Autumn 2001 P+L No 4

The Merry Mawkin

Newsletter of FOND: Friends of Norfolk Dialect

LOTTERY LARGESSE FOR OUR CRUSADE

A postcard from Paris. A letter from London. A phone call from Felixstowe. A cutting from the News of the World. All part of a remarkable response to details of our Lottery windfall.

A grant of £3889 boosts FOND's crusade to preserve our dialect for future generations, paying for the first batch of recording equipment and archive fees as well as funding vital educational work.

We will liaise with the Norfolk Record Office and our recordings will complement their plans to set up an East Anglian sound archive. County archivist Dr John Alban warmly welcomes this FOND co-operation: "I think it is important to capture the Norfolk dialect, but they are doing more than just getting the way people speak. They are picking up a lot of other things about society as well."

By chairman Keith Skipper

To help launch our ambitious interviewing programme, we have enlisted the expert assistance of Stewart Orr, who has recording studios at Withersdale, near Harleston, and is a vastly experienced broadcaster and engineer. He will guide dialect hunters through the technological jungle, helping to produce cassettes and CDs as well as gathering raw material.

When it was revealed that FOND's application to the Lottery Local Groups Fund had been successful, media interest reached a frenzy. I was interviewed on both regional television news programmes, BBC Look East and Anglia News,

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Norfolk and its 'very sensible' present tense verb system

FOND president PETER TRUDGILL, Professor of Linguistics at Fribourg University, Switzerland, writes about a characteristic of the Norfolk dialect

Standard English has a simple present tense verb system like this:

SINGULAR	PLURAL
I run	we run
you run	you run
he/she/it runs	they run

The third person singular form - the "he/she/it" form - is irregular in that it has an additional -s. Mediaeval English, known by scholars as "Middle English," did not have an -s here but rather -eth or -th, as in "my cup runneth over." This earlier form is still familiar to us from the King James version of the Bible and from Shakespeare. Northern dialects of English, however, never had this -th but rather -s, or -es or -is. During the 15th century, for reasons we do not fully understand, this originally northern form started spreading south, and by the 1500s had made its way into colloquial London English, though upper-class and formal speech still used the original -th. Shakespeare, writing around 1600, used both forms depending on which of his characters was speaking and how formal the situation was. Now the -th form has completely disappeared, although it lingered on in the Traditional Dialects of Devon and Cornwall until the early years of the 20th century. In Norfolk, however, as in the rest of East Anglia, while the -th disappeared, it was replaced not by the newer, originally northern -s form, but by zero. The Norfolk present tense verb system is like this:

SINGULAR	PLURAL
I run	we run
you run	you run
he/she/it run	they run

It is a characteristic of the Norfolk dialect that we say:

He say
She go
He like her very much - Oh, do he?

This is a very sensible verb system since the -s of Standard English is redundant - it plays no role in communicating meaning since it is always clear that the verb is 3rd person singular from the subject (he, she, etc.).

One interesting question is why East Anglia is the only area of Britain to have this system. Other areas either have the Standard English system or else have the "new" -s for all persons: I goes, we likes, etc. My own theory is that it has to do with the

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Actress spreads the Norfolk gospel

•Brancaster-born actress Patricia Tomlinson lives and works in London, where she grasps every opportunity to spread the genuine Norfolk gospel. She writes from the capital:

Patricia Tomlinson: "Lovely to meet a whole Norfolk cast."

Isn't it funny how one thing leads to another? Last autumn I read some of Mary Mann's Tales from Victorian Norfolk on BBC Radio 4. A real treat for me to be given five whole stories to read and to be able to use my Norfolk dialect, which hadn't had much of a look in on radio lately.

Then Keith Skipper got in touch and we had a bit of a mardle on Radio Norfolk. Then I was asked to be in a play, based in Norwich, called Promises to Keep, by Vivienne Allen. The great thing about it was that nearly every one of the actors was Norfolk born and bred.

If you heard it, I think (and hope) you'll agree it was a refreshing change from the usual Mummerset that's supposed to pass for Norfolk. Christopher James spent his childhood in Sedgeford, just down the road from Docking where I was living. He played the lead, Martin, and very good he was too.

It was lovely and very rare to meet a whole Norfolk cast. I hope plenty of people were listening and noticed how distinct and unlike Mummerset our dialect is. May it never die out! Thanks to FOND there's a pretty strong chance it never will.

The sounds and the rhythm, the unique words and special humour must be preserved and passed on for future generations, not just in books but as a living, breathing language. Who would ever make sense of Mary Mann's wonderful stories in years to come otherwise? I am very proud to be a member of FOND and if it wasn't for Mary Mann I might never have heard about it. Thass a rum ole dew, int it? Cheeriooo!

Lottery largesse boosts FOND crusade

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while radio chats included spots on Radio 4's Today and the BBC World Service. National newspapers and magazines joined the fray - hence that mention alongside less cultural pursuits in the News of the World!

FOND membership has moved well past the 220-mark. Calls from all over the country and a hefty postbag, including that postcard from a Norfolk exile in Paris and a letter from a radio producer in London, underline the bonus of such widespread publicity.

Now it's on with the mardling for posterity - which doesn't mean sitting on our backsides !

Invitation to the marsh

By Ted Ellis*

He: That Noah's ark ha'passed away:
Tha's time to be a-goin.
We'll have a good old jam today
An p'raps a mite o'rowin.

Come on, m'dear; the sun 'on't wait.
I'll show ye where the flags grow.
If we go quick, we sha'n't be late
(Unless we find the tide low!)

Ye'll hev to mind yar step a bit
When we git off the carnser;
Them pulk-holes ent the place to set
Except for a' ole harnser —

An' even he stand wary-like
An' keep his mind on lookin'.
Or else he might flop in a dike
An' git a proper sookin'!

I mind the time I lost m'way
In one o'them ole night fogs
An' had to wait till light o'day
A-listenin' to the ole frogs!

That wouldn't've done to move a' inch
Wi' gnat-hills all around me.
I might ha' tried it at a pinch,
But no one wouldn't've found me.

Now, if I've frightened ye, m' dear
I'll take ye on the river.
If we shoot out by Go'leston pier
Ye'll hev to mind y'r liver!

She: Oh Alfred y're a one, you are!
I ain't a water-spaniel.
I'm goin' in a mootty-car
Along o'y'r brother Dan'l!

*(*From Ted Ellis's Countryside Reflections, 1982, by permission of Phyllis Ellis)*

A VIEW BY *OUTSIDER*

Be proud of your accent

A couple of months ago I had the gift of a ticket to a Press Gang show. For those who have not yet experienced this phenomenon, I should explain that it is an evening of Norfolk entertainment, songs, readings and humour with a generous dollop of local squit thrown in by our chairman for good measure. In short, an education. One of the items was most unexpected and left the audience for a moment stunned before they appreciated the significance of it.

Peter Whitbread, a regular member of the Press Gang and a classical actor of such standing that one could wonder how on earth he arrived in the middle of such rustic "hempen homespuns," performed a scene from Romeo and Juliet - in broad Norfolk! Explaining that in Shakespeare's time female parts were played by men, he donned a gown and headdress and proceeded to act the part of Juliet's nurse as she described her charge as a child - a Norfolk nurse - and why not?

Norfolk existed then as it does now. Indeed, one of Shakespeare's contemporaries, Robert Greene, also a playwright, came from Norwich. Is it beyond the bounds of possibility that Shakespeare heard Greene speak, and even liked the dialect?

After all, Shakespeare even mentions a "harnser" in one of his plays when referring to a heron. But my point is that the accent was unexpected in such a setting. And it got me thinking about other occasions when an accent, perfectly delivered, has appeared by surprise.

I suppose the first time I recall was during a junior production of The Mikado in Warwickshire when, in the final denouement, the son of the Mikado appeared and announced: "But the heir apparent lives!" in a broad Birmingham accent. An additional surprise for the non-locals of the audience and lovely to hear - but it didn't quite match the kimono.

Another school production, this time Androcles and the Lion, performed in South Yorkshire. The centurion raised a laugh when he (she in this production) informed Androcles and his companions: "I'm reet sorry fer thee, Christians, but tha'll have ter go t'lions in an accent heard all over Sheffield. This time it was intended to, and did raise a laugh - but it didn't quite match the sandals

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A NORFOLK CHARACTER: ARTHUR BALLS OF HOLKHAM

Larger than life, outspoken, fearless

Most of our Norfolk villages had their colourful characters in the past but, sadly, today they are becoming an extinct species.

Arthur Balls of Holkham was one such person.

Born on June 26th, 1902, Arthur Stanley Balls was the youngest son of Edmund and Jane Balls, and he had the distinction of being the last baby to be born in the Temple, located in the centre of Holkham Park west of the Obelisk, which overlooks the hall at the top of the South Drive. This distinguished building, with its dome, wide steps and columns, is now used as a shooting lodge.

Arthur's father worked for over 52 years in the kitchen gardens (now the garden centre) when fruit, vegetables and flowers were grown for use in the hall, not only for the family and guests but also for the many servants employed by the Leicester family.

Arthur attended Holkham village school (closed in the 1960s) and on leaving joined his father in the gardens.

However, this was not to his liking, working within the very tall walls, which he likened to a prison, and after a while he left went on Park Farm at Longlands.

Arthur was a plain-speaking youth,a trait which remained with him all his life, and after an altercation with the farm manager, he left the estate and sought employment elsewhere. For a short while he worked at Blakeney stonepits, overlooking Morston, but the work was hard and poorly paid so Arthur decided to join the Wells haulage firm of T & G Grange as a lorry driver's mate.

After his marriage to Laura Jarvis of Wells, they set up home in Widows Row, Holkham, later moving to Chapel Yard. In 1934 the young family moved in with the Jarvis family who lived in a big house at the quay end of Standard Road, where they stayed until 1952.

After the Grange haulage firm was taken over by British Road

By DAVID BUNTING

Services, Arthur worked for the Wells farmer and Holkham tenant Ernest Flint.

Following the 1953 flood disaster, Arthur and Laura moved back to Holkham and lived in a cottage on the coast road near their daughter Dorothy who, with her husband Geoffrey, ran the village stores until its closure.

In addition to working for Ernie Flint, Arthur also occupied part of Wells Glebe and raised pigs, calves and poultry. He acquired a pony and cart and was a familiar figure driving to and from Wells and Holkham. In the days of the last Rector of Holkham , the celebrated bull breeder, the Rev. Mr Rook, who later moved to Great Massingham, Arthur occupied the Holkham Glebe.

After the Earl of Leicester bought the Old Rectory, now called Park House, and turned it into the Agent's House, Arthur took over the block of allotments in the village and continued to raise his stock.

When I moved to Holkham in 1963 Arthur was constantly driving up to his patch in his cart, his loud voice booming with a distinctive Norfolk dialect, and was always prominent on the local scene.

After retirement, he worked part-time on the Holkham Estate in the woods department and he was the last person I ever saw mowing with a scythe, notably on the nettles in the park surrounding the trees that a tractor mower could not reach. He also kept an eye on John Temple's stock on Holkham marshes.

Arthur did not suffer fools gladly. Larger than life, outspoken and fearless, he never minced his words; he called a spade a spade. Not at all domesticated, he said housework was women's work and a woman's place was in the home, and his was outside earning a living and providing for the household.

Arthur was a true exponent of the Norfolk dialect, folklore and all the old sayings and remedies, and when he died, aged 78, on January 1, 1980, Holkham and Wells were the poorer for his passing.

Earliest guide to the Norfolk dialec

Norfolk antiquary and book-collector **Ron Fiske** continues his series The Norfolk Dialect: Guides to Reading and Research. No 2 *The Promptorium Parvulorum*

The *Promptorium Parvulorum* (storehouse of words) is our earliest substantial guide to the Norfolk dialect.

It was written by one "Geoffrey the Grammarian" who described himself as a friar-preacher at Lynn.

He also informed us he was a recluse, which probably means he was an anchorite living alone in a cell appended to a monastery.

He flourished c.1440 and, in the introduction to his book, apologises to the general reader for his Norfolk provincialisms. The general reader's loss is therefore Norfolk's gain.

There are six known manuscripts of his work but it is best available through the three-volume edition edited by Albert Way for the Camden Society in 1843-65. The book was Way's lifetime work readily recognised in the extensive scholarly and erudite footnotes. For this he made great use of earlier, rare, manuscripts and his own collection of some 150 volumes of dictionaries and glossaries. The latter collection his widow gave to the Society of Antiquaries after his death in 1874.

As we know from Thomas Scrope, another anchorite, and author of the Norwich recluse Julian's Visions, the 15th century saw a change in the conventual use of Latin to English. Scrope explained that he wrote in English to improve his own education while Geoffrey states he drew up his compendium "pitying the destitution of young clerks."

Geoffrey arranges the *Promptorium Parvulorum* in alphabetical order of English words, each being explained by its Latin equivalent and sometimes by its English synonym. The resulting work is a valuable record of 15th century English, particularly by means of an East Anglian tongue.

One cannot promote too highly the *Promptorium Parvulorum* seen through the learning of Albert Way. It is more than a vocabulary: it is, as the Latin suggests, a veritable storehouse of words, full of information on a wide range of subjects, particularly of an antiquarian nature. Unlike most glossaries, it is nothing less than a "good read." With such a glowing testimony, it is difficult to select a suitable example but, perhaps, the following will suffice:

PROMPTORIUM PARVULORUM

FROGGE, or frugge, tode. *Bufo.*

FROHENS forewarde. *Amodo, deinceps, actenus, decetero.*

FROHENS (frohethyn, K. .fro heyin, H. fro heyine, s.fro heym, P.) *Hinc, dehinc (abhinc,* K.)

FRO NY (or fro nere, K.P.) *Cominus.*

FRONT, *idem quod* FORHED, *supra.*

FROYD custummere, bat byythe of a-nother, as zerne byers (froth custumnare, pat byyp off a-noder,as zarne byares, s.)1

FROYSE.2 *Frixura,* CATH. *Versus. Frixa nocent, elixa juvant, assata coartant. Hec* C.F.

FROKE, or frosche (frosh, K. froske, or frosche, H.S.P. or frogge, W.)3 *Rana.*

FROST. *Gelu.*

FROTHE. *Spuma,* CATH. *spumula,* KYLW.

(FROWARDE, S.P.) *Contrarius, perversus, protervus.*

FROWARDNESSE. *Perversitas contrarietas protervitas.*

FRO WYTHE YN' *Abinter,*

t — by a 15th century Lynn friar

deintus.
FRO WYTHE OWTE (fro wit owtyn, K.) *Abextra.*
FROWNAR. *Fruncator,* CATH. *in nario, rugator.*
FROWNCE of a cuppe.4 *Frontinella (frigium,* P.)
FROWNYN'. *Frunco,* CATH. *in subsamno, sanno.*

1 A satisfactory interpretation of this word has in vain been sought. The practice of buying up woollen yarn for exportation was carried to a great extent in Norfolk and other parts of England. It was highly injurious to the interests of the cloth workers and occasional loss to the revenue. Many enactments appear in the statutes to protect both the weavers of Norfolk, and the customs, against the crafty proceedings of merchants, both strangers and denizens, "regrators and gatherers of woll." See particularly stat. 23 Hen. VI. c.2; 7 Edw. IV.c3; 4 Hen. VII.c.11; 33 Hen. VIII. c.16. Perhaps froyd may imply the artful diligence with which covetous traders persisted in eluding the statutes and robbing the staple manufacturers of Norfolk. Jamieson explains "frody" as signifying cunning; Teut, vroed, *industrius, attentus, ad rem.* In the North, according to Brockett, froating means anxious unremitting industry.

2 A pancake is called in the Eastern counties a froyse, a term derived, as Skinner conjectures, either from *frixare*, or the French *froisser,* because the substances of which it is compounded are beaten up together. Forby gives, as a Norfolk proverb, the following phrase: "If it won't pudding, it will froize;" if it won't do for one purpose, it will for another. See ancient recipes in the Forme of Cury, p. 96; and the "Kalendare de Leche metys. Froys out of Lentyn." Harl. MS. 299, f.36. "Froyse of egges, *uovte d'oevfz.*" PALSG: *Voulte d'oeufs* is the ancient appellation of an omelete. "*Fritilla*, a froyse or pancake." ELYOT.

3 A small frog, according to Forby, is called in Norfolk a fresher. The distinction which appears to be here made between FROGGE , tode, and FROKE, or frosche, is possibily dialectical; they seem properly, however, to be synonymous, the former derived from A.S. frogga, *rana,* while the latter assimilates more nearly to the Germ. frosch, Dan. frosk, a frog. TOODE, fowle wyrme, occurs hereafter. "*Rana*, a froske, or frogge." ORTUS. "A froske, *agredula, rana, rubeta, ranula."* CATH. ANG. In the Golden Legend, in the Life of St Peter, is a relation of the deceit practised upon Nero by his physicians, when he ordered them, "Make ye me wt chylde, and after to be delyuered, yt I may know what payne my moder suffred: which by craft they gaue to hym a yonge frosshe to drynke, and it grewe in his bely."

Be proud of your accent

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and breastplate.

Also in Sheffield, while I was helping at a creche looking after the youngsters of immigrant women who were being taught English, during a fairly lively game one simply beautiful little girl of Indian origin came out with a string of absolute backstreet Sheffield in one of the purest accents I ever heard while living there. It stopped me dead — but it didn't quite match the fabulous miniature sari.

All memorable moments and all due to hearing local speech in its right locality — just unexpectedly. None of the exponents felt embarrassed or demeaned by use of the accent, it was pure instinct — just as it should be.

Be proud of your accent, wherever it comes from, whether it is absolutely pure or not (mine is a monstrous hybrid). You may have to explain some of the dialect occasionally to incomers, but maintaining all local speech is important and is part of the heritage of England.

HARE WE GOO AGIN

Skule days and the hid-marster's caane

By The Boy Colin

Since I writ that laarst bit in yar newsletter I're bin bombarded by two people wot're arsked me ter do anuther bit. I say tew'em, "Hold yew hard," I say, thare's ony a sartain amount a juice wot yew ken skweez outta an orange. But they say, "Yar allus full a slaaver 'bout suffin, orl yew're gotta dew is write it down." So, hare we goo agin.

Thare's allus a good yarn or tew about yar skule days so I thowt I'd gi' ya a bitta that this time. I dorn't recall tew much about my time at Infant Skule 'cept that wus in Lunnon Rud and wus a helluva walk from the top end o' Norridge Rud whare I lived in a little ow cottage. Mother packed me up some sandwiches fer me dinner, and wrapped 'em in a rud map. Dew yew reckon she was tryin' ter tell me suffin? Wot I kin remember is larnin' my ABCs orfer cards wot the teecher held up fer us and arter dinner hevvin' a lay down on a bed fer a sleep.

By the time I got to Dereham Chach Skule on tha corner o' Cemtery Rud, Hitler had started playin' silly buggers an' singin' "If I ruled the waarld" (ony in Garman, o'course!) We din't know reely wot to expect when they dished us out with them thare gas masks.

Mind yew, in some caarses that improved the looks o' some on us. Th'ow skule winders were criss-crorst wi' sticky plarster in caarse wun a them Jerry bombs blew 'em out. Mind yew, us kids wunt skeered a nothin' like that, we wus more frit o' the hid-marster's caane.

The fust day we got thare he say, "I hope yar orl gorn'ta behearve yarselves, then we'll git on orlright, but dew yew don't I'll hatta intrerduce yew ter my frend." With no more t'do he horled out this caane and bent wun end round ter touch th'other. Blarst, that put the wind uppa me and dew I dun anything wrong, he never found outta 'bout it, so I never had a teearst o' "his frend."

He yewsta tearke us up the Netterd a'playing cricket in the summer an' he reckoned he'd give a tanner to any boy wot took a hat-trick. He wus allus umpire, so if any boy took three on the trot he'd allus shout "No ball" fer the last one so he din't hatta pay out.

Wun night them ow Jerries dropped some Aunty Parsonnel bombs along Norridge Rud. We called 'em butterfloy bombs corse they looked like butterfloys.

They wus sposed ter blow yer ter kingdom cum dew you go anywhere nigh 'em but the mornin' arter the reard our brearve Civil Defence blokes wus a 'pokin' in the hedge ter find 'em wi' three-foot caanes!

Anyway that wus orl in the pearpers a long time ago an' a corse we wun with a bit o' help from the Yanks and Mr Starling. Next time they hadda go at us wus at Wembley in 1966 and we dunnum agin.

I shall hatta finish now, tha missus's dumplins are boilin' over. Fare ye well.

Cummin' an' goin'

The farmhands met as usual in the cartshed to await orders for the day.

Bertie, on being given instructions, replied: "Well, ter tell yew the truth, marster, I're cum ter tell yew I en't a'cummin. I'm gorn ter stop at hoom an' go to Norridge."

Dot Kipper's handy household hints

*From Cod Pieces, by Chris Sugden and Sid Kipper**

EGG SOUP

This here is a very rich and satisfying soup what is ecumenical and never fail.

METHOD: Just you take one egg per person and pop them into a saucepan - but take care you don't crack the shells, or that'll spoil the broth. Now, pour in just enough cold water to cover up over the top of the eggs. Put the pan on the range and, when it boil, get Sid to sing The Egg Boiling Song, which ought to take exactly four minutes and a half if he know what's good for him. Then you just pop out the eggs again, and serve up the soup before it get cold.

TIP: You can rinse the eggs off after and use them again as often as you wish.

ANTIMACASSEROLE

This here is what you might rightly call slow food, due to it taking a long time in the cooking.

METHOD: Take two or three antimacassars and put them in an old pot with some fresh water and seasonal veg. Pop it in the bottom of the oven and cook it really slow until the antimacassars are all tender, which

Sid: The Egg Boiling Song

should take about three months or thereabouts. Then pop it out of the oven again and serve it up with seasonal veg, which will be different by now to the ones what you used when you first started.

TIP: For a fuller flavour you want to make sure the anti macassars have been well used. My boy Sid could probably help you out there, due to his hair cream.

HORSERADISH WINE

This here wine have a combination of kick and bite, which my boy Sid reckon must come from the horse.

METHOD: Take one horse and one radish. Mix them up well, tread them thoroughly and then make the wine just like you would any other wine. When it's finished fomenting you can decant it off, and bury the horse.

TIP: Try drinking it lying down. That save a lot of bother later.

CHOCOLATE FINGERS

This here is always popular with the kiddies, which is more than you can say for a good ding of the lug, though I dare say that'd benefit them a sight more.

METHOD: First buy some chocolate, owing to the fact there won't be none in the house because of Sid having eaten it all. Then melt it over a low heat. You can use a tall heat if you like, but then you'll only have to stand on a chair to see when the chocolate have melted. Then you just pour it into a bowl and let people dip their fingers in how they like.

TIP: If you don't want to catch someone else's germans, make you sure to have the first dip.

**To be published in October by The Mousehold Press*

A Norfolk bazaar (bizarre?)

(Sung to the tune of The Old Bazaar in Cairo)

Sandbags, windbags, views of Beeston Bump,
Fat mawthers, thin mawthers, some a little plump;
Slave mawthers sold here, fifty bob a lump,
On the stones at Swaffham.

Oily bits, greasy bits, widgets for your car,
Genuine Stiffkey cockles in a jar;
Funny little odds and ends floating down the Nar,
On the stones at Swaffham.

Pakamacs, welly boots, what a strange affair
Blonde mawthers, short mawthers, some with ginger hair.
The rest of this was funny but the censor cut it there,
We're on the stones at Swaffham.

B.B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Larn yerself Norfolk

Dear Sar,
When I drawed down ter breakfust this mornin' I went and picked up the pust off'a the mat agin the front door and found I'd got a copy of The Merry Mawkin. As I set there a'musin over my museli I staarted a'readin onnit and spotted Sid Kipper's list of wuds on the front pearge and thort as how I'd rite yew a latter and try and fit them all in.

Well here goes. When I wook up arlier, just 'afore daylight, I had the **buds** a'singin' and I **peared** outa the **winder** ter see what they wuss. A'corse I coon't see nothin', cud I, corse that wus still dark. Anyway, I'd slept well and wus unwary corse I'd hed a glarss o'**bare** and a mug o'**cuckoo** larst night afore I went ter bed. Afore I went downstairs and med a cup o'tea I **peared** agin outa the back **winder** and that looked a rare **pitcher** out there under the lights from the Norfolk and Norridge Horspital. Everything right **gnu**. Even the stump of the old **sick more** tree wot we use as a linin pust din't look outta plearce. Our back garden is all down ter grass and flowers so we hint got no **tonups** but I felt like a'**hulling** somethin' at the old cat wot wus a'scrappin' in the flower bed. Instead, I tapped on the **winder** like sum o'that **Moss could** ter frighten it orf. That hed rearned overnight and the warter wus a'runnin' down the parth like a **crick** (I know we arnt near the coost but thass the only way I cud work that one in!)

Well, fare yew well tergether. **Chary-oh** for now.

The Boy Roger,
Roger Mapes
(pronounced Mearpes),
Norwich.

PS: You'll hatta excuse the spellin'. Althow I went ter the searme skule as our President, I dint get an O-level in Norfolk — only French and Jarman!

Thass a noyce littl'ole dorg yew got there.....

My sister-in-law has sent us the Spring 2001 copy of The Merry Mawkin, which we found very entertaining.

When we get back to Norfolk we find we do not need to go into more than one shop before we are speaking the vernacular again.

I thought you might appreciate the following squit or troip:

A very elegant lady was walking along Yarmouth Prom with a little peke on the end of a lead when she met a little urchin from out of the Rows. The conversation was recorded as follows:

LU: Thass a noyce littl'ole dorg yew got there.

EL: It's not a little *dorg;* it's a little *dog.*

LU: Well, thass a'rummun, coz thaat look juss like a littl' dorg.

Our children, then aged about 10 and seven, were playing near my mother's in Lowestoft (I hesitate to mention that to you!) when one of the local kids called to another: "Shut yar gob, yew gret tool." Horrified that they might be learning the wrong thing, I asked the elder daughter what the little boy had said and I was delighted when she replied that she did not know.

Please pass our name to Brenda Bizzell because we really must join. *(Done! — Ed.)*

Alan Twelvetree,
Tetbury,
Gloucestershire.

• Any letters for these columns in the Christmas edition of The Merry Mawkin will be very welcome. (Address on Page 19; deadline Nov. 30th).

THE DAY THAT SIR CAME UP TRUMPS

Although I am a foreigner, having only lived here since 1936, I am interested in keeping regional dialects. Also, my late wife could speak the language.

When I got my first teaching job in Norwich, I was reading an extract from The Pied Piper of Hamlin to the 50 boys in my class. When reading the line: "The trump of Domesday," the whole class went into hysterics! They couldn't or wouldn't tell me why and I did not find out until I asked my landlady - who was a bit embarrassed.

Other things I came across which were completely new to me were: Pingling; tomato soap; rododemdrums; hydergeraniums; S'goon on?; carse med; I din't orter went; them's their habits.

Once when sitting in a pub at Pulham Market on a blazing hot day, with a gentle light breeze, the landlord came in and said: "I shunt goo out there, there's hully a rare tempest blowin'."

A music teacher asked the children to write about sharps and flats. One child wrote: "When they built our estate they put up a lot of new sharps and flats."

I find my first Merry Mawkin extremely interesting. Keep you a'troshin'.

Norris W. Winstone,
Norwich.

At last. we were back home in Norfolk!

It was a few days before Christmas, 1941. My mother, younger brother, small sister and myself were travelling back to Yarmouth by train, after being evacuated to the mining village of Langold in Nottinghamshire in June, 1940. We had been travelling for most of the day, having boarded the train at Worksop and changing trains twice and we were all getting tired. We arrived at a very busy Norwich Thorpe station in the early evening , in the blackout, and my lasting memory is of hearing a railway porter shout out several times, "All change for Yarmouth" in a very broad Norfolk accent. This sounded wonderful to me as it was the first time in 18 months that I had heard real Norfolk dialect, and even at the age of 12 it made a deep impression on me which I have never forgotten.

AT LAST, WE WERE BACK HOME IN NORFOLK!!

Dennis W. Watts,
Yarmouth.

Thass rainin' agin 'afore dinna

Dear Sar,

Thet ole barrowmeter fare tew shewt up an down a rare lot theese days. Yew look at't in thuh mornin'; thet say fine, an thass rainin' agin 'afore dinna. Sometimes thet say settled an within a werra short toime thassa thunderin' an' lightnin' enuf tew break a tile. Horry say thass orl tew dew wi this heer global warmin' wot thay keep torkin' abowt. So Oi tell'm tew go an sell them eskimoos a few more refrigerators an help kewl ut down a bit. His reply wornt fit for to print so I sharn't rite wot he sed.

Martha tew errant nephew: Ho"How menny more toimes hev I gotta tell yew nut tew dew ut, 'afore yew dew wot Oi tell yuh nut tew dew?"

Village handyman wus arsked by thuh lady of thuh big house tew repair har garden pump. He dun ut an' she say, "How much is ut?" He say, "Harf-a-crown." She say, "How dew yew arrive at thet figure?" He say, "Sixpence fer thuh washer an' two bob fer knowin' weer tew put ut."

Brother Will,
Thuh Hovel,
1, Muckbarrer Farst,
Little Swearin',
Nr Cussun,
Oathes.

NORFOLK BY ADOPTION 1: An occasional series in which the contributors, though not Norfolk-born, have made their permanent home here. Author, publisher and ex-EDP features and leader writer **BRUCE ROBINSON** originally cycled over from Lincolnshire.. .....

Land of mystery and freedom

To a raw-boned teenager born just the other side of the war, who grew up in a marshland town in South Lincolnshire in the 1940s and 1950s, Norfolk represented a kind of Eden. It was a land of mystery and freedom, a foreign land, on the other side of the old windblown landlocked estuary which divided the two counties.

More to the point, it promised sunshine and hills, forests and leafy glades - all in short supply amid our never-ending vistas of broad beans, cereals, beet and potatoes - and, if we were energetic enough, the seaside.

Most summer Sundays a gang of us would pack sandwiches, roll up our waterproofs, check our tyres and take off on our bikes. We ranged a long way. Forty, sixty, seventy, even a hundred miles in a day if the going was good, the winds were light, and the mood took us. Towards Bourne and Stamford one week, Norfolk the next. Over the swing bridge at Sutton Bridge, through Lynn and along the old Hunstanton road. Then it was leafy Dersingham, Ingoldisthorpe, Sandringham and sometimes even Hunstanton, where we would stand and gaze at Boston (and Lincolnshire) on the other side of the Wash. Sun, good friends, dry Hovis sandwiches and bottles of Corona. Occasional showers, a beefy front wind, tyres encrusted with gravel and tar. The smell of the road. Magic.

I can also remember the day we decided it had to end. It was a spring Sunday in 1951, on the Hunstanton road just north of Gaywood. I was 16, the end of school life was approaching and a first job as a junior reporter on a weekly newspaper beckoned. But it was not that. It was the traffic. Even we had noticed over the previous couple of years that the number of vehicles was rising, to the increasing discomfort of cyclists. But on this day there was nose-to-tail gridlock. It was impossible to cycle, and the putrid air stank of fumes. We resolved to put an end to our jaunts.

Not until 1959 did Norfolk figure in my thoughts again, and that was because of another job on another newspaper, this time in Norwich (the EDP). But there was little opportunity to explore anywhere except Carrow Road and dozens of football grounds scattered the length and breadth of the country. Even marriage (to a Norfolk gel) and a young family allowed only occasional glimpses of the county's charms, mainly gleaned from family picnics or chaotic outings to beach or forest. So I suppose it was not until 1973 that the real conversion came. Then, another change of newspaper job, still with the EDP, suddenly gave me the freedom to roam (in search of copy, of course) almost where I wished. My particular road to Damascus was a quiet lane in Breckland fringed by wide verges and tall plantations. The sky was a brilliant blue, like a Sisley painting, the yellow-flecked gorse was almost out, and a light covering of snow dusted the treetops. I pulled the car over, sun-blinded and dazzled, and was converted in a thrice. Back in Norwich I rushed to Jarrolds and bought a copy of Rainbird Clarke's In Breckland Wilds.

This was the real beginning of an ultimately deeply satisfying fascination for the county which has lasted for decades. Countryside and archaeology, tales and secrets, villages and market towns, curiosities and characters, walks and forests and seashores. And so every time we, as a family, pondered whether to move in search of another job we talked it over and then asked, Well, where is there a better place to live? Bristol? Birmingham? London?..... get a life! (as they say nowadays).

So after over 40 years as a grateful resident, and with a wife and four Norfolk-born sons to prove my allegiance, if anyone asks, "Where are you from?" I invariably reply, "From Norfolk. And originally from Lincolnshire." When the 50 years are up, I promise to drop the "originally."

NORFOLK BY ADOPTION 2: Yorkshireman **DAVID WILLIAMS**, ex-Eastern Evening News chief sub-editor and EDP journalist, settled in South Norfolk three decades ago and is a local school-governor chairman and editor of the award-winning Cock Crow, the newsletter of Bressingham and Winfarthing Groups of Churches.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

It was at the WI Strawberry Fair that I was accepted as an adopted Norfolkman. This was some 20 years ago and my "adopter" was a local farmer who was so fiercely indigenous he had once tried unilaterally to declare UDI for the county but had failed on some minor technicality.

He questioned me closely and heard that I had first begun my association with my adopted county in 1953. This was almost historical and he was impressed. My best mate in the Army was a Norfolk boy - well, almost Norwich really. Hellesdon, in fact.

He got demobbed before me so while I was still keeping the Red hordes at bay, Her Majesty agreed to give me a week off, so I headed for Norfolk. I was met at Norwich Thorpe by Glen who had borrowed his father's BSA Bantam to transport me to Hellesdon. Suffice to say we arrived safely.

I saw a lot of Norfolk that week, including the Broads (a memorable photograph beside Roys lavatories at Wroxham), the coast and Norwich Cattle Market, where Glen's girlfriend's father ran the cafe in Bell Avenue.

And so I'm grateful that life dealt me the card that brought me to Norfolk permanently in 1959. I'm grateful that I was able to experience a Norwich so different from the one today — a bustling, friendly city a bit grimier but none the worse for it, with a host of interesting shops, pubs and people. I believe it's been all downhill since local government reorganisation in 1973 when we no longer had a borough and when the town clerk became a chief executive and other people were given long titles far in excess of their abilities.

So I joined the Eastern Evening News as a sub-editor after an interesting introduction to journalism in South Yorkshire. I enjoyed the civilised atmosphere of the old Norfolk News Company, despite the fact that traces of the old forelock touching still remained.

My first real confrontation with the Norfolk dialect was when, just as the Pink 'Un was winding down on my first Saturday afternoon, the phone rang and there was the Clerk of Markets intent on giving me the prices of the day. I couldn't understand enough to be sure of accuracy and I was a bit worried about his reference to "flying pigs" so I hastily handed over to a colleague!

Outsiders were in the minority then but I felt less of one after one of our regular Saturday lunchtime visits to the long bar at the Royal Hotel.

Alfred Jenner, who then had the title of Editorial Executive, was a regular attender. "Yes," he conceded, "all the Yorkshiremen we have employed so far have been all right."

I must have been in that category as I lasted for another 30-plus years.

After a short absence of three years away in Norway (operating Lapland treks for Norfolk folk) and then in the West Country, I planted my roots permanently in Norfolk. We bought a smallholding and had cows, goats, sheep and chickens, grew all our vegetables and worked round about 30 hours a day. For two years I worked for a farmer friend during the day and helped produce the Eastern Daily Press at night. So I learned about life in rural Norfolk the hard way – but I enjoyed every minute of it. And my children, of course, are Norfolk-born and proud of it. My younger daughter, at university in London at present, says she's coming home when her studies are over – to stay.

Home is where the heart is, so they say. My heart is right here!

Cromer: observations upon the town

A question of grass

In 1800, Edmund Bartell's *Observations upon the Town of Cromer* was published. It is one of the few of our local books dealing with, and written in the words of "the picturesque" which was then much in fashion.

The book was warmly received by the critics, most of whom praised Bartell's "poets feeling," his "painter's eye" (*British Critic*) and his apparent "taste and discrimination" (*Gentlemen's Magazine*). Despite this, the praise of the *Monthly Review* critic was less than fulsome:

"This publication contains a series of remarks somewhat in the style of Mr Gilpin, on a watering place which has not yet been much invaded by fashion. The descriptions are minute, and we suppose them to be faithful; and the language in general is not particularly objectionable."

The reason for the reservation soon becomes plain:

"In Page 29, the author speaks of a *tussock of grass*; this may be intelligible in Norfolk but we believe that it is quite new in a work of taste."

One might have expected Bartell to have cast aside such highfaluting censure, but he seems to have been a genial sort of man, and accepted it.

In the second, much enlarged edition of 1806, on Page 46, he altered "tussock" to "turf" and, in doing so, not only affected the rhythm of his writing but actually impaired its meaning. Turf might be any sort of grass but a tussock is a tuft of rough, coarse, uncultivated grass — exactly that which Bartell was seeking to describe.

R.C.F.

Our native tongue - rich as a vein of gold in history

• From *A History of Burnham Thorpe* by Henry Hibberd (Rector of Burnham Thorpe 1920-52) published in 1937

.....Then there is our native tongue: pure, pithy, virile English, rich as a vein of gold in history.

Harrow and alas! But I ought to have written there *was* our native tongue, for in this generation we have sat beside its death-bed. A weak-kneed desire for uniformity on the part of the school authorities, mated with the terror of the people to appear different from others, has silenced our pure English for ever. In my small experience there are three languages that use tones: Chinese, Norwegian and Norfolk. None of these languages may be satisfactorily written down in our lettering. Here is a bit of our pure English tongue to interest you:

Shutten Sat'day wor wonnerful hot. Ah took my fleet ped and crowded my babby down the loke past the plum pightle. One tree wor all a sosh, but the childer climb on it as it ahn't spalt. There in the swale I hapt on my mawther mardlin' wi' Mrs Sizeling (she live upright she do). Simly she'd just lost her petman; a rare pingler he wor. An' she all teetumataiauta should he go orf in a morfry or a tumbler. I give Mrs Sizeling the seal of the day: "Good mornin', Mrs Sizeling; mornin' to you."

EDP columnist TIM LENTON at Norwich internashnul airport

Hev yew gotta floight, boy?

Thass a strange thing, having an internashnul airport in Norfolk. Before yew know where yew are, yew'll hev mawthers speakin' all kinds o'forrin daleks.

Them mawthers hev a strange ole way o'puttin' things. I dunno how their minds work, tho' I expect they do work, one way or another. But if they start speakin' forrin', we wun't know where we are. We moight as well be in Hingham, wherever that is. O'course, we're not werra sure where we are now, but at least we got some idea.

An there's wuss: people what speak perfeckly good Norfolk will be able to shoot orf to places like Catalonia - an' we all know where that sort o'thing can lead.

Anyway, I wos up at th'ole airport t'other day. "Hev yew gotta floight, boy?" I arsked. I'd been troshin' at Swaffham , all f'nourthin', and I fancied a break.

But them ole boys din't know what I wus on about - which I wus surprised at, seein' as how they's internashnul. You'd think they'd speak everything. Maybe they're so busy speaking Catalonian, Norfolk go straight outta their heads.

One o'them ole boys up there arsked me if I wus a postman. I dunno what he was on about.Then he arsked me for a song. I reckon he wus takin' the mick. I bet there's radiation in them planes, an' that mess their brains up.

In the end I giv up an' took a break in Sheringham, out on the Bittern Line, whatever that is.

I was talkin' to my ole mate Shrimp Houseago, who's gettin' on a bit now, an' he say he ent never heard the like. He reckon them great-crested newts are to blame, but he allus wus a bit leery. Ever since his ole gal went missin', hear bin wuss. Yew can git anywhere with a map an' a bike," he say. "We can work it."

I dunno what he's on about, an' I don't reckon he do neither.

Norfolk's 'very sensible' present tense

(Continued from Page 2)

"invasion" of Norfolk in the 16th century by a remarkable group of people we now know as The Strangers.

These were people we would today call refugees or asylum seekers. They were Protestants fleeing from religious persecution in the Low Countries — modern Belgium and Holland — at the hands of their Spanish Catholic rulers.

These people were mostly native speakers of Dutch (Flemish) but there was also a good proportion of speakers of French. At the end of the 16th century, out of a total Norwich population of over 16,000, more than 6000 were Strangers.

People who are learning English as a foreign language often have trouble with the unpleasantly irregular third-person singular -s of Standard English. This well-known fact results in caricature foreigners such as Manuel in Fawlty Towers saying things like "He go crazy!" My explanation, then, is that the more or less simultaneous arrival into the originally "he liketh" - using Norwich of "he likes" from the North of England and "he like" from the foreigner-English of the Strangers, led to a situation where there was a sort of competition between the three forms in which the most regular form - and, I think, most sensible form! - was the one which eventually won. It then subsequently spread outwards from Norwich, the second largest city in England at the time, to the whole of the area which it dominated culturally and economically, namely East Anglia.

A Norfolk memory

Pre-FOND dew days: Martham, August, 1948, 53 years before our June dew there!

HUNT THE VILLAGES AND TOWNS

Compiled by BRENDA BIZZELL

There are 16 Norfolk villages and towns in the grid: sideways, crossways and maybe even upside down! They are listed below.

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

AYLSHAM
CROMER
DISS
FILBY
FORNCETT
HAINFORD
HOLME
HOLT
HORSEY
MARTHAM
REEPHAM
SALLE
TRUNCH
WESTWICK
WITTON
YAXHAM

Solution Page 19

Dew yew know yar Norfolk?

(Compiled by The Boy Colin)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 19

•Time ter put on yar thinkin' caps ter sort this lot out, tergether.

1 In which Norfolk churchyard can you find a memorial to Norfolk's world heavyweight boxing champion, Jem Mace?

2 Who was commander of 703 Squadron based at Tibenham in 1944?

3 What was John Chapman of Swaffham told to do on his visit to London?

4 It's been said that pigs might fly. What sort of pigs flew from Pulham airfield?

5 Who in 1954 was the first woman to receive the freedom of the borough of King's Lynn ?

6 Who set fire to Yarmouth's Britannia Pier in 1914?

7 Which Norfolk village has a bust of Abraham Lincoln in its parish church?

8 What are Stewkey Blues?

9 In what year did the last "Crab and Winkle" train run?

10 What don't Caister lifeboatmen do?

11 What was the same of the American serviceman who saved 27 lives in the 1953 floods at Hunstanton?

12 Sprowston postmill was destroyed by fire in 1933. By what name was it more commonly known?

13 Who led the Sandringham company of the Norfolk Regiment at Gallipoli in the first world war?

14 Who gave Felbrigg Hall to the National Trust?

15 Where can the grave of racing driver Tim Birkin be found?

16 Which is the oldest bridge in Norwich?

17 Which Guernsey-born naturalist settled in Norfolk at the age of 11?

18 Which Norfolk church, famous for its pinnacles, was nicknamed "The Cathedral in the Fields"?

19 Which family owned estates at Quidenham and Elveden?

20 Which queen is believed to have been buried at Quidenham?

21 What is the name of the collection of memorabilia at Weybourne?

22 Who did author George Borrow describe as "England's sweetest and most pious bard?

23 Which location was featured in a recent BBC TV production of Mill on the Floss?

24 Which Norfolk village was completely evacuated in 1942 by order of the War Office?

25 Who set up the Strike School at Burston in 1917?

26 In which Norfolk village did John Rolfe and his native American wife Pocohontas live for a period during the 17th century?

27 Where did the Romans build a fort called Branodonum?

28 King's Lynn's first supermarket was opened in 1960. What was its name?

29 Which is the oldest public-house in Norwich?

30 Who searched for the Loch Ness monster and Lord Lucan, played James Bond and lives at Reymerston Hall?

Singing Postman memories at Martham FOND dew

Singing Postman and young fan.

Thanks to Tony Palmer for a fascinating insight into the life and songs of Allan Smethurst, the Singing Postman, at a splendidly-supported dew at Martham in June.

Keith Skipper's book on the Singing Postman, inevitably called Hev Yew Gotta Loight, Boy?, is due out this autumn.

The FOND chairman has also been busy compiling a Norfolk Bedside Book, a collection of favourite prose and verse, to be launched shortly.

Just a couple of good ideas for festive presents!

Norfolk folksinger **Charlie Boy Smith** contributed to the Martham dew with his song in praise of our county:

Norfik so bewtiful

I see orl yar bewty with the sunrise at dorn
Where the baadsongs are the sweetest in the brite arly morn
Where the brords and the rivers flow leeshurly by,
Yew're a pitcher uv bewty tew eny man's eye.

Chorus (sung after each verse):
Norfik so bewtiful, Norfik so fair,
I'm prowd tew be Norfik, I'm glad I live here,
Where the butterflies in summertime floot grearcefully by,
An the sun shine so brytely from my own Norfik sky.

We plow orl the filds fer t'mek the corn grow,
An we olus rearp wotsumever we sow,
There's cockles and mussels an' fish f'm the see,
Norfik, ow bewty, yew're so good tew me.

There's shearp in the midders, an' boots on the brords,
An' we orl live so happily, like we wooz orl lords,
With blowters fer dinner and rewbub fer tee,
If I live tew a hunnerd, thass Norfik fer me.

We've the city uv Norridge, where the livin' is good,
An' Yarmouth an' Cromer, here jiss up the rood,
There's Tharsford, where we see the power uv steem,
Norfik yew're the arnser tew eny man's dreem.

HEV THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT?

Many years ago, a horse cabby meeting the last train at Norwich saw an old lady come out of the station, look up at the stormy skies and pull her coat over her head.
"Hi, missus," he called. "Yew'll git yar behind wet."
"Dun't care 'bowt that," she replied. "Thass 80 year old. The hat's new."

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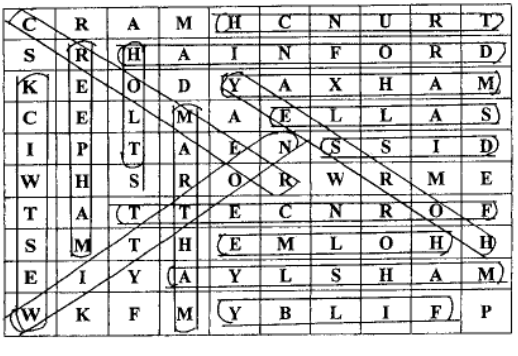
*** Articles, poems, letters to the editor, squit and other brief items would be most welcome for use in future editions of The Merry Mawkin. Dew yew send them, tergether, to Robin Limmer at the above address, please!**

HUNT THE VILLAGES AND TOWNS — The solution



Dew yew know yar Norfolk? — The answers

1 Beeston (near Litcham). **2** Film actor James Stewart. **3** Return home and dig in his garden where he would find gold. **4** Airships —"The Pulham Pigs." **5** The Queen Mother. **6** The Suffragettes. **7** Hingham. **8** Cockles (found at Stiffkey). **9** 1963. **10** They never turn back. **11** Reis Leming. **12** Crome's Mill. **13** Capt. Frank Beck. **14** R.W. Ketton-Cremer. **15** Blakeney churchyard. **16** Bishop's Bridge (over 700 years old). **17** Ted Ellis. **18** Booton Church. **19** The Albemarles. **20** Queen Boadicea (Boudica). **21** The Muckleburgh Collection. **22** William Cowper. **23** Bintree Mill. **24** Tottington. **25** Tom and Annie Higden. **26** Heacham. **27** Brancaster. **28** Elmo Food Fair. **29** The Adam and Eve. **30** Wg Cdr Ken Wallis.

They were nice 'n easy, wont they? Next toime I'll mearke 'em a bit harder!

— The Boy Colin

FOND dews

The next Fond dew is at **Hingham** Lincoln Hall on Sunday, September 16th (2pm) when Ron Fiske will give a talk on Norfolk dialect books. There'll also be home-made entertainment and refreshments. Admission is £2 at the door.

FOND's second annual meeting has been fixed for Sunday, October 28th at **Yaxham** Village Hall (2.15pm). Don't forget - written nominations for election of officers must be submitted to the secretary at least 14 days before the gathering.

Looking well ahead, FOND's festive fling will be staged at **North Elmham** Memorial Hall on Sunday, January 6th, 2002. Full details later - but be prepared for more panto fun of the highest order!

PRESS GANG

Press Gang entertainment around Norfolk resumes at **Yaxham** Village Hall on Saturday, September 15th, when Keith Skipper and friends are on stage for another programme featuring Norfolk yarns, readings and songs. Proceeds are for nearby Westfield and Whinburgh churches. Tickets are £6 (including refreshments) from Helen Crawford on 01362 820489.

Other autumn fixtures are at:

Hunstanton Town Hall, Saturday, September 22nd (in aid of Save the Children);

Frettenham Village Hall, Saturday, October 6th;

Gillingham Village Hall (near Beccles), Saturday, October 13th.

All concerts start at 7.30pm. Keep an eye on the EDP for full details.

And if you haven't joined FOND yet.....

FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

Membership application 2001

I/we wish to become a member of Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND) and enclose the membership fee of (please delete as necessary):

£5 (single member)
£20 (educational establishment)
£8 (family membership)
£50 (commercial company)

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms..... Surname & initials.....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....Telephone.....

SHELAGH LUMNER, MILLHOUSE WALPOLE CLOSE

Please return form to: ~~Brenda Bizzell, Walnut Tree House, Forncett St Peter, Norwich, NR16 1HR.~~ Cheques should be made out to FOND

BROME BUNGAY NR35 2RP.