

50p. Free
to members
of FOND

Winter 2001

No 5

A MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

The Merry Mawkin

Newsletter of Friends of Norfolk Dialect



Ring in the new - but don't drown out the old!

By KEITH SKIPPER

A fresh version of a familiar challenge confronts Friends of Norfolk Dialect as we square up to a third year of evangelical effort.

Marrying the best of the old to the most beneficial of the new has been testing the county's more sensitive souls for some time, especially in the fields of architecture and planning. Now FOND faces a major examination of resources and methods. Setting up our own website and

employing the latest recording equipment for archive material are just two of the ultra-modern techniques called into play as the battle continues to preserve and promote our priceless cultural heritage.



FOND greetings

Some find it hard to place dialect words and expressions going back several generations alongside the hi-tech jargon of a log-on, key-in, print-out technology. As one shameless traditionalist put it: "Squit and surfing don't really go together — and you can't talk proper to any machine!" Similar sentiments dominated

(Continued on Page 8)

OTHER PAGES

Dialect's place	2
Brenda's serenade	3
Recording trail	3
The Boy Colin	4
Watton memory	5
Sid Kipper	6
Ted Ellis	7
View by Outsider	8
Ian Collins	9
Your letters	10
Norfolk by adoption	11
Low Countries and Norfolk dialect	12/13
Song o' Sorlomon	14
God's Footprints	15
The Boy John	16
John Knowlittie	16
The Singing Postman and local bookshelf	17
South of the Border:	
Beccles dialect and Waveney wherries	18/19
Norfolk quiz	20
Norfolk wordsearch	21
One Foot in the Sea and Norfolk fishermen caught on canvas	22
Future events	24

2 The Merry Mawkin

FOND president PETER TRUDGILL, Professor of Linguistics at Fribourg University, Switzerland, reflects on dialect boundaries.

THE PLACE OF NORFOLK AMONG ENGLISH DIALECTS

The traditional English dialects of Britain are divided into two major geographical sub-groups, those of the North and those of the South.

The dialects of the North are those of Scotland, the English North-East, Cumbria and North and East Yorkshire.

The South is further sub-divided into two large areas, the Central and Southern areas. The Central dialects are those of Lancashire, South and West Yorkshire, and the Midlands - places where people pronounce *up* as *oopp* and *dance* as *dannse*, for example.

Norfolk is obviously, therefore, a dialect from the Southern area. The Southern dialect area divides into Western and Eastern. The Western area stretches from Cornwall to Kent and from southern Shropshire via Berkshire to Sussex. It is in this area that dialect speakers pronounce the *r* in words like *ca carr*.

The Eastern dialects - and Norfolk is obviously one of these - are divided into two main areas, the Central East and East Anglia. The Central East area consists of the central and eastern parts of Northamptonshire, parts of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, non-metropolitan parts of Hertfordshire and most of Essex. The East Anglian area thus covers north-eastern Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk, and is thus rather bigger than it was in Old English times. Among

the Eastern Counties dialects, Norfolk forms a distinctive, separate area.

As a result of this division and sub-division of English dialects, the geographical borders of the Norfolk dialect area have different degrees of importance. In the west of the Norfolk area, just to the south of the Wash, there is a very clear and important dialect boundary. This boundary, which coincides with the county boundary and the River Nene, is the major one between the Southern (Eastern Counties — Norfolk) and the Central (Eastern Central — Lincolnshire) dialect areas. On the A17, Terrington St Clement is Southern, Norfolk-speaking, while as soon as you cross into Sutton Bridge you will hear people saying *bootter*, *oopp*, *coopp* for *butter*, *up*, *cup*, in the Central or Midlands dialect manner, and notice that *boys* are called *lads*.

A little further to the south, the dialect boundary is less dramatic, since it is with another Southern and indeed Eastern dialect area, the Central East. Interestingly, the boundary here does not coincide exactly with the county boundary.

Some of the eastern Fens speak the Central East dialects more typical of Wisbech, Cambridge and Northampton rather than Norfolk. Upwell, Emneth, West Walton, the Walpoles and Outwell, although actually in the county of Norfolk, are Central Eastern-speaking.

(Continued on Page 7)

Brenda's nostalgic return marks marriage milestone



Brenda's serenade at Frettenham.

FOND membership secretary Brenda Bizzell serenaded her family on an emotional return to Frettenham Village Hall.

It was here that Brenda held her wedding reception 25 years earlier. A musical homecoming was arranged as her marriage milestone coincided with a Press Gang concert at Frettenham.

Brenda's husband Brian, son Keith and father Lester were in the front row to lead applause as she accompanied herself on guitar for a couple of anniversary songs.

STEWART ORR, broadcaster and engineer with recording studios at Withersdale, near Harleston, says his first job for FOND could not be bettered.

ON THE RECORDING TRAIL FOR POSTERITY

I was recently co-opted to the committee and I believe that my first job for FOND has been the best that anyone could wish - to go out and *spend* the cash from the grant that we so famously were awarded recently. After much consultation and thought, both within the committee and with specialists without, FOND is now the owner of two complete minidisc recording systems. These comprise of a profes-

sional standard recorder, with a high quality radio reporter's microphone. The recorders work either off rechargeable batteries, standard dry batteries or direct from the mains, and so can be used anywhere where the Norfolk dialect can be found.

The whole set-up is of professional standard, so that any recordings we make will be good enough for any end user, provided the operators get things right. Each set is

now housed in a smart varnished wooden flight case, custom built for the recorders, and lined on the inside with plastic foam for protection.

There is an inventory of the contents of each case and anyone who uses them will be asked to attend a brief training session to ensure they don't damage anything.

After all, each set cost us nearly £1000 — and we want 'em to last!



The condiments of the season,

Here I am agin dewin' anuther little bit fer yar Merry Mawkin. Blarst, yar larst wun wuz a good 'un.

I say ter my missus, I say, "Dew I dew much more a' this hare writin' job I moight tarn inter a author." She say, "Orthopaedic, more like, the way yew keep a' drawin' about. Dew I dun't look arter yew, yew on't be no use ter man nor beast."

Bodgin' about

She's allus crackin' on ter me 'bout suffin'. I wuz bodgin' about in the garden the other day and that started to hull it down. "Cum yew on in out on it," she say, "dew yew'll catch yar death a cold and yar old bronicals will tune yew up agin." I hatta dew as I'm told dew I reckon she's right.

Photo album

Thas that toime a yare agin when we sit agin the fire lookin' at the photo album wi' us runnin' about in shorts on Cromer beach and wundrin' where the months hev gorn. I allus think that them ow shopkeepers start thare Christmases far tew arly,

tergether

puttin' Christmas cards out afore we're had our summer holidays.

When I wuz a boy (hare he go agin, I hare yew say) I seem to remember that Christmas started in Dereham when ow Harold Hemment, wot kep' the sweet shop in Norrich Street, had a mechanical clown wot had a stick in its hand and that kep' a tappin' on the winder ter attract yar attention ter all them sweets and boxes a' chocolates. The other winder had a Father Christmas a'settin' on a reindeer wot wuz a'noddin' on its hid. Kingston & Hurn had a winder full a' boxes a' crackers and when yew see them yew knew Christmas wunt far orf.

Kids nowadays want computers and stuff but we hatta be content wi' wot we got.

My father yewsta mearke toys outa bits a' wood wot he got from the farniture factory. He wuz allus a busy chap and sometimes din't git round ter paintin' on 'em till Christmas Eve and th'ow paint

wud still be a bit tacky when we got the toys on Christmas morning. Still we wuz happy wi' wot we got.

We allus had a party when some of the kids we went ter skule with cum round ter tea. Sandwiches, crisps and trifle wuz dished out tew us and when the mothers cum ter collect their kids my father plied them wi' some a' his elderberry or wheat wine and they yewsta go home singin' thare hids orf! I think the mothers enjoyed the party as much as the kids did.

Snew orl day

I spose Christmas is the searme the hul world over 'cause that wunt tew many yares learter when I wuz in Har Majesty's sarvice I set hev'in' moi tea on Christmas Day in a house in Garmany, longa sum Garman people and thow they din't hev much, they shared wot they had longa me. The ow wireless set wuz a'givin' out Silent Night (ony sung in Garman, a'corse), that snaw orl day an' look real pictureskew outside and I thowt ter meself this hare is wot Christmas is orl about.

Thas enough ter be gettin' on with fer this toime, so I'll no more ter dew but wish orl on yer the condiments of the season. Hev a happy Christmas and I hope if yar had a bad year that the next one's better. If yew're had a good'un I hope yew hev an even better one! Fare ye well tergether.

Watton near Christmas — in 1948



Near Christmas: market day, Watton High Street, December, 1948.

Preacher ‘gave up religion to join the

church’

By **PETER BROOKS**

I chanced recently on some of the writings of the Rev. Charles Harold Fitch, Vicar of Sheringham in the 1920s.

He had an obvious love and understanding of the Norfolk dialect and an ear for a good story. He preferred the phrase “the Norfolk language” to the simple description “dialect.”

As he said, “We must never think that a dialect is spoken just by some unaccountable whim of those

who use it — our tongues express most graphically our character and also the conditions, racial, geographical and historical which go to make it, and in which we and our forbears have been living through the centuries.”

He felt that anecdotes reflected the ingrained temperament of true Norfolk people, and I have selected just three as examples:

A Methodist preacher fell out with his minister and decided “to give up religion and join the church.”

Then there was the young school lad who, on being asked what the disciples did with the scraps of food left over after the Feeding of

the Five Thousand, answered succinctly: “Hulled ’em away!”

Finally, the clergyman who visited a very sick parishioner who invited him to inspect his newly-made coffin standing proudly in a corner of the bedroom. When the Vicar remarked to the wife what a handsome coffin it was, he could not have anticipated the reply - “Yes, I s’pooze tha’s orl right., but I’ll be glad to see the back o’ it. That dew clutter up the place so”!

*The third instalment of **RON FISKE’S** series The Norfolk Dialect: Guides to Reading and Research will appear in the spring edition of *The Merry Mawkin*.*

Sid Kipper's Norfolk capons

No 1 - Boadikippa

Now I aren't rightly certain that Boadikippa come from St Just-near-Trunch, due to it probably not being there at the time.

But be that as it may, she was a very famous ancestress of mine. In fact, she was the most famous member of the Kipper family until me. And old Boadi was known for any number of things. She led the Iceni, she set fire to London (that's why they call it The Smoke), and in her spare time she invented the combine harvester. She was invincible.

(By the by, I aren't trying to say I'm the leader of the Iceni, just because of my relation. We done some research and as far as we could tell, the leader of the Iceni nowadays is Tracey in the hairdressers).

Anyhow, Boadikippa become even more famous when the Romans showed up. Now they were a proper nuisance, I can tell you. They wanted everything changed just to suit them. That's typical of incomers, of course - we still get the same today.

But the Romans were the worst, 'cause they had such strange habits. They wanted all the men to wear skirts and



Sid: 'Take the Icenic route'

everyone to take baths, and worship Diana and I don't know what else. Of course, none of that was going to catch on in St Just-near-Trunch. And the proof of that is very few men in the village wear skirts, hardly anyone worships Diana and nobody takes a bath unless it's absolutely necessary.

Anyhow, when the Romans come the other people who were living round our way were the Celts. You could always spot them, due to their habit of painting themselves blue with woad and then running around without a stitch on. I don't know why they done that. I suppose it was just a fashion thing. Come to think of it, skirts and baths would probably have been an improvement. But they never got the chance for that.

You see, when the Romans come, Boadikippa and the Iceni done the decent thing. That is to say, they fought against them and nearly all got

wiped out. So I suppose you'd have to say she was vincible after all. And Boadikippa took poison and died, although I reckon that may just have been a tragic mix-up with some washing-up liquid. That's easily mistaken for creme de menthe.

But the Celts didn't hang around for any of that. They all bugged off west out of the way of the Romans. So they didn't help us fight, and they didn't nearly all get wiped out neither.

Now we've got long memories in St Just. We haven't forgotten the Celts all bugging off west like that. We only forgave them for it a few years ago. And then, blow me, if they didn't all start bugging back east again, with all their Celtic culture and Celtic music and so on.

Well, as a matter of fact, I'm fed up with it all. I think we ought to have some Icenic culture to get our own back.

And you can all help, if you like. It's probably not a good idea to fix swords to your car wheels, but there is one thing you can do, as a sort of a protest. When you're travelling round Norfolk, to FOND meetings and the like, don't go straight along the main roads like the Romans did. No - use the back roads instead, and take the Icenic route.



REINDEER MOON



The moss is silvered in the glade
 This gentle night
 And ferns like phantom wreath are laid
 In secret light.
 A reindeer moon rides in the sky
 And crystal frost
 Crisps leaves to tinsel as they lie
 On paths embossed
 With patterns of a travelled way.
 Aside, I see
 Pricked out with stars unknown today
 A holly tree:
 Its berries mutely flushed with peace.
 An ivy cloak

By
 Ted
 Ellis

Steals radiance of a golden fleece
 From gilded oak
 And from its folds a weird flute
 Wavers away —
 A brown owl's tremulous salute
 And solemn say.
 Great trees tonight a cloister make
 And standing here
 Beneath the reindeer moon, I take
 Thought of the year.
 (1953).

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

Norfolk's place in English dialect

(Continued from Page 2)

On the other hand, Clenchwarton, Terrington St John, Marshland, St John's Fen End, Downham Market, the Tilneys and Nordelph are all Norfolk-speaking. This is because the Fens were mainly uninhabited until relatively recently and when they were drained people moved in from the west, south and east. The modern dialect boundary location reflects the extent to which people moved in from the originally inhabited areas of Norfolk, crossing the Ouse and heading towards the Nene, rather than from elsewhere.

The boundary between Norfolk and Suffolk dialect is even less significant, of course, since they are both of the East Anglian area, and the dialects are very similar. Nevertheless, there are plenty of differences between the two. For example, splinters are called shivers in Norfolk, slivers in Suffolk. A snail is known as a dodman in Norfolk, a hodmedod in Suffolk. And the term *left-couch*, left-handed, is confined to Norfolk. The dialect boundary between Norfolk and

Suffolk coincides mostly with the county boundary and thus the line of the Little Ouse and the Waveney. Unlike in the Old English period, however - no doubt as a result of the decline of the importance of the Waveney as a barrier - much of north-eastern Suffolk is basically Norfolk rather than Suffolk-speaking. Beccles, Bungay and Lowestoft are certainly Norfolk-speaking, and probably also places as far south in Suffolk as Halesworth and Southwold. These are places which "look to" Norwich (and where people mostly support Norwich City rather than Ipswich Town) and the location of the dialect boundary reflects the relative historical influence of Norwich and Ipswich as urban centres.

The Norfolk dialect area is, of course, not uniform either. There are differences between the north-east, north-west, south-west and south-east of the area. Gorse is known as whinbush in western Norfolk, but furbish or furrabush in the east. A mould-board on a plough is called a plat in northern Norfolk, but a breast in the south. And the urban dialects of Norwich, King's Lynn, Yarmouth/Gorleston and Lowestoft all have their own distinctive characteristics.



A merry Christmas, me ducks!

As thoughts turn to parties, socialising and familiarity (occasionally alcohol-induced) the various terms of endearment which may be employed spring to mind.

Reviewing the list, it occurred to me just how many there are, not counting the inevitable "darling" (Daahlink?!) so beloved of the social climbers.

Also, how many seem to refer to animals, especially birds. During my childhood in the Midlands I was always "me duck." Almost everyone was "me duck." It was so common it took me years to realise I was being likened to one of those waddling creatures which so enjoy the rain.

Even now my ears are still tuned to the expression and I can pick out holidaymakers from Leicester in no time flat. "You orrite, me duck? seemed to be the universal greeting.

In Aberdeen the expressions "quine" and (more worryingly) "loon" are employed to denote a girl and boy. I found many Aberdonians had an unnerving habit of adding "-ey" to the ends of words, making many a young lad from England look askance at being referred to as a "looney." I suppose these terms probably equate to the local "mawther" and "bor."

"Ma wee quine(y)" would

be quite acceptable and probably rather like the "my woman" and "my man" used by many locals here.

In Glasgow a young woman was invariably a "hen." I have an abiding memory of one of my very good friends, normally a sober and upright individual, walking crab-wise towards me, having fallen foul of the demon drink at a party and calling across most of the width of the room: "Here y'are, hen. hae a wee drink," as he attempted to present me with a half a tumblerful of neat whisky. I think he'd drunk the other half.

A little further south and you run into "hinny" land. Across a bit and you could be "chuck." Am I reading something into this, or do these all smack of the poultry yard? Much further south and distinctly west and you could become someone's "butty" or "butt." Heading towards the Forest of Dean (which has a language all of its own anyway) any friend was a "butt," apparently referring to the "butty-boat" which was pulled with the canal boats. I can well remember my grandfather, and particularly an uncle, greeting friends with the expression, "How bist du, butt?"

Even further south and much more west I recall bridling with pre-teenage indignation on hearing my father being asked, "be it just you and the maid" requiring a rowing boat to go fishing.

Visions of wielding a duster,

dustpan and brush flashed across a young brain before Dad enlightened me to local terminology. The pleasure of hearing such delightful South Devon tones came much later.

Many and varied are the terms used across the country, but they are all used in friendship. So, in a similar vein...Merry Christmas, me ducks!

Still room for the old virtues

(Continued from Page 1)

the farmyard when binders pushed aside the scythe and when, more recently, tractors took over the furrows from horses. A natural reluctance to let go of something that has served you well is part of the anguish of change.

As one who has been known to share suspicions of computers and all the whizz-kid wonders around them, let me offer some seasonal comfort and joy to FOND friends.

Yes, technology has a key role to play in our crusade — but there's still room for old-fashioned virtues. Like talking, sharing and laughing at our social gatherings across Norfolk. And spreading the message every day by word of mouth of joined-up writing.

We can ring in the new without drowning out the old. Listen... and you will hear a peal of harmony across the headlands.

Our blessed county inspires a sense of camaraderie

Norfolk is a state of mind, and I carry it with me, declares IAN COLLINS, London correspondent of the Eastern Daily Press. His books include *A Broad Canvas: Art in East Anglia Since 1880* (Black Dog Books).

While smugness is a sin, I've always felt fairly smirky because the Place of Birth slot on my passport is followed by the word Norwich.

"It's all very well for you to keep banging on about going back to your Norfolk roots," says my friend Alison. "I come from Birmingham and I couldn't wait to take the route marked Exit."

Oh yes, we're fortunate folk. Our blessed county inspires a sense of camaraderie, even in the most unlikely places.... Even among former comrades... Once, on a train crossing from East Germany into Czechoslovakia in the depths of winter soon after the Warsaw Pact had imploded, I imagined myself in a scene from Doctor Zhivago. Or else on a one-way trip to Siberia in the cra of Uncle Joe.

When the door of the ancient carriage was flung open by an armed guard it was as if an Iron Curtain had parted. The intruder grabbed my passport, grunted and, pointing to the information beneath my photo, he bawled: "Not fill! Not fill!"

I thought he meant I hadn't filled in my signature but as I searched vainly for a pen, Ivan the Unterrible began to smile. "Not Phil Collins!" he said. Ho hum. Ho ho. The official was clearly an ardent Marxist (a fan of Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Zeppo and Gummo, that is, rather than Karlo).

His manner had turned from fiendly to friendly in a flash, but when he noticed where I came from he broke into a broad grin and nearly broke my fingers in a handshake of welcome.

"Norwich City Football Club! Very good!" said my new best chum. Lucky he wasn't an Ipswich fan.

But I must confess that my locational loyalties are more widely drawn than the map of Norfolk. My flag is the three crowns of East Anglia. My mum's lot come from Suffolk and I was raised largely in

Cambridgeshire.

Still, my paternal great-great-great grandfather was building boats in Coltishall around the time of Victoria's coronation. And although the build-and-hire business was later floated to Wroxham, the family line continued down to my dad.

Those splendid wherry-yacht survivors Olive and Norada were built by my great-grandfather, but I wouldn't have a clue how to sail them, let alone repair them.

My father, however, retains a soft spot for the Olive. Repairing the leaky vessel back in the 1950s, he was standing knee-deep in freezing water and pondering the bleakness of being stony broke and unable to afford a key piece of fishing tackle. Then, breaking through a plank of rotten timber, he found a flurry of lost silver and copper coins falling into his hand as if by magic. The mitt closed shut. And he reeled his way to the angling shop.

I love all that — and family memories of otter slides on the ice around Wroxham Broad and bitterns and swallowtail butterflies. And the sea. But now Norfolk is a state of mind. I carry it with me.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Christmas? That seem t'cum arlier than ever

Dear Edita,
Well that seem tew cum arlier than ever theese daise. Wun toime that got heer arownd thuh end ov November. Now Horry tell me he're seen Christmas cards in thuh shop in thuh latter part ov August.

He wus put owt abowt thaad, an' he say tew me, "Wot thuh daarvil dew thay think thay're up tew, Will? We hint had thuh harvest festival yit."

"I know, ole partner," I say, "but thaad doan't count for nourthin' theese daise; thay carn't sell thaad in thuh shops."

An thass wot thaad seem tew be orl abowt these daise. True thaad dint staart on thuh telly till nigh on thuh end ov September. But once thaad did staart thaad fare tew craize yuh. Then them poor littul kiddies git upset if thar parents carn't afford them deer things wot thay show.

Sum on'em hev them plastic cards wot thay pay with in thuh shops. But sum on'em go a bit over thuh top, an' spend more

'n thay kin nicely afford. When thuh bill cum in thay find tharselves hid ova heels in debt.

Now in my day that wus orl diffunt. If yew hadn't got thuh munny tew pay furrin thuh shopkeeper wudn't let yew hev it. So we dint run intew no debts. I rekkon thaad'ud be a good idea if a lot ov them big shops did thuh sheame thing tewday.

But if yew waant a rearly expensive present yew'll hetta send tew America forrit.

Corstin' only £312,000, thass a space shuttle in kit form.

Arter yew're got it orl tergether, thaad'll blarst yew an' two ov yar maetes to a height ov 100 kilomemtres at four toimes thuh speed ov sownd. Howsomever, thet int a gud idea tew dew thaad tew sune arter yew've had yar Christmas dinna.

Horry say: "Wot wud yew loike fer Christmas, Will?" "Well," I say, "if yew know ennywhere where yew kin git a self-propelled iron, I'd loike wun o' them." No reply.

Orl thuh best tew orl on yuh.

**Brother Will,
Thuh Hovel,
1, Muckbarrer Farst,
Littul Swearin',
Nr Cussen,
Oathes.**

SUM HOOP FOR REEL CULTCHER ARTER ORL

Dear Sar,
Now ent that suffin! We're gotta moovment for them what tork proper so them what carn't kin larn — loike tellervishun an' wyreless knoworks what dunt know where Norfolk is an' what we sound loike — an' we're gotta magerzeen ter show that kin be rit down anorl if yew try hard enuff.

An' ter think people hebbin slarverin' on bowt th'ind o'owr dylect ever since I wuz knee-high tew a coypew savrul defades ago. Praps there's sum hoop for reel cultcher in this rum ole wald arter orl.

Keep it up, my bewties, an' dunt let them nun-berleevvers grynd yew down!

Yars defyently,
**The Boy Jearcub,
The Pightle,
Upper Pukkattery.**

PS: My missus is a furriner. I got har away from Lower Pukkattery!

Go yew stidy, gal!

I overheard this short conversation recently. Daughter was driving father in an old banger car over a very rough road. He says: "My hat alive! Go yew stidy, gal. Thass like a'settin' in a cinder sieve."

He was more used to going by pony and trap, his daughter told me.

**Jean Eaglen,
Hingham.**

NORFOLK BY ADOPTION 3: Continuing our series in which the contributors, though not Norfolk-born, have made their permanent home here. FOND membership secretary, London-born **BRENDA BIZZELL**, spent her first three days in Norfolk crying!

Some have Norfolk thrust upon them

Some are born in Norfolk, some move willingly to Norfolk, and some have Norfolk thrust upon them.

My parents moved here when I was 16 and, fresh out of school, I couldn't afford to stay a Londoner.

Having grown up believing London to be the centre of the universe, and that foreigners started at Potters Bar, the culture shock was awful — and I spent the first three days crying. How could I possibly survive in a village where you couldn't buy a newspaper and where there were only four buses a day? The worst part of rural life was the nightly walk from the late bus — a long trudge through dark lanes, startled by every noise.

The night I slid along the road on squashed hedgehog remains was particularly unpleasant — I bought a torch after that.

My first job was with Nor-

wich Union (wasn't everybody's in the sixties?) and due to my mantra of "London wonderful — Norfolk awful," I was known as "That B***** Londoner." What a delightful companion I must have been. When I achieved the freedom of Norfolk with a moped, my mood improved, although smelling of "two-stroke oil" got me strange looks in the snootier areas of the office.

I found a new job at the River Authority and with it colleagues who were much more sympathetic to my strange ways and they persuaded me that Norfolk and its people were quite agreeable and could be fun.

Gradually I adjusted to the slower pace and enjoyed ambling through Norwich, finding that friends would have time to stop and talk. Shop assistants were prepared to be helpful and there was no elbowing and shoving on the pavements.

Times, sadly, have changed!

Wednesdays were busier, being "market day," which I couldn't understand, as Norwich market place was open every day. When I learned the cattle market had just moved from the city centre, the thought of all those animals there scared me silly. I'd have stayed home every Wednesday.

I didn't know I loved Norfolk until I left it. My fate was sealed at St Benet's Abbey, where I joined a work camp to shore up church and riverbanks, and met my future husband. He lived in Exeter, so off I went, only to be homesick — but for Norfolk, not London. More sobbing, and we agreed to move "home." I made the excuse that we'd be much closer to the oil industry, and travelling would be easier. In truth, I'd grown roots and didn't like pulling them up. We've been back for 23 years now, so hopefully I may soon be excused my temporary absence and granted citizenship. My Lon-

don accent hasn't disappeared, though it's half way up the A140 now and I'm told I "go Norfolk" when talking to friends. "That B***** Londoner" is now someone who knows when she's on to a good thing. Please, Mr Skipper, can I have my Norfolk passport now?

'Go you on up and sit you down....'

Congratulations on The Merry Mawkin. You might like to use the following: It was 50 years ago when I first made my acquaintance with Norfolk, its people and speech. I arrived in Norwich by train and boarded a bus for a remote village. For a while I sat alone on the top deck, but then a noisy party came bounding up the stairs - three excited children escorted by a puffing, buxom young woman. Seeing me sitting amidships and the front seats unoccupied, she shouted to the children: "Go you on up, sit you down and keep you quiet!" I began to understand what I had been told: "You'll find in Norfolk they do (and speak) different."

**John Musgrave,
Burnham Thorpe.**

Low Countries' influence

By **WILLIAM WOODS**
Director, Dutch and Flemish
Studies Centre,
St Mary the Less,
Norwich

Geography, wool and water are three reasons for strong links which have been forged between Norfolk and the Low Countries over the ages.

Flemish cloth merchants and weavers were regular visitors and settlers in a county strong in sheep rearing and the wool trade.

Dutch sailors, fishermen, sea defence engineers and land drainers have been highly influential in coastal and fenland areas.

Naturally, the close ties between the Low Countries and Norfolk have left a particular mark on the dialect, but the linguistic influence is not as strong as influences in other fields, such as the industry of textiles, agriculture and drainage and culture of art and architecture.

The main language spoken in Holland and Belgium, called Dutch in the north and Flemish in the south, belongs, like English, to the Germanic group and remains closer to English than other Germanic languages, which means that not just Norfolk, but English as a whole has many words of similarity to Dutch. Where an English word or a dialect word looks similar to a Dutch word, it may be that they have both derived from a common Germanic origin rather than that the word has entered the language or the dialect from abroad. Nevertheless, many common English words have come in directly from Dutch, some examples being

buoy, coleslaw, cruise, decoy, dock, golf, landscape and yacht.

In Norfolk, the number of words that have come into the dialect from Dutch is fewer than might be expected. Norfolk is much more of an Old English or Anglo-Saxon based dialect than a foreign-influenced one. Words that have come over from Holland and Flanders form a small but significant body. The best known ones are *plain* for an open street space (e.g. Church Plain, Bank Plain) and *dwile* for a swabbing cloth. The Flemish diminutive suffix *-kin*, as in *lambkin, nutkin, popkin*, which also occurs in names like *Peterkin, Watkin, Wilkins*, is another widespread feature.

Twice during the past 500 years surges in immigration into Norfolk from the Low Countries took place. The first surge came in the middle of the 16th century when thousands of Flemish weavers escaped from the Spanish Netherlands, of which Flanders was then part. They were Protestants fleeing from Roman Catholic oppression, but they were also desirable as skilled craftsmen and did much to revive the ailing textile industry in Norwich, being required to take on local apprentices.

Because of them, many specialised textile terms came into Norfolk dialect. Known as the Strangers, they once made up a third of the population of Norwich, and there were also Dutch-speaking Stranger communities in Yarmouth, Thetford and King's Lynn. A second influx of Low Countries Strangers occurred in the 17th century when Dutch engineers drained the Fens. Their workers were mostly based in Lincolnshire, but they had considerable influence in fenland Norfolk and introduced Dutch drainage and agricultural terms to the dialect.

The overall picture of Dutch and Flemish linguistic influence on Norfolk dialect is therefore one of a steady trickle over many centuries with specific influxes in two specialised areas.

On the next page is a list of fairly well known Norfolk dialect words which come from Dutch and Flemish.

on the Norfolk dialect

Words which came from Dutch and Flemish

NORFOLK DIALECT

DUTCH/FLEMISH

dwile	floorcloth	dweil
foozy	mouldy, squishy	voos
fye out	clean out, sweep out	uitvegen
grup	small drainage gully	grup
housen	houses	huizen
howl	cry, weep	huilen
hutkin	thimble, fingerstall	hoedken (formerly <i>-kin</i>)
learn	teach	leren
leery	(formerly) scholarly, (now) stupid	leren
maund	basket	mand
plinge	eat squeamishly	pingelen
plain	open street space	plein
slub	mud	slib
strand	beach	strand
trosh	thresh	dorsen (formerly <i>dorschen</i>)

Thassa loada ole squit

SMOKED BACON

A Norfolk farmworker's wife told the local shop-keeper: "I'm a 'thinkin' 'bowt divorcin' my Bert." "But why? You always seemed so happy." "He's orryte, but he will smoke in bed." "Surely that's not enough to divorce him?" "Ah, but Bert smoke bacon."

PARSON POTSHOT

The Norfolk parson was a notoriously bad shot. One day, he let fly at a sitting rabbit and missed. For some reason the rabbit didn't run away, whereupon the game-keeper said to the parson: "Dew yew hev another shot, marster; happen he dint hear yer."

STILL LIFE

Two old Norfolk boys who hadn't seen each other for the best part of some time met for a mardle.
Arthur: "Is yar sister Mary still alive, bor?"
Ernie: "Far's I know... She hent writ ter say no diffrent."

The Song o' Sorlomon

Being The Song of Solomon translated into Norfolk dialect in 1862 by the Rev Edward Gillett, of Runhall

From the 1611 Authorised Version of the Bible
CHAPTER 4

Behold thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou has doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from Mount Gilead.

2 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing: whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

3 Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

4 Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

5 Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

6 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

7 Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.

8 Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

9 Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou has ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

Translated into Norfolk dialect by Rev E. Gillett
CHAPTER 4

I sā, look! Yow're fair, my love; I sā, look! Yow've dows' eyes 'ithin yar locks: yar hear is as a flock o' goots as appear from Mount Gilead.

2 Yar teeth air liken onto a flock o' ship jest clipt, as come up from th'washin'; and every one on 'em is ha' tweens, and norn on'em is-gast.

3 Yar lips air liken onto a trid o' scarlet, and yar spache is sweetful; yar tipples air liken onto a bit of pomegranate 'ithin yar locks.

4 Yar neck is liken onto the tower o' David built for an armowry, and onto 't there hang a thousen bucklers, all shilds o' mighty min.

5 Yar two titties air liken to tew young roes as air tweens, and feed amunst the lilies.

6 Till so bein' as the dā du brake, and the shadders fly awāh, I'll git me to the mountin o' myrrh, and the hill o' frankincense.

7 Yow're right on fair, my love; there ban't no spot in ye.

8 Come wi' me from the Lebanon, my missus, w' me from Lebanon; look down from atop of Amana, from atop o' Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' danes, and from the mountins o' lapuds.

9 Yow've took awāh m'heart, my suster, my missus; yow've took awāh m'heart wi' one o' yar eyes, wi' one chane o' yar neck.

The Song o' Sorlomon, first printed and published in this edition in 1993 by The Larks Press, Ordnance Farmhouse, Guist Bottom, Dereham, NR20 5PF.

FOOTPRINTS

One night, a man he'd had a dream.

He'd dreamt he were a 'walkin'

Along the beach wid the Lord.

*Acrosst the sky there wer 'a 'lot o' flashin' pictures 'bowt his loife
For each picture, he sor ther 'd bin two lots o' footprints in the sand:*

One tha 'ad be a 'belongin' to hisself

And the other t' the Lord.

When the larst picture o' his loife flashed afore him

He'd looked back at them ther footprints.

He'd noticed ther 'd bin many a time along that there path o' loife o' his

Ther 'd bin only one lot o' footprints.

It 'd bin when he wuz at his very lowest

And times of unbearable sadness.

This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord 'bowt it.

*"Hold yew hard, yew said that arter I'd made me mind up ter follow yew
Yew 'd walk wid me orl the way. Now I ent 'a gorn' ter ave a barney wid yer*

But I're noticed that durin' the most troublesome times in my loife

I can only see one lot o' footprints; yourn ent there then.

I dun't know why when I needed yew, yew buggered orf.

The Lord replied: "My precious, precious child,

I love you and I would never leave you.

During your times of trial and suffering,

When you see only one set of footprints,

It was then that I carried you.

Rita-Ann Kirk

The Boy John



Sidney Grapes of Potter Heigham wrote the much-loved Boy John Letters in Norfolk dialect to the Eastern Daily Press from 1946 until his death in 1958. He also enjoyed local fame for many years as a rustic comedian, like his counterpart in the 21st century, The Boy Jimma (Tony Clarke). Sidney is pictured here in full cry on a village hall stage.

One year a few weeks before Christmas, he put this note in the window of the garage he ran at Potter Heigham: "A Happy Christmas to all my customers what hev paid their bills, an' a prosperous New Year to them what hent."

A song of another Norfolk

By John Knowlittle

Bor, I never could arn much money
No matter how 'ard I try'd;
But never wor short o' dumplins,
Or a good owd eel well fry'd.

Bor I ha' found ow Norfolk frindly,
An' I married a Norfolk gal,
An' when I cum off o'the marshes,
I've found her a good owd pal.

Law! I ha' lived wi' monkeys,
And worked where the lions roar,
But I longed tu heer t'owd curlews
"Whaup" front oth'houseboat
door.

So I drifted back tu owd Norfolk,
And heer I intend tu 'bide;
For the bards, an' t' fishes, an'
people
Of Norfolk, air all my pride.

When Broadland is left for Jordan,
And Charon cum over th' styx,
Du delve a deep hole in owd Norfolk
Whose sile wi' my ashes shell mix.

*From John Knowlittle,
The Life of Yarmouth Naturalist
Arthur Henry Patterson.*

LOCAL BOOKSHELF

Timeless charm of The Singing Postman

Last June, at our FOND-dew at Martham, we gained an intriguing insight into the life and songs of The Singing Postman, Allan Smethurst, from the man who strove to revive Allan's career in the 1970s, Tony Palmer.

We heard extracts from some of the familiar songs of the master, including, of course, *Hev Yew Gotta Loight, Boy?* — and what more appropriate title than this for FOND chairman Keith Skipper's much-looked-forward-to book on the life and lyrics of The Singing Postman.

It was in 1965 that the whole nation learned about Molly Windley, who smook like a chimley, but Allan's songs had been charming the people of Norfolk for some time before that.

Keith's fascinating book tells the story of The Singing Postman, and the lyrics in it form a collection of Allan's rustic folklore, deceptively simple but crowned with images of a Norfolk life fast disappearing even as he wrote and sang about it. They contain a quality of timeless charm, and even today there are few who, upon the mention of his name, do not break into a broad smile of pleasure at the memory.

Hev Yew Gotta Loight, Boy? is published by Countryside Books at £6.95.... and is a must for the Christmas stocking!



The Nowhere Road

Bruce Robinson, my EDP colleague and friend and a contributor to Norfolk by Adoption in The Merry Mawkin, is the recognised authority on The Peddars Way and I am privileged to be a member of a group of rambles that numbers Bruce among its company. And what a pleasure it is to experience the beautiful environment of the Peddars Way, Norfolk's most substantial and best preserved Roman road. **The Nowhere Road** charts 2000 years of history through to the formation of the National Trail, and beyond. It is published by Bruce's Elmstead Publications, Milestone Lane, Wicklewood, Wymondham, NR18 9QL, at £12.99. **RHL**

PUB STROLLS IN NORFOLK FOR ALL AGES

Another EDP friend and fellow walker has compiled an interesting and useful collection of 30 short circular walks in an all-colour guide combining some of

the most beautiful scenery in Norfolk with the opportunity to enjoy a meal and a drink in a good local pub. All four miles or less in length, the walks in **Pub Strolls**

in Norfolk, by Will Martin, are suitable for families and every age group. Published by Countryside Books, it costs £7.95. **RHL**

South of the border— down Waveney way

Beccles Talk 2001: A Speech Odyssey

Yes, we're just over the border on this page - and for a very good reason too: in the cause of local dialect. Earlier in this edition of *The Merry Mawkin*, Professor Peter Trudgill writes that much of north-eastern Suffolk is basically Norfolk-speaking. "Beccles, Bungay and Lowestoft are certainly Norfolk-speaking," he says, "and we can probably say the same for places as far south in Suffolk as Halesworth and Southwold."

Nevertheless, there are dialect words used indigenously in

the Beccles area and to ensure that these are not lost, a booklet has been published locally which not only lists the words but records how they were used. **Beccles Talk 2001: A Speech Odyssey** is written by Anne Frith, Dorothy Smith and Anne Bauers.

"Here are recorded," say the authors, "some of these words, phrases and grammatical differences which could be heard in Beccles Market Place before the second world war, those which could still be heard in Beccles Precinct at the very end of the 20th century and those dialect

words which are recognised and/or used by some primary school-aged children in Beccles today."

Two gems from the book which will appeal to everyone in the two counties north and south of the Waveney:

An old man described a spell of bad weather thus: "That blew, that snow, that friz and then that thew."

And in the double-negative department, the remark by a Becclesian in 1937: "Coo that wholly rain las' night, not half that wholly dint."

The book, published by A. Deed Frith, is obtainable from Beccles and District Museum, Beccles Book Shop and the Gazette Book Shop, Beccles, at £2.50.

GO TO BUNGAY TO GET A NEW BOTTOM

I was compiling a list of Norfolk words and sayings that I remember being used by the older members of my family, who have now all passed on. Even though Bungay is not quite in Norfolk, I included the saying: "Go to Bungay to get a new bottom," which I had not heard since my childhood. I then decided to try to find the meaning of this.

While searching through various local books I

found two different explanations, but unfortunately did not take note of which books they were in, and I have so far been unable to find them again. These explanations are as follows:

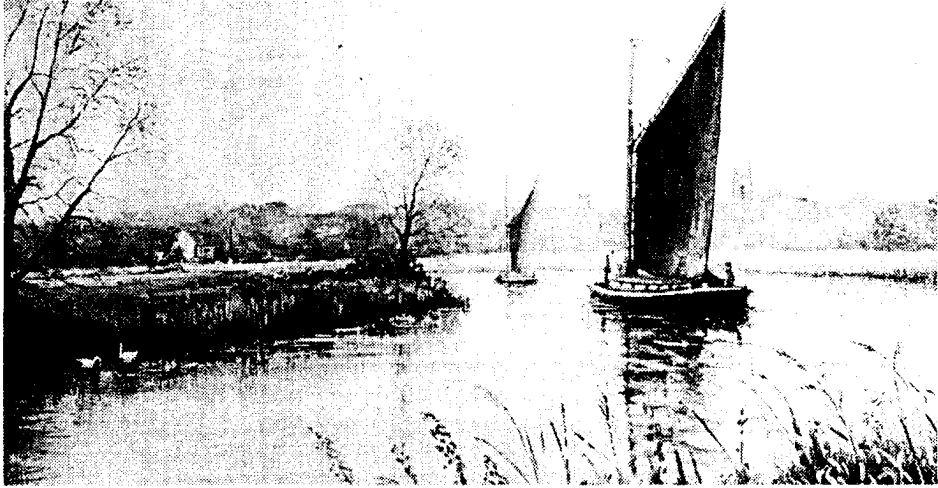
By Dennis Watts

1 There was a boatbuilder at Bungay who specialised in putting new bottoms in boats.

2 Bungay was noted for its leather factories. Many men wore leather breeches and would go there to get them repaired (new bottoms).

(Continued on next page)

Wondrous Waveney



Copyright: Joe Crowfoot

Trading Wherries Below Bungay — by Suffolk artist Joe Crowfoot.

Wherries centre of valley mystery

(Continued from previous page)

I thought that was the end of the matter until, while browsing through the local books section in Lowestoft Library I found two books that gave another explanation as follows:

3(a) A book entitled *The Vocabulary of East Anglia, Volume II*, written by the Rev Robert Forby, first published in 1830 and reprinted in 1970, says: "Go to Bungay to get new bottomed."

The explanation of this common saying is that people broke at Beccles and, when the navigation was opened and improved, removed to Bungay and throve there. But the saying is probably much older than the navigation. Certainly there are few market towns in which such fortunes have been acquired."

3(b) *Suffolk Dialect* by A.O.D. Claxton, first published in 1954 and reprinted in 1981, refers to the same explanation: "Many people have asked me the meaning of the phrase 'Go to Bungay to get new bottomed,' which one frequently hears in the north part of the county (Suffolk). According to Forby (1830) the generally accepted explanation was that people 'broke' (i.e. went bankrupt)

at Beccles and, when the navigation was opened and improved, removed to Bungay and throve there."

I then thought that was the *final* answer — and then three further explanations came to light:

4 My neighbour, a former Norwich man, says that it refers to a basket maker in Bungay who used to repair wicker baskets by putting in new bottoms.

5 A friend of my brother says that as a boy he used to visit the farm in Lound where his father worked and he was told that they used to send their farm carts to Bungay to have new bottoms fitted.

6 A friend who lived in Bungay as a boy says that it refers to fitting new copper bottoms in wherries. This explanation is possible, the same as No 1.

Bungay appears to have been a busy place!

This now makes five (perhaps six) possible explanations for the same saying. Which one (if any) is correct? Has anyone any further information or comments?

I would like to get to the bottom of this!

Another quiz about yar hoome county

(Compiled by The Boy Colin)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 23

● *Now cum yew on tergether, thas thinkin' cap time agin!*

- 1 By what name was Norwich's London Street originally called?
- 2 Which town has a churchyard containing two churches (originally three)?
- 3 How many men did Robert Kett have in his "army" during Kett's Rebellion? Was it (a) 100, (b) 2000 or (c) 20,000?
- 4 What was the name of the stadium where Norwich "Stars" speedway team raced?
- 5 Where is the "Iceni Village"?
- 6 Where was Edith Cavell born?
- 7 Who was King's Lynn's most famous explorer?
- 8 Where would you go "to do a day's troshin' fer nourthin"?
- 9 What is the surname of the Norfolk family which regularly fielded a cricket team made up entirely of its members?
- 10 Which of his novels did Charles Dickens write while staying in Yarmouth?
- 11 Who designed the Royal Arcade in Norwich?
- 12 Which Norfolk church was destroyed in 1945 when a plane crashed on to it?
- 13 Here's one for Canary fans. Born at Great Yarmouth, he scored a hat-trick for Norwich City on his debut in 1948. His name?
- 14 Which of bandleader Ted Heath's vocalists lives in North Norfolk?
- 15 Where did the stone used to build Norwich Cathedral come from?
- 16 What was the name of the Thetford company that manufactured steam traction engines from the 1850s?
- 17 Which Norfolk hall was used during the filming of "The Wicked Lady," which starred Margaret Lockwood?
- 18 Who was the first Bishop of Norwich?
- 19 For what was "Turnip" Townshend of Raynham Hall principally known?
- 20 By what nickname is King's Lynn Football Club known?
- 21 In which Norfolk village is the Slipper Chapel to be found?
- 22 We all know of Gaymer's Cider of Attleborough, but do you know where it originated?
- 23 Where can you visit the RAF Air Defence Radar Museum?
- 24 Which is the oldest public park in Norwich?
- 25 Sir Alfred Jodrell built a Shell Museum in Norfolk in 1915, but where is it?
- 26 Who is, or was, "Black Shuck"?
- 27 Which Norfolk Broads are known as the Trinity Broads?
- 28 Where is the resting place of Withburga, Dereham's Saint who was originally buried in Dereham churchyard?
- 29 At one time Great Yarmouth had three railway stations. Vauxhall and Southtown were two of them. What was the third?
- 30 From whom did Norwich get its description of being "A Fine City"?

● *There yew are, my bewties. Pick the boons outa that lot!*

Hunt the Norfolk words

There are 21 Norfolk dialect words in the grid for you to find

COMPILED BY BRENDA BIZZELL

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

AGIN

CHITTERLINGS

CUSHIES

DEW

DWILE

ERRIWIGGLE

FRIT

GANSEY

GIMBLING

HODMEDOD

HUNNYCART

JÁM

JIFFLING

LOKE

LOLLOP

MAWKIN

MOB

PISHAMIRE

PUCKATERRY

PUSH

SQUIT

SOLUTION ON PAGE 23

ONE FOOT IN THE SEA

By KEITH SKIPPER
(from *Farewell, My Bewty*)

*A Norfolk feat of balance
on boat and history
with one foot on the land,
and one foot in the sea.*

*Postcard trimmings steal away
before the trippers show
to bring a tasty cargo home
where changing breezes blow.*

*Cap-and-gansey working men
lift crabcrop from the deep;
a little harvest gathered in
with wobbly-legged reap.*

*Hauling in the past begins
under waking early skies
when family pots tell stories
of extra trips and size.*

*Gangway cottages try hard
to send a homely smile,
but shellfish sailors bobbing
spot fibs beyond a mile.*

*Holiday haunts stir ready
to lay the table neat
with mats of fishing legends
for crab-at-teatime treat.*

*Pour on the epic stories
of boiling angry seas,
as sun claws past the curtain
to dress a scene of ease.*

*A Norfolk feat of balance
shared by a dwindling cast
with one toe in the future,
the rest soaked in the past.*

As a young Royal Marine patrolling the dangerous streets of Crossmaglen, South Armagh, on the Northern Ireland border — known infamously as bandit country — Vaughn Limmer thought often, in the wee small lonely hours, of his home, some 300 miles away — Norfolk.

Not just of Cringleford, but also of his beloved Sheringham, where his maternal grandfather, a true Shannock, came of a long line of fishermen and lifeboatmen.

So it is not surprising that when the Royal Marine commando stood down after four years' active service, including UN peacekeeping duties in Cyprus, and returned to painting, the fishing fraternity from a much more peaceful and relaxed environment would feature in his pictures. The gansey-clad figures, trademark caps and cigarette protruding from an almost invisible face, encapsulated the atmosphere of the land of The Singing Postman.

Although by now engaged in farming in Breckland, Vaughn, who studied graphic design at Norwich School of Art, found a steady demand for his paintings and soon Suffolk artist Mary Gundry invited him to exhibit at her Southwold galleries.

And when the fishermen in his



Copyright Vaughn Limmer

Passing the Time by Vaughn Limmer

paintings were whisked over the border to enjoy a pint of Adnams and the subject was extended to the famous seafront chalets, demand escalated.

Following further exhibitions in many parts of Norfolk, Vaughn's work came to the attention of Peter Gibbs at A Room With A View gallery in St Benedict's, Norwich, resulting in his first one-man exhibition throughout the three weeks of the 2000 Norfolk and Norwich Festival, followed last month by another solo exhibition for two weeks.

Working chiefly in acrylics and pastels, sometimes in water colour, Vaughn also includes scenes from East Anglian field sports among his subjects.

FOND OFFICERS

President

Professor Peter Trudgill
Chair of English Linguistics
University of Fribourg
Misericorde
1700 Fribourg
Switzerland

Secretary

Tony Clarke
30 Station Road
Beccles
NR34 9QJ
Tel 01502 713692
Fax 01502 715308
email tony.clarke@atlas-features.com

Committee

Vera Youngman
Forge House
Station Road
Yaxham
Dereham
NR19 1RD

Rita-Ann Kirk
The Bungalow
Meerdyke Farm
Harps Hall Road
Walton Highway
PE14 7DL

Chairman

Keith Skipper
25 St Mary's Road
Cromer
NR27 9DJ

Membership secretary

Brenda Bizzell
Walnut Tree House
Fornsett St Peter
NR16 1HR
Tel. 01953 789592

Colin Burleigh

7 William Cowper Close
Toftwood
Dereham
NR19 1LT

Norman Hart
Avonside
42 London Road
Harleston
IP20 9BW

Treasurer

Janet Woodhouse
Tumbleweed Cottage
Eastgate Street
North Elmham
Dereham
NR20 5HE

Stewart Orr

Stewart Orr Sound
Services
Prior's Croft Barn
Withersdale
Harleston
IP20 OJG

Newsletter Editor

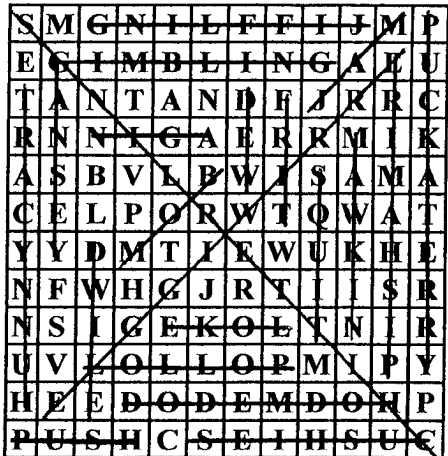
*Robin Limmer**
Mill House
Walpole Close
Broome
Bungay
NR35 2RP
Tel. 01986 894739
email shelagh@limmer.fsnet.co.uk

***Articles, poems, letters to the editor, squit and other brief items will be very welcome for use in The Merry Mawkin. Dew yew send them, tergether, to Robin Limmer, please!**

The Boy Colin's Norfolk quiz — the answers

- 1 Cockey Lane. 2 Reepham. 3 (c) 20,000.
- 4 The Firs. 5 Cockley Cley. 6 Swardeston. 7 George Vancouver.
- 8 Swaffham. 9 Edrich. 10 David Copperfield. 11 George Skipper.
- 12 Bawdeswell. 13 Roy Hollis. 14 Denis Lotis. 15 Caen in France. 16 Burrell's.
- 17 Blickling Hall. 18 Herbert de Losinga. 19 Crop rotation. 20 The Linnets.
- 21 Houghton St Giles. 22 Banham.
- 23 Neatishead. 24 Chapelfield Gardens.
- 25 Glandford. 26 Ghost of a legendary dog that runs along the North Norfolk coast.
- 27 Filby, Ormesby and Rollesby Broads. 28 Ely Cathedral. 29 Beach station. 30 George Borrow.

HUNT THE NORFOLK WORDS — THE SOLUTION



FOND-dews

FOND's festive fling will again be staged at North Elmham Memorial Hall — on Sunday, January 6th, 2002.

Following this year's rousing success, Tony Clarke has promised to pen another heart-warming pantomime for instant production — and will be asking for volunteers to join in the fun. It all starts at 2pm and there will be a few "warm-up" turns before the main event.

Continuing the pledge to stage social events in various parts of the county, FOND has fixed these FOND-dews for next year, all on Sundays:

The Lophams Village Hall, March 17th.

Bawburgh Village Hall, June 9th.

Weeting Village Hall, September 8th.

The annual meeting will be at Yaxham Village Hall on Sunday, October 27th.

PRESS GANG

It looks like another busy year of Press Gang concerts for FOND chairman Keith Skipper and his fellow entertainers. They already have 11 confirmed dates for 2002, stretching from early March through to October.

All shows start at 7.30pm — note, 10 are on Saturdays, but the Tivetshall concert is on a Friday. Full ticket details later.

DATES CONFIRMED:

March 9th, Rackheath Village Hall.

March 16th, Loddon Jubilee Hall.

March 23rd, Fulmodeston Old School Hall.

April 13th, Ranworth Village Hall.

April 20th, Fleggburgh Village Hall.

April 27th, Burgh St Peter Village Hall.

Friday, June 7th, Tivetshall Village Hall.

September 7th, The Lophams Village Hall.

September 14th, Hempnall Village Hall;

September 21st, Geldeston Village Hall.

Oct 19th Bungay Community Centre.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE

Membership subscriptions for the next 12 months were due in November. If yew hint paid yit, dew yew dew so now, tergether. Dew yew don't yew'll hatta dew wi'out.



FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

Membership application

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

£5 (single member)

£8 (family membership)

£20 (educational establishment)

£50 (commercial company)

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

Address.....

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

Please send to: Brenda Bizzell, Walnut Tree House, Forncett St Peter, Norwich, NR16 1HR. Cheques made out to FOND.