

The Merry Mawkin

Trosher
Winners

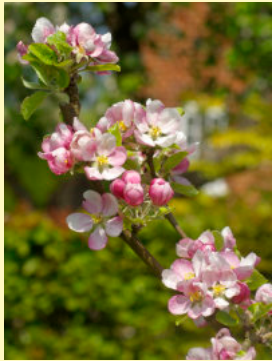
**THE FRIENDS
OF NORFOLK
DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**

**Number 78
Spring 2023
£1.50**



www.norfolkdialect.com





Front cover: Apple blossom
Back cover: Bluebell time
Photos: Bob Farndon

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Chairman's Report

Well, here I am back in the role of Chairman. We had our AGM in November and I decided I would be happy to stand again and hopefully continue the good work of FOND into the future. Thank you to Matt for what he has done as chairman and to all the other officers and committee members for what you do for FOND.



There has been a transition process to hand over the reins of treasurer and membership secretary from Richard Reid to Dave Kent and I would like to take this opportunity to say A BIG THANK YOU TO RICHARD for all your hard work, dedication, and generosity, you have shown to FOND in your years in the roles of treasurer and membership secretary. You took it upon yourself to advance the recording and monitoring systems and were such a reliable record keeper. I wish you all the best and thank Dave for agreeing to be your successor.

I have had a few interviews and interesting emails since the last *Merry Mawkin*. It was quite a surprise when organisers of the Radio 4 Today program phoned up to ask if I would be interviewed, in response to an article in *The Observer* about the use of regional dialect. Apparently it also went out on the World Service, as one of my friends commented 'Diana, now the whole world know about your carrots!' I had explained

that when a carrot goes old and wrinkly, I use the word fosey to describe it.

I have done a few talks and events for FOND including an evening talking to a local Trefoil Guild group and an evening of entertainment at Sutton Village Hall alongside the Occasional Ceilidh Band.

Of course, our other main event was the very successful FOND panto. It was brilliant to see so many of you there and I was very pleased with how the event went. From my point of view it certainly looked like the audience of around 200 people were all having a good old laugh and what more can you want. A big thank you to all who helped and contributed, the show couldn't have happened with out you. Particular thanks to my mum, the fantastic script writer, for penning *Boy Billy and the Bean Stalk* and to Matt for making and erecting a bean stalk to be proud of. Also, a big thanks to all the musicians, actors, and front of house teams. It's great how so many people's different skills can all come together to put the event on.

The Trosher competition winners were also announced at the Panto and I hope you enjoy reading them in the is *Merry Mawkin*.

Our next event is a Norfolk themed evening of entertainment in Cromer on 6th May at 7.30pm. Hope to see lots of you there.

Keep on troshing,

Diana



**THE
MERRY
MAWKIN**

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PRINTED BY

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Obituary – The Reverend Canon Peter Charles Nicholson OBE MA

Peter was a true Norfolk man. Despite no longer living in Norfolk Peter maintained his interest in our county and its dialect. He was a great supporter of FOND and was a regular contributor to our *Merry Mawkin* magazine. His ability to present the dialect in written form was complimented by many and his writing was always a very entertaining read. I particularly enjoyed reading his tales about his childhood in Catfield and I am very grateful to him for providing these contributions to build up a picture of local history.

With permission from Peter's family we are now able to publish his obituary, originally written by them for the Catfield Village News.

Peter came from humble beginnings and through his extraordinary life became a hugely respected and much – loved gentleman of the highest order.

The first of two children born to Margaret and Charles Nicholson, he grew up at a 'bungalow' made from two carriages, situated close to Catfield Station, and crossed the railway line to walk a mile to the village school, observing the wonders of nature and everyday life along the way. He continued his education at Paston grammar school in North Walsham, having passed a scholarship exam to attend, and was a governor of the school later in life. His first job was as a junior clerk at the National Provincial Bank on Hall Quay in Great Yarmouth.

Peter served King and country for a total of four years in the Royal Corps of Signals, stationed in Italy and India. He was already very adept at map reading and had learned the Morse Code in the Cadets at Paston. After service in the army, he worked for ten years as housemaster in two Home Office Approved Schools for boys. During part of this time, he was a lay reader on the staff of Great St Mary's Parish Church, Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire.

Peter trained for the Ministry at Chichester Theological College and returned, after ordination in St Albans Abbey, as a curate at Sawbridgeworth. After a period of three years, he was appointed minor canon, Precentor and Sacrist of Peterborough cathedral. His fine baritone voice, kindly nature and wonderful pastoral gifts made him an ideal Precentor.

Returning to his native Norfolk in 1967 at the invitation of Bishop Launcelot Fleming, Peter became vicar of Wroxham and Hoveton St John, in the heart of the Norfolk Broads. He also acted as Chaplain to the British Legion and was an active member of the Legion service committee concerned with the care of

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Secretary's Squit

ANN REEVE

The Trosher short story and poetry competition continues to attract a high number of good entries getting, as usual, a few entries from non members.

We had a committee meeting by Zoom in January to welcome new treasurer Dave who came up with a number of ideas for improvement in running things. We plan another meeting towards the end of February do discuss possible future Dews. Our thanks go to Richard Reid for use of his Zoom.

A reminder that I plan to retire from my position as secretary at the next AGM. I've done it for 10 years so feel it's time for someone else to take over. I will be happy to continue on the committee if wanted. It's been a lovely job and I've got to know so many interesting people and made new friends. The Friends of Norfolk Dialect in all senses.

elderly and sick ex- service men of the Legion. In July 1974, the Bishop of Salisbury appointed the Rev Peter Nicholson as the new vicar of Lyme Regis in Dorset, and six years later Peter became General Secretary and Chaplain of St Luke's Hospital for the clergy in London, where he stayed until he retired in 1993. He was awarded the Lambeth MA in 1989, was appointed prebendary of Chichester Cathedral in the same year and in 1992 received the OBE.

Peter was a keen conservationist and lover of the countryside as well as a member of the RSPB. His hobbies and interests included local history, bird watching, music and drawing. After a short illness, he peacefully returned home at Hillingdon Hospital on Monday 6th June 2022, at the age of 96.

A funeral service took place at St Peter and St Paul's Church, Harlington , Middlesex on Monday 4th July, followed by cremation. Peter's wife Dorothy predeceased him. He leaves two children, Tim and Jess, a beloved sister Pamela, granddaughter Jenna and nieces and nephews, and a whole host of friends all of whom were so sad to learn of his passing.



Obituary – Ralph Nickerson

RALPH WOODS

It is with much regret that I must record that FOND has suffered another loss, that of long-time member and contributor, Ralph A Nickerson. A prolific and witty writer in *The Mawkin*, he had a way with words and a great vocabulary to match. His entertaining correspondence of nearly 70 years to me, would always end with some Norfolkism, a comment on the City's matches or a reflection on his distaste for bureaucracies.

I first met him as we both climbed onto an Eastern Counties bus, transporting us, in brand new uniforms, to a Grammar School, some 10 miles away. At first he seemed a rather shy, withdrawn lad and he took a while to fit in with a more boisterous group of Primary School graduates. But he soon blossomed into the wit of the class and became a daring prankster. Some of his most memorable achievements come to mind, several of which ended in rather painful visits to the Headmaster's study. His best effort was in French class, where he, drawing upon the teachings in a recent chemistry lesson, managed to produce hydrogen

sulphide in an inkwell on the desk. Yes, we had them in those days! And he flooded that end of the school with a pungent, rotten egg smell. His success, despite the panicky stuffing of wads of blotting paper into the inkwell, earned him a visit to the dreaded study where he collected six of the best.

On another occasion, this reward was matched by another six for the detonation of a Guy Fawkes banger in the lunch hall. He was also the first pupil to dare arrive at school sporting non-matching, fluorescent-colored socks, which were a fad at that time. As I recall, this only elicited a sharp rebuke, but an edict came down that non-matching colors would not be tolerated, although he single-footedly won the right for us all to wear a matching pair if we so wished. He also won our admiration for actually employing the apocryphal schoolboy trick of stuffing a thinnish exercise book down the back of his trousers, on one of his visits to the study. He reported this effort as a total failure, that cost him two extra strokes.

His love of language and literature came to the fore though. His favorite novelist was Joseph Conrad, who, not only created in him a love for Africa, but in the author's honor, Ralph named his first son, Conrad. Much of Nicky's life was spent in Africa through his passion for forestry. His career beginnings first led him up into North Norfolk working on the Holkham Hall Estates. From there he moved to the Forestry Commission, where he spent several years, before the African urge took over. His opportunity came in the form of a tree planting project in Botswana (Bechuanaland). Oddly, he revelled in being near the Kalahari Desert, but the climate pretty much defeated his forestation efforts. Occasionally, he would mention an area where some lasting successes had been achieved, but funding and support were always in short supply.

With his growing family, he reverse-migrated back to England for another, but short, stint in Southern England, with the Commission. He and his family then moved back again to his second, warmer home. Finally in this last year and following the death of his wife, he came back to East Anglia. His favourite early stories were of gatherings and mixing with stuffy Colonial Dignitaries in Gaborone, events occasionally attended by the much-admired, Sir Seretse and Lady Ruth Kama. He lived an enviably full and fulfilling life. We and Norfolk have lost one who truly was, "a good ow' boy".



A Pearge Full'er Squit

LIL LANDIMORE

Oi had a good yarn set in m'mind
Now oi sit hare and wot do oi find?
Oi can't git the wads right t'put it to rhyme
So oi just sit hare a wearstin' moi toime.

Oi feel so stupid, them wads just on't come,
My hid is full'er squit, but m' brain's gorn numb.
The best oi can do is put down m' pen
until maybe m' ole brain will start workin' agin.

Well bor, ent that a rummin?
I've bin tryin' t'mearke a rhyme about suffin'
Now I're finished a'mearkin' a lot
a squit that rhyme, about noffin'

Oi'll blame m'ole brain
for playin' tricks
Arter all, Oi am
Ninety Six!

Note from the Editor:

Lil added a little note to say that she had just celebrated her 97th Birthday. Thank you Lil for being a regular contributor and from all of us here at the *Merry Mawkin* we hope you had a great birthday and here's to many more birthdays and poems gal!

From a FOND member....

"JDB BOOKLETS aka David Banks of Walsingham is writing books to raise funds and awareness of the killer disease MND. David has raised £3000 to date. To have your story in the Norfolk books please email me at david464u@icloud.com. Two new books Harvest Time and Vintage Years of East Anglia are available at £5 and £8.99 plus postage. Please support me and look at my website":
<https://www.jdbbooklets.org.uk>.



Another Year Ahid Onnus

BOY COLIN

Well bors, the season has cum and gorn. Me and the Gal June hed a rare good toime at the beginn' of December down on the South Coast. Yew carn't beat a good ow Tarkey and Tinsel harldy ter git yew in themood fer Christmas. We hauked th'ow Christmas tree out agin and tittivearted it up with the searme decorearations what we're hed fer dickeys yares but that orl cum as part of the tradishun dorn't it? We ony hed about half the cards this yare. Cards are cheap enow but thass the postage what burn a hole in yar pocket, dorn't it? Strill, with 'puters we manged ter git through ter friends in America and Australia and the "dawg and bone" wuz fairly red-hot fer a toime. Oi ollus feel that no matter what we get slung at us thare's ollus a way round it.

The box in the corner din't cum up with a lot ter keep us enterteared, the usual old fillums though I're gotta admit the olduns are a lot better than the "Flash bang wallop" ones they mearke these dears. Gal June hev got har Call the Midwife back on screen and Oi still keep the ow grey cells a'go'in' by watchin quizzes though Oi give Pointless a miss corse Oi can't dew with that thare Alexander Armstrong keep a'shoutin' at the screen. Still Oi spuz that don't dew fer orl onnus to be the searme, dew it ?

We hed a good toime 'longa family on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Can't want fer much better, kinya ?

New Years Eve dorn't mean a lot tew us these dears so arter a quick snifter of whisky we wuz a'bed jist artter 10 loike any other night. Din't hear the usual fireworks this yare. Reckon people hev jist realised they're bannin' up money what they're gorn ter need this yare.

Thass orl fer this toime. Dew yew orl hev a good 2023. Keep well and warm



Nation

PROFESSOR PETER TRUDGILL

The Norfolk Dialect has a whole range of intensifiers – words we can use to strengthen the meaning of other words and expressions.

One of these is *wholly* (normally pronounced to rhyme with *pulley*). Most of us are familiar with phrases like “That wholly poured”, meaning it rained very hard. *The English Dialect Dictionary* has Norfolk examples such as “You may believe me I was wholly vexed”, and “That sned wholly”, and “That fared wholly warm”.

Traditional dialect intensifiers in our area also include the rather archaic form *master*. For this, the *EDD* cites examples from Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex and Hertfordshire including “That fared a master long time to me”, and “That’s a master fine hoss you a got.”

Right can be used in a similar way: “You hatta be right careful.”

Rare also can function to strengthen the meaning of a word. The *EDD* cites the Suffolk example “a rare great old sow”.

According to David Butcher, Lowestoft fishermen used *funny* as an intensifier, as in “That come over funny dark”.

Another word which occurs frequently in the older traditional Norfolk dialect literature as an intensifier is *nation*. Some readers will know the (really rather artificial) late 18th-century Norfolk dialect dialogue written by Joshua Larwood, who was Rector of Swanton Morley in Norfolk. Part of the dialogue includes the question-and-answer sequence “D’ye know how the knacker’s mawther du? Why, i’ facks, she’s nation cothy.” Larwood translates *nation cothy* as ‘extremely ill’.

In James Spillings’s book *Giles’s Trip to London: A Farm Labourer’s First Peep at the World*, published in Norwich by Jarrolds in 1890, Giles reports that “Lunnen is a naation rum plaace”. It was originally not just a Norfolk word, and was actually used way beyond these shores. In Mark Twain’s *Huckleberry Finn* (from 1884) we find Huck saying “I’m nation sorry for you.”

But where did the word *nation* come from, as used in this sense? There is one clue in Charles Dickens’s *Tale of Two Cities*, where one of the characters says “I hope there ain’t, but I can’t make so ‘nation sure of that”. The word is spelt with an apostrophe at the beginning, indicating that something has been omitted. The Oxford English Dictionary knows what it is that’s missing: it states that *nation* in this context originated as a truncation of *damnation* – so it was basically a euphemism for ‘damn’.

Note from the Editor:

I’m sure that we can all put ‘nation to good use in these somewhat trying times!

Our president, Professor Trudgill has many accolades to his name. The latest, an Honorary Doctorate, was awarded by the University of Lublin just last year. I was privileged to see a copy of the award and with Peter’s permission I share an excerpt with you all which I believe resonates with FOND’s mission statement:

Professor Trudgill “*Has turned the research on dialects on a new path by combining it with sociolinguistics of great authority....By constant promotion of the attitude of sensitivity to linguistic differences, (he has) been defending the dignity and the right of a human being to remain faithful to (their) primary language.*”



The Boy Colin’s Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. At which Norwich dance hall did the Beatles once play ?
2. Which is the longest river in Norfolk ?
3. How long did Kett’s Rebellion last ?
4. How many bells are there in Dereham St. Nicholas church tower ?
5. Which bus company runs a bus service from Norwich to Southwold ?
6. How many windmills are there in Norfolk ?
7. How many airbases were occupied by the USAAF during World War Two ?
8. In what year did Laurel and Hardy appear at Norwich Hippodrome ?
9. Which North Norfolk village is well known for its Blue Cheese ?
10. How many men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment were massacred at Le Paradis in 1940 ?

Answers on page 25



Wordsearch – Dereham

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

- | | | |
|----------|-------------|---------------|
| Aldiss | Elvin | Mountpleasant |
| Bath | Fox | Nelson |
| Breton | Geneva | Nunns |
| Bulwer | Gorse | Park |
| Byron | Hall | Rollingpin |
| Casaubon | Limassol | Smithtyne |
| Cowper | Lloyd | Sunsalve |
| Crown | Margaret | Swanton |
| Dorothea | Middlemarch | Wix |
| East | Mill | Zara |



Boy Billy and the Bean Stalk

MATT THORNTON



For the best part of sometime, our annual panto had been put on hold, as with so much of our lives due to the dreaded covid! Howsumever, like a true Norfolk phoenix, it rose again this January at a packed East Tuddenham Village Hall.

We were not quite sure how many people would flock to watch *Boy Billy & the Beanstalk* given the events of the last few years, but we needn't have worried. The hall filled up nice 'n proper & no sooner had the panto started than the laughter and squit could be heard from miles around!

The winners of the Trosher competition were announced before the main dew. You can read the winning entries within the pages of this *Mawkin*.

The boy Colin once again was the narrator & did a superb job, just like David Attenborough does narrating those nature programmes... the similarities don't stop there, as rumour has it, they are both well into their nineties. You just don't get quality like that up the Theatre Royal you know!

The eyes of the Blakeney Old Wild Rover's shanty singers lit up when they arrived. Not at the expectation of performing before such a vast audience, but for the fact that the bar was open! Such liquid refreshments are vital, as the beer helps coat the larynx of these skilled coastal men, & what a rousing performance they gave 'em all. As with the Blakeney boys, the Occasional Ceilidh Band once again played their hearts out providing musical accompaniment for the afternoon.

After Billy planted the magic beans, a grut 'ol beanstalk did grow! As I'm sure you're aware, no expense is spared with FOND pantos. My father was in the crowd and little did he know that the trunk of the beanstalk was the hose he use to wash the car... wonder when I'll get the call?!

As with all traditional pantomimes, there was suspense, story telling, songs plus goodies & baddies! But this being the FOND panto it included extras you just don't find in other places.. general chaos, forgetting lines, missing lines altogether & adding lines that didn't exist! We even had a black cow that was actually brown, or was that the other way round? My eyes were so wet with the laughter of it all I can't quite recall. Blast me, we even had a chicken that laid golden eggs. Poor chap has been walking with a distinct limp ever since!

Most of all it was a celebration of Norfolk, our dialect, accent & humour. What a Fine County we are! Diana & her mother did such a wonderful job writing & organising the panto again & quite deservedly received a round of applause at the end... a bit like the reaction when Norwich score a goal at Carrow Road! Boyed by such a great event, we've all been reinvigorated for next year... The panto will return!

DATE FOR YOUR DIARY

FOND AGM

2pm Sunday 26th November
East Tuddenham Village Hall

After the business of the day is concluded, there will be some
Norfolk style entertainment and refreshments
Do come and join us.



Dark Mutterings

KEITH SKIPPER

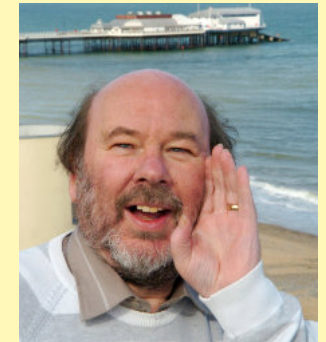
The following is part of a chapter I wrote about 37 years ago in my first hardback volume, *A Norfolk Logbook*. I called it *Dark Mutterings* ... and suggest it remains relevant in the continuing fight to keep our dialect in meaningful shape.

I accepted more than a week ago that parochialism no longer fills up your glass at sherry parties or even stamps a passport into polite society. The novelty value of Norfolk natives seems to be wearing thin. In fact, we're harassed rather than heralded in some quarters. Not simply labelled a piffling prophet without honour in his own county but dismissed as an anachronism in latter part of the 20th century. "So you're a local broadcaster and scribbler? But don't you have a real job as well? Oh, you try to keep the local dialect alive and you don't like some of the things happening to Norfolk Jolly good! Someone has to keep us in order! Have you tried Fleet Street? Or Panorama? Pass the olives, there's a good chap."

They've got you sorted. Norfolk lover is a euphemism for stick-in-the-mud, a pedlar in nostalgia, a narrow-minded refugee from Parishpumpland, a cold left-over from an idyllic pastoral scene. There might be time to humour you and say it's nice to see people building their own village halls and reviving that old-fashioned community spirit. The art of condescension is not dead. But you get no more than a crash course in harsh economics when you mention disappearing pubs, schools, buses and hedgerows.

Bringing you to the boil is easy. Watching you let off steam has its hazards. Champions of the vernacular can have a disarming habit of bringing it into play to confuse or confound the opposition. Many a scullery maid has cursed a dowager and lived to savour the tale. The odd serf must have damned his feudal landlord and been allowed to keep his chains. Dark mutterings in dialect have been interpreted by new village parsons as welcome signs of repentance mong the congregation. Schoolteachers are not immune. I heard of one who gave a pupil a house mark after being informed that "Yew duzzy ole few!" was a pre-Chaucer greeting.

Swearing in broad Norfolk carries an almost lyrical ring. And if you smile when you do it, chances are the target will consider it some kind of ancient blessing. Remember, too, that ethnic minorities have quaint little ways to go with the



words. Just watch the old regular down at the local pub get his message across to the keen new landlord who has to be trained quickly in local customs. The cap is slowly pushed back, and a gnarled finger and thumb pinch the lined forehead until it hurts. The old boy chunters into his glass as if in rustic prayer: “Woss the bottom dropped out? Look like rearn – but thass gittin’ on fer nearly quid a pint. Woss the brewery running short, ole partner I hev bin cumm in’ in here fer thatty-nine year. Could git ter like it ...” As his voice trails away, the glass, magically, is brimmed to the top. The new landlord may not have understood much of a gentle tirade, but he got the gist ... the beer facts.

That old customer has turned what could have been a bad-tempered complaint into an art form with a strange, subtle native cunning. Fear of the unknown or the incomprehensible will continue to hound newcomers to Norfolk. However, before we settle down to more good clean fights in an ever-changing world, there are traitors to be rooted out and brought to justice. These are the ones who really bring me to the boil. Sons and daughters of Norfolk who are ashamed of their calling. They’re not so much letting the side down as asking for the game to be abandoned. Trying to crack their jaw and pretending they have left their copy of Burke’s Peerage at home... disgraceful! A telephone voice is one thing. Cheating in public is another as it insults the delightfully durable qualities of our precious dialect and leaves the gate wide open for even more abominable bouts of Mummerzets madness on national television and radio dramas allegedly set in Norfolk.

**In conjunction with 1.3 East (Cromer Folk Festival)
and in memory of Richard Davies, Coxswain of Cromer Lifeboat**

FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

Present

A Norfolk themed evening of Music, Song, Dance, Poetry and Squit

Saturday May 6th - 7:30pm

Cromer Community Centre



Trosher Prose – 1st Prize Winner

MALCOLM ANDERSON

Down at ‘The Mardler’

“Evenin George, har yar gorn on then?”

“Not sa bad Charlie, har yew? Hent sinya fra woiyle, wire bin on holdy?”

“No, our bin busy on the farm tryan ta sort out the troubles”

“WATTON earth a bin gorn on?”

“Thass the marsta. Yew know he yewsta keep a lotta hosses, thas why they allers called him HORSEY but they set him back a pretty penny EATON him outa house an home. He went an STOKE up trouble for hissself with his Tax Return figgers an the Taxman reckon he was FAKENHAM an had a CAISTOR arnsa”

“The marsta he say ta me ‘Dew yew keep YARMOUTH shut or thurl be trouble’ but oiye reckon he int orl there COSTESSY said he was owt larse noiyt an SHOTESHAM rabbuts up a tree. They certainla orta BANHAM keepun a shotgun”

“Cum yew on, yur PULHAM moiye leg. So what a yew bin durn?”

“Ar bin helpun as WELLS oiye can but COSTESSY coonta FORDHAM ar hed ta sell tha hosses an orl hair got left is some a them duzzy ow South Merican LAMAS, a CATTON three dogs. Oiye had ta set tew an muck out the stables an nearla runed moiye good ow workin boots whata sarved me for nigh on tharta year. Tha missus said oiye should BINHAM but oiye int finished an still NEEDHAM”

“When oiye git hoom oiye left summa tha muck on the doorstep”

“Arma GISSING ya missus dint tairke tew kindla ta that”

“Yur roiyt, she was SEETHING an she say ta me she say ‘Dew yew dew that again an ull ding your lug”

“Moiye hart aloive after orl that oiye reckon you need a drink, whatull you have?”

“Thass good onya Charlie, ull have a pint”

“John, a pint a moild for George and a pint a tew for me”

“Tew pints cummun up Charlie”

“Torken a muck on moiye boots I carnt help noticin yur got some on yours as well Charlie. That look like CLEY ta me, HOWE come that got there?”

“No, thass DISS temper an ull tell ya how that got there. Tha missus a bin mobbing me keepin har awake with moiye GREAT SNORING. She say there int narthin agone inta moiye hid since oiye left SCOLE an keep arn ta me ta git up an do somethun an WIGHTON the sealun a tha scullery. Oiye was mixen up tha whitenun in tha pail when the bo’um dropped ewt an made a mess on the floor. Then oiye was SLOLEY workun moiye way acorse tha sealun when tha work cum to a sudden HOLT. All of a SUTTON a rung a tha ladder BROOKE, oiye fell orf an went SKEYTON acorse the floor. Oiye hed ta clean off moiye boots an ROUGHAM up afore oiye puttum on agin. Oiye dint ask har what she want me ta dew next”



Trosher Prose – 2nd Prize Winner

BRIAN FARROW

Sheringham Primary School

I thort I’d rite about when I was at Sheringham primary school in the 1940s/50s. The first day I went, my mother walked me down to the school an left me in the playground. The bell rung an we orl tottered inta the hall where they corled owt yor name an you went inta the classroom.

You set down on a totty little chair in front of a totty little desk. Insider desk wuz some chalks an a sleart which you larnt to rite on. You orl hetta keep quiet. If you dint you hetta go and stand inna corna a’fearsin the worl. We larnt our alphabet and a’ spellin words phernetickly. “See-ay-tee, spells cat, dee-oh-gee, spells dorg” we orl hetta call out loudly. That wuz the same when you larnt your tearbuls sung out til you lan’em orla way upta twelve twelves.

There were other things we hetta do, like handicrafts. We made heads for puppets by moddlin a clay head an then a’ coverin on it with pearsted strips a newspearper. Anotha thing we did was cross stitching with a needle on a bitter canvas, a’ mearkin on patterns with culled wool. I dint like a doin’ on that. I nevva finished one.

At play time we orl gotta little ole bottle a milk to drink, then we’d play games in the yard. Boys an gals pleared sepret. They warn’t allowed ter mix. Gals did skipping an pattin hand games. Boys brort conkas, marbles an cigarette cards to school an pleared games with them, or kicked a borl round.

Cors, every summer there was sports day. The whole school hetta trek up to the recrearshun ground and do different activities. Runnin, jumpin, throwing things, sack and egg an spune rearces. I used ter do the hundred yards rearce, i wun’t no good at long distance. I nevva wun but allus got a place.

Discipline for misbehaving was mainly painful. A ruler hit across the open palm, or you were bent over and were hit on the backside with a slippa. If you were really bad you hetta go and see the headmaster an he’d give you six of the best with a cane.

Every year there were school trips to the Norfolk Show, the Broads or Great Yarmouth. When we went to Yarmouth, we went down to the harbor an see orla the driftas linin the harbor wall. The Scots fisherwimmen were thare a’ hulkin out the herrings an putting them inter barrels of salt. My waad, they were quick! Pick one up, cut him open and out with innards in one movement, an hull the gutted herrin inter the barrel. The barrels were piled up about five high orl along the harbor worl.

Then we went to a cannery where we see them a’ mearkin on herrings in termarter sorse in oval shearped tins. The herrins were put into the tin, covered in sorse then into the machine that put the lids on. The tins were stacked in big trays and put in a big cooker. That wholly stunk in thare, not of fish but hot temarter sorse.

Then we went to the Smiths crisp factory onna Caister rud where we see them a peelin greart heaps a teararters to tarn them inta packets’a crisps. Cool! That was a’hot in thare, with thet greart ole fryer a’cooking on the teararter slices inter crisps. The crisps were put in bags along with a twisted blue pearper packet a’ salt. They give us three big tins of bags to teark with us an eat onna bus a’gorn home. Every one gotta packet. We blew up the empty bags and meard them go bang by hitting on em on somebody’s skull.



Trosher Prose – 3rd Prize Winner

BRIAN FARROW

Teddy Lux Craske

Teddy ‘Lux’ Craske wuz a Sheringham fisherman and mechanic on “The Foresters Centenary” lifebut. He wuz a close friend of my fartha and we used to go down to visit him at his home in New Road.

When I was about ten, I yewsta crearze Teddy to teark me out in his crab boat when they went

out horlin the crab pots. The boat was corled “The Liberty” .That wuz one of the last Hovellers opereartin onna North Coast. It was a lot bigga than the other boats an hed a three man crew. There was Teddy, his fartha “Old Billy Cutty” and his brotha “Young Billy Cutty” Craske.

One day in the skule holiday he sed “yes” I could go. “You’ll hetta be up arly cos we’ll be aḡorn at 5 o’clock.” The next mornin I was down afor five, onna west end an went down to the boat . I was lifted into the boat and told to sit up the front. ‘Old Billy’ got in an he got out a coupla oars and set inna middle of the boat. Teddy and Young Billy put down some wood skids onna stones then pushed the boat which slid on the skids into the sea. Old Billy rowed it back to the beach and held while the other two clammered in and put the tiller in plearce. The engine was started and orf we went. We run upta Weybourne to pull the fast shank of pots. The pots were horled up by hand, emptied and rebaited and stacked inna middla the boat. The tows we’re orl coiled up carefully. The crabs were measured, counted an put in a wicker ‘ped’. The undersized and sorft shelled were chucked back into the sea. When the shank was all horled (about 12 pots) the boat motored on and the pots were thrown ova the side in revarse order. Teddy told me not to move. He dint want me to get tangled up inna tows an gorn ova the side with the pots. Last thing ova the side was the ‘Dan’ marker buoy. We horled several shanks and got a lotta crabs an a good few lobstas. The lobstas hed thare claws bound with bitsa bicycle inna tube. I hetta set up the back between horls with a string line, weight an spinner and rail for mackerel orfa the starn of the boat. I got a good few.(I took some home for my fartha.). The pots were orl horled and we returned to the west end beach. I was put ashore an hetta fetch a coupla skeets. Teddy stowed the tiller and got orfa the boat and fetched the winch wire and hook. He got a rope sling, put it round the prepeller housing and

attached the hook to it. He signalled the winch man to start horlin. Him an young Billy held the boat upright and I hulled a skeet so that the keel dropped on it. I laid the other up the stones an the boat ran on to it. I fetched the fast one from the back of the boat as it appeared an run it up the beach and repeated the operearshun until the boat was right up ova the high tide mark. The horlin stopped and a coupla props were put under the side uv the boat to hold it upright. Old Billy passed over the peds acrabs and they were carried up the slipway two peds at a time between the three onum.

That was the enda my fast trip onna crab boat. Arter that I used ter go a coupla times a week. One time when we wuz onna way back young Billy asked me if I could swim. “No” I sed. “Teark yor boots orf“ he sed. I got’m orf an when we were about thatty yards orfa beach he threw me ova the side. Old Billy hed the boat hook ready but he dint hevta use it cos I dorg paddled orla way to shore. That was how I learnt to start swimmin.

Sad ter say thare int menny crab boats now at Sheringham and heath and searfti don’t allow boys ter go out in the boats now.



Trosher Poetry – 1st Prize Winner

JANET STEVENSON

Or right? Ho yoo doin?

On Toosday in that EDP oi saw somethin what appealed to me.

It seems yewd loik some writin
in our dialect yew say,
so oi thort oi’d write a po-um
oi hope that thas okay...
Now oi dun’t cum from Norfolk
oi was born in that old USA
but when oi was a right young un
we moved over hare to stay.
Now yew Norfolk folk are quoit careful
and take sum time to know
but recently oi think of meself as a local
cos that was 70 years ago.

Oi'd loik to write abowt Norfolk
wot a lovely place to be
Thars lots to loik around hare
sew much to do and see.
Take a bowt owt on the bootiful Broads
slow yew down and enjoy the vew
or strowl along the custline
whare thars sand and a doon or two.
Then thars Sandringham, a royal hum
and Hunstanton and Holkham too
and old Narwich Cathedral and Castle,
thas naming just a foo.
Moi favrite tho is Blickling Hall
where Henry wooed his Anne,
he was a rum old boy that king
a bit of a lad and a ladies man.
He just kept on a chasin har
ignorin wat they said
then, no sooner had he married har,
than, blast me, they chopped off her head.
But, hold your horses, oi'll be blowed
oi nearly forgot Narwich City
gal Delia and Boy Michael do thar best
but blimey thass been tricky,
Those Canaries are loik a yo yo
up and down each year
sumtimes they play a lot of squit
and if yew're watchin yewl hear.
"Cum yew on together, let's be havin yew"
to try to get a win,
then with a bit of luck they moight score a gowl
and get some points agin.
So, thass my Norfolk poum
oi think oi'm nearly dun
oi've enjoyed writin it
and oi've had a lot of fun.



Trosher Poetry – 2nd Prize Winner

CAROLINE BUDDERY

Summer's Blessings

Sum folks they go to cricket matches an sum to bowling greens
Or cyclin' in the countraside midst Norfolk's pleasant scenes
But of the summer's blessings, there's none greater, I am sure,
Than rising bright and early to go rowing on the Bure.

Well, bor, when I first learnt to 'feather' I failed with crabs galore
But now the art I've marstered wiv skill I wield the oar
and of the summer's blessings, there's none greater, I am sure,
Than rising bright and early to go rowing on the Bure.

What matter if I flounder, I'm only half awake,
I'm happy jest to row her, despite the odd mistake,
for of the summer's blessings, there's none greater, I am sure,
Than rising bright and early to go rowing on the Bure.

Wiv stroke both strong and steady, I pull the boat along
And on the ripplin' broadland waters I sing a happy song,
For of the summer's blessings, there's none greater, I am sure,
Than rising bright and early to go rowing on the Bure.

Wiv book I read mid morning upon the river bank
I relax with tales of pirates, forced to walk the plank
but of the summer's blessings, there's none greater, I am sure,
Than rising bright and early to go rowing on the Bure.

And sometimes I' av a picnic with sausage rolls with toast
And then I feel so happy' cos rowing is wot I luv the most
but of the summer's blessings, there's none greater, I am sure,
Than rising bright and early to go rowing on the Bure.



Trosher Poetry – Joint 3rd Prize Winner

VERONICA NEDERPEL

To the World's Worst Pipe Smoker

On a nice warm Sunday afternoon
You'll look outside and say
Cor someone ha' got a rare ole fire
A burnin' away today

But I can tell you now
That int no fire out there
Tha's my ole boy a smokin' 'is pipe
Puffin' clouds o' smoke in the air

Sometimes that smell so awful
Folk say 'wat a yer smokin' there?'
But he keep a puffin' an' smilin'
He never seem to care

He keep it in when he wash 'is face
Tha's quite a work of art
In between with the flannel
Until he look quite smart

But when he start a coughin'
The sparks fly everywhere
Burn marks on the carpet
And burn marks on the chair

He singe 'is beard and he singe 'is hair
But still that ole pipe is hangin' there
Sometime you know that int even alight
But still he hang on it with all 'is might

That seem like tha's a comfort
That wuz a mystery to me
But I just found out the reason
He were breast fed 'til he wuz three!
Love from ya long – suffering wife x

The other joint 3rd prize winner for poetry was Caroline Buddery who was our 2nd prize winner too. We don't have the space to include it here but hope that nobody will mind too much if we carry it over to the next issue of the *Merry Mawkin*.



Getting to Know our New Treasurer

DAVE KENT

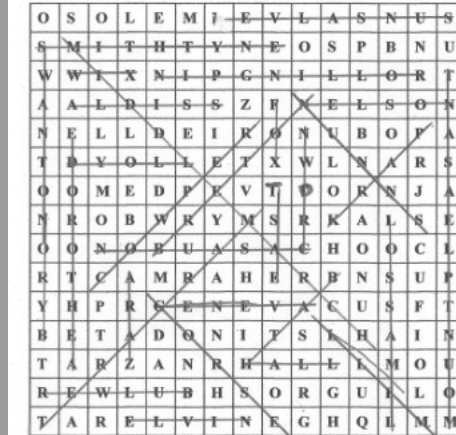
Our new Treasurer and Membership Secretary, Dave Kent, is a Dereham boy, growing up there in the 1960s and 1970s, before moving to Swanton Morley, and then settling in Shipdham, where he has lived since 1985. Dave is a retired full-time trades union official, who represented GMB and UNISON members in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire for many years. Dave has five grown-up children, and two grandsons, with another grandchild on the way, all of whom, he is very pleased to report, live in Norfolk.

Membership Renewals

If you have not paid your annual subscription since before 1 April 2022, then you will need to make use of the Membership Application / Renewal Form (which will be found at the end of this edition of *The Merry Mawkin*) and send it to our new Treasurer and Membership Secretary as soon as possible. It will be greatly appreciated if you could also make use of the Standing Order Form, which will relieve you of the chore of remembering to pay your subscription, and which will assist us by ensuring we have a regular income and we don't have to send out reminders to you.

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Recipe Corner – Parsnip Soup

ANN REEVE

At the recent committee meeting conversation, for some reason, drifted to making home made soups. Zena, Norman and I are great fans of soup. Norman insists that his soups don't have a recipe and are just leftovers. I expect we all familiar with what is known in our house as "After Christmas Soup" made from boiling the bones of the turkey and adding all the other leftovers. Sometimes better than the original Christmas Dinner! I am trying to get Norman to divulge what his "leftovers" are. Perhaps in a future *Mawkin* Zena might share her favourite soup recipe.

In the meantime I would like to share the Boy Toni's favourite soup. It's never the same twice; you will see why.

Ingredients and Method

Some parsnips. I get them from the Co-op when they've been reduced.

They are at their best in frosty weather.

Some oil. Preferably rape seed grown by Norfolk farmers.

Some onion. Chopped.

Some garlic. Chopped.

Some chicken or vegetable stock. I use those little pots of concentrated jelly made by Knorr.

Some milk.

Some butter.

Some Garam Masala. You might prefer some curry powder or paste.

Some ground cardamom seeds.

Salt and pepper.

Peel and chop the parsnips, onion and garlic and gently fry in oil and butter. Add the stock and simmer till the parsnips are soft.

Add milk and flavourings and blend with a stick blender, a liquidiser or even by pushing through a sieve. Stir in the cream. Taste for seasoning and serve with fresh crusty bread or garlic toast.

If you want to be posh you could make some croutons by frying some cubes of bread in butter to float them on top, maybe with some finely chopped parsley.

I have deliberately not given any quantities because I never measure anything!

This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------|-----------|
| 1. The Grosvenor Rooms | 4. 8 | 8. 1954 |
| 2. The Great Ouse | 5. Borderbus | 9. Binham |
| 3. 50 days | 6. 63 | 10. 97 |
| | 7. 18 | |



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