

# Father Put an Ad in the Paper

A Series of Short Cornish Dialect Stories

About Boy Willie by Mr H. Lean, Camborne

'Twas some 'ansome weather. Father and old Uncle 'Enny was out settin down on the summer seat. "Abben had more'n one job since I 'ad retire," grumbled Uncle Enny. "'Zactly like an ol' car I am, got be re-tired."

"You wus always too careful; I heard tell when you started you used te walk twelve miles for ten years te go te work, and wen somebody asked 'ee 'ow didn' ee get a house bit nearer you said, you wanted to make sure you liked the job first. W'at was the last work you done since you retired? "T'was down Mrs James's skeatin 'er windaws. Got it in 'er

'ead she cudden see out o' them. They houses bin built 50 year, funny how tis only now they've got dirtry."

"I 'erd my missus say Mrs James gawt new curtains," remarked Fether. Uncle Enny shook 'is 'ead. "The old skeat she 'ad wadden much good. Water was goyn up me arm, down over me back an' down the leg o' me trowsers . How senever she give me six pence she did, but said I aut bring me awn skeater and not wear our 'ers."

"You cud make money out o' that job," said Father, "ther iddn another winder skeater fer miles around. I knaw what you cud do, 'ave it put in the newspaper; wooden cost much." "I don't old with papers," said Uncle Enny, "people who de read the paapers 'abben got time te do no work; sides I'm over 80 an' I de say the print idd'n se clear as 'ee used be."

"I tell ee wat you cud have put in the paper, something like this: 'Windas skeated w'ile you wait, apply te Uncle Enny.'" "That's ave it, cudden bate that – said Uncle Enny, but ee dawnt say 'ow long I got wait. Mrs James was 50 years makin up 'er mind; and I was se wet I 'ad take off me trowsers out in the garden."

"Lave it go te the papers," said Faather "Can't do better I'm sure." "'Ow are ee se sure? Asked Uncle Enny. "Well" said Faather, "once 'pon a time I lost a penknife. It was the one me brother gived me 'for ee went te foreign parts abroad an' I did prize that lil knife an' was in some way w'en I lost un. Couldn't sleep by night I cudden. Mawther could see I was upset so she seed the schoolmaster an' asked ee w'at was the best thing te do. Well ee advised us te put it in the paaper as laost.

Well. Believe me er no, it wadden in the papers more than a day er two before I found that knife in my best coat pocket. It was worth the 'alf-crown I paid the paper."

"'Ave ee noticed 'ow short sighted the Master is gittin?" asked Uncle enny. "Iwent up see un 'bout something, very nice ee was and invited me inside and asked me twice where me 'at was, ee cudden see 'n 'pon me 'ead." "Well," said Faather, "lookin' back over the future it de take all sorts to make the world. Tere's Jan Winks now, ee idden no old man, went an' married a woman that is near sighted, 'ard of 'earen, and de stammer. He said she was bit company fer the dog."

Just then a man comed up the road 'ollen pilchards. "I got go now," said Faather, "Mother want see ee 'cause last Monday she bought some fish from en an' twas stale. Ee said twas 'er fault 'cause ee offered 'er the same fish last Saturday an' she redused it. So long, see ee 'gain."