

The **MERRY MAWKIN**

**THE FRIENDS OF
NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**



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Front cover: Long-tailed tit.
Back cover: Boarding the evening flight from Norwich to Inverness.
Photos: Bob Farndon

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Chairman's Report

Welcome to another *Merry Mawkin!*

As this copy lands on your doormats, 2021 will be fast approaching its end. This time of year we tend to start reflecting on the last twelve months. Reflecting has been something that all of us at FOND have done recently following the very sad news that long standing committee member & diligent FOND contributor Owen Church passed away. Our *Mawkin* contains tributes to Owen & our thoughts remain with his family & friends. Our beautiful County has so many landmarks, & locations we love, yet sometimes we risk overlooking the real beauty of Norfolk, and that is it's people. So many wonderful characters, we proudly call our own. Their stories, their humour & above all their kindness place people, so exemplified by Owen close to the hearts of us all.

A DATE TO CROSS OUT IN YOUR DIARY

Sadly there will NOT be a PANTO again this year. Understandably there is a strict code of conduct with regard to Covid at the Jubilee Hall, East Tuddenham. This unfortunately means that with restricted numbers, social spacing etc. it will not be viable to present a PANTO this year.

Hopefully we will be back in 2023!

OH, YES WE WILL!.



We are looking into what other exciting events can be held during 2022 & are determined to bring our dialect to as many people as possible. Indeed our most recent 'online dew' was once again a great success, thank you to all who took part!

Keep yew a Troshin! Wishing all of you a Peaceful Christmas & happy, healthy New Year!

Matt Thornton



A Merry Christmas To One and All



THE MERRY MAWKIN

EDITOR

Zena Tinsley
Email: ztinsley57@talktalk.net

DESIGNER

Bob Farndon

EDITORIAL OFFICE

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

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



FOND Officers and Committee

CONTACT DETAILS

PRESIDENT

Professor Peter Trudgill,
7 Witton Close,
Reedham NR13 3HJ

CHAIRMAN

Matthew Thornton,
7 Barnes Rd. Pulham Market IP21 4SP
Tel: 07743 400819

SECRETARY

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

SOCIAL SECRETARY

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

TREASURER & MEMBERSHIP

SECRETARY

Richard Reid,
Fern Cottage, Yarmouth Road,
The Green, Stalham, NR12 9PU
Tel: 01692 582978 Mob: 07906 396635

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Norman Hart (education officer), Avonside,
42 London Road, Harleston IP20 9BW
Tel: 01379 852677
Stanley Jones, 16 Little Bethel Street,
Norwich NR2 1NU

David Raby, 44 Bishop Bridge 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



Firstly I must record my sadness at the death of my long standing friend and FOND Committee member Owen Church. He will be missed and our thoughts are with his wife Lizzie and daughters Claire and Michaela.

Since the AGM we've had four committee meetings, all by Zoom which seems to have worked well once we got used to the idea.

Treasurer Richard has, as well as keeping the accounts done quite a bit of work on streamlining and simplifying the system making it more straightforward. Richard is working on the possibility of making better use of the web site in the interests of streamlining the administration and achieving better communication.

Richard was asked by a member if there was any provision for members to pay for a lifetime membership. I checked out the Constitution for any reference to this and there was none. The committee discussed the subject at great length and it was decided that lifetime membership would cause a great deal of extra work for the treasurer with regard to record keeping and is not practical at this time. We do, of course, have in the Constitution a provision for a President, Vice President, and Honorary Life Members to be appointed by the Executive Committee for outstanding service to the organisation.

The Committee also considered where the bulk of members are located in the interest of deciding where is the best place to hold meetings and Richard drew up a demographic and found that the majority of members live within a 10 mile radius of Norwich and that membership is very weak in the west of the county.

The Virtual Dew in September went well, despite having to change the date at the last minute. Our thanks must go to Diana. Sadly we've decided to cancel the Panto because of the Covid restrictions but hope to be back next year...or even before.

Thanks must go to Chairman Matt for his leadership in what has been a difficult year for him. Also many thanks must go to Richard for all the extra work that he has put in this year, not least as Zoom Master for the Committee Meetings and the Dew.



The Boy Colin turns 90

DIANA RACKHAM



Many happy returns to the Boy Colin on reaching the milestone of 90.

We are very grateful for all your contributions to FOND in all the many different hats you have worn over the years. No hat in this picture but we felt it captured your witty character and dry humour very well.

Keep you a troshing!



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. What is the approximate daily circulation of the Eastern Daily Press ?
2. Which is Dereham's oldest pub ?
3. How tall is Cromer Church tower ?
4. Who used to tour Norfolk schools with his Road Safety show ?
5. Which Norfolk town is known as "Chelsea on Sea" ?
6. Who is the present Bishop of Norwich ?
7. What have King's Lynn and Lubeck (Germany) have in common ?
8. When did the Muckleburgh Collection open ?
9. Where can you buy Kerri's Pine Furniture ?
10. How many miles separate East Dereham and West Dereham ?

Answers on page 25



Fillums, Fillums and More Fillums

BOY COLIN

When Oi wuz a boy (thass a whoile ago, Oi hare yew say) Oi thowt nuthin' a'gorn tew the "flicks," as we called 'em, at least three toimes a week. Thye'd hev one programme on from Monday tew Wednesday, another from Thursday tew Sat'day and a diffrunt one on a Sunda' noight at the Exchange cinema in Dereham. Oi wuz a reg'lar an' nearly ollus fust in the queue when th'ow doors opened. Me an' moi meartes med a rush upstairs for the back row and usually we had our mawthers with us. Well, bor, if yew'd got a mawther that hatter be a back row jarb, dint it ?

Afore that thow, as a kid Oi yewsta go on a Sat'day morning when ar fervits wuz Hopalong Cassidy and Tom Mix. We yewsta pretend we wuz one onnem at skule playtoimes an' wud hoss around slappin' ar backsides as we went, pretendin' ter be cowboys. Oi liked the serials 'speshully The Perils of Pauline. They'd ollus leave har in a helluva muddle at the end of each bit, usually tied ter a railway loine wi' a trearne jist about ter run har over, a'leavin' us a week ter see how she got out onnit. Tarzan wuz another fervrit wi' Jane, Boy and Cheetah the chimp. Oi got so Oi cud yodel jist loike him. Johnny Weismuller played Tarzan and hed won "lympic swimming medals afore gorn inta fillums.

When Oi wuz in Jarmany in the RAF we hed a little ow hut where they showed us the old fillums, changing midweek but ter see the leartest ones we hatter go inter Hamburg tew the AKC cinema wot wuz fer military personnel ony thow us boys yewsta tearke a fraulein or tew in with us. We told 'em that thye'd larn English a lot better if they watched English films! Some onnem believed us.

Ater Oi cum hoom from Jarmany Oi wuz when Oi started gorn three toimes a week an' Oi've loved fillums ever since.

This lockdown jarb hev giv me the chance ter catch up agin with some of them old cowboy fillums agin corse they show a lot onnem on Film Four and Talking Pictures and wi' hevvin a recorder that help me to keep a few onnem in store fer a rearny day. Oi'm gorn threw orl the Audie Murphy, John Wayne, Clint Eastwood an' Randolph Scott fillums an' enjoyin' evra minnit of 'em.

If yew asrt me what my top fillums of orl toime are Oi'd hatta say The Eagle Has Landed, The Odessa File, The Day of The Jackal, The Thirty Nine Steps (Robert Powell) and Brassed Off.

Gotta go now, hoom med veg supe on the tearble.

Hare yew go tergether



An East Anglian Lady

RALPH WOODS



by kind permission of Cromer Museum.

For this appellation we are once again indebted to our revered old friend, the Reverend Robert Forby.

By birth she was not a titled Lady but she was a lady of immense intellectual power, of wealth, of wide interests and with a huge and generous heart. The author knows of no mention of their friendship or even of any collaboration on mutual Nawfookian interests beyond, perhaps, the abolition of the slave trade. In which cause, they were both very active. But, from the delicate tone of Forby's mention of her in the Introduction to his Norfolk Vocabulary (recently described in the *Mawkin*), they must have been very aware of one another. His great respect for her is shown by his quoting from an eminent Oxford Professor of the day, who "could find no room to improve on the characteristic simplicity and purity of our fair countrywoman's style." To what or whom was he referring? Well, read on and we shall find out.

So, who was this remarkable lady? She was born on New Year's Eve in 1795 in Keswick Hall. This is located just outside Norwich, only a very few yards from the route that Good Queen Bess and her progress had taken along the Ipswich Road to Harford Bridges and on to our Fine City, some 217 years earlier. By all accounts

our babe was a healthy, somewhat robust and active child. But then disaster struck. Late in her first year, she contracted that endemic scourge of children of the times, infantile paralysis (polio). Suffering through quite a severe case, she lost all control of her legs and sadly, would never be able to walk. In her early years she continued to propel herself around the floor using her arms. But all through her life, she would be confined to a wheel chair. This affliction, awful though it was, did not prevent her, at age 8, from learning to swim with her cousins from the beach at Overstrand. Thus was Anna Gurney introduced to the world. Beset by that early misfortune, but blessed by the good fortune of family wealth and an exceptionally fine intellect. An excellent account of our lady's early, family and philanthropic life is given in Richard Lane's fine little monograph entitled simply "Anna Gurney". I am indebted to this for much information, and references to this in my text will be indicated by an *. But, we as FONDERS, will be much more interested in her impressive linguistic accomplishments, and it is upon these that I shall concentrate.

Well, what was the Gurney family to do with this girl "with no legs"? In those days a position for a female within their family banking business would have been totally out of the question. The traditional path for a lady of means such as her, was a home education, usually via a governess, a well-directed marriage and children as family heirs. Given Anna's physical circumstances though, she was likely to be no fangast. So, the conventional path through life for a woman of her background and stature seemed improbable. But, from an early age she showed her love of books and learning. And so, it was decided that an education had to be provided. This was begun at her mother's home in Northrepps by her elder sister and other family members*. Her learning abilities soon outpaced what they could offer and a tutor was hired. This person in turn, was pushed to the limit of their abilities by the pace at which Anna and her companion, cousin Sarah, could read, absorb and learn. Anna must have revelled in the well-stocked libraries of Keswick and Northrepps Halls. A book on Anglo-Saxon grammar was soon mastered. Over time, this was followed by her conquering Greek, Latin and Hebrew. Apparently, she loved the local coastline where shipwrecks were a common occurrence. She often met with, and aided, the survivors of those shipwrecks, and of course, she developed the ability to converse with them in their own tongues, including Icelandic*. In the last years of her life, her fame had spread, and we are told* another accomplished linguist from Norfolk, sought an audience with her. Upon his arrival, she proffered him a book on Arabic grammar and proceeded to ask a difficult question regarding it. Her unceasing chatter soon overwhelmed this distinguished visitor, who made a hasty exit and

reportedly ran all the way to a public house in Cromer*. Such was her grasp of languages and her personality!

How then, did her fame spread far and wide? Well in 1819, at the tender age of 24 she had the temerity (as a woman) to publish under the simple name of “A Lady from the Country”, a limited-edition translation of the historic “Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.” There are several extant, hand written, copies of this ancient record, but she would probably not have had access to one of those. In all likelihood, in one of the family libraries, there must have been at least one printed copy of one of the original texts: possibly the “Peterborough Chronicle”. But we cannot be sure which one(s) she used. It is interesting that she did not publish under her own name, for fear of non-acceptance of the book. Remember though, Jane Austin, the Bronte sisters and other aspiring female authoresses of those times, used that little anonymity or nom-de-plumish ploy to get their books read and judged for what they were, rather than to risk rejection for their feminine origin. Well, Anna’s book entitled “A Literal Translation of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle”, caught people’s (mostly males) attention and went to a second printing. A revue of her work was printed in the “Archaeological Journal” of 1910, by Sir Henry Howarth (of many letters!). He commented that most earlier translations had been poorly done and that prior to the publication of our Anna’s book, none such translation had been published since the late 1600’s. Her release in 1819, however, was, “translated very fairly and with considerable literary skill and spirit”. Praise indeed, Sir! But then he followed up by noting rather negatively that it was “unencumbered by either text or notes.” For her part, Anna said that she was aware that an Oxford Professor of Anglo-Saxon, a Dr. Ingram, was also working on a translation. So, she never really completed her work. Ingram’s version was not published until four years after Anna’s hit the market, by which time, she had moved on. We don’t know if the Rev. Ingram recognized Anna’s work in his preface. But we do know that he heaped praise upon a Rev. Gibson who had done one of those 1600s translations and whom Ingram lauded for producing such a work when he (Gibson) was only 23 years old. No mention made of Anna’s publishing her version at the ripe old age of 24! She never elaborated on her original translation, moving on to other, more domestic and philanthropic pursuits, which are well documented elsewhere*.

Despite her physical handicaps, she loved travel. She made early forays into Europe, seemingly with a full retinue of relatives and attendants. They went by horse and carriage (no steam train service back in those days) with her personal “carriage” for local locomotion strapped to the roof. When needed, this was pulled around by two strong and devoted servants named “Spinks and Stevens”*. We are fortunate that one lady of her retinue, a Miss Sarah Nichols, left us a diary**

in which she recorded Anna’s trip of April to September in 1836. After reaching Dover and a rather unpleasant ocean voyage to Calais, the party went through the Lowlands to Germany and on to Vienna. On the way, adventures were many, but unlike most places they visited, our travellers were singularly unimpressed by the cleanliness and general “unhealthiness” of this City. Interestingly, on the way back, for lack of horses, they became stuck for an extra day in Frankfurt. Later that day, some of the party, in particular Anna, received an invitation to spend the evening with Princess Elizabeth, sister of King George IV, and now married—unusually for Royals, quite happily—to a German Prince. Then, on they went, eventually arriving at Paris and staying there for three whole weeks! Over several days, London was reached via Boulogne. Their departure from here caused immense amusement to the crowd of watchers, because the carriage, loaded with the ladies, Anna’s carriage and all their travelling stuff, was hoisted in toto onto the deck of the ferry. I wonder how they stayed within budget on this trip!

Three years after their return, tragedy struck the family again. Anna’s great friend and travel companion, Sarah Buxton, died at age 50, in August 1839. Plans had already been made for them both to visit Rome, Athens and the ancient city of Argos in the winter following. Despite this devastating loss to Anna, it was decided that the Aegean visit should take place, which it did although I have not been able to locate a diarist’s or any other written record of it. But I am sure she enjoyed the linguistic challenges of modern Greek and Italian. Towards the end of her life, she picked up the Nordic languages and as well as Russian and hankered after a visit to Scandinavia and Iceland. But that never happened.

As I have said before, when she was not travelling, she was a very busy lady. She had joined that totally male oriented British Archeological Association, but only as an Associate in 1845 and aided by male authors contributed to two papers in their Journal, *Archaeologia*. In the one, with Sir Henry Ellis, a Curator at the British Museum, she describes an ancient Saxon jewelled ornament with a set-in Roman gold coin, which was found on the beach between Bacton and Mundesley. This object is very rare in Britain, although several similar ones have been found in Denmark. It is still on display in The British Museum. The second discussion, two years later concerned the drowned and lost mythical coastal City of Vineta, in the Baltic. Anna is not named as an author, but I suspect she had obtained and maybe translated old Norse writings detailing the excesses and eventual demise of that City. Less well known, and of much more interest to us Fonders, is the fact that Anna was also a member of the Philological Society of London. Fancy that! Again, we see she was the only female member listed within a gaggle of male University Professors, Bishops, Barts, schoolmasters and divers members of the Clergy.

Notable by his absence from this listing was our Rev. R. Forby; shame on him, it only cost a guinea a year. How often she, or anyone else, attended the twice-monthly meetings, held in London, I do not know. But in the 1855 Transactions of this venerable society, is published a paper or rather a collection of over 100 “Norfolk Words” that either had **not** been included by the Rev. Forby in his book, or Anna had modified his definition of, in some way. Now, whether it was the fact that this meeting was in February, in London, and in the evening, plus I doubt the new rail service to London was very good, all could have been reasons why she did not attend. Or, surely it could not have been that ladies were not welcomed, could it? Whatever the reason, she was not present and the Chairman of the Society read aloud Anna’s paper to the enraptured audience. Her impetus for writing this was the fact that The Society had recently importuned its members to collect words peculiar to their respective districts. Our Anna prefaced her listing by saying that her words were mostly from the coastal regions of North East Norfolk. Being born and bred in South Central Norfolk, most are quite foreign to me, though there was a “pightle” at the end of our garden with a “loke” crossing at the top of that. And “rannys” were known to occupy our hedgerows and sheds. But what really struck me was her inclusion of the word “spink” for a chaffinch. Very common parlance was spink in my formative years; quite a distinctive little chirper! Now, since the spink is widespread throughout the UK and indeed in all of Northern Europe, I thought that she must be wrong here. Methinks this ain’t just a Norfolk word. So, I emailed friends from Essex to Cornwall, from Herts. to Worcs. and Lancs. to Yorks., even to the border of Wales; some 20 in all. A small sample, but they all responded—in the negative! What a surprise! Maybe I’ll hear more chirping on this from our readers, but it seems her claim is vindicated, as I sit all hunched-up in the corner, wearing my dunce’s hat and sucking my thumb.

On that note, I fear our tale of Anna Gurney must end. Polio has gone, much progress has been made against female prejudice; our Universities and Corporate offices are well frequented by the fair sex. Female authors probably dominate the field of publishing and many ladies sit in Parliament, are in the Law and some are even ordained into the Church. What could she have accomplished had she been born 200 years later? We’ll never know. In the summer of 1857, she died in Keswick Hall, the same place where she had been born. An attack of bronchitis was blamed, but my suspicion is that the fearsome foe of the ages, polio, morphing into Post-Polio-Syndrome, had finally claimed another victim. Suffering from constant pain, she had fought long and well. What a life! What a lady!

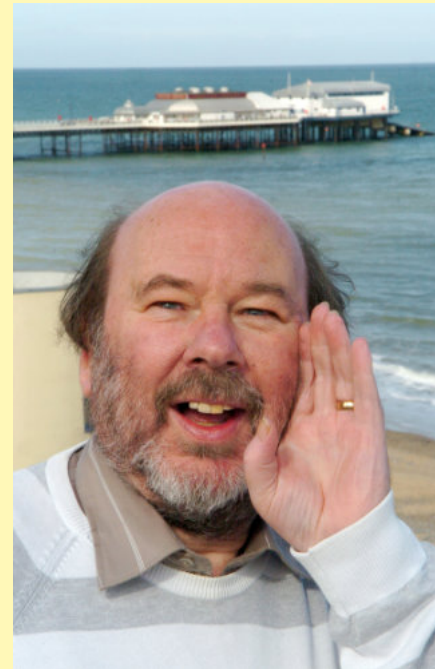
* “Anna Gurney” by Richard Lane. The Larks Press, Dereham.

** Norfolk Record Office, Doc. No. MC 2784/8/10. “Diary of Miss Sarah Nichols”, 1836.



Let’s Go Back to Proper Norfolk to Revive Our Language

KEITH SKIPPER



We live in a hyperbolic age, most notably when it comes to what should be the straightforward art of communication. Isn’t it absolutely awesome and incredibly unbelievable how many brilliant and fantastic people can offer amazing and great comments on what some of us still regard as mundane issues and topics?

Right, you guys, this is a worst-case scenario that’s for sure, and I’d be really gutted, like at this moment in time if someone came on board who is well good at saying “What we are

saying is ...” and then saying nothing at all. You can probably tell by my body language how uptight I am, y’ know, about what’s happening to our wonderful language. In fact I’m shattered, sort of, and ready to touch base with forces of redemption on a new playing field where they don’t keep changing the goalposts. Let’s go for a game-changer in a genuine attempt to provide a few lyrical and meaningful alternatives to a torrent of exaggeratespeak and trendybabble engulfing so much of our media and what’s left of face-to-face mardling.

There’s nothing wrong in showing enthusiasm or even going slightly over the top when given the chance to pass judgement on a certain subject, event or person. Even so, “utterly gobsmacked” on picking up third prize at the village flower show “or “unbelievably mind-blowing” on a stag night you can’t remember, do smack of overdoing superlatives for the sake of it. Social media, with its rash of banal abbreviations for those who go AWOL when asked to put a real sentence together must be due for some sort of prize when it comes to new ways of prompting those with nothing to say, to say it longer and louder than before.

Our local vernacular, too often dismissed as ugly, lazy, embarrassing and an obvious signpost to ye olde land of thick yokels, deserves to be handed a key role in any campaign to return respect and proportion to important strands of our much-abused language. I need only to usher forward a handful of colourful words and expressions in common use when I first realized there were proper Norfolk ways to make things clear, to render current trends a load of old squit. “Cor, blarst me, if that ent a rum ‘un!” serves admirably to cover a multitude of occasions calling for instant reactions to surprising news, an unlikely occurrence or even the most obvious or predictable state of affairs. A dash of irony coated in understatement adds to the fun. “A rare, good dew” saves a lot of messing about with extra-large labels for a successful event. “That wunt a mucher” signals disappointment over obvious poor quality. “A gret ole thing” may not necessarily be awarding points for size. “Git on yer wick” and “That dew crearze yer!” also makes it clear something hasn’t gone too well, while ”Thass a soler!” or “Thass a masterpiece!” are short but neat observations to understand admiration. That reached poetic heights for me when an old countryman inspected a new machine on the farm and enthused : “The chap that put that thing tergether wunt no fewl.”

The words “funny” and “half” can take on different meanings in our dialect. For example, a heavy downpour might trickle down to “That rained funny hard last night” and a dramatic outburst of anger be reduced to “He wunt half raw!” “Tricolate ”and “tittivate” both mean to decorate or repair and so cry out for use in reports of vital restoration work being carried out at church, pub, school or village hall. And we all know the cost of tricolation keeps on going through the roof.

Allan Smethurst, *The Singing Postman*, had the right idea when he proclaimed: “Aeroplanes go along o’ noffin and the clocks go along o’ now.” No need to dress up simple truths and images in swanky clothes to make an impact.

Methodist minister Colin Riches took that cue when he gave Bible stories a coat of Norfolk paint in two volumes called *Dew Yew Lissun Hare and Oel Bewtiful and New*. He also presented God with a perfect chance to show where his chosen people might be heading. The Creation was crowned with joyful cry of: Come on, Le’s hev some loight on the job!”, And there’s no mention of any of his prophets exclaiming: “No problem!”, ”Wow!”, “Enjoy!”. Or “Know what I mean!”



Edwin Gooch

PROFESSOR PETER TRUDGILL

not surprising that they liked to think sometimes that they might have been relatives of the famous man, though that was unlikely. Edwin himself was not actually a native of North Norfolk, although he was a Norfolk boy: he was born and lived all his life in Wymondham.

He was never an agricultural worker either, though he certainly was a worker. He was employed as a printer in Norwich until he became a journalist on the *Norwich Mercury* in about 1910.

Edwin Gooch was elected Member of Parliament for North Norfolk in 1945 and retained the seat until he died in 1964. He also had the honour of being the Chairman of the Labour Party National Executive Committee from 1955 to 1956.

One of the issues he felt most strongly about was the system of tied cottages which was imposed on farm labourers in Norfolk and elsewhere. An agricultural labourer’s house came with his job, so if he lost his job, he lost his home as well; and evictions of families were not uncommon. I don’t believe my grandparents were ever forcibly evicted as such, but they certainly lived in at least ten different houses before my mother left home

Edwin Gooch’s grandson, Simon Gooch, has written an excellently researched and extremely interesting biography of his grandfather: *Edwin Gooch: Champion of the Farmworkers*. It was published in 2020, by our local Lowestoft-based Poppyland Publishing.

Edwin Gooch (1889-1964) was very well known in East Anglia as the President of the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers from 1928 to 1964, and perhaps more especially as the Labour MP for North Norfolk. Those were the days when the northern part of our county was still mainly inhabited by Norfolk people born into families who had lived in the area for generations. Many of Edwin’s constituents were farm labourers and their relatives.

My maternal grandparents were about the same age as Edwin and were also called Gooch. They were from North Norfolk, and my grandfather was an agricultural labourer, so it is probably

aged 22. Edwin campaigned energetically to get the system abolished and once famously declared: "It has been said again and again that the Englishman's home is his castle. I think we must add to that 'except in rural England'".

Edwin Gooch took great pride in his roots, and expressed keen feelings of solidarity with the farm workers of

Norfolk. He maintained his strong Norfolk accent all his life, feeling no need to pay any attention to anyone who might want to disparage him for the way he spoke. How wonderful it would be if it was still possible to hear his Norfolk accent echoing around the House of Commons and even, these days, being broadcast to the nation.



BT Goes Norfolk

DIANA RACKHAM

Quite some time ago I was emailed by someone helping to put together the new BT phone book. They wanted to try and make the book local to the area it was being published for and to do this they felt they should put a phrase on the front in local dialect. I conferred with Peter Trudgill and we came up with some different suggestions which I then sent on to them, these included:

Are y'oright, bor?

How ya gitten on, ol' partner?

Do you have a look at yar local phone book!

Do you pick up the phone f'r a mardle!



I had quite forgotten about this email exchange until the other day when my new phone book arrived through my door and it looks like they did go with the dialect idea. There is an informative page about local dialects just in from the front cover and on the front cover its self they have written 'Are y'alright boy?' It's a shame they went with boy rather than bor but at least they are recognising the importance of local dialect. I wonder if any of you noticed the front cover of your new phone book?



Zoom Fond Dew

DIANA RACKHAM



On the evening of Saturday September 18th we held another Zoom Fond Dew. We were treated to a variety of entertainment, all while still in the comfort of our own homes. There was poetry, singing, and a good old dollop of Squit from the Gal Tina. We even had to do a bit of thinking when Zena gave us a bit of a quiz. A big thank you to all who took part and of course the audience, who from looking at the little boxes seemed to be enjoying themselves. It's very strange when you can see people laughing but can't hear them because they are on mute. The dew was also a way of celebrating and honouring the memory of fellow committee member Owen Church. Anne Reeve kindly shared the piece she read at his funeral along with a poem written by Owen and the boy Matt provided his own

poem for a Norfolk gent. I'm sure Owen would have liked to see everyone enjoying themselves and will have been laughing along with us.

During the evening I also shared a part of the video I produced for the Inspiring Norfolk project, an education project to celebrate living and learning in Norfolk. There are lots of very informative short videos to see on the website they have created. Our FOND video is called 'Wonderful Norfolk Words.' It features myself as a narrator along with Colin, giving some Norfolk phrases to learn and Zena talking about dialect animal names. If you visit www.inspiringnorfolk.co.uk and look at the resources page of the Inspiring Norfolk website you'll be able to find our video.

Fare yew well,
Diana



FOND Wordsearch – Sprowston

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

Alford
Allens
Avian
Bewit
Blithemeadow
Cannerby
Carleton
Clover
Church
Creance

Coughtrey
Cozens Hardy
Cuthbert
Dixon
Foxburrow
Falcon
Hornbeam
Inman
Linacre
Martin

Meadow
Merlin
Parana
Pine
Porters
Rosemary
Russell
School
Tiercel
Yew

Answers on page 23

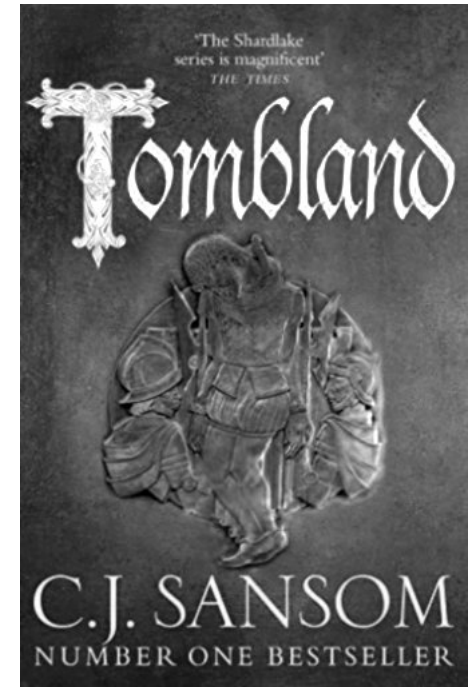


Review of a Norfik Novel

RALPH NICKERSON

Now set you up, Tergether, and pay some mind. I're bin arsed to bring to you *Mawkin* readers' attention a newish book whass doin' the rounds, an' whass set mustly in Norridge and ar old county. Thass called *Tombland*, by C.J.Sansom, and recount times about fower hundred year back, shortly arter the passin' (not afore time, eether) of that biggoty 'n bloated owd boar, Henry Eighth. Not, mind yew, that Om anti-royalist; 'specially not when I think of that pore little old Lady now setting alone in Winser Castle. Blast, she're bin a good 'un, an' har father afore her; an' so were must on 'em back to the Owd Queen when Britain ruled the waves – and a few million other happy campers. But I digest.

The review what foller was ackshully writ by one Al Terrigo, whose Granfa' come from Cadiz or some plearce south o' Halesworth. The story ha' got a fare sprinklin' of Norfolk wuds, must o' which sound about right but some which were dead 'n gone long afore my own Grandfa'. Thass nice ter reflect that the City, even Ber Street (where certain mawthers, sometimes



strollin' wi' a poodle on a lead, used to brighten up th' evenin') is a bit cleaner 'n safer than that were in Gloriana's time – her what made a "proo-gress" t' Norridge a bit learther, as the *Mawkin* dewly reports, an' seemin'ly had a right nice visit. (The City Yellers were away that week, playin' bladder-ball agin the Dip-switches, du H.M. woulda watched the gay'm on Trowse Common... "Arise, Dame Delia – and Sir Daniel!" Huh!) Anyways, the review, whass ackshully more a fan-letter t' the author, go like this: I

shoulda said, the story consarn are own Robert Kett, a right decent bluk 'n farmer fr'm Windum, what tried ter get a fairer deal for land-wakkers and finished up wi' a fair army on 'em camped on Mousehol' Heath. They musta bin hully hard ow' times for them as wakked on the land: lucky ter get a bite midday, let aloone breaks for dockey 'n beevers, I reckon. The hosses properly fared better. An' if yew dun't know what "antrums" are – or were – I aren't a-gornta tell yer: fang howd 'v a copy, 'nd read the book yerself... The review go like this:

To Mr. Sansom,

Despite the novel's daunting length, I was keen to get stuck into this version of Kett's rebellion – of which all reviews and personal references seemed so positive – and have just arrived at the story's sad but inevitable end. Well done, Mr. Sansom, for adding a fresh dimension to the term "making history come alive". (Ironical, that – considering the dreadful death-toll involved). What a wonderful melding of recorded fact with fiction – and how I loved the maps (which ALL proper historical novels should include), and End Notes. Impressive, and well appreciated.

My particular desire to read *Tombland* was heightened by my being a Norfolkman, born between Norwich and Bungay nearly 80 years ago. From which standpoint I'll take you up on a couple of points – and to which I

doubt you'll have the slightest objection. To wit: The "common speech" of Norfolk: You did a great job on introducing many archaic dialect words (and plenty still in actual use) which to me seemed perfectly authentic. And also, you did well to avoid representing our unique accent in print. Very difficult, that, and also tedious for writer and reader alike. I would only say – and you must check this with such authorities as Prof. Peter Trudgill of the City, or Keith Skipper of Cromer – that the plural of "Bor" is almost never, if ever, used. The more likely dialect address is "Together", rendered "Tergether" encompassing men, women and anyone else present. (I expect you knew that the female version of Bor is "Maw", short for mawther (young woman), and now getting very rare.) Building the Mousehold Camp (quite brilliantly evoked in the book): Speaking as one who once worked long in woods, I doubt that in those few hectic early days of the rebellion, the hundreds of rude shelters would be fabricated out of planks and beams derived from Thorpe Wood. Plank production requires not just axes but saw-pits and saws, time and skill and lengthy work on (usually) seasoned wood. More likely that those shelters – which certainly must have existed – were fabricated from hazel and thin ash poles, and/or a hasty version of wickerwork (from hazel and willow). The framework thus quickly thrown

up would be covered by such as bracken or grass and/or skins, blankets and cheap "sail cloth". And maybe topped with sods for extra strength. Such structures, filled with bracken bedding, would have burned down – as reported – very easily and even spectacularly.

While at the keyboard, I'd note that with *Tombland* so filled with characters, some surnames (e.g. Scambler, Coppuldyke, Snockstobe, Chawry) I'd never heard before. Did you make 'em up?

On the occasional instances of crudity and/or cruelty portrayed in *Tombland*, I found them neither discordant nor gratuitous. That's not the case, I fear, with other, much lauded but rather inferior, writers of Tudor history-novels... Just one slight criticism: the position in which the first murder victim was found – head-down in a slussy beck, "on the huh" and so grotesquely displayed? H m m m . . . Elsewhere, the appearances of both old Henry's daughters, the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth, fairly fizzled with female fire. Especially the latter (her "with the gut and ticker of a King" to paraphrase a little): get the wrong side

of Liz when she was "puttin' on her parts" and you'd be lucky to escape with merely "a duddy good ding a' the lug". From your time in Norfolk, you'll probably grasp what that means...

I do hope this note of appreciation finds you eventually – and finds you in good health. We live in troublous times. But not so rough as those for the great number of lower classes (doubtless including many of my own rural forbears) in 1549... All respect to the Norfolkman Kett; at least "he hed a goo." [ends]

So, there yer go. Helluva story, and as clus based on fact as yew can get, I reckon. Blast, nowadays we hatta put up wi' a sad an' sick and secular ole society – but who'd wanta live in England as anythin' less 'n a "Gentleman" (bar the mawthers, o' corse) fower hun'ed year ago? Not me, Bor! Mind how yer goo, an' keep a-drawin'.

Note from the Editor: There may be others of you out there who have enjoyed a work of fiction, or non fiction for that matter, that has a local flavour and that you could share with us. It does not have to be written in the Norfolk idiom; we would just like our local interest piqued!





Ann's Eulogy for Owen Church

ANN REEVE

I can claim to have known Owen since I was about 11 years old and he was a few months younger. My family used to come to Hemsby on holiday, staying in the Glebe. In the morning I would be dispatched to go and buy a newspaper. At the time Owen would be working in his father's shop in Beach Road.

Wanting an *Eastern Daily Press* I sailed in and asked for "the Press". Owen gave me an *Express* and we spent the best part of some time having a good old mardle.

You can imagine the reaction on my return to the Glebe when, not only was I late but I gave a *Daily Express* to my life long card carrying member of the Labour Party father. Owen's fault!

Like most holiday friendships we drifted apart but met up again many years later when Toni and I moved to this area.

We did some business with Owen, he was a member of Great Yarmouth Round Table and we were in Stalham Round Table and we developed a very close friendship.

We would help out at the Yarmouth Donkey Derby and go to the Round Table Turkey Ball. Afterwards it would always be everyone back to the post office for coffee where we would sit through the night chatting until we would hear Menzies delivery van arriving and Owen would disappear, still in his dinner suit, downstairs to count the newspapers ready for collection or delivery. He would then carry on and do a normal day's work.

Toni was Owen's Best Man when he and Lizzie got married. I still describe that as one of the best weddings we ever attended. Only about half a dozen guests. We were so honoured to be there. We were also honoured to be Claire's God Parents. We shared a love of traditional jazz.

Owen was a much respected member of the Friends of Norfolk Dialect, serving on the committee for many years. When his daughter Claire got married the father of the bride speech was done in Broad Norfolk Dialect. He introduced me to FOND and I developed quite an interest in dialect words and their origins. For that I will always be grateful.

Owen was a Norfolk man through and through and rightly proud to be one. When going through his papers Claire found a hitherto unknown poem which he had written in 2015. In his down to earth way it is simply titled "Owen's Poem". It clearly demonstrates his feelings about our beloved home county.

Owen's Poem.

Welcome to Norfolk gem of the east coast,
Well we think that is and what we like to boast.
We're placed here right nice between broads, fen and sea,
With lovely Breckland and north coast scenery.
Norfolk's so much to offer and long that's been so,
When you've been here awhile you just don't want to go.
Folk may say we're different but that's our great strength,
And to keep this identity we go to great length.
There's some think we're backward but they don't know a sight,
We just like to work slower and make sure that it's right.
Some want to change us, but they'll find it hard,
'cause we like a say what's in our own back yard.
We don't like these edicts from Brussels and such
Though you might tell a Norfolk man you can't tell him much.
And we may not always be politically correct,
But this in itself has had it's effect.
When folks say about this I say I in defence,
"You don't need that old squat if you've got common sense".
Yes, we're blessed in our county with good thins to do,
Whether you live here, are staying, or just passing through.
Of food, drink and fellowship you can find a great feast,
And remember, the wise men came from the East.
Then there's them that hent bin here and I tell them "You should,
Cos you'll find lots of things that are Norfolk 'n' Good.



Though Seas Should Lie Between

ANN'S UNCLE RICHARD

Ann Reeve sent in her Uncle Dick's Poem to his mother at Weston Longville, written Christmas 1942. Dick had just escaped the Japanese in the Invasion of Singapore the previous February. After a bout of serious illness he ended up in India for the rest of the war.

*When dawn breaks in the eastern sky
And dreary sunbeams gleam,
My thoughts with rapture homeward fly
Though seas should lie between.*

*Or maybe when on guard at night
When dreary is the scene,
My arms to you at home take flight
Though seas should lie between.*

*Perhaps at noon I may be found
Contented with a dream,
Walking again familiar ground
Though seas should lie between.*

*So whether skies be starry blue
Or gold with sunny stream,
I'm always thinking dear, of you
Though seas should lie between.*

*Wishing you a Merry Xmas and health and prosperity in the coming year.
Mother with fondest love From Dick xx Xmas 1942. India.*



Matt's Poem to Owen

MATT THORNTON

*Well it's a rum day in Norfolk, there's not a cloud in the sky,
Yet them birds aren't a singing and the cows just lay down and cry*

*From Hemsby to Hempnall, Diss to Dereham too,
Folk go about their day, just feeling a little bit blue*

*For we've lost a dear ol' boy, true Norfolk born n' bred,
Oh how sad to hear he's laid down his tired ol' head*

*But hold yew hard, there's one thing to help lift our despair,
Watch the sky my friends, we'll see him shining there*

*Look up to the East, it will be the brightest star we see,
True Norfolk, so on the huh that'll be!*

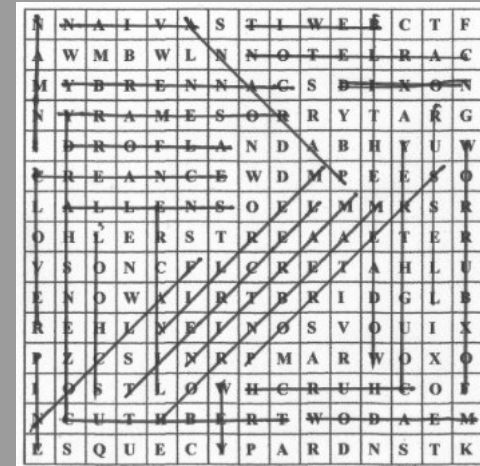
*For in heaven, there's space for him to sit back and survey
So he'll be looking down, checking we're all troshin away,*

*Up there where harnsers glide over rivers so blue
All earthly pain gone, in a peace that is so hoolly true*

*Well old partner Owen your journey is at an end,
But we'll always think of you as our eternal friend.*

Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers

This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

- 24,000
- The Cherry Tree
- 59 feet
- Olly Day
- Burnham Market
- Graham Usher
- They were members of the Hansatic League
- 1988
- Reepham
- 25.7 miles



Treasurer's Report 2020-2021

RICHARD REID

Summary

- Surplus of £255 despite the loss of Panto receipts.
- Net assets of £8,712, leaving FOND in a strong financial position, even if constraints on activities continue.

Income

- Subscriptions
 - 10.7% up on previous year
 - partly due to reminders to long term non-payers
 - partly due to early payments in March for 2021-22.
- Events, AGM and Panto
 - No income, as all these were cancelled due to lockdown.
 - The AGM was held successfully on Zoom, but with no income from raffle, book sales, etc.

Expenditure

- Mawkin - only three issues compared with four in some previous years.
- Cancellation of events saved £463 in expenditure, mostly room hire.
- Admin
 - Increased expenditure on stamps for the Mawkin ...
 - staying ahead of frequent price increases, but mitigated by
 - No insurance payment. Insurers gave three month extension of cover because of lockdown....
 - resulting in last payment in February 2020 and next payment not due until May 2021.

Banking

- Chairman and Treasurer both have full online access, with the facility to initiate and approve payments online.
- Two stage process provides the same safeguard as two signatures on a cheque.
- Treasurer can deposit cheques online using phone camera and online app. This saves on postage and/or branch visits. Bank documentation of online deposits provides audit trail equivalent to paying-in book.
- Over 50 members (and counting) use Standing Orders.

Membership

- Membership, measured by the number of issues of The Merry Mawkin posted, has remained stable at between 230 and 235.
- The Membership Secretary has introduced in 2021-2022 a more rigorous process for accounting for joiners and leavers.
- The number of leavers and the number of new joiners in 2020-2021 was almost equal, at 15-17, subject to a more detailed analysis.
- An exercise (ongoing) to follow up non-payers has resulted in 13 leavers (the majority of the total of leavers) and 19 new payments.

Membership administration

- The Treasurer/Membership Secretary has developed a more rigorous process for membership administration.
- Though effective, the process is cumbersome, relying on a series of computer files and some manual intervention. It might be difficult to hand over to an eventual successor.
- With the Committee's approval, the Membership Secretary has been investigating systems used by other similar societies. So far, those identified either suffer from the same drawbacks, or are expensive.
- Investigations continue, and suggestions are welcome.



Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

Norfolk Scones

When I started sharing these Norfolk recipes several years ago I did ask members to share any Norfolk recipes or family recipes for inclusion.

I recently received a share from, of all places, America. My grateful thanks to Jan Woods, wife of our friend Ralph. Especially as Jan is not a Norfolk Mawther but I imagine Ralph has been educating her! Jan found the recipe in a 1972 copy of a magazine of the now defunct "British American Club"

Ingredients

- 1lb SR Flour
- 1 tsp salt
- 4oz butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- ¼ pint milk plus 4 tablespoons

Filling

- 1oz softened butter or margarine
- 4oz currants
- ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 4oz brown sugar

Method

Sift flour and salt. Rub in the butter until mixture is like breadcrumbs. Mix to a soft slightly sticky dough with the eggs and milk. Turn onto a floured board and knead lightly. Divide the



dough in half and roll out each piece into an 8" circle about ¾ " thick. Lift one circle onto a buttered baking sheet and spread the top with butter. Mix the currants with the nutmeg and 3oz of the sugar and sprinkle this mixture on the dough over the butter. Place the second circle on top and cut through into 8 wedges. Brush with milk and sprinkle with the remaining sugar.

Bake at 400f [200c] for about 45 to 50 minutes.

This results in something between a scone and a shortcake and I might try this recipe at Christmas replacing the filling with a generous spread of mincemeat.

Another time I would also add a teaspoonful of baking powder.

FOND

THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT



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