

The Black-Out Book

Compiled by
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Extract

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Animal Crackers

ALL the birds and beasts of this world have correct names for themselves, their friends, their families, and their homes.

How many of them do you know?

1. Give the correct name for the wife of each of the following :

- (a) Lion.
- (b) Tiger.
- (c) Wolf.
- (d) Stag.
- (e) Rooster.

2. Give the correct name for the husband of each of the following :

- (a) Sow.
- (b) Ewe.
- (c) Mare.
- (d) Goose.
- (e) Vixen.

3. Give the correct name for the baby of each of the following parents :

- (a) Elephant.
- (b) Fox.
- (c) Goose.
- (d) Swan.
- (e) Horse.

4. Give the correct name for a gathering of the following :

- (a) Mackerel.
- (b) Starlings.
- (c) Partridges.
- (d) Geese.
- (e) Sheep.

5. Give the correct name for the home of the following :

- (a) Cow.
- (b) Pigeon.
- (c) Beaver.
- (d) Sheep.
- (e) Eagle.

6. Give the correct name for the call of the following :

- (a) Cock.
- (b) Crow.
- (c) Donkey.
- (d) Owl.
- (e) Wolf.

A—Zoo

No. 3. The Stork

*The refined Stork
Always uses a knife and fork.*



The Trouble with Mottoes

A MAN said, "While I breathe, I hope," but no fish rose. So he turned the remark into Latin and tried again. And then everybody saw it was a splendid motto, and there was loud applause. *Dum spiro spero!* Put like that, it sounds good, and implies armorial bearings, sunlight through stained glass, and the great organ.

But the trouble with these mottoes and proverbs, whether in plain English or dressed for Sunday, is that they give us the block of concrete when our order is for a yard of elastic. They will not stretch. They make no allowance for the individual or the circumstances.

BARRY PAIN



Dye it black, please.

Black, madam?

Yes, my boy's an A.R.P. Warden, and he says he can't take me out because I contravene the black-out regulations.



PARIS

The Land of Cookery

GIVE Cartwright his Parliaments fresh each year,
But those friends of Short Commons would never do here ;

And let Romilly speak as he will on the question,
No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion !
Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
Yet who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs ?

THOMAS MOORE



Number, Please!

CAN you write down the same odd number five times, so that the five figures add up to 14?

Well, then, can you write down four nines so that they add up to 100?

Too easy? Then try adding together four fives to make $6\frac{1}{2}$.

If your son comes to you and says: "In three years' time I shall be three times as old as I was three years ago," how old is your son?



A—Zoo

No. 4. The Rhinoceros

*"I never play cricket," said the Rhinoceros,
"For I find that I always lose the tossers!"*

I remember . . .

ONCE when I was a boy I ran away from school, and late at night concluded to climb into the window of my father's office and sleep on a lounge, because I had a delicacy about going home and getting thrashed. As I lay there, and my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I fancied I could see a long, dusky, shapeless thing stretched out upon the floor.

A cold shiver went through me; I was afraid the thing would creep over and seize me in the dark. It seemed to me that the lagging moonlight would never, never get to it. I turned to the wall and counted twenty, to pass the feverish time away. I looked—the pale square of light was almost touching it.

With desperate will, I turned again and counted one hundred and faced about, all in a tremble. A white hand

lay in the moonlight! Such an awful sinking at the heart—Such a gasp for breath. I counted again and looked—a naked arm was exposed. I put my hands over my eyes and counted until I could stand it no longer, and then—the pallid face of a man was there, with the corners of the mouth drawn down and the eyes fixed and glassy in death! I stared at the corpse till the light crept down to the bare breast—inch by inch—and disclosed a ghastly stab!

When I reached home, they whipped me, but I enjoyed it. That man had been stabbed that afternoon near the office, and they carried him in to doctor him, but he only lived an hour. I have slept in the same room with him often, since then—in my dreams.

MARK TWAIN

Laughter-pieces

Don't waste matches in a black-out! Make them do two jobs—give you light when you need it and give you amusement when you have half an hour to spare.

Here's one way of using matches to provide you with entertainment, and you'll find plenty more in later pages.

The idea is to take as many matches as you can borrow from father—he's probably borrowed the household box already!—and arrange them to make caricatures, or designs, like those in the next column. They're not exactly masterpieces—but they are laughter-pieces. Can you improve on them?

* * *

The Sunday-school teacher asked a little boy in her class:

"Who made you, Tommy?"

"Well, God made part of me," said Tommy.

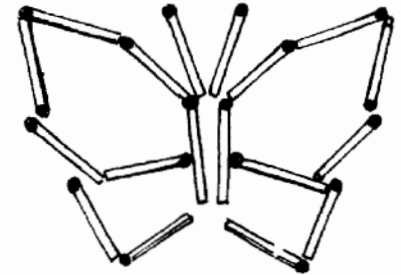
"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well," said Tommy, "I mean that God made me little and I grew the rest myself."

* * *

*I never saw a Purple Cow—
I never hope to see one.
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.*

GELETT BURGESS



Patriotism

Football in the Black-out



WHAT I miss most in war-time," said Marjorie's young man, "is the football league matches. Football isn't football any more. . . ."

"Ever play black-out football?" inquired Father.

"No. What's that?" asked Marjorie's fiancé.

"Come on. I'll show you," said Dad.

And this is what he did.

First, to the accompaniment of muffled protests from Mother, he stuck two pins into each end of the old dining-room table, each pair being five inches apart.

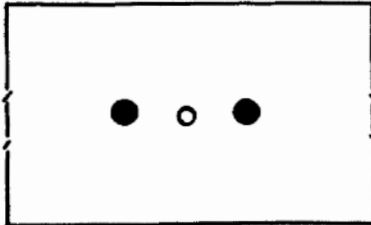
"Those are the goal-posts," he observed. Then he produced two pennies and a sixpence. One penny he turned face upward, the other face downward, in order to distinguish between them.

"There," he said. "You take the head, and I'll take the tail. Now we can play football by taking turns to flick our own penny at the ball. Get the idea? The penny hits the sixpence and it skims along just like a football.

Oh! Good shot! Goal to Herbert!"

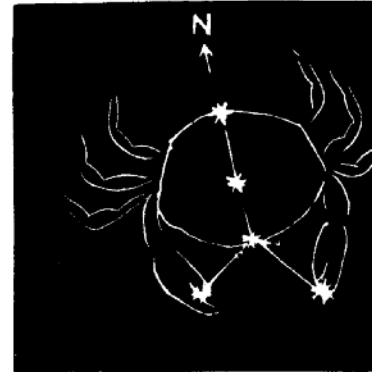
"Rather like shove-ha'penny, isn't it?" observed Herbert, as they put the coins in the centre of the table, facing each other, and 'kicked off' again.

There are variations of this game you can work out for yourselves—such as having two or three pennies a side and positioning them cleverly to stop



your opponents' attacks. In this variation, only one man may be moved at a time, of course.

A friend of mine has devised a game of black-out billiards in much the same way, but this calls for a rim round the table. By the way, if Mother objects to your using the dining-room table, that old wooden one in the kitchen or Dad's den will do just as well.



You can't black-out the Stars

No. 9. Cancer (the Crab)

Between Leo and Gemini you will find the Crab. That cluster of little stars it contains is known as Praesepe (the Beehive).

Strictly Personal

No. 8. Clark Gable

*We can't help liking dear Clark Gable,
He acts as well as he is able.*



LULLABY

SOFTLY sleep, my little one ;
Cry no more, my love.
Life for you has just begun.
Sleep, my pretty dove.

Close your bonny eyes for me,
Slumber on and smile—
Blissful in security,
Slumber on a-while.

Love created you, my sweet,
Delicate and fair—
Dimpled hands and dimpled feet,
Dimples everywhere.

Gently dream the hours away,
Innocent of fear.
Till the dawn lets in the day
Dream, my darling dear.

MURIEL BOX

Blacking-out the Windows

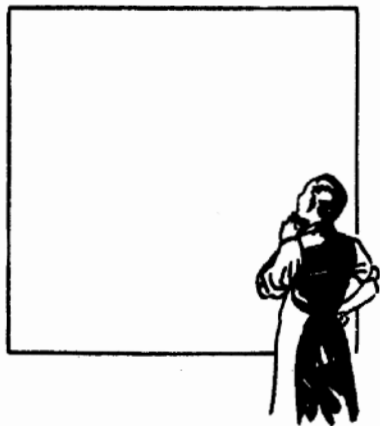
A SHOPKEEPER, anxious to appear to comply with the black-out regulations, and at the same time anxious to show off his goods, decided to black-out half his window only. (This must have been before the police became really strict !)

He called in the local handyman, and said : " You see this window—it is five feet square. I want you to black-out half of it, but leave as much space as possible for showing off my goods."

The handyman looked at the window for a moment, and replied :

" I'll tell you what I can do. I'll black out half the window and still leave you a clear space five feet wide, five feet high and square."

The shopkeeper was naturally very pleased. How did the handyman do it ?



Measure It with Your Eye!

HERE'S a strange little optical illusion you may not have met before.



Measure these distances with your eye and you'll be positive that the space between B and C is much greater than the space between A and B, or C and D.

Now measure it with a ruler and notice the difference in the result.

" My old man's A.R.P. as usual."
" What's that ?"
" 'Angin' Round Pubs."



A BIRTHDAY



MY heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot ;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit ;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys ;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love, is come to me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

No More Birthdays

When any member of President Roosevelt's family attains the age of twenty-one he forthwith ceases to have any more birthdays—at least as far as public celebration of them is concerned. Birthday cakes and presents are thereafter forbidden.

A—Zoo

No. 12. *The Kangaroo*

*The Kangaroo does sound a
Boulder.*





We'll go no More a-roving

SO, we'll go no more
a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still
as loving,
And the moon be still
as bright.

For the sword outwears
its sheath,
And the soul wears out
the breast,
And the heart must pause
to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

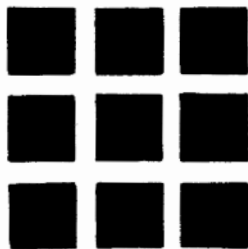
Though the night were
made for loving,
And the day returns too
soon,
Yet we'll go no more
a-roving
By the light of the moon.
LORD BYRON

What's Wrong with your Eyes ?

WHY, whatever's wrong
with my eyes?" cried
Mother, as she looked at the
drawing below. "I can see grey
shadows at the corners of the
squares!"

Take a look for yourself. Can
you see grey shadows there, too?

Then what's wrong with your
eyes?



The answer is "Nothing," of
course. It's a simple optical
illusion caused by the violent
contrast of the black and white
and the narrow space between the
black squares.

Truth may often be stranger
than fiction, but it is seldom as
artistic.

CHARLES LOW

Come to another Full Stop

HERE is a second unpunctu-
ated passage for you to try
on the family one by one. All they
have to do is to put in the correct
punctuation as they read it aloud.

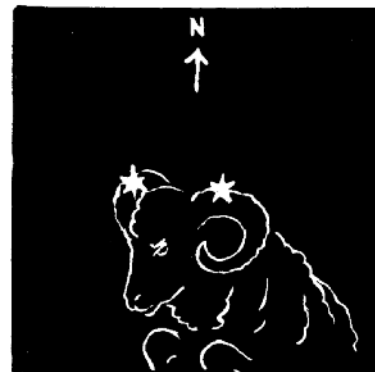
Wooderson made a new record
for the mile with his feet on the
mantelpiece a bachelor feels really
at home in a girls school the
mistresses have full charge of their
pupils and teach them gambling
drunkenness and other misde-
meanours are punished by law by
laws are made by local councils
to suit local conditions such as
could spare the time attended the
film show given for the blind the
concert was a great success until
the revolution russia was governed
by the tzar.



Strictly Personal

No. 14. Paul Muni

Actors great and actors puny
Have to hand the palm to Muni.



You can't black-out the Stars

No. 15. Aries (the Ram)

Aries got its name from the
Latin word for battering-ram
(which had a ram's head carved
on the end of it). The constella-
tion lies between Taurus and
Pisces—the Bull and the Fishes.

So now you know

EVERY ONE wants to under-
stand art. Why not try to
understand the song of a bird?
Why does one love the night,
flowers, everything around one,
without trying to understand
them? Whereas with painting,
people must *understand*. If only
they would realize above all that
an artist works of necessity; that
he himself is only a trifling bit
of the world, and that no more im-
portance should be attributed to
him than to plenty of other things
that please us in the world,
though we cannot explain them.

PICASSO

Let's go to Sleep



Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*O bed! bed! delicious bed!
Thou heaven on earth to the weary head!*

THOMAS HOOD

S. T. Coleridge

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary, Queen, the praise be
given!
She sent the gentle sleep from
Heaven
That slid into my soul.

John Fletcher

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet
deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams be-
guile
All my fancies; that from
thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Thomas Dekker

Art thou poor, yet hast thou
golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind
perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools
are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden
numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O
sweet content!

Sir Philip Sidney

Come, Sleep; O Sleep! the
certain knot of peace.
The baiting-place of wit, the
balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the
prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between
the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me
from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair
at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars
to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou
do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows,
sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and
blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being
thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace,
thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere,
Stella's image see.

Cervantes

Now blessings light on him that
first invented sleep! It covers a
man all over, thoughts and all,
like a cloak; it is meat for the
hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat
for the cold, and cold for the hot.

When Sleep won't come

WHAT do you do when sleep
won't come?

Count sheep? So, says Gracie
Allen, the comedienne, did she,
but they "made such a noise
baa-ing at me all night that I
gave it up in despair. Now I
count oranges on an imaginary
orange tree, instead."

In *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*,
Yeats-Brown advises anyone suf-
fering from insomnia to draw
twenty even breaths and then
hold the twenty-first breath as
long as possible. Do this three
or four times, he says, and you
will be drowsy.

Lying in an absolutely relaxed
position, with every muscle free
from tension; then 'emptying'
the mind and quietly reciting a
well-known passage of prose, such
as the Lord's Prayer, is an-

other piece of
advice for the
sleepless. As an
alternative to
this you can
try Lillian Gish's
suggestion—black eyeshades and
wax ear-plugs!

Reading the dullest book you
can find is said to help. So is
getting up and going for a
quick walk—but how incon-
venient!

Most unappetizing suggestion
of all, by Katherine Mayo, the
novelist, quoted in the *Reader's
Digest*, is "Put about a half-
teaspoonful of pepper in a coffee
cup and fill the cup with blistering
hot milk. You drink the milk
immediately and as fast as you
possibly can."

Good-night! Sleep well!



TO SLEEP

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep, if so it pleases thee, close
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,
Or wait the "Amen," ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities.
Then save me, or the pass'd day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

JOHN KEATS



I WROTE A LETTER TO MY LOVE

Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn

MINE own Sweet-heart,—This shall be to advertize of the great elengeness that I find here since your departing; for, I assure you, me thinketh the time longer since your departing now last than I wont was to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervency of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not have thought it possible that for so little a while it should have grieved me. But now I am coming toward you, methinketh my pains be half relieved; and also I am right well comforted, insomuch that my book maketh substantially for my matter. In token whereof I have spent above four hours this day, which hath caused me now to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head; wishing myself specially one evening in my sweetheart's arms, whose pretty dukkys I hope shortly to kiss. Written by the hand of him that was, is, and shall be yours by his own will.

*Thomas Gray to
Horace Walpole*

(with a copy of his "Elegy")

DEAR SIR,—As I live in a place, where even the ordinary tattle of the town arrives not till it is stale, and which produces no events of its own, you will not desire any excuse from me for writing so seldom, especially as of all people living I know you are the least a friend to letters spun out of one's brains, with all the toil and constraint that accompanies sentimental productions. I have been here at Stoke a few days (where I shall continue good part of the summer); and having put an end to a thing, whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it to you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a *thing with an end to it*; a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want, but which this epistle I am determined shall not want, when it tells you that I am ever,

Yours,

T. GRAY.



A LETTER FROM MARGATE

*William Cowper to
Rev. W. Unwin*

(July, 1779)

WHEN I was at Margate, it was an excursion of pleasure to go to Ramsgate. The pier, I remember, was accounted a most excellent piece of stonework, and such I found it. By this time, I suppose, it is finished; and surely it is no small advantage, that you have an opportunity of observing how nicely those great stones are put together, as often as you please, without either trouble or expense. But you think Margate more lively. So is a Cheshire cheese full of mites more lively than a sound one: but that very liveliness only proves its rottenness. I remember, too, that Margate, though full of company was generally filled with such company, as people who were nice in the choice of their company, were rather fearful of keeping company with. The hoy went to London every week loaded with mackerel and herrings, and returned loaded with company. The cheapness of the conveyance made it equally commodious for Dead fish and Lively company.

Charles Lamb to Mrs Dyer
(his last letter)

DEAR MRS DYER,—I am very uneasy about a *Book* which I either have lost or left at your house on Thursday. It was the book I went out to fetch from Miss Buffam's, while the tripe was frying. It is called *Phillip's Theatrum Poetarum*; but it is an English book. I think I left it in the parlour. It is Mr Cary's book, and I would not lose it for the world. Pray, if you find it, book it at the Swan, Snow Hill, by an Edmonton stage immediately, directed to Mr Lamb, Church Street, Edmonton, or write to say you cannot find it. I am quite anxious about it. If it is lost, I shall never like tripe again.

With kindest love to Mr Dyer and all.

Postscript

IF every business man were compelled to read over, at the beginning of each day, copies of the letters he dictated one year before, he would see for himself that many of them were twice as long as necessary, and that many were not necessary at all.

CARL CROW

Famous Last Words

Lord Nelson

"Kismet, Hardy." (*No, Bobby, he didn't say "Kiss me, Hardy." That is just one of those superstitions that sometimes find their way into history books.*)

*

Julius Cæsar

"Et tu, Brute?" (*According to Shakespeare.*)

*

Beethoven

"I shall hear in heaven!"

*

Nero

"What an artist the world is losing in me!"

Cleopatra

"As sweet as balm, as soft as air,
as gentle—
O Antony!"
(*According to Shakespeare.*)

*

Anne Boleyn

"The executioner, they say, is very expert, and my neck is very slender."

*

Palmerston

"Die, my dear doctor? That is the *last* thing I shall do!"

*

Any Motorist

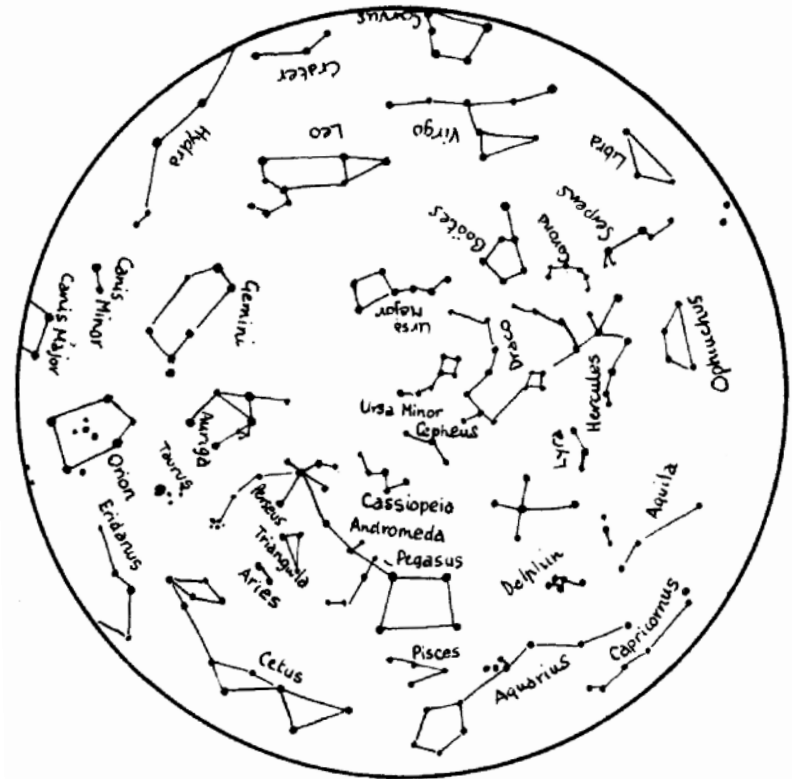
"I bet I can get her to do ninety."

SUMMER IS COMING

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.
Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?
"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.
"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
Oh warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

TENNYSON—*The Thristle*

WHERE TO FIND THE STARS



This map of the northern heavens will enable you to find most of the larger constellations given in the "You can't black-out the Stars!" series. Some of the smaller ones have been omitted, and so, of course, have those which are only visible south of the Equator.