

**OUR KID: WITH OTHER
LONDON AND
LANCASHIRE SKETCHES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649665082

Our Kid: With Other London and Lancashire Sketches by Peter Green

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

PETER GREEN

**OUR KID: WITH OTHER
LONDON AND
LANCASHIRE SKETCHES**

OUR KID

WITH OTHER LONDON AND LANCASHIRE
SKETCHES

BY
Pew. PETER GREEN, 1871-
Canon of Manchester
*Author of "How to Deal with Lads,"
"The Town Parson," etc.*

NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD

1920

[All rights reserved]

TO

C. P. SCOTT, Esq.

EDITOR OF "THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN"

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT

H 9-27-21 J. M.

PREFACE

ALL these sketches may claim to be true, for there is not an action recorded, hardly a phrase repeated, in any one of them which is not taken from life. Yet all are fiction, for the characters are not photographs but composite pictures with traits from more than one original in each. Old friends and fellow-workers will recognize familiar scenes and the echoes of old battles. I hope they will feel no inclination to charge me with having dealt hardly with old Mission friends now long dead, or with having "set down aught in malice."

My thanks are due to the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* for permission to republish the sketches, which appeared in his columns.

Re-classed 5-2-31 AVM

372687

CONTENTS

LANCASHIRE LADS

	PAGE
OUR KID	7
ANARCHY IN A LADS' CAMP	12
NOBS	18
BROKEN IDOLS	24
JOHNNY ON MULES	30

LONDON SKETCHES

LONDON REVISITED	35
MRS. PIERPOINT, MAM	40
THE POTMAN AT THE "EARNSHAW"	45
OLD FLETCHER	50
PAROCHIAL VISITING	56
THE JUNIOR CURATE	61
THE SENIOR CURATE	67
MISSION CONCERTS	73

	PAGE
SA'IRAN	79
THE CLERGY'S MRS. CARTER	85
MISSION ODDITIES	90
THE ROUGH LADS' CLUB	95
WALKER, THE BOY CATCHER	100
LANGUAGE	106

WAR-TIME LEVITIES

ON BEING A LANCASHIRE MAN	111
ON BEING A YORKSHIRE MAN	117
BLACK MAGIC	129

LANCASHIRE LADS

OUR KID

OUR kid has just been having breakfast with me. He takes his turn, one morning a week, as altar-server at church, going in afterwards to the Clergy House to breakfast. But to-day the Curate had to go direct from church to other duties, and I jumped at his suggestion that I should give our kid his breakfast.

It must not be supposed that our kid has not got a proper name of his own. As a matter of fact he has quite a fine collection, being called Alexander Stanley Redvers McIvor. But nobody ever addresses him or refers to him by any other title than that of our kid. It is true that his mother, on those none too rare occasions when his conduct calls for more than usually strenuous comment and condemnation, attempts to address him as Alexander Stanley Redvers. But the attempt soon breaks down, and long before she has reached the point in her oration at which pains and penalties are announced she has fallen back on the familiar title. And I go with the stream. Certainly at first it came a little strange

to say, "More tea, our kid?" or "Finished, our kid? Then say your grace and go." But what's in a name? By any other name our kid would present an equally interesting subject of study.

The close observer of social phenomena will bear me out when I say that most of the Redvers and Bullers now (1917) walking this earth are just seventeen years old, their age accurately dating the brief heyday of the late Sir Redvers Buller's popularity. Not so our kid. He is just thirteen, and his father, the late Troop Sergeant-Major McIvor, gave him the name as a token of a lasting and deep-seated affection for his old leader which had no connection with the brief hour of popular favour which the General enjoyed. Indeed, the Sergeant's affection may rightly be called deep-seated since it seemed to reside chiefly in his stomach. "Buller, now!" he would say. "Buller! Ah! he was a man if you like. Always saw his men had enough to eat, he did. If they went short it was never his fault. And if rations was bad he saw that someone jumped for it. I named our kid after him, I did."

Our kid is the youngest of six brothers. One, in his father's old regiment, died at Mons. One, a Territorial, sleeps his last sleep on the heights of Gallipoli. One, a Kitchener's Army man, is wounded and a prisoner in Germany. The fourth is "somewhere in France," and the fifth is in