

Up Along the Padstow Way With Betsy

(First published in the Cornish Guardian July 3 1980)

Well, I promised te tell 'ee all 'bout me trip up te Padstow, an' what a gran time I 'ad up there. Me niece, Mollie, an' 'er man come down to vetch me on th' Friday night, an' time they'd loaded me up wi' me walkin' frame an' me typewriter, an' me ole porkmangle with all me cloas, an' us got up to PADSTOW, I was daggin' vur th' dish o' tay thatb was waitin' vur me.

I allus 'ad a zoft spot vur Padstow, an' tho' things 'ave altered a mite zince I was there las' time, nigh on vifty yur agone, there's still plenty o' th' ol' places left te remind me o' all th' good times I 'ad there.

But wotever 'ave they dun te th' railway stashun? I allus used te go there by train, but they tell me yyu c aan't do that no more. Well, twas well pas' me baid time avore I got settled in thickky night, time we'd dranked tay, and yarned a mite, an'zum o' th' rest o' the' Allen vamily 'ad come te 'ave a look at me.

You zee, droo me movin' roun' an bein' zo var away, we'd lost contraction wi' one tother, but I don't think it'll be long avore I de go up there agane, that's if they'll 'ave me arter all th' capers they 'ad wi' me this time.

'ANSUM WEATHER

Th' weather on th' Saturday was 'ansum, an' we zot out in th' zun. That was s'posed to be a quiet day, te git over the j'urney, butn they zoon vound there was no quietness wi' me around! One arter t'other they all drapped in , Johnnie, David, an' Tony, an' th' wimmen an' 'childern , even th' new baby, me virst gurt-gurt niece. The I wus told they was taakin' me out fer a speshul trait in th' aivnen.

Zo arter tay they got me all drest up, an' vixed me in the wheel chair, an off we went. There was Mollie an' Ray, an' Tony an' Mary, an' David an' Jean, n' li'l Janine, an' purty spectickkle 'twas wi' me jowstlin' along in me wheel-chair an' they poor dears 'avine te shove me. Twadden bad gain down, but, cummin' uphill 'omeward was tough gain vur th' pore dears. "Where be uz off to?" I axed. Then all te wonce us landed up on th' qua, an' I minded th' time me an th' Padstow Orphans 'ad gived a concert there, tho' I caan't mind what vur.

Then we stopt outside th' Shipwright's Inn, an' when I looked at th' name upaver the door I'm beggard if it 'twadden another Allen! "Well," says I "ol' gurtgranfer Allen was a inn-keeper, up there to 'Are an' 'Ounds, Lane-ast, an' a lively ol' spark 'e was too. Zo tis back to th' ol' family bizens, zimmin.

PADSTOW MERRYMAKERS

We 'ad'n been zaited more'n a vew minnits, arter they'd got me in, when in comes the Padstow Merrymakers, all drest up an' playen all zoarts o' moosical insterments, queerer than ever Roger Giles advedrtised!

An the vurst thing they played was th' Hels'on Flora. "Good Lor'" ses I, "I jist come from there , I want te 'ear a bit o' Padstow." Well us 'ad a gran' time, an' I had two gklasses o' lemon, an' then a strange gent comed forth to me, an' zed 'e wanted te buy me a drink. I sed, "no thankee," but 'e was most persistent, zo I 'ad anether, an id thee's rthere when I come agane, Geordie I'll 'ave anether .

Well, the week flied by, wi' one dau wi' Tony an' Mary, an' Eileen Martin ('e's the one wi' the proper Allen wind-cutter!) an' young Ronnie; and a day wi' Johnnie an' Joyce , an' Garfy an' Trevor, an' O don't b'leeve th' taypots was ever cold all the time I was up there! An' what I ait up there, and br'ot back wi' me wou'd vull a cart, wi' th' tail board up!

T'was nice o' Mr John Flynn to come te zee me an' axe me te come up te the Padstow Ol' Cornwall. But I shou'd think they pickshers Tony shawed us would be more fun than me!

I reckon I might be axed up vur Jill an' Nick's weddin'. Anyway, there's no 'arm in 'opin'. An avore I vurget , thanks te the ones who've wrote te me, an' I dearly like te get letters!

Wish'ee wellvur th' time,

Yours sinceer,

BETSY PENGELLY

To the best of my ability I have reproduced the story just as per the newspaper cutting received.

The article in itself is a useful exercise for those interested in comparisons as it will be noted how the eastern end of the county the dialect is so akin to that of Devonshire, with its use of 'z's', 'v's', and the lack of rolling 'r's'. Enjoy PP.

The story in the form of a newspaper cutting was enclosed with a list of dialect words and a brief explanation of Baulking, received from a Mrs P.A. Flamank of Crantock, to whom I am most grateful.