

THE MERRY MAWKIN

**THE FRIENDS OF
NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**



Number 70

Spring 2020

£1.50



www.norfolkdialect.com





Front cover: Spring! Honey Bee on Blackthorn blossom.
Back: Rainbow over NWT Clej.
Photos: Bob Farndon

Chairman's report

Well it was decided at our AGM in November that I will continue as chairman for another year and as I enjoy doing it I'm happy to keep things a going. It certainly is an interesting role as I get asked such a diverse range of questions and sent interesting stories from all over the world. As well as have opportunities to represent FOND at events and even on the radio.



At the AGM, I am pleased to say that we were able to welcome both Matthew and Zena on to the committee. Zena has agreed to continue in her role of helping with the *Merry Mawkin* and at our subsequent committee meeting we co-opted Matthew into the role of vice-chair. It was a productive meeting with the opportunity to discuss lots of ideas about the future of FOND and what we want to do.

Our panto in January this year was another fantastic success and a BIG thank you must go out to all those involved, particularly to my mum and her excellent script writing skills. I hope you enjoy looking at the photos on the centre pages. The audience and cast all had a brilliant time and there was certainly much laughter. I very much enjoyed playing the role of Puss, although it took me a while to get used to walking in normal shoes, after wearing those boots! We were also grateful that Pat Nearney was able to tread the boards this year,

bringing with him his unique Norfolk squit and excellent set of squeaking bosoms! I can certainly see why you often play the dame in the Mundesley Players pantos. Members of the Blakeney Old Wild Rovers made a comeback again this year with a variety of different disguises (I mean costumes!), including turning themselves into Elvis like elves and the Occassional Ceilidh band added a musical flare to the proceedings, along with some interesting sound effects!

At the panto we were also able to announce the winners of our Trosher writing competition and big congratulations to them. I hope you enjoy reading the first and second prize entries which are included in this *Merry Mawkin*. To give them the space they deserve the third prize winning entries will appear in the next issue.

Looking to the year ahead we have our now well established spot at the Cromer Folk on the Pier Festival. We are also looking into holding a dew similar to our birthday celebration around September, the usual AGM in November and of course I hope there will be another panto next January - better get our thinking caps on as to what to do!

Here is hoping the weather picks up and puts a spring in your step

Keep you a troshing

Diana

PS. My mother she say She thought that was lovely to see so many people at the panto and she is glad everybody enjoyed the load of old squit what she wrote.



THE MERRY MAWKIN

EDITOR

Zena Tinsley
Email: ztinsley57@talktalk.net

DESIGNER

Bob Farndon

EDITORIAL OFFICE

Tel: 01379 741467
Email:
norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk

PLEASE NOTE

The editor reserves the right to amend or reject any item submitted for publication considered unsuitable or not in the best interests of the Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND). Editorial decisions are final.

It is the responsibility of all contributors to ensure any material submitted – written or photographic – is copyright-free or use has been cleared with the copyright holder.

The opinions expressed by contributors in The Merry Mawkin may not necessarily be held by the officers or committee members of the Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND).

No part of this publication may be reproduced, in any form, without the prior permission of the Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND). © 2019 FOND

PRINTED BY

Harlequin Colour Print
Breckland Business Centre
St Withburga Lane
Dereham, Norfolk, NR19 1FD
Tel: 01362 694 222



FOND DEW at Cromer Folk on the Pier

I am pleased to say that FOND have again been asked to hold a session of dialect Squit and Norfolk themed entertainment as part of the Cromer folk on the pier fringe festival events.

It will take place on **Sunday 10th May, at the Cliftonville Hotel in Cromer.**

Time to be confirmed but usually around 1pm. The FOND event will be followed by the Richard Davies memorial event which also has a Norfolk theme.

Hope to see you there.

Best wishes,

Diana



FOND Officers and Committee

CONTACT DETAILS

PRESIDENT

Professor Peter Trudgill, 6 Amelia House,
Colegate, Norwich NR3 1DD
Tel: 01603 618036

CHAIRMAN

Diana Rackham, 41 Neville Road,
Sutton NR12 9RP Tel: 01692 584809

VICE-CHAIRMAN

Stanley Jones, 133 Gertrude Road,
Norwich NR3 4SE Mobile: 07899 056567

SECRETARY

Ann Reeve, 6 School Road,
Martham NR29 4PX Tel: 01493 740674

TREASURER & MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Richard Reid, Fern Cottage, The Green,
Stalham, NR12 9PU
Tel: 01692 582978

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Owen Church, The Post Office, Ormesby Road,
Hemsby NR29 4AA Tel: 01493 730210

Norman Hart (education officer), Avonside,
42 London Road, Harleston IP20 9BW
Tel: 01379 852677

David Raby 44 Bishop Brisge Road
Norwich NR1 4ET Tel: 01603 61052

Toni Reeve, 6 School Road,
Martham NR29 4PX Tel: 01493 740674

Zena Tinsley,
Orchard Bungalow, Norwich Road,
Dickleburgh, Norfolk, IP21 4NS
Tel: 01379 741467

*To contact any officer or committee member
please email: norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk*



Secretary's Squit

ANN REEVE

It doesn't seem that long since my last bit of Squit. So much has happened and health wise I am now OK apart from the regular check ups. But we won't complain about that. Cudda bin a lot wuss.

My sincere thanks to Zena for taking over the Trosher competition so willingly and efficiently. As ever it produced some good stories and poems, some of which I intend to use when I'm out doing talks.

The AGM in November was attended by about 40 members and you will note that Diana is continuing in the Chair. We welcomed a new committee member, Matthew Thornton. It's so good that we are attracting some interest from younger people. Without them the Dialect will definitely die out.

Christmas came and went. I made a Christmas cake which was delicious. Thank you Delia. Unlike a few years ago when my cake was so awful that I threw it on the lawn and even the birds ignored it.

All agreed that January's Panto was the best ever and I was so pleased to be able to take part. Thanks go to Diana and her mum, Monica, for such a fabulous script.



At the end of January we held a long awaited committee meeting to iron out a couple of minor things overlooked at the AGM and discuss future plans. Most importantly we co opted Richard Reid to continue as Treasurer following the withdrawal of the Treasurer appointed at the AGM. We are lucky to have Richard and I very much appreciate the support that he has given me personally over the past few months.

Also, following the success of the 20th Anniversary Dew we discussed the possibility of making it an annual Birthday Dew. Early days yet and no firm decision but we will have more discussions in due course.

Please, if anyone has any ideas or suggestions let us know. We might use them, we might not but without the ideas we will do nothing.

Finally, after the AGM I was chatting with a member, sorry I didn't ask your name but you mentioned a connection with the NFU. Would you like to get in touch with me?



Trearnes and Buts and Plearnes

THE BOY COLIN

I're done a fair bit a'gaddin' about in moi toime but sadly th'ow leg on't let me Idew much now 'cept on coaches though the Gal June dew git behind the car wheel and tearke us away sometimes but Oi ent tew keen on har a'drivin' a long way. She reckon she dun't moind as long as Oi'm a settin' next tew har a'tellin' har which ruds ter tearke. A cuppla toimes larst yare she're drove 400 moiles and Oi'm grearteful fer that.

Thass a long toime since I're took a long trearne roide though we did go from Norwich ter Sheringham larst summer ! The longest one I're ever bin on wuz when Oi wuz in the RAF, sailed acrost the North Sea tew the Hook of Holland, hed a good ow breakfast an' got the troop trearne from thare threw ter Germany. That wuz a fair ow roide Oi ken tell yer. Holland looked noice and tidy but, my heart aloive, once we got over the border din't Germany look a mess. That wuz ony five yare arter the war hed ended and thare wuz narthin' but piles o' rubble far as th'eye cud see.

Now Oi cum ter think onnit, the but trip on the SS Vienna from Harwich ter the Hook wuz about the longest but trip Oi took till Oi hed a rush o'blud ter the hid and sailed up ter Hamburg and Esjberg. On the Danish trip the Gal June felt wholly ill and toime we got ter Copenhagen orl she watted ter dew wuz git ter bed. That meant Oi hatta go out ter see The Little Mermaid by myself.

Another toime Oi went on a but wuz when the Collegians Jazz Band wot Oi yewsta sing with had a trip over from Harwich ter The Hook ter play some jazz in The Hague. Thare wuz a funny ow swell on the sea, both gorn over an' a'cummin'back. We give 'em a good ow dew and the Dutch people seemed ter loike us. But Oi'll tell yew suffin', bor, when Oi got orf the but in Harwich Oi wun't half rollin' about and that took nigh on a week afore Oi got my "land legs" back.

Longest trips we took on a plearne wuz ter New York. Fust toime we went we were gorn from Norwich ter Amsterdam. They got ar luggage loaded on ter the plearne and we set an' waited an' we waited an' wondered wot the heck wuz a' gorn on. Then we heered that the pilot wun't well an' they han't got nobody ter fly the plearne. They hatta divert another plearne ter pick us up and toime we got ter Amsterdam we jist hed toime ter git ar connection. But, help my bob, ar suitcases an' clobber din't tarn up till two dears learner. We wuz staying longa relatives who lent us clothes 'til ours tarned up. Trubble wuz they were 'bout two

or three sizes bigga than us an' we looked like rare silly beggars. Oi like moi grub but Oi'd never seen anybody eat loike Americans – their pizzas were as big as dustbin lids.

Fer the last few yare we're hatta go by coach fer ar harldays. That tearke a long whoile a'gettin' anywhere but least we dorn't hev the worry of hevvin' ter droive and kin sit back and enjoy the scenery.

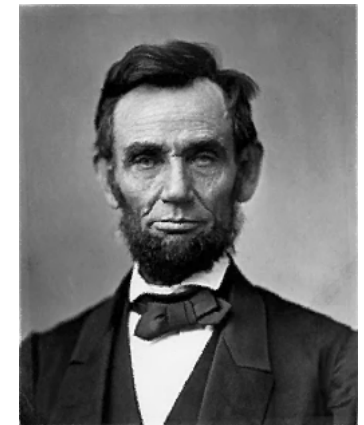
Wegetable soop terday an' thass now a'gorn on the tearble so hare's a fella orf !



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

- Where did 'Turnip' Townsend live?
- What is the surname of the boxing family from Cromer?
- Where did Diana, Princess of Wales, attend school in Norfolk?
- What sporting activity took place at The Firs?
- When was the Norfolk and Norwich University Hospital opened?
- Who is the present Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk?
- Where did the Norwich firm of Jarrolds first start their business?
- What was Horatio Nelson's daughter's name?
- Which two places in Norfolk have family connections with Abraham Lincoln?
- Which Great Yarmouth feature reopened last year?



Abraham Lincoln



Moi Barthday Present

CANON PETER NICHOLSON

Oi hed moi ninety-fourth barthday last November. Dew yew know what Oi hed fer my barthday? Oi hed the master serprise a moi life! Oi wook up in the mornin and moi waist wuz all wet and red and blistered! Oi knew there wuz suffin wrong so Oi thought Oi oughter ask someone about it loike what they keep on a tellin yew to do. So I phoned that there one- one- one.



Oi knew the feller on the other end viun't a nurse coarse all he kep, wanting ter know wuz where Oi lived and what moi phone number and address wuz. Oi muster told him half a dozen toimes afore lie put me onter someone else. At last! Success! The woman, she say, "Yew muss phone yer doctor and git him ter do a boom visit within the next six hours!" So Oi knew there wuz suffin up then.

Well, he cam and he hed a good look and he say "You're got the shingles. Can you git ter the chemist with a prescription terday!" I told him Oi couldn't even git outer the house let alone ter the chemist two miles away. So the medicin was delivered next day. Oi hatter tearke that fer foive days. When he say shingles he din's mean that there stuff wot they put on the rud afore May Gurney bring his woppin ole traction engine ter roll it in.

The nurse she cam ter do my flu jab an she say "Dill put you on suffin that'll ease yer pain but that'll mearke you bully drowsy." Well, bor, Oi could hardly keep awake. Oi kep a droppin orf all the time and hatter go and lay on my bed!

Oi wuz on that there stuff till Election Day! Trouble with Elections is that you've filled in yer voting peaper with a postal vote afore any a the people hev sent round their peapers telling yew all about them and what they reckon they're goin ter do.

So, that wuz my barthday present. Oi hope you hev a hatter one when you come ter hev yer ninety-fourth.

Canon Peter Nicholson



Telephone Support in English or not? RICHARD REID

Readers will, I hope, forgive my resort to "standard" English. As an incomer, I can read and understand Norfolk Dialect fairly well but cannot write or speak it. Nevertheless, this article may be of interest to Dialect speakers, themselves part of a wider community of frustrated communicators.



I have written elsewhere about the iniquities of the so-called "voice recognition" systems used by the telephone support lines of, typically: utilities, tech companies and retail and service companies, including, as it happens, the illustrious financial institution that (sometimes reluctantly) accepts your subscription cheques. The object of these systems appears to be to elicit from the caller a question to which the system knows the answer, so that it can pat itself on its electronic back and move on. Any attempt by the caller to make the system understand the real reason for the call is met by incomprehension, patronising contempt, and eventually, if you're lucky, a decision to refer you to a real person, in a tone that clearly implies, "since you're not clever enough to talk to me" I sussed this some time ago, and refuse to engage with the disembodied voice, repeating "I want to speak to a person" until that wish is granted.

This article is prompted by a recent experience which was particularly irritating. I need advice on the poor performance of my four or five year old mobile phone. I suspect the answer will be "buy the latest model", but I don't want to incur that expense without a struggle. The supplier offers an advice service in its local (well, Norwich) retail store, for which an appointment must be made. Fair enough. Sadly, the relevant website is impenetrable, and the published 01603 number for the store dumped me straight into one of these dreaded systems, based, by its accent, somewhere on the West Coast of the USA. By repeatedly bludgeoning it with the "person" mantra, I was able to force the system to put me through to a friendly and helpful individual in the store, who was able to make the appointment. But did it need to be so difficult?

Those of you who have spoken to me on the telephone or in person will, I hope, concede that my delivery is reasonably clear and comprehensible. If it isn't, please tell me! So what do I have to do to make myself understood to the system on which squillions of dollars have been spent? And how do those of you whose

natural delivery is in some form of our Dialect fare? Feedback through these pages, and any tips, would be interesting.

A final thought. What if these systems start being used for something that really matters, like Air Traffic Control or medical diagnosis? I should be happy to work with anyone who would like to contribute to a sketch on the subject, maybe for performance at the next AGM.

Richard Reid.



Spring Toime Pomes

LIL LANDIMORE

An Arly Spring Toime Morn

Hev yew ever bin out arly on a fresh Springtoime morn
and heard them badds orl a singin' at the break of dawn?
Or sin them March hares a hoppin' around loike mad?
Oi tell yer bor, if yew hint never had
git yerself clobbered up and cum yew alonga me,
then yer'll be surprised at orl there is to hear and see.
And yer'll wonder why yew hint never done orl this afore,
when yew larn orl wots gorn on not far from your back door.

At Last It's Spring

Now Winter's chill is left behind,
now primroses on banks yer'll find.
Now hedgerows start to show their green,
now birds in pairs are often seen.
Now showers of rain and sunshine mix,
now it's light long after six.
Now it's April, and my heart dew sing
for.....
Now at last I know it's Spring!



Wordsearch – Hethersett

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

Anson

Ash

Bailey

Buccaneer

Buckingham

Burnthouse

Colney

Coniston

Curson

Drake

Firs

Grove

Hall

Harrier

Hawk

Jaguar

Karen

Kendal

Ketteringham

Ketts

Mill

Muriel Kenny

Nelson

New

Nimrod

Park

Pond

Rowan

Vulcan

West



EDP We Care at the Panto

PADDY SELIGMAN

Every year I am invited to attend the annual FOND pantomime and “bring my buckets” with me. The performance is always an absolute hoot with a lot of ad libbing and extra bits added to the script!

This year it was the turn of Puss in Boots played by the chairman Diana Rackham and the story rolled along with the wonderful veteran narrator Colin Burleigh seated precariously at the edge of the stage attempting to keep things on an even keel as well as adding his own little asides!

The cast – all members of FOND – were complemented by members of the Blakeney Old Wild Rovers who have amazing voices and sing with great gusto.

It was as always great fun and I thoroughly enjoyed myself thank you FOND.

I greatly appreciated being permitted once again to bring my buckets and as ever the audience were most generous. The buckets have yielded £156.05

Our EDP We Care organisation was established over 20 years ago to help Norfolk’s unpaid carers. For some time now the administration has been handled for us by a dedicated person at the Norfolk Community Foundation. This has led to some streamlining of the way applications from carers are handled.

Demographically the numbers of unpaid carers, young and old, is rising inexorably and the Social Care available is limited so we are in it for the long term.

So thank you to the generous folk in the audience at East Tuddenham and please can I come back next year?

Paddy Seligman – and all of us involved with We Care



The Puss in Boots Panto Report

MATTHEW THORNTON



Puss puts her boots on at the cobblers

That has one small step for man, one giant leap for the boy Matt!

As I sat in the dressing room, my knees began to tremble, similar to what happen up Cromer pier when I look down at the waves crashing below my feet. Yet this time I reckon it was stage fright... My fust time being in the FOND panto as a member of the cast, rather than audience was fast approaching.

My eyes darted across the room when I noticed the merry mawkin getting ready, played by our lovely Stanley. He was having his rubber cock adjusted by Monica! (Hopefully readers will have gone to the panto, else that last line may sound decidedly dodgy!)

Diana had changed into her impressive cat attire... Puss was in the building. Her tail being compared favourably to that of the dickey, who was having some trouble getting his to point in the right direction. Just then the wonderful Blakeney Old Wild Rovers appeared; now like all true celebs, they had been preparing beforehand in an undisclosed location... rumour has it, a local pub!

Well that seemed the best part of sometime before I was able to make my way on stage. Now playing the part of Wally, the unpopular son of a Miller; I thought I’d portray him as a bit of a drunkard, staggering about. At one point I knocked into my ‘brother’



Left: Zena Tinsley. Right: David Rackham and Anne Humphreys. Below: Angela and Andrew Collins.



Above: Scripts were sometimes still required. Below: Members of the Blakeney Wild Rovers.

Bob, played by Norman, who let out a highly convincing yelp! Only then did I realise that Norman was not acting at all, as he really did have a sore arm. Sorry about that ol' partner!

A merry time was had by all & it proved as fun to be on stage as it had been to be part of the audience in previous years. Of course the highlight for me was getting to squeeze princess Daisy's squeaky boob... no wonder Pat Nearney is a successful comic, he played the princess role so well. His off the cuff story part way through the event had everyone in stitches too!

The work Diana & Monica put into the panto is tremendous & being involved





Members of the Occasional Ceilidh Band and (below) the assembled company. Hooray!

highlighted this more to me. We owe them both our sincere thanks, along with everyone else involved in the day to make it such a great ol' success!

In other news, I offered my services at the recent committee meeting to

become vice chair of FOND, a position that had been vacant since our AGM.

So let's keep on a troshin' together, promoting our wonderful dialect in our wonderful county!



Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

From *The Accomplished Cook* by Robert May published in 1660.

NORFOLK FOOL

Take a quart of good thick cream and set it a boiling in a clean, scoured skillet with some large mace and whole cinnamon. Then having boild it take the yolks of 5 or 6 eggs dissolved (?), and put to it, being taken from the fire, then take out the cinnamon and mace.

The cream pretty thick, slice a fine manchet into thin slices, as much as will cover the bottom of the dish, pour the cream on them, and more bread, some two or three times till the dish be full. Then trim the dish side with fine carved snippets (of what?) and stick it with dates, scrape on sugar and cast on red and white biscuits.

I've discovered that *manchet* is good quality bread. I have no idea what red and white biscuits are. There is no



Robert May

indication as to whether it should be baked but I think I probably would. It sounds like a very early version of Bread and Butter Pudding. I'm thinking this must have been quite luxurious in 1660 needing imported mace, cinnamon, dates and sugar.

Must try it out sometime.

This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

1. Raynham Hall
2. Walsh
3. Riddlesworth Hall
4. Speedway racing
5. November 2001
6. Lady Dannatt
7. Woodbridge
8. Horatia
9. Hingham and Swanton Morley
10. The Waterway



Friends of Norfolk Dialect Trosher Competition Winners

1st

Memry Learne

Trosher Competition 1st Prize Winner Prose

Well, I was all of a baffle with what ter wroite this toime, but then I went this har jarney in my hid. So come yew alonga me ...

W e hatter go to Howt every Saturday to git some wittals - an' see Aunt Sheila. She'd lived in the searme house ever since it were built but her husband had gone an' died of suffen soon after an' she never say much about him ter any of us. She called him Almondy, but Grandmother say his nearme was really Armand and was a proper furriner - Frenchman from France.

We'd hev sossidge rolls and Sheila would git out har tin of mis-shearken chocolates whar yew'd hev to guess what they was cus most on 'em dint hev no wrappers on. Mum would do the warshin'-up while Dad would go fer a jam around the garden with his sister. I'd go to the petty cus it was suffen ter behold on account of it bein' a three-holer! I cud see that when yew was little yew'd need ter go with yar Mother, or if it were dark yew may want a bit o'company, but I couldn't fathom why thar wud ever be three of yar in thar. It'd be a wholly tight fit! When it was toime ter go Sheila would cum out an' see us orf, an' Dad would beep the car horn as we driv away.

Now, when yew come outta Howt dew yew tarn left and then tarn orf agin on a rud which stats big but soon git littler. Yew hev ter be careful on yar wing mirrors as thar's a bit o' stun wall stick roight out in the rud. Yew go through the willage whar they fillumed that fillum with Alan Bates an' Julie Christie at bandy-wicket on the green, an' there's a loke on yar left whar Mum's Grandfer's Grandfer useter hev a bakery, only now thass all tricolated up as a holiday plearce.

(That put me in the mind of whan we went ter the picture-house ter see that fillum Mum and me hatter go away agin cus it were an 'A' sustificate fillum, an' I wasn't big enuff ter go in. Dad went and seed it on his own, but when he come out he reckon they warn't wery good at talkin' proper Narfolk.)

When yew git to the four-cross-ways yew can either go parst the Dairy Farm or The Lodge. If yew go the fust way thass a datty owd rud an' Dad wunt keen on getting' shoddy all ower the car so we dunt go that way. If yew go the other way

yew go parst whar I was on the school bus an' I seed a minifer run across the rud an' I shruck out "Lukk, there's a weasel!" Then fer the next fower years everyone on the bus kept axin' if I'd seen any weasels lately.

Whichsumever way yew dew go yew come ter the Big Wood, whar no matter what toime of the year it allust smell of Autumn. It was a master-gret plearce for Sweet Chestnuts and we useter go there to get some ter keep fer Christmas; but they'd all be et by Monday. Cor my hart! there was also Stinkhorns there an' if yew was brave yew cud go roight up ter one an' poke at it with yar stick.

Yew hatter coast past the Brickyard House in case Tubby was garpin' out an' he hear the car go by, else he'd cum round as soon as yew got hum an' he'd git in the way peerkin' at what wittals Mum had bought an' whar she put them. When he went hum he'd tell Jean what we was goin' ter hev fer dinner all week; not that it dint imitate nutthen though cus yew wud know what day o' the week it were by what yew had ter eat, an' apart from what come from the garden it wouldn't chenge all year.

If yew carry on up the drift (parst whar that hornets' nest once was) yew come to a marl pit whar Dad reckoned when he was a boy him an' Jim Bullyman met a padduck as big as a grut owd dawg. They was wholly frit an' dassent go back the same way in case it were still thar. Grandmother weren't none too pleased with the boys cus every toime they telled the story that padduck got bigger and biggerer and she dint hold with roment and exaggeratifying.

Jist before the tarred rud fizzle out yew come to the chach which stand all alone on a hummick. Mum allust said it was whar the owd willage had been but was desarted at the toime of The Black Death and new houses was built a mile orf. Sumtimes that wud stick in my mind an' later I wud hev ter feel around my neck in case I was getting' one of them buboes which was a symptom of pleargue. I'd get sum worried if I had a push, as that cud easily develop into suffen warse.

In the chachyard thar's sum owd trees an' one which drop a hull pile o' needles all ower the plearce. At the far carner, there's an owd urn an' a stun with a bit o' iron railin' round it. Thass whar all the family lie, with the same nearmes ower an' ower agin. There's Old Arthur, Young Arthur and Young Arthur's Son, Esthers, Sheilas and Peggys: farm sarvents, estate warkers, a blacksmith, a narse and an ATS gal. A rum owd lot.

And thass the end of my jarney: in real life I hint bin there as orften as I shud an' the grearve ent kept as neat as it cud be. Thass bin two decades since I said a last goodbye to Dad there an' I hope all them Gascoignes is still farin' well tergether.

2nd

A Sunday School Outing

AUDREY STEWART – Trosher 2nd Prize Winner Prose

"Dear God, please don't let it rain tomorrer" It was my prayer on the eve of our annual Sunday School outing to Yarmouth.

All year I had bin ter Sunday School. My mother she say "What did you larn about"? I say Jesus did a miracle cors he changed a loaf o'bread and a fish inter ever such a lot more." "Cor blarst" she say "oi wish that would happen with this here little bit o'fish"!

Oi larnt a verse to say at the Annivers'ry about bein' a little sunbeam but on the day oi was shy and cried. Moi little sister piped up "Oi can say it" so up she comes and says it roit perfick. Someone gave her a sixpence. I was suffin' mad!

Anyways, that di'nt stop me a'goin' on the outin'. Mornin' came and oi peeped through the winder to see blue sky and sunshine. Mother had packed sandwiches - cheese, tomato, potted meat and corned beef. They were ever so thick - "loike doorsteps" she say.

We all met outside the village shop to wait for the bus. Everyone was all dressed up - Father wore his best wescut, mother a dress and jacket and Grandma came in her black coat with fox fur drearped round her shoulders and a big hat stuck with a fierce lookin' hat pin. We were pleased to see her cors she had baked shortceark for us.

The bus rattled round the corner and everyone cheered. "One at a toime" growled the bus driver as we clambered up the steps. Oi hatta sit at the front cors oi allus git travel sick. All aboard and orf we went. The parson stumbled round givin' us each a shillin' ter spend.

Nearly there but oh dear oi felt ill so the bus hatta stop on the Acle Straight for me to git out "Come on, hurry up" the others shouted as I crept back in.

"Oi can see the sea" we yelled as the bus stopped at Britannia Pier. "Meark sure you git back here afore six or you'll hatta walk hum" shouted the driver. We all trooped down to the beach and Father hired deckchairs. I struggled into my bathing costume which mother had made from one of grandma's old dresses.

"Sandcastle building time" called the parson. We decorated our castles with shells, stones and seaweed and dug moats around them. The parson gave threepence to the best one - not mine! Then we ventured into the cold North Sea. Cor blimey it was suffin' chilly!

"Toime for a cuppa tea, called mother so father went to the tea hut and came back balancing a big brown teapot, cups and saucers, sugar and milk on a tin tray. "Don't you go a'brearkin' anything" warned grandma "cors he hatta pay a deposit." Wrapped

in towels and legs buried in the sand we drank tea and munched Grandma's shortceark.

A woman wearing a big red skirt, lacy blouse and dangling ear rings came up to us. She say "Crors my palm with silver and oi will tell your fortune." My mother she say "No thank yer" and the woman swished her skirt and muttered angrily. "Has she put a spell on us"? oi whispered to mother "Cors not, don't be so darft" she replied. Another woman tried to sell us wooden clothes pegs which she had stuffed in large pockets in her pinny. "We got plenty o'them at hum" said Grandma. So orf she stomped - roit grumpy she was.

Then we had a competition to see who could jump the furthest orf the promenade on ter the sand. Oi was a'winnin' but then disaster struck! There was a loud rippin' noise and moi louverly costume had split up the backside! The other children thought it was funny but oi di'nt. Oi reckoned it happened cors we di'nt crows that woman's palm with silver.

As we were eatin' our sandwiches some pesky boys ran past a'kickin' up the sand. "You boys teark a hike" shouted grandma "you be a mearkin' moi sandwiches orl gritty". They di'nt care!

Next it was time for the Punch and Judy show at the little red striped hut. We screamed at the crocodile and oi was scared o' Mr. Punch who kept a'hittin everyone with his stick. I thought his nose was just like the parson's nose. Then we had a game o'cricket and oi got a lot o'runs for moi side. I kept a'hittin' the ball inter the sea and when a dawg ran orf with the ball oi just kept on a'runnin'.

Moi Grandma she say "We'll ride to the Pleasure Beach in a hoss drawn carriage. That was speshul treat. We waved to people as the hoss clip clopped along. At the Pleasure Beach I rode on an ostrich on the Gallopers. Oi di'nt loike it very much but the moosic was louverly. Arter goin' on the Helter Skelter and the Ghost train we went in the Maze of Mirrors. Cor they di'nt harf meark us look on the huh! We had a go on the hoop-la and bought sticky candyfloss afore walkin' back ter the town. We di'nt go in the Amusement Arcades cors mother she say "Wearst o'money".

Arter havin' fish and chips at a restaurant in the Market Plearce we walked down Regent Road and oi bought a stick o'pink rock to take back for Grandad. As we got near Britannia Pier the bus driver was a'shoutin' "Come you on tergether, git a move on".

On the way hum we stopped at a pub called "The Griffin" and the grownups went in for a pint and a mardle, We were not allowed in so they brought us ginger beer. "Don't you go a'spillin' it on moi seats" grumbled the bus driver.

Back hum and orf ter bed. "Thank you God for makin' the sun shine terday. You can let it rain tomorrer if yer loike".

1st

The Scarecrow

COLLEEN HARVEY – Trosher 1st Prize Winner Poetry

They call me Worzel Gumidge,
But my propa name is John.
I wurk for a farmer
Scaring crow and pidg-on.

My wurk is quite borrun,
I'm stood there in a fild,
Tryin' to look arter
This year's yield.

Along cum the pidg-ons,
Follered by the crows.
Whot I'm gornta doo
I jus dunt know.

The crow say ta the pidg-on,
"You know he int real,
He's jus stood there
To marke us squeal.

"Fly you ova,
And hev you a squint"
"You're roight,he ain't human,
No,that he int."

He's stood there still,
As stiff as a board.
He dunt frightun me,
He's a fraud.

"We'll be alroight,
Eatin'his crop."
So they got stuck in
'Til they nearly went pop.

Poor old Worzel,
He wus dur-in his best,
But the ol farmer wunt pleased,
He wunt scarin' the pests.

The corn grew tall,
And then it tarned yella.
It was toime to harvest
And tarke away the ol fella.

So he wus chucked on the trarler,
And carted back to the farm,
And slung up the corner
In an ol dark barn.

He leard there all winter,
Roight threw ta the spring.
And then it got toime
To git him owt agin.

They tidied him up,
And replarced his straw.
Pu him back in the fild
Ta doo it wunce more.

The crow and the pidg-on
Say "Oh look,there's John.
He's back in the fild
Where he doo belong."

They flew over ta see him,
And sit on his arm.
"Blast,thas good ta see ya
Back from the farm.

2nd

Duzzy Mouse

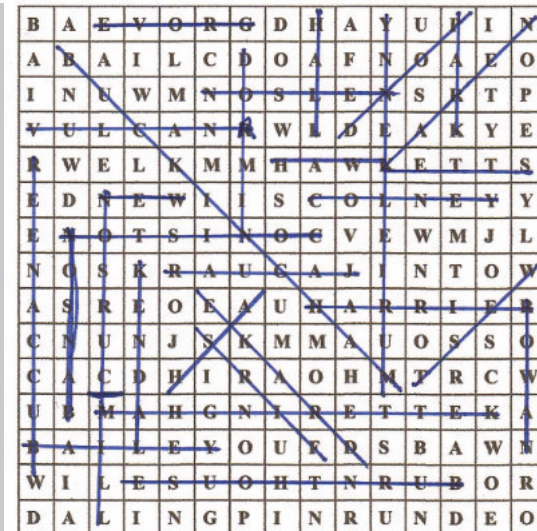
MIKE WARD – Trosher 2nd Prize Winner Poetry

Well blast yar eyes yar duzzy mouse
What a plearce tu build yar house
Right where my old hoss and plow
Will cut a furror on yar brow.
I see or right that you ar frit
An had enou of my old squit
But damn that don't half gi me pearne
Tu see yar hoom go down the drearn.
Instead uh in yar cozy hoom
Yarl ly thar fruuzen neath the moon
You planned ahead tu be aright
Seafe bu day and warm ut nite.
But now yow squirm an fruuz in bed
Arl tell ya now wots often said:
The best leard plans of mice and man
Suner or learter go down the pan.

For reasons of space the third prize winners pieces have had to be held over for the next issue. Apologies for any disappointment, but something to look forward to then.

Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



Notes from the (Acting) Treasurer

RICHARD REID

First of all, a big thank you to all who came to the panto in January. As well as being a hugely enjoyable event, it was a tremendous financial success, with entrance money, raffle, teas and donations totalling nearly £1,000 after expenses.

- Sadly, our newly-elected Treasurer, Mark Woodhouse, concluded that travel and family commitments would make it difficult for him to do the job after all, so the Committee have accepted his resignation and have co-opted yours truly as Acting Treasurer until the next AGM. My offer to train a successor stands, but meanwhile I'm happy to serve.
- A year or two ago, I abandoned the attempt to synchronise subscription payments with the financial year ending 31 March. A payment any time in the year will keep you up to date, but this is still the time of year for a reminder, and a renewal form and a standing order form are on the last two pages of this issue. Cash, cheques and standing orders are all welcome.
- **The subscription rates are £10 for an individual, £15 for family members at the same address, and £20 for members who live outside the United Kingdom.**
- I'm grateful that most of you do pay up regularly, but, sadly, about a third of the people on the membership file have not paid in the last two years. There may be all sorts of reasons for this, so I am going to write politely to all those members and ask them to pay. After a second reminder, non-payers will be removed from membership.
- Some Standing Orders have got in a muddle. Some bank branches have not helped, but the fault is largely mine, and I have now put in place a more rigorous process for handling SOs. Anyone who has previously sent a Standing Order that has gone AWOL is asked to accept my apologies and send a new one. You can do this direct with your bank online or by telephone, or in person if you can find a branch. The form at the back of this issue has all the details you need. Or you can still send the completed form to me. Any queries, please contact me on 01692 582978 or norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk.

Thanks to you all for your support throughout the year.

Richard Reid. February 2020



FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / RENEWAL FORM

Please return to : Richard Reid, Hon. Treasurer FOND, Fern Cottage, The Green, Stalham, NORWICH NR12 9PU

DATA PROTECTION

Since 25 May 2018, FOND, in common with every organisation which holds personal information, must tell you what information we hold about you, tell you how we use it, and seek your specific permission for its use.

It is a condition of membership of FOND that you allow us to hold details of your name and address for the purpose of maintaining membership and subscription records and for sending you the *Merry Mawkin* Newsletter. You may also, optionally, provide us with telephone numbers and email addresses. We will also keep records of subscription payments so that we know who has and who has not paid their subscriptions. These records will include details of bank sort codes and account numbers from cheques and standing order forms of which we keep copies, but only until payment has been received in our bank account. All this information will be available to the Officers of FOND from time to time (Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer) on a confidential basis but not to anybody else, including other members.

- We undertake to hold the information securely and to guard it against damage, loss or unauthorised disclosure.
- We will never disclose your information to any third party, except as required by law. If a third party wishes to make contact with you, we will pass to you that party's details for you to choose whether to make contact.
- We may also, with your permission, use your information to contact you about events and other matters of interest.

Please indicate below whether you will allow or withhold permission for specific uses.

If we apply for membership of FOND, or to renew my/our membership

Name(s)

Address

Telephone (optional) Email (optional).....

Subscription £10 individual £15 family Standing Order – please contact the Treasurer

Method of payment Cash Cheque payable to FOND

Contacting you regarding membership records and subscription payments Post Telephone Email

Contacting you regarding FOND events and other matters of interest Post Telephone Email

Signed Date

DATA PROTECTION – Please tick below the forms of contact that you authorise us to use (tick all that apply)

Heralds of Spring – Wheatears

A NORFOLK NATURE NOTE



As Winter turns to Spring the first honeybees appear and birds begin to move north to their breeding grounds. The first migrants reach us in March with chiffchaffs, named for their repetitive song, and sand martins, those little brown ‘swallows’ of the river banks and sandy coastal cliffs. At about the same time wheatears start to appear along the coast and inland on fences and open ground. The old country name of ‘clodhopper’ probably tells you all you need to know about the wheatear’s habits. The name wheatear however has nothing to do with ears of wheat but rather its other old folk name of ‘white arse’. This proved too coarse for Victorian tastes and was sanitised – no doubt with the aid of naturalist country vicars – to the more acceptable

wheatear, which is rather prettier, don’t you think?

Wheatears are chats, like our robin, and great travellers. Last autumn a young desert wheatear turned up at Cart Gap near Happisburgh, even though it shouldn’t have been any nearer to Britain than the far side of the Caspian Sea on its way to Africa!

If you see a wheatear your attention will probably be first drawn by that white rump as it flits across a ploughed field or up onto a post from the meadow. Only when it has settled will you be able to see the dark stripe through its eye and the white one just above, or the peach coloured breast: all much brighter in the males than the females.

Bob Farndon

FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENT STANDING ORDER FORM

Please return to : Richard Reid, Hon. Treasurer, FOND, Fern Cottage, The Green, Stalham, NORWICH NR12 9PU
or take to your bank

To : _____ (name and address of your bank)

Please pay Lloyds Bank, 38 Market Place DEREHAM NR19 2AT, sort code 30-92-88
For the account of F.O.N.D. - (Friends of Norfolk Dialect), account number 01376118,

using reference _____
(your name and initial(s))

the sum of £ _____ (amount in words),
£10 Individual, £15 Family TEN POUNDS individual, FIFTEEN POUNDS family

the first payment to be made immediately and subsequent payments annually on the same date until further notice,
and charge to my/our account :

sort code : _____, account no. _____

This Order cancels any previous or existing Order in favour of F.O.N.D.

Date _____

Signed : _____

Name(s) in full : _____

Address : _____



FOND

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