tobacconists) wanted him to accept £50 in full settlement of the prise, stating that another competitor was willing to accept £60, but they made the mistake of publishing his name in the press before the Agreement was signed, an oversight upon which I immediately seized, and largely through the instrumentality of Mr. Montgomerie and myself the Tobacco firm was forced to agree to the payment of £1250.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISFORTUNE - ASTRONOMY - A MARRIAGE.

1910 was an unfortunate year. My dear Wife, after ten years of marriage, turned seriously ill and was ordered to a sanatorium. I had to get Aunt Margaret, who was then at Stourbridge with Uncle Willie and Aunt Bella, to come and keep house in mother's absence and look after our two wee girls, a duty which she performed to our cordial satisfaction. To crown it all I turned ill with throat trouble, and at a day's notice was despatched to the country for a lengthy rest. Mr. Montgomerie was very kind, pushed £25 into my hand, and sent me to his favourite hotel in Kingussie. So there was I, worried to death about my dear wife's health, worried about my own health, and terribly worried about what would happen to our darling wee girls should either or both of us be taken away. It was heart-breaking, and a nightmare to contemplate even to this day. But God surely answered our prayers, and dealt with us with loving kindness and tender mercy. Your Grannie improved and so did I, but it was long before either of us could be called fit and well.

Toward the end of 1910 your Grannie had been lying for two or three months, not making any progress, so in desperation I went to our old Doctor (David Tindal)_ who by the way attended four generations of your Grannie's people (her mother, herself, Isabel, and Joan). I asked him if there was anything in the whole world which would help her. He said there was a foreign preparation (Igazolo) which he would like to try, but he held out little hope of securing it as it was extremely difficult to get. I got from him the name and address of the makers in Palermo, Sicily, (in the Mediterranean), had a letter appealing for help translated into Italian, and posted it. The preparation and the necessary apparatus came to had at once, and you Grannie's life was saved, as she improved right from the first treatment. The manufacturers were so pleased when I reported the results to them that they offered me the Agency for Scotland, but I was far too busy at the office and declined the offer.

When Grannie turned ill Dr. David told me that I need not expect to keep her long beside me. That was in 1910. By the Grace of god I was able to keep her till 1947 - 37 years. So you see, my dears: GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

1912. On the 4th January the moon was nearer the Earth than it had been for 2 or 3 centuries, so you may guess I had a good look at it. It was visible for 20 hours.

In August of this year I had my nose cauterised. Later the Dr. snipped piece a of bone out of my nose. The next time he cut a little slice off my uvula, and finally he cauterized my throat - all to little purpose. And what do you think? At long last I cured the trouble myself by eating plenty of raw onions. Sometimes I would go to sleep with a small piece of onion in my throat. Simple! Yes; but effective. There's a lot of virtue in an onion, as well as its anti-germ qualities.

In November, Ruby Brown, whom I previously mentioned, was married to a very fine young German, Eddie Ulrich. Her father and mother were in America, and Ruby was an only child, so I was asked to go to London to the Marriage ceremony and to "give her away". Grannie and I travelled down and the marriage was duly completed. There were a lot of guests, Germans included, and a real live Earl's son, a friend of Ruby's. It was very amusing when I heard Ruby say to the Honourable gentleman: "O! Jimmy, it was *so* nice of you to come to my marriage, *without an invitation."* After dinner, the speeches began, the first being the Toast to the Bride and Bridegroom. A German got up to propose the Toast, got muddled and sat down. Another German got up and he was just as bad. A third German stepped into the breach and he likewise foundered. "Damn it", I said to Grannie, "if I can't do better than that I'll eat my hat". So I got up, for I was a decent speaker in my manhood, and I warmed up to the task, telling the guests how I had known Ruby ever since she was a wee girl, so high, and what a pretty little girl whe was - the beauty of Crosshill, Glasgow, etc. Then I spoke of the handsome young Bridegroom, a fine upstanding specimen of the German race, etc. Loud applause from the guests broke out, and before I knew where I was, Ruby made a dash across the room, threw her arms round my neck, and, tears in her eyes, thanked me handsomely. The Germans were decent too; they came over in a bunch to shake me by the hand, and one of them said: "Mr. Clark, you said exactly what we were all *trying* to say!" Poor Eddie! when World War I broke out he (an officer) was drafted to Wei-hai-wei and subsequently killed in action. Ruby left the country; I do not know whether to go out East or to Strasbourg, to be beside Eddie's father, and we have never heard anything more of her. I made ex-haustive enquiries about her in London later on, but none of her friends could give me the slightest information.

The funniest bit of all, I think, happened when Grannie and I came home from London. We travelled through the night and finally descended at Crookston Station. The train was full of Mill girls going by the early morning train to their work in Paisley. Grannie and I walked down the platform, she in a light coloured dress and I in my morning coat, striped trousers and silk hat, and my word, you should have heard what the girls

shouted after us - some remarks were complimentary, but some not so delicate! They thought we were newly married.

6th January 1913. On this date Nancy went to school, the Bellahouston Academy, where she acquitted herself admirably as you will subsequently hear.

15th May 1913. I got a further handsome increase in salary.

Two curious things fall to be recorded for this year which will perhaps interest you. First a story about Mr. Carnie, our late Cashier who you will remember embezzled £500 and decamped. Well, one morning early I entered a tram at Crookston to go to the office. I sat at the rear end, and there was only one other passenger, a man, sitting at the other end of the tram, with his face inclined towards the driver. i looked at him, and although I had not seen him for 10 years, I said to myself: "Great Scot! That is James Carnie or I'm a Dutchman", but I could not get a full view of his face. I watched him all the way, but still he kept his face averted. At last when the tram got to Ibrox I descended and ran forward to see if I could get a better view of him, which I did. The more I saw of him the more I was convinced it was Mr. Carnie. Strangely enough, that same afternoon I met a pal of his in the Factory Yard, a Mr. Curdie, Painter, who had come in to see us about some painter work,and whom I had not seen for many years. "Hallo, Mr. Clark", said he, "I haven't seen you for a very long time. How are you?" We chatted a little and then he remarked: "By the way, have you heard about Jimmie Carnie?" I said: "No, but I think I saw him in a tramcar this morning." "The deuce you did", said he. "That is a strange occurrence. Why! Carnie fell down the well of a hoist in Winnipeg last week and was killed." Now wasn't that a strange coincidence? I sometimes wish I had gone up that tram and spoken to the man. Perhaps if I had said: "Hallo, Mr. Carnie" he would have evaporated into space - a visitant. What do you think?

The next is a story about a Lunatic, Sam Graham by name, an Irish Baker, and I was bothered by him for some years, 1914 et seq. We got a strange letter one morning from him from Kells in Ireland, saying that our Traveller in Ireland had stolen £573.17s.4d. from him, and a lot more incoherent nonsense, winding up saying that he was crossing over to Glasgow to see us about it. Mr. John Montgomerie and his son Duncan were just preparing to leave for London, and my Chief laughed and said: "You can see this Lunatic when he comes, Mr. Clark, and deal with him." a few days later, our Office girl came to the private room and said: "There's a queer-looking man at the counter, Mr. Clark; I think you had better see him. He is asking for the Boss." Sam was duly shown in, and what a man! Big and burly, hands like big hams, and with a deathly pallor on his

face. At once he began to talk about our Traveller's theft from him, and describing how another man had thrown a big stone at him, weighing 56½lbs., and a lot more rubbish. I told him our traveller wasn't near Kells at the time but was in a different part of the country, many miles away. He seemed crestfallen, and then demanded to see Scotland Yard. I told him Scotland Yard was in London, and said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Sam; I'll take you down to Govan Police Office to see the Police Lieutenant." O! yes, that would do; he would go anywhere with me. It was an eerie experience walking along the street, listening to Sam how he had choked a man in Ireland and other ghastly stories which made my flesh creep. At the Police Office I related Sam's grievances, and tipped a wink to the Lieutenant. He at once volleyed, in quick succession, question after question, and then ordered Sam to take a seat in the passage. Then the Lieutenant said do me: "That man is a Lunatic!" "I know he is", said I, "but I thought it only right to let you know he is at large and may do someone an injury." "Well, leave him with me", said the Lieutenant. "I'll see what we can do with him. These Lunatics are a blasted nuisance. One of them comes here every month and demands that we should give him his furniture out of prison."

I think they must have threatened all sorts of pains and penalties if Sam ever went near Montgomerie's Factory again, because he never came back. He started to write letters to us, threatening what he would do to "the little Cashier", so you may be sure I invariably looked up and down the street when leaving the Office, in case Sam was prowling around, as I wouldn't have had an earthly chance if he got his huge paws on me. I hears, however, that he was prowling about Mr. Montgomerie's house, so I reported the matter to the Fiscal and Sam was at once taken into custody. The upshot was that he was put in the Asylum, so I got peace, though he still pestered us with letters. Then he was released, and we began to receive more letters from Ireland. He had by this time evidently forgotten me, and the last letter we had was addressed to "Mr. Wm. Montgomerie". Now we had a Wm. Montogomerie in the firm who had died, so I printed on the face of the envelope in red ink "DEAD", and sent it back to him unopened. And that was the last I heard of Sam Graham.

It was about this time that I had narrow escape No. 7. I was going home for lunch one very stormy day. The rain was coming down in sheets, and when I got down to the vestibule I paused for a couple of seconds to put up the collar of my coat. Immediately, a huge rafter came hurtling down from the roof, about 12 or 14 feet in length, end down, and struck the ground with a resounding whack just in front of me. Had I not paused for that second or two I would have been struck, and that would have been the end of all things.

CHAPTER XV.

WORLD WAR I. - LONDON TRIPS, etc.

This terrible war broke out in the Autumn of 1914. A number of our men (reservists) were called up to rejoin the colours, and about a dozen of our van horses were also taken away for military service the day war broke out. Later on I got my notice to enrol, and when I was medically examined at Stirling Castle the Doctor passed me out B.1. - fit for military service at home. Mr. Montgomerie was annoyed, and said I would never stand up to the training, so he sent me to his own doctor for an independent report on my condition. He put me through a stiff test with an X-ray examination, and later sent in his report to Mr. Montgomerie stating in his own phraseology that I was so and so, which being fairly translated inferred that I was a perfect wreck. This, of course, was for use in any possible Appeal case. When it was lodged I was again examined by a military Doctor in Gourock, and I was graded C.2. I was the oldest man of military age in our factory, but the authorities called me up once more. When I appeared before the Appeal Tribunal, the Chairman asked the Military Officer: "Do you want this man, Colonel?" "No!" said he, and that was that - all over in half a minute. However the Chairman asked if I would join the Territorials, and as they were very short of men for service at home. I had no objection, and did so. That would be some time about 1917. Having no diary for the war years I cannot exactly say. I enjoyed the training, was taught drill, shown how to bayonet an enemy in the tummy, had shooting practice, route marches, guarded ships at the docks and os on. At my test for shooting I was lucky enough to score three bull's eyes

I need not go into details of the war as you will have read all about it in your history books. As you may guess there was great rejoicing when Germany capitulated and Peace was celebrated on 19th July, 1919.

By the way, I have seen the Afghan War, the Egyptian War, the South African War, World War I and World War II.

In 1919 I was elected a Director of my firm. After the death of Director Mr. Geddes, the following conversation took place:-

Mr. M.: "Mr. Clark, I want you to come on to the Board."

Myself: "But I can't, Mr. Montgomerie. I have not got the necessary qualifications". (1500 shares).

Mr. M.: " How many shares have you got?"

Myself: "Only 250 shares."

Mr. M.: "Never mind, just bring me up my Certificates and I will see if I can fix you up."

I did so, and he picked out a Certificate for 1270 shares, and gave it to me and said: "there. Get those shares transferred into your name and refund them as you can pick them up on the Stock Exchange."

It took me about two years to buy those shared, with which to repay him, but in fact I only had to purchase 1070 shares as Mr. M. kindly gave me 200 shares as a present for looking after his private investments and affairs. Generous? Yes, the very soul of generosity.

On 23rd January 1920 my sister Nelly died, to my great regret as she was very kind to me as a youngster.

Sister Tamar also died in Bishop Auckland some time previously. She was rather a headstrong member of the family, something like brother Tom, but a good-hearted woman. She spent two happy holidays with us: one at McKinlay Street in 1901 and teh other at Crookston in 1911.

In 1920 I got another rise in salary. Perhaps I ought to say that during the whole 50 years I was with the firm I never once *asked* for an increase; it was always given me without asking for it. This year we joined Cardonald Parish Church, under the Rev. D. F. McLean, a fine man with whom we were very friendly, and in that church I ultimately was elected Manager - the last Church appointment I held. By this time I was 45 years of age.

During and after World War I Mr. John Montgomerie and I made many visits to London for discussions with the Ministry of Food. He was a rare man with whom to go away for a little holiday, or change. He always took me to the Hotel Russell, a big Hotel in Russell Square. Nothing but the very best would suit Mr. M. and we dined in princely fashion. In particular, I remember the last occasion when he ordered a memorable dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel (March 1920). There must have been six or seven courses, with the usual wines, liqueurs, and cigars to finish off. I remember well how stuffed up I was, with the buttons of my vest nearly bursting open. Not that I took too much wine than I could carry comfortably, because it is a solid fact - which gives me great satisfaction to reflect upon - that I have never once in the whole of my life been the

worse for liquor. I have not been strictly teetotal, but was always temperate. By the way, Sandy, if you are ever bothered with indigestion, take a liqueur glass of Cuantro after dinner. I had that tip from a Harley Street Surgeon. My favourites were: Wine - Sauterne; Liqueur - Benedictine; Cigars - Manuel Garcia.

In 1916 I caught a chill, which unfortunately developed into Pneumonia. I remember at its height, how the flower patterns on the wallpaper in the bedroom used to suddenly transform themselves into life-like images. One of them was the German Kaiser bending solicitously over Emperor Franz Joseph who was lying on the ground. Another picture used to worry me. On the frieze were some cracks in the plaster and a small smudge. It instantly assumed the picture of a boy standing high up on the ledge of rock above the sea and I used to say: "Drat it! That boy will fall off that narrow ledge, if he is not careful." And one day he actually did jump off, to my horror. Such are the phantasmagoria of Pneumonia!

However your Grannie was a splendid nurse; she made me so very comfortable, and pulled me through in fine style. As a consequence of my illness, the Dr. advised us to move nearer my work, so in 1916 we removed to a nice little terrace house which I bought at 9 Hillington Gardens, Cardonald.

This year (1920) Aunt Margaret left us to go to Newcastle to be Housekeeper to aunt Nelly's boys, a position she retained till she resigned work on account of age in 1951. An exceedingly useful "Auntie" in our family was Margaret. First with Uncle Willie for 20 years, with us about 7 years, and with Aunt Nelly's sons for about 30 years.

At home during 1920 Isabel joined the Church, and became a Chapter V. teacher after a course at the Training School at Jordanhill. She left Bellahouston Academy on 30th June, 1920 a distinguished scholar, being Proximo Accessit in her last year Exams.

This year also my able Assistant, James Wintour, left to go to South Africa. He was a hard worker trained by myself. He was home in 1950 and told me he had cleaned up a considerable fortune.

So 1920 was one of the memorable years, so many incidents occurred in it.

CHAPTER XVI.

VARIOUS.

In 1922 we were still at Hillington Gardens where I converted the attic into a very useful room, all my own workmanship, flooring, panelling, although I have never been so good at tools as Sandy. It must have been quite good because when I sold the house in 1925 the Surveyor who examined the house on behalf of the buyer looked at the steps I had made, at the flooring and panelling, and then turned to me and said: "Well, you have just increased the value of the house by £100!"

1922 was another unfortunate year in the Clark Clan At Easter, John Motion, my nephew, turned very ill when on holiday with us and we had to get him transferred to Torna-Dee Sanatorium, Aberdeenshire, where he made a good recovery. Then in October, my older brother Willy died. He had only retired from the post of Surveyor of Taxes, Edinburgh, a year previously, and I felt his loss keenly, as it was he who put into my mind the desirability of equipping myself for life's battle and improving my mental equipment. He was a tall man about 6 ft. and his old pipe was a favourite of his. I sometimes think that his nicotine-filled pipe was the cause of his throat trouble from which he died. I also knew a Gamekeeper who had the same love for old pipes, and he too died of throat trouble. So, Sandy, *no old nicotine pipes.*

Grannie and I took "Uncle Willy" (your Great Uncle,of course) and "Aunt Bella", his wife, a trip to Melrose Abbey and that was the last time we had a trip together, though I often visited him during his last illness.

Your mother's cousin, Mary Smurthwaite, (Aunt Tamar's daughter), came to us when Aunt Margaret left and stayed with us as domestic help for some years. In 1922 she went to the Victorian Infirmary to be trained as a nurse, as Grannie and I wanted her to be something better than a 'domestic' Subsequently she married Wm. Oliver - one of her patients. Grannie and I gave them a nice wedding, and after dinner and speeches we took all the guests to the Theatre.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTINENTAL TRIPS.

1st Trip. In June, 1923, I took your Grannie and Aunt Bella for a fortnight's trip to Paris, staying at the Russell Hotel, London, overnight on the outward and homeward journeys The passage across the Channel was pretty rough, so as a precautionary measure I went down to the saloon and lay down on my back. After some time I thought it was too bad of me, and that I ought to go up on deck to see if the ladies were all right. But I need not have worried, because as I dragged my steps up the stairway I happened to look into the Dining Room and there I saw the ladies tucking in and having a rare old guzzle. Sea-sickness, to which I was very prone, evidently did not worry them, so I had no hesitation in making my way back to the saloon.

We reached Paris without incident, though one could not help noticing the babel of English and French tongues in the Dining Car of the train between Dieppe and Paris. We put up at the Hotel St. Anne, in Rue St. Anne, off the Avenue de l'Opera, and in the evening we had a walk along the Rue de Rivoli and back by the rue St. Honore.

I got on even better than I expected with the language when chatting with porters, Taxi Drivers, Chambermaids, Waiters, and your Grannie and Aunt Bella would not go into a shop unless I were there to do the necessary interpretation and check the change, but I was at my best at the lingo in those days.

I enjoyed the cooking very much, but of course at that time I had a fairly good and lusty appetite.

Paris is a lovely city for a first visit. i used to look up to the clear sky and pick out the stars I knew so well, which were so wonderfully clear and sparkling, due no doubt to the clean, fresh atmosphere.

We had many Charabanc trips through Paris (run by Cooks) and visited such places as the Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysées, L'Eglise de Sacre Coeur, Versailles, Rue de la Paix (the Bond Street of Paris, where are the famous shops of Paquin and Worth), the Madeline, Pantheon de la Guerre, Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, Palais de Justice, and the ruins of the palace of the Roman Empire. We of course visited the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, and also the Cemetry du Pere Lachaise, where Sarah Bernhardt's amputated leg was buried to await the arrival, in due course,of her body!!

I was greatly surprised when in the Eiffel tower going up to the top stage. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Hello, Mr. Clark". It turned out to be a Glasgow Professional man whom I knew; so you see you never can tell when you will encounter someone who knows you.

At the top of the Tower I had a chat with an old Frenchwoman at a bookstall. She suggested that we were here on our honeymoon, and when I told her we had been married for 23 years she professed her utter disbelief and said it was impossible, we looked so young! Fly old dame; she was angling for a 'pourboire'.

But there! You will all, I hope, visit Paris some day and see all its wonderful sights for yourselves. It is a delightful city, chokeful of interesting historical buildings, but remember, the first visit is the best.

When in Paris we travelled to Rheims in the Champagne country. The city was in a dilapidated condition, but the work of reconstruction was proceeding rapidly. The beautiful Cathedral had suffered a bit, but I could not help thinking, when viewing the conspicuous edifice from Fort Brimand, that had the Germans wished they could have reduced it to ruins in a very short time with ease. One up for the Germans for respecting that venerable House of god! At Rheims we had a bottle of champagne, "Heidsich", to lunch. But I must tell you that when you are in Paris, be sure to have afternoon tea at the shop of Rumpelmayers. Their gateaux are scrumptious.

Our return home was uneventful, and all together we had a delightful trip.

2nd Trip. Grannie and I took Nancy and her cousin Cissie Clark the self same trip about 1927. We visited all the famous sights, and the girls enjoyed everything very much. On this occasion we travelled to London by Motor Car and Nancy drove all the way. We garaged the car in London and picked it up for the return journey.

One day, Nancy and Cissie went into a Post Office to post a batch of picture postcards. They tendered a 100 franc note for the stamps, and were evidently surprised at the small amount of change. They went into a Committee meeting of two at a writing desk to decide what they would say in French to the stamp Clerk. They put down the stamps and the change and said "Cent Francs". The man looked at the display on the counter, and then nonchalantly threw over to them a 50 frank note, without comment.

Two occurrences stand out in my memory of this trip. **First**; the exceedingly stormy passage across the Channel. Storm sheets had to be put up at one side of the ship, and the high waves broke on them with fury. Of course I was snugly lying on my back in the saloon. Suddenly I heard a clatter of feet on the stairway and on looking up saw a very sick man, a sailor holding his right arm, a sailor holding his left arm, and a third sailor stepping backwards down the stairs holding a big basin under the man's chin. You will guess why! **Second.** When motoring down to London we stopped for the night at St. Albans and put up at an hotel. There was a very noted Church, really like a Cathedral, a short distance away. I suggested that we should attend the morning Service before resuming our journey. We four comprised the entire congregation with the Curate and the old lady pew-opener. My word! how that Clergyman did rattle through the Service from the Prayer Book - it volleyed out just as though the words were coming from a Maxim machine Gun! At length the Service was practically over and I was just rising from my hassock, after the last prayer when I happened to look down, and there engraved on the flagstone at my side were the words:

Sacred to the memory
of John Clark
etc.

My own name! It made me think!

3rd Trip. In 1930 Grannie and I went a trip to Switzerland, being accompanied on this occasion by my sister Margaret. We stopped a night at Paris and had a very short look round. Then by train to Montreau, on Lake Geneva. I think it was on this journey when we were having lunch in the Restaurant Car, I ordered only a half-bottle of wine. When the young attendant presently produced the Bill, I found that he had charged for a whole bottle! I objected, and there we were in a stiff argument, he excitedly speaking voluble French and I doing my best to hold my own, because you know I detest being imposed upon. In the end he left while I was telling him I would see him in Hong Kong before I would pay. A young English lady sitting beside me said: "You appear to be having trouble with the Garçon. Well just leave him to me and I will settle him." She was a very fluent speaker of French, and when the Garçon reappeared she went for him tooth and nail. The fellow gave up the fight and gave me a fesh bill. That's the way to larn 'em!

Montreau is a beautiful town and we spent a week at a posh Hotel. When we were leaving about 8 a.m. the Manager, who had been away on

a visit to Germany during our stay, came to us early in the morning just to express the hope that we had been comfortable in his absence and said he hoped to have us on a future occasion. That's the way to do business - make satisfied and contented visitors! When we were at the centre we had a trip to Geneva, another beautiful place, and there we visited the War Memorial - the most beautiful I have ever seen. It was scores of yards long, cut out of the rock at the Lake-side, and wonderfully carved. It was, I think, on this trip, although it may have been in Paris, we were having lunch one day when Lobster in the shell was served for one of the courses. I dug my fork as well as I could into the Lobster claw, when suddenly, whisk! away went the claw off my plate and slithered along the polished Dining Room floor! The waiter smiled and brought it back on a platter. Grannie's also sprang off her plate but fortunately only into her lap!

After Montreau we went to Lucerne on the Lake, "Viervaltwatter See". Poor Auntie, she had a job to get her tongue round that name. Lucerne is a very lovely little place, a beautiful Cathedral and other buildings, charming sails on the Lake, and wonderful trips up the mountains.

One memorable trip was up the mountains to the Rhône Glacier, which we entered by a tunnel cut out of the solid ice. It was a hair raising experience as we went up and up the steep mountain, often at the edge of a precipitous cliff, and I was glad when we got safely back. Another was to the Cathedral of Einsedeln - one of the most famous in Europe - and which contains the Chapel of the Black Virgin. They say that so many candles have been burned before the Virgin (Mary) that her face and hands were burned jet black. Young priests and monks passed slowly down the aisle, eyes downward, in case they alighted on a lady (!) and filed into the chapel. I shall never forget the adoration of their voices as they, on their knees, sang their hymn of praise to the virgin, and I mentally recorded the conviction of the R.C. Church was a power to be reckoned with. You see, those young priests would in due time be sent with their message all over the world.

While we were in the Cathedral an Attendant was telling the company of visitors that the edifice had been burned down three times, but on each occasion the Virgin had miraculously been saved from destruction. An old Scotch lady standing beside me said: "Nae wunner. It's made o' marble. It wadna burn."

Well, I don't think I need say any more about this trip, because Joan can tell you all about lovely Lucerne and its environs.

4th Trip. Joan, Aunt Isabel and Uncle Jack and I went to London and Lucerne, and we had a most happy little holiday, so you see Joan is quite an experienced traveller.

5th Trip. The only other continental trip Grannie and I had was a cruise by S.S. Lancastria in 1938 to visit the "Northern Capitals". We sailed from the Thames, through the Kiel Canal to Hamburg. I thought this would be a dirty port but, no, the streets were kept wonderfully clean. Then we sailed to Gydnia, near Dantzig, which we visited. Gydnia was a Polish town and there a vast difference in cleanliness between it and Hamburg. After a short time there, we went to Helsinki, capital of Finland, a fine city, the work-people's houses with their famous bath-house, being excellent dwelling places. From there we went to Stockholm, Capital of Sweden. The approach to Stockholm, another grand city, wound through hundreds of small islands for many miles, and the view of the city was marvellous. Here we saw all the sights, a Company of Swedish Dancers in national costume, and a forest where there were squirrels which came down from the trees, ran up on the arms and shoulders of the visitors, and fed out of their hands. After that we proceeded to the island of Visby in the Baltic, an important medieval centre, and finally on to Copenhagen, well worth a visit.

On this cruise we made the acquaintance of Mr. Scargill, a tall,broad, bluff Yorkshireman, and his wife. They were both good company, and, as they shared our table for four on the Lancastria, we became fast friends. Mr. S. and I exchanged letters every Xmas as long as he lived. He was a happy character, and always ordered a big tankard of beer to lunch and dinner. Grasping the handle, he would take a long draught, wipe his lips, and with great gusto and satisfaction exclaim: "ah! that's the stuff the Doctor ordered."

The Lancastria, a most comfortable ship of 17,000 tons, was sunk during the War.

From Copenhagen we sailed home, and yes, I really think this was the happiest and best trip of all the five trips we had to the Continent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONCE AGAIN BONNIE SCOTLAND.

We were at 1923 when I diverged to tell you about our various Continental Trips. I see that in 1924 I bought my first motor car. We had five cars in all, Morris Cowley, Morris Oxford, Austin, Amstrong Siddeley, and B.S.A. They all gave excellent service, but I think the B.S.A. was my favourite. I remember the last day I had the Amstrong Siddeley. We were running up to Macduff, and up North the car began to jib, slow down then stop. Uncle Jack got it restarted, but it resumed its old trick, and after a short time it came to a dead stop and would not budge an inch. So it had to be towed to a garage in the nearest town, where I said "Goodbye" to it, as my dealers were bringing the new B.S.A to Macduff. You would just have thought by its truculent behaviour that the poor old Amstrong Siddeley knew that she was being discarded and superseded by a handsomer sister, and so she went on strike.

This year, 1924, Aunt Isabel underwent an operation and quickly recovered with flying colours. Also we had a 3 months' visit from Aunt Alice from Australia. Nancy left Bellahouston Academy this year, where she had always been a distinguished student, and in her last year won the Dux gold medal. Nancy subsequently went the Glasgow Technical College and passed out B.Sc., and Ph.C. Naturally I was very proud of the scholastic success of my two girls.

In 1925 houses were being built behind us at Hillington gardens, and, as I dislike being built-in, we removed to a new house at 100 Wedderlea Drive, Cardonald, which was in course of construction and which I bought. It stood on a hill and commanded an extensive view for miles around. It so happened that we flitted on my 50th birthday. Yes, exactly 50 years previously, I was born at "High How" farm, Bampton, Westmorland, so I decided to call my new home "High Howe". It was a semi villa, and we spent eight happy years there.

About this time, I used to speculate on the Stock Exchange, buying and selling shares in different Companies. Gambling, I am afraid, is the correct word. I had a lot of transactions. Sometimes I made a good profit, say £100 at a time, but sometimes a loss. It is a mug's game, Sandy, so beware of it. I came out about square, and I think I was lucky. Finally I came to the conclusion that there is one method to pursue: *Buy* when prices slump down. There is generally a reaction upwards, and then be quick to sell out. I tested the method and was very successful, but

these sorts of slumps do not often occur, and so I have avoided all forms of Stock Exchange speculation for many years.

1925 was also the occasion of our Silver Wedding. During the forenoon, 28th June, I remarked to Mr. Montgomerie that if he did not mind I would like to take the afternoon off. He asked if there was anything special doing, so I told him it was our Silver Wedding Day and tht I wanted to take my Lady Wife a motor run to Edinburgh. That was all right, of course. We had a nice afternoon there with Aunt Bella, but imagine our surprise and delight when we got home to find a present from my old Chief - a solid Silver Tea Tray, and a Solid Silver Tea Service, all nicely engraved. He must have gone immediately to his Silversmith and ordered the articles to be sent to my home that day, without fail. Wasn't that very kind and thoughtful.

By this time, I was 50 years of age. I can't find my Diaries for 1926 and 1927, but I don't think anything particular happened. In 1928, however, I lost my good old Chief. Grannie and I were in Harrogate on holiday at the time, where I got the news. He was 78. He was uniformly kind to me all the 27 years that I was with him. In fact, he treated me more like a son than as a business Executive. I came up to his large funeral to Rothesay. His son Duncan asked me if I would become joint Managing Director with him, but I said No; I would be Assistant Managing Director to him and help him as I had helped his father. We both got handsome increases in Salaries and this, plus Commission, plus Director's Fees, plus Dividend on Shares, made me a well-to-do man.

By the way, Mr. Duncan Montgomerie & I were colleagues for close on 50 years, and during the whole of that time we never had a single quarrel, not even a "bowff" - an exceptional record I am pleased to remember.

This year, 1928, we all had a very nice holiday at North Berwick, I for one month, and Grannie and the girls for two months. The total Eclipse of the Sun, visible in this country, a very unusual occurrence, took place on 29th June, and the favourite centre was at Giggleswick. Grannie had an operation for removal of the appendix on 6th September. By a strange coincidence, Mr. Duncan Montgomerie's wife was operated upon for internal trouble the very same day as Grannie. These were anxious times, but Grannie made a good recovery. Alas! Mrs. Montgomerie subsequently died. In March 1929, my highly esteemed sister Rachel passed away aged 67. She was a favourite of mine. I don't think I ever saw her angry, nor did I ever her her speak ill of anyone. Uncle Tom, my brother, died in 1945, aged 74, after an adventurous career.

CHAPTER XIX.

FINAL REMINISCENCES.

I am becoming tired, my dears, so I shall have to condense the events between 1928 and the present year, 1956.

My good old Chief died in 1928, aged 78, as I have previously stated, and his son succeeded him as Chairman and Managing Director, I being appointed Assistant Managing Director. He, too, was uniformly kind to me, and we spent many happy years in collaboration. The main business event during this period was that we sold our Bread Factory in 1931 to a Mr. A. J. Ferguson. The first time I met him, in the course of conversation he said to me: "Mr. Clark, you are a small man, so I shall call you David." "Right", I said, "and you are a tall man, I shall call you Jonathan." And "David and Jonathan" we have remained ever since. He did well in the Bakery, and when he wished to retire we bought back the Factory in 1938.

My little daughter, Isabel, was married to Jack Thomson on 28th December, 1931. He is a tall upstanding man, a B.Sc., was teacher of Science at Greenock Academy, afterwards Science Master in Johnstone High School, and now Science Master of the High School, Greenock. I have great hopes of seeing him a Headmaster before he is due to retire.

Nancy was likewise happily married early in 1932 to Alexis Laird Parker, B.Sc., M.P.S., F.C.S., and at the time of writing Alexis is in business as a Pharmaceutical Chemist in Oban, where he has built up a fine successful business.

I think I had better relate here *Narrow Escape No. 8.* I was travelling home to Kilmacolm one day and fell asleep at Paisley. When I awoke I saw that the train was just leaving Kilmacolm station, so I grabbed my hat, put it on, opened the carriage door, and jumped out. Dear me! the train was at the end of the platform and running at a greater speed than I imagined, for I landed on my side with a heavy crash just at the edge of the platform. My hat bad been blown off when i jumped, and was rolling merrily along by the side of the train. I remember incongruously registering in my mind that at any moment I would see the hat disappear among the carriage wheels, but it remained on the edge of the platform, ahead of me lying stretched out. I picked myself up, recovered my hat, and, stiff and sore, made my way to the exit. There was not a single passenger to be seen, even although there must have been a large number of them.

I often think of those eight narrow escapes, but of one thing I am certain; surely God was protecting me in order that I might take care of my dear wife - God's servant.

I went on to partial retirement in 1938, age 63, but under contract I had to work one day per week. Instead I gave the firm two long half-days per week and this continued till I packed up for good in 1950 and retired on quite a comfortable pension. In 1951 I completed 50 years' service with the Company, and at a complimentary dinner was presented with my portrait in oils. In 1956 I retired from the Board after 57 years as a Director.

In July 1947 my sweet wife died of a stroke after 10 days' illness, after an ideal married life of 47 years. What a profound disaster. But I have this recollection for my solace: A day or two before she passed away, when i was kneeling at her bedside, she placed her dear hand on my head and said slowly" God bless Daddy - and Isabel - and Nancy - and Joan, Pat and Sandy." Alas! it was and is too sore a blow to dwell on.

I lived at that time at High Howe, Kilmacolm, where I had a house built in 1934 and where we had been very happy. Bella Braidwood, our housekeeper, who had been with us for about 20 years, continued as my Housekeeper till 1950 - three years after Grannie's death. Then I sold High Howe and went to live with Nancy where I now am - very comfortable and happy. Sister Margaret also came to stay with me in 1951, aged 78. We spend about six months in the year with Nancy, and six months with Isabel in Kilmacolm, so you see we have a seaside residence and a country residence.

So here I am, my dears, in my 81st year, and resting "beside the still waters". I have had a fairly successful business life, have seen grow up my children and my children's children, and, after a rich and happy life, I calmly and peacefully await God's good intentions.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSIONS.

Now, my dear ones, you will observe that I have not said very much on theological matters. Nevertheless, I cannot close this brochure without giving you a few thoughts on life and how to live it.

You were all brought up in the Christian faith, and consequently you will have been taught to regard Jesus as your Saviour. Now, what comes next? just this:

DO GOOD DEEDS and BE GOOD

Henry Drummond, the famous expositor, says that this is nine-tenths of religion when you start the Battle of Life on the "Way of Salvation" to the Celestial City.

Tennyson says:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to *be good.*
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Kingsley says:

"*Be good*, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long.
And so make Life, Death and that vast FOR EVER,
One grand sweet song."

Attributed to Emerson there is:

"I expect to pass through this world but once.
Any GOOD therefore that I can do, or ANY KINDNESS
that I can show to my fellow creatures, LET ME DO IT NOW
Let me not defer or neglect it,
FOR I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN."

Now let us look at a few Bible quotations. There are three or four which I value highly.

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is GOOD;
and what doth the Lord require of thee,
but to DO JUSTLY, and TO LOVE MERCY, and
TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD." Micah 6, 8.

"In a LITTLE wrath I hid my face from thee
FOR A MOMENT; but with EVERLASTING KINDNESS

will I have MERCY on thee, saith the Lord." Isaiah 54, 8

"For scarcely for a righteous man WILL *ONE* MAN DIE;
yet peradventure for a GOOD MAN
some would even dare to die." Romans 5, 7.

In that one you see that a GOOD MAN is put higher even than a RIGHTEOUS MAN.

You will understand now why I come to urge the claims of BEING GOOD and DOING GOOD.

Finally, I would like to give you what I consider is a priceless gem of a prayer; one that has done me a whole lot of good.

I was striding up and down my room one morning, and then turned on the Radio. At that very moment there was broadcast to millions of people this little Prayer:

. . . . . .

HELP ME, O LORD
Where'er I go,
To live this day
In such a way
That all may know
I AM THY SERVANT.

. . . . . .

It stopped me in my stride, and I felt that it was a personal challenge. Every morning since then I have paused on the doorstep before stepping out into the busy world, just for *ten seconds* to waft this little gem up to the Mercy Seat of God. It never fails, and I believe it has made me a better man. Can you spare only *ten seconds* each morning?

So I leave it with you, together with the preceding reflections, in the hope that you will make them your own.

May He who marks the sparrow's fall guard and keep you, and ever have you within His sheltering wings.

JOHN R. CLARK.

APPENDIX

RANDOM RHYMES.

SWATCHES O' DORIC.

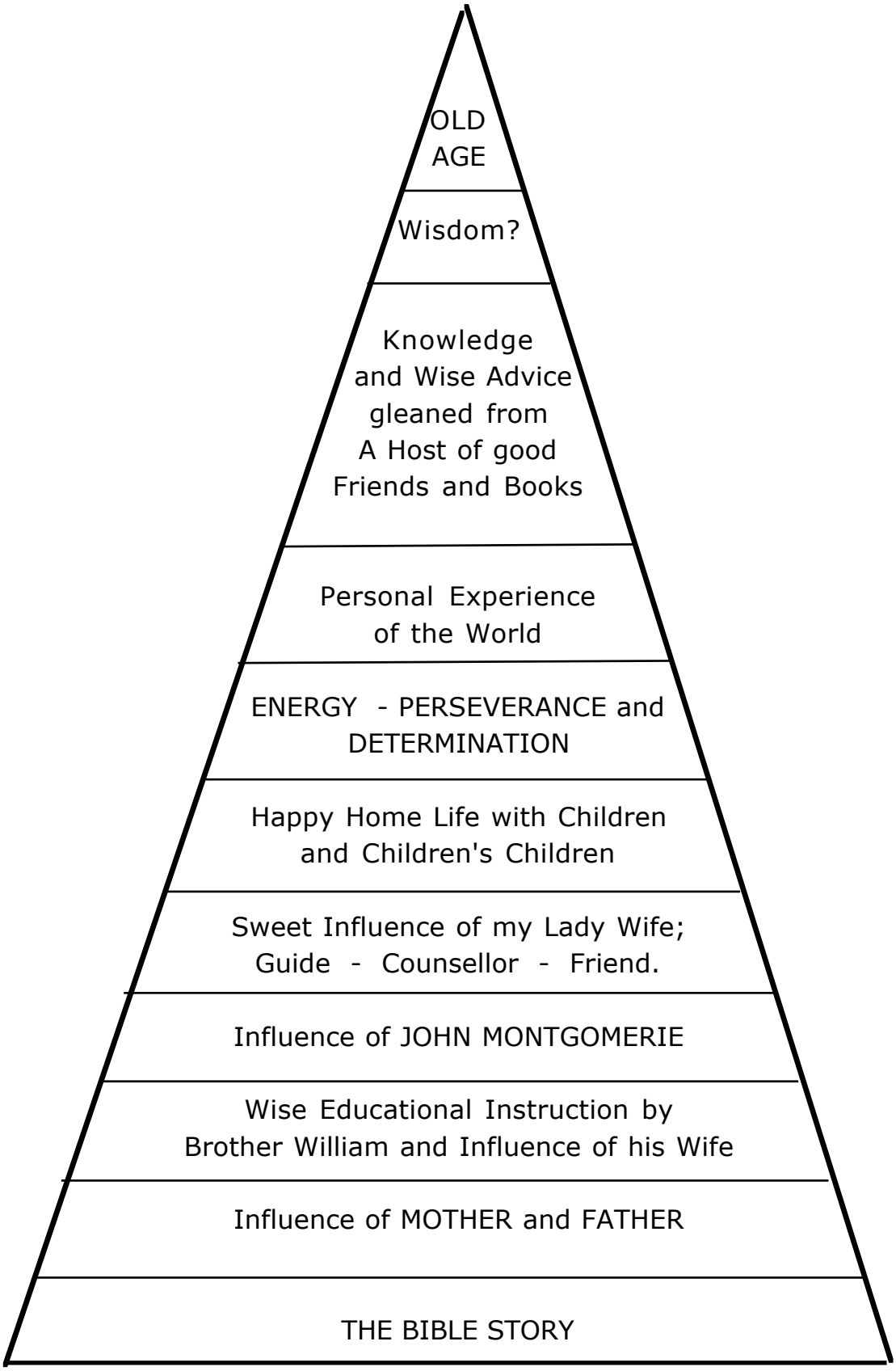
CUMBRIAN STORIES.

✝

J.R.C.

INFLUENCES & FOUNDATIONS OF A LIFE.

J. R. C.



P e d i g r e e .

JOHN CLARK, "The Elder" of Tongue. Farmer
b. ? d. 1617

JOHN CLARK, "The Younger", of Tongue Farmer
b ? d. ?

OSWALD CLARK, Watermillock Farmer
b, 1636 d, 1700

WILLIAM CLARK, Askham Farmer
b. 1690 d. 1775

WILLIAM CLARK, Widewath, Helton Farmer
b. 1735 d. 1818

WILLIAM CLARK, Helton Farmer
b. 1785 d. 1870

WILLIAM CLARK, High How, Helton Farmer
b.1832 d. 1904

JOHN ROBERTSON CLARK, Kilmacolm and Oban Company Accountant
b. 1875

ISABEL CLARK or THOMSON, Kilmacolm. NANCY CLARK or PARKER, Oban
b. 1901 b. 1907

JOAN CLARK THOMSON ALEXANDER L. PARKER PATRICIA C. PARKER
b. 1934 b. 1935 b. 1939

There are ten generations for you.
It is only right to say, however,
that I did not establish to my satisfaction
the connection between John Clark,
Tongue, and Oswald Clark.
Now, I have only a faint recollection
of seeing it among some old papers. **J. R. C.**

A Birthday Thought

for

My dear Wife.

Oft have I sung for thee
A song of love for thee,
In Life's short day !
But ah! didst thou but know
The thoughts of thee that ebb and flow
In mem'ories quiet bay !
With dimmed eye,
And head held high,
You'd proudly cry:
"To me, TO ME ALONE belongs
Th' eternal note in all his songs."

J.R.C.

2nd March
1934.

A HALLOWED SPOT.

I hae in mind a bit sma' hoose,
Just a wee butt an' ben,
For there I lived sae braw an' croose
Wi' ma guid wife saw loal an' dooce,
A King abune a' men.

We hadna rowth o' goods an' gear
In that bit canty cot;
We'd faith, an' hope, an' love, ma dear,
And sae wi' these we had nae fear,
Contented wi' oor lot.

The wee tots syne cam' toddlin' hame,
God's gift that nane can measure!
What's rank, what's beauty, wealth or fame?
An empty bauble - just a name:
A bairn's a priceless treasure.

Noo, after thirty hears an' mair,
Oor hame's a kennin' bigger.
There's smilin' wife an' bairnies fair,
Yet - whiles ma hert's a wee thocht sair
Wi' business care an' bicker.

What recks it whaur we spend oor life,
In mansion or clay biggin'?
When love haps in the weans an' wife.
Whaur peace prevails, an' there's nae strife -
I' truth, that's GOD'S AIN DWELLIN'.

1932. J.R.C.

TO HER wi' the SILVERY LOCKS

There's a white-haired Lady there,
Sittin' knittin' in her chair.
    I've been hers since she was just a wee bit lass.
I mind o' her lang syne
When we were in oor prime,
    An' oor hame was ane where dule could never pass.

What garr'd it gie sic joy,
Sic delicht withoot alloy?
    It was just the bond o' love that knit us twain
She was tempered true like steel,
Hame an' bairns she cherished weel -
    An' I wouldna mind tae live ma life again.

Wae's me! That canna be;
We maun gang oor gait, an' dee!
    But I ken what I will dae when I ower pass.
I'll sit at Peter's gate
An' there wait on ma mate -
    I'll be watching for a curly broon-hair'd lass.

1932. **J.R.C.**

HAME an A'

I ha's a Hame,
Wi' Wife, an' twa braw Lassies;
There's nae an airt in a' the warl'
That this fair spot surpasses.

The Hame!
Hoo dear it is tae me!
May I find ane that's hauf as sweet
When I lie doon tae dee.

The Wife!
Broon locks, noo silvery white.
But love glints in her kindly e'e
Hae aye been ma delight.

The Elder!
Her wistfu' care can tell
Fu' better than a wheen o' words
The love I hae frae Isabel!

The Younger!
Strang arm for ma auld han'.
There's comradeship that warms ma hert
'Twixt me an, my wee Nan.

1932 J.R.C.

TO MY WIFE

Would you like your little man
If he went on the "ran dan",
And came home pretty tipsy every night?
YOU DARE !

Would you like your little man
If he courted Sue and Fan,
And told them that they were his heart's delight?
DON'T CARE !

Would you like your little man
If he dressed you spick and span
In pretty gowns each day in all your life?
WHAT LUCK !

Well,
Do you like your little man
When he does all he can
To show you that he loves his little wife?
YOU DUCK !

1930. J.R.C.

FOLLOW ME

There's a Saviour gently pleading: Follow me.
Join the ranks of those I'm leading, Follow me.
To that land of pure delight!
To that home of love so bright!
Ransomed! Pardoned! Robed in white! Follow me.

Fathers, sisters dear, and brothers, Follow me.
Tender little lambs, and mothers, Follow me.
Rich or poor, sick or strong,
Young or old, O! come along,
Help to swell the joyful throng. Follow me.

Never mind your colour, brother: Follow me.
One man's soul is as another. Follow me.
East and west I stretch my hands,
Beckoning to all the lands;
Leave your idols, loose your bands. Follow me.

Are your strong and brave and true? Follow me.
Gird your sword, your buckler too. Follow me.
Evil is your hateful foe,
Square your shoulders, strike a blow,
Wage a war on sin and woe. Follow me.

Are you timid, faint and weak? Follow me.
You I need, and you I seek. Follow me.
You can give a cup of water,
You can bathe tired feet, my daughter;
You can nurse mid battle's slaughter. Follow me.

Life is fleeting at its best! Follow me.
After labour cometh rest. Follow me.
You shall then God's great love see,
And in Heaven there will be,
Peace and Immortality. Follow me.

J.R.C.
Sabbath School Teacher

?1910

FIVE MEN. - Adaptation.

By fire-licht, ae Sawbath nicht,
Auld John sat meditatin'.
He drank his mead, syne scart his heid,
A hard point cogitatin'.

"Noo, let me see", syne muttered he,
"Can I no mak' it clear?
"'Twill no be lang, ma freens amang,
"That I'll be livin' here.

"But I wad like this bane t'pike
"Afore I farther travel,
"See ance again ma thochts I'll len'
"This problem t' unravel,

"Noo, wha am I?" - It garr'd him sigh,
And John girned as he said it -
"Am I the man ma guid wife Nan
"Thocht me when we were weddit ?

"Or am I mair what freens declare,
"A dacent honest body ?
"I'm no sae shair I'm straught an' square -
"I'm unco fond o' toddy.

"Then, there's that ither fellow brither
"Wha I think is John Clark;
"But hoots awa' - it'll no dae ava' -
"I'd better keep that dark.

"I ken richt weel just hoo I feel,
"Aboot what's botherin' me,
"But can I say that I am today
"The man I hoped to be ?

"By my auld boots, I hae ma doots!
"But carena' I a dam,
"Ach, gie it up, Here! whaur's ma cup?
"I am just wha I am."

J.R.C.

"MY HAT"

Written after a Train Journey to OBAN, in 1953.

O! I've had a miserable time!
So full of worry and dismay
That, as a faithful Christian man,
I would not spend another such day,
Not for a wealth of happy days!
It chanced that on a cold and wintry day
I travelled on my way by train
From that grey city on the Clyde
To Oban - fair gateway to the Western Isles.
I mused, I read, I dozed.
My modest lunch I ate and coffee supped,
And then, alas! I slept.
I dreamed. Ah, yes! I had a pleasant dream,
One in a hundred of such dreams.
Methought that I was young again
With happy little children sporting
"Ride-a-cock-horse to Banbury Cross"
Upon my knee.
"Bo Peep" anon we played together
And as we romped
Methought that I had younger grown,
And had become of thirty years or so!
Surely, this dainty dream vouchsafed was
To soften the blow which was to follow!
For I was rudely from my pleasure torn
By a shrill blast from the engine whistle.
Dazedly I looked around
And found that my fellow passenger had gone!
I looked up to my case upon the rack
And then bethought me of my hat.
Gone! Yes, gone!
Purloinèd by that villain of a man
With whom I would have talked
Had be not provèd taciturn.
Where, O where was my precious hat?
Devil a hair of it could I perceive!
O! what pain it was to think
Of that so incomparable chapeau!

Now gone - perhaps for all time coming!
Then reminded was I of that Prince of men,
My able colleague and companion,
And Chief of all good fellows,
Who had given me that hat
For an old song, many moons ago.
I thought of its rich beaver sheen,
Of its trig fitting on my head,
And of unnumbered times it provèd staunch
Amid hail and rain, tempest and storm.
Heartily I cursed the damnèd thief!
I wished that Charon, whom poets speak of
Might cast overboard his worthless hulk
When ferrying it across the Styx.
O! loved hat, my fellow wayfarer
That once belonged to brother "Don Juan"
Wherefore art thou now?
Then underneath the seat I searched
And - merciful heaven!
There reposed my faithful hat!
Hastily I drew it forth
And wiped it all with tender care,
Just as I reached my destination,
And down the platform as I trod,
My precious headgear on my head
Cocked jauntily and saucily,
I sang an ancient song of my old Dad's
Which he did sing full 70 years ago:
"When my old hat was new, lad,
"It stood upon my broo, lad!
"A rollicking blade was I
"When my old hat was new."

1953. J.R.C.

FADDER'S AU'D BOGGLE TEALS.

The time: 1885. The place: the living-room of a house in the grey iron metropolis of the North. The people: Fadder, an ex-Westmorland Farmer; Tom, 14, an imp of mischief; Margaret, 12; John, 10; Mudder, an amused spectator.

Fadder: A' reeght, ah'll tell ye a teàls. Let me see noo. What aboot au'd Nick chasin' Billy Lowther ower t' top o' t' trees'; or wad thoo like t' hear hoo t' au'd deevil tried t' loup ower Clifton Church?

Mudder: Git awa' wi' ye, thoo'll freeghten t' bairns.

Fadder: Weel ah'll tell the some teàl about things ah've heard an' seen when we leeved at "High How" Farm. Aweel then, ah can tell the what happened ower and ower agean. Th' mudder an' me wad be sittin' at t' fireside efter ivrybody was bedded, mudder knittin' at ya side o' t' harth, an' me readin' t' paper at t'udder, when a' at yance we wad hear clogged fitsteps come reeght up t'farmyard and stop at t'kitchen dooer. Mudder wad leuk up an' say: "Whea can that be at this time o' neeght?" "Nay", ah wad say, "ah kna' nut, but we'll seun see." Then ah was oppen t'dooer, but there was niver anybody theer. What does t' think o' that?

Tom: Some young fellow coming after one of the servant lasses.

Fadder: Nowte o' t'soort. Ah was hev' fand him.

Tom: Not if they hid under the hay in the barn

Fadder: Thoo's ower clever b' hauf sen thoo started t'work in a collar and tie, maister Tom. Hooiver, what think te o' this? Anudder neeght when a' was deed whiet there wad be the maist tar'ble noise in t'farmyard, just as if ivry pot an' pan an' implement was clashed doon on t'grund by a gert giant. Ah wad tak t'lamp an' ga' roond t'yard, but ah cud niver see owte, wick or deed, an ivrything wad be in its place.

Tom: Maybe it would be the old Billygoat with its head stuck in a pen, stampeding about the farmyard.

Fadder: Aye, does to think sea? Thoos' a wunnderfu' làl man, suer aneuf. But ah mind ya dark neeght when ah was ridin' up t'heam field, a' at yance there cam a breeght leeght frae t'hoose. Ah cud hev seen t'pick saxpence off t'gerss.

Tom: That's nowte.

Fadder: Hoo nowte? What dos' t'mak o't?

Tom: Auld Sammy, the Shepherd, setting his whiskers on fire when blowing out his candle!

Fadder: Shaff o' the daftness. Noo, here's a funny teàl. When ah wad be comin' heam fra' Peerith, as lyke as nut ag wad see a làl aud woman wearin' a làl black shawl ower her shoothers an' a basket on her arm, on in front of me riding a donkey. Ah wanted t' knaw wha she was, but when ah trotted, she trotted; when ah galloped, she galloped; when ah walked, she walked. Dea what ah liked, ah cud never owertak' her, an' ah divn't knaw 't this day whea she might be, becos' a' at yance she wad gie her bit shawl a shak't and disappear. Ah was fairly maiz't. Noo what? – (an enquiring look at Tom.)

Tom: What do you think she had in her basket, Dad?

Fadder: (caught unawares) Nay, ah can't tell. Mebbe some Setterday neet messages.

Tom: It's the first time I have heard of boggles going to market for week-end messages.

Fadder: But here's a queer thing. Sometimes when ah was riding' heam on Spink ah wad pass a big dark man on a black horse. Ah ken't ivery man in t'countryside for miles roond, but ah could never mak oot whea it wud be; an' as suer as ah leuked ower m'shoother efter he passed me, there was nowte t' be seen.

Tom: Maybe it was auld Nick looking for you, Dad.

Mudder: Aye, that's mair like it, Tom - the deevil leukin' for th'fadder. If he hadn't ca'ad at "Welcome into Cumberland", "This Gate Hangs Well", "The Bee Hive", and the au'd "Jerry", he wadn't hev seen sea mony o' these things. Many a time ah've sat up waiting for him till aw t'oors in the mornin'… etc., etc.

Fadder: Noo, see's what thoo's dean. Th'mudder'll natter on for an hoor yance she gets started. I's ga'n t' bed.

Yes: 60 years ago. The old folk went to rest long ago, but the younger ones are still to the fore, with love for their native Westmorland, from which they are exiled, alas! and they still chuckle when memory brings out of the dim past "Fadder's Au'd Boggle Teàls".

1930's J.R.C.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

I opened the carriage door of the train and was at once greeted by a clean-shaven, thin and wiry sea-faring man who occupied a corner seat. He was slightly tipsy.

"Come in, son. Come right in, and let's hae a crack."

Nothing loth, I sat facing him, always willing to wile away pleasantly a railway journey with a fellow-traveller. We talked about the weather, Communism and other matters, and then he delved into his personal history.

"I'm an auld Engineer, just gettin' hame. I'm fifty-eight, and been knocking aboot the seven seas for forty years."

"A long spell", said I.

"Ye've said it, son. I've seen some queer things, and I just want tae tell ye aboot some o' them. Tak' the cruelty o' Nature, noo. One day wi' beautiful sunshine, and seas calm and peaceful. The next day winds howlin', rain peltin' doon, and seas runnin' mountains high. Aye, it's the cruelty o' Nature."

"You've seen a bit of the world then", I remarked.

"Dod, I hae that. I've had a fu' life. Ye ken I'm an auld Chief Engineer. Not noo; I used to be Chief, wi' money tae spend in ma pooch, an' I've had one L. 'o a time o't. Weel, I'm just toddlin' hame - paid off - and I haven't seen ma wee wife for eight years. That's a present for her I'm takin' hame"; and he pointed to a small parcel on the seat.

"She will be pleased to see you after such a long time", I said.

"Aye, maybe, maybe. But between you an' me, son, I've got domestic difficulties at hame. I've been tellt that she has got a blighter stayin' wi' her." But he used a stronger word than 'Blighter', and it was double-barrelled.

"Noo, I never hit a man. Na, i've never hit a man in a' ma life; but i've got a guid brain, an I ken hoo tae use it. I'll just say to her: 'Stand the Blighter afore me an' Ill speak tae him'. Then I'll say: 'Noo which o' us is it to be? Him or me? I'm no caring a damn. I've plenty of money in ma pooch, an' I'll hae a grand time o't - gettin fu'.'"

"Nonsense", I remarked, "she'll wangle it out of you."

"Dod, ye're no far wrang there son: she's a tricky yin is ma wee wife."

"But you haven't been home for eight years", I reminded him, "she might even have married again."

"Na, na, son. Ma wee wife is no like that. She kens I'll toddle hame again sometime - like a bad saxpence. Aye, that's me - a bad saxpence. An' besides, she's got that B. Blighter bidin' wi' her. 'Stand him up afore me' I'll say, 'an' I'll talk tae the rotter. Aye, stand him up afore me.'"

To change the subject, I asked him if he had had any interesting experiences.

"Experiences! I was at Dunkirk, son. Saw sax fine ships sunk. I saw the Lancastria sunk. Ken the Lancastria?"

"Yes", I replied, "I sailed in her to Hamburg, Danzig, Helsinki, Stockholm and Copenhagen."

"Did ye, noo? I ken them a'. A grand ship, the Lancastria. And then I was at Murmansk. Ken Murmansk, son?"

"Sure; north of Russia, above the White Sea", I said.

"You're dead richt, son. A cruel voyage up that Arctic Sea. We got a torpedo in amang the boilers, an' before ye could say 'Jack Robertson' there were sax guid men knocked oot - as dead as a pund o' steak. Sax fine British boys! The best in the world; there's nane like them."

"Now tell me why you call me 'son'? I asked. "I'm fifteen years older than you."

"Fifteen years! Wonderfu'. Fifty-eight an' ten, saxty-eight, an' five maks seventy-three. Holy smokes, ye dinna look like it. Ye dinna look ony aulder than mysel'."

"That's because I don't trouble John Barleycorn, and know how to take care of myself", said I, sententiously.

"Stout fella", said he. "L'me sea. 73 an' 20 maks 93. And anither 7 maks a hunner. In 27 years ye'll be 100. Guid Luck tae ye, son - I mean Sir. Weel, here's ma Station", and he rose to pull down the window.

"Don't forget your present for your wife", I said, pointing to the small parcel on the seat.

"B'Gad, yes. Mustn't forget wee wifie's present. Ken what it is?"

"I haven't the foggiest notion", I assured him.

"It's a HAUF-PUNd O' SAUSAGES," And with that he left the compartment, wished me luck, and walked rather unsteadily down the platform.

J. R. Clark

'Wellpark'
OBAN.

1953.

BIRTHDAY CARD TO MY BROTHER.

Snell blew the wind around the little farmhouse of High How. Flakes scattered hither and thither, settling on bush, byre and rooftop, and the house was soon framed in a picturesque setting of snow. The "oorie cattle" lay at their ease in their warm quarters; the horses were stretched out in their stalls enjoying their well-earned rest; but the "silly sheep" were huddled together on the lee-side of a friendly wall. On nights like this may God temper the storm to the poor lambs soon to arrive.

It was early morning, and dawn had not yet broken "in that inverted bowl we call the sky." But if quietness and solitude brooded over farm and hedgerow, there was the hum of unusual events inside the house. Lights began to flicker through the window of first one bedroom then another. The kitchen was lit up next, and very soon fires were merrily blazing, and the smoke from the chimneys being whirled along by the blustering wind.

"Fadder," said the Lady of the House from her bed; "Has t' gotten Jane up?"

"Aye, wife," replied the farmer, "she's just kinnel't t'fire doonstairs."

"Weel, then. Ah think it's time thoo was gaahn for t'doctor."

"Aw reet, Mary, Ah'll saddle t'meer an' Ah'll be in Peereth inside an hoor. Dost t'think thoo'll be aw reet till we git heam agean by about six o'clock?"

"Ah think sèa," she replied, "but dinna be langer nor ye can help."

"Suer, Mary, we'll nut be lang," and after a pause, "Ah houp it'll be a laal lad this time - we've had fower lassies sen Willy was born; it's time we hed a change," the farmer mused.

"Shaff o' thee," was her reply, "let's be content wid what God sends."

Muffled to the eyes the sturdy dalesman was soon cantering bridkly down the fell. The little village of Helton was wrapped in slumber as mare and rider battled through the storm. On, on they sped past barns, fences, and cottages, vigour pulsing through the veins of the farmer as he held his spirited mare in perfect control. "Aye, Ah wad like t' see anudder laal lad about t' farm," he soliloquised,

"it wad mak t' auld place just reet. This will mak' six o' them - fower lassies and mebbe twa laddies. Thoo'll hae t' pit thy reet fit forrard, Willy, m' lad, and dea thy best for them a'. If Ah just git a guid market this year, Ah'll be as reet as sixpence."

Engrossed in his thoughts, he never slackened his pace. On, on through Askham, past Lowther Castle in the distance, through Yanwath with its little school which he had attended as a boy, on past Eamont Bridge where he cast a longing eye at the shuttered inn, on to the outskirts of Penrith.

Soon he was on his way back, having collected Doctor Thom, who was riding his pony by the farmer's side. There was much good talk between them of prices, of tups, rams, stirks, heifers, and sharp at six o'clock the two riders drew rein at High How, in the parish of Bampton, Westmorland. The door was thrown open by a trusted servant maid, who, bursting with excitement, exclaimed: "It's a laal lad! Just arrived a bit sen. But Jane is wi' t' mistress, an' ivrything's aw reet."

"That's fine," said the Doctor as he passed upstairs.

"God be praised," said the farmer. "Ah somehoo kent it wad be a laal lad. Aye, Ah's varra pleased. Ah'll ca' him efter mi Uncle Thomas, Clergyman, an' mi Uncle Ned, farmer."

Thus on that wintry anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was ushered into this world Thomas Edward Clark; but neither the fond mother who lay with the babe in the crook of her arm, the proud father who welcomed a new boy into his fold, nor skilful Doctor Thom, dreamed that this little descendant of a long line of Westmorland farmers was destined, not to follow the good earth like his forbears for many generations, but instead to sail the seven seas for over fifty years and meet with many strange and exciting adventures.

J. R. CLARK

High How, Kilmacolm
Renfrewshire

(FROM "The Cumberland and Westmorland Herald")

SAMMY AND THE OLD BILLYGOAT.

My old Dad, your Great Grandfather, was fond of telling a story about the encounter between Sammy Lunn, his shepherd, and the old Billygoat which had the free run of the farmyard at High How, Bampton, Westmorland. So here it is for your edification.

"A' was gaen t'bed ae need when A' thout A' wad hav a leuk oot o' t' window. It was a grand meun licht neet, an' A' was just leukin' up at t'stars shinin' breetly when A' heard footsteps comin' doon tae t'lane - sumbody singin' a bit sang:

'Tarry woo, tarry woo !
Tarry woo is ill t' spin.
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
Then the wark is hauflins done;
But when woven, drest and clean
It may be cleadin' for a Queen.'

Then A' kent it wad be auld Sammy, m' shepherd. He had a gude voice, and went on singin':

'Sing, m' bonnie harmless sheep
That feed upon the mountain steep,
Bleatin sweetly as ye ga
Through the winter's frost and snaw:
Hart an' hind an fallow deer
No bi haug sea useful are -
Frae kings to him that hauds the plow
All are obliged tae tarry woo.'

'Sammy's surely been at the auld 'Jerry', A' said, 'an' A' doot he's a bit top heavy.' He stachered doon tae t'yard yett, when oot pops mi auld billygoat an' pranced up tae feace up tea Sam.

'O! it's thee Bill, is't?' hiccuped Sam. "Is t' nut gaen tae let me in?'

Billy wagged his heed, threatenin' like, as if he daured Sam t' open t'yett.

'Cush', said Sammy, as he leaned over t'yett, 'Wad thee like a bit mair o' mi sang?'

'Up, ye shepherds, dance an' skip
O'er the hills an' valleys trip;
Sing up the praise o' tarry woo.
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures without blame
That clead the back, an' cram the wame,
Keep us warm an' hearty fou;
Leeze me on the tarry woo.'

'What thinks thoo o' that, Billy? Is't nut a grand sang? But come, me auld cock, A' maun git t' bed,' said Sam, and wi' that he oppens t' yett. Billy ups on his hind legs and shaks his heid.

'Git oot o't' road, thee auld vermin', said Sam as he steps forrard. But Billy was ower much for him. He rushed in, heuks his horns roond Sammy's legs, and doon he went wi' a crack.

"That t'first roond t' thee, Billy,' said Sam - 't'first roond t'thee,' as he geddered himself' togidder, an' sat up on t'grund. 'Whoi, this is t'Franco-Prussian War a' ower agean. But haud on a bit, Billy, an' A'll show thee summat. Efter a', thoo's nobbit an auld billy-goat. Thy woo's nea gut, nea gud at a'. It taks a sheep t'mak gud tarry woo,' an' Sam sets off wi anudder verse:

'How happy is a shepherd's life!
Far frae courts an' free frae strife!
While gimmers bleat an' bae,
An' the lambkins answer mae:
No such music tae his ear!
Of thief or fox, he has nae fear;
Sturdy kent, an' collie too,
Will defend the tarry woo.'

"A grand sang, Billy, aye a grand sang,' said Sam. Then remembering the business in hand, he yaps oot: "Cum on, thoo auld limb o' Satan, let's hev anudder roond,' an' he staggers up yance mair on tae his unsteady feet. Billy backs a bit and rushes in wi' his same auld attack. Doon went Sam a second time.

'Thoo's an auld deevil,' said Sam, 'but if A' just git haud o' that scraggy beard o' thine, A'll show thee summat. Weel, that's second roond t' thee, Bill, an' that's worth t'last verse o't find auld sang,' an' Sam sits up on't grund an' sings:

'He lives content an' envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne;
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways
Has not sweeter holy days.
Wha'd be a king, can only tell
When a shepherd sings sea weel?
Sings sea weel, an' pays his due
Wi' honest heart an' tarry woo. '

'Aye, that's a grand sang about shepherds an' tarry woo, an' A'm a shepherd, Billy, an' prood o't. What? Thoo wants anudder roond o' t'Franco-Prussian war, does thoo. Nea, A' think nut. A' mun git heam, an' sea, Billy, god neet t' thee. '

With that parting shot, Sammy, nea doot thinkin' discretion is the better part of valour, sets off on his hands an' knees across t'farmyard wi' Billy duntin' that part o' Sam's anatomy best suited for the purpose."

(Note: My Old Dad told me this story about 70 years ago, and I believe it to be substantially true.

I sent up the story to the Cumberland Press with the intention of doing my best to preserve the once famous old song, 'Tarry Woo, which was in danger of being lost by going into disusage.)

J. R. C.
1930s

DADDY'S DISTRESS.

O! I have passed a miserable week,
So full of dreadful fears
That, as a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a time
Though 'twere to buy a lot of happy days.
It chanced that I needed to go
Unto the water's edge of Cranckel Burn,
And was engaged in gathering in a can
Some water for my little tuckie hens;
And as I paced along
The giddy footing of the steps
I stumbled, and, in falling,
My silver knife, chokeful of blades and gadgets,
Out of my pocket fell
Into the tumbling billows of the waterfall.
Lord, Lord! what pain of apprehension seized my mind!
What ugly sights of fateful loss assailed my brain!
Methought I saw a thousand lonely days
Wherein I was bereft of this so precious prize,
This knife so well belov'd,
So faithful a companion in a host of happy days,
This little present which, on a birthday,
Full five and thirty years or so ago,
To me was given by my two fine girls,
My dear Isabel and my little Nan,
When they were but wee tiny tots,
For days I searched among the rocks,
But all in vain my efforts proved to be,
Until at last I seized upon McMakin when he came
To trim the flowers and mow the lawn,
And begged of him to help in my distress.
Like Horatio he plunged into the burn,
The rocks and boulders helter-skelter flew,
And there at length retrievèd was my knife,
Not one whit worse for its immersion in the beck.
"Thank God", I said, "for mercy thus bestowed,
For this small treasure valued more than much fine gold."
And so, "Adieu", my dears – my story's told.

1945 J.R.C.

A LUNCH.

Befell that in a jolie day in June,
When Phœbus' rays cam like a boon,
Sir Jonathan took David for to eat
A lunch - and might hard 'twould be to beat.

Guid auld Scotch Broth - a fish -
And then a fine fat fowl did grace the dish.
Next came the *plat de jour,* a juicy steak;
It's size made David wonder if he were awake.

With wames that stretched the button on their vest,
They tackled next a Trifle, laced with Sherry o' the best,
Cheese straws then followed on the table -
E'Gad, they ate what they were able.

"Enough, enough," poor David cried in desperation,
His brow and hair so bathèd were in perspiration.
"Nay, nay", said brother Jonathan,
"Drink this Liqueur an ye're a man."

Coffee frae th' East finished the meal -
A meal that eaten was with immense zeal.
To David then did Jonathan enquire:
"How dost thou feel, my little Squire?"

"Gadzooks," said he, "thou art a mighty fellow;
I pray thee let me gang the table in below
That I may sleep, and sleep, till I this heavy load
Digest, then carry me to mine ain abode."

Now as their jaws wagged up and doon,
And dainty morsels in their mous went roun and roun,
They talked - at least did he I ca' bro' Jon,
For he could eat, **and talk***,* like a Trojan*.*

Until it chanced he touched a tender spot
By saying Englishmen were a poor lot!
Holy smoke and Halibut!
David was not quite sic a mut.

His armour donned, he cantered in the ring,
Off cam' his gauntlet and down he it did fling.
"England, my England," was his battle cry,
"For her I've lived, and for her I'll die.

Thou man of slops - I mean of Scots -
Thy blood I'll scatter in big blots
An thou my country dost decry;
At least I'll have a damned good try.

Hast heard o' Raleigh, Hawke and Drake,
Who founded Empire ere Scotland was awake?
Great men, who proved it to the hilt
While Slopsmen wore on Hielan' hills their ragged kilt."

Ding dong they went at ither wi' a will,
Until they each had had their fill,
Then parted they, tired and peched,
But holding each their opposite in respect.

1937 J.R.C.

(This was a leg-pull. I treated Jonathan to a slap-up lunch, and he returned the compliment by treating me to a chop and dessert!!)

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

Dear Heart! I do not mind
Whate'er betide, if thou be kind.
Content am I all men above
In the rich treasure of thy love.

Dear Heart! At life's half way
I still can sing the old time lay
Of joys divine throughout this life
With thee, my faithful, trusty wife

Dear Heart! Together still;
Long past the summit of the hill!
Give my they hand, my old best friend,
We'll foot it gently round the bend.

Lines written for my Lady Wife
on the occasion of her birthday
circa 1933 - framed by her.

J.R.C.

HULLO!

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for 'rappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog;
Let yer speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?
Other folks are good as you.
W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin in the Far-Away:
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "Hullo!"

Sam W. Foss.

WANDERINGS OF A WESTMORLAND LAD.

Over three score years and twelve ago a baby gave a yell,
A baby just arrived in a farmstead on a fell.
There's nothing strange in that, you'll say to one another,
Every mother's son is born in one place or another.

At the age of four the tailor came and donned me like a man;
So elated was I that to the woods and fields I ran.
I strolled round the orchard and climbed the apple trees,
Then took on more daring deeds, as poking hives of bees.

One fine day a donkey came braying like a bard,
It wanted Tom upon its back to trot around the yard.
To school I rode the donkey, with bridle and bit,
Stirrups and saddle, all complete with little whip.

I learnt my pot hooks, A.B.C., with pencil and a slate;
But that donkey was a stubborn ass, it often made me late.
Time went on, passed out of school, left the donkey in the field,
And went in search of pastures new to see what they would yield.

I mounted now a charger to gallop round the earth,
Never dreaming of the danger, or what the game was worth.
I galloped along in reckless care, here, there and everywhere,
The only thing that mattered was - the castles in the air!

To youth they are alluring, as they appear at first,
But the day will dawn when all those pretty bubbles burst!
I've seen the sun at midnight, had two Thursdays in a week,
Seen waterspouts and mirages, through gales when at their peak.

Volcanoes in eruption, with lava slithering down,
Locusts in their myriads strewing earth a creepy gown.
Watched dolphins change their colour, chameleons do the same,
Seen humans change to fiends, with madness go insane.

Seen mankind pulling rickshaws, like ponies at a show,
Oxen plowing land up and dogs in harness low,
Steamed through great lakes of Canada, touched at Kalamazoo,
Been to Capetown, Calcutta, out in Australia too.

Kenitra and the tropics, amidst natives black and brown,
Heard monkeys chat and jabber just as the sun goes down;
In Burma and in Bangkok where mills clean paddy rice,
Seen coolie labour sweating for coppers known as "pice".

Been across the sea of Azov and up the Parana,
Irrawaddy, Mississippi, and through the Panama,
Kustenji, Djibuti, Tampioca, Chittagong,
Samarang and Popolingo, up the Danube, and Hong Kong.

Been on fire in Mid-Atlantic with cotton on the hold,
Shipwrecked up the Baltic when weather rather cold;
Pernambuco and Karachi, Yokohama I've been round,
Alexandria and Odessa, and up the Puget sound.

Singapore, Gobolpore, Aden and Para,
Ishmalia, Batavia, Galatz and Uruguay,
Bahia Blanca, Casa Blanca, Volo and Batoum,
Rosario, Ontario, Palestine and Fiume.

Briton Ferry, Londonderry, Stornoway, Kavak,
Pensacola, Barcelona, Sulina and Chanak,
Treorchy, Milwaukee, Poti and Pedang,
Bilbao, Malmo, Jaffa and Salang.

I've seen the women fishing from their catamaran,
While their husbands did the washing and wheeled baby in a pram.
Seen Mexicans with knives out, like tigers make a leap,
Swing their glistening weapons, making women scream and weep.

Seen Spanish Signorettas flash anger from their eye,
Snatch at their stiletto, then at their enemy drive.
Worked in logging camp and factory, been servant to a Duke,
Soldier, sailor, signaller and cook.

In battery park I've slumbered all night without a seat,
In box cars when in motion I've slept all sound and neat;
But when my partner left me and fell out of the race,
The bottom of the world fell out and I gazed into space.

The castles in the air fell down, the steed grew limp with age,
And the warrior bold was left to roam like a squirrel in its cage.
The gallant nag had done not bad, when rider drew in rein,
But both looked very weary after all those years of strain.

So the brands put on, turned out to grass - then, and only then
I found how very puny on this earth are little men.
I learnt no-one is perfect, although some think they're great,
But greatness is a problem that's hard to contemplate.

In every land in most of minds I've sensed a lurking seed,
These seeds are sewn and it is known they sprout up into greed.
It's only a weed, is selfish pelf, how can on earth it bloom?
To worship pelf, all for self - for happiness no room.

When the riddle of existence is thrown upon the screen,
To be understood by everyone and all that's ever been,
Perhaps the root of values will be there like glittering gold,
Down in the common furrow, the humble to enfold.

Tom Clark,
Cardiff.

(Your roving Sailor Grand Uncle Tom.)

Dear Mr. Clark,

Fu' well I ken
Ye're partial tae a rhymin' pen,
And you ken weel - that I by turn -
Wad emulate the Poet Burns -
Tho' far ahint - there's no much wrang
In writin' - whiles - a wee bit sang.
Therefore the few remarks I'll make
I'll rhyme them - just for rhymin's sake.

This week I caa'ed at Bothwell Street
In hopes that you and I micht meet;
I timed my visit unco weeel
Tae catch you ere your mid-day meal.
I saw Miss S. and Mr. Mac.
An o' auld times we had a crack,
For you - yoursel' - I then enquired
And was informed - "You had retired."

I'm glad tae hear it - in a sense,
Fore weel ye've earned rest's recompense;
For a' the anxious years ye've been
A pillar in the "Bermaleen";
But still there is the other view
For I hae lost a freen' in you.
while you sat in your Office chair
Gey weel I kent - a freen' was there.

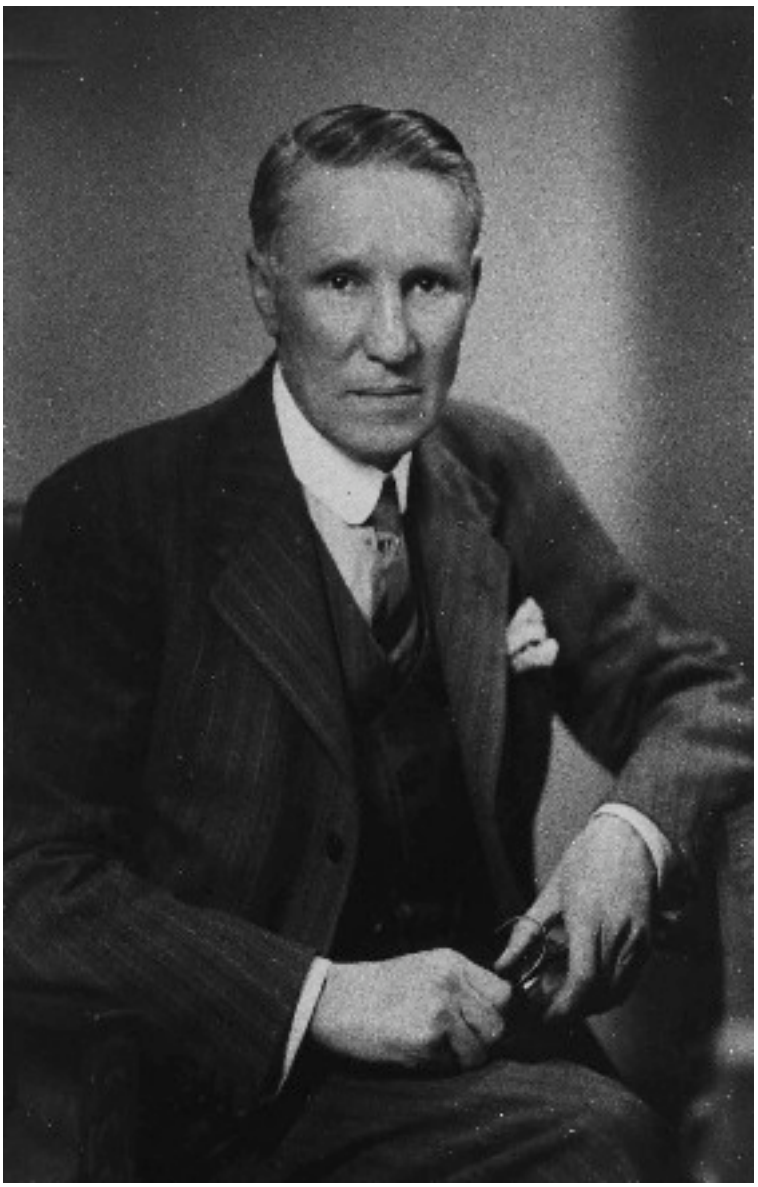
I dinna like the modern Bodd;
For ault hauns he cares not a toss.
Tho' men may lose their health and vim
That matters not a whit tae him.
His sole concern and aim in end
Is centred on - "the divident",
And men who gave their life's best days -
Are cast off - aye - like worn oot claes.

Not so wi' you - I flatter nane -
But lookin' back the days that's gane -
I will say this - deny't who can,
Ye've always been - a gentleman.
For a' the years I worked wi' you -
I found ye white - richt throo and throoo.
May ye enjoy yere weel-earned rest
And everything be o' the best.
Lang life to you and Mrs. C.
Is aye the wish of yours

Jaybee
16.11.38 (John Burnie
Our late Bread Room Foreman)

PORTRAIT GALLERY

Grandad’s Life and Reminiscences: Portrait Gallery.



When in my prime - 63.

Grandad’s Life and Reminiscences: Portrait Gallery.

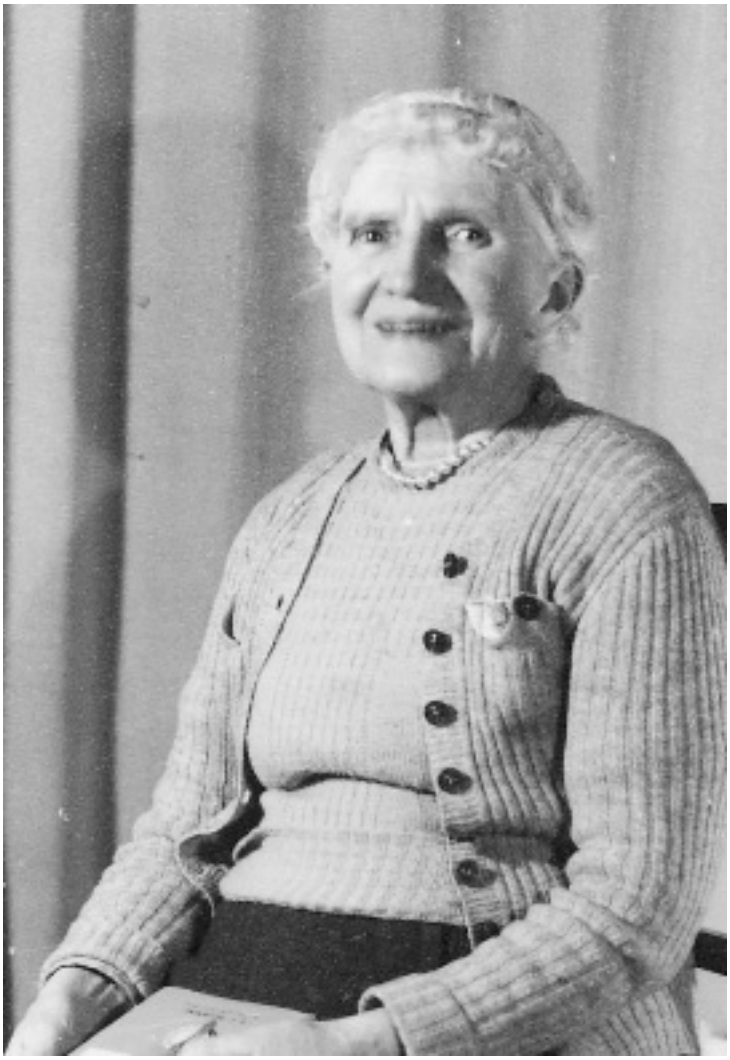
My Father. Wm Clark
about 1870.

My Mother. Mary Clark
about 1870.

Grandad’s Life and Reminiscences: Portrait Gallery.

"Grannie Clark"
(Nannie Thomson)

Grandad’s Life and Reminiscences: Portrait Gallery.



"Auntie"
Margaret Frances Clerk.