



# The Merry Mawkin

## View from the Hidlands

As Friends Of Norfolk Dialect square up to the challenges of a second year in operation, it is clear the honeymoon period is over - and the routine hard graft has started.

Indeed, as FOND's voice grows louder both in this county and beyond, agitation and aggression must be matched by achievement. When Aunt Agatha said: "Thass no good puttin' yar foot down if yew hent got a leg ter stand on," she probably had that sort of progress in mind.

It was right to put down proper roots, to set out specific aims in the name of conserving and recording our priceless linguistic and cultural heritage. Plenty of laughs along the way - and that will continue to be the case - but this is a serious campaign with long-term ambitions.

We have started work in earnest in setting up a sound archive and looked hopefully at the chance of obtaining a healthy grant to help with this project. County Archivist, Dr John Alban, fully supports FOND's ideals while the Norfolk Record Office eagerly awaits our first contributions.

By Chairman  
Keith Skipper

Much of the material could come from FOND members themselves as they share enthusiasms at our gatherings around Norfolk and in their daily dealings in village, town and city. There's a lot of natural talent to be tapped..... although it could be unwise to read too much into impromptu panto performances at the New Year Fling in North Elmham!

We have written to some of the top people in broadcasting to air renewed complaints about bogus accents in drama productions set in Norfolk. We have offered to help them get it right. We'll keep on moaning until Mummerzet has been wiped off the map.

Meanwhile, it is up to every FOND member to spread the genuine word, to praise or protest whenever necessary and to take a real pride in belonging to a growing organisation bringing a dash of colour to an increasingly grey world. Fare yer well tergether - an' dew yew mind how yew go!

## Sid Kipper's Larn Yerself Norfolk

*A selection of words which might confuse the unwary*

- Unwary** - not tired.
- Bare** - an alcoholic beverage, normally served in pints or half pints.
- Cuckoo** - a chocolate bedtime drink.
- Crick** - a narrow coastal inlet.
- Bud** - a feathered biped.
- Pear** - to peep or look closely.
- Ton up** - a root vegetable.
- Winder** - a glassed opening in a wall to admit light.
- Pitcher** - a framed likeness, often portrait or landscape.
- Gnu** - fresh; not known before.
- Sick more** - a type of deciduous tree.
- Moss could** - a system of signalling with dots and dashes.
- Hull** - to throw, or toss.
- And finally
- Chary-oh** - the Singing Postman's catch phrase.

*Pronunciation may vary around the county.*

## 2 The Merry Mawkin

# Cinderella

## A RUM OL' DEW AT NORTH ELMHAM

By Barbara Bishop

Well, bor, that wuz a rum ol' dew,  
There was Keith and all of his crew,  
Up there in the light,  
They did look a sight,  
Even the hoss gave a moo!

Now Colin he glittered so bright,  
His dress fitted him werra tight,  
The skirt was a mini,  
His figure was a skinny,  
He glowed like a thousand watt light!

Cinderella she looked werra glum,  
She hatta stay at home with Murn,  
And do all the work,  
She never could shirk,  
She scrubbed till her fingers were numb.

Along come the Godmother Fairy,  
She beamed herself down in the dairy.  
She could have been blonde,  
But she wiggled her wand,  
And things began to look hairy.

### Shirley Burleigh

*There was a strange fella named Burleigh  
Who got to the dew nice and early.  
His clothes were a mess,  
So he borrowed a dress -  
Now everyone's calling him Shirley!*

The Prince, so handsome and tall,  
At the Palace was giving a ball,  
The sisters were dancing  
(Or should we say prancing)  
When suddenly there was a call.

A bootiful gal he could see,  
Now who on earth could she be?  
We'll dance till tomorrow.  
But then to his sorrow,  
She vanished, leaving wellie, size three.

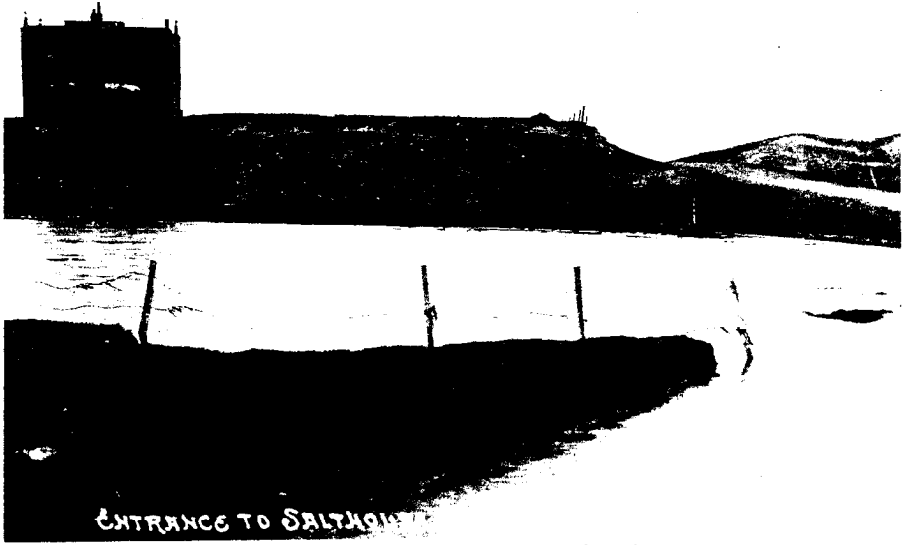
He said to his page "Look yu here,  
She must a'bin wearin a pair.  
On each door we'll knock,  
We'll need an old sock,  
Find her and I'll buy you a beer."

The sisters, they came to the door.  
"Now cum you on in, my ol' bor."  
They pulled and they squeezed,  
They pushed and they heaved,  
But the wellie it stayed on the floor.

Cinderella walked into the room,  
Whiskers say:  
"Where the devil ha she cum from?"  
The boot went on her feet,  
It fitted a treat,  
The Prince he wuz quite overcome!

So the panto had come to an end,  
The Prince had found his girlfriend,  
The time had soon passed,  
Many thanks to the cast,  
To them all our best wishes we send.

# Remembering a man and his folly



Randall's Folly, Salthouse beach

Anyone with the Christian name of Onesiphorus deserves to succeed in life, for it means "bringing profits."

This was certainly true of Onesiphorus Randall, born in Cley on August 11, 1798, and the youngest of five children. On leaving school he went to London, entered the building trade, and subsequently made his fortune from speculative development. On returning to Norfolk he bought Woodlands House in Holt - now part of Gresham's School - before acquiring Kelling Old Hall (now ruined) and the associated title of Lord of the Manor.

This is, however, not why he is remembered. His local claim to fame came through his decision to build, about 1860, a castle like structure on Salthouse beach. Just why he did so is not clear although his reputed penchant for entertaining the ladies has been suggested as one reason!

Photographs of the time show it to be a most unusual structure with double carriage doors back and front. This enabled Onesiphorus to drive straight through in order to turn his horse and carriage round ready to return again through the house and over a bridge which

connected with Beach Road. The building became known as Randall's Folly although villagers, because no doubt of the romantic dalliances which took place there, knew it by a much saucier and descriptive name!

Onesiphorus died in Poplar, London, in November, 1873. His "castle" was bought by the then Board of Trade for use as a coastguard station. It was subsequently sold off to become a holiday home. During the 1953 floods it was rendered unsafe and demolished.

**Peter Brooks**

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## The gal Flosstessey from Costessey

An uppity mawther from Costessey  
Was inclined to be fustessey and bostessey.  
Said her ma, "Now look here,

Tho' I love you, old dear,  
Howd yar row, dew I'll ding yer,  
Gal Flosstessey!

# Living in Great Ryburgh: pregnant pause gave birth to a new meaning

Some years ago a dear friend of ours, a good Norfolk lady, was bringing us up to date on the latest activities of various friends and relatives. Speaking of a young couple she commented: "They're living in - (she paused for some reason, perhaps to draw breath) - Great Ryburgh." It had been a pregnant pause during which something in the tone of her voice had led us to assume that she was about to say: "living in sin." With apologies to that estimable Norfolk village, whose inhabitants were and probably still are, the epitome of moral rectitude, the phrase "living in Great Ryburgh" subsequently took on a new meaning in our family. A meaning which, if applied to the domestic arrangements of many couples today, would suggest there has been a vast increase in the population of "Great Ryburgh".

In those days "living in sin" was a euphemism. In polite company it wasn't the done thing to talk about couples living outside wedlock. It was not even polite to discuss the subject of sex in general at any length. It was certainly

not on the curriculum at the village school, and parents were particularly uncomfortable when confronted with awkward questions from their children.

The result was that, even in the country where domestic animals and wildlife were indulging their natural instincts all the time and in full view, young people were remarkably ill informed on the technicalities of procreation. This could lead to some disconcerting misunderstandings when the time came for young mawthers to get married. The following extract from

BY TONY CLARKE

Thass a Rum Ow Job, the latest instalment of the tongue-in-cheek, and totally fictional, memoirs of the Boy Jimma, illustrates the point. Ow Jimma and his friend Wally Hogg, who ran the local boar service, were dicussing a possible match between Jimma's innocent and "nervy" daughter Jemima and one of Wally's large selection of sons.

"She don't show no interest

in boys," explained Jimma.

"Dew she don't look sharp she'll end up a ow mearde. I wouldn't like thet ter happen 'cos I arnt a-gorn ter be around fer ever ter look arter har. Dew yer think there's a boy in yar large family what might like ter tearke har orfa the shelf?"

"Thass a rummun yew shud say that," replied Wally. "I think I're got jist the one. He's a sopypy tule an' we're bin tryin' ter git rid on 'im fer years, but I reckon he'd suit Jemima a treat. His name's Arnie. Why don't yew an' the gal Liza bring the gal Jemima round ter see 'im?" Next day Ow Jimma and the Gal Liza arrived at Wally's house with Jemima. Wally had not been exaggerating Arnie's intellect or conversational skills. While Sarah fussed around getting the tea the rest of the company sat staring awkwardly at each other, nobody knowing what to say, until Wally finally broke the silence. "Well go on!" he said, nudging Arnie in the ribs. "Say suffin to her. Jist like I towd yer ter dew.

Arnie cleared his throat awkwardly. Then, reading slowly from a list of questions his father had written down, he

recited: "How owd are yer? Can yew cook? Are yar teeth orl yar own? An' dew yew suffer from any con-tage-ous diseases - apart from yar squint?"

More silence followed. Jemima looked tentatively at her father. "I dom't know what ter say," she stuttered nervously. "Jist tell the boy yew're sound in wind an' limb an' yew can cook a good apple pie," advised Ow Jimma paternally. "Thass orl he need ter know." "Dew that mean we'cr engaged then?" inquired Arnie. "Blast bor, howd yew hard!" exclaimed Wally. "Yew're a-gittin ahid o' yarself. Yew're gotta walk out with the mawther fust." So it was agreed that the two should be allowed two free hours the following afternoon to "walk out" with each other. When Arnie brought Jemima home after the "walking out" she was, if possible, even more nervous than usual. She made excuses and hurried upstairs to her bedroom.

Pouring some water from the jug into the bowl on the washstand she vigorously brushed her teeth. "What is that gal up tew?" asked Ow Jimma's mother, who always came round from next-door at this time of day. The sound of gargling could be heard upstairs. "I'll go up an' see if she's orl right," said Mother, heaving herself up the narrow winding stairway. Jemima was a timid soul, but if there was one person in whom she normally felt able

to confide it was her grandmother. "Whass up?" inquired the old lady. Jemima burst into tears. "Oh Granma, I'm in trouble," she sobbed. "I think I'm in the family way." "What'd yew say?" asked the old lady, who was becoming a trifle hard of hearing in her old age. Cupping her hand round her ear she leaned forward.

"I said I think I'm in the family way," sobbed Jemima a little more loudly - but not loud enough for her parents to hear downstairs. "Dom't yew bother about thet," said her grandmother. "I'm in every-bodda's way an' that don't bother me!"

**My friend at school used ter reckon that if a boy kiss yer thass bound ter end up wi' yew hevin' a bearby!**

"No, yew dunt unnerstand," cried Jemima. "I could be a-gorn ter hev a bearby. Yew see, Arnie kissed me time we wus out a-walkin' ternight, an' my friend at school used ter reckon that if a boy kiss yer thass bound ter end up wi' yew hevin' a bearby!

"Oh Granma, I reckon I must be preggerunt." Jemima collapsed in a heap, her head buried in her grandmother's lap.

The old lady gently stroked

the girl's hair. Then, putting her hand under Jemima's chin, she raised the girl's tear stained face and said: "Yew hent got no need ter worry, my gal. That ent the kiss what mearke yer preggerunt, thass what that lead tew. Yew're gotta long way ter go afore yew ever git preggerunt." Thus reassured - for she always believed her grandmother's wise words - Jemima dried her eyes and was persuaded to come downstairs where Ow Jimma and the Gal Liza had been trying very hard, but not very successfully, to make polite conversation with Arnie.

The boy's face lightened up when he saw Jemima returning with the hint of a smile playing round her lips. "Are y'orlroight now?" he asked solicitously. "S'pose so," replied Jemima.

"Dew thet mean we're engaged now, then?" continued Arnie. "S'pose so," repeated Jemima, a mawther of few words. "Good," said Arnie.

There was more desultory conversation about the weather and the likely yield from the sugar beet harvest before Liza said cordially to Arnie: "Yew must be a-gettin hungry. Ent that gittin near yar tea time?" "Yis, now yew come ter mention it," said Arnie expectantly. "Well yew better be a-gittin hoom then," said Liza. "Yar ma'll be a-wonderin' where yew're got tew!"

Even Arnie could take a heavy hint. He said his farewells and went home, leaving Jimma and the Gal Liza to send Jemima off to bed and start making arrangements for the wedding.

# The Norfolk dialect reading and res

BY RON FISKE

## No.1 The English Dialect Dictionary

The most useful guide to the Norfolk dialect is *The English Dialect Dictionary, being the complete vocabulary of all dialect words still in use, or known to have been in use during the last 200 years founded on the publications of the English Dialect Society and on a large amount of material never before printed.*

It was edited by Joseph Wright and published by the Oxford University Press in 1961. The six stout, blue cloth covered volumes were produced to match 12 volumes and two supplements of the *Oxford English Dictionary* reprinted in the same year.

Indeed the *Oxford English Dictionary* itself is a valuable starting point for anyone trying to locate a particular word.

While the Dialect Dictionary includes all English provincialisms, its value for Norfolk is that it made use of the standard county vocabularies and the manuscript collections and advice of a number of authorities on the local tongue.

The publications consulted were Forby's *The Vocabulary of East Anglia* of 1830; Spurden's *The Vocabulary of East Anglia* 1879; Nall's *Etymological and Comparative Glossary of the Dialect and Provincialisms of East Anglia*, appended to his *Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft*, 1866; and Rye's *A Glossary of Words used in East Anglia* of 1895.

The manuscript collections of Norfolk dialect words were provided by Miss A.G. Fulcher of Dereham (also a voluntary reader of the manuscript), S.I. Butler, the Rev. W.R. Eaton, Mr P.H. Emerson, better known for his local photography; Miss A.Gurney, W.Hesketh, H.J. Hillen who, I assume, was the King's Lynn historian; J.Hooper, no doubt James Hooper the best of Norfolk's Guide-book writers; Miss E Matthew, and C.H.B. Norton.

To these "collectors" can be added a notable list of local correspondents: Mr H.T Cozens-Hardy who did so much to popularise the subject, the Rev. M.C.H.Bird, of Brumstead, who did much to help him, J.W.De Caux, the Yarmouth folklorist, the Rev. R.P. Bosworth, of Fakenham, Arthur Patterson, the Norfolk natural-

ist, and the Rev. Dr. E.G. Punchard, of Luton.

With such a list of publications and authorities the value of the dictionary is quickly seen. As it also includes the dialect of other counties it is useful for the purpose of elimination - the words of a Norfolk person often come from a more distant ancestor.

Before concluding, it is worth reminding ourselves that, even in 1961, the authorities quoted were historical. Many of the contributors were active at the turn of the 19th -20th century. Furthermore they were often recording the folk memories of older people. The editor's careful wording of the title "dialect word still in use, or known to have been in use during the past two hundred years" is particularly apt. As an example of this, and as an example of the manner in which entries included region, descriptions, usage and entymology is that for the familiar word "Bor":

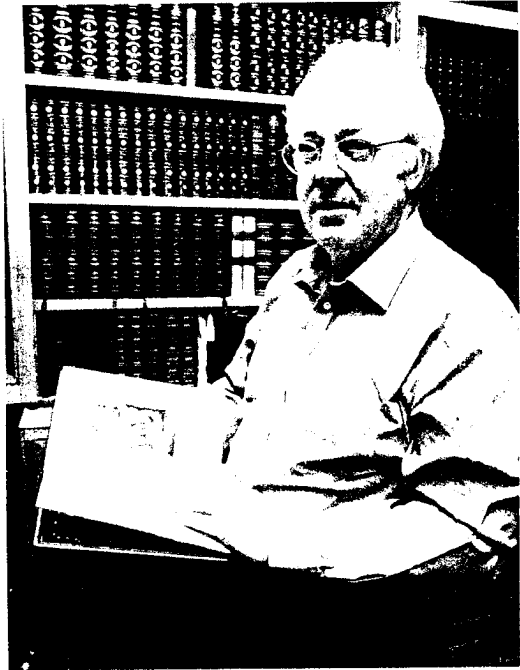
‘**BOR**, *sb.* Cmb. Nrf. Suf. Ess. Also written **bo'** Cmb.; **boa** Ess.<sup>1</sup>; **borh** e.An.<sup>1</sup> Nrf.<sup>1</sup>; **bour** Cmb.; [**bō(r)**.] A term of familiar address applied to persons of either sex and of all ages; neighbour! For the pl. *together* is used.

# lect: Guides to search

Cmb. Ellis *Pronunc.* (1889) V. 251 ; Cmb. <sup>1</sup>e.An.<sup>1</sup> One old woman may say to another, 'Co, bor, let's go a-sticking in the squire's plantations.' And the other may answer, 'Aye bor, so we will.' Nrf. (G.E.D.); 'I should jest about think yow du, Roger bor,' A.B.K. *Wright's Fortune* (1885) 6 ; 'Well, bor,' I says,' Spilling *Giles* (1872) 24 ; Nrf.<sup>1</sup> It has been wittily observed that 'together' is the plural of 'bor.' Suf. We address our friends as Smith bor! Jones bor! *e.An Dy. Times* (1892) ; 'Hullo bor! Where be you a goin'?'

(C.G.B.); Rainbird *Agric.* (1819) 303, cd. 1849. *Ess.* 'She's wäitin' for yer, roun' the corner, bor,' Downe *Ballads* (1895) 10 ; *Ess.*<sup>1</sup> [O.E. *būr* in *gebūr*], wh. forms the second element in *neighbour* (OE. *nēah-būr*). Cp. Holstein *buur*, 'chmals Nachbar' (*Idiotikon*) 193.] ʔ

It will quickly be realised that this applied to usage a century ago. Leaving aside the question as to whether the word derives from "boy" or "neighbo'r," it does not record the usage at the time of publication. In my childhood in the north-east Norfolk town of North Walsham the word "bor" was never



Ron Fiske - dialect expert Picture: ECN

heard. The word we frequently used, virtually as a replacement for a Christian name, and therefore chiefly to relative or friend, was "boy." It was never directed to the female sex. When I left the town in 1950, to attend school in Norwich, the word "bor" was equally never used and the word "boy" much less often. It was not until the mid-fifties that I heard the word "bor" used in conversation. Having read George Baldry's story *The Rabbit Skin Cap* I decided to search

him out and spent a pleasant hour with him. He told me about his homemade truss, showed me his perpetual motion machine and talked about his life. During the conversation he regularly used the word "bor." It was so unfamiliar to me that it sounded strange. I came away being uncertain whether, because of its strangeness, it was used in his normal speech, or whether it was adopted to suit his cult status.

# It's time to redirect our righteous anger to the scriptwriters

Much has been made of the role played by the dialect coaches in the perpetuation of the "Mummerzet" School of Drama, including the implication that many of these individuals have "caught the wrong bus."

However, there is a group of people who have, so far, escaped censure in this debate, although I believe they are at least as culpable as our current *bête noire*. I refer, of course, to the scriptwriters.

Let me give you a "for instance." The dialect coach spends an inordinate amount of the limited time available with a particular actor teaching him to say the word "anything" in a Norfolk accent, because the scriptwriter has decreed that this word will be said. However, the line to be delivered is "I didn't see anything," which is taught to the actor as "I din't see anything". This statement has an automatic propensity to lapse into Mummerzet (you try

it!). Further, anyone in the know would immediately recognise that, in the context, a true local would invoke the double negative and roundly inform all who were prepared to listen "I din't see noffin'!". Thus the line is wrong in both accent and aesthetic sound. In short, the

## A view by Outsider

scriptwriter has forgotten that local speech depends upon both accent and dialect. The best accent in the world sounds wrong if the words are not as a local would deliver them.

I suggest that there are very few scriptwriters, producing either original scripts or adapting books etc, for the screen, who actually take the time to listen to local speech before attempting

to write it for characters to speak.

If a play is to be set in Norfolk, and the script makes it plain that it is set in Norfolk, then the words the characters utter should at very least be written in the correct dialect. Dependence upon accent alone will not produce an acceptable product.

One writer who was very conscious of this was Arnold Wesker when he wrote the play *Roots*. He lived and worked in the county, listened to the people and wrote as he heard. (Any players who get this play wrong perhaps should sack the dialect coach!) But I am sure he is in a minority among his colleagues,, and it is perhaps time for the likes of FOND to redirect its righteous anger towards scriptwriters as well as dialect coaches who have misread the destination board.

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*Overheard in a Norfolk pub: "My ole gal find fault wi' everything. If I bort har a prayin'-mantis, that'd be the wrong religion!"*

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**Charlie's verdict on his oldest friend in the pub: "I used ter think he wuz broad-minded. Now I reckon he's jist tew leazy ter form an upinyun!"**



# Genuine voice of Norfolk

Actress Patience Tomlinson is a FOND member living and working in London - with proud Norfolk roots.

Last autumn she put authentic Norfolk on the national stage when she read some of Mary Mann's harrowing Victorian stories on BBC Radio 4.

Patience - and the irony in the name won't be lost on those who have long campaigned for an end to

gross misrepresentation - was born in Brancaster, where her father was rector. Her mother still lives in the county at Stanhoe, and Patience and her family are regular visitors.

"Let us hope this radio series heralds the start of a more enlightened era when it comes to the Norfolk tongue," said Patience, pledging her support for FOND and our growing band of members.

## Festival time

The annual session to celebrate our vernacular as part of the Cromer and North Norfolk Festival will be staged on Tuesday, May 1st.

All enthusiasts are invited to this popular evening at Cromer Parish Hall (7.30pm) when Keith Skipper will again act as adjudicator. If you'd like to take part contact organiser Derek Paul at 3, Church Close, Overstrand. Tel 01263 579688.

### Norfolk proverbs

*A trubble shared.....  
.....is all rownd the  
village in harf an  
hour!*

\*

*Thass allus best ter  
speak the truth - 'less  
yew're a rare good liar!*

LOOKIN' BACKARDS

# Cod liver oil an' malt kep' us a' gorn

When yer gotta bit o spare time, an' blarst I're had pletty a that leartly, ent that a rummin how yew allus think about when yew wuz a kid? People orfen say they were the best times, but wuz they? My par-ents never had much, ony kids, but at least they kep' a eye on us an' knew what we wuz up to. Not like nowadays when kids are left to run riot orl over the plearce, a 'kickin' up a shine.

We et well, thow kids terday would tarn thare snouts up at some o' the things we had. Mother use ter mearke a suet pudden nearly evra day an' we'd hev half onnit with meat an' grearvy, an' fer arters we'd hev the rest onnit with a spunful o' triggle. Granfar kep' a farm, though that wuz sposed ter keep him an' we were lucky enow ter hev the occarsonal ow rabbit. I asked Father how Mother kep' the crust up on har rabbit pies and he reckon she used humpty back rabbits. I never did know whether he wuz a'tellin' on the truth. We never had real pork sossages, they tearsted like bread crumbs. Fa-ther reckon thas cause they coont mearke both ends meat!. If we dint hev much, we had a few laughs, thow I allus got a ding o' the lug gollopin' my

grub into me so fast. Come autumn the hull family went out blackburra pickin'. We use to clawk them ow brumbles down with a croom an' fill our ow barskets wi' grit ow blackburras, then tearke 'em orf to the shop where Frank Edwards used to weigh 'em and pay us for 'em. I allus wondered why a bloke what kep' a radio shop wanted blackburras fer, but the money allus paid for our winter coats,

## By the Boy Colin

least so Mother say. The bloke what lodged longa Aggie Legood, down our yard, worked fer Eldorado Ice Cream Company and peddled a trike wi' a box on the front. Hot summer days (Yis, we used ter get 'em then) Mother used to get us a thrippenny ice cream orf him fer a treat, an' slice it in ter three bits on a sorcer. That wuz livin', I'll tell yer. Time we were four year old we went to Sunday Skule at St. Withburga's which wuz ony about 50 yard from where we lived. Old Polly Oliver took us fer lessons an' she used to com ter Sunday Skule a'pushin' a grit ow sit-up-an'-beg bike wot

han't got no pedals onnit. That turned out she never could ride a bike but she liked it fer a support an' had the pedals took orf so they din't keep a'knockin' aginst har shins.

Friday night wuz bath night an' we had an ow tin bath in front o' the fire plearce. The water cum in from the wash-house across the yard where that had bin heated in the ow copper. My sisters got dun farst an' I hatta bath in the searme water arter them. I allus hoped there wunt too much sludge in the bottom. I din't like winter time bathing cors I was allus afread the logs on the fire would crackle and I'd get bant by the sparks. Still, a bath once a week and a good ow spunfull of cod liver oil an' malt kep' us a' gorn. That musta stood us in good stead cors we're still here to tell the tearle.

I could run on fer hours 'bout them days but I better finish now. I kin remember lots of things from way back, but arsk me if it wuz rearmin' last Friday, or what I had fer dinner on Monday an' I coon't tell yer. Thas a failin' we all hev when we get old, ent it? The ony blessin' 'bout gettin' old is that yew kin hide yer own Christmas presents!.

## Lewis

We all know thayer' talkin' squit,  
Dorn know wha' thayer' talkin' about.  
Just you listern to young Lewis.  
Broad Norfolk 'll never die out,

'Allow-Nanny-was-a ma'a? Nanny where ya bin?  
Nanny I int sin ya lia'ly, when ya gorna come agin?

'Allow Nanny wha'-you-doin', where-ya-goin-a go?  
Wai' for me, I'll gi' my wellies, I-wan'a-come-a-long-a you.

Nanny let's gi' the dudamen, there's loads under the bath,  
You gi' some an' I gi' some, we can race 'um on the path.

Lewis mardle jist like my dad an' my daughter Kay.  
I dorn't think it's on the way ou'.  
Wha' do you all say?

Julie Slaughter

*Heard at an old Norfolk  
horse fair:*

*"He seems a decent animal  
but is he well-bred?" asked  
the dealer.*

*"Reckon so," replied Harry.  
"He's so well-bred, if he  
could talk he wunt speak ter  
either onnus."*

Overheard in Norwich  
Castle Mall:

*"Well, if yew arn't goin'  
to dew nothing that's all  
right then."*

You sort it out!

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**\* Articles, poems, letters to the editor,  
squit and other brief items would be  
most welcome for use in future editions  
of The Merry Mawkin. Dew yew send  
them to Robin Limmer at the address  
above, please!**

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Address.....

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Postcode.....

Tel.....

Send to  
**BRENDA BIZZELL,**  
Membership secretary,  
**FOND**  
Walnut Tree House,  
Forncett St Peter,  
NR16 1HR.

**PRESS GANG**

Keith Skipper and his Press Gang friends have another packed programme of Saturday concerts all over the county featuring Norfolk yarns, readings and songs. For full details and ticket arrangements, keep an eye on the Eastern Daily Press.

Venues and dates are:-

- Cobholm** (Yarmouth) - March 10th;
- Narborough** - March 17th;
- Broome** (near Bungay) - March 24th;
- Briston** - March 31st;
- North Elmham** - April 7th;
- Ranworth** - April 21st;
- The Lophams** - April 28th;
- Weeting** - May 5th;
- Mulbarton** - May 12th;
- Terrington St Clement** - May 19th;
- Hunworth** - May 26th;
- Yaxham** (in aid of Westfield and Whinburgh churches) - Sept 15th;
- Hunstanton** -Sept 22nd
- Frettenham** -Oct 6th;
- Gillingham** - Oct 13th.

**More deaws**

The social bandwagon keeps on rolling! More FOND deaws have been fixed for Martham Village Hall on Sunday, June 17th and Hingham's Lincoln Hall on Sunday, September 16th.

Both events start at 2pm, and there'll be plenty of mardling, mixing and mirth. More details later.

FOND's annual meeting will be at Yaxham Village Hall on Sunday, October 28th (2.15pm).