

THE MERRY MAWKIN



**THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**



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Front cover: Happisburgh Light buzzed by a powered paraglider.

Back cover: Busy skies - winter sunrise over Norfolk.

Bob Farndon

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Chairman's report

Welcome to another *Merry Mawkin* packed with articles we hope you will enjoy reading.

We had our AGM in November and

I'm pleased to say I will be continuing as chairman for my third year. The time seems to have passed quickly since I took up the baton; I hope you as readers of the *Merry Mawkin* are happy with how things are going and I look forward to continuing to help promote the Norfolk Dialect in the future.

Of course, the BIG news I would like to tell you about is our panto which happened on January 14th at East Tuddenham Village Hall. It was good to see another large turn out again and my grateful thanks go to all those involved. This year we performed ***Bewtiful Belle and the Gret Ole Beast.***

I hope you enjoy reading and seeing the photos of our very entertaining dew. Who knew that a panto could have people playing the parts of various bits of cutlery! We also used the afternoon to announce the winners of this year's Trosher competition, thank you for your contributions to this, their entries will be published in future editions of the *Merry Mawkin*.

Tina and I had an interesting interview with Nick Conrad on Radio Norfolk the other week. It seems that one of the Christmas lectures this year was about if having a



regional accent can hold you back in life. We both contributed to the discussion which seemed to be a hotly debated topic. So far I have never found it an issue and I'm definitely proud to be from Norfolk.

I have had various correspondences from people over the past few months with questions over various Norfolk dialect terms used when they were young. It is always interesting to hear people stories and I find I am often learning new things. Please keep these coming.

The Norfolk afternoon tea event held earlier in the year gave me inspiration for creating some Norfolk themed Christmas presents. I made up a small packet of Norfolk rusks, alongside some homemade apple chutney and Binham blue cheese. I wonder if any of you received Norfolk themed gifts?

Our sincere apologies for the delay in publishing this edition of the *Merry Mawkin*.

As you may be able to tell various articles were available for publication earlier on in the year but due to unforeseen circumstances we are only now able to get it to the printers.

We hope you enjoy this issue nevertheless, our grateful thanks for your understanding.

Diana

Keep you a troshing!

PS. My mother she say, she hope Jack Valentine came a callin on you this year.



THE MERRY MAWKIN

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PLEASE NOTE

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Annual Subscriptions

Richard Reid

Subscriptions are due annually on 1 April. Any member who has not yet paid for the year ending 31 March 2018 is very politely requested to do so. For this year, commencing 1 April 2018, and subsequent years, it would be very helpful if as many members as are able to do so would pay by Standing Order. This can be done directly through your bank, in person, by telephone or online, or by completing the form enclosed with this issue and sending it to the Treasurer. Members who already pay

by Standing Order are requested, please, to amend their order, by the same means.

- **Individual members, £10 per year each**
- **Family membership, including all members at the same address, £15 per year.**
- **One copy of *The Merry Mawkin* will be sent to each unique address, addressed to the alphabetically first-named member at the address and intended for all members living at that address.**



Calling All Writers

Richard Reid

Fortunately, there are some of you who do not need calling. Indeed, the many and varied contributions from you, the members of FOND, are the very lifeblood of The Merry Mawkin, so here is an intravenous stimulant from your Treasurer.

We know that there are those who have achievements or ambitions beyond the few hundred words of the articles that adorn these pages, and who have created full length books in Norfolk Dialect. News of these works usually spreads online and by word of mouth, and we have hitherto felt that it would be unfair to promote individually any that come to our notice. However, an open invitation is a different matter, so a future issue of

The Merry Mawkin will run a feature on the contemporary literature of our language.

Please let us have short articles, ideally 100 to 200 words, either drawing readers' attention to your own work or reviewing the works of others.

Please include price and availability, or contact details for the author in the case of unpublished material. We are interested in books wholly or mainly in or about Norfolk Dialect, on which matter the Editor's decision will be final, unless or until she, like John Maynard Keynes before her, is forced by the facts to change her opinion. There must be a Norfolk epigram there somewhere....?



Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. Who did Diss Town Football Club beat at Wembley to win the FA Vase ?
2. By what other name is the North Norfolk Railway known ?
3. Which village has the oldest Wall Post Box ?
4. What is the difference between hay and straw ?
5. What number is the road from Kings Lynn to Great Yarmouth ?
6. Where was Seahenge discovered in 1999 ?
7. What is Gillie-crabbing ?
8. What did Lord Nelson say when asked to swear on the Bible with his right hand ?
9. Which saint is Worsted church dedicated to ?
10. Where is there a statue of Queen Boudicca in London ?

How did you do? Find out on page 25.



Secretary's Squit

ANN REEVE

I haven't really got anything to say, but what I will say is this.

My first year as secretary has gone quickly. Probably because I haven't had a huge amount to do. One thing I did do was to design and get printed some car stickers. I hope you like them. You should find one tucked into this *Mawkin*, free of charge, for you to put in your car. It's an internal sticker and we are hoping that it will spread the word and advertise our lovely organisation. They will be on sale at meetings for £1 as will also be the new lapel badges.

Further to my report which was presented at the AGM I would like to reiterate how much FOND is indebted to our Chairman Diana and Treasurer Richard. FOND is a group of something approaching 300 members. That's not a small club and although we have a committee the vast bulk of the organising work is done by Diana and Richard. We are working towards getting everything on a more businesslike structure but it takes time which is a luxury that few of us have got considering work and business commitments. I am asking for your patience if we have small hitches in communications



or deliveries but at the same time I request that you keep us up to date if you change your address and also to make sure that those of you who have standing orders keep them up to date. If you have any problems in this regard or any other matters please let me know and I will do my best to put things right.



What Norfolk village?

What village connects with a sculptor, a poisoner and a special axe. Its celebrity connections go on, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle lodged there in 1903 and wrote *The Dancing Men* inspired by the way the landlord's son used pin men to write his signature.

PD James, another Crime fiction writer, had her detective looking at the church tower thinkun it was '*..the embattled symbol of man's precarious defences against this most dangerous of seas.*' Look you through the church visitors' book, people still say they come to see where M.R. James' *A Warning to the Curious* was filmed.

Climb 133 feet up St Mary's tower, look you west, see, 16 mile away, Norwich cathedral on the horizon. WW1, City of London Yeomanry, nicknamed The Rough Riders, exercised their horses on the beach afore going to France. A few year ago, by the cliffs, they found a handaxe alonga animal bones with flint axe cut marks on them. Seem ancestors in this village were carving meat back in 680,000BC. That don't finish there. 2013 they

found a human foot print, not just any old toe mark in sand, this one had been there since 800,000BC!

Less come up to date. Mike Gating and Nick Compton come and help tricolate up the Cricket clubhouse last year. The primary school is still going strong after 150 years and more. Miss Bessy Thompson, a notable teacher, was there from 1889 for 44yrs.

You must have guessed by now so you don't need the picture clue what appear on all them postcards. That sculptor was Barbara Hepworth who come and stay, Jonathon Bell, who poisoned half his family, he's buried in the cemetery.

If you are still in need of another clue, just look at the cover.



Sharpin? Oi ent tew keen onnit.

THE BOY COLIN



Oi jist dorn't know wot people see in a'spendin' orl thar toime an' best part o'thare money a'toodin' round sharps. Oi warked fer thateen an' a half yare in a cuppla sharps an' thass wholly put me orf follerin' the Gal June round when she's in full flicht. Oi ollus tell folk that warkin' in a sharp wud be a good jarb dew that wun't fer the customers. Now, Oi ain'ta'tarrin' em orl buh the searme brush corse sum onnem Oi got on orlright with an' still see them passin' by in Norridge an' they wotta stop an' hev a natter 'bout wot Oi call the "old dears". Howsumever, thare wuz sum wot yew

knew wuz gorn'ta be trubble sune as they started cummin' t'wards yer. They seemed ter hev that vicious look 'bout em. That ollus seemed funny that when them sort wuz about my fella warkers in the store seemed ter disappear loike they din't want a lug-bashing orfer sumbody who they jist knew wuz gorn ter set 'bout 'em. Oi ollus 'peared ter be the one they cum a'looki' for.

Moind yew, Oi hed a few larfs., loike the toime when a slummickin' gret woman asked me what Oi could do 'bout har faulty chest – that wuz when Oi wuz doin' moi best ter sell farniture. A bloke cum arter me corse he wanted ter order a bookcearse. When Oi asked him where he wanted it delivered he reckon Oi could send it ter the plearce he warked which wuz the Parachute Packing Department at RAF Coltishall. When Oi see he wuz a'wearin' glarses wi' lens loike the bottom o' jam jars Oi thowt ter meself Oi shun't want him ter pack a parachute fer me ! On a Sat'day morning a good ow Norfolk boy cum looki' at some recliner chares. He troid three or fower onnem an' when Oi asked him which he loiked best he ponted ter one named "Triumph". Oi asked him woy he preferred that one an' he reckon he once hed an ow motor boike which wuz a Triumph an' that wuz a goodun ! So yer see, them colleagues o' moine din't git half the larfs wot Oi did buh them a hidin' up.

Oi still hobble up ter Carra Rud of a matchday (Silly fule, Oi hare yew say) but thas ayther that or gorn round sharps an' as bad as ow Farke's team are dewin' thass still better'n drawin' round sharps. Some onnem seem ter hev searles a' gorn on orl the yare round . Oi dorn'r reckon Oi'll live long enow ter see the end of the DFS searl ! They yewsta hev a Winter Searle in January an' a Summer one in July. Now they crowd 'em in jist 'bout evra month. The warld is gorn crackers Oi reckon. An' torkin 'bout crackers, Oi hope yew orl hed a good ow dew over

Christmas. That sune cum and that go even faster an' that ent long a'fore th'ow
bills cum a'rattlin' threw the letter box.

So thare yew go tergether, thass 'bout the lot o'moi moanin.

Moind how yew goo and less hope ow Trump don't dew northin' sorft in 2018

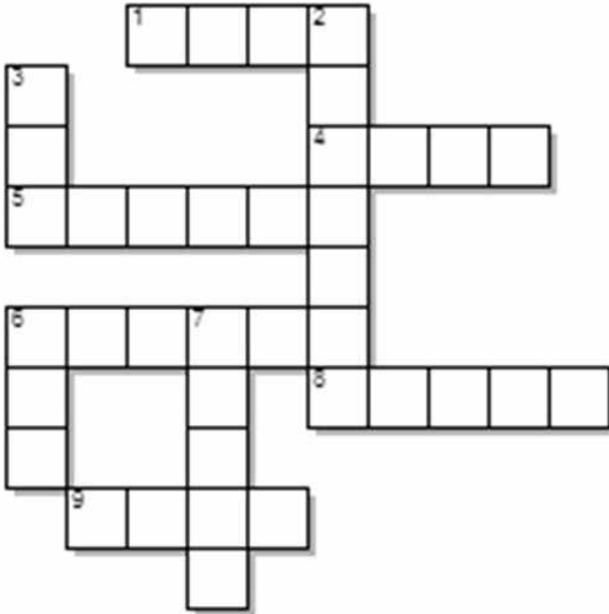
Cheeeeeerio

The Boy Colin



A little crossword for Peter

Diana



All the answers are dialect words.

ACROSS

1 spot

4 crease

5 scarecrow

6 chat

8 shrew

9 throw

DOWN

2 heron

3 stomp

6 scold

7 cloth



The Wisbech of Ouse **Or the end of the Dialect Road**

A contribution from William Woods, inspired by last year's panto 'The Wizard of Ouse'

Several towns lie on or just over the Norfolk county boundary: Wisbech, Brandon, Diss, Bungay, Beccles and Gorleston. All lie well within the Norfolk dialect area except Wisbech, which lies outside. Taking a north-south direction Norfolk Dialect and the similar Suffolk dialect carry a continuum from north Norfolk down to north Essex. However, in an east-west direction, Norfolk dialect comes to an end even before it reaches the Norfolk county boundary. It reaches neither the Lincolnshire border at Sutton Bridge nor the Cambridgeshire border at Wisbech.

Water and waterways are the deciding factor in marking the Norfolk county boundary: to the west the rivers Nene and Great Ouse, to the south the rivers Little Ouse and Waveney. The rivers of the southern boundary have held their course for a thousand years, but the Fenland rivers to the west of Norfolk have been much altered over the last four hundred years, particularly through the work of the Dutch drainage engineer Sir Cornelious Vermuyden. In keeping with a landscape of changing watercourses and Ouse washes, the dialect situation on Norfolk's western borders also seem somewhat fluid. The main influence in the area is the Cambridgeshire dialect, which overlaps into Norfolk. Such has been the massive development of Cambridge as a city in recent years that it has been nicknamed Cranebridge and it is threatening to overtake Norwich as the capital of modern East Anglia, a much larger region than the historic one. Administrative changes in the 1950s and 1960s brought a rise in status of Cambridge from town to city and the removal of the Soke of Peterborough from Northamptonshire to Cambridgeshire. Previously Ely had been the only city in the county but now Cambridgeshire has three cities. Population growth in Cambridge had radiated into the surrounding fens. Ely, famous as the smallest city in England only 50 years ago, has tripled in size. Influence of the Cambridgeshire accent can be heard in Downham Market and Kings Lynn. Cambridgeshire dialect is spoken in Wisbech and areas to the east of it which are in Norfolk.

A noticeable feature in fenland names connected with water is the survival of Celtic word for water. Lynn derives its name from the Celtic word for pool which also occurs in Dublin (black pool). It is a pool in the sense of a stretch of water where ships can berth or anchor. The rivers Wissey and Little Wissey and the first



syllable of Wisbech relate to *uisge*, the Celtic word for water well known as the source of whisky (the water of life). The same word provides the origin of Ouse.

Wisbech is not on the river Ouse, nor is it on a beach. Its second syllable comes from *baec*, the Anglo-Saxon word for back, in this case a rise next to a river. It lies on the River Nene, but not the present Old River Nene, which runs through March and on to the Norfolk border. Wisbech lies on an engineered cut of the Nene which has its outfall in the Wash near Sutton Bridge. A logical conclusion to the puzzle of the meaning of Wisbech therefore is that once lay on a river called Ouse or Wissey in Celtic times and then with Anglo-Saxon settlement was called Ousebaec or Wissebaec.

The enlarged waterway of the River Nene from Wisbech to the Wash is ten miles long and navigable to ships. In recent years port activity at Wisbech has declined, whereas the port of Sutton bridge further downstream has grown, as have electricity generation and other industrial business, raising the population to the size of a town. The community hall is inscribed Sutton Bridge Village Hall, but notices on it proclaim Sutton Bridge Town Council. Neither here nor any of the villages on either side of this stretch of the Nene southward to Wisbech are in the Norfolk dialect area. All the Norfolk villages to the east of Wisbech around Walton, Walsoken, Emneth and Upwell down to the Ouse washes to Welney in the Cambridgeshire dialect area. Near King's Lynn Norfolk dialect overlaps the Ouse, whilst near Wisbech Cambridgeshire dialect overlaps the Nene. The magnificent Norfolk fenland churches of the Walpole parishes and of Terrington St. Clement and Terrington St. John actually belong to the diocese of Ely, creating a strange circumstance whereby Norfolk dialect crosses the diocesan boundary but does not reach the county boundary. There is an old saying in West Norfolk that Norfolk ends at Walpole and this seems to be true of Norfolk dialect. Walpole Cross Keys, Walpole St. Andrew, Walpole St. Peter and Walpole Highway stand as boundary markers on its western front.



Wildlife in the Norfolk Dialect

Recently, with Peter Trudgill and other FOND members, I have been working on constructing a Norfolk Dialect wildlife list. The hope is that these can then be used on interpretation panels at local wildlife visiting areas. If you know or have a contact with any organisations who may be interested in using these please put me in touch.

Some I think are more common than others. How many do you know?

Alp/Ulf – bullfinch
Badget - badger
Bandy – hare
Barley-bird – nightingale
Bay-duck – shell duck
Bee-bird – great tit
Bishy-barney bee – ladybird
Blue-darr – black tern
Bloodalp/Bloodulf – male bullfinch
Bottle-bump – bittern
Canker – caterpillar
Chit-perl – little tern
Dickey – donkey
Dob-chick – dabchick
Dodman – snail [more Norfolk than Suffolk]
Frenchman – red legged partridge
Fresher – small frog
Greenulf – greenfinch
Harle – gadwall
Harnser – heron
Herring-spink – goldcrest
Hodmadod – snail [more Suffolk than Norfolk]
Jill-hooter – owl

Mavis – song thrush
Paddock – toad
Paigle – cowslip
Ranny – shrew
Razor-grinder – nightjar
Reed-bird – reed warbler
Reed-pheasant – bearded tit
Sea-mow – gull
Sedge-bird – sedge-warbler
Spink – finch
Sow-pig – wood louse
Throstle – mistle thrush



The ferocious wild Bandy



Bewtiful Belle and the Gret Ole Beast

Report by Stewart Orr (also known as Pansy or Tulip!)



Sunday 14th January 2018 The F.O.N.D. Pantomime – The day we'd all been waiting for – the latest gem from the pens of Monica and Diana Rackham, the famous mother and daughter duo from The Friends of Norfolk Dialect. This time it's the traditional tale of Beauty and the Beast which with its Norfolk twist became Bewtiful Belle and the Gret Ole Beast.

*Here we are again my friends,
That year din't half go quick.
We've scratched our hids and had rum
thoughts*

*About what panto should we pick.
This year we're staying in Norfolk
And the tale we're going to tell
Is about a gret ole ugly beast
And a pretty young mawther called
Belle.*

These immortal lines set the scene for our afternoon, as did the delivery of our Narrator, Colin Burleigh. Not only was he narrator, but also Colin so ably held the production together with his well-placed witticisms and comments. The cast were very grateful for his skills, covering any unintentional pauses and other

Bewtiful Belle and the Gret Ole Beast

incidents. Then we met Wicked Enchantress, (Monica Rackham) and the Prince (Angela Collins). In retaliation for the Princes inhospitality towards her, the enchantress cursed him making him a 'gret ole Beast' (David Rackham) and turned all of his servants into animated household objects.

We then met Belle (Diana Rackham), her merchant father (Barry Mobbs) and her unlikely couple of Ugly Sisters. Possibly type-cast for their fair countenances, Pansy and Tulip (Alan Smith and Stewart Orr) happily bumbled their way around the stage, and, give them their due, kept a vague eye on the script.

We all felt sorry for the penniless Merchant when he let us know that he, his beloved daughter Belle and his two ugly daughters would have to move from their grand mansion in Kings Lynn to a little ole cottage in Elveden. But soon luck was to change and the merchant set off back to Kings Lynn to claim his money. On the way he became lost in Thetford Forest and stumbled across the Beast's castle. A posse of magical household items appear (Clock –

Keith Skipper, Teapot – Ann Reeve , Candlestick – Andrew Waller , Mug – Jean Eaglen, Feather duster – Monica Rackham, Spoon – Norman Hart, Knife – Angela Collins and Fork – Stanley Jones) with a fantastical spread for the poor Merchant, who eats happily, only to be threatened with damnation to hell by the Beast, as he plucks one of the red roses from his garden for his favourite daughter, Belle.



The merchant is allowed to go, providing he comes back with his daughter Belle. She too is treated with great care by the animated household items and eventually

she and the beast fall in love.

Things continue on a localised traditional way as the story unfolds. The good are rewarded with all the blessings of this life and the heart, and even to Ugly Sisters seem to feel that one or two gentlemen in the audience could be persuaded to form an alliance with them.

*So Belle and the Prince got married.
There were wonderful jollifications,
And they lived happily ever after,
With very few complications.*

Bewtiful Belle and the Gret Ole Beast



Music throughout was provided by David Frost, Ros Wilson and Robbie Nash. Songs were sung during the production by Diana and her mum, Monica and Barry Mobbs, there was even some time for a ceilidh dance at the end. This year we even introduced a stage crew – well team of one – Andrew Collins, who provided efficient scene changing and prop positioning.

The production had a very homemade feel with many of the props and costumes being creatively made by cast members. I will not forget the sight of Keith Skipper's pendulum, Anne Reeve's spout, or Jean Eaglen being labelled as a mug. There was even real homemade food for the feast, despite the beast attempts of some cast members to devour it before it came on stage. Some costumes were kindly loaned and we are particularly gratefully to the Norwich Whifflers for the loan of the standard bearers costume for the merchant.

Our thanks also go to all those who helped behind the scenes with tea making, raffle and ticket sales and of course to all of you who came because without an audience we'd have looked even more stupid.

Thank you also for your generosity at the end of the panto where, a retiring collection for the EDP We Care Appeal raised £72.46.

Diana and Monica Rackham must be congratulated for maintaining the traditional high standard of the F.O.N.D. January panto. In Colin's closing words,

*We wish you all the best of health,
Much happiness and cheer.
And hope to see you all again,
Same time, same place, next year.*





Annual General Meeting and a Norfolk Afternoon Tea

Our AGM held in November at Yaxham Village Hall went smoothly. The meeting side of things was wrapped up quickly with the usual reports and I'm pleased to say all the hard working committee members were re-elected. I would like to take this opportunity to thank them again for the work they do, particularly Richard Reid our treasurer and Ann Reeve our secretary, they certainly help to make things much easier for me.

Despite turn out being low, after a cup of tea and some Norfolk shortcake, our select audience were wholly entertained by the Gal Tina's talented sister the Gal Chrissie. Chrissie's songs and humorous stories passed the afternoon away nicely and it ended with the Gal Tina joining her sister on stage for the finishing number. It's always a joy to see them perform.



I was very pleased to see some FOND members joining the Norfolk afternoon tea event at Catfield Village Hall in October, where a good time was had by all. A large and varying spread was produce by a band of helpers and

all the food was beautifully presented. Along with lots of tea and coffee, the food on offer included:



Norfolk rusks with Binham blue cheese
Norfolk Shortcake
Nelson slice
Yarmouth Fair buttons
Treacle tarts
Cromer crab sandwiches
Ham and Coleman's mustard
sandwiches
Sausage rolls
Kettle crisps
Scones and Norfolk grown strawberries

These refreshments were sandwiched between two sets of entertainment with songs, tunes, dancing and poems from Barry Mobbs, Monica Rackham, David Frost and myself. These all had a Norfolk theme and with the day being very near Trafalgar day more than one reference to Lord Nelson was made.

Diana



Wordsearch: Norfolk Characters

Some famous names with Norfolk connections feature in this issue's wordsearch. Can you find them all? You'll find the solution on page 23.

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

The boy John
Nelson
Edith Cavell
Elizabeth Fry
Stephen Fry
Roy Waller

John Hurt
Robert Kett
Anna Sewell
James Dyson
Howard Carter
Delia Smith

Brian Gunn
Henry Blogg
Anne Boleyn
Harry Cox
Jenny Lind
Boudicca



Friends of Norfolk Dialect 2016 Trosher Competition Winners

You can read the 1st placed story and poem in the following pages that follow. The 2nd and 3rd placed entries will appear in future editions of *The Merry Mawkin*.

3rd

Oi Thort He Sed Goot

RALPH WOODS • 2016 Trosher Competition 3rd Prize Winner

Thart wur a rum ow thing t'other day when arter sum golf we wur walkin orf, tu know down tha loke by tha back pond, an my friend he say ter me, "Cor, look at orl those ow coots!" An oi thort he sed "goots" an so orf oi went a ramblin on bout how my Dad used ta keep goots rite arta the War. I dornt know why he did, cos we lived in tha country an the local farmer brort round cows milk in them days in a big chern in a horse n buggy.

Oi'll neva fergit that. In winta he'd cum thru tha snow n'all tha frost. Yew remember in them days we used ter git winters an loods a snow an a corse them cows coont git out, so they wer fed slycd mangolds. Din't yew ever git orange milk? Dornt tearst no different.

But oi digress. So, we lived rite by the Stoke pilons, one a which got knocked down on a foggy day by one a our own war planes a all things. Moi uncle Cyril was a carpenter an he'd helped build the wood ones. But, oim startin ta digress agin, an so my dad, he had a lotta free food for em goots, wot grew by the roods. Ther wunt no cars ta speak on then, ta make their lives a misery. Anyrood, thart were all the milk we got wen we wer yung. Thart wer nice wen warm in the payl wi some froth on tha top an wen you dipped yer finger in, you cud get some a that, an it tasted good cept when a goot hair came owt too. Cos a thart, mi mum used ta run it into a jug threw a bit a muslin. Oi loiked it on my mornin flakes but no one else did.

Tew a my uncles, not Cyril, cos he wus allus makin cartweels n things, also hed goots an one were very proud a his "Abisinian" goots as he sed. They did hev loike a Roman nose on em they did, so why int they called "Roman" goots oi shood ha asked him. Well, at tha toime, oi wur too yung ta think a that, an oi hant met many Romans then despite the owd Roman camp be'in jus down the rood. Oi reckon he woont a known anyways. An my otha uncle wot run a farm, he had sum too. Well, oi werked fer him in tha summers fer a shillin an hour, an arter lernin how ta

muck owt tha pigs he sed now you got thet down bor, why dornt you dew tha goot shed. So orf I went, an cor blimey, wunt thet a dew! They dew what they dew, an thet dew hooly pong!! My wust job ever. But, it int jus that shed, the ole billy goots, they dew hooly pong too. Now some a yew smart Norfolk folks' say yew mus be goin sorft in tha hed! They int billys they be "bucks". Well, oi dint neva hear 'em called thet in all the toime oi lived tha. He was allus a billy an she were a Nanny. An now yewl yell agin, "You dum Norfolk dumplin yew, she's a "doe" ". Thas not wot we sed thow. But, oi digress agin, cos as yew all now know he's a billy, an I kin tell you he dew smell so bad an he dew offen git mad. We wunt go near em. But he dew have ta be there, or you dornt get no milk, an the nannys be so sad. Now, cos tha billy goot dew smell so bad an gits mad wi horns on, he int tha fust pet yud think on, an we dint hev one. Nor did my uncles. But, there were a useful one up by tha pilons.

Tha young buck wot owned im used ta loike boxin, an he wud git up early in the mornin offen, ta listen on the radio ta tha British boxers allus losin in 'merica. Woodcock, Turpin, Mills, no match they fer Sugar Ray. Cor blimey, yer thinkin oim digressin agin arnt you? Well, pay attenshun, cos this yung boxin buck dint fite no one but his own billy goot, wot wos allus on a chain, an he wos allus jus outta reach. Til one day he darnsed round an got his back agin a wall. An thet billy came rearin in, an he dint stop. They dint fite no mor arter thet; tha billy, he jus hed gentler persewts.

Now, I know you was a wondrin wen eye wood, so I'm gorn back to roodside goot grazin, which you dornt never see no more. Oi dint say at tha start a this tale, thet the older one a dad's goots hed horns, tew on'em, an the yunga one dint. I did try ta milk tha yunga one, but allus failed wot wi her high kickin and racin away. Two squirts, an over'd go the pail. Yew hatta milk em mawnin n nite. Fer Dad, they never moved, even ran teward him, bleatin, mebbe in some pain. Til one mawnin afore brekfast, he came in. Mad! A placid man who neva raysed a voice. With tears he sed my hornless goot wus gorn!! An gorn she wus, not loike jus on tha lewce. An not loike now, ther'd oftun be those painted, travellin caravans abowt, so he knew who wos ta blame. For weeks arter thet, on a Sataday, to Norridge catil markut we booth went, up by tha Castle then. Wotta mess thart were. Yer hed to fight them catil 'erds all the way from Trowse in them thar days. But, we never did find no welcum bleating there. I dornt know what he woulda dun anyroads if he 'ad found 'er, as we droov awl thet way up in our small Ford (yu 'member it, black, ACL 193 it wus).

Think he'd a bin so 'appy he'd a worked her all tha way hoom an fergit the car. But she wus gon, an he woont never git nother one. Soon, all our milk wus cold, sealed

in bottles, TT “tested”, safe, humogerised, ’n not warm and foamy in a jug so yew cud dip ya finga in. Well, dumplins awl, oi hatta go now ’n cleen my clubs; all this mess ha cum ta mind cos oi thort he had said goot. Funny int.

3rd

2016 Trosher Competition Poem 3rd Prize Winner

This poem was submitted by Gerry Tann on behalf of his late wife. In the previous *Merry Mawkin* I incorrectly credited it to another of our great poem writers Lil Landimore. The poem was also a 3rd prize winner in the 2016 Trosher writing competition. I’m sure you’ll agree it’s a lovely poem and so it doesn’t matter that it is getting printed again.

And while I have a Norfolk tongue I’ll take it everywhere

A Norfolk Poem to be spoken in the Norfolk Dialect

*Um a Norfolk booty,
A Canary frew and frew,
Here’s a little suffen um gonna tell to you.
I’ve got suffen rarfer presuss,
Suffen quite u’neek,
Cum a little closer bor!
I’ll take my tung in cheek.
It’s suffen I wus given in a very special way.
It’s suffen I will treasure till my dying day.
It’s suffen I wus born with,
Suffen yew carnt see
It’s suffen yew will recognise,
Suffen tis only me.
It’s my well known Norfolk accent,
That I treasure o so dear,
And while I have a Norfolk tung
I’ll take it everywhere*



I hatter go and see my pain man

Canon Peter Nicholson

Oi hatter go and see my pain man just afore Christmas. Hully noice doctor he is. Oi git on well alonga him. He allus do his level best ter help people. He's from India and he'er got a greate long name beginning with N. He know Norfolk well cause he useter work in the hospital in Ipswich and he say he and his gals ha bin a bard watching up at Blakeney Point many a toime. Reckon he din't se ner Indian bards up there. But he know all about them dunlins and avocets. We spent a lotter toime talking about bards!

He're abin looking after me for a few months now but this toime he say he can't do ner more. If Oi hed one a them there operations on moi spine I might not come round arter having that there stuff what mearke you pass out! And he say: If I give you a higher dose a pain killers you could go all drowsy and you loit hev a fall. So he say he's werry sorry he can't help me na more. Oi'm hully sorry an all.

Oi hatter git a taxi ter the hospital. The he charged me £10.50 fer going but the one who brought me back said that wuz £15. When I asked him why the difference he say: "Oi had a long way ter come" You can't allus understand what them there drivers say.

So now that lok loike Oi'm stuck atom fer evermore. So can you help? What do you do when you're stuck atom?

I git moi pearper a mornins. They now charge 35p a day fer delivery cause they hatter employ grown-ups course the school children oon't do it. So Oi settle down with moi cornflakes and tinned cherries and do that there crossword and that there puzzle where they give you three latters and you hatter find out all the rest. That tearke me up ter about ten a clock.

Then Oi go and look at moi emails. Narthin as morning! Just adverts ter sen people bunches a flowers. So Oi git down to moi jigsaws. Oi love jigsaws and my son sent me three fer Christmas. They were all about Norfolk: Hoveton Hall Gardens in a 1000-piece puzzle and two 500 piece ones of Cromer and Horning Swan. Oi shall keep a doin them till either they wear out or Oi drop. Cause Oi hatter stop for lunch and see what my grocer ha sent me. Oi love moi ready meals. Even though Oi'm Norfolk Oi hully loike Lancashire Hotpot. That hen't done me ner harm so far and Oire he about three over as many weeks, Hatter go back ter Norfolk dumplings I spuz.

Well, mind how yer go tergether, Fare ye well.

Sending you our best wishes Peter. There is a crossword on page 9 to keep you and all the other Merry Mawkin readers a goin.



Brian Eaglen

OBITUARY

It is with sadness that I have to report the death of another of our stalwart members Brian Eaglen; a true Norfolk boy and resident of Hingham. Whenever I saw Brian he always seemed to have a smile on his face and a story to tell. He very much enjoyed coming to FOND dewes and having a mardle with his friends. He could often be found sitting near the front, alongside his brother Ken (also now deceased) and good friend David Myhill. It was always so refreshing to hear these three characters pass the time away while enjoying themselves. One of the last dewes he attended was to see Jesse, the dog he loved dearly, take a starring role in ‘The Wizard

of Ouse’ as Toto. Both Brian and his wife Jean have been involved in FOND since it all began and have devoted lots of time and energy to supporting us, particularly travelling around and recording dialect speakers. I am very grateful to both of them for all their work; our thoughts are with you Jean.



Brain (centre) with brother Ken (right) and David Myhill (left). Photo courtesy of Ashley Gray

Ode to our Brian

*We have lost a very special man
He went a while ago
He was so clever, smart and funny
The kind we love to know*

*I met our Brian some years ago
And I'd like to talk you through
Some of his life and laughter
That he shared with all he knew*

*Him and Jean had been together
For over 60 years
There's been fun and laughter good and bad
But never many tears*

*When Briain and Jean first met
They didn't go courting long*

*Cos jean's mum she loved out brain
And he could never do no wrong*

*Gal jean knew it was true love
She knew she had a goodun
But as he said nbehind a good man
Was allus a good woman*

*He worked ona farm for 68 years
With only 1 week off ill
It wasn't until later life
He had a doctors pill*

*The doctor phoned him up one day
When he was 64
To see if he existed
Cos he hent seen him afore*

He passed his driving test
And drove a lorry from the farm
He carted beet to bury and Cantley
Hard work din't do him no harm

He has seen some hardy winters
Not the type we get today
He would use a loader on the tractor
front

To clear the snow away

He's done toppun tailun sugarbeet
He has seen the harvest thrive
And he told us many times
When he put a fence up round the drive

He was a very clever gardner
He joined Hingham gardening club
Jean saidn that was much better
Than him a gorn orf down the pub

I remember one comp-tettion
His vegetables laid ina row
But his little ow dawg
Come n et some
Just afore he was due for a show

But he dug up some more in a huirrry
His spuds were so clean wi no eyes
And blarst is he dint win a trohopy
He come hiome wi his lot n fust prize

He won so many times wi his veggies
Hiw tearters, beans n his leeks
He would love to get out in the open
He'd be weedun and feedun for weeks

His son bought him a mobile phone
And he forgot to lock ut
And while he dug the garden
He was taking photos in his pocket

That night he rang me frantic
The memory that said full

Then I found 50 photos on the phone
Good job there weren't a hole

He enjoyed short mat bowling
Until he had a bad fall
He laughed and said even with a
bruised face

He was more hansome than sons Nick
n Paul

He was also in FOND panotomimes
He didn't mind doing his bit
And he loved to hear the Norfolk Accetn
And he loved me to tell him some squit

But sadly a few years ago
Jean and brain lost their happy
adventure

When slowly anr dear Briany
Showed the first cruel signs of
dementia

Jean heard then of a great venue
In the heart of wynmdoham town
Which piroved a strength to both of them
When theyt were feeling down

The Pabulum dementia café
Was for Brian the very best
They did games and card snad
memorised

And gave jean some well earned rest

A terrific club terrific place
For dementia nd for care
Brin had so much fun and laughter
Every Friday he was there

So for all the carers all the sataff
As we all remember hiimn toadyua
Lets raise some funds for the panulum
As we send him on his way

Tina Chamberlain



The FOND facebook page

ANGELA COLLINS

The FOND Facebook continues to be popular, now with 692 people “liking” our page (521 this time last year). The popularity of posts vary, with several regularly being seen by over 1,000 people.

The most popular this year has been photos of New Buckenham Road signs, with one photo reaching an incredible 10,020 people, with 86 shares. I’m not sure who makes the signs, but various people have sent me photos. “cor blast yar agoin tew farst” being the winner.

Also very popular was a poem by Ted Peachment which reached 2,291 people. The more humorous posts seem to be the most popular on Facebook.

52% of our followers are female, 46% male. Age range 18 to over 65, with the most popular age group being 45-54 which matches Facebook’s profile more than FONDs I think. 620 live in the UK, which means 72 of our followers are overseas, including US, Australia, Switzerland and Germany.

To help continue to build on this success we are looking for people to be guest editors of the page, a new person taking on the role each month. This will hopefully help to increase our followers and allow for some new ideas.



Can you guess which village Diana was in when she took this photo? The answer is upside down at the bottom of the page.

Wouldn’t it be good to see more villages with these signs?

The speed sign is located as you drive into the village of Weybourne along the coast road from Sheringham.



International mail to the editor

A Letter to the Editor

Members of FOND can be found all over the world here is a letter from Peter Pipe in California. Although he has not lived in Norfolk for over 50 years there still seems to be a part of Norfolk dear to his heart, as I expect there is for a number of our readers.

Howyer gorn on t'gether!

I was reading some a that stuff about what people say if they tork like their from Norfolk. And I say to moiself, "Thas a duzzy rummun. They don't sound nuthin like I do." So I say to one a these fellers, "You sound like that an yew reck'n your from Norfolk, way your torken ent the way wot we torked when I was a boy." So he say, "o'm from Norridge. Thas the biggest place in Norfolk. We talk right. So what about yew?"

Well, I towd him, "O'm from Diss." He larf. "Well harf you lot git all mazzled with that silly Suffolk. Can't tell if your torkin or singin' harf the toime. Thas why you don't hev much sense." And I dint tell him but I thought, "Thas a lotta ow squat. I know what my ow man wudda said to him, "Do you don't howd your row, or O'll catch you a clap across the skull!"

I're got older since then – met some them other Norfolkers, places like King Lynn and Sherringham. They talk different too, but they worn't bad fellers, I just felt sorry for em.

Peter Pipe

This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

1. Taunton Football Club
2. The Poppy Line
3. Brampton
4. Hay is cut grass, straw is crop stalks
5. A47
6. Holme-next-the-sea
7. Catching crabs on a line
8. "That is in Tenerife"
9. St. Mary's
10. On Westminster Bridge opposite Big Ben



Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

Half Pay Pudding

Another recipe from the recently discovered, handwritten notebook of recipes with Nanny Warr's name on the front. I have copied it out verbatim. By the condition of the book and some of its entries I reckon it dates from the 1930s. A recipe for this appears in 'The Book Of Household Management' by Mrs Beeton so it probably dates back earlier.

- 4oz breadcrumbs
- 2oz flour
- 3oz sultanas
- 2oz suet
- 1oz mixed peel
- 2 tablespoons syrup

Put a little baking powder to the flour

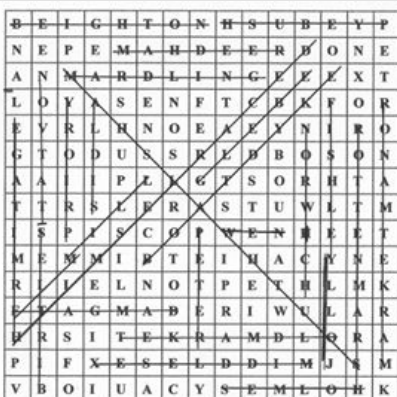
and then add the breadcrumbs. Then suet, sultanas, peel and syrup. Mix together with half a teacup of milk. Boil for two and a half hours.

Apple Shape

Here's another from Nanny's Notebook. I'm sure I had this in quite a posh restaurant last year (Yes, Toni takes me out now and again) as one of those fancy "Apples three ways, desserts.

- 2lbs apples
- 1.1/2 lbs loaf sugar
- Lemon peel to taste
- Boil till quite stiff, stir with a wooden spoon, turn into shape. Serve cold.

Wordsearch Answers



Crossword Answers

- ACROSS
- 1 push
 - 4 ruck
 - 5 mawkin
 - 6 mardle
 - 8 ranny
 - 9 hull
- DOWN
- 2 harnser
 - 3 jam
 - 6 mob
 - 7 dwile



'In cooking, the close attention of the chef is the ingredient that makes the difference.'
Pensthorpe Medieval Fair 2008. Photo: Bob Farndon



FOND

**PRESERVING, RECORDING AND PROMOTING
THE NORFOLK DIALECT SINCE 1999**