

THE MERRY MAWKIN

**THE FRIENDS
OF NORFOLK
DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**



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Front cover: Wherry leaving Ranworth. Bob Farndon

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Chairman's report



Another edition of the *Merry Mawkin* has made it to print. I hope you enjoy reading all the interesting articles, some may seem to be written a few months ago, but hopefully you still find things entertaining. It's been a long process getting the magazine together again and I'm looking forward to having the help of Zena, one of our regular Trosher competition contributors, who has kindly agreed to help with organising things so that hopefully the *Merry Mawkin* can run more effectively in the future. My apologies for the lateness but, we are still here and we do still want to keep in touch with you and hear from you, thank you for your patience.

Our AGM is on Sunday 25th November, 2.30pm at Yaxham Village Hall. This is fast approaching and with this the end of my three years of chairmanship. I have very much enjoyed being chairman of FOND and the opportunities it has given me. I hope that I have been able to help FOND grow and develop even if I know I have sometimes not been able to give it much time commitment. My grateful thanks go to all those who have supported me particularly my fellow committee members and my mum. Next year will see the 20th anniversary of FOND, twenty years on from when Keith Skipper started things at Yaxham Village Hall. As we currently have no chairman to take my

place at the AGM in November and I would not like to see us fold before we reach the 20 year milestone I am prepared to extend my chairmanship for another year, we will be able to discuss this at the AGM.

In exciting news our panto is currently in the process of being written this year it will be:

Peter Pan and the Lost Old Boys
Sunday January 13th 2019,
2.30pm
East Tuddenham Village Hall

At the panto the Trosher competition winners will also be announced and I was pleased to hear from Ann that we have had a good number of entries this year.

Alongside running the Trosher, we have also been out and about on Norfolk day and at the Cromer Folk Festival, you can find out more about both events further on in the magazine.

If you can think of any other ways we can help to spread the Norfolk Dialect word it would be lovely to hear from you.

It seems early but I wish you all a Happy Christmas and a safe winter time. I hope to see you lots of you at the panto.

Keep you a troshing,

Diana

P.S. My mother she say she hopes to see lots of you at the panto too!



**THE MERRY
MAWKIN**

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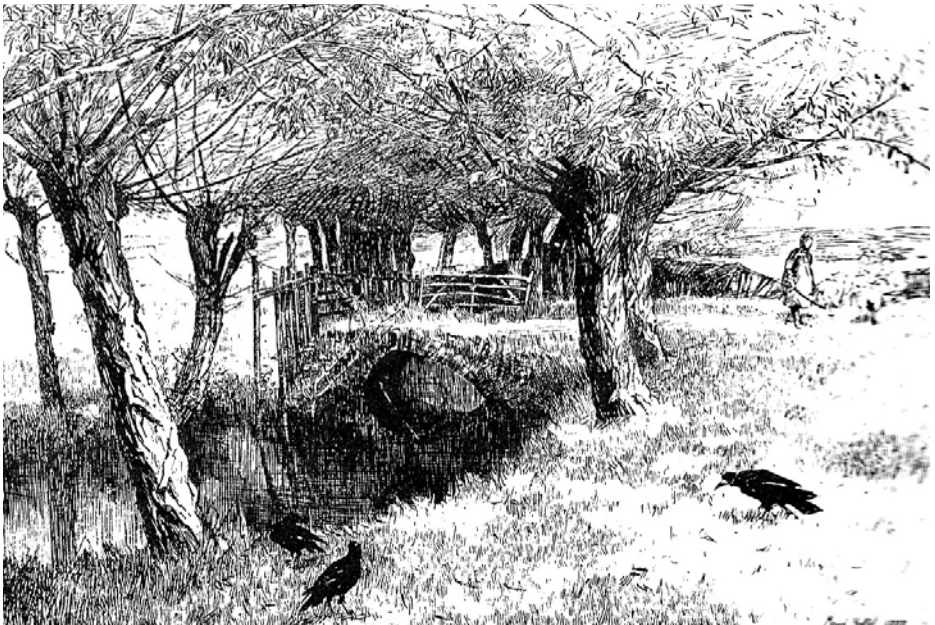
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Pomp and Circumstance

THE BOY COLIN



We Oi wuz a' sittin' an' a' watchin' them airypalanes fly over Buckingham Palace t'other day fer the RAF hundred year celebrations and d'ya know Oi thowt tew moiself there ent nobody ken put on a show better'n us when that cum ter pomp and circumstances. Oi felt rare proud when Oi see thet ow Lancaster Flyin' past. Oi git bombarded wi' spitfires an' Hurricanes! Moind yew th'ow Shepherd Neame Brewery dew mearke a beer wot they call Spitfire an' moi heart alive dorn't a bottle that go down well.

Jist leartly, on one o'them digital channels they're bin a' showin' the Queens Coronation, over agin. D'ya know Oi never git tired a' watchin' that. Fer a start, Oi'll bet thare ent no other country hev got anything loike that gold coach what she rid in. Hope she hed pretty o'cushions ter sit on 'course th'ow suspension on tha coach don't look tew cracky, dew ut? Oi'll bet them grey hosses corst suffin' ter feed and water, dun't they? Tha get-ups them blokes wot hang onter the coach wear corst a pretty penny tew. That wuz a good jarb that that rained on Coronation Day dew if that hed bin hot they would hev warked up a rare ow muckwash in them outfits. A few yare ago oi wuz dewin' a few days work on that "All the King's Men' film" an' they togged me up in a footman's outfit wot hed bin worn by a footman at Sandringham House. Ow King Sol wuz a 'shinin' an' torl about feel malted. Oi shunta wanted ter dew that fer a livin', Oi ken tell yer.

Oi wuz down in London t'other week an' wuz disappointed ter see they dun't hev them guards on thare hosses on duty down Whitehall no more. They reckon that they hen't bin thare fer a long toime, ever since them thare terrorists started their gearmes. Thass a shame really, 'courese a lotta folk wot went down thare yewsta loike hevvin' a picture took with 'em. And them little ow Japanese gals loiked them guards in thare bareskins. Now Oi dun't mean tahy won'ta wearin' nmorthin' but thare hats wuz med outta bareskins. Then agin Oi reckon most onyer knew wor Oi meant. Them tourists wot go ter London ollus loiked tearkin' pictures o' the Cheargin' o' tha Gurad or Trupin' the Colour so they cud show thare family when thay got hoom.

The Queen ollus wear sum rare noice hats when she's on duty, dorn't she? Tha day we (the Gal Jean and me) went ter see har she wuz a'wearin' a lemon coloured outfit wi' a hat ter match. That wun't quite a Norwich city yaller but then agin Oi 'pec she did her best.

Them young ‘uns in the Royal Family loike ter tog up tew. Moostly in sarvice uniforms thow Oi notice eddie sorn’t ‘course if Oi remember roightly he went inter the Royal Marines but din’t get on tew well and left arter a whoile so Oi reckon they med him hand his clobber in but all the others hev got uniforms drippin’ wi’ medals – where the heck they got them from Oi dorn’t know. Some Car Boot Sale. Me, Oi’m happiest in a Norwich city t-shirt, pare o’ cords an’ sandals! Thass how Oi am thow the Gal June reckon Oi look shucky.

Hope yer enjoy the rest o’ the year an’ when tha temperature shoot up agin dew yew stay kule!

Hare yew go tergether



Secretary’s Squit

ANN REEVE

We finally got round to having a committee meeting in May. Should have been earlier but the Beast from the East put paid to that. With Norman driving from Harleston and Diana, Richard, the Boy Toni and me driving from Sutton and Martham we didn’t think it worth the risk. (Not sure if Diana, Richard, Toni and I might not be the Beasts from the East). This time instead of meeting in Norwich Diana kindly invited us to her home at Sutton where she provided tea and chocolate biscuits. The meeting was attended by Treasurer Richard, Norman, Toni and myself.

Diana reported that she was very pleased with the January Panto meeting but concern was raised with regard to the lack of volunteers for “on the door”, raffle, tea making etc. Work has already been started by Diana

and her mum, Monica, on next year’s panto which will be Peter Pan.



Due to rising costs but mainly lack of copy it was suggested that we may have to consider reducing the Mawkin to 3 issues a year. It will be put to the AGM. We really need more writers to contribute. It was thought that 3 good issues would be better than 4 skimpy ones.

FOND had a stall manned by Diana, Angela and Norman at the Cathedral for Norfolk Day on July 27th and at Seadell Shops, Hemsby, we hosted an all-day walk-in Norfolk Dialect Quiz.

Richard has compiled a form to comply with the New Data regulations. He was thanked profusely for the time and diligence which he had devoted to this.

They will be distributed to all members. IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT MEMBERS RETURN THEM. Richard also presented the draft accounts. Overseas subs were discussed in view of postage costs of sending the Merry Mawkin. This subject had been raised by an overseas member. It was suggested that overseas subs should be raised to £20 and this will be put to the AGM.

Norman will endeavour to investigate school curricula etc with a view to having a Junior Trosher competition again in 2019. I will be publicising the Adult Trosher shortly asking entrants to email if possible which makes it easier for printing in the Mawkin.

2019 will see the 20th Anniversary of FOND on October 3rd. It was agreed that a Celebratory Dew would be

organised as close as possible to that date. Probably to be held in Norwich.

Well, as you can see, FOND is like that proverbial swan. All calm on the surface [most of the time] but there's a lot of activity going on underneath. Help is always welcome so if there's anything you'd like to volunteer for, even if it's just the washing up, don't hold back.

And on that subject don't forget that Diana will finish her 3 years in the chair at the AGM. We don't have a vice chairman to take over as no one has come forward. It's a hard act to follow I know but with an organisation our size there must be someone out there who could do it.

Could it be you?



Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

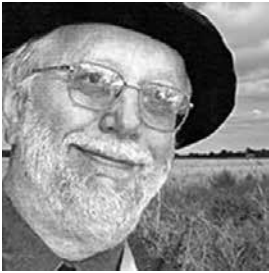
1. When did Bonds of Norwich become John Lewis?
2. When did the Firs Speedway track close?
3. Which well known Norfolk cricketer played for Tottenham Hotspur
4. Whose statue was unveiled on Hay Hill, Norwich in 1904?
5. How much did it cost Norwich City FC to sign Joe Royle from Bristol City?
6. When was Norwich Hippodrome demolished?
7. Where can you find the World's End Pub?
8. Which mid Norfolk village has the ruins of a bishop's palace?
9. Where was Norfolk folk singer Harry Cox born?
10. Where do celebrations of Drynkings take place?

How did you do? Find out on page 25.



Furze

PETER TRUDGILL



In the eastern Norwich suburb where I grew up, Thorpe-next-Norwich, now often known as Thorpe St Andrew, there are three neighbouring residential streets called Gorse Road, Furze Road, and Furze Avenue, although it has to be said that the “Avenue” is surprisingly short and narrow in comparison to most other thoroughfares bearing that name – the Norfolk word *loke* might have been more appropriate.

From a botanical point of view, these road names are rather strange because, in fact, furze and gorse mean the exactly same thing. The Oxford English Dictionary states that furze is “the popular name of *Ulex europæus*, a spiny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers”. The OED definition of gorse is, similarly, “the prickly shrub *Ulex europæus*; common furze or whin”; while it defines whin also as “the common furze or gorse, *Ulex europæus*”. My guess is that many people in Norfolk today are more familiar with the word gorse for this plant than they are with furze or whin, but until recently gorse was relatively little used here.

The Survey of English Dialects, which was carried out from the University of Leeds between 1950 and 1961, investigated the speech of rural English speakers born in the 1870s and 1880s. In Norfolk, the dialects of thirteen localities were investigated between November 1956 and June 1957.

One of the books which came out of the Survey is *A Word Geography of England*, a dialect atlas which was published in 1974. The atlas has a map for GORSE, with variants furze, gorse and whin. The map shows that the word gorse itself was found in two separate areas of the country. First, it was used all over central England, from southern Lancashire down to Gloucestershire in the west; from southern Yorkshire and Lincolnshire down to Cambridgeshire and western Essex in the east; plus all the areas in between. The second gorse area consisted of Kent. But the word was not generally used in Norfolk except for one location: Outwell in the Fens.

The word furze, on the other hand, was found all along the south coast of England and up into Buckinghamshire, eastern Essex, most of Suffolk, and the two south Norfolk localities, Garboldisham and Ashwellthorpe. The English Dialect Dictionary also confirms that furze or fuzz occurred in Norfolk and Suffolk, but does not specify precisely where. People do tell me, though, that

furze was the usual word in much of eastern Norfolk, including, no doubt, Thorpe-next-Norwich.

As far as whin is concerned, I had always believed that this was a Scottish word – Scottish often talk about “the whins” in the plural. But in fact the Word Geography of England shows that whin is or was also the usual form to the south of the Scotland-England border in Cumbria, Northumberland, Durham, northern Lancashire, northern Yorkshire, and eastern Yorkshire.

Surprisingly, however, it also shows that there is a second, totally separate and relatively small whin area in England: according to the atlas, whin was also the normal word used all over the west of Norfolk. It was recorded in 1956/1957 in Docking, Great Snoring, Grimston, North Elmham, Gooderstone, and Shipdham.

Interestingly, the Survey’s dialect fieldworker did not succeed in obtaining any word for *Ulex europæus* in Ludham or Reedham. We can suppose that in these marshy Broadland districts of eastern Norfolk, local people were simply not familiar with the plant and therefore did not know the southern and eastern Norfolk word furze, or even the new, more mainstream English word gorse.

But basically, the picture is clear. The dialects of old non-Fenland Norfolk were divided into two geographical zones as far as gorse was concerned. In the west, there was the originally Old Danish word whin; and in the south and east, there was the originally Old English word furze.



Green Hairstreak butterfly feeding on gorse in May on Salthouse Heath.



Good Queen Bess in Norridge

RALPH WOODS

Yes indeed, 440 years ago in August, she did visit our Fine City. Not many people are alive now that attended or can remember those wondrous celebrations, but reports have it that everybody there had a wonderful time just before another outbreak of bubonic plague occurred. She was not a great traveller, occasionally visiting Essex and counties to the south of London, spending a total of only 29 days of her reign in all of East Anglia. Indeed, it took her 20 years to get to Norwich, but in that month of 1578, for all of six days in her 45 year reign, she was indeed here, in England's second City.



An' she wus hooly med welcum as I shall let on. Arter havin overnigheted with one Lady Stile in Bracon Ash, which was reckuned ter be 5 miles from Norridge, orf she went agin ter be met by the Mayor, Robert Wood Esq. an' his Aldermen an' a host a others frum Norridge. An' they wunt alone either for they hed sixty a' the handsomest bachelors in Norridge all dressed in black a' marchin two-by-two a' front a' them. An neither wus she alone cos she hed, Lords an Ladies, an "8 of the prevy council", an' other diverse nobles along wi' three French Ambassadors. (We know relations were better with the French than the Spanish in those days, although the Spanish Armada was still 10 years away.) But they wur there, an' tha hool lot a' them was headin ter tha Bishops Palace where she wus stayin from tha "Saterdag" til the "Fryday next ensewying".

Our Fine City knew she wus a cumin and by golly did they git ready in a short time. A court held on the 20th of June decreed that all houses, streets and lanes should be "repaired and beautified". Now wunt that ha' bin a job an thars what Tha Mayor Bob thought. So, he writ ter tha mayors a' Kings Lynn, Yarmouth an more, askin them ter send as many men as possible ter help out, sayin he would pay 'em well for their journeys an' labours. Paint was a flyin' round everywhere – mostly white an' sum brown we hear; the ugly pillory and cage wus removed from her view; St John's churchyard wall wer knocked down at tha Maddermarket an rebuilt so as ter widen tha street; tha narrow opening at St Giles gate wer widened by haulin away some earthen hills; tha "muckhill" at Brazen-Doors (the next gate down from St. Stephen's) wus carried away; and ter make a good furst impression as she rood in, the rood ter St Stephen's gates wus

newly gravelled. But that weren't all it took ter make Mayor Bob happy. Not on yer mayorship! No more a' them thar smelly cows are ter be let in tha city an' them tha "scourers" int to use any wash, an' tha candlemakers int to "try" any tallow til she hev left. What a merry-go round! But afore she came ter Nawfook she was in Suffook an it wus well known thet thar she hed bin right royally treated.

Any rood, at abowt 1'o clock in ther arternoon, orf started tha Mayor's hool procession of notables an' commoners on down ter "Harford Bridges" about 2 miles from tha City. In jus over an hour, along came the royal prersession of 200-300 carts with 1200 to 1800 horses. Them good ol' Nawfook folks were overjoyed ta see her an' tha yelling an' shoutin went on fer ages wishun her good health an' a long life. What a joyful occasion thart must ha bin. But at last tha welcoming noise died down an' the Mayor greeted her with a long oration in Latin. This wunt tha most politic thing ter do, since as soon as she ha cum ta tha throon she ha sed, "No more a that ol Latin an' French jabber in my court, we shall speak only English frum now on." Some folks ha' sed that that moov wus a major facter in promotin an' preservin the English spoken langwidge, so I reckon she would ha bin a member a FOND in her day.

So, on politely rambled the Mayor a thankin her and her predeccessors fer given Norridge a Mayor an' Aldermen instead a' jus Bailiffs. Finally, he giv her tha sword a' tha City an' a gilded silver cup an' lid wi' 100 quids wuth a gold in it. She wus right pleased an heartily thanked him fer all his good wuds but sed she dint need tha money, but jus tha hearts an' minds a tha people. Oh, an by the way, har be a nice mace fer you ter hav fer tha City. (Sum fooks say she then whispered in his ear, "You don't happen to have a spare penny on you do you?") That bein dun they orl took orf agin. Wi all tha carts an people tha noise was sed ter be definin. They got as far as Town Close, jus an arrer shot from tha City wall, where another speech was planned. But as fortune wud have it, it started ter rain, (thars tha truth, but it do be Nawfook) so she hastened on to St Stephen's Gates, which hed bin so carefully an' colourfully prepared fer her. She wus greeted thar by "loud and cheerful, melodious musick", and by singin' a tha choir with tha best voices in Norridge. Maybe it wer still a rainin', but as soon as they ha finished, orf she took ter git ta her lodgins.

But she dint git far, corse Alderman Peck had set up a beautifully decorated stage in the chuchyard next ta his house. An' more good sweet musick stopped tha Queen, although apparently some rude bell ringers did "hinder the harmony" an tha musick. But then a soon as thart ended, up jumped a fancifully dressed yung boy who had bin a hidden on tha stage awl this time, an' he stood afore

tha Queen an' said a luvly poetic welcum agin, a finishin by tossin a great posy a flowers in tha air. I dornt know if she cort it or not, but she did say thart were a verra gud show! Tha musick started agin an she "staid a good while" afore orf she went agin down St Stephen's Street towards the Market. Everything was beautifully dun up awl tha way along her route an' cor blimy there was another 40 foot long steage erected. On this there was banners a tellin her all 'bowt tha wool trades a Nawfook, an then eight maidens who wus a spinnin worsted yarn, an' at tha other end, eight more wot wus a makin worsted clorth. Also on tha steage wus a lot a men who wus demonstratin thar work in tha wool trades too. Finally, center steage wus a "pretty boy, richly apparelled" who did giv a speech a sayin how Norridge wus a sufferin from tha drop orf in tha wool traid an wus in need a Her an' God's help. (This would have been despite the influx of Flemish weavers recently invited in to broaden Norwich's weaving base. The decline of the wool business and the associated everyday activities in the Market Place at that time, had also meant that the rubbish and weed growth there was no longer trodden down, but needed to be deliberately removed. Many of the City houses were empty and had provided accommodation for the 300 or so initial influx of the "Strangers." By the time of our story, probably the number was closer to 5,000.) Tha Queen agin took a great interest in tha shows an' things, particularly tha knittin an' weaving a tha children. Now dorn't that sound familiar.

Then wen she wus dun she giv great thanks ter all, an' orf she went agin toward thar Market Place. An' guess what wus a blockin tha rood in? Stoon tha crows if it wern't another pageant with its musick an' speeches!! I reckon like you, she wus a getting tired a them by now, so I woont go inta any detail but it wer the biggest an longest yit. A 50 foot long steage! Arter it wer over with a lotta musick an' singin agin, she hauled orf acrors tha Market, inta St John's Street, (probably not the narrow St. John's Lane of now, but the modern St. John's Maddermarket) an' so on down ter tha Cathedral fer a service. Well, arter thet sarvice wer over, she finally got ta her lodgin in tha Bishop's Palace, not at tha Maids Head as a lotta fayk news will hev it. Wot a day!! Arter awl thet palarva, I say she arned her gift a' gold, dorn't yew agree? An I reckon thart were a show as Norridge hant sin before or maybe ever arter. An she ha got five more days a this ter cum!!

This account, for what it's worth, is based upon the record of the visit by Francis Blomefield, published by W. Miller, London in 1806. Now available in *British History Online; The City of Norwich, Chapter 27.*





Cromer Folk on the Pier **A Wholly Norfolk Dew**

On the 13th May we had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon at the Cliftonville Hotel in Cromer, where we held our Wholly Norfolk Dew as part of the Cromer Folk Festival. A variety of squit, poems monologues, songs and dancing made for some great entertainment and my thanks go to all those who performed. It was particularly great to have the support of Keith Skipper and Pat Nearney both of whom

helped to add a special touch of Norfolk humour to the occasion and also members of the Blankney Old Wild Rovers whose rousing songs never fail to get the audience singing. The dew was well attended by both locals and visitors, some of whom return each year to the Folk festival and make a special effort to come to our Norfolk session. We are certainly looking forward to being involved again next year!



Performers
Pat Nearney
(left) and Gary
Mears (right)
in action at
the Dew



Norfolk Day Celebrations



Angela and Diana at Norwich Cathedral

The first Norfolk Day was celebrated on Friday 27th July this year. A good idea for the promotion of businesses and all things Norfolk, though I must admit I was a little sceptical of how the Norfolk Dialect may be used, particularly when I was given a free T-shirt saying 'Ar yer orrite bor?' However, I accepted that saying about the Boy John, who 'wrote as he spoke and spelt as he pleased' and felt that perhaps FOND should embrace the celebration if only to hopefully offer advice on dialect in the future.

The event we chose to attend as part of Norfolk Day was held in Norwich Cathedral, we joined a small number of other stalls with a stand to promote who we are and also ran some Norfolk dialect quizzes which were popular with both young and old. My thanks go to Angela and Norman for helping me to run this. Throughout the day the cathedral ran performance slots and I did a half hour slot of Norfolk squit and poetry. I must admit it felt a bit daunting to hear my voice echoing around such a famous Norfolk landmark but it seemed to go down well.

Harbert's News from Dumpton



Standing (left to right) - Terry Reeve, Frank Gordon, Cynthia Robinson, Tim Lenton, Peter Franzen, Yom Walshe, Bill Woodcock, Alan Howard. Seated (left to right) - Chris Fisher, Keith Skipper, Adrian Bell (publisher). *Photograph by Trevor Allen.*

FOND founder Keith Skipper called up family, friends, a host of old press colleagues and of course members of FOND for the launch of Harbert's News From Dumpton at the Jarrold book department in Norwich, on August 16th. These weekly bulletins written in Norfolk dialect were published in the Norwich Mercury Series of weekly newspapers for the best part of 40 years. They

were written by Maurice Woods, who was London editor of the Eastern Daily Press and a highly-respected journalist throughout East Anglia, London and Europe.



Keith has written a revealing introduction for the book which also carries a heart-warming tribute from Chris Fisher, who succeeded Maurice as EDP London editor. The evening was enjoyed by all who attended, thanks for the invite Keith!



Letter to the Editor

More Norfolk names for birds

A letter from a member, in response to our article about the work we are doing to encourage the use of Norfolk Dialect wildlife terms on interpretation panels placed at wildlife spots around the county.

Please allow me to add 'fulfer' to the list of wildlife listed in the *Merry Mawkin*. Now certain incomers and intellectuals would have you believe this is a corruption of fieldfare. Not so, a fulfer is a mistle thrush, my fathers generation would merely have called a fieldfare 'some sorta gret owle mairbitch' (mavis)

And just to set the record straight a throstle is another name for a song thrush and it is not a Norfolk name for the bird, just an alternative. Us locals we stick to mavis, don't we gal?

Now then tergether, who can tell me the difference between a dyke and a holl?

Arthur Petney



'Some sorta gret owle Mairbitch.' Photo: Bob Farndon



Wordsearch: Acle

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

- | | | | |
|--------------|--------------|----------------|---------------|
| Aldis | Hermitage | Old Market | Beighton |
| Holmes | Peter | Birtles | Jolly |
| Priory | Boat Dyke | Mardling | Pyebush |
| Damgate | Reedham | De Carle Smith | Middlesex |
| Rotten Marsh | Elm | Mill | South Walsham |
| Fishley | New | Station | Glebe |
| Norwich | Market Manor | | |

Can you find them all? You'll find the solution on page 23.

Notice of Annual General Meeting 2018

Yaxham Village Hall, Norwich Road Yaxham NR19 1RJ
Sunday, 25th November, 2018 at 2.30pm

AGENDA

1. Chairman's report
2. Apologies for absence
3. Minutes of the AGM held on 26 November 2017
4. Matters arising from the minutes 2017
5. Chairman's report. To include reports on *The Merry Mawkin*, Website, Facebook, Twitter.
6. Secretary's Report
7. Treasurer's Report and election of an independent examiner.
8. Proposals:

The committee proposes that "Membership subscriptions shall be £10 single and £15 family. Any members living overseas shall pay a membership subscription of £20."

The committee proposes that "*The Merry Mawkin* shall be published three times a year"

9. Election of Officers and Committee Members

Chairman	Diana Rackham	
Secretary	Ann Reeve	
Treasurer	Richard Reid	
Membership secretary	Diana Rackham	
Technical officer	Stewart Orr	
Committee	Tina Chamberlain	Owen Church
	Norman Hart	Stanley Jones
	David Raby	Toni Reeve

10. Any other business
11. Date, time and venue of AGM 2019.



A Trades Boy at Wells in 1956

NORMAN SMITH



I spus I was abowt thateen year old, in the chicken shed gathurin the eggs when I sumone hollered, cum you out here and see wat I got. There stood my mearte Atty who lived across the rud in an old fishermans cottidge, with a brand new bike. Where'd you git that from I say. Why I're bin saving my pocket money, and bort it yesterday, thas got a threespeed, dynamo and cerble breeks. Cu I say carnt save that with my pokit money cus I only git 1 shillun a week. When my farther cum hum I ser to him can I hev some more money a week so I can save for a bike, he looked at me over his noosperper and sed NO, so that wus the end of that conversation.

A few days lerner I hid a bit a luck, my mearte Callum, who was a couple a years older than me, rud up to me on the Co-Op trade bike, and sed he had applied to join the Royal Navy and had bin accepted so do you want this here job o mine. Cu blast yis that I do I sed. So arter school next day, I went to the Co-Op, which wus on the quay, to see the manger Mr Bullocks, Callum say this is young Tander who want to take my job on, Mr Bullocks say thas a funny name, I thort not half as funny as Mr. Bullocks. Do your mother shop at the Co-op he asked. I say no that she dornt, she git her groceries from the International stores cus thas cheaper. Callum looked at me and rolled his eyes as much as to say you sed the wrong thing there ole partner. But Mr. Bullocks just smiled and sed wer atleast your honest, then sed rite ho, you can go with Callum and larn the rounds, if yew git on alright you kin hev the job, you'll hatter come four nights a week straight outer school, and all day Saturday's, you don't hatter cum Thursdays cus thas half day closun an for that you'll git 7/11pence a week.

Cu I was suffun chuffed and arter two weeks I wus the new tradesboy at the Wells Co-Op. Callum never let me ride on the trade bike, when I first got on it that took some pedalling, specially when that was loaded with groceries and being as the shop was on the quay everywhere you went was uphill and that dint help in the winter

when it was blowing a gale. The old finshermen would holler you want to get a marst and sail on that bike then it wont be so hard to push up them hills them. Dornt talk so sorft I used to shout.

One good thing was all the biscuits were all sold loose, so they were weighed then put into paper bags. If I got a bit hungry as I was biking along I could sneak a biscuit or sweet out of each bag without no one knowing. One Thursday when I went hum Mr Bullocks sat having a cup of tea with my mother. Ar my boy he sed I're got some good news for you, Co-Op head office say you should have been paid more wages so you are now going to get ten shillings a week plus 16 pound back pay. Cu thank you very much I say, now I can get my bike. So the next Saturday I ordered a bike exactly like Atty's and when I got it were suffun pleased.

By now I was nearly 15 year old and had got myself an apprenticeship at Fakenham. Mr Bullock had always been a good boss so I had a plan to help him out with a problem he had. The problem being an old gal who will be nearmeless. She was the meanest women in Wells, she used to come to the shop with her husband on a motorbike and har in the sidecar, every Saturday at twenty past five wanting to buy fruit and veg cheap which she sed would be rotten by Monday, plus two eggs for their Sunday breakfast. When she'd gone out the shop Mr Bullocks always said I wish that woman would shop somewhere else.

So it was time to put my plan into action. Saturday morning before I went to work I went to the hen house and got an egg that had laid there for weeks and took it with me. The old mawther turned up at the same time again lifted the hood up of the side car and got out. In she come wanting her usual, so while Mr Bullocks sorted the fruit and veg I sed I'd get the eggs. I got one out of the tray and put in a paper bag with the one I brought from hum. I took her shopping out and put it in the back of the side car making sure I broke the eggs at the same time. In she got pulled the hood down and orf they went. All of a sudden there was a screech of brakes she jumped out hollering, holding her nose with one hand and chucking the shopping out with the other. Her husband came running down the road cursing and swearing saying the eggs you sold us was rotten and she reckon she ent going to shop here ever again. Thank the lord for that said Mr Bullocks, I turned to Mr Bullcoks, she always wanted suffun that would be rotten by Monday and I think she got it. He patted me on the shoulder and walked back into the shop.

I never let on what I did, but I think he had a good idea, dornt you.

Nice having a mardle with you, cheerio for now.

Young Tander



My Journey to Work from Shotesham in the 50s

ANN REEVE

I get up in the morning and cook myself some bacon and eggs and toast. Does anything smell nicer than bacon frying? Yummy. I leave home to walk to the bus stop. I enjoy the scent of primroses in the hedgerow, the early lilacs and lavenders in people's gardens and the apple blossom from the orchard as I pass Jimmy's market garden.

Oh dear! There's the blood lorry from Warman's abattoir. That doesn't smell nice at all. I miss-timed that one. Enough to make you gag.

I pass the farm. The cows are being milked. That lovely warm, rich milky smell is soon followed by sawn wood, varnish and polish. Someone must have died because George Foulger is making a coffin in his workshop. Over the road the farrier is working at the forge. Hot coals and hooves. Not so nice.

I arrive at the bus stop and the bus soon comes in a cloud of exhaust fumes so I get on and sit in a cloud of cigarette and pipe smoke. There are one or two sweaty passengers. A few might be wearing Old Spice or Californian Poppy or Evening in Paris, but not many.

We get to Norwich and drive past the Queens Road Co-Op Bakery. That aroma of freshly baked bread! I'm getting hungry again. We alight from the bus at the bus station and guess what, it's Caley's Chocolate from the nearby factory. I walk past the derelict building at the bottom of Surrey Street. It was bombed in the war and it still smells a bit burnt and neglected.

Gentleman's Walk gives me Lamberts and they are grinding and blending the coffee. Gorgeous. Then the flower stall on the corner of the market. It is spring and they are selling local daffodils and bunches of violets imported from France. I go along Dove Street where I am assaulted by the smell of beer being made at Bullards Brewery in Westwick Street.

I finally reach my office and am greeted with polish and paper.

Funny thing is, I don't remember noticing any of this when I do the return journey after work and of all those aromas the only ones left now would be the bus and the flower stall on the market. Everything else has gone.



Ode to be in Norfolk

LYN FOUNTAIN

*Oh t'be Norfolk
Now thet April's heer
Cromer beach is bracin
Thass snowin' on th' pier
Crab sarnies on th'menu
At th'hotel de Paris
Then tearke a hike up Beeston Bump
Yew cum alonger me.*

*Oh t'be Norfolk now September's heer
Yew dorn't need t' go a broad we're got our own set o'broads right heer
Take a picnic on the water thass wholly relaxin' and good
Or follow a datty old tractor for thatty mile down th' road*

*Oh t'be in Norfolk now january's heer
We're orf to FOND's great panto
East Tuddenham this year
But wherever yew are in Norfolk
At any time o' year
Spring summer autumn winter
Thass a year round love affair.*



They Don't Know

KEITH SKIPPER

*They mearke me larf when they go on bowt cold weather ...
Blarst, they dunt know what cold is,
Thass when ice cling ter yer beet.
Write yer nearme in hosses' breath
An' haul th'ole sack about yer.*

*That mearke me savage when they mutter
bowt poor roads ...
Blarst, they hent hed a ruff ride.*

*Thass when ruts jolt yer guts out.
Hold on tight in dickey cart
An' hope that dunt tip over.*

*That mearke me howl when they slaver on
bowt web sites ...*

Blarst, they orter be more thoughtful.

Thass nice ter go internashnul

But shunt yer still be torkin'

Ter the poor old gal next door?

*That mearke me wunder when they say
things are better ...*

Blarst, they carnt know harf onnit.

Thass ryte when parst mean suffin'

An' yew kin see where yew're bin,

Then yew know where termorrer might be.



Harry's Harnser

LIL LANDIMORE

*Harry had a little heron
He called him horry harnser
But every time he spoke t'him
In Norfolk squit he'd answer*

*So harry took him orf t'school
To teach him to talk pproper
But every time he moved his beak
That young bird cam a cropper*

*So now poor horry's left alone
To speak the way he like
And if anyone should iterfer
His answer' not polite*



Done and dusted!

CANON PETER NICHOLSON

Well, bor! I're got a new hip at long last! All thet there pain what Oi hed fer over a year thass all gone. They said Oi' hatter go inter horspital the noit afore cause they wore going ter do me early next morning. So, there Oi wuz in bed on the hospital's 8th floor. Oi could look outer moi winder and see the lights on Wembley Stadium and the planes landing at Heathrow. Hully noice thet wuz. Kep moi mind orf things thet did!

Oi din't know much about the operearshun cause they stuck a needle in moi back and thet wuz me gone from the waist down! Rummin thet wuz. They call thet an epidermis or suffin but I know you couldn't feel narthin. Funny ole do! Oi wuz soon inter the theatre but Oi din't know narthin cause they put me ter sleep. Oi must a slept a long time cause when Oi wook up that wuz half arter tworlve.

So, back ter the ward I went, wheeled along in my bed! Lovely. Them there porters were ever ser noice. Them there narses they kep moi dinner so Oi wuz happy. Two hot meals a day ter look forward to... rather loike Mattins and Evensong! They reckon hospital food ent ser good but Oi wuz happy with what they gav me. Oi'm werry easily pleased.

Them there nurses were hully noice. Cam from all over the world they did. The sargeon, he wuz from India. Couldn't hev had a batter man. My ward sister she cam from Hungary. She din't look she wuz hungry. I think she musta et any spare meals thet wore agoin! All them there narses they all spook English so we din't hev a problem. Cause, none on em hed heard of Norfolk so they wun'ta understood me if Oi'd a spook it. So, Oi hed ten happy days in hospital so Oi wuz really sad when they said Youra going home termorrer"

Howsomever they fixed everything up and sent a tall tea trolley and a higher loo seat and them there carers cam in twice a day ter help change moi special stockings and wash moi feet. Thet wuz hully noice to be ampered fer once. Then Oi hatter go an git on by myself. Oi found arter a while thet Oi could do without my walking frame and just use a stick. Arter a week a two Oi thought Oi din't need the stick neither. Happy me! Then Oi thought Oi would hev a go at driving moi car arter a year an more without it. Success! Oi wuz suffin proud a thet. so now Oi can drive ter moi chiropodist a Satterday.

So...here we are back ter normal and ninety-three next month. And Oi can' use a compooter an all. Never give up, Oi say!



Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

Vinegar Cake

Mother would make this when the hens stopped laying. It's got a surprisingly good flavour and is so easy to make.

8oz butter

1lb plain flour

8oz sugar

1 level teaspoon mixed spice

1lb mixed dried fruit

8fl oz milk

2 tablespoons cider vinegar

1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, blended with 1 tablespoon of milk.

Rub the butter into the flour until it resembles breadcrumbs. Add the sugar, and dried fruit. Pour the milk into a large jug and add the cider vinegar and bicarb.

IT WILL FROTH UP. Add the liquid to the cake mixture and stir well.

Turn into a greased and lined 9in cake tin and bake at 350f/mark 4 for 30 minutes.

Reduce oven to 300f or mark 2 and bake for a further 1 to 1 ½ hours until a skewer inserted comes out clean.

Cover with a piece of kitchen foil if the cake is browning too quickly.

Allow to cool in the tin before turning out on to a wire rack.

You could replace the dried fruit with some glace cherries or dried apricots. You could also replace the mixed spice with some vanilla essence or almond essence. Or decorate the top with some flaked almonds.

Granny Jordan's Million Pie

This recipe was given to me by my friend Bridget who took it from Granny Jordan's notes. It could be the forerunner of the American Pumpkin Pie.

1 medium marrow

2 eggs

Sugar to taste [Bridget says about 2 tablespoons]

Sultanas or raisins

Ground nutmeg

8 inch/20cm blind baked pastry flan case.

Peel the marrow, remove seeds, cook, strain well and mash.

Beat eggs with sugar.

Add strained marrow, and sultanas or raisins.

Add to flan case and sprinkle well with nutmeg.

Bake at 180c /350f until custard is set.

Serve hot or cold. This would probably be nice made with Butternut Squash instead of marrow.

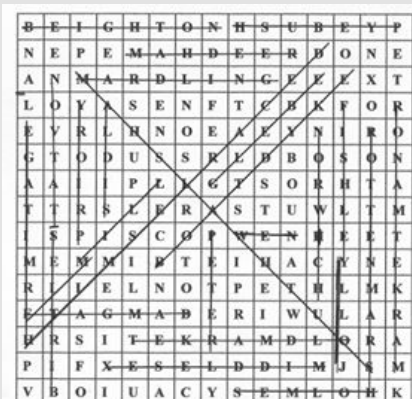


Spotted by Wendy Montgomery at Fairhaven Water Gardens, South Walsham.

This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. 2001 | 6. 1964 |
| 2. 1964 | 7. Mulbarton |
| 3. Bill Edrich | 8. North Elmham |
| 4. Thomas Browne | 9. Barton Turf |
| 5. £60,000 | 10. Shipdham |

Wordsearch Answers



Harry Cox – celebrated traditional Norfolk dialect folk singer., born in Barton Turf (see Colin's Quiz Question 9).



An unknown family (c.1900?) from photo found tucked into book in an Aylsham charity shop.
Any ideas about where, or who this might be?

Friends of Norfolk Dialect
proudly present

Peter Pan
and the
Lost Old Boys



Sunday January 13th 2019, 2.30pm

East Tuddenham Village Hall

Members £4 Non members £5

For more information contact

01692 584809

