

The famous Cornish  
 pasty! How the miners  
 loved one in their  
 crib-bag and even today  
 there is a right and a  
 wrong way of preparing  
 them. It's a real  
 conversation-starter  
 in Moonta.



## THE CORNISH PASTY

Come on in deary — how can I help 'ee?  
 You want for to know how to make a true pasty?  
 Well, sit 'ee right down — take the weight off your pins,  
 While I rattle me brains afore I begins.

Have 'ee paper-n-pencil? Some minutes to spare?  
 Well, settle yourself in my old rocking-chair.  
 There's not much to remember — so not much to write.  
 But ee do have to get the ingredients right.

Take a lump of skirt steak and chop 'un real fine.  
 (The finer the better is how I chop mine.)  
 Slice taters, n' onions, n' turnips — some parsley —  
 Mix it all in a bowl — that's the start of your pasty.

Now . . . whip up some pasty — a short crust is best,  
 And roll 'un our thin as your Grandfather's vest.  
 Cut a circle the size of a large china plate  
 And over a half, spoon some filling . . . now wait!

With a brush and some water just dampen it slightly,  
 Fold over the pasty and press to close tightly.  
 Fold left or fold right? Now, that is the question.  
 Well, do as 'ee think, is my honest suggestion.

Artistically crimp it, the join for to fix.  
 Then cook 'un real slow for the flavours to mix.  
 The crust must be baked to a deep golden brown —  
 With no hint of burning a'top or a down.

A delicious aroma will rise to your nose,  
 Your mouth will start drooling — your appetite grows.  
 Now — open the oven, remove from the heat —  
 And there is your pasty — a real miner's treat.

The purchase of a new hat was an exciting occasion and much  
 thought was given before handing over the hard-earned money  
 for a band-box with the treasure inside.



## POLLY'S HAT SHOP

I have come to visit Polly,  
 Who is always very jolly,  
 And I'm going to buy a bonnet that is not too prim.

I would love to buy that bonnet  
 With the velvet rose upon it.  
 Or . . . I'd love to buy the bonnet with the jet hat-pin.

I hanker for a bonnet  
 With a spread of feathers on it  
 And some neatly pleated satin on the under-brim.

Oh! Look at that dear bonnet  
 With the swathe of net upon it  
 And the long wide ribbons tied beneath the chin.

I can see a gorgeous bonnet  
 Made with braided beads upon it,  
 But to wear such gaudy colours would be judged a sin.

Soooo, that dove-grey grosgrain bonnet  
 With the pretty ruching on it,  
 And the cording curled together in a simple bow —

That is just the very bonnet.  
 Will you kindly let me don it?  
 Ah! That's just the one I wanted for the Moonta Show.