

# THE MERRY MAWKIN

THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT  
NEWSLETTER



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Front cover: Panto fun.

Photo: John Gregory

Back: Thrift at Weybourne.

Photo: Bob Farndon

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## Chairman's report

I hope you are all well and enjoy reading this *Merry Mawkin*. Some of you may not be aware but I am remaining as your chair for a further year. Hope you don't mind!



I am certainly proud to say I am the Chair of the Friends of Norfolk Dialect and I hope I have helped FOND to grow. We had lots of discussions at the AGM in November and I agreed to stay in post, particularly because I wanted to make sure FOND reached its 20th birthday (more on this later). There are some other changes on committee as Stanley has now moved into the vice-chair position and Tina has decided to come off. She is however still an invaluable member of FOND and I'm grateful to her for all she did while on the committee and the work she continues to do in promoting the dialect. I am often emailed by people wanting her to do a talk! Although not on the committee I would also like to say a big thank you to Zena Tinsley who has stepped up to help me with the *Merry Mawkin*.

After the AGM in November came our very successful panto in January. What a wonderful turn out we had this year to see 'Peter Pan and the Lost Old Boys. I thoroughly enjoyed playing the role of Peter Pan which included 'flying' in a super market trolley and I am very grateful to the Blakeney Old Wild Rovers shanty group who joined with us to provide some excellent entertainment alongside playing in role as the lost old boys. If you didn't manage to make it the boy Stewart has written an excellent review for you to read further on. If you did make it, I'm sure you'll enjoy revisiting that memorable afternoon and having a chuckle at some of the pictures. A huge

thank you to all involved, it takes a lot of effort to pull things all together but it is certainly worth it and it is an event which just keeps growing! I know my mum has already started to think about next year.

***Later this year we will again be hosting a session at the Cromer Folk on the Pier Fringe Festival. We are set to be at the Cliftonville Hotel in Cromer from 1.15pm to 2.15pm on Sunday May 12th.***

There are also plans being put in place to celebrate 20 years of FOND. We plan to hold a celebration evening on Friday 27th September in Norwich. Hopefully all our plans will be confirmed and I will be able to give you more details in the next issue of *The Merry Mawkin*, but do save the date!

In reaching our 20 year milestone we do also need to think about the future of FOND and our aims. Do we think we will make another 20 years and if so what are we hoping to achieve? I'd be interested to hear your thoughts on how we can move things forward and what you feel our direction should be, perhaps you may even like to come on board and help steer! Personally I think we need to keep looking forward not back, dialect is an ever changing thing, we need to embrace the changes alongside offering our help and advice. There are organisations out there who want to embrace the dialect as part of our cultural heritage and treat FOND as a valuable go to resource. We also need to encourage, I don't think the dialect is dying out, there are many out there who use dialect phrases and words, often without even thinking. We need to find a way to keep this going.

Let's look forward to the things we have planned for this year and hope we can come up with plans for the future!

I'm particularly looking forward to celebrating our 20 years! Keep you a troshin.

Diana

P.S. My mother she say the Blakeney Old Wild Rovers aren't lost old boys anymore.



## **THE MERRY MAWKIN**

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## We need a new Treasurer

RICHARD REID, retiring Hon. Treasurer.

I am retiring from the post of Treasurer at the next AGM, in November 2019. I am in indifferent physical and mental health, and will not be persuaded to continue.

I am grateful for the support and warm words of members during my three years in office, but I do not know any of you well enough to engage in the customary arm-twisting to find a successor - so it's up to you.

If we do not have a Treasurer then :

- Subscription cheques will not get paid in
- Suppliers will not get paid, leaving

us uninsured, and with no venue bookings and no Merry Mawkin printed

- Membership records will not be updated, so if you change your address we lose contact with you
- FOND's financial position will cease to be monitored.

So, one of you please come forward. I shall happily give any necessary support for handover and ongoing advice. Please call me on 01692 582978 or email [norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk) .

*Richard Reid, Hon. Treasurer.*



# Treasurer's Report for 2017-18

RICHARD REID, Hon. Treasurer.

This is an edited version of the Treasurer's report to the AGM on 25 November 2018

## Contents

accounts for year ended 31/03/18  
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re-appointment of Examiner  
financial position for 2018-19 to date  
membership  
the future

## Accounts 2017-2018

I experienced some ill-health during the year, and am grateful to those who collected money and kept detailed records at the AGM and at the Pantomime. Consequently there was some delay in getting year-end accounts completed and membership records fully up to date. The accounts were signed off by the Independent Examiner on 7th November. A summary of the accounts can be found below. The main points to note are as follows :

Subscription income was down by 60% on the previous year. The main reasons were : many members renewed early to avoid the subscription increase agreed at the 2016 AGM with an offer to renew at the old rate before 31/03/17. This had resulted in increased subscription income in 2016-17, with a corresponding reduction in 2017-18.

The spring issue of *The Merry Mawkin*, which normally carries a renewal reminder, did not appear until after the end of the 2017-18 year. As a result, many members did not pay their subscriptions during the year. A number of members have paid since, but these payments have

fallen in the current 2018-19 year, and so do not appear in the 2017-18 accounts.

Pantomime receipts were down by about 16% on the previous year, reflecting a reduced attendance. Efforts were made this year to improve publicity, including a full page notice on the back cover of the previous *Mawkin*. Costs were up because an early booking of the hall for 2019 fell in the 2017-18 year.

These increases in costs and reductions in income were balanced by a huge reduction in *Mawkin* costs, largely, and regrettably, due to delayed publication.

As a result, after a substantial surplus in 2016-17, we incurred a small deficit of £47. Cash and bank balances remained healthy at over £6,500, and as both Treasurer and Membership secretary I am working to encourage members to pay their subscriptions regularly, so that these peaks and troughs are less marked in future.

There were no questions at the AGM, and the accounts were adopted and signed by the Chairman.

## Re-appointment of the independent Examiner

The fee charged for the Examination of the 2017-18 accounts was £60, compared with an estimate this time last year of £50. I regarded that as reasonable, given that the Examiner had encountered for the first time my perhaps rather individual format for recording transactions, and my cross-referencing technique to ensure that all transactions were accounted for.

The Examiner completed her work within 24 hours and delivered a favourable verdict. I proposed that we adopt Debit and Credit Accountancy as Examiner for the 2018-2019 year, and this was agreed by the Meeting.

### **Financial position for year 2018-19 to date**

I reported that, provisionally :

as at the AGM, there was a surplus of income over expenditure of about £400.

Around 100 subscriptions had been paid, admittedly some of them late payments from the previous year.

Given that the pantomime is a net earner, and many members pay subscriptions at the AGM and at the pantomime, the outlook for this year was favourable.

### **Membership**

Because of health issues, I took my eye off the membership ball during the last half of the 2017-18 year. As a result, I am still catching up with changes. Some people have not received a Mawkin when they should have done, and some Mawkins have been sent to addresses where the member has resigned, moved or, sadly, died. I offer my apologies for this and am correcting each error as it is notified to me. Membership at the end of 2017-2018 stood at 245. As at the AGM it was 264, both figures including family memberships for two or more individuals, so hard work, particularly by the Chairman and the Secretary, with assistance from some unsung heroes among you, the members, has borne fruit.

### **GDPR**

The general Data Protection Regulation came into force on 25 May 2018, requiring holders of personal data to tell people what information was held about them, and how it was used, and to seek permission for

its use. An insert in the previous Mawkin explained, and requested a response granting or withholding permission for various uses. The same document was sent to those members for whom we have email addresses, in case of a delay in publishing the Mawkin. Responses came thick and fast - thanks to all. Among the many responses I received, there were two comments :

One member objected to the retention of bank details from cheques and standing orders for any longer than is necessary. The point is valid and I will address it.

The other comment, by a member whose ear is closer to the regulatory ground than mine, was that “smaller” organisations do not need specific permission for routine contact. I am unrepentant, because the other objective of this exercise, in accordance with a long-standing general obligation under the 1998 Data Protection Act, is to be sure that we hold accurate information. Members’ responses will facilitate this. If anybody has not yet returned their form, I should be grateful if they would do so, please.

### **Future**

I have served as Treasurer for two years, and have accepted nomination to serve for a further year, that is, until the next AGM in November 2019. I shall stand down at that AGM. It would make handover easier if the next Treasurer could be identified by the end of the current financial year, namely by March 2019. I could then report on the year 2018-19 while handling over to my successor in an acting role for the year 2019-20, to be confirmed at the AGM.

*Richard Reid,  
November 2018*



# Is there a future for FOND?

RICHARD REID, retiring Hon. Treasurer.

FOND was founded 20 years ago, and articles elsewhere in this issue introduce the Committee's plans for celebrating this anniversary year. Nevertheless, questions have been asked about whether FOND still has a role to play in the life of Norfolk and in the lives of the diaspora of Norfolk exiles around the rest of the country and indeed the world, who are among FOND's most enthusiastic members.

Most members, when questioned, enjoy reading this newsletter. Those who are able to make the journey to East Tuddenham enjoy the annual pantomime, and an attendance of around 10% of members at the AGM matches that achieved by comparable organisations. However, and again in common with many other clubs, societies and interest groups, FOND relies heavily upon the efforts of a small number of dedicated members, most if not all of whom have heavy professional, business, voluntary or social responsibilities elsewhere. Many of them are also, frankly, becoming less capable through age and infirmity.

## Consider these points :

- At the last AGM, it was necessary as an emergency measure to waive, by special resolution, the requirement that the Chairman should retire after three years. There was no successor.
- A new Vice-Chairman, who will succeed to the Chairmanship next year, will need the support of experienced officers.
- The Treasurer will retire at the next

AGM on the grounds of health and other commitments.

- It is hard to achieve a quorum for Committee meetings.

## FOND needs, urgently:

- Committee members,
- A new Vice-Chairman, to succeed the present incumbent, who will become Chairman,
- A new Treasurer.

New Committee members, and even acting officers, can be co-opted at any time and elected formally at the next AGM. So please come forward. Email [norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk) or telephone any of the Committee members listed in the front of this newsletter.

We need, too, a serious debate about the role of FOND. Are we to be an increasingly inward-looking group, talking to each other until the funeral of the next-to-last dialect speaker is conducted, in dialect, by the sole survivor? Can we realistically promote the use of dialect among the young people who will be our successors in the face of severe pressure on the school curriculum? Can and should we, like Canute, rail against the rising tide of "mummerset" in the media and the arts, which dilutes and degrades properly rooted Norfolk usage?

These are not rhetorical questions. They are real. I, as an incomer with an interest but no Norfolk heritage, do not know the answers.

**It's up to you. Yes, you.  
Please get involved.**



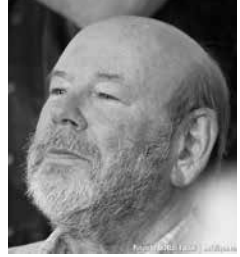
# Squit Merchants

KEITH SKIPPER

**FOND founder Keith Skipper salutes a pair of Norfolk droll models.**

The recent loss of two outstanding local entertainers with that delightfully deadpan touch has revived precious memories of The Boy John on his Norfolk rounds before and after the Second World war.

Mik Godfrey, the Bard of Bodham, and David “Muck Carter” Lambert followed his shining example of combining a droll delivery with a teasing revelation that he wasn’t such a fool as he might have sounded and looked.



Sidney Grapes, a Potter Heigham garage proprietor, dressed up in rustic attire to share Norfolk yarns and songs at concerts and dinners. He also wrote the evergreen Boy John Letters in dialect to the Eastern Daily Press for a dozen years from 1946.

His priceless legacy continues to be embraced with regular airings for vernacular delights snapped up by a new generation of homespun squit enthusiasts who care about authenticity and tradition. The annual FOND panto fits perfectly on this roll of honour!

I dubbed Mik Godfrey the Bard of Bodham to celebrate his trademark flair for embellishing the most prosaic of subjects with a lyrical ring. As long-serving comedian with my Press Gang travelling troubadours of entertainment, he won countless admirers with what may be best described as a 3D delivery – Deadpan, Droll and Dry.

Mik, who died at 71, was a popular driver for over 20 years with family-run Sanders Coaches of Holt, taking in local rounds, touring adventures and transporting Norwich City football fans to matches home and away.

I first encountered Mik’s down-to-earth but sharply-honed comic talents in the early 1980s when he fitted snugly into the role of village correspondent on my BBC Radio Norfolk Dinnertime Show. Raised in Gorleston, he became a fondly-adopted son of Bodham, a community near Holt with a legendary reputation for home-made indulgence.

The Queen’s Silver Jubilee in 1977 sparked the idea of a variety concert in the old village hall. So, the notorious Bodham Night of Squit was born as locals were press-ganged into doing a turn. This off-the-cuff rural eisteddfod blossomed into an annual event with everything from dancing girls to outrageous sketches



and handsome helpings of earthy Norfolk humour.

Mik Godfrey teamed up with Barry Toyn as unflinching sparring partners in the spotlight, introducing acts if they were ready, filling holes if they weren't and spreading a sheer joy generated by growing acceptance that total lack of shame was a prime parish commodity.

Memorably described by one ardent admirer as "The Godfather of Norfolk Squit", David "Muck Carter" Lambert was a gentle soul on and off stage. When he died at 81, tributes flowed much quicker than the way he told rib-tickling stories on his home patch in and around Attleborough and most parts of the county.

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## Secretary's Squit

ANN REEVE



**W**ell, that Panto wuz a good un weren't ut?

The Gal Diana and her mum Monica must be thanked for the huge effort which they put into this. They write the script and type it all out, make the scenery, make beg or borrow the costumes and the props. And then they somehow persuade all those musicians and singers to come along and join in. What an undertaking. We owe them a big debt of gratitude.

And then guess what? They made the shortcakes as well!

Don't forget that this is our 20th year of Squit and Dialect fun with FOND and we hope to have some kind of a celebration Dew in October. We will let you know as soon as we sort out a date.

As you know, with no one to take over the Chairmanship of FOND it

was agreed at the AGM that Diana would continue as Chairman for one more year only and then Stanley Jones will take the Chair. But we will need a Vice Chairman and as Richard has said that this will be his last year as treasurer we will also be looking for someone to take over this task. Is there someone with some accountancy skills or who runs a small business who would have the wherewithal to be treasurer? Richard had now got the accounts in such good order that it shouldn't be difficult for someone else to continue.



## Farway Plearces

THE BOY COLIN



We Oi'd dun a bit of furrin travel wi' thow RAF when they sent me ter Jairmany ter set fer hours on end a'lissenin' ter Morse code a'rattlin' away in moi ears. So Oi'd sin a bit of Hamburg, sum onnem norty bits! That wuz ony when Oi got in tow longa the Gal June that Oi thort we orter spread ar wings a bit an' git a bitta furrin' travel in an' blow me down – the fust plearce we settled on wuz Belgium. Wot Oi hare yew say, Belgium? Well bor, in them dears folk din't go tew far. Oi driv us down ter th'East End o' London, parked the motor in a designearted garridge and got the tour bus wot took us ter Southend Airport, which at that toime wuz about the soize of a postage stamp.

The Gal June wuz full o' trepidearshun 'bout gittin' on a plearne. She say, "Oi ought be sick". Oi say, "Well bor, dew we go by ferry yew'd be sick fer a lot longa!". Anyrud we landed in Ostend oright and had a cooch wot took us ter Knokke. The droiver skeared the livin' dayloights out onus. He keppa honkin' his horn and a'wearvin' his arms at orl the other rud users. Ter tell yew tha truth we wuz glad when we got t'other end and got settled in a little ow hotel near the seafront. The grub won't tew cracky but we managed a few trips out. One onnem wuz ter Walcheren Island which is part o' Holland and as we got orf the ferry thare wuz an ow dare dressed up in national dress, clogs annorl ,who wanted a tip ter hev har photo took.

Anuther dear, we hidded orf ter Brussels. We went ter foind the statue of the little ow boy wot wuz hevvin' a pee – Manneken Pis they call him. We found him oright arter arskin' a bloke the way. He told us ter moind the little ow boy din't pee in ar eyes! We also saw the Plutonium which wuz one o' tha features of the Ward Fair wot they'd hed thare.

At nights we yewsta go ter a wine bar whare they hed music an' dancin'. We set hevvin' a drink in thare one noight an' a bloke kep' eyein' up my Gal June. Oi got suffin' riled and told har if he din't stop Oi'd hit him on the hid wi' moi glarss. She reckon Oi'd git arrested if Oi did.

That wuz ar fust tearste of a trip abroad an' we'd got a likin' fer it. It proved we could git on tergether for a week which Oi reckoned wuz wot med me set ar weddin' dearte fer the nexta yare an' hev ar honeymune in Jersey.

Dew yew behearve yarselves Oi moight tell yew 'bout that nexta toime.



# Subscription payments - please!

THE TREASURER

There was confusion last year, which was entirely my fault and for which I apologise. No subscription reminder reached you via *The Merry Mawkin*, and as a result many members were not sure whether, when and how much to pay. Grateful thanks to those who already pay by standing order and to those who, with or without prompting, paid by cash, cheque or bank transfer, all of which are equally acceptable.

**For those of you who are still unsure, the subscription rates are as follows :**

**Individual membership     £10**

**Family membership         £15, to include all members living at the same address**

**Overseas membership       £20, to cover the additional postage for *The Merry Mawkin*.**

There are still a few members who are, in good faith, continuing to pay subscriptions at rates that were superseded several years ago. Could I ask you all, please, to make every effort to pay the correct amount. This applies particularly to those who pay by standing order. If you are not sure, you can change the amount by contacting your bank, or simply complete the form enclosed with this issue and return it to me. I don't like chasing people, but I shall remonstrate politely with anyone who is still paying the wrong amount after 1 April or who has not paid at all since last April.



## Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. When were the Paston Letters written ?
2. What does "kelter" mean ?
3. Which Dereham footballer now plays for Norwich City FC ?
4. How long is the River Wensum ?
5. When was the Dereham-North Tuddenham bypass opened ?
6. Who was Herbert de Losinga ?
7. What is a "backus" ?
8. How many bells are there in Dereham Parish Church bell tower ?



9. When was the Royal Anglian Regiment formed ?
10. What is Lady's Smock ?

*How did you do? Find out on page 25.*



## Wordsearch: All Around The County

DAVID SLY-JEX

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

ACLE  
ACTON  
AYLSHAM  
CATTON  
CLEY

DEREHAM  
DOCKING  
FAKENHAM  
HAPPISBURGH  
HOLT

KNAPTON  
MULBARTON  
NORWICH  
SANDRINGHAM  
STODY

Can you find them all? You'll find the solution on page 27.



## Peter Pan and the Lost Old Boys The FOND panto triumphs again!



Pirates! What an evil looking crew! Watch out for that crocodile too!  
Barry Mobbs, Monica Rackham, Keith Skipper, Ann Reeve, Ann Humphreys and Andrew Collins.

What is it about the FOND panto? Here's a full car park, a capacity audience, tea, coffee and shortcake in abundance, a Sunday afternoon and a journey for some across much of Norfolk, or even up from Suffolk. But there is something special and unique about the event. It's unrehearsed, although actors do get a copy of Monica and Diana Rackham's script a few weeks in

advance. Unrehearsed, but held together by the skill of narrator Colin Burleigh. Narrator, well, he's actually a lot more than that. As well as keeping the audience informed as to what's going on, he's in control of the whole thing. "Mermaids, we're half way down page 14. Do keep up!" is the sort of comment that keeps the production together, and entertains the audience to boot.

## Peter Pan and the Lost Old Boys



Wendy, Mr and Mrs Darling, Nana and the children.

After Colin's introduction Captain Hook (Monica Rackham) and the pirates rush in, meeting Peter (Diana Rackham), John (Angela Collins) and the Lost Old Boys in front of stage in a rousing, (unrehearsed) fight. This is accompanied by music from The Occasional Ceilidh Band (David Frost and Ros Wilson), but order is swiftly restored as Mr. Darling enters, and loudly calls for quiet. He's off to "a fancy dinner" but he's lost his cuff links. John, searching for buried treasure, finds them "deep in a dark old cave", whereupon the Darling parents leave the stage. It's then that Nana the dog (David Rackham) rises on her hind legs, and we realise that she not only looks after the children, but that she can talk as well. After all, it is a pantomime. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Darling (Norman Hart and Diane Ferney) leave the stage, and the scene is now set!

Enter Peter and Tinkerbell the Fairy (Tina Chamberlain) from various ends of the

auditorium with noise (David Frost) and a flashing light. Tinkerbell finds Peter's shadow, formerly lost, and it's reattached by Wendy (Zena Tinsley).

And so the story proceeds. The children learn to fly, and also meet the Lost Old Boys in their lair. (Their parts are taken by The Blakeney Old Wild Rovers, Robbie Nash and Peter Thompson, (musicians), and also Brin Siller (an Indian Girl), Peter Fisher, Pip Banham and Phil Harrison) a motley but happy lot. They have heard that a mother is a good thing to have, and so are looking around for one. After a misunderstanding where Wendy gets hurt by the spud gun of Pip, one of the boys, things sort themselves out, and they all leave the stage.

Enter the pirates! (Barry Mobbs, Keith Skipper, Ann Reeve, Anne Humphreys)



Mermaids Smith and Orr.

## Peter Pan and the Lost Old Boys



Peter Pan, Tinkerbell and Hook.

and Cap'n Hook. They show themselves to be a heartless and cruel crew. At this moment Lost Boy Brin wanders in, and Hook eyes him/her up and down. He tries, by greasy complements and then threats, to find out where Peter Pan lives, but Brin will not let out the information. The pirates grab her, and leave the stage. Enter two mermaids, Lydia and Eva (Alan Smith and Stewart Orr), bringing their rock with them, followed by Peter and Wendy. After a certain amount of panto-type business, Peter and Hook get involved in a dramatic duel, but this is stopped by the appearance of Tick Tock (Andrew Collins, in a very impressive crocodile head mask) who chases them off! Peter and Wendy manage to steal a couple of moments together, only to be

interrupted by Tinkerbell, who's furious with jealousy. She meets Hook, and they get involved in mutual back scratching, and she lets out the information of where Peter lives – off Blakeney Point in a little shack. Pirate Barry says, "Now she's let Pan's secret out, we'll take the fairy prisoner."

Aren't we good at being rotten to the core! And so the curtain falls on Act One, and it's time for a cuppa, shortbread specially baked for the occasion, and a stretching of legs.

Act Two is, as it should be, where all is sorted out, the good are rewarded with all good things, and the bad shall suffer. It starts with a general sing along, with the Lost Boys, Michael (Stanley Jones), John, Wendy, Tinkerbell and the audience. Wendy feels that she and her brothers should be returning home, or mother will be worrying. She also makes Peter promise to take his medicine which is in a small bottle. The Lost Boys are captured by the pirates, and led away, but Hook remains behind in Peter's lair. He finds him asleep, and adds a good dollop of poison to the medicine.

Soon Peter wakes, and Tinkerbell warns him that Hook has done something unmentionable to the medicine, and she tries to drink it instead. A tussle ensues, ending in Tink drinking the poison, and dropping dead on the stage. Peter vows that he believes in fairies, and he gets the audience to back him up, and this revives the recumbent fairy. Nana comes in, and tells them that Captain Hook had got Wendy and all the Old Boys. They arrive just as Hook and his pirates are making

## Peter Pan and the Lost Old Boys

Wendy walk the plank. Peter takes on Hook, and forces him into the jaws of Tick Tock the crocodile, who has him for his tea. The pirates are left to wander round Blakeney Key for the rest of their lives.

The pirate ship is captured, fairy dust is sprinkled over it, and Peter takes the wheel as the triumphant captain. It's now, of course, a magic flying ship, and it delivers the Lost Old Boys to Norwich and Wendy's mum and dad.

The children, and Nana, continue to have fabulous adventures in the flying ship, but eventually they feel that it's time to return home to mother and father. Wendy introduces the Lost Boys from Blakeney, and Mrs Darling immediately agrees to adopt them. Peter Pan, the boy who never

wants to grow up, and Tinkerbell the fairy, sadly wave goodbye as they leave. Mrs. Darling sums up the situation as she says,

*Don't be sad, dear children,  
'Cos all you have to do  
Is use your imagination  
And all your dreams will come true.  
You'll see your friends whenever  
You're feeling lonely and glum.  
You only have to think of them,  
And into your head they'll come.*

And so ends another FOND pantomime. All those who trod the boards would also wish thanks to be extended to those who did the raffle, the teas, the door, sound, photography, and the video. A real team effort – thanks to you all!

Stuart Orr



Lost Old Boys, Robbie Nash and Peter Thompson, (musicians), and Peter Fisher, Pip Banham and Phil Harrison, also Brin Siller (an Indian Girl) with Peter Pan.





# Who is “Anne Gascoigne”?

ANN GASCOIGNE

A bit of family history from a Norfolk exile and winner of the first prize in the 2018 Trosher Competition for her prose writing.

**W**ell thass a rum ‘un! Just afore Christmas this letter cum a-saying that I’d won some sart o’ prize fer me roiting. Blast that were a caution and I was wholly stammed.

Howsumever, as yew might see I’m not here alonger yew terday, cus I now live a long way up North (yis bor, even more norther than Webbun) in these har Orkeney Islands. So yew’ll be a-wondering how comes the Trosher goes and gives fast prize to summat writ by a furriner?

I hint allus been a furriner – although where I am now I am a furriner (or Ferrylouper/Southmoother as the natives har abouts say). If any o yew go a look in Sisland chachyard yew’ll find a hull lot o’ Kiddles. If yew goes fer a traipse around Briston, Melton or Stody yew’ll pass some of the owd farms where the Reynoldses, Williamsons uster dew and there’s a pile o’ Gascoignes sleepin’ away in the dart outside Swanton Novers chach.

Over the years my family was a-farming at Bergh Apton or Hunworth, in sarvice at Sloley and Felbrigg Halls, warkin’ fer Lord Hearstings at Melton or keepin’ shop at East End, Briston. But with each generation things was gettan wuss and wuss until I come into the warld at Dereham, then we mooved to Costessey, then Hales ... then my hart, Peterborough! ... where I was sussen mobbed cus I talked funny.

Eventually Dad an Mum cum back ter Elsing (whar Mum had been brought up at Chach Farm before the War) and I was lucky enuff ter git a plearce at the U of EA whar I done sum history and owd stuff. But I hatter keep a-dewin’ somehow an ended up away in the warld agin.

It will be 10 yars since both Mum and Dad parsed along in 2009, an since then I hint had the hart tew cum back amongst yew all. I hev a sort of job here with the cruise ship industry and tourists, an’ larst summer I hid a long chat to a couple about Long Stratton bypass and to another man who thort he would catch me out saying he bet I didn’t know whar ‘Earcle’ was. I tole him Gret Aunt Sheila uster live at Billockby so I knew well enuff.

Anyhows, thass about it an I’ve spuffled on too long. I’d like to thank yew Friends of Norfolk Dialect, mind how yer go and fare yew well tergether!!



# Friends of Norfolk Dialect Trosher Competition Winners

## Story

- 1st *Hum fer Winter* by Anne Gascoigne.  
2nd *My Village School* by Audrey Stewart.  
3rd *How we larn bout nishativ* by Andrew Waller.

## Poem

- 1st *The Roime of the Ancient Mardler* by.  
2nd *The Farma's Mearte* by Zena Tinsley.  
3rd *Granfa's Shadda* by Graham Harvey.

You can read the winning stories and poems in the pages that follow, starting with the stories and then the poems. We hope you enjoy them.

1st

## Hum Fer Winter

Anne Gascoigne

“Are yew ready ter go then gal?” I keep a-sayin to har we dunt want ter be the larst ter leave corse then yer’s allus a-strugglin ter ketch up wi everyone else. An there’s sum on em what don’t hang about neither.

We’ve had a wholly good jarney so far; that were a bit rafty just as we was a-startin an sumwun said there was a fair tempest farther north, but we dew well an so cum into this har plearce fer a feed an rest. My hart there’s a good bit o’ grub hereabouts! I seen some of them young ‘uns yarmin away as if they’ve not et nothin fer a week – and then complainin about cumman over queer and sickly.

I s’pose I’d better say suffan about what we’re a-doin on. I’m with the Missus an har family (an there’s sum cousins and hangers-on from a totally diffrunt tribe all tergether) and we’re heading back ter Narrfick fur the winter. Grandfar used to mearke the same trip an tole me all kind o’ staries about the jollificeartions and frolics they got up to on the way. He allus used ter say wittles was far better then - but there wasn’t so many of us wanting a share on it then neither. Perhaps I’d better add; we’re miger-ating, we’re pink-footed geese.

We bin up in Grinland agin fer the summer. I don’t know why they call it “grin”, corse most of it is frawn and it’s master cowlde even in Jun, but there’s some decent ollands ter make yersel at hum in and the Missus she get down to settin on har eggs and afore yew know it there’s a hull pile o’ titty-totty ones about the plearce and the new grass is tearsty and it don’t git daark so yew can keep a-mongin an stewpin roight round the clock. But when it statt to git leart earlier

it's time ter be headin away as yew know the frorst will be comin back an sum of them caddows what spends all the toime there tells me it's as daark as Bull's noon all day.

So orf we go, skrowged tergether an mearkin a duller; "pink-pink, unk-unk, wink-wink, unk" which sort of translates as 'ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go ... Sum of us is a bit stronger than others so we takes a tarn at the front an the rest go along ahint in a gret owd 'V'. Afore yew know it we comes down fer some fourses in these har Orkeney islands. Thars several other bads havin a rest too; piewipes and fulfers, an the swallers is orl practising fer goin on thar way ter Affrika. Thars also a fair few o them slummockin Greylags gettan all bigotty, but they stays there orl winter.

When we dew git on the go agin we've got the wind ahint us and thars no need fer starpin. There's sum skeins wot drop orf in Yarkshire and others what go visiting and hev a peek about everywhare on the way. The Missus say she fancy goin fer a jam about at sum of them Warshes in the Fens but I say she don't really want ter be stayin there corse the people in all them hoides is only wantin ter lukk at swaans with yaller bearks and not us humble geese. Even if we do hev pink feet!

There's not nuffin much fer us ter see as we go acorst the sea a lot of the way. Granfer used to say there was shugger factries all over the plearce and yew'd fly through scented air near York, Selby, Brigg, Spalding and know yew was nearly hum when yew got a whiff of Lynn (mixed up with Campbell's soops that was). Acourse now we only goes parst Wissey and Cantley.

Some of the cousins frame theirselves better'n us: they go along-a Snettsom an Inglesthorpe an git a feed o' the Queen's sugar beet fields. Then there's them wot sez the wittles around Wells and Warrum is the best; although it gets mighty crowded at Christmas and there's a hull lot of distarbance with dawgs an their owners, an I heard that eatin plearces around there often sarve goose fer dinner. And there's allus the ones that argify about whether it is better ter say you live at Cly or Clay.

Howsumever, we keep a-goin until we can see all them lovely ronds an carsners below, an you can git a smell o' segs. We mearke fer the searm place every year, where Granfar's granfar called hum: Tharne. It's a relief to cum down ter land and efter a hen's noseful o' grass it's time ter sart out whom gits ter sit next ter whom. Sometimes there's quite a bit of hunchin an branglin an jifflin about but everyone quietens down ter git sum sleep. The follarin wearks will be devoted to howan and mowan, gittan plenty o' grub an restin' up afore headin abroad agin on us summer hallidays back north. Fare yer well!

2nd

## My Village School

Audrey Stewart

It's September and a new school year. Oi hev seen the littl'uns a goin' orf to school to start their educearshun. Smart uniforms, Peppa Pig and Spiderman back packs – orf they go to their big classrooms.

It got me a thinkin' back to when Oi started a goin' to school – a long toime ago and so very diffrent. I wuz worried about goin' cos a big boy told me that if the teachers got cros they would sheark yer livers out! I di'nt know what my livers were but Oi di'nt want to lose them.

My school wuz built o' flint and brick and had two classrooms and two teachers. The little room wuz for the littl'uns and the big room for the big'uns. The winders were ever so high and all we could see outa them was the sky and tops of trees.

Every mornin' the teacher would stride into the playground ringin' a big ol' brass bell and shoutin', "Come on – hurry up and git in yer lines." We would march inter our classrooms and sit at wooden desks where we kept our pencils, crayons and reading books. The desks had lift up lids and the boys used to bang them ever so loud. Only the children in the big room had ink in their ink wells and Oi couldn't wait to be an ink monitor!

The teacher had a big desk and a chair like a throne. She wrote numbers and letters on a blackboard for us to copy and I covered moi lugs when the chalk squeaked. In a large Oxo tin there were luvrly shiny shells which we used for counting and doin' sums.

There wuz a lobby with big black hooks on the wall where we hung our coats. Also there wuz a big wooden chest where we kept our knittin' and sewin'. Oi di'nt loike the knittin'. Oi had big, fat yellor kneedles and grey yarn to meark a dish cloarth! The teacher said "You'll never finish it at that rate". Oi did finish it but then had to meark another one!

A tin wash stand with jug and bowl stood in the lobby. That wuz for a'washin' our hands cors there wuz no runnin' water. The lavatories were in a sep'rat buildin' and they had wooden seats with buckets underneath. They got orful smelly.

The slate room wuz for storin' books, pearper, pencils, chalk, crayons and ink. Oi loiked a'goin' in thar cors it had a noice smell. It wuz also where we would wash up the teachers' cups arter they'd had their mornin' mardle and cuppa tea. Oi got banned from there though cors we used to flick water from the teaspoons on to the ceiling.

In the big room stood a large black stove with a fire guard round it. In the winter the caretaker would stock it up with coal and it kept us cosy an' warm. We used

to hang our wet gloves and scarves on the guard to dry and put our bottles of milk near to get warm afore we drank it.

P.T. (physical training) took place outside. The girls tucked their skirts into their knicker legs as we had to lie down on pearper mats to do the exercises. There were no slides or sandpits in the playground loike they hev nowadays. We had skippin' ropes, played singin' games loike "The farmer's in his den", played "catch" and my fearvrit ball game was "Sevenses". There wuz a small corner of grass where we did cartwheels and handstands. We picked daisies to meark daisy chains and buttercups to put under yer chin to see if yer loiked butter. In another corner we had a vegetable patch and planted tearTERS, beans, carrots and radishes and were allowed to teark home the results of our labours.

During Spring we would leave the confines of the schoolroom to go on nature walks learnin' about trees, wild flowers, birds and insects. We put frog spawn into jars from a pond in a meadow then lined them up on the winder sills in the class room. We got so excoited when the tadpoles appeared and when they looked loike proper baby frogs we took them back to their pond.

The village parson came to school some mornin's to say the prayers. Oi couldn't meark out why the teachers laughed at my "Our Father we charge inter heaven"! There wuz a hymn we sang with the words "Give us grace to persevere" and again much mirth at my "Give us grace for Percy Bear!" Well that's what it sounded loike to me!

At Christmas we practised a Nativity play and Oi wuz an angel. At least Oi should a'bin but Oi got whoopin'corf and had to stay at home. My mother had made me a luvly angel dress and wings outa crearp pearper and I had to let another gal wear it. I wuz suffin mad! However, I did get to be Topsy when we did a play about "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Oi di'nt much loike hevin' to meark my skin brown with burnt cork cos it hurt when it wuz scrubbed orf.

Sometimes in the summer arter lessons, the ice-cream man would come to the school gates. There wuz no van playing "Greensleeves" but an ol' man with a pony and cart. On the cart he had two big milk churns from which he sold us delicious ice-cream in cornets. That wuz a real treat.

My days finished at this little school and I moved on.

Recently I returned to the village and walked to see the school. I was sad to see that the school had been demolished and in its place stood modern houses with garages and neat gardens. The people living there will be unaware of all that had happened in that small corner of Norfolk at my village school. I shed a tear then smiled as I rememberd that I had survived my time there without havin' my "livers shearkin out"!



Thart wos the fust bobajorb week oi took part in, an the leardy wot woz in charge on us tell us all bout ut the dear afore we hetta dew are jorbs. She say we hetta goo arter dinner and we hetta use are nishativ. We dint know wort that wors but we wor tew scared tew ask, so oi arsk moi mother an she say “Woi, nishativ, thas just corrmom sense onli thas more excoitin”. She say “Granfer and me’er gotta goo inter Narridge streart arter dinner an that’ll be good to know you unt be getting inter screams.” Then she say “Woi dornt yew goo round

tew see Miss Barnard wot live in the big house down the leern an see if yew can tearke har dorg fer a wark. She’ll give yew suffen”. She say thart cos she dew the flars in Charch with har, an mother loike har even tho she’s suffen porsh and speak all funna loike.

Nexta dear, orf oi go an join up with moi friend Bert from the farm an roun we goo ter see Miss Barnard. She seem wholly pleased fer us to teark her dorg, but she say he hetta be kep clean, cos he’re jus bin clipped and warshed fer the Summer Show in the next village, an we hetter be back in toime fer har tew goo orn the bus at half parst tew an all. Then she call out “Mr Tibbs” an this greert white, prorper big, French poodle come floy’n down the hall. We put Mr Tibbs on his lead an orf we goo.

Then Bert, he use his nishative an say “Woi dorn’t we goo tew the chestnut field at the farm. Thas all clean medda, an thas fenced, an we cun jus let Mr Tibbs run around fer a bit. We wernt hetta do narthen a tall tew arn are borb.” So foive minutes learter, Mr Tibbs is runnin free in the field, an Bert an me are playin foive stuns. Then Bert, he look up an give a sniff an he say “Wos that stink? Cor, thas suffen worse’n the muck heap, that that is.” Then we see Mr Tibbs standin roight beside us an bor, dew he stink. He’s gorn an rolled in suffen loike fox mess, an thas all orn his back an neck. Phew, oi cun almuss smell that now, jus thinking bout’t.

So, use’n are nishative agin, we teark Mr Tibbs tew the horse trough tew wors the muck orf him. Tew searve toime we lift him inter the trough, which dunt smell tew healthy ennawares. Moi hart, that all gort wuss. The muck wunt shift, cep tew spread further over Mr Tibbs, an none of it come orf a’tall. So we lift Mr

Tibbs out an he sheark hisself all over us; so now, we ha gort tew wet boys anna wet, brown an woite, dorg, an the three on us all stink tew hoigh heaven!

Thas moi tarn then with nishative an oi say, “Less goo roun moi plearce, corse moi mother an Granfer ha gorn out an we’cn towl Mr Tibbs dry.” So back hoom, we dry Mr Tibbs, but he still hulla smell, so we teark him to mother’s bedroom, cos she hev some powder what meark yew smell noice. Woil oim look’n fer the powder, Bert foind suffen to dew the trick. “Thas warter from the channel an that hully stink, but noice” he say, holdin a tiny little bortle. “Thas scent,” oi say, but he say that carnt be cos that say thas channel on the learble, an he empty ut onter the wust smell’n part of Mr Tibbs. “There”, say Bert, “Thas nishative for yer. Now all we hetter dew is meark him look roight an’ all.”

Then oi ‘member, Granfer, he ha gort some woiwarsh wot he use ter pearnt his green house glass. Thas real nishative, that that is. So we goo round Granfer’s garden nexta door and give Mr Tibbs a quick swoipe with the woiwarsh brush and set orf back tew Miss Barnard’s house.

When we git there, Miss Barnard, she’s alriddy gorn tew catch the bus, so we toi Mr Tibbs tew the reallins jus insoide the geart an orf we goo. Ware hulla pleased with arselves, fulla cornfidence we hed dunna good jorb, an rarely proud tew be in tha cubs. ‘Cos thas then just a comin orn tew blow an rearn, we dew sum sweepin up in Bert’s house fer another jorb, an then we play with his toy soljers. Come tea toime orf oi goo hoom, bloithly unaware of the storm was gorn tew hit me when Mother an Granfer see me.

Fust of all, Mother, she say “Woi’re moi towls all wet an smelly an loin on the scullry floor?” Then Granfer, he say “Woy’s moi whoitwarsh brush bin left outside in the rearn, an thar’s a trearl o whoite up moi garden parth an all.” Then Mother, she start agin an she say “Woi’s moi bedroom in a mess an wos harpent tew moi parfoom?” Then, there’s a knork at the door an there’s Miss Barnard. “Hoi wot a hexplanartion”, she say.

Soo, then oi tell them all about are arternoon usin are nishative, how that went wrong but then that seem to come roight in the end. Miss Barnard, she begin to smoile, an Granfer, he begin to smoile, then Mother she say, wot bout har parfoom, an oi tell har bout thas only smelly water from the channel. Then she laugh an say “that wernt channel, thas Chanel, wot corst bout fifty borb, niver moind yar borb a jorb. Never moind, oi wos afreard tew use ut enna wares. Hew loike a noice cuppa tea?” An that wus that, moi fust borb a jorb week an larnin tew use moi nishative.

Poodle drawing courtesy of: <http://clipart-library.com>

1st

## The Roime of the Ancient Mardler

With apologies ter Sam Coleridge

*They Well thass a good ole Norfolk Mardler  
An' he stoppeth wun of three.  
He's got a gret grey beard an' sparkly oiyes  
"Now whoi do yew want ter stop me?"*

*The farmer's door is oopen woide  
Fergot ter tell yew Oi'm his mate  
The table's set an' foolks are met  
We are a-goin' ter celebrate*

*But thet ole boy, he grab moi hand  
"Dew yew see thet tractor there?"  
"Well just let goo, thet hurt me soo"  
An' he wave his hand in the air.*

*He kep' on starin', a-starin' at me  
Oi dusn't make a move  
Oi had ter listen ter what he sed  
Blast, thass a rum ole doo.*

*"When Oi was a lad thet tractor there  
Ploughed up an' down all day.  
We're near the coast an' Oi dusn't booaast  
But Oi kept it a-goin' moi way.*

*Oi fed it seaweed frum the beach  
An' thet was a gud ole fuel  
Oi had ter mash it down a bit  
But that tractor went suffin cruel.  
Oi thought Oi'd get some better stuff  
From Blakeney up the rooad  
So Oi took the tractor ter the beach  
Ter get a trailer looad.*

*Well, when Oi got ter Blakeney Point  
The seaweed was lookin' gud.  
Oi hoiusted up a fair ole looad –  
Thass gud ole tractor fud.*

*The out the middle of thet seaweed  
There came a horrid croie  
"You're taking moi ole hoom away  
Dew yew stop or Oi will doie"*

*Oi looked real hard an' then Oi see  
This silvery lookin' miss  
Long blonde hair an' skimpy top  
An' legs orl loike a fish.*

*"Whoi, say Oi, moight yew croie  
Thass oonly sum ole seaweed"  
She say "Thet is my oonly hoom"  
Oi was whoolly scared by she.*

*But then she say "Oi'm a real mermaid  
Yew hint seen me afore.  
Oi'm here ter save the planet,  
Or at least the Blakeney shore".*

*Well, Oi was always partial ter the gels  
An' this one looked real neat  
She give me a frit (well just a bit)  
A fish tail an' noo feet?*

*She say "Doon't yew fret, Oi am orlroight  
But doon't yew take moi abode.  
Oi look after crabs an' them ole fish  
So seals an' foolks hev fud".*

*Well thass a good thing so Oi reckon  
But Oi need tractor goo-juice.  
Then she say "Hev yew troid hay?",  
"Well, yest but it were useless".*

*Then she pointed out ter sea  
"There's windmills out there turnin'  
They'll give yew better tractor fuel  
Yew just need keep on larnin'*

*How yew keep our planet green  
With fish an' all them creatchurs  
They grow orlroight with food they seen  
An' eat their fill, then feed us".*

*Well, Oi reckon moi story's told  
An' yew need ter larn from moi ole yarn.*



*If yew want fish with yer fish an' chips  
Just leave thet seaweed aloon."*

*Thet farmhouse door stood oopen woide  
They're eatin' all the grub  
Oi'd better get back in there  
Or else goo down the pub.*

*But Oi thought on thet ole Mardler  
With his tale about the sea,*

*The tractor, an' the mermaid,  
Oi wonder where she be?*

*But Oi ent a-goin' ter foller her  
Or hear her siren song  
'Cos Oi know Moi ole Mum wud say  
"Dew yew dew thet yew'll get wrong."*

## **2nd The Farma's Mearte**

Zena Tinsley

*Dew yew go up ta tha Ollands  
and look owt inta tha fild  
yewll see tha farma's helpmearte  
and much powa dew he wield.  
Yew wunt think onat ta see im  
wi his chummy atop his hid  
and his hair orl claggy and daggly  
s'tho hare just got owta bid.  
His coot look fairly frazzled tew  
and his lijahs' med a string;  
his westcoot hev sin betta dayze  
and his neckun's a datty owld thing.  
Ta me he dew fare a mite bosky,  
standen sloightly on the huh  
loike boy Puffer an his mearte Hoddy  
proppen up tha bar at the Feathus.  
He sim a roight learzy begga;  
he dunt fare ta move a yaard  
and tho he stand and gawp abowt  
he dunt pay ya noo regard.  
But Farma say he dew his jorb  
wiowt a'moanen an sqworkin  
blast his suffen good at crowkeepen  
fer (haya guessed yit) ..... he is a MAWKIN!!*

# 3rd Granfa's Shadda

Graham Harvey

*My dear old granfa'  
He lived jus up the rood,  
I was loike his totty shadda,  
I'd be everywhere I could.*

*I helped him in the garden  
Puttin'spuds in them thare holes,  
Mucking out the ole hins  
And catch in' all the moles.*

*We walked the fields with hoss's  
Up and down the furrer,  
And when it got to 5 o'clock*

*We'd stop until tomorra.  
Tea was tomatous and lettus  
With sugar on top.  
A hot cup a tea  
In the saucer we'd slop.*

*Then at the end of June  
It was the Royal Norfolk Show.  
Up and down the avenues  
Comin acrorst old boise we'd know.*

*We'd garp at all the animals  
And gadgets for the farm.  
Cor blast! Look at that thar tractor,  
Could I twist the guv'nors arm?*

*Harvest toime was busy  
Cuttin' all the corn.  
Tirelessly up and down the filds  
Startin' in the early morn.*

*On a summer evenin  
We'd toddle to the pub.  
He'd have a pint of beer,  
In those days there was no grub.*

*I'd sit outside the winda  
With crisps and lemonade.  
Kids weren't allowed inside,  
In them days it was forbade.*

*When he finished on the farm  
A gardenin' job he done.  
We had to boike several mile  
Before the work begun.*

*And if we were lucky  
And the parson was around,  
He'd chuck our boikes in his car boot  
And we be homeward bound.*

*Oh my dear old grandfa  
He was special in my loife,  
And not forgettin' granny  
His kind and gentle woife.*

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## This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

1. Between 1422 and 1509
2. Condition  
(e.g. "That look in good kelter")
3. Todd Cantwell
4. 75 kilometres
5. August 1992
6. The first Bishop of Norwich
7. A scullery or outhouse
8. Eight
9. 1st. September 1964
10. The pink Cuckooflower. It blooms in wet meadows in the Spring.



## Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

### The Charter



This dessert is mentioned in *The Woodforde Diaries* by Parson James Woodforde of Weston Longville. So dates back at least to the late 1700s.

This version is by Jane Grigson and is absolutely delicious.

1 litre single cream

Thinly cut zest of 1 lemon

4 large eggs + 4 large yolks

Sugar

24 dried apricot halves

More sugar.

Bring the cream and lemon zest slowly to boiling point. Beat the eggs and yolks together and add the cream through a strainer, whisking to make a smooth cream.

Add sugar (or granular sweetener e.g. Splenda or Stevia) to taste.

Put in a soufflé dish and stand in a roasting tin half full of boiling water.

Bake at 150c for 45mins to 1 hour until just firm. It will continue to firm up after you remove it from the oven.

Pour boiling water onto the apricots to just cover. Leave for an hour to

soak and then bring to the boil.

Simmer until tender and add three tablespoons of sugar.

Cook until the liquor has gone and apricots are glazed and candied.

Use to decorate the top of the custard and serve cold.

I've also made this quite successfully with orange zest in stead of lemon. In the picture I used a 140gr packet of Whitworths chopped apricots which need to be washed first. Not so good as apricot halves as they look a bit like baked beans! But still tasted good. You could even decorate over the apricots with some piped whipped cream if you wanted to go the whole hog.

### Wordsearch Answers

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