



THE MERRY MAWKIN

**THE FRIENDS OF
NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**



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Front cover: Roaring red deer.
Back cover: Fly Agaric, the
fairy tale toadstool
Photos: Bob Farndon

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Chairman's report

Hello.

How are you all together? I don't really know where the time has gone since I last wrote to you. I hope you are all keeping safe and well.



I thought I'd tell you about my Norfolk adventure. I kept local for my summer holiday this year and went on a cycling tour of Norfolk. I packed all my gear into a couple of panniers, including tent and set off from Catfield. One week later I returned having

covered over 200 miles of Norfolk roads, visiting places such as Cromer, Hunstanton and Sandringham. It really was a great adventure, I got to explore lots of interesting places, camp in friend's gardens and realised Norfolk certainly isn't flat! It was a really good way to appreciate and explore what is on our doorstep. I enjoyed it so much I've just ended up purchasing a new bike. Who knows where the next adventure will lead. I even discovered some Norfolk Dialect road signs!

It seems lots of people are spending more time in their gardens as a result of the current pandemic. My mum's garden has certainly had a good harvest. It prompted us to have a discussion about millions. Who else uses this as a word for squashes/ pumpkins? She told me that as a boy my grandad used to visit his grandparents and with his cousins, they would bowl the millions around his grandparent's bedroom floor. Apparently they were usually stored under the bed!

Well I best close here, fare ye well together and keep you a troshing!

Oh and Happy Christmas as there won't be another Mawkin before then!

Diana

PS: My mother she say I ent written a panto this year, but this here pandemic is enough of a funny ole dew for any of us!



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 | |



Secretary`s Squit

ANN REEVE



Well. Who`d a thought it. Still restricted by the old Covid.

The Boy Toni and I have carried on running our business while avoiding the customers as much as we can. That isn`t very easy, I can tell you. Twice as much work for half the income. But we`ve nearly finished for this year and will close up on October 31st for the winter. No holiday for us again in November. We really don`t feel like flying anywhere so at best it will be a short break somewhere in Norfolk. If pushed we might go to Suffolk. I suppose we have to think ourselves lucky that we can do that, even.

Our Chairman Diana is organising the AGM for Sunday 29th November at 2.30pm on ZOOM. She`s good at that sort of thing. I`m hopeless. I`m more used to pen and paper. I hope some of you will be able to join us for this meeting, especially those of you living overseas. Let`s treat it as an opportunity. Do please get in touch if there`s anything you want discussed or anything you want to comment on, or any suggestions for improving the running of the group. And that really applies at any time for ideas and suggestions, it doesn`t have to be at the AGM unless it something that needs a vote.

In the interests of better communication I am hoping to put a draft of the AGM minutes in the next Mawkin. As you know, they don`t become the official minutes until the AGM a year later when they get signed by the Chairman so they will be subject to errors and omissions. I`ve been thinking about this for a while now as we never have a huge attendance and I`m hoping that if we keep members better informed they might feel like dipping a toe into that big pond known as "The Committee".

And finally.

Heard in our shop.

Holidaymaker is reminded to use a face covering and sanitise their hands. "Humph!! I thought we`d come on holiday to get away from all that!"

Dew Yew orl keep searf and halthy.



Diminishing Dialect

PETER TRUDGILL

Sheltered from outside influences by its remote location and poor transport connections, the East Anglian dialect survived very well as a distinctive variety until the Second World War. Since then, the East Anglian dialect area has been getting smaller, and now is in a weaker position

than before. In places like Braintree in Essex, speakers born before World War I sounded like East Anglians, but those born after World War II have Home Counties accents. In the Colchester area today, older speakers may still sound East Anglian, but most younger speakers sound more like Londoners.

This geographical spread of London dialect features outwards is something which has been going on for centuries. But a new factor today is the increasing in-migration into East Anglia of people from the Home Counties and “the Sheers” (the counties to the west of East Anglia which, unlike Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, have names ending in *-shire*); as well as official London overspill housing schemes. These resettled large numbers of Londoners being in East Anglian towns such as Haverhill, Sudbury, Thetford and King’s Lynn, thereby reducing the demographic base of East Anglian dialect speakers. The population of Norfolk almost doubled between 1970 and 2020, from around 500,000 to almost 900,000 – and that was not all due to natural increase.

The social distribution of East Anglian English is also diminishing. In the 1950s, nearly everyone in Norwich had some kind of Norfolk accent, unless they came from somewhere else or had been educated at expensive private schools. Now, local speech variants are becoming less common in the speech of younger members of the middle-classes. So local dialects are under pressure geographically from the south, and socially from above.

It’s not surprising, then, that some people here are asking how much longer our distinctive variety of English can continue to exist. There’s a widespread perception amongst older East Anglians that our English is “dying out”. People who talk about this fear often couch their concerns in terms of young people – in Norwich, for instance – “talking Cockney”. If pressed for examples, complainers often make the same point: that young people tend to say *finj* and *muvver* rather than *thing* and *mother*.

This is quite true: as in very many other parts of England, and more recently even in Scotland, London-origin “*finj*” has become increasingly common in East Anglia. The earliest recorded instance of this feature in East Anglia known to me comes from a 1950s Survey of English Dialects recording of a speaker born in 1888, from Cornish Hall End in West Essex.

As far as northern East Anglia is concerned, we can give a pretty precise date as to when this change first reached Norwich, the East Anglian centre furthest from London. My own dialect studies from the 1960s and 1970s showed that the innovation was not present at all in the speech Norwich people born before 1950, but started appearing in the pronunciation of people born after that.

But anyone who carefully compares the accents of younger Norwich speakers today with true London speech will never mistake the one for the other. It’s true that *finj* has now made its way into the urban East Anglian centres furthest from London – but most other modern London features have not. And looking at the whole sweep of the history of East Anglian dialects, we can see that there is nothing unusual about the spread of dialect features outwards from London to the furthest northeast of East Anglia. That well-known traditional Norfolk dialect pronunciation which gave us *willage*, *wegetables*, and *wery* originally spread into the Norfolk dialect from Cockney.



On the Rayjo

ZENA TINSLEY



That’s where you can tune in and listen to our very own President, Peter Trudgill. As Peter puts it, he seems “almost without noticing” to have got himself a regular slot on BBC Radio Norfolk, on the Rob Butler show. He can be heard most Tuesday evenings between 6:45pm and 8:15pm, talking to Rob about Norfolk accent and dialect.

To give you a flavour: in his first broadcast, he ranged from a little tutorial in the pronunciation of Norwich City’s new signings Placheta [ʃ the same as English w] and Quintillá [stress on the 3rd syllable], Keith Skipper’s *Larn Yarself Norfolk* and the saying, “Ha’ your far gotta dicka, bor?” FOND gets a mention too of course!

Listeners are encouraged to phone in with questions or observations and Rob Butler is keen to get more Norfolk and Norfolk dialect content onto Radio Norfolk, which as Peter says, is “a sentiment one can only concur with.”



A Journey I Din't Wanta Mearke

BOY COLIN

The Burleigh camp is in a bitta stew at the moment. Gal June cumma croppa a cuppla week afore she wuz due ter gorn hev a new hip. A' hangin' out the washin' she missed the linen line and hed a fall. Oi got har inter the house and got thow 999 boys a'workin' and a bit learter way cum the amblance and carted har orf ter Norwich. She're bruk a boone in an okkard place and is now in Kelling Horspital awaitin' rehabilitearshun.

She ent allowed tew many visits – ony tew a week an' thow rud from Dereham ter Kelling ent tew sharp. Ennyway let me tell yew. Dew yew hid fer North Elmham yew go over Whitemill Bridge where boys yewsta go swimmin' yares ago, then past what wuz the Gravel Pit House pub (thow that ent a pub no more) Little arter that is Toad Hall then over the bridge and up Spong Hill. I're looked up what Spong Hill is about an' parrently that yesta be a Anglo-Saxon burial site. Now, dew yew go up the hill towards Elmham chach thares the ruins of a Saxon Cathedral close by thow if yew're gornta visit yar woife yew hent got toime ter stop thare.

Just outta Elmhan is the tarn orf up ter County Skule. Thare yewsta be Watts Naval Training skule thare where they trained young boys ter join the Nearvy. Frank Beck who took the Sandringham Battallion ter Gallipoli a' Sir John Mills went thare. Oi played agin thare football team a toime or tew and boy, wunt they rough-houses. Then yew cum ter Broom Green, passing what yewsta be the King Billy pub. Thare yewsta be sum funny ow dust-ups thare of a Sat'day noight in the old dears. Over the crosroad 'ginst Guist clock then thass what Oi call "wiggle waggle" ter Wood Norton. Over the B1354 where stand Piggs Grave (second highest pont in Norfolk 331 feet over sea level) That corner is also called Gallows Hill. Reason bein' there wuz swine fever there at one toime an' a marder wuz dun by a highwayman.

Thas orl twists an' tarns threw narra little ow Briningham an' Thornage afore yew git ter the bridge at the bottow o' tha hill. Foot down an' up yew go terwards Holt. Dew yew look back (thow yew carn't if yew're adroivin') yew'll see a luvla view wot mearke yer glad yew live in Norfolk.

Cross over the roundabout at Holt an' we're nearly thare. Jist abowt tew an' a bit moile an' we're at Kelling or Stalag Kelling as Oi call it.

Thas ent tew gud a rud but yew dew sum rare noice soites on the way an' woss more I're got the Gal June at the end onnit. So thas orl bin well warthwhoile.

Hare yew go tergether – Oi'me mearkin' the salary supe now !



Wordsearch – Snettisham

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

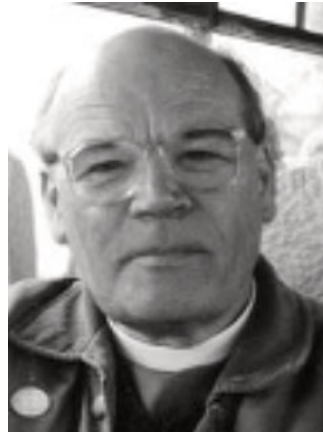
- | | | |
|-------------|------------|-----------|
| Alma | Grange | Park |
| Bewick | Hall | Pine |
| Brent | Ingolside | St. Marys |
| Bircham | Jubilee | School |
| Canada | Kenhill | Station |
| Cremer | Lancaster | Styleman |
| Common x2 | Logview x2 | Teal |
| Dawes | Lynn | Water |
| Goosegander | Manor | |

Can you find them all? The solution is on page 24.



She kep on a sayin!

CANON PETER NICHOLSON



My mother she hed a saying for almost everything. If Oi wuz naughty as I quite often wuz, she'd say: "Be sure your sins will find you out!" A good one wuz "Least said, soonest mended." She say that if you keep on a arguing with someone to prove a point you might end up digging yerself inter a wopping greart hole. Thass werry true terday with that there social media and thass why Oi on't touch any on it with a barge pole!

When a tempest cam on she'd put a clorth over the mirrer and put all the knives and forks under the tearble clorth. She say: "Oi don't think weel git much on it. The river'll tearke it" Oi had visions of lightning striking the Bure and the Ant and them there fishermen packing up and going hoom sodden wet. She knew all about rain. "Rain afore seven, fine by eleven" If the rain went on it was: "Wait until two ter see what it'll do" If that went on a rainin arter that she'd say: "Well, God know best"

Moi mother taught me ter say the alphabet backkards! So when Oi cam round after an operation and the nurse say: "Can you say the alphabet?" I say: "What forrards or backards" She say: "Well, you're all right if you can do that" My mother used ter show me orf. "He can spell "manufacture" and "policeman" she say, so I hattter stand up and do my party piece. Why those two words Oi shall never know!

She taught me how ter count an all: "One two buckle my shoe, three four shut the door, five six pick up sticks, seven eight lay them straight, nine ten a good fat hen, eleven twelve who will delve, thirteen fourteen maids a courting, fifteen sixteen maids a kissing, seventeen eighteen maids a waiting, ninetten twenty my tummy is empty.

Batter go and hev a cup a tea and a bit a that there pork pie what Sainsbury's brought last night!

What did yer mother useter say?



Royal Mail

ZENA TINSLEY

It's been a strange year for us all with much of the Spring spent in lock down. I felt right sorry for our Queen having to isolate at Windsor and missing out on her trip to Sandringham and the Norfolk countryside. So I decided to send her a birthday message in April along with a poem celebrating all that Norfolk has to offer. As rumour has it that she enjoys having a go at the Norfolk accent, I felt she would appreciate the poem in our mother tongue.

Norfolk's Got Tha Lot (But We Hint Got No Mountens!)

Ware got forests n' ancient woodland;
ware got paarks n' ware got fountens;
ware got heaths n' village greens
but in Norfolk we hint got mountens.

Ware got fields a boot'ful lav'nder
n' footpaths rownd about 'em
ware got pritty lit'l ole churches
but in Norfolk we hint got mountens.

Ware got marsh n' ware got reedbed
and wildlife for the counten
ware got rivas, ware got the Broads
but in Norfolk we hint got mountens.

Ware got greart ole Norfolk skoies,
and artists wot dew paint 'em.
Ware got castles and a custline
but in Norfolk we hint got mountens.

Frum Sheren'am onta Showldh'm
tha moiles yew are a trav'len
n' frum Lodd'n onta Litch'm
yew unt see iny mounten.

No - we loike ar Norfolk landscape flat,
thass carac'tristic of ar County,
wi just a lit'le gent'l slope
and not sum great ole mountie.

For mountens hare in Norfolk'ud
wholly spoile ar luv'ly view.
Thare got 'em in Fraance n' Swizzerland
n' they ken bloomen keep 'em tew!

Dew yew wanta go a' ski'en,
ya ken go alornj ta Trowse
wi'out tha trubble a' trav'len
a country mile frum ya howse.

So when ya on ar Norfolk roads
n' landmarks yar a'counten
ya can say "bor, Norfolk's got the lot
That just hint got no mountens."



I didn't really expect a reply as I knew she would receive thousands of birthday wishes, so imagine my surprise when a thick buff envelope arrived in my mail box July, bearing the royal crest and a Windsor postmark, containing a letter of appreciation from Her Majesty for my birthday wishes to her and thanking me for the poems (I had also sent her a poem entitled Ceilidh to remind her of Balmoral) Needless to say, I was very chuffed and I like to imagine her reading it to Prince Philip ...in a Norfolk accent perhaps!

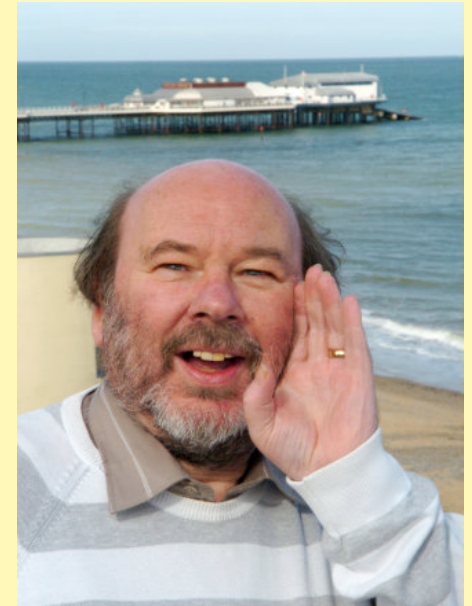


"Dew Diffrunt"

KEITH SKIPPER

SUNSHINE STILL BURSTING THROUGH DULL CLOUDS OF UNIFORMITY

Allan Francis Smethurst, who pedalled blithely towards short-lived fame and fortune as The Singing Postman, took the Norfolk Sound to places it had never been before with his catchy anthem *Hev Yew Gotta Loight, Boy?* When he arrived in November 1927, legend has it the midwife hailed a "first-class male." Ironically, a performer regarded by many as the quintessentially Norfolk icon, he was born in Lancashire and spent his last 30 years as a virtual



recluse in a Salvation Army hostel in Grimsby, where he died just before Christmas, 2000.

Perhaps a gentle entertainer who didn't fit into any obvious niche encapsulates the dilemma let loose every time our dialect is up for debate. There are those all too eager to dismiss him as an embarrassing reinforcer of the yokel stereotype shuffling across a pantomime stage built on national misconceptions and rosy nostalgia. Others, like me, feel his life and work, however flawed, add up to an intriguing and valuable chapter in our local history. And he deserves hearty applause for putting his homely stamp on a national reminder that Norfolk is not wedged somewhere between Devon and Dorset.

While my commitment to our cultural cause has remained fervent and firm since being introduced to the gloriously home-made humour of *The Boy John Letters* and *Harbert's News from Dumpton* in local newspapers of the 1950s, I have spent far too much time and energy fending off cynics and critics who adore the label "anachronism." Happily, Norfolk still has remarkable powers of absorption, even in the 21st century. The old place permits a parochial renegade not only the right to exist with impunity but also to flourish without apology in a climate where "dew diffrunt" sunshine still bursts through dull clouds of uniformity.



Sidney Grapes as Boy John

Our dialect is in good fettle for something reckoned to be on its last legs more times than I've said, "electrocution lessons." Even ardent champions have expressed deep misgivings about the future while launching their glossaries and other salutes to our local tongue. The Rev Robert Forby saw little hope for popular dialects in his introduction to the *Vocabulary of East Anglia* compiled in the early 1800s. He lamented: "Will they not be overwhelmed and borne down by the general onset of various plans and unwearied exertions for the education of all?"

Harry Cozens-Hardy, one of an impressive legion of local journalists to wave the dialect flag with relish,

edited the first *Broad Norfolk* booklet published in 1893 from letters sent to the *Eastern Daily Press*. He prophesied the dialect would be dead within a generation under the influence of Board schools.

My old friend and colleague Eric Fowler, who wrote with style and distinction for the EDP as essayist Jonathan Mardle, compiled two more *Broad Norfolk* collections in 1949 and 1973 amid fresh grim forecasts of impending extinction. He issued a defiant call to arms worthy of an encore whenever someone is misguided enough to suggest dialect days are surely numbered:

"I would like true Norfolk to survive because of its expressive vocabulary



Eric Fowler – Jonathan Mardle

and vivid turn of phrase - so much more vigorous (and honest) than the gobbledegook of the bureaucrats and sociologists with which we are nowadays so smothered that the language itself is in danger of losing its meaning. The English country dialects, if they do indeed remain alive, may well become the last repository – outside of old books – of good plain English".

When I set up Friends Of Norfolk Dialect in 1999 it was clear how survival spirit needed a hefty nudge towards revival passion if fond intentions for a new millennium were to be taken seriously. It was all very well admiring a vibrant cultural heritage untroubled by passing fancies

but it had to be rendered relevant to a fast-changing world, especially in local schools. National curriculum pressures leave little scope for dialect delights but I can vouch for genuine classroom enthusiasm when they are invited in. It is so rewarding to spend a day with primary schoolchildren eager to write a poem or story about a mardling mawkin, botty mawther, duzzy dodman in a puckaterry and a hungry harnser looking for his wittles.

There is a strong academic argument in favour of keeping the vernacular alive. Norwich-born Professor Peter Trudgill, one of the world's leading authorities on dialects, leads our Norfolk defence with powerful pride and no-nonsense pronouncements as he watches and hears indigenous cultures and languages dying out all over the globe. Never mind the "Canute" jibes my ole bewties. Norfolk must keep on polishing this colourful badge of individuality and wear it as a mark of real affection and respect for something well worth preserving, promoting – and using at every turn.

As The Singing Postman might well have warbled on his festive rounds... "I ent gorn nowhere – I'm jest a'comin' back." Our Norfolk dialect should continue to ignore all misguided orders to go away.



Our first virtual FOND Dew

DIANA RACKHAM



The impact of corona virus has meant that FOND has not been able to do its usual dews but instead we hosted a virtual FOND dew on Zoom. It was a lovely evening and thoroughly enjoyed by all those who attended and we certainly had lots of variety including poetry, songs, tunes and squit. We hope to hold another virtual variety dew in January in place of the panto. Here you can see a screen shot from September's event.

We will be holding our AGM virtually on zoom too, do join in if you can or let me or Ann know if there is anything you would like raised on your behalf. You will find details of the AGM in this Mawkin.

FOND dew in Lieu

As we had to take the difficult decision to cancel the pantomime in January and following the success of our virtual FOND dew in September, we have decided to host another in lieu of the pantomime. This will take place on Sunday, 10th January 2021 at 2:30pm

If you would like to "attend" this online gathering, then please contact a committee member (details listed at the front of this Mawkin). You might just like to attend or you may have a song, poem, story you could share with us. Either way we would love to hear from you.



Autumn Toime Agin

LIL LANDIMORE

How quick them seasons du cum and go
thas autumn agin now yer know.
Summer is going and winter is noigh,
the year is gorn in a blink of an eye.

How be ut as we git older,
looking back over our shoulder
we wonder where all the toime hev gone
as the months slip by – another year's gone?

So let us enjoy each day as ut cum,
don't let them cold dull days mearke yer feel glum.
Toime will be wearsted if yer jist sit and mope,
so clobber yerself up in scarf, hat and coat.

Tearke yerself out and jist look around,
watch for them leaves as they glide to the ground.
Them badds and animals among trees and grass,
go scattering and flying away as you pass.

Tearke a look at that old oak shedding acorns galore,
the squirrels gathering them up for their winter store.
Yer'll foind the hedgerow's fuller berries and nuts
but du yer look where yer gorn du yer'll trip in them ruts.

Stop for a while by that five barred gearte,
where a tractor is ploughing furrers so strearte.
The gulls a squelling and flying around,
snatching up grubs turned up from the ground.

Um sure that with me yer must agree,
with all what's gorn on to hear and see,
yer 'unt hev noticed this here dull day
with all that nature hev on display.



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE



Notfolk hero Henry Blogg (see question 10).

1. What is the Norfolk word for a large gathering ?
2. Norwich-born jazz singer Beryl Bryden played washboard on a No. 1 hit record. What was it ?
3. What is the Norfolk name for a jackdaw ?
4. Where is Sponge Hill ?
5. By what name were Norwich City named before being called Canaries ?
6. Where in Norfolk was the first holiday camp opened in 1906 ?
7. In which year did Cinema City open in Norwich ?
8. What is a pishmire ?
9. Which sport did Peter Parfitt of Billington play for England ?
10. How many years did Henry Blogg (above) serve as Coxwain of Cromer Lifeboat ?

Answers on page 24.



Thart wuz a Wud thart Woz

RALPH A. WOODS

Thars a rum ol' thing int it cos wen oi met ow Ben a'cummun on down tha loke a while ago, he sed ter me, he hant sin tha wud "fangast" used fer a long toime. An oi sed ter him, "Yeah, yew ar roight on thart, Ben. Neer as oi can say, it wuz Sir Thomas Browne hew larst writ thart afor me in tha larst Mawkin, an he up an died here in Norridge in 1682.

"Whuh, int thart a rummun too", sed ol' Ben. "Ow'd yew know thart?"

"Well," I said, "I just bought that classic book on the old East Anglian vocabulary accumulated by the Reverend Robert Forby and published in 1830. I found it on-line and just had to buy it with all them wuds in like 'fangast' an' things."

"Whuh how'd he git all them wuds tergether then?" asked ow Ben, who int no philologist. Well, thart did it. He asked me, so orf oi went, a rambling on ter tell 'im wot oi now know.

Our Rev. was a very intelligent man. He was born of respectable parents in Stoke Ferry and schooled in Kings Lynn before going up to Cambridge. There he read the Classics and did well enough to become a Fellow. However, his family bonds were strong, particularly towards his widowed mother. So, he was lured away from a promising academic life by a local, wealthy Baronet, thereby returning to his north Nawfook home region. His task was to educate the gentleman's two sons, and as was often the case for the Revs. in those days, he took on a small living in Horningtoft, and established a residence nearby in Barton Bendish. This home he shared with his mother and sisters.

All seemed well under control until his patron fell upon hard times, at which point our hero had to ensure his own financial survival by taking in two replacement pupils. Eventually, as word of his teaching prowess spread, he became quite successful as a schoolmaster. The number of his students soon increased such that he had to engage an assistant, and remove to a larger house in Wereham. Then, in 1801 bad fortune struck his Uncle, the Vicar of nearby, Fincham, which turned out to be a stroke of good fortune for Forby, as he inherited his deceased Uncle's vacant, and much more valuable, living. There he remained until his untimely death.

With his increased parochial income, he was able to gradually phase out his teaching, and devote much more time to his hobbies and in particular, to botany, eventually being elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society. Apparently, Shouldham

Common was a favorite stomping place for him (does it still exist, I wonder??) until failing eyesight forced him to devote more of his time to the less visually demanding study of Nawfook's "Ancient Antiquities". He was even pressed to assist a Mr. Miller who intended to reprint our old friend Bloomefield's "History of Norfolk" in the areas where Miller felt the original edition was deficient. But, Forby demurred, saying he would assist another editor, but would not undertake that task himself.

Over the years, Forby had accumulated quite a collection of late 18th and early 19th century East Anglian words or "Icenisms" as he called them. Though badly organized, he realized that if arranged in publishable form, the 2,000 or so words in his collection, with some accompanying etymological notes, could be of great historical interest. This project he discussed in the early 1800s with his good friend, fellow botanist and former pupil, Mr. Dawson Turner, who was now a successful banker in Yarmouth. A few days before Xmas in 1825, this gentleman had just returned from a holiday in Italy, when he received the shocking news that his good friend, the Rev. Forby had drowned while taking his customary morning bath. All believed, and it is so recorded in the Annals of Nawfook, that a fainting episode was to blame. Maybe it was, or maybe it was the result of a heart attack or perhaps a stroke. We shall never know. However, we will forever be grateful to Mr. Turner for recording the posthumous life history of the Rev. Forby at the beginning of our revered volume, which Mr. Turner decided he must complete.

Some of the more personal details recorded by Turner are interesting (an 'ol Ben agreed). He tells us that Forby's still sprightly mother, to whom Forby was very close, had died at age 93, almost exactly a year earlier. With his mother and lifelong companion gone, as were their evening games of cribbage, he would sit down to a solitary and lonely dinner "which I abhor", he said. By now he had given up his school and the company and challenges of his pupils. Turner also mentions, and maybe we should not be surprised ('ol Ben said he was not), that Forby found the "heavy drudgery" of paperwork and administrative tasks of his village and more generally, other positions he had assumed in Nawfook, to be a "burthen (sic) oppressive".

Perhaps this last year had not been the happiest time in Forby's life. This highly intellectual man must have yearned for educated company and conversations. Based as he was in rural north Nawfook, he must have felt very isolated. In an 1821 letter to his friend Dawson, he confesses that he had no liking for the local weather (an 'ol Ben added, "I bet he wunt alone in thart"). He made reference to writing, "In the long evenings and some of the foul days of winter". At the time of

his death, he had completed his dictionary up to and including, the letter "R", and it was this volume that his friend of over 35 years, bravely assumed the task of completing. We, of course, shall forever be grateful to both men, as the result of their joint efforts was the "Vocabulary of East Anglia" from which we are now working.

"Whuh, orl thart be verra intrestin," said ol' Ben, "But wos thart got ta do wi' tha wud fangast??"

"Hold your hosses, young man." I replied, "I'm just agorn ta git ta thart."

I reckon by now a lot on'ya will already have looked up the meaning of fangast. Well, just in case some of you have not or couldn't find it, Forby defines it as, "a marriageable maid", noting the word is of Anglo-Saxon derivation, but repeating Sir Thomas Browne's comment that it is, "not now known". Rather dismissively, Forby simply gives us that definition as was recorded by one Mr. John Ray, way back in the late 1600's. Another, and little later definition which is to be found in the Oxford English Dictionary, is much less complimentary. Apparently, a noted Anglo-Saxon scholar, but who was not a Nawfook man, named the Rev. Dr. George Hickes wrote in 1689 that "in Norfolk a fangast wench meant, a fawning parasite, a sycophant, toady". ("Cor strewth!", said Ben, "Thart dorn't sound roight.") And, as if that were not enough, the O.E.D. also adds a usage that a Mr. Nashe gave us in 1592, with a fangast being, "one who robs or swindles another under the guise of friendship".

"Well, blast me." 'ol Ben said, "Oi think those gents wuz talkin abowt tha ow wud "Fawnguest" an not "fangast" at all! Them wuds 'ud sound a lot alike yer know, dependin on hew wuz sayin what, and in what accent they wuz speakin."

So, there we are. 'Ol Ben, he ambled orf along tha loke a mumblin away an shakin his head, leavin us ta sort it out. You may take your pick, but I agree with Ben. I think those two wuds got confused in the hearing of local accents by two non-Nawfookians. I think Ray's and Forby's definition is correct and Sir Thomas Browne had it right too. We don't really have a modern, equivalent word that I can bring to mind. Perhaps you can. But 'ol Ben he turned around agin, "Hold yew hard, bor," he yelled, "Oi dew loike tha sound a thart ow wud tew, but wot abowt spinster or tha TV show called, "Bachelorettes"?"

"Well," I called back, "You may have a point there, but I don't really like them two wuds either, dew you?"

Perhaps it's time for us FONDERS to join those merry old Anglo-Saxons, by resurrecting and popularizing again this long-forgotten wud "fangast", in honor of all those pretty young, marriageable maids out there. I'm sure the Rev. Robert Forby and Mr. Turner would agree.



Dick Proves Himself Wrong!

KEITH SKIPPER

Dick Bagnall-Oakeley, outstanding local personality as teacher, naturalist and broadcaster, claimed in the early 1970s that “Norfolk” could not be written down.

“Its accents and vowel sounds are too subtle, too varied and too rich for the alphabet which suffices for the rest of the English tongue. Sometimes you will see somebody making an attempt at the impossible, written Norfolk – the capture of broad Norfolk in an alphabet of a mere 26 letters.”

Happily, Dick, like many others before and since, managed to defy all those doubts and restrictions to leave a rich legacy of Norfolk yarns.



Norfolk Tales for Charity

RICHARD REED

Member David Banks is immobilised by disability, but uses his hands, his heart and his mind to research and write booklets, about Norfolk and about the history of USAAF action in World War 2. His most recent Norfolk booklets incorporate some dialect material including (with permission) work by FOND members. David uses his books to raise funds for the Motor Neurone Disease Association (registered charity 294354).

Full details about David and his books can be found on his website jdbbooklets.org.uk. FOND wishes him well in his endeavours!



My very own Mawkin

PAT REID

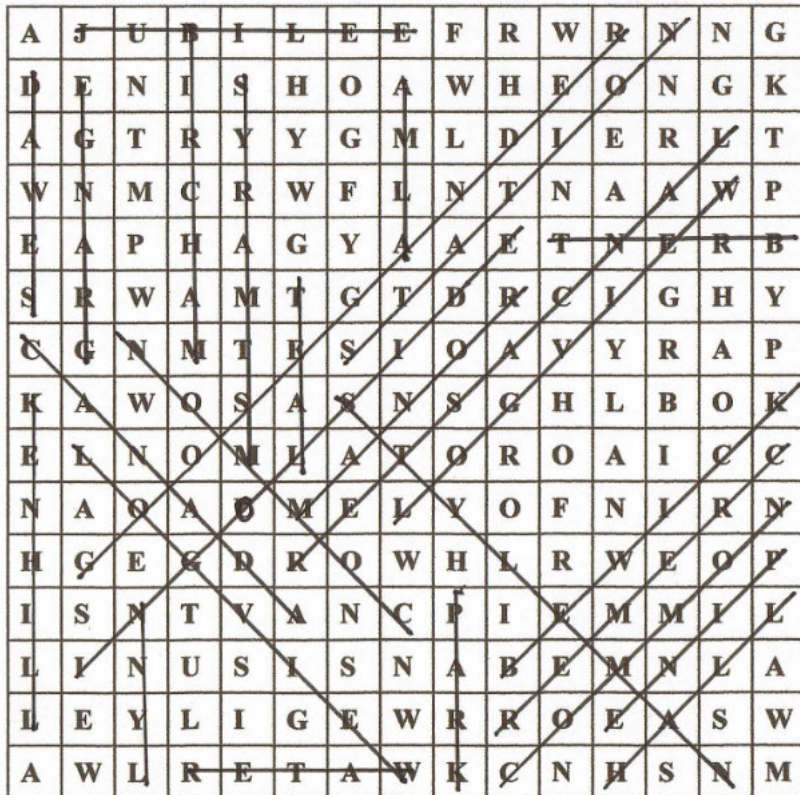


On my July birthday I received a parcel which contained a large, shiny blue bag. On the drawstring of the bag was a label which announced “For your garden. When pieces fall off (which they will) they are to be replaced”. Inside was a colourful doll on a stick, about two feet high made by our daughter in Kendal. I kept her indoors at first, she was so beautiful, but I was told “she was made for the garden”. The wind had abated a little by then, so out she was put in a tall flower pot to keep the mud off her skirt. “She’ll have to toughen up,” I was told. “Remember she is northern, used to mud...”

And now she is an adopted Norfolk citizen, lashed by the cold east winds and soaked by heavy downpours. There was never any doubt what her name would be!



Wordsearch Snettisham Answers



This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| 1. Scalders | 6. Caister on Sea |
| 2. The Rock Island Line | 7. 1978 |
| 3. Caddow | 8. An ant |
| 4. On the Dereham to North Elmham road | 9. Cricket |
| 5. The Citizens | 10. 38 years |



Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

My sincere apologies to everyone but in the last *Merry Mawkin* I somehow omitted to give all the baking instructions for the Lemon and Lavender Norfolk Shortcakes. I hope no one took it at face value and ate raw pastry!

Lemon and Lavender Norfolk Shortcakes

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.

Tidy the edges with a knife, cutting off any rough parts and then slice into 2cm wide rectangles. Squash each one gently to press the fruit into the dough. Brush the tops with egg and sprinkle with more sugar.

Bake for 15 minutes initially although they may need up to 20 mins to turn lovely and golden brown.

Charlotte tells me that culinary lavender can be obtained online or you can dry some flowers from the lavender bush in your garden. But do make sure that they are clean and haven't been sprayed with any chemicals.

Enjoy! We might even make some for our next meeting.



A Christmas Recipe

ANN REEVE

Christmas Pudding Parfait.

This recipe is from Chef Alex Clare who has personally given me permission to share it with FOND members.

Alex is Norfolk born and was awarded Chef of the Year by the *EDP* in 2017. He is currently Chef at The Swan at Ingham, a restaurant which I can heartily recommend. Thank you Alex, it's much appreciated.

This recipe serves six people and you will need...

- 5 egg yolks
- 90gr caster sugar
- 200ml double cream
- 200gr Christmas Pudding
- ½ a vanilla pod.

De-seed the vanilla pod and break the pudding into small pieces.

Over a bain marie, whisk the egg yolks and sugar until thickened.

Whisk the double cream and vanilla seeds until forming peaks.

Mix the whisked egg and sugar into the double cream using a wooden spoon.

Fold in the pudding pieces and place the mixture in a mould or loaf tin.

Freeze until set.

Slice with a hot knife and serve with pouring cream or vanilla ice cream.

Note.

Alex tells me that you could use the egg whites to make a meringue and turn this into a very posh Baked Alaska. He recommends Italian Meringue but ordinary meringue with 10 mins in the oven would also serve if you don't have the confidence to make the sugar syrup for Italian Meringue.

Or just make a big Christmassy Pavlova! Yummy!



Norfolk words for Norfolk birds

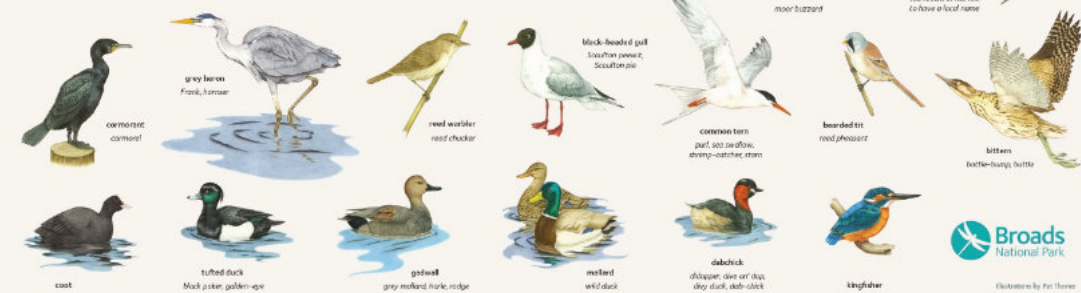
DIANA RACKHAM

You may recall that in a previous *Merry Mawkin* I mentioned that FOND gave some advice to the Broads Authority about Norfolk dialect terms for local wildlife. This was to go on an interpretation panel they were producing for Reedham Water near How Hill. With thanks to the Broads Authority and excellent illustrator Pat Thorne we have been given permission to reproduce the image here for you to be able to see. The Broads Authority have recently been in touch again, seeking more Norfolk dialect advice, so hopefully we will be seeing even more interpretation panels with dialect on in the future.

Reedham Water

Reedham Water used to be a grazing marsh for cattle, drained by Turf Fen Mill, on the left alongside the River Ant. The mill was built in about 1875 by the millwright William Rust of Stalham. It ceased working in about the 1920s when the marsh was no longer used for cattle.

Reedham Water is now permanently flooded and makes an excellent home for many birds and other wildlife. Here are some of the birds that you might see here. We've included some Norfolk dialect names for most of them.



In case you can't read them all here's what they are:

marsh harrier = *moor buzzard* cormorant = *cormorel* heron = *frank, harnser*

reed warbler = *reed chucker* black-headed gull = *Scoulton peewit, Scoulton pie*

common tern = *purl, sea swallow, shrimp-catcher, storn*

bearded tit = *reed pheasant* bittern = *bottle-bump, buttle*

tufted duck = *black poker, golden-eye* gadwall = *grey mallard, harle, rodge*

mallard = *wild duck* dabchick = *didopper, dive-an-dop, divy duck, dobchick*

FOND

THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT



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