



The Merry Mawkin

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CONTENTS

A mardle with the editor 2	A-man-dear? 13
Our chairman reports 3	Sex & the City of Nourridge . . 15
A Norfolk spring 4	Dick Squittington 18
From our president 5	www.norfolkdialect.com 20
Du diffrunt 6	Friends of Gressenhall 22
Norfolk – a poetic county 7	Horspittle horrors 23
Our own tongue 8	Let's be hearing from you! . . . 24
Boy Colin's Norfolk quiz 9	Quiz/wordsearch answers . . . 25
FOND events 2011 9	Song of Norfolk 26
The <i>sheep fhearing fong</i> 10	Norfolk dialect celebration . . 27
Wordsearch: Hunstanton 11	FOND officers 28
Larnin' u lesson 12	Membership form 28

On the Bure, Belaugh
EDITOR'S COLLECTION

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A mardle with the editor

ASHLEY GRAY

FOR SOME TIME NOW I've been collecting picture postcards. Whilst mainly of Sheringham (my home town) and district, on some occasions I have strayed from the well-trodden path over Beeston Bump enticed into virtual 'foreign parts' when something interesting caught my eye!

"That there one might come in hoolly useful for suffen'," I can hear myself muttering excitedly when an unusual subject appeared on 'Ebay' or, more recently, 'Ebid'.

Now, not wishing to confound my dear readers with gibberish, nor insult their intelligence, I must explain to those 'not in the know' that 'Ebay' and 'Ebid' are modern-day 'auction-houses' residing within the mysteries of the Internet! You makes your bid, takes your chance and, in my case, end up with a stack of postcards and a depleted bank balance, or so my 'friends' at PayPal tell me!

Our cover image bears witness to my deltiological urge to venture well off the beaten track with a charming postcard of a gentleman from the turn of last century (post-marked 'Cromer, 7 January 1908') rowing down (or is it up?) the Bure at Belaugh (*Bee-lō*) – or 'Beauleigh' as it says on the card! So much for pronunciation, I thought, how's that for an alternative spelling? So I bought it, eager to share it with you, and I was rather amused by the message on the reverse:

"Dear M; you might bring the fur if the price is not ruinous and if you think it will suit. It is wet here today...!"

I reck'n the Bure hatta be pretty wet – an' hoolly frooze, too, in Jan'ry – dun't yew, my ole paartners? And, wunt that a rummun – one o' them thare writers hevin' writ about *Bee-lō* in thare tearle for the Trosher competition – you'll find the prizewinning entries starting on page 12!

In the past six editions of *The Merry Mawkin*, we have 'evesdropped' upon the conversations of Tarm and Jimma in their local, as they discussed everything from 'the wather' to 'tearkin' raainwater outa the beer'. Sadly, we've now come to the end of the series.

With the departure of Tarm and Jimma from their favourite mardlin' hole we say "fare ye well" to them and "Hello, my bewty" to one of their contemporaries – Ida Fenn, whose column 'Our own tongue' first appeared in *The Norfolk Magazine* during the Festival Year of 1951.

Ida's granddaughter, Maggie Risby, has most kindly granted permission for 'Our own tongue' to be republished in the *Mawkin*, and has several scrapbooks of Ida's original scripts in her care. Maggie also had this to say about her late grandmother:

"Born in London in 1898, Ida was only a year old when her father, Walstan Goward, a brewers' labourer, died, resulting in Martha, her mother, moving back to Norfolk with her little daughter to live with her in-laws in Weston Longville.

"Martha then moved to Norwich and remarried (leaving Ida in the care of her grandparents), before she, with her new husband and family, emigrated to Canada.

"Ida became a pupil teacher at Weston Longville and Swannington, where she met, and eventually married, Harry Fenn. They had three children: Billy, Cis [Maggie's mother] and Audrey, and between the three of them there were eleven grandchildren!

"I spent much time with 'Nan' when she moved to Lyngate Farm, Hethersett, which she and Harry had bought intending to move there from Mill Farm, Winterton-on-Sea. Sadly, Harry died before they could make the move together, but Nan, however, did so and lived there until she had to move into a Lowestoft care home where she died in 1980.

"In her time, Ida was a prolific writer and had articles published in the Eastern Daily Press and the Yarmouth Mercury, as well as the East Anglian Magazine and the Norfolk Magazine."

So, thanks to Maggie Risby, I'm pleased to be able to share Ida Fenn's unique stories with you – with the first appearing on page 8 – and I think you'll enjoy them!

"Tearke care, tergether – spring ent far orf!"



Our chairman reports

NORMAN HART



WHAT A PANTOMIME! Our thanks go to Colin Burleigh, the cast and the audience (I won't mention the number in case we exceeded the limits!) for a most memorable panto of 'Dick Squittington and his ow dorg' at North Elmham in

January. It was such fun and is, without doubt, our most successful event of the year. Colin adapts Tony Clarke's scripts to keep them up to date and it was good to see Pat (his widow) present with friends and enjoying it. We are extremely grateful that she has given us permission to use Tony's scripts. This year, she has donated all the props and costumes, that Tony had collected, to FOND. We must also thank Ian Clarke for the superb coverage in the *Eastern Daily Press* and *Mercury* series. It is not often we make the front page of the *EDP*!

The Trosher Short Story competition attracted a few more entries than last year and I found myself drafted in as a 'marker' at the last minute – our thanks to Brenda Bizzell and Colin Burleigh, my fellow 'markers'. It was heartening to notice that the top three – all of whom attended the panto to read their stories or have it read for them – were written entirely in dialect. Well done to Anne Bloomfield (first prize), Clive Goldsmith (second) and Lynn Fountain (third).

We are in demand! In fact we decided at our recent committee meeting to keep a diary of events so that we do not overstretch ourselves or have clashes. Colin Burleigh and I are working with Freethorpe Primary School. On my recent visit the staff and children were most welcoming and I heard more 'Tewsdays' than Tuesday! However, they found different vocabulary more difficult. As I explained, if we didn't have a 'harnser' for a heron how would we know if we were talking about a fish or a bird! I am working

with the older children and Colin will be with the younger ones. No doubt many of them visited Colin in his pre-Christmas rôle at Jarrolds – where he does some relief work for Santa when the real one needs a break. Reepham Primary are the next school on the list.

We are already booked for events in Hoveton, Cromer, Dereham, Swaffham, Thorpe Hamlet, Hingham and Gressenhall. In addition, we are especially pleased to have been invited by the Friends of Gressenhall Museum to hold a joint 'Dew' at the museum. This will be in addition to our normal programme – see page 22.

Five of the committee spent a very busy day at the Forum in Norwich on 22 January as part of the 'Evolving English' – one language, many voices – project of the British Library. We had a constant stream of interest throughout the day.

The audio-visual in Fusion was excellent and included a recording made by Jean Eaglen, one of our team there during the day. We are always looking for people interested in making recordings of dialect and those who would wish to help with analysing them. Please contact Stewart Orr, our sound man – see back page for his contact details.

Peter Trudgill and I had a fascinating evening in December with the Norwich Blue Badge Guides, whose welcome and hospitality were excellent. They paid us the compliment of continuing to talk about local language over the buffet when more normally the conversations are social, or so we were told.

The syllabus for the Cromer Festival of Dialect Celebration has recently been published and may I encourage any reader to enter [*you'll find the details and an entry form on page 27 – Editor*]. The event will be held on 10 May and new voices would be most welcome. We have, in name, taken over responsibility for this event but, in fact, Derek Paul (the previous organizer) still does the vast majority of the work! Thank you, Derek.

I often think that FOND is rather like Norwich City; we have our 330+ members, while they

have 25,000 at 'home games'. They have many more people listening on Radio Norfolk, looking for the results on TV or in the paper (or on the Internet). There are many people who are interested in Norfolk dialect but are not members. So our members – and the supporters at Carrow Road – are just tips of icebergs! However, where

we differ is that Carrow Road is full, or almost so, but our membership is not. Do try to recruit interested people and/or tell us how we can be more open and welcoming. One person who is very interested in the Norfolk dialect recently suggested we are very amateurish and an unwelcoming clique. Are we? THE BOY HART



A Norfolk spring

SHARON INGLE

SPRING – THEM FAMILYER yella shearps wervin in the garden. Not the daffadils I dornt mean, the yella dustas hangin orf the line. A good ol' fye out, thass whass needed this toime a year. Git rid on all 'em corbwebs and accoomalashuns of stuff left over from winter.

Thass good ter git them thick ol' cuttans down and washed, and clean the windaz. Trubble is then I ken see the muck and fluff all over the sharp. Cat hair, glitter, dried out insects mingle wi' the odd Rice Krispie and the garden pea tha go' away. I hatta git in all them corners, do the skatting boards, and on tarp a the picktur rearls. I think wot a disgrears tha all is but I'm up aginst three cats, a muddy garden an a partner whass gorn bald. He shed more hair than them there three cats put together. Wear go' a coal fire an all – that soot and ash dornt help. Still, there the hart on a hoom int tha? A coal fire and cats I mean, not the associated debris.

Warmth return ter the land and the plants come back ter life (mostly). I arst my partner wot he think on when he think a spring. Unyuns, he say. No, I say, there must be suffin else. We need a noo mattress, he say, thass got springs in it. We did git a noo mattress, our old one was like Norah Batty's stockins. Thass spring for yer, that mearke yew want ter git on wi' stuff yeur bina putting orf.

The buds start a'singin agin in the mornings. Wear got several feeders in our garden and the feathered ones start a'kewin up as soon as they see me at the winda. I hatta go out in me dressing gown ter giv 'em their seed, I dornt git my brekfist till there got theirs. One of the buds'

water bowls was a casyulty a the frorst, tha wuz bust. Tha wuz just the right size fer a blackbud to have a bath in. I dint like ter think on him not beean able ter have a wash so I git a replacement. I hope the blackbud carnt read corz the bowl say DOG on it. Tha should say DOORG but tha wunt Meard in Norfolk. Anyhow, I'll be able ter watch the blackbud avin his ablooshuns agin.

The clarks go forward so that dornt git dark ser arly. Wear got Easter and Hot Crawse Buns ter look forward ter. They int one a penny, two a penny no more but I like 'em all the searme. The supermarkets sell 'em all year but we only git 'em on Good Friday from the local bearkery. Bitta real butter and thass elevenses sorted.

There's a Royal Weddun a look at this year an'all. Yew'll hatta travel a long way if yew wotta avoid seein tha one. Whatever yew got planned, enjoy the extended daylight and breathe deep that Norfolk air.

WEART FER IT!

Are yew tryner shift a bitta weart for the sunny weather? Hears a foo handy tips fer yer:

To liven up a green salad – just add chips.

If yew need a foo ounces a breadcrums fer a respee, git a man ter mearke a samwidge.

If yeur about ter buy a cearke, stop! Treat yerself ter a bunch a flowers instead (but dornt chook on the pollen).

And lastly: chew on a piece a straw, well yeur from Norfolk aren't yer, thass wot people expect!



From our president

PETER TRUDGILL



IT MAKES no real sense to talk about a language called ‘English’ until after the Germanic tribes, our ancestors, started arriving in Britain. Until their arrival, the whole of England (including Norfolk of course) had been Celtic-speaking

for many centuries. The Celtic language spoken in Britain at the time is generally called Brittonic or Brythonic by linguists, but it’s helpful to think of it as an early form of Welsh. Latin was also spoken here, having arrived with the first Roman colonists in AD 43, and Venta Icenorum – Caistor St Edmunds – would have been just one place where this would have been particularly true.

This coming of the Germanic people to Britain seems to have started during the 4th century AD, about 300 years after the arrival of the Romans. During the 300s AD, members of a number of western Germanic groupings – mainly Jutes, Angles, Saxons and Frisians – began crossing the North Sea to eastern England from the mainland coastal regions of what are now Danish Jutland, northwestern Germany, the Netherlands, and Belgium. But major permanent Germanic settlements in England didn’t begin to develop in any significant way until the middle of the 5th century.

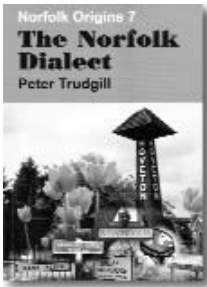
Exactly how this happened isn’t fully agreed upon, but one scenario is the one presented by John Morris in his controversial book *The Age of Arthur*. He paints a picture in which an independent Romano-Celtic Britain continued to maintain Roman civilisation for a number of decades after the withdrawal of Roman imperial government from the island in 410. Then threats from outside England, perhaps raids by the Picts from Scotland, led to the Celtic British inviting small groups of Germanic ‘Anglo-Saxons’ to assist in the defence of the nation, particularly the

east coast, probably in the late 420s.

By about 440, though, many more Anglo-Saxons had arrived, Morris claims, and they had become numerous enough to revolt against their British hosts. The British fought back, and by about 495 they had subdued the Anglo-Saxons, who then remained for the most part confined, as a majority population, to Norfolk, Kent and Sussex. There were by this time plenty of Anglo-Saxons elsewhere, but they were in a minority: ‘their small size made them harmless, necessarily subject allies of the British’ and ‘throughout Britain the English lived in very small communities’, all of them ‘surrounded by stronger British neighbours; some of them were doubtless ruled by British kings’.

A second Anglo-Saxon revolt against the British then began in the 570s, and this was eventually to lead to the Anglo-Saxon control of most of England, and the gradual domination of the Celtic population by the Germanic. The last British military victory over the English was in 655, perhaps in Wiltshire – this is where ‘King’ Arthur would have come into the picture.

The relevance of this story for us is that, if we want to establish where the homeland was for the birth of the English language, in the decades up to 570, it makes sense to suppose that English developed its distinctive linguistic characteristics first of all in the two main stronghold locations: Sussex and Kent; and Norfolk.



Norfolk Origins 7
The Norfolk Dialect
Peter Trudgill

THE NORFOLK DIALECT
by Peter Trudgill

Taking a look at the linguistic history of Norfolk.

ISBN: 0 946148 63 5
PRICE: £8.95

Available from most good bookshops or Poppyland Publishing, Cromer.



Du diffrunt

THE BOY COLIN



HAPPY NEW YARE ter orl onya, bit learte Oi know but Oi'm suffin' determined ter du diffrunt this yare. So you ent a'gorn ter git one o' moi ramblin' bits. Thowt Oi'd dew yew a bit a po'try. Oi'm gorn from bard ter verse.

Now, yew ken read this or sing it, dependin' on the mude yar in. Oi'd suggest if yew're gorn ter sing it, that yew dew it at breakfast toime and yew use one o' them thare tunes from *The Sound of Muesli* – OK, less goo!

MOI FEARVRIT THINGS

Slices of cold beef wi' pickled red cabbage,
Handwritten letters, a'fore Mr Babbage,
Sum o' them songs wot Elton John sings;
These are a few o' moi fearvrit things.
Queueing on Satdys ter get inter the pitchers,
Laurel and Hardy who had us in stitches,
A shillun', a shut-knife fer cuttin' up strings;
They wuz a few o' moi fearvrit things.
When the back earke, when the skull earke,
When Oi'm feelin' down,
I simply remember Hopalong Cassidy
And Johnny Mack Brown.

Slurpin' sum Bullards on Satdy noight,
Young mawther's stocking-tops jist hid outta soight,

Kenny Gray's funfair, roundabouts and swings;
They wuz a few o, moi fearvrit things.
Roast Norfolk tarkey and Mum's Christmas pud,
Cheer in' the City on down Carrer Rud,
Brennan and Crossan playin' out on the wings;
They wuz a few o' moi fearvrit things.
When the wind blew, when the rearn fell,
Like that ollus would,
Oi simply played sum o' Chris Barber's CDs
An' that med me feel – real good.

Chicken tikka masala and cod froid in batter,
Meetin' up wi' yar meartes fer a noice friendly natter,

A 'real' voice a'torkin' when the telephone rings;
These are a few o' moi fearvrit things.
Gorn on a haarldy a'longa tha missus,
And when Oi feel orf, har hugs an' har kisses,
But the werry noice warmth that tha memory brings;
Thass 'bout the best o' moi fearvrit things.
Loife is Fust Class wi' yar bus pass,
Oi dun't need a car,
Ony thing is, Oi get inter a tiz,
An' sometimes Oi go tew far!

Hare yew goo tergether. **THE BOY COLIN**

Come yew on; put pen to pearper...



...AND CONTINUE TO KEEP YOUR EDITOR HAPPY

Send your letters (*or* emails), anecdotes, poems or stories in dialect – photos too, if you have them – to: **Ashley Gray, *The Merry Mawkin*, 37 Ashleigh Gardens, Wymondham, Norfolk NR18 0EY.**

Email: fond@norfolkdialect.com

All material for the summer issue of *The Merry Mawkin* to be submitted by Monday 16 May 2011 at the very latest – *please*.



Norfolk – a poetic county

LIL LANDIMORE

THE ROMANY'S WAY OF LOIFE

Owt in the open countryside meandrin' down a track,
See tha' hoss-drawn caravan wiv goods and chattels on the back,
They stop in a shulter'd area where orl their needs can be found,
A clump er trees, a stretch er grass, a beck, and some good firm ground.

This here Romany family will saddle f' a whoile,
Hunt owt droiy sticks and wood and arrearange them in a poile,
Now t'git them lit and soon to fearcely burn,
This is an art, Oi reckon a lot on us would hev t'learn.

Now tha' ole kittle will soon be a'boilin',
And tea will start a'brewin',
Tha' ole hotpot is orl prepared,
For which a plearce on the fire is cleared.

The hoss is free from his harness, contently munshin' away,
The children are busy explorin', happy at their play.

A peaceful scene this Romany way of loife,
So far away from trouble, stress, and stroife.

They watch the sunset and the sunroise,
And can foretell the wather b' the look on the skies.

No ar'fical loights at noight,
Jest twinklin' stars and bright moonlight.

Oh, Oi wunder wha' would happen in our modern world,
If a spanner in the warks wuz suddenly harled.
No 'tricity, no gas, and yit no oil,
We're got too far from neartures soil.

Oi wunder how we'd ever survive,
Would we hev the art of the Romanys t'stay aloive?

Oi reckon they could larn us a thing or two,
They don't need computers – they'd know jest wha' t'do!

DUMPLIN'S FOR TEA

Oi'm onler a country mawther,
But Oi do know what Oi loike,
'Corse Oi loike Norfick dumplin's for m'tea,
Yis, a good ole Norfick dumplin', bor,
That'll do for me!

Now if Oi meet a bloke who want t'marry me,
He'll hev t'hev a loikin' for dumplin's for his tea,
For if he loike Norfick dumplin's,
Good ole Norfick dumplin's, bor,
Then he's good enough for me!

And when we saddle down to start a family,
And a real Norfolk dumplin's growin' insider me,
Oi'll know Oi'll hev a'creavin' for an extra dumplin' for m'tea,
Yis, an extra Norfick dumplin', bor,
That'll do for me!

Now when tha' little'n is born, Oi know what it's cry will be:
"Dun't giv me tha' ole sloppy stuff,
Oi wan' a dumplin' for m'tea,
Yis, a good ole Norfick dumplin', bor,
That'll do for me!"

A WOMAN'S WARK

Them ole taps are sparklin' and shoinin' broite,
Tha' ole bath is clean and gleamin' whoite,
Them tarls are orl fowldid noice and neat,
"Now, at larst," say she,
"Oi reckon I're arned tha' cupper tea.

Then har ole man cum tru the door,
Trearlin' mud orfer his boots acorse the floor,
"Oi'll hev a bath, Oi'm mucky and hot."
"Oh, yis," she say, "acorse, why not?"
Oi wunder, wuz ut sed for fun,
Tha' a woman's wark is niver dun?





Our own tongue

IDA FENN



PHOTO: MAGGIE RISBY

OUR NORFOLK accent, as well as our dialect, should not be allowed to die out.

West Countrymen, and Yorkshiremen, are not considered uncouth or uneducated, in fact, I imagine they may be proud of their particular 'twang'. We hear it on the radio,

and in some of the best plays, but we do not ridicule it, so *why* ridicule the 'Norfolk'?

To continue: My graffar an' me allust spukk in Broad Norfolk. He ha'n't no use f'fancier langwidge. Graffar wooz woon o' the best old fallers avver lived. 'Allust dew on't'others how yow would hev thaam dew onter yow' wooz his motto, an' 'love all but trust a fow'.

He left scule when he wooz eight, an' waant ont the land, but let ennerbodder try t'dew him! He wooz a champion reckner, and when he got t'be a'most nineter he'd read the peerper right trew, right an' wrong way up, as well as all o' the waartismments. Some on ut he reckoned wooz rubbidge, but, rubbidge or no, he hatter read ut.

He browt up eight children, an' all wor a credit tew him an' Granner. Humm-brewed beer wooz what he drunk. Grannar biled ut in the courper. I kin see thowld mash tubs now, a meered him live t'be nineter-woon.

He naaver had onler woon tewth pullt out in all his life, an' that the blacksmith took out, a cause that browt him s'much agony. But the larst woon he kep' till jest afore he died, an' he di'n't naaver know where that woon waant tew.

He dug a greert garden an' cropped ut in his spare time, an' Granner naaver bowt a wegetable in har life. Harvest time he'd waark till dark ivvery deer, less that cam on ter rain, than he'd go hedge trimmin'. After all that, the weergers wore four pounds, an' sometimes harvest lasted till a monther six weeks.

'Broad Norfolk' may be owld fashioned, but t'hear ut bring yer werry nigh ter humm. I dorn seer we allust owt ter use it. We wo'n't go into a shop an' arst fer a 'shaat' or a 'long-sleeved wusskit'. But dorn less us fergit ut altergaather. Dew if we dew, well bor, there might jest uz well be no Norfolk nayther.

Fare ye well, tergather.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article first appeared in the 1951 summer issue of The Norfolk Magazine and is republished by kind permission of Maggie Risby, granddaughter of Ida Fenn.*



The Norfolk Magazine

Summer 1951.

Published by the Norfolk Magazine, St Benedict's, Norwich.

COVER:
Norwich Market Place & Guildhall
by Neals.

COMING IN THE SUMMER MAWKIN

THA'S A RARE bright night an' Graffar goes for a walk in the mune-light. Granner gits worried; hev he tarned into a greert owld rat, like Cinderella's hosses, or hev he fell down a hull? Wha's a'gorn on? Find out in the summer edition of *The Merry Mawkin*.



Boy Colin's Norfolk quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

- 1 What is the name of the recently re-opened brewery at Reepham?
- 2 Where is the Tolhouse Museum?
- 3 Where was the cricket commentator Henry Blofeld born?
- 4 Where is Bloodgate Hill?
- 5 Where could you watch the World Bowls Championship?
- 6 Who switched on Norwich's Christmas lights?
- 7 Who was the fisherman/folk singer who lived in Winterton?
- 8 Which Norwich businessman founded the Round Table?
- 9 Who built Burgh Castle?



Burgh Castle – but who built it? EDITOR'S PHOTO

- 10 Which author features on the village sign in West Bradenham?

Answers on page 25.



FOND EVENTS 2011: DATES FOR YOUR DIARY



Sunday 10 April: An 'afternoon with Maggie Secker' in the Yaxham Village Hall at 2pm. *Admission: £3.*

Tuesday 12 April: Norman Hart will be talking to the Reepham Society.

Friday/Saturday, 13/14 May: FOND will be attending Swaffham's 1940s event.

Sunday 29 May: FOND will be attending Gressenhall History Fair.

Sunday 5 June: FOND Dew at Saxthorpe Village Hall (2pm). An afternoon of Music and Squit with Tony Hall. *Admission: £3.*

Sunday 10 July: FOND afternoon with Friends of Gressenhall at the Rural Life Museum. Entry by pre-booked ticket after 12 noon: *Admission: £5. (see page 22).*

Sunday 17 July: FOND will be attending the Reepham Model Railway Exhibition in the Old Brewery, Reepham.

Sunday 31 July: St Matthew's Church, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich. The lesson is being read in dialect by vice-chairman Ted Peachment as part of their Open History weekend. More details in the next magazine.

Sunday 21 August: FOND will be attending Eastern Rail at Neatherd High School in Dereham.

Sunday 27 November: AGM at Hingham.

At all events you will have the opportunity to purchase various dialect books as well as Broad Norfolk Design's mugs and plates. Ideal presents for friends and relations.



The *f*heep *f*hearing *f*ong

SID KIPPER



THIS IS FROM an old Norfolk book printed in kipperplate, which used an 'f' instead of an 's', but not all the time – there are rules. For instance, there's no *f* in kiss, but there's an *f* in slap.

The song will appear on Sid Kipper's new album *Gutless* in May,

released in association with an album of previously unreleased Kipper Family songs, *Two-faced*. To celebrate the two albums Sid will be touring a new show, *Two-faced and Gutless*, that being an old Norfolk description of a Kipper.

The show, and this song, will be given its first performances in Norfolk, at the following venues:

Norwich Maddermarket Theatre on 30 April (01603 620917).

King's Lynn Arts Centre on 6 May (01553 764864).

Sheringham Little Theatre on 7 May (01263 822347)



In *f*ummer we *f*hear our *f*heep;
We *f*hall not *f*lumber nor *f*leep
Till we are *f*atiffied one morn,
That all our fleecy flocks are *f*horn.

A *f*et of *f*hears apiece,
To *f*eparate the fleece
We *f*harpnen them with much *g*ufto
Left our *f*hearing be but *f*o-fo.

Now *f*uitably we'll *d*reff
E*f*chewing now our *b*eft
Put on our *w*orft bib and tucker
Not *f*atin, *f*ilk and not *f*eerfucker.

Then we *f*oufe our *f*heep
Till they *f*odden and *f*lippery leap
To *f*ettle 'neath the *b*lafted oak,
Until they are no longer *f*oaked.

Now take a *f*ingle *f*heep betide
*F*eize and *f*et it on it's *f*ide
*F*wing your *f*hears without caprice
To gain the *f*hort and curly fleece.

*F*et a*f*ide that fleece of thine,
Take another *f*heep *f*o fine;
Thus *p*er*f*it till the *f*hivering dams
May go to *f*uckle now their lambs.

Now *r*eft and take your *e*a*f*e;
*P*a*f*f time now as you *p*lea*f*e.
You *f*ee the *f*acrifice you need
To *e*n*f*ure that you will *f*uceed.

In the *f*ummer we *f*hear our *f*heep;
We *f*hall not *f*lumber nor *f*leep
Till all is *f*a*f*e and *f*o *f*ecure.
And we are *f*ick of *f*heep, for *f*ure.

In this early photograph of Sheringham (taken from the High Street) Jarrold & Sons are on the corner of Station Road and Church Street, and, to the left of Jarrols, the 'Little Theatre' is still a cinema – The Picture House. EDITOR'S COLLECTION



Wordsearch: Hunstanton

BRENDA BIZZELL

WE'RE ALL AWASH at Hunstanton for Brenda's latest wordsearch puzzle. Can you find all the streets and regions listed below? Answers on page 25.

- Austin
- Beach Terrace
- Bishops
- Cliff
- Collingwood
- Esplanade
- Glebe
- Golf Course
- Grand
- Green
- Greevegate
- Grove
- Hamilton
- Harrys
- James
- Jubilee
- Lestrange
- Lighthouse
- Nelson
- Nene
- Peddars
- Pine
- Ramsay
- Sandy
- Sarahs
- Sea
- Smugglers
- Tudor
- Westgate
- Wodehouse

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



*Hunstanton Pier
before its untimely
demise in a storm,
11 January 1978.*

EDITOR'S COLLECTION



Larnin' u lesson

ANNE BLOOMFIELD



COR! THASS AGETTIN' a hul lot harder tu find a bitta space in Norfuk in't' ut? Cum summer thass loike a swarm a locusts all along the coast! So me un' th' Missus tek te trundling along the high rud atwin Burnam un Hunston .

We wor in moi lil'ole Anglia ajoggin along larst yare when sum juddy grit wagon with a bloomin City toipe wuz ahonkin fur me ter git orf the rud so he cun git boi.

"Dang me," Oi sez to the Missus, "he cun bluddy well wait," so I slows roit down ter Dodman's paice, un Oi cun see him agittin' into a fair ole lather a' the back o' me!

Oi wuz larfin fit te bust, seein him afussin loike an ole cockrel!

"Dew yew be careful," sez my little ole mawther, "he's a gonna ram the back o us, n' we've only hed this car a dozen year."

Blast me! He rev up suffin' terribl, n'up the bank he go, roarin like a bull bu' he go' stuck in tha hedge, orl on th huff.

Duzzy fule! Warn't he a swearin 'un ablatherin' when he git out! He wor so red in th' faice he look loke a tarkey afore Christmas!

Oi sez, "Dew yew moind yur tongue in frunt o' my Missus!"

He sez, all puffed up loike, "Oi'm a very infrentshall man, n'yew hev noo roight t'be acluttrin' up th' Queen's highway."

Oi'm athinkun, "This hen't th' Queen's loke, thass a tidy way orf, down Darsnum way, un Oi hev mor roight te be hare thun yew, seein' Oi wuz 'bred n born' hare, betoimes yew lot cum up, aboin' are hums, tartn'em up, droivin' yer bluddy gret 4x4s, swankin' with yer posh acsense n' pushin' proices skoi hoi."

Then Oi thinks agin, "Hold yew hard Boi, yer ole Dad use ter giv a helpin' han ter orl in need, even th' incomers. He use ter say: "Thass a complimen they want u cum hare, me Boi".

Soo insted u sayin' u loda squit Oi sez, all ploite loike, "If yew cummalongame tu ole Jack's garuj, he'll hev a bitta roop tu pull yew out, n' mebbe if yew've got all thet hinfluenz we cun sort out thet A11 so as yew cun git up hare a hull lo' quicker?"

He don' say narthin t' that. I reckon he ain't the big wig he fust make out ! Anyroad he calm down



Anne Bloomfield, from Thetford, receives a cheque for £100 from Norman Hart, chairman of FOND, for her prize-winning entry in the 2010 Trosher Short Story Competition.

PHOTO: ALAN COOPER

and git in the back, with th' ole dawg n' th' chicken fud, n' the bag u manure. Cor thet war a pongn'! Bu' he were awiffen suffen rotten with thu larther he'd got into, n' th stink uv his arftershev.

Thass u tidy ole way ter Jack's, n' we wore jus passin' hum wen th'ole girl she say, "Dew yew let me outta hare, Nelson, I gotta goo indoors. Oi fergit I lef them dwoiles aboilin' on the stuv, un th swimmers'll be ready, Oi reckun."

Blast me if ole Nigel, (thet wuz his nem), cum in ter see wot dwoiles 'wuz, n' then he arst fur sum swimmers! He sez we wuz 'Orthentic Norfuk'! He pu' tha' dumplin' dewn his thrut quick us n' ole goot! Then he et har Plum Duff!

No wunda he cum over quare! Har dumpling hev landed many in th' Orspital with 'pendicitis!

Anyrud he hed a gud toime at ars: betta n' orl them fancy places in Burnum, wos run boi furreners!

Moi Missus, she hed ter git are li'l ole mawther frum skule, cos har Mum hev t' wark Toosdays. She's unly a li'l titty totty thing bu' she'm alarmin' th'ole Woild Loife names; harnsers, bishy barney bees, n' ousels . Ah, she'm a nobby li'l thing!

Howsomever, yew'll be awunerin' aboot Mr Smartass Nigel? Soo Oi git him ter th' garij an' thass th' larst we fare te hare u him...

Roun abou Mickelmus toime, Oi'm areadin'

thu EDP (n'hevin a bi u bother seein'as th plarster keeping moi specs tergether hev cum orf) Oi sees thev opened a Caff down Lunnon corl' 'NORMAL FER NORFOLK' woss tuk orf real big, un thass aservin' Swimmers (dumplins), Yarmuth Blooters, Samfer (Samphire), Pork Cheese (brawn), Plum Duff n' Treacle Custard (we dunt pu' crums in, an we dunt call ut 'Tart').

Cors, as yew'd expec' they's acharging prices hoi us are ole Charch tare.

Oi tuk a gander a th' picktur u' th bluk wos oopened th' place. Blast me if that warn't Mr High n' Mighty Nigel!

Oi'd sin him agawpin at moi ole gal's cook book sun as she went out the door. She'd hed thet offa har Mother twenny yere afore. She were fair riled wen thet went missn'. She hed hare suspishuns n' she fare mobbed me but wen she sor his pitcher in th' pearper, she lay inter me suffin' terrible, un her reckun Oi tarned moi bloind oi ter wot he dun.

Now she's a sayin' he orta arst us tu dinner! Oi reckun he owe us suffin' bu' Oi doon' suppus he'll arst us 'Orthentic Norfuk fuk' uppa thare, dew yew?

Huh! He ken goo ter blazes s'far us Oi care! Thass wot cum u' heedin' moi ole Dad. So dew yew orl larn a lessun from uz!

Moind hew yew goo ! Soo long!

NELSON



A-man-dear?

CLIVE GOLDSMITH



DUNT YEW THINK yew betta ask permission fur yew point that darn thing at anyone, there is suffin called pri-va-cy yewr know. Why yew gorpig aroun everywhere, there ain't no one here cept yew and me. Tew posh tew speak tew me are yew? Yeh, it's me who's slaverin' over yew. Who yew think it wus? Black Shuck or suffin? Where yew from, yew young hussy? Lunnon, yew say. Well, at least yew in't as furren as sum I get roun here. Whe're yew stayun, yew must be stayun sumwhere? Never due Lunnon in one day and back, not natural. Never bin out of the county me-sel. Dunt know why everyone wunts to go

gallyvanting roun, gorn forrards and bacards like billyo. It's like they got hornet's stuffed up their backsides, dashun here, dashun there. Yew say I'm jus jealous cus I only got one leg. No way treat eldly. Pology cepted.

Cus I let yewr git word in edgeways. Jus yew make sure it's edgeways not sideways that's oll. My mouth in't sizer Yaarmuth. Git it? Yaarmuth, Yew'r muth. Usually gets a titter when I says that, not today by looks of it. Now who's makun funnies sayin yew stayun at By-Laugh. That's blinking queer fur a start. Lived roun here all me life, never herd of the place I have. How'd yew



In second place, Clive Goldsmith receives his prize of a cheque for £50 from Norman Hart.

PHOTO: ALAN COOPER

spell that ere... By-Laugh as yew call it. Hell no, that in't By-Laugh gal, yew daft begger. Beelah, lady, Beelah. Nuffun wrong with our spellun. Cor blast me you furreners ollust tryun change things. Can't leave nothun alun.

Cus I got a name, yew may well ask. Ivy Todd, that's me. What yew mean it's a gal's name. Oll I know'd is, the farmer gave me this here name. Said I was named arta the village he were born in.

What're they call yew gal? A-man-dear? Hell, I thought I'd been talking to a young filly all this time. Are yew one of them people they call transfers or summin? Transves *what?* Ites? Yew dint mean I-ties due yew? Had plenty of them working in the filds roun here durun war. Prisners they wur. Strange prisun mine yew, they didn't even lock the blighters up. Probly thought they'd get lorst down our country ruds. Lived like lords them I-ties did and them Jerries. Oliday camps they wus. Most probral lived betta than folks roun here with rationun gorn on. Half of em didn't wunt to go houm arta war wus over. Local gals married them mostly. Made damn good ice-cream, I'll say that fur them I-ties. As fur them Jerrys go, used them as guzunders, then hulled them under the bed where they belonged.

Well are yew, or in't yew, female? Why yew'd say yew wus a man when yew wusn't? Cus yew

did. Yew say yew a man dear. Not that I mind yew callin me dear. There's got to be a fust for everything and you certainly wus the fust to say that tah me. How yew spell that there name of yew'rs? A-M-A-N-D-A. Why dint yew say that in fust place, lettin me make a fule of me-sel.

What yew want to know then? Yew studying histree or jogfee or suffin? I can tell yew this fur nuffin, yew've planted yoursel in muddle of Breaks. Boring and flat yew say. If it wus that flat yew'd see Norridge from here and yew can't. Can't even see catherul spara from here and that's reputed to be the second tallest in England. As for be-an flat, how'd yew account fur that great lump the castle stands on? Plenty of hills in Norfuk. Yew try cyclun up sum of em. Gradients the length of Farmer Hinsley's fild. I agree Thetford forest is bootiful. But how cum yew can't pronounce bootiful like normal people. Hav yev taken any good pictures of Thetford Forest with that there machine of yer's? Yew sin intent takun lots of me. Spose it's wun of them new-fangled digitalis things in't it?

Yew'r wundrun how I larn to be so high learned and not the fule yew think I wus. Wull I don't stand here all day wavrun my dannys aroun in this fild if that's what yew mean. Fact is I broke

my leg once, had to go to horsepital. Plenty time fur readin I had. Norfuk and Noridge it wus. Lovely Horsepital, give me private room they did. What you mean they dun that cus I might scare other patients on account of my wuden leg? I tell yew young lady I see lots of folk hoblun roun on one leg, they didn't seem be botherun anyone. Oh, its my straw hair and carrot nose now that's peculiar. Can't say yewr's is zackly Parish coiffure, sin betta tails on dickeys [donkeys].

Dew I get thusty? Cus I dew. I likes me pint down at King and Tinker most nights, or King the

tinkler as it's known locally, on account of men suppun in one end and tinklun out the other. We Norfuk souls likes to dew our bit helpun keep Broads topped up fur tourists. Don't wunt them runnin aground now dew we? Oh, yew dunt wish to know that dew yew? Said yew wus tew posh fur these parts dint I.

Is that yer husband there goblun the air up twin us? What's he goun on about? I dew b'lieve I hear him askun yew how long it takes to snap a scarecrow. I hopes yew in't thinkun about snappun this poor old mawkin's leg agin, A-man-dear.



Sex and the City of Nourridge

LYNN FOUNTAIN



"THET OL' FULE'S oonly gorn an' got hissful another mawther," concluded Nora, when she worked out why her 'Ritchit' kept going up the City all of a sudden.

What made it even worse was that Nora knew the other party; it was the gal 'Manda'. She'd stopped along the village for a month or two, while she was waiting for her divorce to come through. They'd got wholly friendly together, and when she'd moved she'd said to Nora and Richard, "Mine yew keepin toucha longa me."

Nora had thought that meant they might exchange a card come Christmas. But 'Ritchit' never could wait till December – and he was after a more 'personal' service than the Royal Mail could offer.

Manda had gone back home to Norwich.

"Thet might us well be 'merica nowerdeers, th' way they go on theer down thet Prince o' Waleses Rood," mused Nora. "Thet yewsta'be the ol' chickun run in theer day."

Manda lived in one of the new flats that looked out across the river towards the cathedral.

"Thet ol' bor might a-thought o' th' Allmitee lookun' down on him whilst he wus in har bedroom on har bed," thought Nora. "Thet should a-remindud 'im a his obligearshuns a'toome, 'nless the gal Manda's big ol' chust hadda got in th' way o' th' vew."

Nora decided she'd go round and have things

out with Manda and, hoping to catch her on the hop, picked a Saturday dinnertime. But Manda opened her door all tricolated up as if she was going somewhere.

"Assa surprise t'see yu, Nora," said the Norwich woman. "Yu shoulda let me know yu wus comin'."

"If I'da let yew know I wus a-comun', yew woon't a-bin in, would yer? But yew'd a-bin in if yew'd thought ut wus my ol' man a comun' round to see yer!"

"Oh!" said Manda, "'ass like tha', isut?"

"Yis, thet is," said Nora, pushing her way in.

"I'll stick th' kittle on then, seeinashure lookin' lika stoppin'."

While Manda was busy in the kitchen, Nora had a quick snout round. It was wholly posh. Leather three-piece. Great big telly. Two bedrooms, but only one of them in use. Titty-totty balcony though.

"How'd yew du fer garden veg an' that?" Nora wanted to know when Manda came back with the tea.

"This 'int th'sticks, y'know," Manda said, grinning. "Theer's plentya shops an' pubs an' dry cleanus an' all tha'. Theer'sa spud restrunt jus' down th' rood."

That got Nora's raw up. "S'pooz my ol' man tearks yew theer, dew he?" The specimen she'd married would run a mile to lick a farthing out of



Lynn Fountain receiving the third prize of £30.

PHOTO: ALAN COOPER

a turd, but that was alright to lush up some other mawther. “No wonder when he gits hooome he dorn’t mither what I’ve a-got riddy waitun’ for ‘im.”

“Dew’ee no yu cum ‘ere t’see meet’a’day?” asked Manda.

“Thet he dorn’t,” said Nora, seeing her chance to choke off her rival once and for all. “He’s orf down that ol’ car bute as per usuyul on’a Sat’dy arternune. He bring hooome as much truck as he tearkes. All on his ol’ pushboike an’ all, an’ that dorn’t dew his piles no good. I say ter him; while yer’out, I dorn’t know why yew carn’t fetch yer’own repeat perscripshun from th’ kimist, an’ th’ tablets for yer wind, and thet their cream for yer athleet’s fut an’ all, but he oon’t. Still, while he’s out o’ th’ rood, I can git on a-sookin’ his vest an’ drawers. He dorn’t care f’seein’ ‘em in th’ kitchun sink when he’s a’toome. Well, wassermatter, Manda, yer sittin’ there wi a streamge luk on yer fearce all uf a suddun?”

“I’re ‘ad enuffer this,” said Manda, thumping her cup back in its saucer and getting up from the settee.

Nora braced herself for a ding of the lug, but Manda said, “Well, c’mon then f’yura comin’.”

“But aren’t we gorn’ta sort this trubbil out?” asked Nora.

“Yis, we are,” said Manda, putting on her coat.

“Weer gorn’ta dirt over th’ pub.”

Richard got the wind up when he went home and found the sink empty, nothing on the stove and a suitcase on the stairs.

“I’r bin up t’Nourridge t’see th’ gal Manda,” Nora said bluntly.

Richard turned as pale as one of his leeks. “I wus hoolly in th’ wrong theer, bor, I admit ut. But she means naathun’ t’me, Noora. Yew know I’d never leave yew fer har.”

“Leave me for har? Yew oon’t last a week wi’ har.

She oon’t cook, she oon’t dew yer washun’, and she oon’t panda to yer hailments.”

His face went from blanched to beetroot. “Yew never told har about me hailments, Noora! No wonder she oon’t hev me now.”

“Now hold yer row! She never wanted yer, yer ol’fule. She’s been a-married afore, so she know what thass like. She oonly wanted a bit o’ fun wi the best bits on yer now an’ agin. And dorn’t yew go getting yer hopes up all over. Now she knows the full pitcher, I reckon th’ ‘musemint’s gone out ‘o now an’ agin’ an’ all wheer yer cunsarned.”

Richard was just about to slink away to the doghouse, for the next ten years or so, when something caught his eye.

“So whass thet portmanteau for?”

“Me,” said Nora, picking up the suitcase and sweeping past him to the door as a taxi’s horn hooted. “Manda’s got a spare room. We’re goorn’ta be a couple of them thar Sex an’ th’ City gals together fer a bit...”

Nora had never been anyone’s ‘other mawther’. The gal Manda didn’t do so bad on it. Nora was partial to a baked spud herself, but she knew her limitations. She looked her husband in the eyes and said, “Yew cud allus cum on up t’ Nourridge t’ treet me now an’ agin...”

And that’d be a rare masterpiece, thought Nora, to see some of her Ritchit’s best bits for a change.

**CROMER & NORTH NORFOLK FESTIVAL
OF MUSIC, DRAMA & DANCE**

IN ASSOCIATION WITH FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

A Celebration of Norfolk Dialect



CROMER PARISH HALL

Tuesday 10 May at 7.30pm

Adjudicator: Colin Burleigh

**Join the audience for one of the area's best nights of
the year – cum yew on tergether, thass allus a bloomin'
good dew!**



Dick Squittington and his ow dorg

TINA CHAMBERLAIN



HOW ARE YA together? After an entertaining first half of the afternoon, hearing from the winners of the 2010 Trosher Competition – which I’m sure you will enjoy reading in this edition of the *Mawkin* – we hit the floor

runnun with the Annual Pantomime at the North Elmham ‘Palladium’ on 16 January.

The doors bust open wi the crowds awaitun to see Ow Dick wi His Dorg (Well, not *quite* like that but it was a great day!).

The weather was very much kinder to us than in previous years, which made it one of the biggest turnouts we have had.

We orf wi our civvies an on wi our gear as we treaded the boards to a script having been a bit updated by Colin Burleigh from the late Tony Clarke’s original. (Colin reckon he ony changed two wuds). You may not all be aware but we don’t get the scripts till the day... so that make ut very

interestun – n even sorfta – cos we hetta read ut as we go along.

Once again, I was a mawther, playun Alice, who nearly married John the pedlar and, after seeing the future mother-in-law (played by Heather Parle) I went n married Dick instead!

As you can imagine, there was a lot a squit, wit n stuff gorn on everywhere. I can’t imagine how, when I was at school, I was a shy retirun little ow thing – now look what thar done to me!!!

Ian Clarke did us proud once again with great photos and write-ups in the *Eastern Daily Press* and *Dereham Times*. Thanks to them.

My boobs (albeit fake, but no one believed me!) were the talking point a Norfolk fa the week.

I’m sure those who attended had a good time and, as our chairman, Norman Hart, said, “We might hetta book Carra Rood for the next one!”

Um sure by lookun at the photos you can see we enjoyed ourselves as much as the audience and I’d like to thank everyone who attended for making it such a great day.

Ull see ya orl agin soon – mind what ya up to!

Tina xxx

PS: Boy Dervud say: “Shy n Retirun? What you”?

PHOTO: ALAN COOPER



In order of appearance:

- DANCING GIRLS
- June Burleigh, Audrey Foster & Julie Slaughter
- JOHN THE PEDLAR
- Colin Burleigh
- PIDDLER, THE OW DORG
- Ted Peachment*
- DAME POLLY WIGGLE – THE MOTHER-IN-LAW
- Heather Parle
- DICK SQUITTINGTON
- Alan Smith*
- THE OW CAT Jean Eaglen
- ALICE THE GIRLFRIEND
- Tina Chamberlain*
- MICK THE MONK
- Norman Hart*
- DIRECTED BY
- Colin Burleigh.*





AS USUAL, I start with the usage statistics for the FOND website. From the beginning of December to the end of February the total number of visits has been 14,109, which is slightly up on the previous quarter!

Visitors to our site viewed almost 31,000

pages and accessed around 72,000 files, all of which is most encouraging.

Since the last *Mawkin*, the FOND website guestbook has attracted several additional entries, with most coming from this country but also one or two from well into foreign parts!

WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY

Brian Cook from North Walsham wrote:

“Just looked at the pictures by Betty Gallagher of the 1948 harvest. In the first picture, on the left I’m almost certain it’s Harry Cox, and the man driving the tractor is Wilfred Taylor .

“My dad, Bob Cook, Eric Cook and myself worked at Rookery Farm.”

Thank you Brian for putting some names to faces, I’ll include your comments beside the picture on our website. Does anyone else have any old pictures we could include in the *Mawkin* or on our website – if so, please get in touch – *Editor*:

Len Appleton from Spain, but whose hometown was Fakenham, said:

“Absolutely brilliant to find this site and the dialect being preserved. I was born in Binham and lived in Fakenham until I was twenty.”

Brenda Bizzell, FOND’s membership secretary, reports quite a few of those visiting the website have become members – *Editor*:

Gina Hilton neé **Platten** from Hickling had this to say:

“I am Norfolk born and bred but have crossed the borders from time to time to visit foreign parts.

“I am from a farming family and my dad and grandad always used the word ‘shew’ as in ‘I shew you once how to do that’ but I couldn’t find the word on your list.

“I was looking for a word that might be fitting to name my restored Norfolk yacht and came across your website, I had a few giggles but loved it!”

Gina’s grandfather was quite correct in his usage of ‘shew’ (the Norfolk verb form for ‘show’ in its past tense). I just wonder if Gina ‘shruck’ with laughter when she visited our website? – *Editor*:

Whilst **Sue Hart** from Shipdham loves the Norfolk dialect:

“My mother’s family, the Neals, Harpers, Jarys etc, were born, lived and died here for centuries. As a lady’s maid Mum was made to lose her dialect but once she was here that all came back.

“Six years ago three generations of us moved back. It’s good to hear it [the Norfolk dialect], long may it last – perhaps it should be taught in schools like other threatened languages?”

Good idea, Sue, but I do hope *our* dialect isn’t under threat – *Editor*:

Lowestoft lad **Ian Smith** said he was:

“Sittun’ ’ere munchen along a bag a cushies thinken this is a good ol site.

“Keep you a-doing the good old wark t’gether. So afor you dumplins give this silly Suffolk’n a bit o’ stick – I was born a bloater!”

Terry Goudie from North Creake asked:

“Do you have people who give talks to societies?”



Friends of Gressenhall

CHRISTINE WALTERS

SO MANY OF US feel that, as time goes by, we lose a little more of our familiar past and so we spend countless hours doing what we can to help conserve as much as we can.

For FOND it's all about conserving and recording Norfolk's priceless linguistic and cultural heritage – for the registered charity 'Friends of Gressenhall' (often known as FoG) it's about supporting the Gressenhall Farm & Workhouse museum where the artefacts that tell the story of Norfolk's heritage are stored and made available to as wide an audience as is possible.

With our common treasuring of all that is Norfolk we would like to invite you to come along to Gressenhall for a special event on Sunday 10 July.

Entertainment will be provided by FOND and, with 'coffee and cake' courtesy of FoG, we're sure you'll have a most enjoyable afternoon. The entertainment will start at 2pm but those wishing to enjoy lunch in the museum café may gain entry to the museum from 1pm onwards on production of event tickets.

Tickets are available from Christine Walters (Chairman) *Tel:* 01362 860967 or *email:* cmjwalters@btinternet.com



Friends of Gressenhall & FOND

“Dew yew cum along tergether!”

Sunday 10th July at 2pm

Tickets £5.00

Tel: Christine Walters 01362 860967

Email: cmjwalters@btinternet.com

All profits shared 50/50 FOND/FoG

*Gressenhall Farm & Workhouse
Gressenhall, Dereham NR20 4DR*

Please get your tickets early to avoid disappointment.

If you would like further information about the Friends of Gressenhall please visit: www.friendsofgressenhall.org.uk.

GRESSENHALL FARM & WORKHOUSE DATES FOR 2011

Sunday 13 March: Opening Day.

Sunday 3 April: Spring Working Day (*Day with a Difference*).

Saturday/Sunday 9/10 April: Drawing and Painting at Gressenhall, in Garden Room, run by Kay Davis of Colne Art.

Monday 11 April to Sunday 17 April: 'My Heritage' photographic exhibition.

Monday 25 April: Easter Fair (*Event Day*).

Sunday 1 May: May Day Celebration (*Day with a Difference*).

Sunday 29 May: History Fair (*Event Day*).

Saturday 28 May to Sunday 5 June: Schools' Whitsun Half Term.

Monday 30 May to Friday 3 June: Worstead Guild of Spinners and Weavers Exhibition and Display.

Saturday 4 June: George Edwards Memorial Lecture.

Sunday 19 June: Father's Day (*Day with a Difference*).



Horspittle horrors

CANON PETER NICHOLSON

HEV YEW EVER BIN in horspittle? Thass a rummin, en't it. So hev Oi. They hen't got a bed so they put me in with a lotta wimmen! One on 'em coon't sleep at noit. She kep a hollerin' out "Norse! Norse!" The nurses knew she din't really want narthin so they din't cum. So she kep a hollerin' and kep all on us awearke all night long. Blast we were hully savage about har.

The anaesthetist he kem round about one in the morning. He wuz a Jarman, he wuz, so he spook funny. Like Lord Haw-Haw he spook.

He say: "If you like, you can have an epidural." Thass stuff they put in yer backside what suffocarte all the narves in yer legs. I said Oi'd give it a try. Thass a lot batter then havin' an anaesthetic coarse yewer wide awearke all the toime and yew doan't hatter cum round arterwards and yew ken go back ter yer bed and hev yer dinner.

Well, I hed moi knee cut open and they put a sorta hinge inside loike yew hev on a gearte, then they did it up – tharty-one stitches, thass all.

They gev me some a that morefeel stuff ter stop the pain and I gev moiseif too much and so I suffered from hallucinearshuns. Thet wuz horrible and I on't do the agen. I saw a hoss at the bottom of moi bed or thet moit a bin a mule. I never hed moi spectacles on, yer see!

They brought in a drunken Irishman and hung up a card over his bed wot say 'NIL BY MOUTH'. No, thet en't a football score. Thet ment he coon't eat narthin. Howsumever, he got out a bed and took a loaf a bread orf the trolley and cut inter that.

He say ter me: "Wass the toime?"

I said "About eleven". So he put on his coat over his pyjamas and he disgorged hissself.

"Oi'm a goin' ter the pub," he say. We din't see ner more a him arter thet.

One noit I wanted to go to the lavatry hully bad. The nurse cam and she took me and she say "Wen yewer dun, Oi'll cum back and get you."

Well, I kep a pressin' the knob and no one cam. I wuz there till four in the morning. So I let out as

loud as Oi could and someone cam. She say: "I think the bell doan't work."

I say "I reckin yewer roit. I're bin a sittin here and Oi'm perished a cold. Git yew me back ter bed.

They sent me for a leg scan. They wheeled me down in moi bed. Thet wuz a noice ride, thet wuz. I could see the inside a moi leg and I hen't seen thet afore. Loike a sort of tunnel thet wuz and all a bulkin'.

Howsomeever, the woman wot did it she say "I're gotta goo up ter the wards so Oi'll let you rest and then Oi'll cum back fer you. She naver cam. Thet wuz Friday arternune so I thought no one would come till Monday mornin'. After an hour an a half I hallered out and some man cam and he took me back.

The nurse she say "Weara yew bin? I're bin a lookin' fer yew all over the plearce."

I say ter her: "Wer, bor, yew shud know coarse yew sent me there!"

She looked hully soarft, she did.

I wuz hully glad wen they sent me home. I doan't want to go inter horspittle agen just yet. I hatter say thet wun't the Norfolk and Norwich. Thet wuz one a them hospittles here in the south-east but I dussen't tell you which one coarse Oi moit hatter go there for the other knee.

Fare ye well, tergather, and moind yew stay outer horspittles. There rum plearces, they are, and you niver know if yew'll ever cum out agin!

WUZ SHE TOP O' THE CLAASS? Asks Canon Peter Nicholson

A little girl was doing her exams and she came up with some unusual answers:

Question: Write what you know about Red China.

Answer: Thet look hully noice on moi mother's whoite tearbleclorth that dew.

Question: What is the name of the canal linking the Red Sea with the Mediterranean?

Answer: Thet hatta be the Sewage Canal.



Let's be hearing from you!

YOUR LETTERS AND EMAILS

LISTEN YE W HARE

Regarding Chris Young's request for a bible written in the Norfolk dialect, I have a copy of a booklet called *Dew Yew Listen Hare* written by Colin E Riches. It consists of thirty-three sermons in Norfolk dialect.

Unfortunately it was published way back in 1975 and as far as I know, has not been reprinted.

Dew Yew Listen Hare was first published by George Nobbs' Publishing, Norwich NR1 2SB (£1.25) and the author's address given as The Manse, Martham, Great Yarmouth.

I don't arf look forard to readin' the FOND magazine. Thanks for keepin the dilect a'gorn!

Dereck Ulph, Poringland, near Norwich

The above email was received as a response to a request by Chris Young of West Dereham (left in the guestbook of the FOND website) published in the previous edition of *The Merry Mawkin* – *Editor*.

AN' THAT CAME TO PASS...

I am church warden of St Matthew's, Thorpe Hamlet, in Norwich and we are planning an Open History weekend on July 29, 30 and 31.

Our Open weekends – whether they be gardens or the church – usually finish with a specially compiled Evening Service at the church.

I have heard that people read the Bible in a Norfolk dialect, and I see [on the FOND website] your book list mentions a couple of books, but I wondered if you were able to put me in touch with anyone who would like to read a lesson.

Bridgid Everitt – by email

I'm pleased to report Ted Peachment, our vice-chairman, has agreed to read a lesson in dialect (as mentioned on page 9) – *Editor*.

...WE WILL GATHER BY THE RIVER

We are holding a community picnic on the Hoveton Riverside Park (adjoining Wroxham) on Sunday 24 July from 10am – 4pm.

The themes of the event are to promote traditional Broads' customs and family fun by the river, organised by Hoveton Parish Council and the Broads Authority.

Would FOND care to have a stand at the event? Please let me know your availability as soon as possible.

Chris Moffatt – by email

We have received similar requests inviting FOND to attend various functions: giving talks, arranging entertainment, or just a 'fond' presence with display boards – *Editor*.

PSYCHIC OR WHAT?

The picture of Castle Acre Priory sent me straight back to about age six, 1931. We used to visit great, great auntie Hannah who lived just down the hill, through the Bailey Gate. Memories of her front-room fireplace, surrounded by horse brasses, and bellows in the hearth I used to play with.

A must was always a stroll round the priory, then surrounded by weeds, and completely neglected. Years later I took my wife, son, and an old friend from Gayton, there. My son and I ran up the stairs to the prior's rooms, and for a short while we were alone.

I got a strong smell of incense. Curious, bearing in mind the place had been open to the elements for centuries. I asked my son if he smelt anything. Yes, he said, incense. Shortly after, my wife and our friend came up, and we asked them if they could smell anything. Both shook their heads.

Well, bor, if that weren't a hellion!

Almost every issue of FOND seems to stir up old memories, and I do so enjoy reading it. I have sent in little pieces before. If interested, and you have time, see 'A Foo Norfolk Memories' [salvaged from West Norfolk], in the winter edition, 2002.

Best wishes – Cheerio!

Rupert Sewell – by email

A NORFOLK EXPRESSION?

My father has recently died aged 92 years. He was a Norfolk man born and bred.

People have described him as being ‘meer-hearted’ or ‘mare hearted’ to mean sensitive, is this a local expression ? I have not been able to trace any mention of it. Can you help ?

Sandra Jinks – by email

Our president, **Professor Peter Trudgill**, had the following to say about ‘meer-hearted’ – *Editor*:

“My feeling was, and my mother has just confirmed it, that it’s actually ‘mure’, which of course would be pronounced ‘mur’ by most Norfolk people, like ‘sure’.

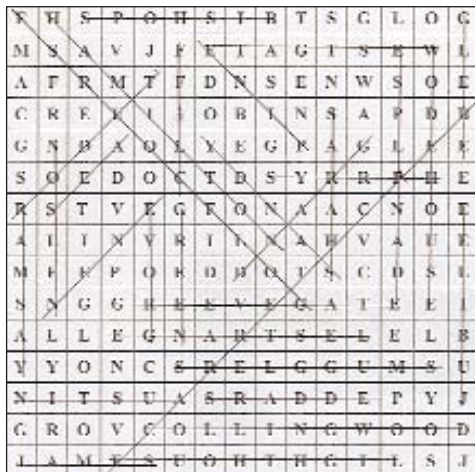
“The English Dialect Dictionary says: MURE, adj. e.An. Also in forms mew Nrf. e.Suf; mewew Suf. 1; muir e.An. 1 Nrf. Suf. [mitra(r).]

“1 Modest, demure ; meek, soft. e.An. (Hall.), Suf.1.

“2 Comp. (1) Mure-heart, (2) Mure-hearted, soft-hearted, sensitive, easily moved; timid; faint-hearted ; (3) Mure-mouthed, using soft words.

(1) e.An. 1 (2) e.An. 1 Nrf. I recollect when I was drawn for the Militia in 1820, and sent to Yarmouth, how mure-hearted the other men was, Cornh. Mag. (June 1900) 816 ; (G.E.D.); Cozens-Hardy Broad Nrf. (1893) 99. Suf. Grose (1790). e.Suf. (F.H.) (3)e.An.1 [1. Fr. meur, ripe, mature, mellow; also, discreet, considerate, advised, settled, stayed (Cotgr.).]”

Wordsearch solution



Boy Colin’s Norfolk quiz answers

- 1 The Panther Brewery. 2 Great Yarmouth.
- 3 Happisburgh. 4 Near South Creake.
- 5 Potter’s Leisure Centre. 6 Steve Cram.
- 7 Sam Lerner. 8 Louis Marchesi.
- 9 The Romans. 10 Henry Rider Haggard.



An idyllic Broadland scene:

Salhouse Broad from a postcard of a painting by A R Quinton.

Date-stamped ‘Horning, 10 Sep, 29’, the writer had this to say:

“...been around Salhouse Broad this morning...having a delightful trip...now at Horning for lunch.”

EDITOR’S COLLECTION



Song of Norfolk

ANON

GOD DREW A MAP of England
And planted hill and wood.
He looked on stream and headland,
And saw that it was good.
Pushed far into a corner,
He left a fair domain,
Heath, down, fen and broadland,
Rich pasturage and grain.

It's on the road to nowhere,
Travellers pass it by.
Nobody comes to Norfolk
Without a reason why.
Nobody sings of Norfolk,
Though many bards there be
To honour glorious Devon,
Or Sussex-by-the-Sea.

When God made Norfolk County
He said they'd love her well,
Who, patient in their wooing,
Surrendered to her spell.
Slowly she charms – how slowly,
But once her spell is cast,
By Norfolk on her lovers,
She holds them to the last.

Norfolk's a stately lady,
She'll hold aloof for years.
'Furriners' she despises –
She's scornful of the 'Sheers'.
But they'll not find her fickle,
Who once her true love win,
From Brancaster to Thetford,
From Caister to King's Lynn.

We're slow of speech in Norfolk,
(Perhaps a thought too slow),
And only when we're cornered
We'll answer 'yes' or 'no'.
Our fathers taught us caution,
They learned with moil and pain,
That every specious stranger
Might be a reiving Dane.

The sturdy Norfolk yeomen,
To guard their rights are set,
As well befits the children
Of men who followed Kett.
But Norfolk men are loyal
Without deceit or sham –
Ask if you think it doubtful,
The Squire of Sandringham!

When God made Norfolk County,
He showed His perfect art,
Within her proud fair body
He hid a golden heart.
So, come and visit Norfolk,
Bide till her spell is cast,
Then, once you've learnt to love her,
You'll love her to the last.

Rupert Sewell sent this poem to The Merry Mawkin and it was originally published in the winter 2002 edition.

The Custom House, King's Lynn EDITOR'S PHOTO





Celebration of Norfolk dialect

CROMER & NORTH NORFOLK FESTIVAL

THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION of Norfolk Dialect, forming part of the Cromer and North Norfolk Festival of Music, Dance and Speech, will be held on Tuesday 10 May in Cromer parish hall, commencing at 7.30pm.

Admission, on the door, £2.

THE ADJUDICATOR'S MESSAGE

Old Father Tyme has pushed the clock round and here we are again to celebrate our Festival of Norfolk Dialect. We're a little bit later this year but, as the old saying goes, you can't wait too long for a good thing.

I'm privileged to be asked, for the fourth occasion, to be your adjudicator and, as ever, I look forward to welcoming old friends and, hopefully, some new ones.

Once again the Festival is being run by the Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND) assisted, as ever, by the evergreen Derek Paul. A Festival wouldn't seem the same without him.

On your marks, get set and – less git on w'it!

COLIN BURLEIGH – ADJUDICATOR

NORFOLK DIALECT SYLLABUS:

DIALECT CLASSES

Please remember to provide details of title, author and publisher to comply with the copyright regulations.

Class 121: 16 years and under – 3 minutes

Own choice; any piece, poem or limerick – may be own composition. (*Entry fee*)

Class 122: 17 years and over – 3 minutes

Any piece written in dialect – not own composition. (*Entry fee*)

INTERVAL

Class 123: Open celebration – 3 minutes

Own choice. Any item, solo, duologue or sketch. This class will not be adjudicated, but is hoped it will provide a source of entertainment, as in past years. (*No entry fee required for this section.*)

FESTIVAL OF NORFOLK DIALECT ENTRY FORM (*photocopies accepted*)

Performers name(s)

Entering for class number

Own choice, author

Own choice, publisher

These own choice details must appear on the performer's card if they are not entering on this form.

Entered by:

Name

Address

Telephone

Signed by Performer(s)

Date

All entries close on: 23 April 2011

Fees:

Solo: 18 years and under £4.00.

Over 18 years £5.00.

Duologue: 18 years and under £5.50.

Over 18 years £7.50

Entry forms and fees to:

Mrs J Croxen, 22 Norwich Road, Cromer,
Norfolk NR27 0AX

Cheques made payable to:

Cromer and North Norfolk Festival

Further details:

*Mr D Paul, 3 Church Close, Overstrand,
Norfolk NR27 0NY Tel: 01263 579688*

*Mr N Hart, 42 London Road, Harleston,
Norfolk, IP20 9BW Tel: 01379 852677*



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Ashley Gray, Ailsha, 37 Ashleigh Gardens,
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Email: fond@norfolkdialect.com

Friends of Norfolk Dialect

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I/We wish to join Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND) and enclose the membership fee of :

£6 Single member £10 Family membership £20 Educational establishment

£50 Commercial company (*please delete as necessary*)

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms Surname and initials

Address

.

Postcode Telephone Email

Please send completed form (*photocopies accepted*) to: Brenda Bizzell, 2 New Street,
Sheringham, Norfolk NR26 8EE together with a cheque made payable to FOND.