50 pence. Free to FOND members

Spring 2002

No 6

The Merry Mawkin

Newsletter of Friends of Norfolk Dialect

UEA doctorate honour for FOND president

By Tony Clarke

Here's a scoop for The Merry Mawkin!

Professor Peter Trudgill, president of FOND, is to receive an Honorary Doctorate from the University of East Anglia on July 11.

Giving us advance notice of the good news of the LittD (Doctor of Letters) via an e-mail to FOND, Peter told me: "This is, of course, a big honour for me, but I like to think it's a bit of recognition for FOND as well."

Too true it is. It simply goes to prove we knew what we were doing when we asked him to be our president.

Professor Trudgill

It is due recognition, in his own county, for an acknowledged international expert on English linguistics who reveals with pride that "all 16 of my great-great-grandparents came from eastern Norfolk.

Born at Thorpe St Andrew in 1943 and educated at the City of Norwich School, Peter was awarded his BA at King's College, Cambridge, in 1966, and a PhD at Edinburgh University in 1971.

His university teaching career has taken him to Reading (1970-86), Essex (1986-92) and Lausanne, Switzerland (1992-98). He is currently Professor of English Linguis-

(TURN TO PAGE 7)

ON OTHER PAGES

Dialect's US link	2
North Elmham panto	3
Charlie Boy Smith	4
FOND website	5
Recording update	5
Norfolk radio series	6
Ted Ellis	7
Charles Roberts	8
View by Outsider	9
Sid Kipper	10
The Boy Colin	11
Norfolk dialectal place names	12/13
Your letters	14/15
Norfolk squit	16
Roy Waller	17
More panto pictures	18
Fare y'well, Charlie	19
Norfolk quiz	20
Norfolk wordsearch	21
Song 'o Sorlomun	22
Quiz/search answers	23
Future events	24

FOND president Professor PETER TRUDGILL, Chair of English Linguistics at Fribourg University, Switzerland, discusses the varied usage of the conjunction *do*

Do: 3-stage two-letter word in our dialect has link with a US state

In the older dialects of East Anglia, the word *do* is used as a conjunction which means something like *otherwise*.

The *English Dialect Dictionary* shows that this usage was once found in the dialects of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and northern Essex.

How did this form develop? The answer seems to be that it is an example of what linguists call grammaticalisation, in which words increasingly come to be used in a more abstract and grammatical way. Consider: the following:

Don't you take yours off, do you'll get rheumatism.
Don't you tell your Aunt Agatha about the coupons, do she'll mob me.

In these examples, the insertion of *because if you* will provide forms readily comprehensible to speakers of all English dialects:

Don't take yours off, [because if you] **do you'll get rheumatism.**

It seems, then, that the development of the conjunction *do* began with an initial stage in which speakers simply omitted phrases such as *because if.*

This is not the end of the story, however. A second stage in the development of a more abstract meaning can be illustrated by the following:

Have the fox left?
No that ain't, do Bailey would've let them went.

Here the link between the two parts of the sentence is more abstract and complicated. The originally present-tense form *do* is being applied in a past-tense context, and *do* is used in spite of the fact that we would have to insert a form of *have,* not *do,* to get a full form of the sentence:

No that ain't, [because if that had] **Bailey would've let them went.**

The third and final stage in the process is demonstrated in examples like:

That's a good job we come out of that there field, do he'd've had us!
We stabled them elephants right in the middle, do we should've capsized.

Here present tense do is once again being used in past tense contexts, but it is also being used in spite of the fact that it is a positive verb form, in a situation where a full form of the sentence would require a negative verb:

That's a good job we come out of that there field, [because if we hadn't] **he'd've had us!**

The conjunction *do* is not found anywhere in the British Isles outside East Anglia. Nor, as far as I know, is it found anywhere else in the English-speaking world, with one exception — the south-eastern United States.

One of the *Dictionary of American Regional English* (DARE) informants writes that in eastern North Carolina, during the period approximately from 1915-1930 "I remember hearing white people, speakers with moderate education, saying things like, 'Shut the door tight, do it'll blow open before morning' and 'Leave the note in the middle of the table, do she won't see it'." It would be reasonable to assume that conjunction *do* arrived in North Carolina in the speech of immigrants from East Anglia.

(Interested readers can learn more about this and other dialect features in Peter Trudgill's new Edinburgh University Press book *Sociolinguistic Variation and Change*).

Guess who? Hairy Mary the Guardian Fairy and a cast of several at N. Elmham.

Snow White and the Three GM Dwarfs

If there is anybody still around who doubts that Norfolk people have a great sense of fun, they should have been at North Elmham Village Hall on January 6.

About 70 FOND-ites found their way with some difficulty along fog-shrouded by-ways to our second post-Christmas "dew."

More pantomime pictures, Page 18

Several illustrious performers each did a "tarn" — including vice-chairman Peter Brooks, the Gal Liza and her friend Magda, the Boy Colin and last-minute volunteer Alan Smith.

We little realised that, sadly, the ever colourful Charlie Boy Smith was making his last public performance (see Pages 4 and 18). But Charlie was doing what he most enjoyed, singing his own songs to his guitar, and everybody was revelling in the homely atmosphere of this impromptu show.

After tea and biscuits laid on by treasurer Janet Woodhouse and her team, we got stuck into our latest do-it-yourself Norfolk pantomime, the "true story" of Snow White and the Three Genetically Modified Dwarfs.

Did you know that Snow White's name has actually been changed to Slush Grey on account of global warming? Or that her

(TURN TO PAGE 4)

The Boy Jimma, pantomime producer and scriptwriter, aka FOND secretary Tony Clarke.

Snow White

(FROM PAGE 3)

stepmother was a "slummeken grit mawther" with a figure like a Suffolk Punch? Or that her father, the king, died because his missus never would take her hat off, even in bed?

"He pooked his eye out on one o' har hatpins and met a terrible end when he got took short one night and couldn't see where he was putting his feet on the way down the garden to the privy. He fell in the midden."

Well, the script deteriorated even from that low starting point, but an all-star cast managed to raise the tone of the production. There were lots of boos, hisses and cheers, and everything was done, as the late Kenny Everett would say, in the best possible taste.

Even so, despite the appearance of our revered chairman Skip in the starring role of Hairy Mary the Guardian Fairy, the loudest applause was reserved for the performers who had no lines at all — those wonderful dancers.

The "production" was enhanced by the musical talents of our very own "piannerist" The Gal Liza, while the costumes, supplied and "designed" by Pat Clarke, Joan Bidnall and Vera Youngman, may have previously been seen either in Beccles Carnival or in shows put on by Dereham Operatic Society. But, don't let on where we got 'em from!

Afterwards, somebody was heard to say it was just the sort of old - fashioned entertainment people used to enjoy in their village halls. To which someone else replied: "Perhaps that's why television was invented!" Ah well! Some you win and some.....

ECN library

Charlie Boy Smith — writer of poetry and songs about anything and everything, especially Norfolk.

Swan song of a Norfolk character

On January 6th at North Elmham Memorial Hall, colourful Norfolk character and entertainer Charlie Boy Smith regaled us at FOND's New Year get-together. Sadly, it proved to be his farewell performance. He died the next day. TONY CLARKE pays an affectionate tribute to a man who brought a splash of colour, light, humour and song into our lives.

A year ago I was one of a group of town twinners on a coach trip to France.

We had stopped for coffee at the motorway services at Thurrock on the infamous M25.

As we approached the building a familiar figure emerged. His trademark Hawaiian-style shirt, to which was attached his Merry Mawkin FOND badge, added a touch of colour to the drab surroundings. His face wore its usual broad smile of recognition and welcome.

Charlie Boy Smith was also on a trip to France - to Paris, as it happened - and you couldn't help wondering what the Parisians would make of this most enthusiastic of Norfolk's cultural amb-

(TURN TO PAGE 18)

FOND website: www.norfolkdialect.com

Towards the end of last year the committee agreed to authorise the design of a website to publicise the activities and aims of FOND.

Two members were encouraged to put forward design proposals and soon produced a draft site.

The site is now fully functional and contains:

***An introduction by our chairman who has also made mention of the site on local radio and in the Eastern Daily Press.**

***A summary of the aims of FOND.**

***A summary of the current edition of The Merry Mawkin, which will be updated as appropriate.**

***A membership form enabling potential members to download it and join.**

***A number of links to various related and relevant sites.**

It is intended to include sound files, photographs, etc, and a Norfolk dictionary has been suggested for inclusion. Further suggestions are welcomed.

Even local Luddite Keith Skipper has memorised the site address - *www.norfolkdialect.com* - and we hope you will all visit the site, encourage your friends to visit it and sign the guestbook. By mid-February, some 700 "hits" had already been received.

The e-mail address is: *fond@norfolkdialect.com*

STEWART ORR updates the FOND recording logbook

Learn to point the microphone at passing Norfolk dialect!

FOND now has a couple of fine purple machines - and by that I mean the two HHB minidisc recorders that we take proudly into the Norfolk hinterland for our recordings of dialect. One, admittedly, did have a few teething problems, but these were soon righted by the supplier in London and all is now set.

One of the sets of equipment is held by Keith Skip or Peter Brooks, up in the Cromer area, and the other is at the moment with me, down near Harleston. But as the whole idea of the thing is to get out and make *recordings,* we are hoping to extend the use of the equipment to others who are interested and capable.

As the aim of FOND is to make recordings of a high and professional quality and content, and only the best will do, we are inviting those who are interested in helping to get in touch.

They will be put through a rigorous course of instruction here at the studio, and, if they survive (and only the fittest stand a chance) they will be equipped with a purple machine, and then invited to point the microphone at passing Norfolk dialect

. We are also looking for people with a true Norfolk accent. A good story to tell would help, too. As we are the Friends of Norfolk *Dialect,* we don't want people *what doon't talk proper.* If you can help in any of these areas, do get in touch with me — address inside the back page, or **<soss@paston.co.uk>** — and come and join us for a day's training session later in the year.

A landmark BBC radio series exploring the historic and contemporary forces that have shaped our county is to be broadcast from BBC Radio Norfolk. *A Sense of Place* will consist of six documentary programmes which will look at people's personal connections to Norfolk, and their experiences of living in the county. Producer LYN McKINNEY explains.

A Sense of Place

I couldn't wait to start this series. When the six-month attachment for a producer for A Sense of Place was posted on the BBC Radio Norfolk notice board, I beat a path to the managing editor's door.

Though I'm Sussex-born, I've come to regard the county as home, after 26 years living and raising a family in South Norfolk. So the production of six radio documentaries as part of a national BBC landmark project for transmission in the spring, has been a labour of love.

My first course of action was to talk to people throughout the county, who might give me an overview of how Norfolk ticks - someenly observe the way things movers and shakers, but also others who just keare, and put them in perspective.

It gave me a solid base on which to build my programmes. I also made contact with our friends at BBCi, who are currently encouraging people to e-mail their own "sense of place" to the BBC Where I Live website:

bbc.co.uk/norfolk

The next step was to identify subject areas, and it soon became apparent that it would be impossible to cover everything. So I decided there would be a programme which looked at the Norfolk character — its language, its humour and its image, which is where Keith Skipper and friends have been invaluable. One of Norfolk's best-known ambassadors, Stephen Fry, has agreed to narrate that one, to my complete delight, and the Lord Lieutenant, Sir Timothy Colman—also a great supporter of FOND—is included in that programme.

Then, because so many people like me have moved to Norfolk and stayed, I wondered what sort of impression Norfolk gives to newcomers, not just from London or other parts of the UK, but from other countries. A second programme idea was born.

Then David Clayton, my managing editor, said to me: "Wouldn't it be amazing if we could capture the real sounds of the county in glorious stereo?" Hence the presence of the Norfolk Soundtrack programme through 24 hours, beginning with the dawn chorus and bringing in as much of every part of Norfolk life as I could manage. Exhausting!

And following on from that, a programme entitled Postcards from the Edge, celebrating the lives of those who live and work right on the very rim of the county, from Blakeney Point to Hopton, Santon Downham and the Walpoles.

It then occurred to me that young people should have their say about Norfolk and I came up with the idea of asking a group of students to keep audio diaries of the places in which they live. They came up trumps, with some really refreshing thoughts.

Finally, a sixth programme, working title Norwich - a Fine City? will look at the changing face of Norwich.

I can honestly say it's been a delight and a privilege to make these programmes. I've met some wonderful people and learned so much about the county.

I hope that your enjoyment in hearing the series will equal mine in making it. A Sense of Place begins Sunday, April 28 at 12 noon and the series will run for six weeks on BBC Radio Norfolk 95.1 FM or 104.4 in the west of the county.

Evening Calm

Surlingham, March 16, 1948

In a perfect calm this evening we crept out into the middle of Rockland Broad and lay there in our punt while the shades of night descended.

No sunset gold even momentarily lightened the greyness of sky. The broad — a seemingly vast expanse of water — gleamed like softly polished pewter, its surface unbroken by so much as a bubble.

No mist hung in the valley, yet as the light faded every bush and shadow round the shore became smudged and unsubstantial —

From *Ted Ellis's Countryside Reflections

bewitched into something as delicate as a watery jotting in an artist's sketchbook.

Pale bands of reed narrowed to vanishing point; the water became blotchy with the shades of night clouds; the silhouettes hardened. For an hour the air was full of harsh and musical sounds. Snipe drummed, redshanks piped, grebe growled, garganey rattled, wood owls hooted, barn owls screeched, teal whistled, water-hens bubbled, herons uttered raucous cries and coot made water music as they rushed about in play.

Then the night became colder and as we glided out of the shadow of Tom's Hole and passed by the black skeleton willow which marks the site of Kruger's Island, there remained no trace of soft, grey evening; a brittle and unkindly atmosphere bid us begone and every living creature of a sudden became silent.

*(*By kind permission of Phyllis Ellis)*

FOND president honoured by UEA

(FROM PAGE 1)

-tics at the University of Fribourg.

Peter is a Fellow of the British Academy, and the 30 books he has either written or edited include The Social Differentiation of English in Norwich (published in 1974) and The Dialects of England.

At present he is working on a Grammar of the Norfolk Dialect. All FOND friends, basking in a kind of reflected glory, will undoubtedly be pleased to congratulate our president on his honorary doctorate. Even though he has gone to furrin parts in the past few years (Fribourg is even further from home than Ipswich!) he has proved that a prophet is not without honour in his own county.

NORFOLK BY ADOPTION 4: In which the contributors, though not Norfolk-born, have made their permanent home here. EDP columnist CHARLES ROBERTS, former EDP literary and arts editor, prizewinning theatre critic, author, actor, lecturer and conservationist, came to Norfolk planning to stay six months—three decades ago!

Adopted by Norfolk!

It all began by purest chance. I'd been working abroad for three years, in baking hot Kuwait and, what with the heat and the equally simmering politics, I decided three years was enough.

So I returned to England, to my native village in North Staffordshire, and set about searching for another overseas job. Three months on, nothing had materialised. "Come on, Roberts," nagged A Little Voice in the back of my head, "get something temporary to keep you going."

That "something temporary" was a move to Norfolk - "Nice place," observed Little Voice approvingly. "We had a Broads holiday here when you were a teenager." Which is how I landed a role on the Eastern Daily Press with the absolute intention that this should be a six-month stop gap!

The music critic and arts man at that time was a marvellous character named George Usher, who had a passion for classical music and a colourful vocabulary to make a soldier blanch. Alas, he also lived on cigarettes. A year after my arrival, dear old George passed on - and I inherited his mantle, and was invested with the title of Literary and Arts Editor.

I stayed in that post for 28 years - so much for a six-month stop gap! I'd been fairly warned. I remember at George's memorial service at St Peter Mancroft in Norwich, the then vicar (later Bishop of Peterborough), Bill Westwood, another unforgettably splendid character, gave an oration which vividly caught the image of both George, and of the county he loved.

Norfolk, said Bill, was a place which, imperceptibly, sank gentle claws into you, and claimed you for its own.

How true. I came to love, as much as any native, the gently rolling countryside, in all its rich variety from Brecks to coast and all its rural richness in between. But something else attracted my passion.

Since the age of 15 or 16, back in my native county, I'd been fascinated by medieval churches, and all they had to show us in history, architecture, art and belief. With my best pal (who became a priest in God's good time) I biked untold miles to pick out the best churches, where we set down our observations in careful notebooks, and recorded them on photo film.

So when I'd settled into Norfolk and really begun to explore, I soon realised that in terms of fine medieval houses of God, I'd stumbled on a treasury. Since then, I've written books on the subject, and for the past 12 years taken small groups of people - who have become a company of friends - on "church crawls" around the county, sharing my enthusiasm, and passing on what limited knowledge I have.

Of course the arts, with theatre and opera in the forefront, have deeply occupied me too, not just as a job, but as something to which I have a real commitment, and to which I owe eternal gratitude for giving me so much pleasure and inspiration through the years. Sentiments, indeed, which attach with equal affection to this very special county in which we live.

How our dialect evolves - and survives

A VIEW BY *OUTSIDER*

I believe it was Mark Twain who famously remarked that reports of his demise had been greatly exaggerated.

Apparently the same might be said of the Norfolk dialect, since reports that it is in its death throes have been circulating since the late 19th century right up to date (according to recent letters pages in the Eastern Daily Press). Despite being such a long time *in extremis* the vernacular has not died - but it has evolved.

With the possible exception of the likes of Latin and Ancient Greek, which, by and large, are no longer spoken conversationally, all language must evolve to reflect changing lifestyles.

The English tongue has similarly evolved, as anyone who has studied the works of Chaucer as originally written can testify.

This evolution has to depend upon a number of factors, one of which must be the rate of dilution and in this respect Norfolk probably has a distinct advantage over regional dialects of most of the rest of the country by virtue of its location.

Norfolk, like Cornwall, is "on the road to nowhere" in that no one just passes through the county on their way to another destination.

There is no major industry here to bring "furriners" into the county on a long-term basis and even our tourism market hasn't been quite so exploited as that in the West Country - one only has to visit "Guinevere's Laundrette" down there to realise this. Also, despite all the hype generated by the railway lobby, the Big City Commuter who was going to snap up all Norfolk housing and enjoy a leisurely train trip to London each day to work has not really penetrated much beyond Diss.

All in all, Norfolk fares to "dew diffrunt" again, in that it is geographically placed to allow its dialect to evolve more slowly than many others.

Although the written dialect word is available for comparison - from Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia* (1830) via James Spilling's dialect stories (notably *Giles's Trip to London* published in 1872) to the Boy John Letters of the early 1950s - phonetic spelling can be confusing. How did they actually sound?

It is interesting to speculate on how the spoken word has evolved and an illuminating exercise, if it were possible, would be to see how well a modern true local could chat to a true local of a hundred years ago. I should think they could make themselves understood - and I'd like to propose my brother-in-law to take part - he always lays it on thick when he sees me coming!

It is in this respect that Norfolk has another really special advantage. FOND has received a lottery grant to buy the equipment to record the spoken word as it is heard today, to make a lasting contribution to the study of how dialect can and does evolve - and thus survive.

Sid Kipper's Norfolk capons

No 2 - 'GO EAST, YOUNG MAN'

As I go round the country, being a famous mego-star, a lot of people say to me: "Sid, where exactly is this Norfolk you keep going on about?"

And I generally look them in the eye and tell them to bugger off and mind their own business.

But if they're bigger than me, then I look them in the chin and say: "Well, we aren't rightly in the south-east, and we aren't rightly in the north-east, so I reckon we must be in the middle-east" (come to think of it, that explain all the sand and the oil they have round Yarmouth way).

Anyhow, due to being asked by all them people of various sizes, I decided to go into it. And you'll never guess what I found out (so don't strain yourself trying). Now, you know how the news is always going on about what's being done by the West? Well, what I learned is how we don't have to bother about it. Because all that's got nothing to do with us.

You see, how it work is like this here. They have this this thing they call the Meridown line, or some such, which start at Greenwich, and go all the way round the world (mind you, I must have crossed it loads of times and I can't say as I've

Sid: We're Oriental!

ever noticed it). Anyway, it turn out that the whole of Norfolk is on the eastern side of this line. Which mean we aren't in the West at all. Strictly speaking we're Oriental! As opposed to all them people in the rest of the country, who are Accidental.

Well, that explain a lot of things, don't it? Like why we Dew Diffrunt. Why people say we talk funny. And why Cyril Cockle have a pig tail (although if Farmer Trout ever find out where it went he'll give him a thick lug to go along of it). And that also explain why we're so wise — because the Wise Men come from the East, didn't they? (though I dare say after they'd done that people only said they'd gone West, which just go to show, really).

Anyhow, now you know, so I'm done. I'm now going over to Raquel's to listen to East Enders on Trunch Wireless. According to the Wireless Times there's going to be "Triumph and tragedy for those loveable rogues who live and work around the whelk sheds in Wells-next-the-Sea."

DATES WITH SID

Sid Kipper has four Norfolk dates in May, as part of the Norfolk and Norwich Festival Fringe. He will be presenting Country Cod Pieces with Dumplings, a version of his rural touring show, based on his latest book, with a few added Norfolk twists:

May 3 Gressenhall Social Club (in association with Gressenhall Arts) (01362 860835)

May 4 Neatishead Village Hall (in association with the White Horse)(01692 630828)

May 10 Wells Granary Theatre (01328 710193)

May 11 Trunch Village Hall - benefit for Trunch Church (01263 721931)

Details of times and prices vary, but are obtainable from the telephone numbers above.

Thare's allus suffin' ter dew....

By THE BOY COLIN

That mearke me annoyed when I hear kids terday say they're bored 'cause they hent got northin' ter dew. Blast when I was a boy there allus seemed thare wunt enow toime in a day ter git all the things dun.

I know they're got thare skearte boards and computers but they still don't 'pare to be satisfoid.

When I wus a boy I spent a lotta toime a'singing in the choir, that wus till they found owt wot wus wrong with it! My parents med me go to chach three toimes on a Sunda'. I yewsta sing at Mornin' Prayer, go ter Sunda' skule in the arternune, and then hatta tan owt agin at noight ter sing Evensong. And we hatta attend choir prattice on a Friday noight an' orl.

The chach had a Scout trupe and arter I'd had a yare or tew in the Cubs I muved up inter the Scouts. I wuz glad I did cors that ow jarsey wot I wore fer Cubs wus a second-hand one and wholly smelta morth balls. On Remembrance Sunda' arter I'd peraarded with the Cubs I hatta put on my cassock and sing in the choir. Blast wunt I hot wi' orl that clobber on! The things I remember most about Remembrance Sunda' (or Armistice, as they yewsta call it) wus singing "Thru the Noight of Dowt and Sorra" and the Psalm wus allus "The Lord is My Hope and Strength." Thas a rummin' how them things allus stick in yer moind, ent it?

I loiked Scouts. I got ter be Patrol Leader of the Buffaloes terwards the end parta tha toime. Afore that thare wus one boy that allus troid ter boss everybody about and I din't git on wi' him. Still, I wus really pleased when we had boxing 'cause that give me a chance ter poke him on the snout wi'out any comebacks. I went ter tearke my Adventurers' badge one noight and hatta climb a tree as part onnit. Well, bor, I clambered up it loike a monkey but wen that cum toime fer me ter cum down I lorst ma bottle and they hatta get tew other boys wi' ropes ter git up arter me and lower me down settin' in a loop. I never did git my badge; still, I helped them others 'cause the tew wot cum up arter me got thares!

I got meself a little job a'deliverin' groceries arter skule. I yewsta git orf the trearne and go strearte to the Stearshun Rud Post Orfice and load the ow trearde bike up wi' boxes a' groceries and pedal orf up Norridge and Matsall ruds where them ow gals yewsta be a'waitin fer thare week's supplies. That wus jist at the end of the war and we wus still on rations and I hed tha job a' snippin the cupons outa thare books fer wot they'd had.

There wus one on 'em wot allus got stroppy and reckoned I'd cut tew many outta har book. One Satda' mornin I took a lotta ow rubbish up ter the Norridge Rud allotments ter ban it up. There wus a lotta ow bearcon scrap: 'mong it and when they started a' sizzlin' on the fire they give out a rare appetisin' smell and I reckoned the folk at the top half a' Norridge Rud musta felt really hungry when they gotta whiffa that.

I hadda pearper round an' al but I could ony dew that a' Satda' mornings and holda' toimes an' I hed 147 calls ter dew each day. That 'ud mearke sum a' the kids terday tan thare snouts up at it. I warked fer Harold Bane wot run the bookstall on the Rearlway Stearshun an' he wus allus pleased wi' me 'cause I allus cum back on Satda' mornings wi' tha roight money.

Well, bor, there's a lot ter dew out in the garden so I betta pack up fer now. I hope I shall be earble ter dew anuther little ow bit fer yer next toime round. Mind how yew go tergether and as my little ow Dad yewsta say, "Don't yew ferget, if yew carn't dew someone a good tarn, don't yew dew 'em a bad 'un." Fare ye well.

Place names whose pronu

spelling

Norfolk antiquary and book-collector RON FISKE continues his series The Norfolk Dialect: Guides to Reading and Research. No 3, Robert Charles Hope: *A Glossary of Dialectal Place-Nomenclature.* London, 1883.

This scarce little book was promoted by a call for a dictionary of English place names in *Notes and Queries* in the 1880s.

A direct response was taken up by Professor Walter W. Skeat and the English Dialect Society before Professor Eilert Ekwall produced his authoritative *Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Place Names* in 1936.

Robert Hope, however, responded at a tangent and, as the title of his book suggests, dealt with the dialect aspect of place names.

For the county of Norfolk he lists a surprising 138 places names (including a few from Suffolk!) whose pronunciations contradict their spelling. Many are familiar to us and are regularly reported by visiting "Shere-men." Others are less familiar and may reflect the fact that Robert Hope had to rely on contributors and correspondents.

None appears to be from Norfolk. Many examples reflect the fact that, formerly, "i" and "y" were interchangeable as mere "e" and "a" (Fersfield=Farsfield).

Others were obvious contractions such as "fer" for "ford" and "um for "ham". In regard to the latter, I am reminded that there is living one man who correctly pronounces Walsham as Wals-ham and not Wal-sham. Even so, I believe he picked it up from a late historian of the town who might have been prompted by his reading rather than actual usage.

Robert Charles Hope, FSA, FRSL, of Albion Terrace, Scarborough, and Lincoln's Inn, was educated at St Peter's College, Cambridge. He was much interested in and wrote books on folklore, English goldsmiths and church plate.

Among the more interesting is his *Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England*, London, 1893, which has a chapter on Norfolk wells; and his translation of Barnabe Googe's *Popish Kingdome* of 1570, which is the fount of much of our knowledge on early folklore.

Well, warts and all (or should it be "writs an' orl"?), here follows Mr Hope's list which, he states, will be of great utility to velocipede riders, and tourists generally, who may fail to comprehend the rustic pronunciation:

nciations contradict their

Robert Charles Hope's 1883 original list of place names — some at variance with their usual spelling* — and their pronunciation

NAME	PRONUNCIATION	NAME	PRONUNCIATION	NAME	PRONUNCIATION
Aldborough	Orlbur	Coltishall	Cōlesil	Hardwick	Haddick
Ashill	Ash-ul		Cōltsul	Hautbois	Hobbies
Aslacton	Asletun	Colveston	Colstun	Haveringland	Haverland
Aumser*	Arnmer	Costessey	Cossy	Haynford	Hanfer
Aylsham	Elsham	Cranwich	Cranice	Hayham*	Harfum
	Elsum	Cranworth	Cranner	Heigham	Hayum
Barsham	Bashum	Cressingham	Cressenjim	Helhoughton	Hellot'n
Barwick	Barrick	Crostwick	Crossick	Hellesden*	Helsdun
Bashingham	Bazyngame	Croswight*	Cosset	Hickling	Hicklun
Bastwick	Barstwick	Deopham	Deepum	Hindolveston	Hilvestun
Bawburgh	Babur	Dereham	Dareum	Hoe	How
	Borber	Docking	Dockun	Holme	Holl'm
Bawderswell*	Bardsell	Earsham	Arshun	Halm Hall*	Home Hall
	Bordsell	Easton	Eas-un	Horsham	Horsham S.Fays
Beeston	Beesun	Erpingham	Arpyngam	S.Faith	
Belaugh	Bee-lō	Fersfield	Farsfield	Houghton	Hoeton
Billingford	Bellinfor	Foulden	Fouden	Hunstanton	Hunston
Bircham	Barchm	Foulsham	Foul-sum	Kenninghall	Kennyle
Bixton	Bixn	Fransham	Fransum	Keswick	Kessick
Brandon	Brand	Fulmodeston	Full-mes-tun	Knapton	Napt'n
Breasingham*	Bressengen		Feltum	Lammas	Lammus
		Garboldisham	Garblēsum	Langford	Langfer
Brockdish	Brodish	Gayton	Gytan	Leizate*	Ledjet
	Brordish	Gestwick*	Gestick	Letheringsett	Larnsett
Buckenham	Bucknum	Gipping	Gip'n	Marlingford	Marlf'd
Bunwell	Bun-ell	Glandford	Glanfer	Martham	Mathan
Burgh	Burrer	Goodnestone*	Goodsun	Matishall*	Matsel
Bylaugh	Bee-lō	Gressenhall	Greslin	Mautby	Morby
Caldecote	Corket		Gresnel	Merton	Marton
Carsington	Carsun	Grimston	Grimsun	Methwold	Methuld
Cawston	Carsun	Grundisbury*	Gunsbro'	Mundesley	Munzly
Chedgrave	Chedgruv	Haddiscoe	Hadscō	Mundford	Munfer
Cley-next-the-Sea	Cly		Hadsker	Neatishead	Neatshead
		Halesworth	Harsler	Necton	Nayton
Cockley Cley	Cockley Cly	Hanworth	Hanner	Norton Belleau*	Blo' Nortun
Colkirk	Coal-kirk	Happisburgh	Hāzebro	Norwich	Norridge
Colney	Cō-ney	Hardingham	Hardingam		

(TURN TO PAGE 14)

MORE PLACE NAMES FROM 1883

(FROM PAGE 13)

NAME	PRONUNCIATION
Oulton	Oletun
Ovington	Overton
Paston	Parson
Pettaugh	Petter
Pickenham	Picknum
Postwick	Possick
Ranworth	Ranner
Raveningham	Ranningham
Reepham	Reefun
Roughton	Rowton
Runhall	Runall
Rushall	Roosh'll
Salhouse	Sallus
	Sallers
Salle	Saul
Scottow	Scotter
Scoulton	Skowton
Shipdham	Shindham
Shottesham*	Shottsum
Sidestrand	Sidestroud
Sisland	Sizeland
Skeyton	Skyt'n
Snettisham	Snettsum
Stanhoe	Stanner
Stifkey*	Stewkey
Tacolneston	Tacklestone
Tasbro'*	Tazebro'
Taverham	Tabberham
Thrigby	Trigby
Thwaite	Twaite
Threxton	Trexun
Titteshall*	Tittsal
Tivetshall	Titsorl
Wacton	Wōton
Westwick	Westick
Woodbastwick	Woodbastic
Worsted	Woosted
Wortwell	Wottel
Wymondham	Windum

Your letters to The Mer

Swimm'n at Horstead Mill afore that got bant down

Deer Sar,
My cusun Janifa Brown a Sprowstan, sheha bin agittun onta me sayun I're gotta rite yew a latta, an I dunt spus I shul git n'peace till I dew.

Thas thatty-six year since I lived in Narfolk. Since then I're lived here, there and everywear and nowadears live in Burkshear, agin Bracknell Forest in a willige b'the nearme a Crowthorne.

Howsummever, I was born in nineteen faurty faur, an I larnt t'speak broad Narfark at my mother's knee. Once upon a time I lived at Horsted, agin the River Burr. When I wus a boy I hed a rowun but an' I used to go a fishun in the Burr agin Horsted Mill afore that got bant down. Thas also wear I larnt t'swim, in the Burr, in the mill pond. That was a bit dangerus, a boy got drown'd wonce, he cum from Hevenum, I think. I wunta wanted to a hetera larnt my kids howta swim thear. We dint ortera done it but that used t'be nice on a Sundy arternoon, summertimes, peeple all laid about on the grass, sum on 'em hevun a swim, sum hevun a doze.

I wus faurteen duren that marvellus year a'1959 when the Canaries went to the semi-final a'the Cup. Arter the sixth round, arter they'd drew wi Sheffield United at Bramall Learne, wen ole Ken Nethercott'd bruk his shoulder, the nexter mornun, which wus Sunder, we all went an cued fer tickets for the replay. That cue I got in wus faur deep an started th'other side a Trowse bridge, all the way to Carrer Rud. Sum onnem hed cum stret back hum frum Sheffield an got stret in the cue, about ten o'clock the night afore. Well bor, you shudda bin at the replay. I'll neva forgit boy Terry Bly a'scorren the winnun goal fer Norridge as long as I live. It seemed like all a'Norfolk wus on the pitch a congratulearten onnim.

I red the Boy John latters, b'Sidner Grearpes when they fast appeered in the Eastun Dailer in the nineteen fifties. I're gotta buk on 'em on my shelf and I still refer to the famous postscripts a'Aunt Agatha an wot she say.

Well, that'll dew fur now. I'll rite agin wen the spirit say. All tha best to yew an yar starf.

Fare yer well a'gather, an keep yew a dewun.

Christopher Sexton,
Crowthorne,
Berkshire.

Norfolk Squit — by The Boy Humbert*

Arter I'd hed my wittles tuther day I though' I'd gow up tew see how my ow Farther wus a farun. I hint bin tew see him leartly.

When I go' there he wus a pokin' about in the gardun. "Wot are yew a'doin', Farther?" I say.

He say: "Bor, um in a bloomin' muddle with these here cabbages."

"Wos a'ma'er, Farther?" I say.

"Them there blasted hodmedods are a eartun all the greens. Look at um, there in't any left," he say.

"Well, Farther," I say, "yew want tew think yarself lucky.

"Why is that?" say Farther.

"Becorse," I say, "in France they buy an' eart hodmedods."

"Dew they, bor?" say Farther.

"Well, if they send a boot over here they can buy as menny of 'em as they want, an' mind where yar a pamplin, yew're goin' tew tred on one or tew an dew me out o' a shillun."

Arter a wile I say tew Farther: "I wunder wot them there French folks eart with hodmedods."

Quick as a flash, Farther say: "I reckun they eart 'em with a bit a cabbage."

"Well, Farther," I say, "thas wot yew call ge'un yar own back."

Fare thee well.

**The Boy Humbert articles appear in the Harleston Grapevine community magazine.*

THASSA LARF

Old Horry went to the parson and asked him to pray for Polly Green. The parson duly mentioned her in his prayers on the next two Sundays. Before the service the following week, Horry told him prayers were no longer necessary. "Oh, has the poor dear passed on to glory or is she better?" asked the parson.

"Blarst, no," said Horry. "She won the three-thatty at Fearknum Races last Monday."

*****

Norfolk cowman selecting a new cap: "Dew yew hev one wi' the peak at the back fer milkin'?"

*****

During the war, an officer's batman, a former Norfolk farmworker, informed his superior: "No, yew arn't puttin' me out atorl by wantin' me ter git up early. I never dew noffin afore breakfust, and when I dew, I allus hev breakfust fust."

Woman in Norfolk shop: "I'd loike a pound o'biskits — harf o'best for Sunday and harf o'broken ones for dunkin' in yer tea.

Charlie was puffing and blowing as he pushed a heavily-laden wheelbarrow up the hill. Coming up behind, Will shouted: "Hey, ole partner. I'll grunt for yer — just yew howld yar breath an' push.

****

The parson was strolling through his Norfolk parish when he met old George. "Morning, George. Haven't seen you for a long time. You used to come to church regularly and I've been rather concerned at your absence."

George looked him straight in the collar. "No need ter wurry yarself, ole partner. Yew hent lorst my custom. I dunt go nowhere else."

Roy Waller — a good old Norfolk boy!

BBC Radio Norfolk's Roy Waller not only presents the popular weekdays afternoon programme Tea for Three and the Saturday morning Rodeo Norfolk, but also commentates on all Norwich City FC matches. Here's a behind-the-scenes, tongue-in-cheek glimpse of the life of a much-travelled football commentator.

I have the habit of getting lost on my way to the football grounds. The advice to me on my first away match was to look out for floodlight pylons. I finished up in a British Rail car park.

****

I arrived at Portsmouth's ground and had forgotten my BBC pass, but decided to produce the BBC petrol credit charge card, which seemed enough to convince the steward.
Remarkably, we were admitted with 750 loyalty points to check the catalogue and see if we had enough for a toaster.

****

Birmingham City now sports a brand new Press room — a welcome change.
Rumour has it they'll turn the heating on next season.

****

The area around the Millwall ground left a lot to be desired. We felt it was unsafe to park on the side streets when we saw that housebricks were being sold to stack under cars.

It's been mentioned many times when I'm on the radio that I have a Norfolk accent.
Well, I make no excuse for that. After all, I'm proud that Norfolk is my home county and Norwich my home city.
It's a good life working for BBC Radio Norfolk, no two days ever the same. It's enabled me to go round the world twice, meet many famous people and be "gunged" on the Noel Edmunds Show.
Glamorous? Well yes, but I still try to remember my roots and the fact that I'm a good old Norfolk boy.

At Edgley Park the Press box was very small and rather cramped. Once we were in our allocated seats, that was it — no way out. There were only two electrical sockets and with all the other media's technical equipment monopolising nearly every available space, there were more plugs than in a Comet stock room.

****

One Saturday a film crew were observing a day in the life of a radio commentator and they followed me all round Carrow Road. One man asked me if it was This is Your Life. I replied that it wasn't — I wouldn't have enough friends to make up a full show....

rry Mawkin

Outa tha sorspan...

To understand this here yarn, yew hetter remember that, years ago, times wuz hard and wittals wuz short. Country pearple din't hev no baathrumes wi' hot an' cold runnen water ter wash in. An' the bit o' meart what they hed a' tha Sunda' — or werra orften tha Saturda' — hetter be eked out fer tha rest o' tha week.

Anyhow, this pertickerla week, ol' Tom, he cum hum frum wark a tha Tharsda night an 'went threw tha back ter hev his wash. After a while he sung out, "Wuss fer tea, ol' dear?"

"Wer, brorth, bor," seah Mearra Ann. "Din't yew see that in tha sorspan on tha stuv?"

"Wer, yew siller ol' fewl, yew," seah Tom. "I're now washed in that!"

Sheila Hall,
Poringland.

Totty little ole choirboys tergather at Dereham

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for my first copy of the Merry Mawkin, particularly the article by The Boy Colin. Blast that 'minded me of the dares when we were totty little ole choirboys tergather. I 'member Mr Hemment's shop, but I'm s'prised he din't mention ole Bartie Fanthorpe's just down the rud next to Bayfield the butchers, opposite Kingstons.

I must admit his winders din't chearnge from one year to the next except at Christmas when he had a bit of tinzel round the edges.

But the contents of the winders themselves always drew me. One would have knick-knacks, trinkets, etc. Another would be displaying jokes and novelties and, last but not least, was my favourite which contained air-pistols and rifles, boxes of airgun slugs and sheath knives. I never did get my Christmas present of an airgun. I had to wait until I had left school and was warkin' afore I could afford one. I did, though, manage to buy in the wartime a much coveted commando knife which I had to hide for months from my mother. He was nice man, Bert Fanthorpe. He once tried to teach me to play the violin, but I used to embarrass myself and anyone else within earshot so much that I gave it up.

Sorry about the lapsing back and forth with our dialect. I just said to my wife, "What do you think of this hare letter?" And she say to me, she say, "Start agin, you can speak this here broad Norfick better than you can wroit it."

Just one more thing. We have The Boy John, The Boy Jimma, The Boy Colin and Nigel Boy Syer, but do you remember Harbert*, whose letters appeared in the Dereham and Fakenham Times in the 1950s? My mother used to send the paper out to me in the Far East and sometimes I would read an article of Harbert's out to the rest of the billet, but of course they could only understand the odd word or two so I then had to interpret.

Also there was Buster Newell and his yokel act. He lived near me and was a postman at Dereham and was well known before dear old Allan Smethurst.

If these characters have been mentioned before, I apologise. When nostalgia articles appear, I can't stop! Fare you well.

The Boy Roy,
Beeston Regis.

(*Harbert's News from Dumpton, featured in the Norwich Mercury Series, was written by former EDP London editor and European Journalist of the Year Maurice Woods, now living in retirement near Bungay. In the 1950s he was chief reporter/local editor at Dereham for the EDP and Dereham and Fakenham Times. - Ed.)

More from our North Elmham stage spectacular —

Snow White and the Three Genetically Modified Dwarfs

"Just the sort of old-fashioned entertainment people used to enjoy in their village halls." ***"Perhaps that's why television was invented!"***

....AND MORE DIALECT ON STAGE NEXT MONTH — AT CROMER

Dialect enthusiasts take to the stage at Cromer Parish Hall on Tuesday, April 30 (7.30pm) as part of the Cromer and North Norfolk Festival of Music, Drama and Dance. For further details, contact organiser Derek Paul at 3, Church Close, Overstrand, NR27 ONY (tel. 01263 579688).

Charlie Boy

As Charlie Boy sings
Way up high in the sky,
May we think of him kindly
With a glint in his eye.
He played at our FOND-dews
And heard us all laugh,
Even if it was a bit daft.
His bright coloured shirts
We will always remember,
Whether it be July or December.
Well, Charlie Boy,
As you take your long rest,
Think of us saying
You were one of the best.

Jean Eaglen

Norfik so bewtiful, Norfik so fair,
I'm prowd tew be Norfik,
I'm glad I live here,
Where the butterflies in summer time
Floot grearcefully by,
An' the sun shine so brytely
From my own Norfik sky.

***Chorus from Charlie Boy Smith's *Norfik So Bewtiful*, which he sang at our Martham "dew" last June.**

Proud to call himself a Norfolkman

(FROM PAGE 4)

-assadors.

I had first encountered Charlie Boy around 40 years before when I was a cub reporter covering Wymondham for the Norwich Mercury and EDP. He had already started his long career as a writer of poetry and songs about anything and everything — but especially about Norfolk.

His guitar followed him everywhere. He was not only ready to entertain at every opportunity, but he also did what he could to persuade teachers that young people should learn something of their Norfolk heritage.

Our paths crossed again through the formation of the Friends of Norfolk Dialect in 1999. He took to FOND with his customary gusto.

He attended our "dews," regaled us with his songs when we met at Martham, and performed most memorably at our New Year get-together at North Elmham on January 6. Tragically he died the next day.

At a thanksgiving service at Wymondham Methodist Church, Charlie Boy was remembered as a devoted family man, a worker who had tackled a staggering number of jobs. A man who had known adversity, who had been widowed three years ago and had undergone heart surgery. But he had done his best to come through it all smiling.

Charlie Boy found inspiration in everything. Colin Burleigh tells me that, while waiting for a consultation at Papworth, he saw a poem of Charlie Boy's pinned on the waiting room wall.

And I recalled a poem he had sent me, an ode to his new girlfriend "Ann" — Angina. It was his way of saying thank-you to the doctors and nurses who had looked after him.

Charlie Boy was a one-off character, proud to call himself a Norfolkman and blessed with that cussed courage and dry sense of humour which we like to think is typical of our race.

He brought a splash of colour, light, humour and song into our lives and we shall miss him.

Fare yer well tergather, ow partner.

Tony Clarke

Dew yew know yar Norfolk?

Compiled by The Boy Colin — Answers on Page 23

1 What was the name of Watton's open-air swimming pool?
2 How many times did Norwich City play in a Cup Final at Wembley?
3 What is a dodman?
4 Who was the most decorated lifeboatman of all time?
5 When were the first students admitted to the University of East Anglia?
6 Which Swaffham schoolmaster carved many of the village signs throughout the county?
7 Where did Philip Wayre establish a wildlife park?
8 Which well-known comedy performer was born in Lady Lane, Norwich?
9 What do Norwich Cathedral and the Eco wind turbine at Swaffham have in common?
10 Which director-general of the BBC was educated at Gresham's?
11 Towards the end of the second world war the last V2 rocket fell on Norfolk. Where?
12 Which Norfolk village stands on the site of the Roman town of Venta Icenorum?
13 Where is the Royal Norfolk Regimental Museum situated?
14 Robert Hales, standing 7ft 8in tall and known as the Norfolk Giant, was buried in which Norfolk churchyard?
15 Where was Jeremiah James Colman, of mustard fame, born?
16 What is a harnser?
17 Which Cromer-born businessman developed a well-known piece of household equipment?
18 Which Broadland public house was bombed during the second world war, several airmen from RAF Coltishall escaping with their lives?
19 Where is Sir George Edwards, founder of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, buried?
20 Which Eastern Daily Press journalist went on to present the Today programme on BBC radio?
21 Which Hollywood comedy duo appeared at the Norwich Hippodrome shortly before it closed?
22 Which school, opened in 1901 and finally closed in 1953, taught young boys to become sailors?
23 Where would you go "to get a new bottom"?
24 During which year was Norwich City Hall opened?
25 Which Norfolk clergyman was mauled to death by a lion at Skegness?
26 Which Norwich boxer fought Jock McAvoy for a British title?
27 Who founded the Norwich school of artists?
28 Which is taller, Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square or Nelson's Monument at Yarmouth?
29 Which Norwich City footballer is carved into a misericord in Norwich Cathedral?
30 Which family built Oxburgh Hall?

**There y'are, tergether. Dew yew ony git 10 roite, yew'll hatta brush up yar knowledge a bit; 10-20 mean yew're bin doin' a bit a'swottin' up. Anything over 20 and yew kin go tew the top a' the class.*

Norfolk People-Search

COMPILED BY BRENDA BIZZELL

The 25 names listed have Norfolk connections and are in the grid for you to find

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

Blogg	Edrich	Kemp	Rye
Borrow	Edwards	Kett	Sewell
Cavell	Fenn	Lind	Shovell
Coke	Fry	Mace	Smethurst
Colman	Grapes	Nelson	Vancouver
Crome	Hales	Opie	Walpole
			Woodforde

SOLUTION ON PAGE 23

The Song o' Sorlomun

Another extract from The Song of Solomon translated into Norfolk dialect in 1862 by the Rev Edward Gillett, of Runhall, near Hingham

From the 1611 Authorised Version of the Bible

CHAPTER 7

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O Prince's daughter! The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hand of a cunning workman.

2 Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies.

3 Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

4 Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

5 Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.

6 How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

7 This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

8 I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples.

Translated into Norfolk dialect byRevE.Gillett

CHAPTER 7

How pritty air yar feet wi' shues, O prince's darter! The jints o'yar thighs are like jewiltry, the handiwork of a knowin' workman.

2 Yar noble is like onto a round beaker as don't want no licker; yar baally like onto a hape of whate set about wi' lilies.

3 Yar tew titties air liken to tew young roes as air tweens.

4 Yar neck is an ivory steeple; yar eyes liken to the fishponds in Heshbon, by the gate o'Bethrabin; yar nose as the steeple o'Lebanon lookin' Damascus-wards.

5 Yar hid on ye is liken onto Carmel, and the hear o' yar hid like pupple: the king he's hew'd in the galleries.

6 How fair and how pleasant yow be for delights, O love.

7 This your hayt is liken onto a palmentree; and yar brists to a bunch o' grapes.

8 I sed I'll go right up onto the palmentree; I'll lay hold of its boughs; now also yar brists shall be as bunches o' from off the wine-tree, and the smell o' yar nostrils like apples.

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

FOND OFFICERS

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

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

Vice-Chairman
Peter Brooks
5 Abbey Road
Sheringham
NR26 8HH

Secretary
Tony Clarke
30 Station Road
Beccles
NR34 9QJ
Tel 01502 713692
Fax 01502 715308
e-mail <tony.clarke@atlas-features.com>

Membership secretary
Brenda Bizzell
Walnut Tree House
Forncett St Peter
NR16 1HR
Tel. 01953 789592

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

Committee
Vera Youngman
Forge House
Station Road
Yaxham
Dereham
NR19 1RD

Colin Burleigh
7 William Cowper Close
Toftwood
Dereham
NR19 1LT

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

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

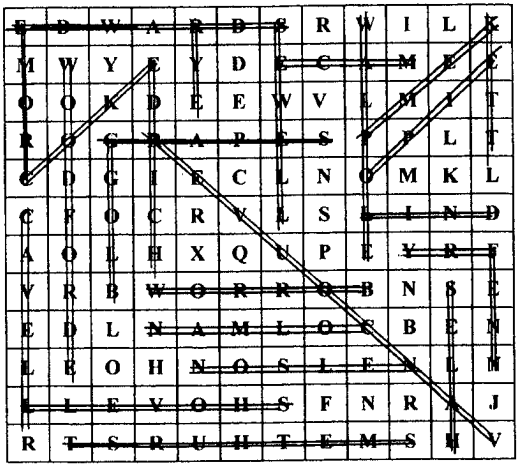
Norman Hart
Avonside
42 London Road
Harleston
IP20 9BW

Newsletter Editor
Robin Limmer
Mill House
Walpole Close
Broome
Bungay
NR35 2RP
Tel. 01986 894739
e-mail <robinlimmer@tiscali.co.uk>

The Boy Colin's Norfolk quiz — the answers

1 Loch Neaton. 2 Three. (They played against Tottenham Hotspur, Aston Villa and Sunderland). 3 A snail. 4 Coxswain Henry Blogg of the Cromer lifeboat. 5 1963. 6 Harry Carter. 7 Great Witchingham. 8 Richard Hearn (Mr Pastry). 9 They are both 135 feet tall. 10 Lord Reith. 11 Mundesley. 12 Caistor St Edmund. 13 The Shirehall, Norwich. 14 Somerton. 15 Stoke Holy Cross. 16 A heron. 17 James Dyson. 18 The Ferry Inn, Horning. 19 Fakenham. 20 John Timpson. 21 Laurel and Hardy. 22 Watts Naval School, near North Elmham. 23 Bungay. 24 1938. 25 The Rev Harold Davidson of Stiffkey. 26 Arthur "Ginger" Sadd. 27 John Sell Cotman. 28 Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square is one foot taller. 29 Bryan Gunn. 30 The Bedingfeld family.

NORFOLK PEOPLE-SEARCH — THE SOLUTION



FOND-dews

Best-selling novelist Anthony Grey will be guest speaker at the Fond-dew to be staged at the **Lophams Village Hall** on **Sunday, March 17th (2pm)**. All members and friends are welcome. Entrance is £2 at the door. Anthony Grey is a former journalist with the Eastern Daily Press, and he spent two years working at their Diss office. While working for Reuters in the 1960s, he fell foul of the Cultural Revolution in China and spent two years in solitary confinement. On returning home he wrote an account of his experiences - Hostage in Peking. This was followed by a series of best-selling novels.

He has returned to his home base of Norwich to develop his own publishing business, the Tagman Press.

Brancaster-born actress Patience Tomlinson has been lined up to talk at our FOND-dew in **Weeting Village Hall** on **Sunday, September 8**. Patience now lives and works in London, but is a member of FOND and last year read Mary Mann's Tales from Victorian Norfolk on BBC Radio Four. The other FOND-dew is at **Bawburgh Village Hall** on **Sunday, June 9.** A speaker for this has yet to be confirmed.

PRESS GANG

(All shows start at 7.30pm — 11 are on Saturdays, but the Tivetshall event is on a Friday). **March 16 - Loddon** Jubilee Hall, organised by Chet Valley Probus Club in aid of local charities. Tickets £5 on 01508 528171. **March 23 - Fulmodeston** Old School Hall, in aid of Barney and Fulmodeston Golden Jubilee Fun Day. Tickets £6 from Harriet Redmayne on 01328 878794. **April 13 - Ranworth** Village Hall, in aid of hall funds. Tickets £6 (inc. refreshments) from Sue Hitchcock on 01603 270212. **April 20 - Fleggburgh** Village Hall in aid of hall funds. Tickets £5 from Pauline Hathaway on 01493 369292. **April 27 - Burgh St Peter** Village Hall, in aid of hall funds. **May 11 - Sedgeford** Village Hall, in aid of hall funds. **June 7 - Tivetshall** Village Hall, in aid of hall funds. **September 7 - Lophams** Village Hall, in aid of hall funds. **September 14 - Hempnall** Village Hall, in aid of hall funds.**September 21 - Geldeston** Village Hall, in aid of hall funds. **October 5 - Dersingham** Church Hall, in aid of Campaign Care 94. **October 19 - Bungay** Community Centre, in aid of Bungay and District Hearing-Impaired Club.

Friday, July 12 - Aristosquits concert, Wolterton Hall.

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.....Phone.....

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