

A MINE OF INFORMATION

A long time ago, when a rail journey to London was an adventure, a Cornish miner and his son made the trip and spent most of the time in seeing the sights.

Gazing at Buckingham Palace, the boy asked, "Wha's that, Da?"

"Doan't knaw, son."

The same question at the Horse Guards, the Houses of Parliament and elsewhere produced equally uninforming replies.

"Doan't mind me askin' questions, do 'ee, Da?" said the boy eventually.

"Naw," was the answer, "if 'ee niver ask no questions thee'll niver larn nawthen."