

THE MERRY MAWKIN

**THE FRIENDS OF
NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**



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Front cover: Rhododendrons at Sheringham Park.

Back cover: Swan family at Glandford.

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Chairman's report



It's here! Welcome to the summer edition of *The Merry Mawkin*. You may notice it looks a little bit different, but it's still as full of news, memories and squit as ever.

We've had a few changes behind the scenes since the last *Merry Mawkin* was published. Ashley Gray, who has done a wonderful job designing and editing *The Merry Mawkin* for nine years has decided to step down from this role and also his role of webmaster. My grateful thanks go to him for the many hours of hard work he put in to help FOND and for creating the professional look of the magazine and website.

I'm sure you, as members of FOND, will echo me in saying that he really did produce something to be proud of. Ashley designed and edited a grand total of 34 *Merry Mawkins*. They made a great picture when I laid each one out to take a photograph of them to present to him. I did have to add one to make the picture look complete — can you spot it? Without even realising I doubled up on Wymondham Abbey; most appropriate with Ashley being a Wymondham boy! Ashley was also presented with life membership of FOND, some Norfolk punch and a *fond memories* clematis. We all wish him well for the future and we hope to still see you at FOND dewes.

Despite the changes FOND continues and we look forward to the future. I am very grateful to those who have stepped in and helped over the past few months, and to fellow committee

members. This summer's *Merry Mawkin* was kindly put together by Bob Farndon. Management of the website continues with the help of Eric Stone and Facebook hits are picking up again with the help of Angela Collins, but more help is always welcomed.

We had a successful Dew in Cromer and I hope to continue to build links between FOND and Norfolk folk music and dance enthusiasts. Our next Dew is at Wroxham Church Rooms on September 4th and there are also various events happening around the county where FOND is being represented. It's always good to see you whether it's at an event or just meeting you out and about, which I seem to be doing quite often lately!

I hope you enjoy this edition of *The Merry Mawkin*. Please continue to contribute all those articles which make our magazine such a pleasure to read.

PS. My mother she say "Time that go that fast she can't keep up with it, afore long that'll be Christmas agin!"



The 34 editions of *The Merry Mawkin* Ashley produced.



THE MERRY MAWKIN

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Friends of Norfolk Dialect

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

I/We wish to join Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND) and enclose the membership fee of:
£7 Single member; £12 Family membership; £20 Educational establishment; £50 Commercial
company (delete as necessary)

PLEASE NOTE: these are UK prices only. For overseas prices, contact the membership secretary
in first instance (address below).

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms. Surname and initials
Address
. Postcode.
Telephone. Email.

Please send completed form (photocopies accepted) – together with a cheque made payable to
'FOND' – to Diana Rackham, 41 Neville Road, Sutton NR12 9RP Tel: 01692 584809.



The Smella Wet Sand

SHARON INGLE

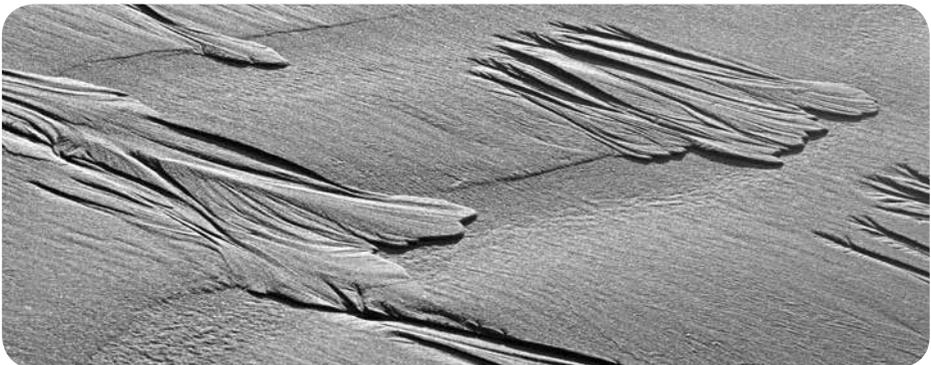
Onna walk up the ci'ee, I past some builders who wooze mixin' up a loada wet sand – the smell instantly brought ter mind the beach at Hemsby, mixing sand wi' sea water transported in my blue an' white plastic bucket ter make sand castles, which oud be topped wi' a pearper flag a England, Wales, Scotland, or a Union Jack. My Dad oud tell me he'd jist found a thrippenny bit in the sand knowin' he ount git a peep out on me as I spent the next two hour searching fer coins. Once he could tell I was getting fed up he oud sneak a coin into the sand and my joy was real as I found my thrippenny joe.



The smella the wet sand also brought back memrees a doin' the the long jump at school. The long jump wooz my fearvrit out on the field an' track events (though I still ount good). I uster concentrate sa hard on not puttin' my foot over the line that I might as well not had a run up, I seemed ter spend mosta my time diggun myself outta the sand pit, which I spooz is why the smell took me back ter them dearz. Ire probably still gart sand up me nostrils from jumpin' into the pit, Ire never bin known for grace or elegance and a sorft landun was unheard on.

I still like walkin' fer miles on the beach, finding stones wi' holes in or bitsa driftwood or shells. Dornt need no money ter enjoy the beach; my partner wrote 'Love Letters' in the wet sand when we fust gart tergetha. Straight from the heart, cue bad singin', laughin' an' another lovely day at the seaside.

The smella wet sand...





My Grandad

ANN REEVE.

The best part of some time ago Malcolm Anderson wrote a piece about Stubbs Green at Shotesham. Well, blast me if that int a rummen but I opened the Mawkin and there was a picture of that little old cottage on Stubbs Green at Shotesham where my mum was born. That was in 1915 so I reckon Nanny and Grandad must have lived there just before Mr and Mrs Anderson moved in. Of course, at that time Grandad was away fighting in Northern France. He was on the horses and his horse was shot and killed whilst he was riding it. That couldn't have been very nice.

Nanny and Grandad stayed in Shotesham for the rest of their lives and Mum lived her whole life there.



Grandad Arthur Warr worked with the horses on Mr Lovewell's farm and in the mid 1940's he delivered the milk round the village. I imagine that that would have been for Mr Lovewell. He had some dairy cows. I can remember Grandad coming along the back of The Row, where we lived, with the churn and his pint and gill measures. In all weathers, outside each door, he would carefully measure the milk into the waiting white enamelled milk can or jug and then add an extra splash to make up for spillage.

But not too much!

My Uncle Fred worked for Mr Lovewell as well.

In the late 1940's, suffering badly from asthma, he gave up farm work and became a shoe repairer. So Shotesham then had two shoe repairers....Mr Warr

and Mr Whurr. You couldn't make it up could you? As a small child I would stand in the bottom drawer of the workbench and watch as he nailed, stitched and stuck all sorts of soles and heels on shoes and boots. Anyone remember hobnails, Segs, Philips Stick on Soles, Heelball? I went to school in Norwich and on my way home I often had to pick up sheets of leather and supplies from a shop in Magdalen Street or one in Charing Cross. He also used to repair the harness and reline the collars of the working horses. Again, that would mostly have been for Mr Lovewell.

Grandad was a great craftsman and made me a fully furnished dolls house complete with electric light powered by a battery under the stairs. At a time when many houses still had no electricity I was the envy of all the kids in Shotesham. Well, the girls anyway.

He kept his nails in a small pewter dish the side of which he melted one day when using his blowtorch. I found its partner when clearing my mother's shed just a few years ago and have lately discovered that I am now the proud owner of a pair of 1820 pewter salts. One damaged.

Grandad died in 1958 and was much missed. Not least by Shotesham FC whose players would come every week for replacement of leather bootstuds which had been lost during the previous game. And yes, we found a bag of leather bootstuds in mums shed.

I very much enjoyed Malcolm's reminiscences [and look forward to more] of Stubb's Green, a beautiful little area. I have fond memories of primroses, kingcups, watercress, bee orchids, wild roses, violets, of Mr and Mrs Black, the greengage tree in their garden [lovely jam] and Mr and Mrs Herrell and their family who lived in the old cottage in the early 1950's but then emigrated to Australia.

Malcolm, who was the man who caught moles and hung the little bodies like a fringe on the wire fence near the stile

It was to Mr Lovewell's farm that the late, lamented Colin Riches, a friend of Mr Lovewell's sons Ivan and David, used to come to stay in the school holidays. David and Colin both went into the ministry. David went to spread the gospel in Canada but Colin stayed local. I like to think that it was my Grandad and Uncle Fred who may have taught him the dialect.

For a village with such a small population Shotesham had a host of "characters". I'm sure other villages did as well. Let's hear about some more Grandads.



Spring has sprung (or has ut?)

SHARON INGLE

Hope your orl right tergetha, thass spooz ter be spring so needless ter say, Ire gart long johns and a hooge fleece jacket on. Wear still lighting a coal fire each night ter keep cosy an' Ire bin a-pelted wi' hail a foo times this last week. Ire binna startin' seeds orf in trays but thass a jarb ter keepum orl sheltered. I reckon we'll hatta change the calender afore long as that wooz rarely mild last December an' now thass like December in April (nearly May!). Nevva mind puttin' the clarks back an hour, we need ter put the months back by about three so that things seem more seasonal. No good lookin' in the sharps fer a clue, thass Christmas in retail ten month a the year.

Still, the seasons come round again eventually. Thass a bit like fashions, keep them ow bell bottoms long enough an' they'll be back in fashion. Anything go now, mini-skut, grandad shut, kipper tie, platform shoes – whatever you can think on, someone somewhere will be wearing on ut. On my larst sharpening expedition, I went inta a sharp ter see a rail a crochet westcotes, dresses an' tarps. That took me back, in the 70s I had a crochet patchwork westcote, I loved that I did. My nanny crocheted me a yella hat wi' a peak so I wooz rarely trendy. Suffen what have come back anorl is vinyl. Records ter you an' me. I dint know they'd bin away. Course I hed cassette tearps an' CDs but then that orl fast forwarded too quick an' everything wooz mp3 an' downloadin' moozic ont a smartphones. I give up tryin' ter keep up, I put the radio on now when I want moozic. That is good about vinyl bein' appreciated agin though, an' ter see record players back on searl.

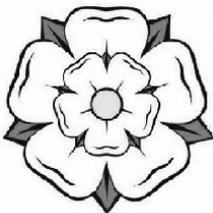
When I fust started wuk, the fust thing I whattered wooz a record player. Arter six month, I had saved enough ter buy one fer my room. The record player wooz a 'Fidelity' an' that come from the Co-op. That corst me moren two weeks wearges but that wooz wuthut. I bought a foo albuns an' played them over and over. Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits wore sa thin I thought I wooz gorta be able ter see thruert.

A foo year learta, the record player wooz replerced by a radio/cassette player; I give the record player ter my Nan and she used it reglar fer many

year, playing her fearwrite alburn by Ken Dodd. So I gart my moneys wuth from my fust 'big ticket' purchase. I int hud on retail therapy then, but I felt satisfaction in countin' out my money in the Co-op, knowin' that I'd earned on it myself.

Thass another thing, cash is gittin' ter be a thinga the parst, nearly everyone pay by card now. When we larst paid by cash, that held everything up as the checkout operator had already pressed the button to accept a card payment. Cards are convenient an' that do save havin' ter carry big sumsa lolly around but using cash keep your rithmetic brain a-gorn ter meark sure yeur gart enough an' ter see they dornt diddle ya givin' change.

Well the May Day bank holdee has bin an' gone an' tha' have now warmed up a bit. I had an icecream wi' a charclit flairk so tha' must be gittin' there. The bluebells are out an' I dornt think tha' cow parsley will be far behind. I had a crunchy salad fer lunch yistdee, that wooz nice ter have a chernge from orl them hearty cassrolls. I hope yew orl git a bitta sunshine on your fearce this summa an' dew yew mind how yew go.



NATIONAL DIALECT FESTIVAL 2016
YORKSHIRE
A CELEBRATION OF BRITISH
REGIONAL DIALECTS
Friday 21st to Sunday 23rd October 2016

The National Dialect Festival is an annual get together of dialect speakers and supporters from across England to celebrate, promote and enjoy regional ways of speaking. You can find out more at <http://www.dialectfestival.co.uk/> or contact me and I'll fill you in. I'm hoping to go this year and if anybody wants to join me you'd be more than welcome.

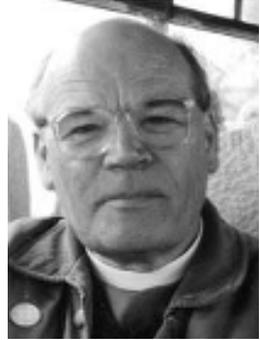
Diana



Ha you bin leartly?

CANON PETER NICHOLSON

Ha you hed yer hair done leartly? I're just hed moine done! Moi barber, he say: " I don't charge you for cuttin' it — I charge you fer findin' it" So thet tell you how much hair I're got or hen't got, don't it? Not a lot now, bor! They allus reckon baldness go in famlys. I reckon thass roit cause my father and grandfather wore booth bald but that dint matter cause they booth wore caps! Moi sister reckon she go ter har hairdresser ivery fortnight. Can't think what they do ter har that often..



Some on yer who live near Stalham might remember Mr Atkins and his barber shop. They shaved people in them days an all. He had an assistant called Charlie and all they talked about in there all the toime wuz about how Norwich City or the Speedway were a doin'. Oi hatter sip in a high chair so they could reach me. When they took orf that old cloarth some a the hairs went down moi shirt and din't half tickle.

Howsomever, you hatter go out through Mrs Atkins' sweet shop so moi father say: "If yewer good and set still while theyer a doin yer hair Oi'll buy you some gobstoppers when we go out." I reckon they wore a sight more dangerous than a going ter have yer hair cut. Swallow one a them and that would be it. That wuz bad enough having yer tongue all colours a the rainbow arter eating on 'em. Can't git 'em nowadays, can yer? Might hev some in Stalham though. Old stock, maybe?

When Oi started work Oi useter hev moi hair done in Norwich at one a them posh plearces in The Walk. They hed foive barbers in there. Some on em were a gittin on a bit an all. Customers used to suggest slogans to go over the foive plearces. "Absence mearkes the hair grow longer" wuz one on em. And, learter on they hed: "By appointment ter the crowned heads of Europe" Lot a squit, won't it? Howsomeever that got people a talkin. Cause, some on em won't talk cause they were a reading the "Eastern Daily" and din't loike ter be disturbed. Sometimes they missed their place in the queue cause they din't hear the man say: "Next please" They wore holly savage when they found out someone had got in afore them but that wuz their own fault, wun't it? Sarve'em roit, I say. Hatter keep yer ears open when you go

ter the barbers. That wuz nice a goin' up Norwich. Do you remember what that wuz loike during the war? All them there big shops what got barned down in the middle the city. Lucky the cathedral wuz searved by them there firewatchers. The flames were so bright one night we could read a newspearper in Catfield and thass sixteen mile away. Yarmouth hed a bad toime an all. Thowl charch went and Lacons Brewery an all. Rum ole do thet wuz. I can remember that as though that wuz yisterday. Thing wuz...we all kep a going. "Business as usual" they useter say, din't they. We were proud of England them days, wun't we? Dint let narthim git us down. Well, Oi forgot Oi wuz a talking about the barber. That coarst ten pound ter hev a haircut nowadays and with me thet only tearke about foive minutes. Shall hatter git some a that stuff what they reckon will grow more hair. Trouble is that cost around fifty pound a bottle so they say. Carn't win, can yer? Night yer go!



Dialect Talks

ANN REEVE.

A while ago Ted Peachment said at a committee meeting that we could do with more people to do talks to groups and spread the (dialect) word. Being a bit spontaneous I said that I would help out.

I've now done two talks. One was for a group in Norwich and more recently I went to High Kelling in fear and trepidation as originally they had booked the venerable Ted himself. Best part was that with around 70 people there I should think around 60 of them did not originate from Norfolk. It was like trying to teach Ancient Greek, which, needless to say, I don't speak, but they were lovely people who entered into the spirit and we had a good old laugh. A very enjoyable evening. I've got three more talks in the pipeline.

Anyone else fancy doing something like this? You get to travel and meet new interesting people. If so, get in touch with Diana or myself.

PS. Does anyone know of a Norfolk Dialect pre-dinner Grace? Or would anyone like to write one? I've only got Rev. Colin Riches' Lord's Prayer.





Gorn on hollydy?

MALCOLM ANDERSON

Hev yew ever wondered where you might finish up if yew went floatun Horf in the sea?

Oi had dreams abewt gitten warshed up on some trarpacul island like Robinson Crusoe or gitten frozen intera blocka ice up near the arctic. More likely Oid finish up on the shingle as Blakeney Point.

Well in April 1952 Oi put moi name an address in a bartle an hulled ut into the sea as Salthouse wundrun if it moyt foynd its way ta New Zealun. Four months later Oi got a pooscard from a young boy called Peter Meesenburg, son of a Schleswig farmer, who had found it on the shore of Pellworm Island in north Jammuny. That bartle post wuz nearly as fast as summa the hollydy pooscards Oi send nowadays!



Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. Who was Norwich City's manager immediately after World War two?
2. Where was surgeon James Paget born?
3. Who was elected to Norwich City council in 1935 as the youngest in Britain?
4. Which famous motor racing driver is buried in Blakeney church yard?
5. Which member of the pop group Queen was born in Kings Lynn?
6. When did Hunstanton' Princess Theatre open?
7. In Norfolk dialect what is "a Barney"
8. In which event does Dereham athlete Chris Baker compete?
9. Which goddess is on top of Swaffham Market Cross?
10. What is a "Bottle bump"



James Paget (Question 2)

How did you do? Find out on page 26.



THE CROMER DEW

Nor' Folk on the pier – another good Dew!

It was with great pleasure that FOND were able to host one of the fringe events in the *Folk on the Pier* festival at Cromer on Sunday 8th May 2016. The ballroom in the Cliftonville Hotel, on the seafront, where our event was held, was well attended, resulting in an enjoyable afternoon for all present, whether performing or just listening.

The session, just after midday, was an informal opportunity for people to come to perform something with a Norfolk connection. Keith Skipper kindly came and started off the event by launching the Trosher competition (see elsewhere in *The Merry Mawkin*). There were Norfolk songs, tunes, poems, readings and squit, from approximately fifteen people in the audience.

Highlights included some Singing Postman songs, a Boy John Letter, John Kett poems, songs originally performed by Norfolk folk singer Harry Cox and musical tunes with a Norfolk theme. We even had a small troop of jig dolls dancing at every opportunity. We were pleased to hear the song *Ann Boleyn and the Burglar*, from the *Ballads of Blickling Hall*, written by Gareth Calway and put to music by Anto Morra. This was beautifully sung by Anto, of London/Irish descent and his Norfolk born wife Julie.



Jig dolls performed at the Dew tew.

In between performances the audience were also quizzed on their knowledge of Norfolk dialect words.

Our event was followed by the Richard Davies memorial session where we were treated to more performances including tunes from *Hushwing* and Norfolk step dancing demonstrations by Fiona Davies and Chris Gill.

I am very grateful to all who came and supported us and to those who took part with such enthusiasm. I would particularly like to thank all the FOND faithfuls for turning up to and joining in with all the events we organize, it's your support that helps keep us going. Thanks also go to the *Cromer Folk on the Pier* organisers for letting us be part of this great weekend in Cromer. Looking forward to being involved again next year!



The Cromer Dew



Above: Anto Morra and wife Julie performing *The Ballard of Anne Boleyn*. Below: The Baneses.



The Cromer Dew



Above: Bob, Lyn and Stanley.

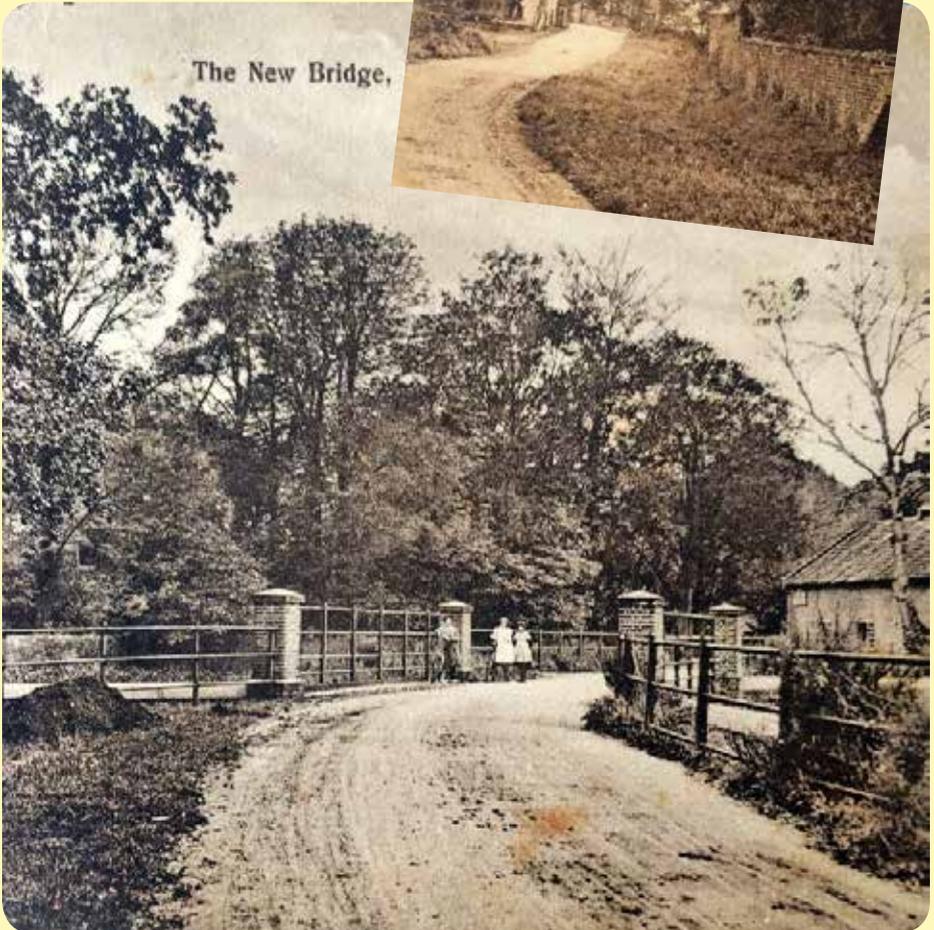
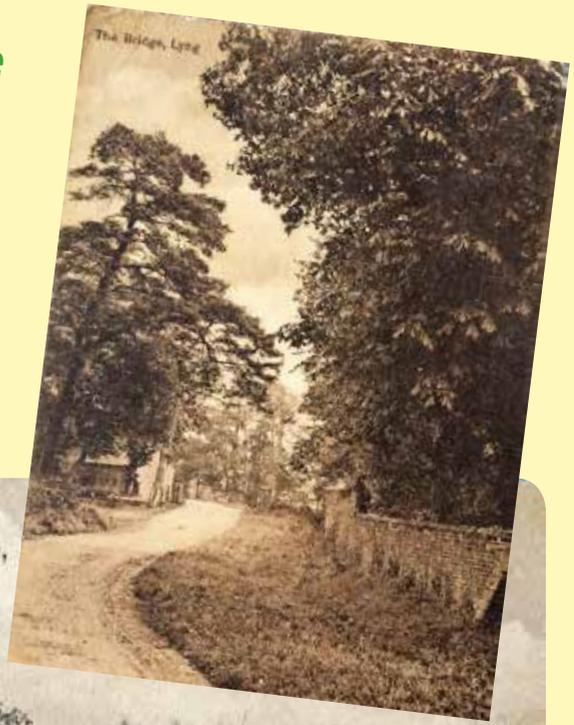
Below: Muriel Blowers performing in the ballroom.





The Bridge at Lyng

These pictures were sent in by Sylvia Kennedy (nee Everett). She has had them since the early 1940s. Do they prompt any memories?





Wordsearch: Taverham

BRENDA BIZZELL

TAVERHAM features in this wordsearch puzzle from Brenda — can you find all the places? You'll find the solution on page 21.

B	H	S	Y	L	D	H	I	B	N	N	E	P	H	F
E	I	K	O	O	R	B	S	R	E	G	D	A	B	R
G	N	N	B	N	Y	S	B	O	G	W	R	Y	A	E
N	K	A	Y	G	D	E	E	N	A	S	R	Y	L	S
O	S	B	M	O	E	T	T	A	N	O	X	A	D	H
L	U	D	D	C	N	O	S	M	N	I	B	S	R	W
R	J	R	H	P	M	N	R	R	E	U	C	E	I	A
U	C	A	S	S	R	O	O	M	R	A	T	T	C	T
F	A	H	P	G	J	E	A	N	S	D	H	U	A	E
R	T	C	M	O	D	H	U	E	S	Y	U	S	M	R
E	O	R	A	I	N	M	Y	E	C	A	L	S	P	D
B	R	O	C	E	N	D	O	W	M	S	N	E	W	F
A	F	H	K	S	I	D	H	N	E	N	O	R	W	I
N	B	A	S	D	L	E	I	F	T	A	E	H	W	Y
S	F	C	E	I	O	R	I	V	E	R	D	E	N	E

Badgers Brook
Baldric
Beech
Binyon
Byron
Camp
Cator
Dryden
Fakenham
Freshwater

Ganners
Hinks
Isbets
Laburnum
Lacey
Long
Macks
Manor
Moors
Naber Furlong

Orchard Bank
Penn
Pond
Riverdene
Roedich
Rook
Seton
Tusser
Wheatfields
Withy



Tales from the Back Loke

CARRIE MOORE

When I was young, summer holidays lasted forever, you could still buy sweets for a half pence each down at the Mace store in Beeston Road and there was a five pence P.K chewing gum machine hanging on the wall outside what used to be the little Spar shop on the corner of The Avenue. Curtis Lane was still a rough road and great for skidding on your bicycle, and the bars at the top of the Back Loke were still intact and ideal for hoisting yourself up off the ground whenever the train came along. Anyone who didn't get their feet off the ground before the train went over the bridge on the Common was struck with a dangerous bout of the lurgy. That was, of course, unless you managed to get under the bridge as the train crossed over it. Standing under a thundering train won you a thimble full of respect, a small thrill, and a cure for your lurgy.

The Common and the Back Loke were the favourite play areas. The Common was our jungle, the Back Loke our stage. Flanked on the left side (as you walk down towards Priory Road) was the Beck and on the right side, the back gardens of the houses facing onto Priory Road. School was an inconvenience, of course, and when the three thirty bell rang out across Sheringham, scores of children would dash home and change into their play clothes. Armed with bicycles, marbles, home made bows and arrows, wooden go-karts and the likes, a good half dozen kids or more would descend upon the Back Loke and create mild havoc until the eight o'clock curfew. Imaginations with no horizons, energy with no limits, noise with no volume control... a veritable motley crew.

One of two back gates were always open, one of them being mine. Kids would run in and out all day, swapping toys and bikes, cadging ice-creams and in our case, swinging on the washing line. My poor mother suffered it all, day in and day out. She had a fearsome reputation. How many times she ran out to tell us to 'leave that washing line alone' is anybody's guess.

Oftentimes, we liked to clamber onto the roof of my father's shed and hurl insults at our current enemies. Occasionally, the neighbour's cooking apple tree provided useful ammunition when we rang out of those. Gang warfare, Back Loke style, was common, but always short-lived and essentially harmless. Such was our reputation, however, that certain passers-by took to walking along Weston Terrace rather than brave the hazardous journey down the Back Loke.

We paddled in the Beck, made dens in the shrubbery and dared each other to jump the Beck at its widest places. We scraped clay and soil from the Beck's walls to make pots, caught tadpoles winding their way down from the pond by

the Priory, and rode our bikes like fury down Weston Terrace to see who could make the longest skid mark. After a very near miss on one occasion, poor Margaret, the Co-op Street hairdresser, took to pipping her horn each time she drove along there.

Come evening time, tall spoilsport figures would emerge from the shadows, calling us home for the night. My curfew was anything between seven or half past eight, depending on the time of year and whether we had school the next day. My father would stand outside our gate in his slippers, throw back his head, and yell something. I suppose it might have been my but it was so distorted, I never was sure. Back we'd trudge, dragging our bicycles and go-karts along with us, offering well designed proposals, tempting promises of good behaviour, and our souls to the devil – anything that might win us another half of play. It rarely worked, and only, I suspect, because it suited our parents. Bath and bed were the order of the evening, except with It's a Knockout was on, and that was our treat for the week.

Well, that was in the late seventies, early eighties, when Shakin' Stevens was worrying about his ole house, Star Wars was the hottest thing on the big screen and Lady Diana was about to become a princess. Pixie Boots and mismatched fluorescent socks were trendy and flares and A-line skirts more definitely were not. Electronic games were beginning creep in and computers lurked just around the corner. To me it represents a taste of euphoria, the last care-free era before the late eighties and the nineties seemed to bring much closer to home the seriousness of life.

Well, those are just a few of my memories. I'm twenty five now and all grown up, supposedly. When I come home and walk down the Back Loke I'm struck



by the silence of the place. The Beck keeps on running, but the garden gates are shut now. The stepping stones are gone and the shrubbery has become tamer. There are no bikes strewn across the Loke, no skid marks in Weston Terrace, and no children playing. The passers-by divert their journey no more, and the tadpoles and the neighbours live in peace. Oh, and Margaret no longer beeps her horn.

(We all enjoyed Carrie's reminiscence written in 1997 when it was read by her father David Moore [left] at the Cromer Dew, so we thought we would share it with you in The Merry Mawkin.)



Fewd, Glorious fewd (with apologies to Lionel Bart)

THE BOY COLIN

Oi wuzza thinking t'other evenin' bout what ter wroite about next. That wuz whoile Oi wuz hevvin' moi dinner and thare it wuz a'starin' me in the fearce! Fewd, glorious fewd. Now Oi dorn't want yew ter run away with th'idea that Oi'm a glutton but Oi dew hatta say Oi loike my grub. Oi'spect yar orl got fearvrit things yew loike to eat. Some folks ken live orfa northing but fish an' chips. Oi get rationed when that come ter cod an' chips corse the Gal June she say she're gotta keep an eye open as ter what Oi eat.



Breakfast is wholly heathly eatin' fer us. Cereal, prunes, yoghurts, bananas and porridge. Yew start yar dear orf with a good breakfast an' yew on't need too much fer lunch. Least thass what gal June say. Lunch is usually cold meart ad salad in the summer (if we ever hev one!) and some of har hoom med supe in the winter. Dinner toimes bring on the chicken an' pasta. Sometoimes Oi get ter feel loike an Italian arter eatin' orl that pasta so watch Oi dorn't come and nip yar bums, gals.

I're gotta own up ter kickin' over the trearces a bit when we go on harlday. Them "full English" breakfasts draw me loike a magnet. Goo yew steady, say the Gal June, yew keep a' cuttin' them eggs and barecon in tew yar an' they ent doin' yew no good. Oi tell har we ent on harlday evra week and suffin' of what yer fancy dew yew good no an' agin. She reckon Oi orter eat fish corse they reckon thass good fer ya. She know what Oi'm gorn ter say. I tell har Oi stopped eatin' fish when Oi started getting' slits behind my lugs. She reckon that joke is that old thass got whiska onnit. Friday noight is treat noight an Oi'm allowed a bit of stark poi wi' pletty o'veg and noice beef grearvy.

Oi reckon you carn't beat a good ow dish o' chilli 'specially when thass cold – the weather Oi mean – not the chilli or a chicken marsala (gotta hev a noice bare with that!). Now Oi'll tell yew suffin'. Orl this tork 'bout fewd hev med me slarver an' Oi hent long hed moi breakfast. Don't spuz thare's any chance Oi'll get a biscuit or hot cross bun wi' moi coffee is thare?

Hare yew goo tergether.



Livvun with Granfar George

MALCOLM ANDERSON

If yur red about moi granfar George afor yurl remember that as a verra young boy oi lived with him an moi granma at Shotsum durn tha early part a the war woile moi far was in tharmee. That was a rummun ow toime fa moi ma an moi far, but oi hev clear an valued memries corse that was threw moi granfar oi gained a deep an abidun luvva the Norfuk cuntrasoid.

He was born of a farm labourer at Saxlinnum an worked on farms hissself afor sarvin as a private in the Norfuk Regiment in India. When he left tharmee he worked as doorman at the Royal Hotel in Norridge afor moovun back to the cuntrasoid.

Woile he was arewnd the house, the garden, the fields an the woods oi was his constant companion an he would involve me in everything he did. He was moi daily guardian, mentor an hero. He showed me his rabbit snares in the hedges, his mole traps, told me about the woild flowers, gathered blackbries an big mushrooms, an usin a table spoon tied to the end of a very long cane showed me how ta gatha moorhen's eggs from nests in reeds around the pond. In the orchard oi helped him gather apples, pears, plums, gages and damsons an in the Great Wood we saw owls and skwurls, gathered woild strawbries and dragged home logs an branches for the kitchen fire. By the woodshed oi 'helped' him by holdun one end a his big ow cross-cut saw (halth an searfyt hent bin invented in them days!).

Oi took few a moi toys to Shutsum but granfar mad me a set a junior gardnun tools an a rather special contrapshun. He found an old pram wheel on the village tip an threw tha hub bent one end of a length a very heavy wire. Thother end was bent into a handle. This was one a the best toys oi ever had, in moi maginairshun became every sort a veercul an was 'driven' wherever oi went.

In them days afor comboine harvesters he was busy on the farms an used Ia gret ow soithe sharpend with a whetstone ta cut the broad strip around each field ta make way for the mechanical reaper. Oi would follow him ta the harvest fields, share his bottle a cold tea an cheese sanwidges an be ready with moi stick with all thother men an boys ta chase tha rabbits when they run for cover as the reaper reached the last square a corn in the middle of the field. Needless ta say oi was never fast enough ta ketch one. Leading the gret hosses was another job for grandfar an oi sometimes found moiseif lifted on



ta the back a one a them gentle elephant-sized anamals, or riding in the dusty, creaking wooden carts.

Indoors he would relax in his chair in the kitchen puffun away on one a his poipes from the rack at the fireside. Tha bacca had made him very chesty over tha years an he would offen be racked by a coff an would spit lustily into the fire much ta the disgust a granma who would shout “Yew datty ow b. . .r, stop yew a durn that in front a tha boy”, to which he would reply “Shut yew up Mother Bumps” larfun as he did so. Sometimes he would tease me an chide me for sumthun oid done. Once when oi was unhappy about somethun heed dun or sed ta me oi called him a “Dirty ow budda”, which obviously brort the house down corse it was the first toim in moi young life oid ever used bad langwidge!

Oi wunt be surprised if many other members a FOND a got happy memries of a good ow Norfuk boy like my granfar George.

Submitted by Malcolm Anderson; memories of his grandfather George Tyrell.



Festival celebrates Norfolk singer

BRIAN GAUDET

A three-day folk festival to celebrate Norfolk dialect singer and musician Harry Cox is to be held this August.

Harry Fest 2016 will open with a concert at The Atrium, North Walsham, on Friday August 12 but all Saturday and Sunday events will be in Catfield where he lived most of his married life.

The weekend will include national and local folk artistes in concert at Catfield village hall and parish church, a traditional music session at village's Crown pub, singarounds, talks and traditional Norfolk jig dolls.

Highlights will include a Saturday concert of The Victorian Farmer's Year in Song and a Sunday gathering of dancing jig dolls including Harry's own doll which featured in the 1964 BBC TV documentary *The Singer and the Song*, also to be shown.

Stalham woodturner Barry Mobbs will speak on the history of jig dolls and give tips on making them.

Some events are ticket-only and some are free. Day tickets will also be available. For full festival details contact

brian.gaudet@btinternet.com

Harry not only had a repertoire of more than 140 songs but is considered to be an exceptional singer and noted fiddler, melodeon and tin whistle player.

Born at Pennygate, Barton Turf, on 27 March 1885, Harry Fred Cox was one of 13 children – nine of whom survived – and endured a hard upbringing.

He first learnt songs from his grandfather Robert and father Bob and followed them after leaving school to become as a farmworker – especially enjoying work as a cattle herdsman.

Robert and Bob were both noted pub singers and Bob increased his range of songs working as a herring fisherman and as a Norfolk wherryman.

Harry made his public singing debut, aged 11, in The Union Tavern, Smallburgh, with his dad. His mum, Sarah, from Smallburgh was also a music fan and her son learnt from her large collection of broadsides.

Harry, then 36, was “discovered” singing in 1921, with others at The Windmill pub at Sutton, by classical composer Ernest John (Jack) Moeran, son of the Rector of Bacton, Norfolk, who was also a folk music fan.

Songs from Harry and others from The Windmill and Catherine Wheel pubs in Sutton were published by Moeran who in 1934 helped persuade the English Folk Dance and Song Society to let Harry record a 78rpm disc. The record, of *The Pretty Ploughboy* and *The Bold Fisherman*, was then sold by the EFDSS in London and at Wilmott's Music Shop, Norwich.

By this time Harry had married dressmaker Elsie May Amis in 1927. Harry bought three farm cottages, joined together, in Catfield. He renovated two as *Sunnyside* and kept the third untouched

as his “woodshed” with a chair, clock and wood stove inside. It was where most of his later recordings were made.

Harry and Elsie lived at Sunnyside all their married life and he would often sit on the bank outside the cottage playing his melodeon and smoking his home-carved pipe.

The couple lost two sons in infancy but their daughter Myrtle, born in 1931, survived.

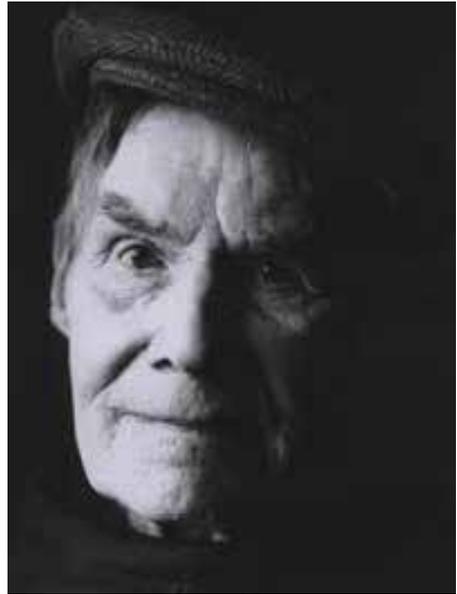
When his two songs were released on record Harry gained local fame and in 1936 he helped raise money for Horsey flood victims by singing in Ludham Village Hall. He also took a wind-up gramophone around pubs to play his disc.

In 1942 Harry appeared on the radio programme *Country Magazine* and in 1945 Moeran supervised a BBC broadcast of Harry and other local singers from The Windmill.

From then on Harry attracted attention from both sides of the Atlantic – helping to fuel the British and American folk revivals with his songs of country life, love, war and death, humour and Norfolk dialect.

In 1965 the EFDSS released the LP *Harry Cox – English Folk Singer* to mark his 80th birthday. It included gems including Barton Broad Ballad, Windy Old Weather, Adieu to Old England and The Foggy Dew.

Harry appeared at English folk clubs and festivals and in the early 1960s was filmed, with fisherman and singer Sam Larner of Winterton, for the BBC



Harry Cox – celebrated traditional Norfolk dialect folk singer.

documentary *The Singer and the Song*. Harry’s wife Elsie died in 1951, aged 59, and in 1969 Harry was awarded the EFDSS Gold Badge. By this time he was too ill to receive it and it was accepted on his behalf by his daughter Myrtle.

He died on 6 May 1971, aged 86. In accordance with his wishes he was buried in an unmarked grave at Potter Heigham – leaving a musical legacy set to endure for generations to come.

Many of Harry’s repertoire of 140 songs can be heard on the 2CD set *The Bonny Labouring Boy* (Topic label, 2001), and the CD *What Will Become of England* (Rounder, 2002).

In recent years Harry’s 1934 recordings, and other tracks have been included in the 25-CD *Voice of the People* series (Topic).



Chearnging Toimes

LIL LANDISMORE

Oi're put out the fire and rolled back the mat,
Oi're covered the fanicher and tarned out the cat,
The chimbley sweep is on his way
He's cumin 'T' sweep moi chimbley today,
But this is a memory of yesteryear,
As there int no fireplace so no soot to clear.

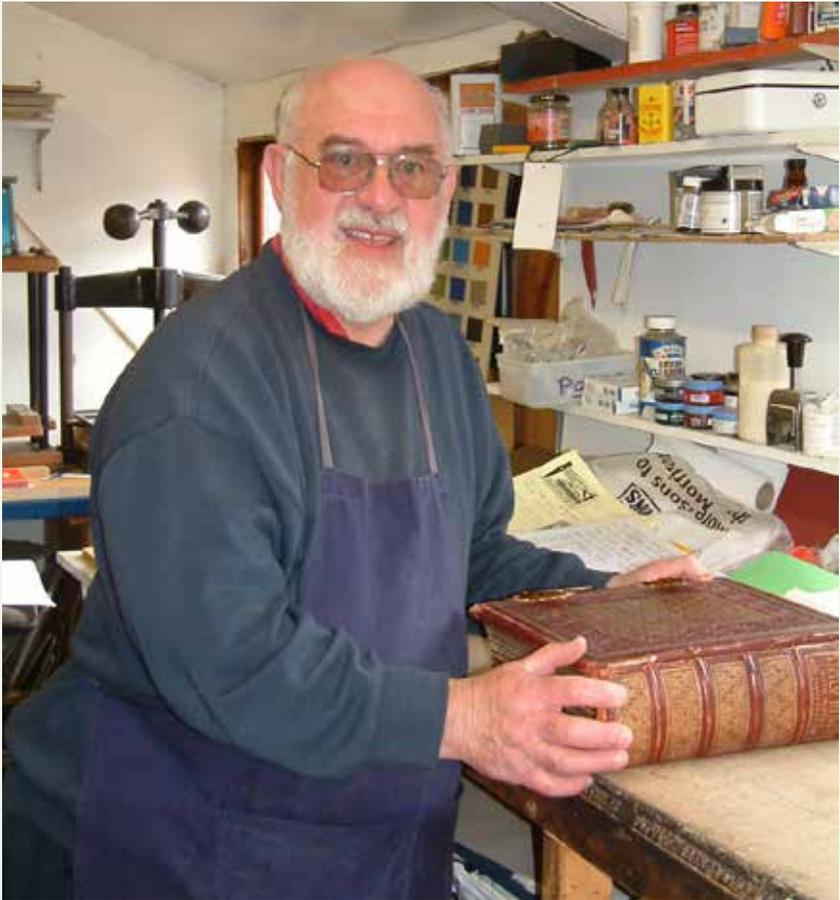
No longer kittles boilin' on the hobs,
No more fetchin', coal and logs,
No more ashes and cinders in the hearth,
No more Friday nights in the ole tin bath,
No more Monday wash day blues,
Gittin' the copper to boil with worn out shoes.

No more scrubbin' to get clothes clean,
Now thas orl dun in a washin' machine,
Oi could go on with no more this and no more that.
Todays ways are much easier and thass a fact,
Jest press a button or turn a knob,
We rely on electrics now for every job.

Yis Bor we're cum along way from them ole days,
But now things are progressin' in so many ways,
Sum of this technical stuff oi jest can't tearke in,
Oi git confused and don't know where to begin,
For it seems that things are chearngin' so fast
Oi'm findin' moiself lost twixt the new and the past.

Colin Boy's Quiz Answers

- | | | |
|-------------------|--|--------------|
| 1. Cyril Spiers | 5. Roger Taylor | 8. High jump |
| 2. Great Yarmouth | 6. 1932 (originally
Capitol Cinema) | 9. Ceres |
| 3. Arthur South | 7. A quarrel or argument | 10. Bittern |
| 4. Tim Birkin | | |



Literary Norfolk FOND Dew

Norfolk has inspired many an author and has a distinguished printing industry.
**We are hosting two talks to celebrate all that is Literary Norfolk
on September 4th 2016, 2pm at Wroxham Church Rooms**

Arthur Ransome in Norfolk and the Broads

by Robin Godber

***My Life in Bookbinding –
a light-hearted look at 50 years in the industry***

by Bev Woolner (*pictured above*)



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