

I sent the article below to the Packet Newspaper after reading about his contribution to the War Effort by training new Farriers to shoe horses. As they say Dickie wab'n as 'igh as a 'obb, but had a big heart.

Dear Sirs,

I was fascinated to read the all too brief but no-less interesting details about dear Dickie Dunstan, the Penryn Blacksmith. What a character! I met him a number of times and was reminded of one of them when your feature stated that 'his work regularly attracted an audience.'

Dickie was doing a bit of after-dinner speaking, something in which he excelled, and he told this short story which I hope your readers will enjoy just as I have done for the last forty or so years! It seems that farmers and others would congregate in the blacksmith's shop, to reminisce and generally put the world to rights. On this occasion it seems that two old friends were there chatting and the conversation went something like this:

Tom: "'ere Sam, w'at did you give your mare when she was off her legs t'other day?"

Sam replies, "I give 'er boiled linseed an' turpentine."

Tom: "Aw thanks, my mare is down, I'll goo 'ome an' try that."

Well, a few weeks later the same two happened to meet up in Dickie's shop again, and this time the conversation went as follows (more or less).

Tom: "Eere Sam, w'at did you say you gove yo'r mare when she was down?"

Sam: "I told 'ee I gove her boiled linseed an' turpentine, dawn't ee listen te w'at yer bein' told?"

Tom: "Es corse I de listen, but tis funny cawse I went 'ome and drenched my mare with that same mixture and she's dead."

Sam: "So is mine!"

That story has stuck with me for over 40 years, but I never knew anything of his contribution to the war effort. RIP

Paul Phillips (Helston)