

Cornish Hash

No 905 on 6th March 2005

Well we 'ad some 'ansum day down Porth'allow. Mine you, the wather de make a defference an ee counldna bin better counda?

We gawt a gate famly of 'ashers ther an all. They was wearin their black and yella 'ats and shirts. You gawt admit they did a proper job. I wadden nawthin special but Spotted Dick 'ad made 'is own costume 'an came dressed up as St Piran with 'his flag around 'un. We all 'ad St Piran badges giv' us by 'Orny an' it was a proper Cornish day.

Betty thought it would be nice de gwout too. She tol us she never done it fore, but we said not to urry bout that, everybody gawt start somewhere. She 'ad a bit go at th' start. Good on 'er!

The 'Ares were Orny Flaasher and PMT. Mind, she'd ad some trouble wid 'un when they ad set the 'Ash on Saturday. He forgawt 'is keys, 'ee lost 'is sock, forgawt 'is blobs. Dear obben! But I tellee what, there idden no flies on she.

Dopey wen't much better. 'Ee got it in 'is 'ead that 'ee should pay £1.50 fur 'ashin. Rich is 'ee (or off 'is 'ead)?

Piddle thought he could do bit splashin. We all yuce do that when we was young. Mine, 'Ooker gave 'im a proper soakin' They gawt learn, abben they?

We went on bit tour roun' and then we stopped for bit of an 'Ash 'Alt at the 'Erra. Thas a bit beach an a quay in Gillan Creek that didden look too bad tall.

Caan't beat it canee, sittn down wi 'ashers avin bit chat? I shthink PMT'd bin up baakin' all night. There was 'eavy cake, saaffron buns, an splits an' jam and bit cream and some o' that Betty Stoggs and Stella to wash the 'ole lot down wi'.

Course, we stopped couple times on the way back, but I tellee what, time we gawt Porth'allow I was juss killed. 'Ee de seem like you aren't never going git 'ome. Spoons an Uri Geller was 'eatin up under them Cornish kilts and they said they was gitten otter 'n Cuba under there.

Three of the 'ashers is in trainin fur sum bit tour roun' Snowdon this year. In Abeyance and 'Orny was breathin 'eavy up they 'ills. I never seen nawthin like it. They'll ave to do bit more if they wan ave go at 'en.

They new 'ashers, Pippa an' Trevor was late as they bin drivin all roun' Lizard on these ear lil narra roads. Pippa ad said "Where us to now en?" an Trevor ad said " I blee we've over 'St Keverne now". "Dussna be se daft" Pippa said, "We's eadin' back to Trura". But they made it in th'end.

We 'ad 'ome made pasties in the pub. Course, they wern like we 'ave up Camburn on Feast Day. Ben there, av ee?

Then we 'ashers ad bit sing. We gawt voices like fog 'orns an the poor people in the pub said "If we give ee ten pence will ee go next door sing to they?"

Can't remember 'oo got the down-downs. I dunnaw what I'm doin' of now aff the time. I de gwup the front room fur summin an then caan't remember what ee was I wanted. Think ther's any 'ope fur me do ee?

Ansum wadna? Ees lovely see ee all' See gaane.

On on

Bromide