

THE MERRY MAWKIN

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NEWSLETTER**

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Front cover: Swallowtail
Photo: Bob Farndon
Back cover: Great Yarmouth's
revolving tower from an old
postcard.(See centre pages)

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Chairman's report

Hello

Well with this Covid-19 what's going about, we're certainly living through some rum ole times. I hope you are all staying fit and well. I have enjoyed being able to get out on walks and bike rides for daily exercise and although I'm now back at school in a 'bubble' I still try to get out and enjoy seeing all the wildlife. I even had a coincidental wildlife dialect spot of a buttle (bittern) flying over buttle marsh, near How Hill.

The lockdown also gave me the opportunity to explore some family history and I found a pile of letters from my mum to her brother while he was at university. What amused me, was that in one of them, she had written a whole page in 'dialect'. Her brother was at university in Nottingham and apparently he too still had the Norfolk accent, when he talked about mum he would say 'Our Monica' and people would think he played the harmonica.

We had our first virtual committee meeting last week and it was quite successful, Stanley was even able to join on the telephone as he has no access to online communication. It also got us thinking about how else we could use technology to support the work of FOND and provide something for members, during a time when being able to hold social gatherings is uncertain. It was decided that we should hold a virtual FOND dew on



September 19th and a virtual AGM using Zoom in November, one thing from this is that members overseas are be able to join in too! I have also been having discussions with Harleston Information Plus, who are going to help us run virtual Norfolk mardle sessions. All these virtual opportunities for communication are advertised in this *Merry Mawkin*, if you want any help or support in being able to join in please do get in touch with a committee member. Also, my mum's letter writing has given me the inspiration to set up a Norfolk pen pal system within FOND, particularly for those who prefer to use pen and paper, do get in touch with me if you're interested in writing to someone.

Mind how you go together!

Fare ye well,

The gal Diana

PS. My mother she say keep a smiling thas more infectious than this here virus!

PLEASE JOIN US IF YOU CAN FOR
A FOND-DEW

ON SATURDAY 19th SEPTEMBER at 7pm

This will be a virtual get together on Zoom with performances by FOND members

Contact any of the committee members for further details or help to access Zoom on your computer and check the FOND website for updates. We welcome volunteers/ideas for performance slots



THE MERRY MAWKIN

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Notice of FOND Annual General Meeting

Please note this will be a virtual meeting as per the Chairman's report.
Sunday, 29th November, 2020 at 2.30pm.

AGENDA

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Chairman`s welcome | Honorary Independent Examiner. |
| 2. Apologies for absence. | 8. Election of officers and committee members |
| 3. Minutes of the AGM held November 24 th , 2019. | 9. Resolution proposed by the executive committee that the constitution be amended to delete the reference to the chairman serving for three years only. |
| 4. Matters arising from Minutes of AGM 2019. | 10. Any other business |
| 5. Chairman`s Report. To include reports on <i>Merry Mawkin</i> , Website, Facebook and Twitter | 11. Date and venue of AGM 2021. |
| 6. Secretary`s report | |
| 7. Treasurer`s report and election of | |



A note from the editor

ZENA TINSLEY

It's been great corresponding with our FONDers abroad. The two Ralphs, who coincidentally were boyhood friends, have both sent offerings for our summer edition. Ralph Woods in sunny Californ-i-a has brought good Queen Bess to the end of the road in her Royal Progress, at least as far as her Norfolk jaunt is concerned, whilst Ralph Nickerson has penned some Norfolk themed limericks from his home in Serowe, Botswana. He tells me that lockdown goes on there much as it does for us here so his limericks provide some much needed light relief.



Secretary's Squit

ANN REEVE



Thass bin a rum ow do hent ut? That lockdown, I mean.

Oi hent bin very far since arly March. We opened our shop on the Satdy and closed it up agin come the Tewsdy. We cudda stayed open but no one wuz gorta cum on hollydy so there wern't no point. We hed rice pudden or semolina fer several days to use up orl the milk wut we'd got in the fridges.

Since then oi've bin cooking noice dinners and mearkin cearkes. Oi've even bin dern some gardnun. Tomarter plants anorl. By the toime yew read this oi moight even ha got a harvest. Oi hent dun that sorta thing fer a lotta years. We warked out thet the larst Easter we hed atoom wuz in 1984. Thet feel a bit funny being earble ter sit in the gardun with the sun ashinen when we should be at wark.

We hed a luvly VE Day in the garden with an arternoon tea from the bakery an' a bottle of champearne. We drank a toast ter my pore Uncle Peter who got killed in

Northern Jarmany just three weeks afore the war finished. That meark ya think don't ut? I dunt reckon he ever had a chance ter tearst champearne.

Well, let's hope everathing settle down soon and we ken git back ter suffen loike normal. Hemsby don't look roight without no holidymarkers walkun round.

As you will see elsewhere due to Covid precautions the committee decided that the AGM this year will be a virtual one via Zoom. Do contact Diana if you need help with that. I hope you will be able to take part and I look forward to seeing you on the Laptop!

Early days yet but I've put the Agenda out so you can see what we are proposing and please, if you've any thoughts, ideas or proposals for discussion do let me know.

In the meantime Matthew Thornton is acting Vice Chairman having been co opted by the Committee at a meeting on January 28th 2020.



“Farewell O Queen, farewell O mother dear” RALPH WOODS



Welcome back dear FONDerS, to our story of Good Queen Bess's one and only visit to Norridge in the summer of 1578. At that time Norridge was likely the second most important city in England mainly due to the wool trade and worsted weaving which, unfortunately, was then in great decline. During her week-long visit, the citizens of the City were directed to provide the most hospitable celebrations and entertainment for the Queen, and “every day a show of some strange devise should be seen”. This they did with the utmost enthusiasm. In following the Rev. Blomefield's account of her progress, we are now at Thursday 21st of August after she and her retinue had spent a long and evidently very enjoyable evening, frolicking as the guest of the mysterious “Lord of Surrey”. You will recall that as she was gone hoom to bed the previous evening from those Wensumish riverside celebrations, the Queen was surprised, very pleasantly I might add, by the Grammar School headmaster who even at that late hour, had been loitering near the “Bishop's-gate”, waiting to deliver a very well prepared speech. It being remarkably well received, he must hev bin up all night a writin, cos he had writ anuther for her ta hear tha next mawnun. Unfortunately for him though, her coxy-roxy high spirits of the previous evening may have become somewhat tempered, for he was advised that there would not be time in the Queen's busy Thursday schedule for this second oration. Instead, we are told that in the forenoon, the Lord Chamberlain informed the devisors that the previous evening's postponed presentation of “Manhood and Desert” should be the first performance of the afternoon, to be followed by a wonderfully planned and much more elaborate, but un-named “shew”. It was said the Queen “would be riding abroad” and knowing her probable route, a site was selected which oi think wus in tha open fields down by the river, cloos by what we know now as Pulls Ferry. This is likely just where the frustrated and disappointed troop had been futilely waiting 'til well after dark the previous evening. So, both the “shews” were to be in the same general area “but yet far off” ie well apart we might suppose. The fust one entitled “Manhood, Favour and Desert” was to be performed by an all-male cast “save one boy called Beauty” who was playing the part of a girl. The essence of this shew was a contest between “Good Fortune” and the Manhood players for the heart and mind of Beauty. Good Fortune had by far the larger army of swordsmen and should certainly have prevailed. But, to demonstrate the power of good over evil, Good Fortune proposed that six men from each side

should join battle with “rebated (blunt) swords and targets, wearing only doublets and hose” (ie no armour) and each participant should deliver “12 blows apiece”. Clearly the forthcoming battle was rigged to go in Good Fortune's favour. At its conclusion, the victorious warriors were to climb over their fallen foe at “which time were legs and arms of men (well and lively wrought) to be let fall in numbers on the ground, as bloody as might be”. After “laying hands on Beauty” and leading her (him) away “in great triumph”, the shew was to end with a song celebrating the death of the enemy. Well my lil ol floaters, wunt thart a gory ol show fer Her Highness!! Right arter her noonings 'n or!!!

Oi think for the second much more elaborate shew there must ha bin some earlier groundwork, cos a “measure was taken for 60 feet of ground every way”, and the “hole made deep and 4 square”. Now even in muddy earth on the bank of tha Wensum, this woont ha bin no easy diggin task. Once dug, the hole was covered with a green painted canvas and “at every side ran a string through curtain rings”. These strings could easily be drawn “by reason of two great poles that lay along in the ground and answered the curtain on each side”. Oi'm afear'd the actual mode of operation eludes me, but by drawing a small cord in the centre of the canvas cover, we are told that, “the earth would seem to open and so shut again”, when a second cord was pulled. Hidden within this spacious dugout, was to be a rock band producing “a noble noise of musick of all kinds of instruments” including large “timbrels. These once very popular instruments “as known to our fore fathers”, had now lost much of their popularity. But with the music would be a bevy of twelve “water nymphs”. Very attractive young fangasts were these, with “long tresses of golden braided hair”. They were “dressed most strangely” so that even their family could not recognize them. Long, white silk or linen robes were completely decorated and covered with masses of securely stitched “green sedges”, and on their heads were garlands of “ivie” resting upon a “coif” of moss. In her hand each nymph carried a “great bundle of (Broadland?) bulrushes”. The plan was that as the Queen approached the display, one nymph should “pop out of the cave first” and greet the Queen with a speech. This young lady was to be followed by three more in quick succession and then when they had finished their speeches, they were to retreat back into the cave and the “musick” would begin, appearing to come “secretly and strangely out of the earth”. “When the musick was done, then should all 12 nymphs have issued together” to perform a dance with more “timbrels, bells and other jangling things”.

Lordy me, what a great arturnun's entertainment was planned by the good citizens of Norridge for the Queen! But hold you hard my lil' ol dumplins. Fate and the fickle Nawfook weather had other ideas. Yea verily, calamity of

calamities! At the very time that the Queen was to board her coach and the lords and courtiers were to take to their steeds, the heavens opened --- for real this time, no canvas here --- and what a summer downpour ensued with “such terrible” thunder and lightning that “all of us were driven to seek covert and most comfort”. A few lucky spectators who were in boats, were able to shelter under the bridge but most “were all so dashed and washed, that it was a greater pastime to see us look like drowned rats, than to have beheld the uttermost of the shews rehearsed”. Not only were the shows totally washed out, but the City suffered great losses of “velvets, silks, tinsels and some cloth of gold”. All ruined! And what could the frustrated actors do --- some of them for the second time?? Nothing to do but to console one another with lots a blaren I am sure, for this “evil chance” and “every person quietly passed to his lodging”.

We can only imagine the sadness and frustration that must have swept the City that day. Fortunately, the Queen had not quite left her lodgings, possibly accompanied by Cecily Freake and certainly with the French Ambassadors in attendance, before that cloudburst struck. So, the royal party had managed to stay dry. We are not told how the Queen passed that wet afternoon as the City and the populace recovered from that dreadful Nawfook storm. We do know that as usual, there was nothing worth watching on TV or listening to on the radio that evening, so the good Master Goldringham had arranged for “an excellent princely mask to be brought before her in the privy chamber”. We may, perhaps, liken her evening to that of an evening’s visit to a modern West End play, but I shall not tire you, my faithful readers, with Blomefield’s details of that evening’s “shew”. Suffice it to say that the format followed was much as we have already marvelled at, with speeches by the local citizenry dressed as ancient gods and goddesses, accompanied at intervals by torch bearers and “a consort of musick, to wit, six musicians who played very cunningly”. Following each act, a gift was presented to the Queen, most of which might seem strange to us nowadays, but were emblematic of the time. Jupiter for example gave “a riding wand of whales fin, curiously wrought”. (To my mind a curious gift indeed coming from Nawfook fook.) This was followed by a “curiously wrought” purse from Juno, a pair of uncuriously engraved knives from Mars, and a very tame white dove which “sat so quietly before the Queen as if it had been tied”. Apollo was up next singing a “short and pretty ditty” while playing on his “bandonet” which he subsequently presented to her Majesty. He was followed by Pallas who had the temerity to present her with a “book of Wisdom”. Quick wittedly he escaped the mythical Pallas’s fate (who was murdered in the Aeneid) by wisely assuring our Good Queen Bess that he gave “not this book to learn thee aught, for that I know

already thou art taught”. Wow! A near miss that, I would say. In much safer territory was the next, but much stranger gift, of a “great artificial fish” in the belly of which was a pike which Neptune “threw out before her Majesty”. One wonders, did Monarchs back then relish having a fish thrown at them? Some fishy Broadland humour maybe cos oi dornt think a pike mearkes verra good eatin. More in keeping with the times was a bow and arrows “nocked and headed with silver” from Diana, to be followed by Cupid’s gift – what else but a “golden, engraved arrow”. At the end of this the Queen expressed her thankfulness for all of the gifts, and the cast took a bow by marching “about the chamber and departed in like manner as they came in”. We are not told that the Honourable Lord Mayor had made a speech at any time during the “shew”, but at the end, the Queen called him over, heartily thanked him and taking his hand, “used secret conference about what we know not”. Perhaps she told him a mildly off-colour joke in Latin, or maybe she tipped him off that he should be ready the next day to kneel before her so that she could place a sword upon his shoulder. Anyway, and in stark contrast to the catastrophes of the day, “thus this delightful night passed, to the joy of all that saw Her Grace in so pleasant plight”. Well done, Master Goldringham for we are very glad, as you might well have been, that everything in the evening went off so well!!

And so to “Fryday, on which day the court removed” probably heading up what is now London Street which then led almost straight from the Cathedral and the Bishop’s Palace, up past the market and to “St Bennet’s Gates” before the Progress headed out, and with many overnight stops, took its leave of Nawfook. The streets were beautifully decorated “from one side to the other” and the city residents and her Majesty were “now dolorous, now cheerful as plainly shewed the loving hearts of both sides”. Close by the gate, a stage had been set up for a farewell speech by --- yes, you guessed it --- Master Goldringham! (Many of you might have guessed it would be the much-praised headmaster, Mr Limbert, but it was not). Thankfully Goldringham’s speech was short, but full of her virtues “uttered unto her in very plausible sort”. Interestingly, he did manage to squeeze in an apology of sorts for Nawfook weather, saying that “Our sunshine day is dash’d with sudden shower”. (Somewhat of an understatement by all accounts). She replied in like short but polite manner, saying simply, “We thank you heartily”. Then with “musick” to accompany it, a young lady sang for her “a short ditty in a very sweet voice to the great delight of the hearers”. And so the Queen moved on, but the sequence of events as recorded by the Rev. Blomefield has me a little puzzled. Somewhere along the way it appears that one of our earlier show “devisors” whose “shew” was probably one of those washed out the previous day,

had decided to put another one together. Although his “aids were drawn from him, each one about his business” on the spur of the moment he managed to corral twelve water nymphs, now we are told boys and not the pretty young ladies of yesterday. Anyhow, all with “such garments and stuff necessary”, translated themselves to a “ground by which the Queen must pass”. This was in fact a field, a corner of which was well “defenced with high and thick bushes”. Hopefully, these were not gorse, for some clearing had to be done to create openings through which the boys could appear and in their water nymph costumes, sing ‘n dance like the “fraries”, yes fraries, to amuse the Queen. With the oddly inappropriate costumes and mistakes caused by the lack of rehearsal time, Blomefield tells us that this strange event “made the Queen’s Highness smile and laugh withal”. The young actors rounded off their show with a dance (or more likely a prance) supported by the ever-present timbrels and accompanied by the shy devisor himself. This was all “well taken” by the Queen but by now it was past five o’clock and the Queen’s next lodgings and evening’s entertainment in Kimberly, were still seven miles off along the track to Watton. (This track is now the B1108. I am assuming this was the route she took, as it is the most direct and the stated mileage is just about correct, as measured from the City walls).

The Queen managed to progress another two miles towards the “confines of the liberty of the city of Norwich” which would put her by the NCFC football training ground in Colney. Apparently, some time before they arrived there, our beloved Lord Mayor reminded the Lord Chamberlain that he had “an oration” to be presented to the Queen. Sadly, after the Chamberlain had first given his assent, by the hour of 7 o’clock when they neared “the confines”, the Mayor was “willed to forbear the utterance of his oration”. Undeterred, he presented her with written copies for which she thanked him. She also thanked all the notables and commoners who were there for “the great cheer they had made for her and the open households they kept for her servants and all the others”. Then, calling upon the Mayor, she, maybe to his surprise and maybe not, “made him Knight” and departed with tears in her eyes saying, “I have laid up in my breast such good will as I shall never forget Norwich. Farewell Norwich”. And so she began her long and probably tedious journey home by way of several Nawfook country houses, then on to Bury St Edmunds and Cambridge. With no crosswords to solve or sudokus to puzzle her, one wonders if she read her newly acquired book of Wisdom or to pass the time between Queenly wavings, did she translate some Tacitus writings, which were transcribed for her by a Lady in Waiting, and later were to be corrected in the Queen’s own hand. These were then lost for centuries, only to be discovered recently by an inquisitive young University student from

Norwich in the Library of Lambeth Palace. How the Queen did pass the journey time, we shall never know. But our thanks should go to Archbishop Thomas Tenison who apparently rescued her translation of Tacitus for posterity, way back in the seventeenth century.

So, where does this leave us? Despite Norfolk’s summer weather running true to form, what a show for her the week had been and what a pleasure for the good people of Norridge and Nawfook. Probably the City had never seen such festivities before or since, despite visits by later Royalty including our present Queen. The City overspent and finished with a huge debt for those days of 500 pounds. The Black Death struck the City again with the first death being recorded a year later on August 20th 1579. The pestilence raged for a year and nine months, claiming over 6,000 victims, about one-third of the City’s population despite great efforts by the Mayor to restrict its transmission. To his credit he decreed measures that would cause no surprise to those of us who now endure the restrictions necessitated by COVID-19. He “caused to be published in all churches --- all that appeared abroad from infected houses, should carry a small white stick, two feet long”. A notice of the infection was to be posted on doorways and the occupants were “there to remain till the house had been free from the infection one month” provided no occupant had shown any evidence of the characteristic bubonic buboes for “20 days last past”. Disappointingly, on the commercial front the visit was a failure. For despite the pageants and “devises” presented to the Queen, emphasizing the skills and resources of Nawfookians and in particular Norridge, nothing could be or was done to arrest the decline of the wool and weaving industries. Consequently, the importance of Norwich continued to decline and its residents suffered difficult economic times. To finish though, on a compassionate note, in the winter following her visit, the City of Norwich in its munificence, granted a pension of 20 shillings a year to one “John Benne of Laystoff” who was “lamed by shooting off a cannon at the Queen’s coming”. I wonder if she ever knew of it. If she had, maybe she would have done better by the poor lad.

(This account is based upon written, contemporary records of her visit compiled by The Rev. Francis Blomefield in 1771 and published by W. Miller, London in 1806. The complete text is available in British History Online, The City of Norwich, Chapter 27, by the University of London. Permission given by the University of London for its use in guiding this tale, is gratefully acknowledged.)



Toppin' 'nd tailin'

CANON PETER NICHOLSON

Here Oi am a sittin at hoom. Thass narthin new ter me course Oi do that all the toime now. Plenty ter do, though! Codewords, Puzzles, Jigsaws, the Telly, and er course this here old computer. Oi loike a looking back at the ole self binders a going round the fields pulled by two great old hosses, rabbits a runnin iverewhere!

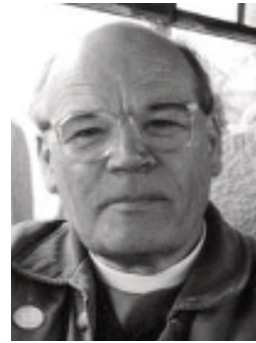
Them programmes what Oi really enjoy are them there trips round them great factries alonga Gregg Wallace. He's a caution, en't he? The best one wuz that there trip ter Cornwall ter see them Cornish pasties abein made.

Hardly anybody about. Just them greert old big machines. Exact amounts a peppers, tayters, swedes and beef. Pastry all cooked ter size and cut out by machines. Rum ole job!

They took us round a huge farm where all the swedes were grown. Rows and rows on em. Then we see the machines what harvest them. No pullen on em up by hand nowadays. Th'ole machine pull em up, top and tail em, and even wash em an all. Took me back a few years course my father grew them as well as sugar beet. He lorst his finger and thumb on his roit hand when he wuz only seventeen; tried ter tearke some sacking what hed got caught in the wheel of a thresing drum when th'ole drum wuza goin round!. Pulled his thumb and finger right orf! He warked werry hard all his life but there were some things he coon't do and one on em wuz a topping a swedes. So thass where Oi cam in. He say: "Boy, you'll hatter top them there swedes course Oi can't hold one in one hand and top it with a hook in the other. So Oi hit and missed a few but Oi soon got the hang on it and them there swedes started a building up inter little heaps. "Good on yer, boy" he say. So Oi cam inter doin the sugar beet an all later on. Howsomever, moi father allus managed to feed shoves inter the drum when he and Granfer were a troshin.

So when Oi git my Cornish pasties Oi shall think about them there days out there in the freezing cold a toppin them swedes. Din't do me ner harm, though. Moi father saw to it that Oi larn't a lot a things and Oi'm werry, werry grateful ter him. I don't think he ever thought Oi would be a parson!

Canon Peter Nicholson



Norfolk Seaside Summers of Yore

KEITH SKIPPER



A popular treat for many generations, donkey riding calls for balance and patience. An owner was asked at Hunstanton what his animals had for lunch. "Same as us" he replied, "About half-an-hour".

Fond memories of seaside outings are bound to be stirred by these sun-blessed shots from Keith Skipper's collection of old Norfolk postcards.

Favourite places carry an extra edge of poignancy this summer as the coronavirus crisis casts a lingering shadow over our local tourism scene.

Keith recalls happy Sunday School trips from his mid-Norfolk village of Beeston to Hunstanton and Great Yarmouth from the late 1940s and throughout the 1950s.

"I had a spell living in Gorleston and working in Yarmouth as a young press reporter in the mid-1960s as oil and gas industries took over from a declining fishing scene. It was then that I developed a real taste for the seaside in winter".

He didn't make proper acquaintance with Cromer until 1988 when he moved the family seat to The Gem of the North Norfolk Coast. He's still there as an Honorary Crab!



Great Yarmouth's revolving tower was built in 1897 and stood 135 feet tall. Visitors entered a cage which slowly revolved while soaring to the top. The tower was demolished for scrap during the Second World War.

Hunstanton Pier, built in 1870 and measuring 830 feet in length, was destroyed by a heavy storm on the night of January 11th, 1978. The pier had a starring role alongside actor Alec Guinness in the 1957 Ealing Comedy Barnacle Bill.



A Cromer scene that hasn't altered much for all the changes in fashion. This clifftop walk remains a big favourite for holidaymakers and energetic locals alike.

A classic Cromer Pier view showing how little has changed over the years. Although first mention of a pier in the town dates from 1391, the current attraction was opened in 1901. Sadly, this year's summer show in the pier Pavilion Theatre was cancelled.





Fair bit of social distancing in this holiday scene captured a few sunrises ago on Sea Palling beach. Plenty of room for your very own sandcastle-building empire!



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. Where does the Van Cutsem family have an estate ?
2. Where is "Hitler's Oak" ?
3. When did the Norfolk Show become "Royal" ?
4. Where is The Museum of the Broads ?
5. What was Sidney Grapes wife's name ?
6. What is a "Wyper" ?
7. How many times was Norwich City's 3rd round FA Cup match v Blackpool in 1963 postponed ?
8. Where can you find the remnant of a bone mill ?
9. In which year was Arthur South knighted ?
10. Where is it rumoured that Queen Boadicea is buried ?



Well, hewda thortit!

THE BOY COLIN

Larst toime Oi writ tew yer Oi'll bet none onya knew what wuz a'lingerin' ahid Lonus, did yer ? When Oi think of orl of his Dandelion and Burdock Oi yewster drink Oi never thowt old Corona wud pull a stunt loike that. Hare we are (at the toime a'writin') stuck at hoom arter twelve week an' no likelihood a'gettin'out onnit fer a long toime yet.

We're sorta warked out a routine what seem ter suit us an' thow that may sound borin' that seem to be gettin' us threw week arter week. We're got pletty of books ter read an' puzzles ter dew (Gotta keep them ow grey cells a'warkin' hen't yer ?). I're got fillums galore ter watch of an arternoon dew Oi want tew an', boy ar garden ent half lookin' a lot better w' us spendin' a lot of toime (an' money) ter mearke it look noice. We did venture over ter Attleborough ter boi sum rose bushes an' they are lookin' really good.

Number One son (Actually I're ony got one but Oi call him that jist ter keep him onnis toes !) he bring ar groceries an' we're got lovely nearbors wot git ar fruit and vegetables for us. Gal Kelly, acrorst t'other side of the rud say ter me one dear "Hev yew run out of anything yit?" Oi told har Oi wuz gettin'low on bare and, help m'bob she hopped inter har car an' she wuz orf loike a rocket an' cum back a little leater wi' fower bottles a'bare. Ent that noice an' dew yew know, thares some toimes she'll cum acrorst wi' sloices o'sponge. Go down a treat wi' a cuppa tea.

This hare funny ow dew hev brought out the best in the folk who live near tew us and we're really blest.

Fer VE Day anniversary har and Cari from next door knocked thare hids tergether an' fixed up a party on our side of the Close. They put notes threw everones letterboxes a'tellin' them ter come out wi' thare tearbles an' chairs, bring some drink an' a bit o'grub. Well, bor, we hed barbecues an' music a'gorn and hed a rare good toime. 'Spect they'll go a bit crackers an' hev another one on VJ Day in August. Hoop they dew, 'course Oi like a good barbecue and a bottle o'bare.

Oi'm orf now. Dew yew keep searf an' well.

Keep smilin',

The Boy Colin



Norfolk Limericks from Abroad

RALPH NICKERSON

In mid-Norfolk lies fair Sennowe Park
 Where a covey of Cooks struck a spark.
 Not glitzy like Blickling,
 Nor wild like wet Hickling -
 But the House and the woods make their mark.

A fiery old farmer near Holt
 Hed some hins what decided to moult.
 They went out in all weathers
 With very few feathers -
 And most caught the flu, so I'm tolt!

A doughty young smith from near Fakenham
 Shoe'd a hoss what 'd come up from Lakenham.
 Told the rider, "This beast
 Will need three shoes at least,
 So seddown and relax while I'm makin' 'em!"

A loving young couple from Diss
 Nipped into Scole Wood for.. some reason;
 He enjoyed a long wee
 Behind a beech tree;
 Smiled down, and blew her a kiss.

A crafty old doctor from Aylsham
 Told a patient, "You look really pale, Chum.
 I prescribe a vacation,
 With no aggravation:
 Try my sister's Guesthouse, down in Hailsham!"



More 2019 FOND Trosher Competition Winners

But first an apology to our first prize winner Anne Gascoigne, the author of *Memry Learne*, for omitting her name from her credit in the last issue. Sorry Anne.



A Wet Weekend For Someone

DAVID CURL—Trosher Joint 3rd Prize Winner Prose

I hear the other day someone say the 'teenage brain' in't the same as that of the child (what we all were once) and the grown-up (what we're all now become). That got me a-thinkun of what we used ter git up tew all them yares ago, an' this little story come ter mind. Thas true as um sittin' hare an' we were only jus' teenagers then – this woulda bin around 1960. My dad, he were a gardner in one of them little country towns around Norridge. (I in't goin' ter name it in case I git inter trouble after all them yares!) On a Saturday he worked on the rector's gret ole garden an' I'd go with him and play (now they'd say 'hang out') with the housekeeper's son Bobby, who wuz about my age. That rectory wuza a huge ramblin' ole plearence an' the rector was usually in his study writin' his sarmon an we mustn't disturb him. We offen got buns or pies from Bobby's mum as she done a lot of bakin' on Saturdays in the kitchen.

On this particular day the Mother's Union were havin' a meetin' in the big front room upstairs because the old tin church hall had got a hole in the floor. In the middle of the mornin' Bobby say ter me, 'Let's go an' explore them attics, I want ter show you suffin' really odd.' So off we go upstairs tip-toeing past the door of the room where the meetin' wuz an' he put his fingers ter his lips so I din't say nuffin' but I thort, 'He's up ter suffin' as usual.'

Along the landin' we go ter the door at the end what lead up the back stairs from the scullery ter the attic. 'Wos goin' on?' I say, 'Is this the St. George's mystery tour?,' an' he say, 'Just yew wait an' see, that might be wuth it.' Then we go inter each room: 'This here's where the scouts keep all their camping stuff', and 'this is all the old furniture and that from the house,' and so on until there's only one door left. 'And here,' he say, 'is the plumbing!' an' he open the door like it was suffin' proper special. That room was full of ancient ole metal tanks an' pipes an' what have yer, an' they seemed ter be wot we had come ter see, or rather one perticerla little tank. Seems the lavatory on the landin' underneath had its chain fed up a metal pipe, through the ceiling tew the cistern in front of us, with the

lever stickin' outa the side connected ter the end of the chain. A perculia idea but I spose that was to give a lovely powerful flush an' keep things quieter downstairs. 'Go an' git a couple of them campin' stools from the scout's room,' say Bobby with a grin; I think he enjoyed the puzzled look wot I give him. When I come back he say, 'Now we sit quiet an' wait, they're havin' tea and biscuits downstairs.' After a bit he say, 'Sssh, I think one's comin' now'. Suddenly I was a-concentratin' as up the pipe come the sounds of a member of the Mothers' Union enterin' the smallest room and she git harsel' settled. Then suddenly, 'WHOOSH' as the cistern done its duty when Bobby pressed the handle on the tank an' a couple of gallons of water splashed all over that poor innocent woman's rear end. She shruck out in panic, so we tore down them back stairs two at a time, tryin' hard not ter laugh, ran up the garden an' sat in the old scrap Austin 7 car behind the hedge wot we used to play in, now laughin' fit ter bust.

Arter a bit Bobby's mother come out an' we thought, 'Oh no, now we're for it,' but she jus' smiled an' she say, 'I thought I'd find yew up 'ere, come yew in an' have a drink an' a nice hot current bun.' Phew, wot a bit of luck, we had a alibi an' all – can't be in two plearces at once!

We never had no come-back from that little adventure. I expect the poor ole gal was too embarassed ter say anything, but there was one woman who we din't know a lot about, who used ter give us some rum looks if she seed us tergether.

I wonder if Bobby's old man's brain would think of doin' a thing like that now . .

3rd Lobbsy

DAVID YAXLEY – Trosher Joint 3rd Prize Winner Prose

The old feller was leaning on his garden gate.

"Wha'y' heven a look round?" he said.

"Yeah." I pointed across the road. "There used to be a little old cottage over there." "Yeah. That wus pulled down. Oh twe'y or tha'y year ago. That'd bin empty a few year afore that. Thass why they pulled it down. There wus an old gal lived in it afore the war – Liza – Liza Watlen. She wus a widow. Har fust husband wus Deervy Watlen. Nice ol' feller, Deervy were. Had a beard. When I wus a boy they lived at Lobbsy. I went to schul wi' their child'n, May 'an Eliza Ann – Lizzie, we call her. Har fam'ly call her Sugar. They walked 'long Lobb's Valley to Brint'n schul. We wnet by the rud. Arter schul sometimes they come back 'long the rud wi' the rest on us, picken blackberries. Sparky gal, Lizzie Watlen wus. Ah May

wus a'right, but I liked Lizzie best. We used to do stun-picken in the fields together, May an' Lizzie an' me. That wus a hard ol' job, picken stuns into a pail. They on'y paid us a few pennies, an' we ha' to give all on it to our mothers. Ah. M'father warked on the farm that belonga Mrs Brereton – Mrs Shovell Henry Brereton, she call harsel'. He got paid ten shillens a week. Deervy Watlen got twelve, course he were a teamman. On top o'that they got harvest money, that wus tharty or forty shillens, they ha' to agree on it afore harvest, an' o' course harvest could go on for weeks an' weeks if the wather warn't right. Ol' Deervy used to drive the binder, w' his hat on, ahind two horses, Dicky an' Clover. Ah. He wus allus a mite above the rest on 'em. Lizzie shew me some photas of har father and mother, tearken by a man in Norwich, Bond his name wus. Deervy, he wus in a suit, wi' collar an' tie an' westcot and watchchearn. He hent got a beard then, on'y a mustache. Har mother was in a black dress, that fare to be too tight. Ah. They had a son called Charlie, a bit younger'n Lizzie. I hard he went into th' air force ar'er the war – thass the greart War – then he tarned into a carpenter, lived at Heernford. I lef' schul same time as Lizzie, went onto a farm in Brist'n. 'an Lizzie got a job in a house in Swant'n, that belonga the family at Melt'n Hall. She dint stay long. M'mother say the story wus, Lizzie wus readen in bed with a candle, 'an she went asleep, an' the candle fell over, an' har pillar caught fire, an she ha' to hull it outa th' winder. An' th'old woman, that wus one o'tha Hearstens lot, she say to Lizzie, you stupid gal, you could ha' barnt the house down, an she hulled Lizzie outa th' house, so she ha' to go an' find somewhere else. Where tha' wus I don' know. Any rud, she stayed in sarvice, an' then she started at a plearce in Sherinham, the Dormy House, where she met har husband. Ah. Arter the war I reckon Deervy musta got a step up, 'cause he an' Liza moved from Lobbsy to Mill House. Then he got a pony and cart." The old feller grinned. "He useta trot along, that he did. He was goen full tilt along the rud from Pigg's Greave to Melt'n, an' he got stopped by a copper for speeden. Ah, Poor ol' Deervy. He wus up a ladder in the barn, agen one o' the stacks, reachen, an' the ladder slipped an' he blundered orf, cracked his head on the floor, He lay abed a few days afore he went. Lizzie an' May wus there, an' there wus quite a few folk at the funeral. Course, Liza can't stay on at Mill House on her own, that wus wanted b' the farm. Lizzie can't have her, 'cause she an' her husband were in a little ol' house in Munsley that on'y had one berum, so Liza stay for a bit wi' May at Brist'n. May'd married a wheeltapper at Melt'n, but ol' Liza din't get on with'm, so she tried one or two other plearces, then she found that little ol' bungalow across the rud. Arter a bit Harbart Ives moved in as her lodger. Pop, we useta call him. He'd warked in an orfice in Holt till he ha' to give up 'cause o' his earge. Allus wore a westcot an' watch-chearn. White beard. They live there a year or two. Course, they wus gotten

only that, so that di'whole different way we'd what got me him'd, stes day was Liza Ives. An' they stay together till poor ol' Harbert went. That wus piles that done for'm. He never *went* for fifty days. Course, Liza wus getten on, wh' she musta bin eighty, so she ha'a find somewhere else, she try stayen with May an' that dint wark, then she try Charlie, and that dint wark eether, so she end up with Lizzie an' har family somewhere over Walsam way."

"Parst'n."

"Parst'n, was it. How'd y'know that?"

"I'm her grandson. Lizzie's my mother."

"Ah. Ah. There y'are then. Well, I better be getten along."

He turned away and stumped off down the path to the house.

3rd

It's Magic, or is it?

ANN ENGLISH – Trosher 3rd Prize Winner Poetry

I reckon thas bin a really magical day,
My ow hoss, Mar de Janeiro, managed not to fall,
Our Queen Elizabth shook my hand an give me a cup,
An I got a kiss from a Duchess who musta bin six foot tall.

I shall be twetty soon, but I'm still ony five foot four.
I use ter blah an blubber cos I weren't like my big brothers,
But Grandad say, "Howd yar duller. Sit up streart now in yar saddle,
If you are up high enough, you kin look down on them others".

We went to look at the Suffolk Punch Show,
With Grandad's army pals Chalky, Nobby and Tor,
They got to talking about the hosses taken from the fields,
Into that terrible '14 to '18 War.

Tor asked my grandad how it was that his grandad had the magic touch,
To calm them hosses in the all the row and pain on the battle fields.
"I don't believe in magic," said Grandad under his breath,
"He just whispered to them to make the most of what their fate had dealed."

Nobby, he won't let that alone. He wanted to find out more,
"When they come home an back ter the farm, there was more hosses ter be broken.
He was just the same they reckon with the nasbest, vicious stallion.
He had em quiet, friendly, obedient, an hardly a wud was spoken".

Later on arter *we'd* bin for a pint at the Double Headed Lobster,
And I'd smiled through all the usual squit, about a pint mug being tew full,
Grandad say, "I'll tell you how ter fashion a proper horse control,
But thas secret so don't let anyone know, or I'll give you a clout a the skull.

First yew must find a natterjack, what they call a hawpen tud.
There int a lotta them about, so grab that an howd it tight.
Now look about for a pishmires nest and pin the tud in with a pitchfork,
An when the pishmers hev et the flesh orf pick up the bits of a night.

Them hawpin tuds bones is very small and light,
You kin chuck away the skull. Hull them in the fast runnin stream,
Yew'll be amazed what'll come about. One'll float against the tide,
Thass the one yew need. Thas the whole part of the dream.

I thought what a load of piffle and I never changed my mind,
When Grandad tamed up with a little ow bone in a velvet bag,
"There y'are thas sullen old" he say, "But that still might work if you believe
There's still enough magic to wake up a lazy nag".

I felt right sorfta dewin it, but I put that bone in Mar de Janerio's lug.
I told him about all the fences and places where he could overtake.
He went round the course like an arrow remembering all he was told,
He was first horse at the winning post without making one mistake.

After all the jollifications,
There was all the family a grinnin,
They'd meard a fortune with the bookies,
Cos no one thought I'd be winnin'.

I couldn't find that magic bone,
I musta left that in Mardy's ear.
We'll hev ter dew without et,
Or swap him for a mare.

I'll tell yew this when I tied that bone
Ter keep it safe on some strong elastic,
That sed "use by the end of 1910",
So I'm really sure that it was made of plastic.



Friends of Norfolk Dialect Trosher Competition 2020

It's Trosher Time again....blarst how toime dew floie!!! Get them
Opens a gorn and send us yer entries for this yare's competition.

Maximum of 1000 words of previously unpublished Poetry or Prose, to include
include some Norfolk dialect.

Closing date 7th October 2020

Each category will have the following prizes:

1st=£50.00, 2nd=£30.00, 3rd=£20.00

Please submit your entries to our secretary Ann Reeve either:

by email to (enquiries@seadell.co.uk).

or post to:

Ann Reeve, Secretary of FOND,
6 School Road, Martham,
Great Yarmouth NR29 4PX

Please include your name, address, telephone number and e-mail on a separate
sheet attached to your entry along with the title of your piece of writing. This
will enable us to ensure that all entries are judged anonymously. Good Luck!

Would you like to join a free virtual Mardle Group?

FOND are working with *Harleston information plus* (partnered with *Better Together Norfolk*) to host mardle meetings.

Please contact pam.spicer@harleston-norfolk.org.uk or phone 0765471002 if you
are interested. Also let her know that you are a member of FOND.

Or would you like to use pen and paper? FOND are happy to try and set up some
pen-pal correspondence for you with another member. Maybe you could be the
next Boy John! Please contact Diana.



Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

I started Recipe Corner in Spring 2017 after reading about Shortcakes in the
previous Merry Mawkin. This recipe was recently published in the Eastern Daily
Press. It is a very modern take on our very old, well loved, traditional Norfolk
Shortcakes. I am sharing by kind permission of Charlotte Smith-Jarvis who
adapted the recipe given to her by Doreen Graham of Brundall and Braydeston WI.
My thanks to them both.

Lemon and Lavender Norfolk Shortcakes

Ingredients

450gr self raising flour

¼ teasp dried culinary lavender

Zest of 1 lemon

225gr butter or sunflower spread

150gr raisins or sultanas or both

A handful of caster sugar

1 egg beaten

Extra sugar to finish.

Method

Preheat the oven to 180°C

Rub butter or spread into the flour till you have breadcrumbs. Add the grated
lemon zest and lavender. Add just enough water, spoon by spoon to bring the
mixture to a rollable dough.

Roll out to 30cm by 20cm on a floured surface. Scatter the dried fruit lengthways
along one half of the dough and sprinkle liberally with sugar. Brush the plain half
of the dough with beaten egg and press over the fruit to seal.



This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Hilborough | 5. Ella | 9. 1974 |
| 2. How Hill | 6. A lapwing | 10. Quidenham |
| 3. 1908 | 7. 11 times | |
| 4. Stalham | 8. Narborough | |



Treasurer's Report 2019 – 2020

RICHARD REID

Year ended 31 March 2020

From a membership and financial point of view, the year that ended on 31 March 2020 was characterised by :

- a welcome increase in membership with many new members, though inevitably a small number of members resigned or, sadly, died.
- an equally welcome increase in the proportion of members actually paying their subscriptions.
- the Anniversary Dew in September 2019, which, while not intended as a fund raising or recruitment event, resulted in a small surplus and attracted an audience from a wider than usual demographic, some of whom joined on the night or soon after.
- a hugely enjoyable and highly profitable Panto in January 2020. News of the Panto spreads by word of mouth as well as by advertising; many non-members attended and some joined.

Accounts for 2019-2020

The accounts (subject to audit) are set out elsewhere in this issue. The highlights are :

- A surplus of income over expenditure of £1,113, with net assets at the year end of £8,438.
- The principal sources of income, namely membership subscriptions and the Panto, saw increases of around 20% and 30% respectively.
- Expenditure remained stable. The main expense is the production of *The Merry Mawkin*. A one-off increase in this year was due to :
 - the Anniversary Dew, which was a one-off event, and which broke even anyway
 - advance purchase of 500 stamps, enough for two mailings of *The Merry Mawkin*, before the increase in postal charges in March. This saves about £50, and will continue so long as FOND is well funded.

Membership

At the end of 2019-2020, membership stood at 280 in 229 households, compared with 266 in 220 households at the end of the previous year, a net increase of 14 after allowing for 11 deaths and resignations. The latter are inevitable, but the net increase shows that interest in FOND in the community continues to be maintained.

There remains a significant number, 61 at the end of the year, who have either not paid or paid at the old rate since 2018. It is likely that many of these will have died or moved away, so the Treasurer will make discreet enquiries to their last known addresses. The expected outcome is that a few of these members will respond and pay up, but the majority will have to be removed from the membership list. This will reduce membership

FOND Accounts for the year 1/4/19 to 31/3/20

ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR 01/04/19 TO 31/03/20

Summary of Income and Expenditure	2019-20	2018-19	Diffce	Balance Sheet	31/03/20	31/03/19
	£	£			£	£
Income						
Donations	226	133	93	Bank	8,687	7,223
Subs	1,731	1449	282	Cash	96	444
Events	311	160	151	Debtors	0	0
Panto	1,125	853	272	Creditors	0	0
AGM	78	57	21	Cheques rec'd	192	0
Sales	27	69	-42	Cheques sent	-227	-277
Total Income	3,498	2,721	777	Treasurer's Float	-311	0
Expenditure				Total	8,438	7,390
Mawkin	1,574	1270	304	Reconciliation		
Events	179	0	179	Assets	7,390	31/03/19
Panto	158	152	6	Add income	3,498	
Trosler	190	200	-10	Less expenditure	-2,450	
AGM	126	62	64	Calculated	8,438	31/03/20
Admin / Other	223	173	50	Actual	8,438	31/03/20
Total Expenditure	2,450	1,857	593			
Surplus/Deficit	1,048	864				
Difference		184				
Number of subs paid	166	136	30			
Average / member	£10.43	£10.58	-0.15			
Panto receipts						
Admission	766	625	141			
Raffle	271	143	128			
Refreshments	64	80	-16			
Sales	13	5	8			
Total	1,113	853	261			
Subscriptions paid	145	130	15			
Expenditure	158	152	6			
R Reid						
						10/05/20

Highlights

- Another substantial surplus
- Significant increases in
 - number and total value of subscriptions paid – up by c.20%
 - event income and expenditure (mainly down to Anniversary Dew, which broke even and was not intended to be a money raiser)
 - Panto income – up by c.30%
 - Mawkin costs due only to advance purchase of stamps to avoid increase – this year only



FOND

THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

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

