50 pence. Free to FOND members

Summer/Autumn 2002

No 7

The Merry Mawkin

Newsletter of Friends of Norfolk dialect

Much cause for pride in FOND's first three years

KEITH SKIPPER steps down as chairman of FOND at the annual meeting in October after three years at the helm, the maximum period allowed under FOND rules. He reflects on what he feels has been achieved since launch day at Yaxham Village Hall.

After that momentous meeting on Sunday, October 3rd, 1999, packed with local pride and optimism, I noted in my diary: "A day for celebration, a day I hope future generations will salute with gratitude."

Skip — 'A great Norfolk adventure'

Perhaps I got carried away by all the excitement, but the use of such heady language seems to have been vindicated by subsequent events.

This is a flourishing organisation making a mark well beyond Norfolk's boundaries. We have our own website, underlining the value of combining modern technology with traditional virtues, and a newsletter that has blossomed into a powerful and entertaining voice for the cause. A lottery windfall of nearly £4000 has paved the way for a precious recording programme, key components in the crusade to preserve our dialect for future generations. We are forging

TURN TO PAGE 7

OTHER PAGES

Norfolk dialect advantage	2
Our Vera	3
News from Catalonia	4
FOND website popular	5
Recording session date	5
View by Outsider	6
Ted Ellis	7
The verb 'int'	8
Sid Kipper	9
Norfolk by Adoption	10
The Boy Colin	11
Norfolk childhood	12/13
Your letters	14/15
Norfolk bookshelf	16/17
Anthony Grey's Dwile	17
Norfolk Miscellany	18
FOND & Jimma aid actor	19
Norfolk quiz	20
Norfolk wordsearch	21
FOND-dew wagon rolling	22
Sid's dainty ditties	22
Quiz/Search answers	23
Future events	24

Learning to spell? Norfolk dialect speakers' advantage

By FOND president Professor PETER TRUDGILL, Chair of English Linguistics, University of Fribourg, Switzerland

Modern English spelling is not a very good representation of modern English pronunciation. That is why most English-speaking children spend so much time learning to spell — unlike children who speak Finnish, for example.

English spelling is, in fact, a much better representation of how mediaeval English used to be pronounced. This is because it was in late mediaeval times that the spelling of English began to be fixed.

Why do we write *know* with a *k*? Because it used to be pronounced with a *k*. Why do we write night rather than nite? Because the mediaeval pronunciation was *nicht*, as it still is in some Scots dialects.

The pronunciation of all languages changes through time, but English spelling has simply not kept up with English pronunciation changes. It is interesting, then, to see that there is one respect in which Norfolk dialect speakers have an advantage over speakers of other kinds of English when it comes to learning to spell. Norfolk dialect speakers pronounce pairs of words like this differently:

road - rowed; nose - knows; moan - mown; sole - soul; ode - owed

Speakers of most other kinds of English pronounce them the same. This is why the Beatles were able to call one of their records *Rubber Soul* — a pun which does not work in Norfolk. (Nor does writing *IOU* for *I owe you*!)

The reason we pronounce these words differently is that in mediaeval English they were not pronounced the same, and we have been conservative enough to maintain this difference, while other people have lost it.

The mediaeval difference is reflected in the spelling. In Chaucer's time, words spelt with *o_e*, or *oa*, such as *rode* and *road*, would have been pronounced something like *rawd*. Words spelt with *ow* or *ou*, on the other hand, would have been pronounced very much as Norfolk people still pronounce them.

Most kinds of English started merging these two different vowel sounds into one sound in the 17th century. We are still resisting it. Until recently the same thing was true of pairs of words such as:

daze - days; made - maid; gate - gait; gaze - gays; wade - weighed

These words, too, are spelt differently because they were pronounced differently in mediaeval times. Norfolk writers recognised that our dialect had kept this ancient distinction by writing words such as *made* and *gate* as *meard* and *geart*, while keeping the normal spelling for *maid* and *gait*. However, sadly, we are now going the way of other English speakers and losing the distinction between these two vowels.

Most people in Norfolk under the age of 40 now say *gayt* rather than *geart*. Interestingly, some people trying to speak or write the Norfolk dialect in the old way overdo things and use pronunciations and spelling like *dares* for *days*. This is wrong — no older Norfolk speaker would ever have said that. Perhaps it will not be too long before we start pronouncing *moan* and *mown* the same as well. But we have held out for 400 years. Perhaps we can hold out a bit longer.

Our Vera - a special, caring kind of person

In February, Vera Youngman was presented with a Certificate of Excellence for 20 years' devoted work with Victim Support, and similar thanks and recognition from Norfolk Constabulary "for your service to the Victims of Crime." FOND treasurer JANET WOODHOUSE pens this affectionate portrait of Our Vera

Vera Youngman with her Certificate of Excellence awarded by Victim Support.
Picture: EDP Library

Gal Vera.
How often do you look at someone of a certain age and wonder what they have achieved in their lifetime? Has it been an interesting and fulfilled life, or have they changed the world in any way?

Our Gal Vera, that is Vera Youngman, who provides tea and cakes for our FOND committee meetings, would never say she's changed the world in any way, but she's certainly helped with people's lives one way and another.

Our Vera is a Yaxham girl, daughter of the village blacksmith. At 14 she was apprenticed to a dressmaker in Norwich but she never finished her five-year apprenticeship – but what she learned there has stood her in good stead, as many a local bride will testify, for Vera has stitched miles of lace and tulle for wedding dresses and later christening gowns.

While still in her teens, Vera left her training to become a lady's maid to the Cholmondeley family of Houghton Hall in West Norfolk. Now her world was opening up as she travelled with the family to stately homes and houses around the country. How many of us can say we have stayed at Balmoral, Arundel Castle, lived at Stragglethorpe Hall in Lincolnshire and Cadogan Square in London? Vera has.

Vera returned home during the war and worked firstly for a baker and then as a butcher's roundsman, which she loved.

She married – husband was one of the first members of the SAS – had a son and daughter and in 1966 they bought the old Bush public house at Yaxham and made their home there, calling it Forge House.

Sadly, the marriage broke down in 1989 and when she was low herself, not knowing what path she ought to take, Vera was asked by Breckland District Council if she would take in homeless people, unmarried

TURN TO PAGE 13

Thas a small world: Catalonia and the Norfolk connection

Former vice-chairman of FOND, ex-EDP deputy editor MARTIN KIRBY writes from the family farm in Spain

Down on their farm in Catalonia: **Martin and Maggie Kirby with children Joe Joe and Ella.**

Picture: Channel 4

Blas' bor, thas a small world.

As a few of you may know, I somehow found a good reason to forsake adorable Norfolk after 42 years, seduced by the notion of a wholly different life halfway up a Catalan mountain in north-east Spain.

And I can't say it's been easy leaving behind my home county and our families (even if it's been glorious to change the rhythm of our lives and for Maggie and me to find a great deal more time for ourselves and the children). The old joke at the EDP office was that I was nailed to the floor, the resident Norfolk codger with "I'll never go!" tattooed across my chest.

But off we went, not so much into the sunset but an arctic squall on a bleak January night 18 months ago.

So how different is it? Well, we potter around the lanes, wave to the old boys sitting on benches watching the world go by, have a mardle in the shop, drift around the market on a Tuesday, and curse at any changes that may "develop" this glorious, peaceful backwater. Sound familiar?

The biggest worry is the new road across the mountains which means — heaven forbid — that second homeowners from Barcelona and even abroad may target local properties.

But it's a thousand miles away from my homeland and you wouldn't think Norfolk, or should I say the Friends of Norfolk Dialect, would come up in conversation. I'm having enough trouble grappling with the Catalan dialect. Yet I never cease to be amazed by the size of our planet and how life can twist and turn like the road from Saxthorpe to Matlaske.

We count a few English people among our many new friends and one is Rachel, an apprentice master glass crafts woman (try saying that without your teeth in) who lives in Barcelona but is engaged to a man from our rural neck of the woods.

One weekend she rang to say she'd like to call by with a friend who was staying with her. We were planning one of our usual riotous supper parties and invited them to join us.

They duly arrived and we were introduced to a lovely lady who spoke English extremely well but with an indefinable accent.

"Are you Catalan or Spanish? I asked. "Oh no," she replied. "I'm from Switzerland."

"I only know one person in Switzerland," I said. "Two now," she smiled, "- but who is the other one?"

"Professor Peter Trudgill at the University of Fribourg."

"I know Peter very well," she said. "I studied with him."

Cor, what a rumm'n. I thought I'd detected a slight Norfolk melody in her accent....

Thousands are already visiting our website

www.norfolkdialect.com

By the end of July, "visits" to the FOND website totalled 2751.

We have had a guestbook entry from the United States — from Clair Shaffer in California. She was delighted to find the site as she is related to the legendary Sidney Grapes of Potter Heigham.

Membership secretary Brenda Bizzell reports that the FOND website has led to the enrolment of eight new members, mostly, however, from Norfolk!

Diane Chamber from Bolton, Lancashire, contacted us to ask for Keith Skipper's help. She is a family historian and discovered that Singing Postman Allan Smethurst was her grandfather's cousin. She knew little of the background of the family, so in the hope of generating some response, Keith mentioned Diane's quest in his EDP column.

Andrew Barton contacted us hoping his website would be of interest. His site is now linked to ours and you'll find 14 nostalgic sound files, including "The time a train went through the buffer stops at Southtown Station at Yarmouth and demolished the W.H.Smith bookstall" and "A childhood story from around 1925, explaining the events surrounding a dare to swim the River Yare." Andrew's site is at http://berneyarms.co.uk. Click on "Gt Yarmouth" and then "Recollections" and you will find the sound files.

If any members have found sites they consider of interest, would they let us know so that they can be added to our "Links" page?

FOND and Jimma aid actor - Page 19

STEWART ORR's sound update

Join us on the recording trail

The first thing to report is that we are now the proud owners of a pair of high quality headphones, one for each recording kit. This means the two sets are now complete and that sound quality checking can be done in the field, as recordings are being made.

In The Merry Mawkin's last issue we announced training sessions for anyone who liked to come along and learn to use the equipment.

There was a misunderstanding about date and time, and so we cancelled, only to find our newsletter editor turning up anyway.

We had a good mardle on the patio (that's posh talk for that bit of concrete round the back), but no training was achieved!

We will try again and the date is to be Wednesday, September 4th from 6 to 9pm here at Prior's Croft Barn, Withersdale, near Harleston.

A week or so before the day, I will send directions to those coming. It will be open to members, but I would ask you to register so that I know how many will be there.

Telephone: 01379 854458, e-mail: soss@paston.co.uk and address as at the back of this magazine.

There will no doubt be some refreshments, and so a good, as well as an informative time should be had by all.

Furriners: We like what we see and want to help

A VIEW BY *OUTSIDER*

Well, it's that time of year again, when being "on the road to nowhere" ceases to be relevant and visitors flock to the resorts, Broads and other tourist attractions for a relaxing couple of weeks.

Inevitably it seems locals' thoughts turn to the eternal question — how many of these "furriners," having spent many happy hours here, will decide to retire to Norfolk and have to be absorbed, albeit slowly, into the county?

I am reminded again of Canon Oakley's poem of Norfolk — "...every precious stranger might be a thieving Dane" — to explain the Norfolk reluctance to accept newcomers with open arms. The concept of having to "summer 'n' winter 'em fust" seems to spread over several such seasons.

But several notables have retired to this county with some success. Captain Frederick Marryatt retired from the Navy to Langham in North Norfolk where he wrote his classic work *Children of the New Forest.* He is buried in Langham churchyard. Walter Rye, a solicitor from London, retired to Norfolk, became Mayor of Norwich and was one of the founders of the Broads Protection Society. Frederick Duleep Singh was, shall we say, encouraged to retire and chose the Norfolk/Suffolk border, becoming a great benefactor of Thetford, having bought the Elveden estate in 1863.

Other incomers have helped Norfolk in a variety of ways. Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, the Pop Idol of the 1840s and 50s, thought enough of Norwich to found the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children in 1853. Still in the world of entertainment, Nugent Monck, a Shropshire lad, founded the Maddermarket Theatre in 1921. And who can forget Belfast-born Dick Condon at the Theatre Royal?

And medically, Kenneth McKee, born in London, together with his colleague John Farrar-Watson, pioneered hip-joint replacement surgery at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, an operation which has become one of the 20th century's most successful operations.

Everyone who comes to Norfolk seems to find out about Parson James Woodforde and his famous diary — mainly for the reports of his repasts — but he was born in Somerset. Even our favourite naturalist Ted Ellis was born in Guernsey, admittedly of Norfolk parents.

So, you see, not all "furriners" are to be despised (back to Canon Oakley again), some of us are actually quite useful in our own little ways. Not all incomers come to desecrate and defile (some locals are quite adept at that); most of us come, and stay, because we like what we see and want to help maintain it.

We were not born in the county, we probably won't be able to pronounce "bootiful/bewtiful," we may chuckle when locals change "u" to "oo," we almost certainly don't fully understand the intricacies of the Norfolk use of the double negative, but we do want to be accepted as fully-paid-up members of the locality, ready to do our bit. Our hearts are in the right place — Norfolk. After all, we chose to come and live here.....

FOND: the past and the future — by our retiring chairman

FROM PAGE 1

close links with county archivist Dr John Alban and the Norfolk Record Office.

Our president, Professor Peter Trudgill, has been honoured by the University of East Anglia. We will continue to explore the academic side of linguistics while maintaining our passion for the humour and homeliness of our native tongue.

To this end, the FOND-dew wagon must continue to roll round the county, mixing the serious with a bit of squit in a sociable setting.

Perhaps support will grow for an annual dinner or some other formal celebration in years to come. Of course, there are areas for improvement. It is hard to get the dialect message into local schools — and we desperately need teachers and youngsters to pick up these heritage threads — while the old Mummerzet murmurings can still be heard on national radio and television.

Too many people pay FOND lip service without taking the trouble to join. That sort of patronising could prove fatal. Even so, there's so much cause for pride over what has been achieved in three busy years.

The enthusiasm, energy and expertise of officers, committee members and supporters have laid perfect foundations for a healthy future.

It has been a privilege and a pleasure to play a part in the beginnings of a great Norfolk adventure.

Moonplay

Surlingham, September 24th, 1947

This evening, as a bright crescent moon was dipping towards the west, we set out in the punt to savour the magic of an autumn night upon the waters.

Soon, familiar landmarks seemed to have receded and become dissolved into smudges, wisps and curtains of pale tracery. Reed beds and their reflections took on a peculiar squareness and from the water line at a little distance they loomed out of the black setting of the carrs beyond like the hulks of Spanish galleons or graceful longships beset with oars.

From Ted Ellis's Countryside Reflections*

Moonbeams shone on the wavecrests of grass in the swamps and transformed the freckles and streaks of waterweeds into a semblance of newly-formed ice, while drops of water hanging on leaves scintillated like diamonds as we drifted past. The darkness and the silvering, the small white clouds like distant snowcaps glimpsed above the black brush tops of sallow bushes, and pale snakiness of boughs dipping in the water, the night's canopy of dusky blue – there came a moment when we shuddered in this chill dreamland – the dreamland, surely, of John Sell Cotman.

(*By permission of Phyllis Ellis)

None not no more they hint

The same day that the letters column of the EDP contained a learned treatise on the use of the double negative in Norfolk dialect, I happened to meet our local Steptoe, now retired and out to pasture, just like his horse. He was telling me about some friends of his who were farmers. "They hint got no animals not no more," he observed, thus unintentionally making an attempt on the world record for the most negatives in one short sentence.

Tony Clarke

DAVID FORD lives in Ely with his Norfolk-born wife Helen, who is a member of FOND. He was moved to write this piece after one of their many lively conversations on Norfolk, its customs, its inhabitants and particularly its speech.

The verb 'int'

I have long been interested in the properties of the verb "int," as in "I int been to London."

While it would appear to be a derivative of "is not" or "isn't," the nearest translation, when properly used in Norfolk, the county of its birth, is actually "haven't," as can be seen from the above example. However, it also lends itself to other meanings, as we shall see.

The immediate peculiarity of this verb is that it never alters when conjugated — *I int, you int, he int, she int, it int, we int, you int and they int,* or more accurately, *them int.* It also stays the same in the perfect tense, in that it can additionally mean *had not*, as in *you int ought to have done that.*

It is typical of the economy of the Norfolk people and their dialect that this single three-letter word can be used so widely. In fact, if we wrote *int* as it is pronounced we would leave off the *t* and make it merely two letters long (*in'*), and I would defy any linguist to find me another two-letter word on this planet which is both so universally used within a specific geographical area and which has such a diversity of use. In fact, when written absolutely accurately the *n* itself would disappear, as it is hardly sounded but merely suggested. Hence we have effectively a truly all-purpose word consisting of exactly one phonetic letter sound, which can even be written as one letter (*i'*).

Now all verbs are capable of being stressed or emphasised by the addition of some adverb or other verbal qualification. Thus *I do not eat cooked breakfasts* can be stressed as *I never eat cooked breakfasts* or even further emphasised as *I have never eaten a cooked breakfast in my life.*

The other form of emphasis is used when replying to a question or responding to a statement. When someone who has never been abroad in their life suddenly announces *I am going to France next week,* the normal response might be *Never! Good gracious! What a surprise!* or even *Strike me pink!* That amazing verb *int* has no such need of one word, let alone several to qualify it or suggest any emphasis. No, we merely place an *h* in front, so that the answer comes out as *You hint!*

The verb *hint,* of course, has all the same properties as *int.* It must be used sparingly and in the context of emphasis or surprise.

These two connected verbs show the English language both at its most beautiful and most economic. Consider their opposite, the verb *were* (as in *I were, you was, he were, we was,* and *they was*). Its relative complexity leaves it open to all sorts of abuse and misuse (like *I was* and *you were,* for example). The splendidly uncomplicated burghers of Norfolk would never let that risk be taken by their two favourite verbs.

Why, that just int proper, that really hint!

****

FOOTNOTE from David's wife Helen: ***I've warned my husband that there will almost certainly be many people who disagree with the above!***

Sid Kipper's Norfolk capons

No 3 - Londoners

Now you might ask me what have Londoners got to do with Norfolk? And I might answer, Don't ask me, I've got my hands full plucking this here pheasant.

But, then again, you might not ask me that, so best I tell you anyhow, to save you the bother. You see, at one time of the day Norfolk people didn't have to concern themselves with Londoners, due to Suffolk being in the way. But then come the war, and a whole lot of them got escalated to Norfolk because of the Germans. Then, when the war got won, they all went back (except for 'Arry 'Addock, who still go round St Just-near-Trunch in short trousers with his gas mask. But that's another story, what'll be available from all bad booksellers in due course). However, by then it was too late, because by then they'd seen Norfolk and not died. Like my great-uncle, Jimmy 'Am I Boring You' Kipper, used to sing:

Sid: Learn to talk proper

How we gonna keep them
Down on Chalk Farm,
Now that they've seen Scratbee?

Next thing anyone knew they'd invaded Thetford and built loads of houses for what they call "London overkill." And it didn't stop there. Before you could say "Jane Russell," they were popping up so you couldn't miss them, until now they're all over the place. Of course, most of them only come for their weak ends. But some move in, lock, stock and barrel. Except they don't keep no stock, and don't drink nothing out of barrels, even if they do have a lot of locks. Not to mention burglar alarms.

What they are is economic migrants. Now don't get me wrong. I've got nothing against Londoners. And if they want to dress up as pearly kings and queens, and eat jellied eels in the privacy of their own barn conversions, that's all right with me — that's just having no taste. But when they all gang up and start doing the hokey-cokey on the village green, well then they're interfering with local culture. Because local culture round our way is to stay home and do nothing. And even if they don't mean no harm by it, they're still going to stir up bad feeling. And the thing about bad feeling is it's a bugger to stir down again. Next thing you know them Londoners will be wanting to turn the Old Goat Inn into a Bisto, where they can get what they call a "cuppa chino," which I reckon must just be a fancy name for China tea anyhow.

So what's the answer? To tell the truth, I've forgot what's the question. But my uncle George writ a song about it:

It is well known to Norfolk folk that
Londoners have rabies;
They talk a foreign language and
They eat each others' babies.
They think all birds are "sparras"
And the privy is a toilet;
They reckon Norfolk's all unspoilt,
So then they come and spoil it.

I reckon that says it all. And, if it don't I'll just add one thing — the least them foreigners could do is learn to talk proper. FOND ought to set up a course.

SID'S DAINTY DITTIES—PAGE 22

NORFOLK BY ADOPTION 5: In which contributors, though not Norfolk-born, have made their permanent home here. BBC Radio Norfolk's **LYN McKINNEY,** producer of the recent acclaimed landmark radio series on Norfolk, *A Sense of Place* (previewed by her in the spring edition of The Merry Mawkin), says she has replaced rather tenuous roots put down in Sussex with more permanent ones in Norfolk, her adopted county.

Among my dearest friends.....

Three months after I moved to South Norfolk from London in 1975 I seemed no further forward in getting to know neighbours, and mentioned the fact to someone *I had* got to know.

"Don't you worry," she said. "They know all about you."

It's part of the Norfolk character, I've now come to realise and admire, to stand back a little and observe, before leaping in.... and now, nearly 30 years later, I count many Norfolk people among my dearest friends. People you can rely on in a crisis.... and in the end, isn't that what counts?

But Norfolk took a bit of getting used to. For a start, I had to slow down when out walking, because I'd become accustomed to striding through crowded tube stations in London, elbows at the ready. I had to get used to being left in the dark for hours, when high winds would cause huge tree branches to clash with electricity wires, and cut the power. But the biggest difference was the space. Lots of lovely elbow room. We swapped our pocket handkerchief garden in London for over two acres

Lyn McKinney

in Norfolk.... and all our London friends who came for the weekend were expected to put in time in the vegetable patch.

Slowly, over the years, rather tenuous roots put down in Sussex during a childhood spent moving from place to place, were replaced by more permanent ones in Norfolk, in a clay lump cottage 20 minutes from the centre of Norwich. Two daughters and a dog completed the family.

I can't pretend my relationship with Norfolk would have been the same if I hadn't begun working for Radio Norfolk back in 1981.

Over the last 20 odd years I've had the privilege of meeting some fascinating and wonderful people, whether it's been out reporting in the county, or meeting guests here at our Norfolk Tower home.

Though the Norfolk landscape is diverse, and often unexpectedly beautiful, in the end it is the people that make a place.

Last autumn I was lucky enough to be asked to make a series of BBC documentaries called *A Sense of Place*, which gave me the freedom to research, report and edit six programmes about the county I have come to love. A top assignment if ever there was.

I wasn't born here, and therefore can't claim to be a Norfolk person, but I hope I can now say I qualify by adoption.

All this from a hardened old journalist — is this Norfolk getting to me?

Initiation on the skule trearn

By THE BOY COLIN

I wuz out on th'ow garden jist now a'puttin' in a few beddin' plarnts jist ter mearke the plearce look a hare and thare fer the summer (assumin' we're gorn ter git one!) and that started a'tippin onnit down.

So I're cum on in out onnit and thowt thass about toime I writ yew anuther bit fer yar newsletter. Afore I dew, is there any on yer kin tell me why when that rearn hard folks still reckon thas sorft water. I carn't fathom that one out.

Well, ter continue moi tearle (sound a bit loike "Pearton Plearce" don't it?) Arter I left Dereham Chach Skule I went orf ter Swaffham. I wuz lucky enow to screarpe through the Skolarship exam and arter the hidmarster at Swaffham hed run the rule over me, I started thare in September of '42. Cor blast me, I wuzz in fer a shock. The fust morning a marster bounded in and started arsking me questions in French. I never dun none a'that afore and looked at him like a duzzy fule. I bet he thowt, I're got arummin hare ter contend with. Arter the initial shock I quite took a likin' ter French. I got ter speak it like a native (of Dereham a'course), but dew I'd kep a'practising onnit I moight a'bin earble to ask them lot acrorst the Channel why they kep a'settin' fire ter our sheep.

Thet din't tearke me long ter git inter the swing a'things and I took ter lessons loike them ow ducks took ter the Netterd Pit at Dereham. I even won a prize or tew. Thass a wonder any on us dun any good cause we yewsta be up half the noight when them ow Jerry plearnes cum over. I're got bags under moi eyes a'cause of lacka sleep from them toimes, thow my missus reckon thass dew ter me spendin' a lotta toime down the pub.

Our ow skule dinners wunt up ter a lotta cop but yew coont expect tew much wi' orl the rationing gorn on. We yewsta hev shepherd's pie reglar as clockwork and fer arters semolina wi' a dollop a' jam.

The fust day yer started at Swaffham grammar skule yew hatta go threw an 'nitiation ceremony on the trearn. Yew got shuvved under the seat and the other boys jumped onnit till yew wuz smothered in dust. Arter that yew got slung up on the luggage rack and had geometry compass points stuck in yer tender parts.

That wuz best not ter complearn about it dew yew went threw it agin the nexta day.

We yewsta dew our humwork on the trearn but I think the marsters alus knew that course the writing wuz that much better when the trearn wuz in the stearshun.

The ony toime we dint travel on the trearn wuz when that got near D-Day and orl the trearns were confiscicated ter ferry the trupes down ter the South Coast reddy fer the invearshun. Then we hatta go by Braybrookes' buses away from Swaffham. We coont dew our humwork sa well on th'ow buses, yew dint git the searme elbarume.

The Yanks wuz good ter us kids and yewsta load us up wi' tins a' this and that and kep us supplied wi' sweets and chewin' gum.

Blarst, thass stopped out thare so I'll go and finish them plarnts orf. Thare'll be more fer yer next toime. Moind how yew go and don't fergit, mind wot yew git up tew on yar sofas cause actions squeak louder than words.

Cheeer-i-o!

Delightful stories of Norfo century ago

Norfolk antiquary and book-collector RON FISKE continues his series The Norfolk Dialect: Guides to Reading and Research.
No 4, *The Works of Mathena Blomefield*

"Mathena Blomefield," whose maiden name was Fulcher, wrote four Norfolk-based books, three of which have been published — *The Bulleymung Pit,* 1946; *Nuts in the Rookery,* 1946; and *Bow-net and Water Lilies,* 1948.

The stories, aimed at children, tell of her early life at East Bradenham and are delightful accounts of a simple childhood more than a century ago.

Her pseudonym was taken from her grandmother who was the daughter of the Rev Mr Blomefield of Sparham, a member of the same family as Francis Blomefield, the famous Norfolk historian. Owing to an early illness, she had little education and was allowed to roam freely round the farm. She began her books when she realised that her grandson led a very different childhood from her own and she jotted down her reminiscences in simple exercise books. These were sent to Lilias Rider Haggard whose family were neighbours at West Bradenham. She arranged for them to be published and wrote an introduction for the first book.

The manuscripts for the books were written in broad Norfolk which had to be severely curtailed to become intelligible to the general reader. Even so, they retain a rich store of local folklore and dialect and the following examples are taken from her first book:

Di-dopper — Little Grebe
Bibbled — the babbling sound (not quacking) of a duck
Deen o' noise — hardly any sound
Petman — a runt used as a pet
Well-clayed bench
Snastes — unused candle wicks
Hog stool
Bumbly foot
Come-backs — Guinea fowl
Spuds — mole spades
Hulk — to clean or skin and prepare a rabbit
Pulling tree — a moveable bar of a cart or plough to which traces are fixed

Apart from the use of dialect words, Mathena Blomefield is one of the few writers who can capture the rhythm of Norfolk speech:

"Hi, Mary," I hollered to the missus, "come you up here quick with a light — I believe I ha' got a dog's flea, that I do."

"Rubbidge," she calls upstairs, "an' you jest washed, and all clean things and clean sheets too."

"Well, I were in such a pass, a-scratchin and a rippin, I was fair duthered.

"Lumme, Mary, bring a light, I be fair daft with itchin; come and fetch the varmin do."

lk childhood a

Now, my missus, she be dead nuts on any kind o' varmin, so up she come with a candle and she tore down the bed clothes.

"Now my man, where do it be? Let me ketch it," says she, pulling off me top sheet. Lawks she give such a screech.

"Come you outer my nice clean bed, you dirty old monkey" (giving me such a ding on the ear). "Wherever have you been a-piggin last night? You be alive with warmin, that you be."

Those last three words, in the last sentence, as well as in the first, are quite superfluous but quite necessary to achieve the measure of Norfolk speech. When she married Albert Doy, Mathena moved to The Lilacs in Hayes Lane, Fakenham. In 1949 it was described as a real country cottage, with creepers round the door, and a mass of succulent plants in the windows: "If it is fine, no doubt, you will see leaning over the gate or 'pottering about' in the garden a hale and hearty old lady whose round face and buxom figure remind you of the happy days when farmers' wives sold dairy produce on market stalls." A neighbour remembered her as "the lady with all the animals" who was sometimes seen walking her goats on leads, up the lanes, for them to browse on the grass verge.

References :

The Norfolk Magazine, vol. 2, page 56.
Eastern Daily Press, 19/10/77, 28/09/98, 26/10/98.

Vera - counsellor and comforter in time of trouble

FROM PAGE 3

mothers and battered wives. With a large house which had to be maintained, she agreed. Between 1989 and 1992 she gave room to 200 adults and 147 children. This was the path she was treading – helping others who perhaps had no one else to turn to.

In 1992 Peddars Way housing association took over with their own hostels for the homeless.

Vera then became one of the first local members of Victim Support. She was trained to listen – to be able to comfort, perhaps by just being there – people who had to cope with sudden deaths and bereavement.

She also visited mortuaries, helped to arrange funerals, counselled victims of male and female rape and comforted families where murder had been committed.

This sort of counselling and work needs a special kind of person – that's our Vera.

Now she's retired at the grand age of 80. She says she loved her involvement with Victim Support, and misses the phone calls, but her phone bill has gone down!

Today Vera is still helping, but differently. She has lodgers who are Lithuanians, here to learn the language, work hard and eventually return home – with fond memories of a remarkable Norfolk lady. Our Vera.

Janet Woodhouse

Your letters to The Merry Ma

From CANON CLEMENT MULLENGER, Thorntree, Middlesbrough.

I wondered if the enclosed jeu d'esprit would be of any use to you for your excellent magazine. I was born and bred at Pulham St Mary the Virgin where my paternal forebears had laboured as wheelwrights for three centuries, and my maternal ones even longer as farmers and yeomen. My maternal great uncle Baxter translated the Song of Songs into our beautiful tongue:

Blast, bor, Oi know where yew cum from

There was Oi a rare long waay from hoom and as Oi was goin' up the rood ta Evensong at the Cathedral in Bloemfontein I saw a fella with his hid down in the bonnet of his owd moata.

As Oi past bye he lookt up and he say to some chap: "That bluddy thing won't goo," he say. That mayed mee wanta howl, so Oi say to him: "Cor blast, bor, Oi know where yew cum from."

So he say: "Dew yew now, my owd bewty, an' where moight that bee?"

So Oi say: "Somewhere near Diss, Oi reckon." So he say: "Well Oi'm blowed so Oi dew. How dew yew know that?"

So Oi say: "I cum from Pulham, I dew." So he say: "We're booth on us a long way from whoom, so cum yew along'a me and hev a pint o' wot they call beer in these paarts — thow compared with Adnams thass filthy culsh."

So Oi went along'a him an' wee hev a fine owld time, an' thass God's trewth.

Yars trewly,
The Boy Alan.

Marster he gave o'the gluepot

From BRUTHER WILL,
Thuh Hovel,
Muckbarrer Farst,
Littul Swearin',
Nr Cussen,
Oathes.

Larnin' is fun, so thet sed in thuh pearper a littul wile ago. Well I int tew sure abowt thaat. Thass orl down tew whewse dewin' thuh teachin' an' whewse doin' thuh larnin'.

Now I didunt git on tew bad at skewl until thaat cum tew wot thay cawlled handiwark. Thassa maekin' them wicka barskets an' sea grass stewls. Sumhow or anuther thuh wun I dun allust seem tew hev suffen wrong with ut. Ayther them pattens didunt match, if that wus thuh stewl, or thaat wornt finished orf proper wen I dun thuh barsket.

I wornt no gud at drawin' nor paintin' nayther. Wen I dunnit thuh paint allust seem tew go ova thuh lines. As for drawin' thatt didunt look nuthin' loike a bunch ov daffodils, more loike a few sticks wot yew mite yewse tew lite yar fire

ıp and put me in charge

with.
But hold yew on, wass wus tew cum. Wen yew wus risin' 12 yew hetta go tew carpentree lessons. Every Tharsday arternoon a bus wud pull up outside thuh Post Orfice an' cart us orf tew thuh next willage where thuh carpentree hut wus. Now thaat theer carpentree marster wus suffen else. Sumtoime in his carrer he musta took an oath he wud teech enny boy woodwark no matter how thick he wus, or die in thuh attempt. Thuh way he went abowt ut wus more likely to end in me adyin' than him. Toime arter toime he catched me acrawss thuh backside wi' his two-foot steel rule, corse I'd spoilt anuther bit ov his preshuss wood.
Wun arternoon he towld thuh whool class that thuh stock of wood shud larst fer a whool year. He say at thuh raete I wus usin' onnit we'd run owt afore thu ind of thuh tarm. 'Corse thay orl larfed, 'cept me. I cudn't see ennything tew larf at.
Every thaad Tharsday we had a drawin' lesson. Thuh marster yewsed tew draw suffen on thuh blackboard, an' we hetta copy ut. Thaat mite be a bowl ov fruit or a bunch ov flowers. Didn't much matter wot ut wus, I cudn't dew ut. So I got anuther hidin'. My maete he took pity on me one toime an', workin' loike a trooper, he managed tew dew two in thuh toime. He ment well, but that backfired. Wen thuh teacher saw ut he thowt I'd been a dewin' onnut on parpuss. Mearkin' a mess ov things I mean. Bor he went abowt then. In thuh ind I hetta tell him thaat wornt my wark. Both on us got a hidin' fer thaat.
But in thuh ind he gav' up, an' put me in charge ov thuh gluepot. So on thuh bus I become known as thuh glue boy. I didnut mind that 'corse thaat wus betta than gittin' a hidin' fer suffen I cudnut dew.

Tony to the rescue

From MIKE COLEY, King's Lynn.

I simply hat'a tell yuh
'bout a hapnun just afore dark
Wot cum t' parss at Bawb'r
Concarning young Tony Clarke.

I know yew mite imajine
He's a bumkin threw and threw,
But dew yew know he helped me out
Like good old boys will dew.

The larst FOND-dew at Lopham
Sor me claw orf pretty quick.
I couldn't wait t' get orf hoom
An left m'blasted stick.

I need that stick t'hold me up,
So later I rung Tone.
He mobbed me like a good'n
An I dam nere dropped the phone.

But in the end he cum up trumps
An' waived a magic wand.
He brung my stick t'Bawb'r,
Then he chucked me out'r FOND.

Go t'hell if he int a handful wen he get rews'd.

***Mike Coley, in a postscript, writes: "I hope this will get into The Mawkin sometime as I would like it to serve as a thank-you to Tony Clarke."**
Tony was as mystified as I was regarding the last three lines of the poem but, be assured, Mike remains a member of FOND!—Ed.

BOOKSHELF

QUESTION: What is a quizzionary? ANSWER: Read *Broader Norfolk* and find out....

BROADER NORFOLK, A Quizzionary of Essential Norfolk by David Stannard. Illustrated by George Smith. Published by the Larks Press, Ordnance Farmhouse, Guist Bottom, Dereham, NR20 5PF. ***Price: £4.95***

Norwich-born and educated David Stannard says his book takes a less than traditional approach to dialect.

It is compiled as a series of quizzes intended to celebrate, inform and, most of all, to prompt further inquiry into what Norfolk means to its inhabitants and the rest of the world.

For instance, Chapter 1, *Down in the Marshes,* delves into the ninth century when Danish settlers started cutting peat for fuel, thereby creating a series of pits in the landscape and beginning the process which was to result in the formation of the Broads.

Peat digging continued for several centuries and subsequent flooding in the 13th century filled the pits and created the distinctive Broadland landscape, and in late medieval times Dutch drainage engineers were employed to manage and drain Broadland, using an advanced system of windpumps and drainage channels.

In doing so they not only created the landscape which we enjoy today, but also introduced in the Norfolk dialect words which describe the tools and techniques used in maintaining this landscape.

These words are rarely heard outside East Norfolk. Can you answer the following?

1 *Where would you find a ligger?*

2 *How would you use a crome?*

3 *The tract of land lying to the north of Yarmouth is called the Fleggs, but what is a flegg?*

4 *What is a jet?*

5 *What is a dydle (didal or didle)?*

A whole page is devoted to the in-depth answers to each quiz, accompanied by excellent illustrations from the pen of George Smith.

David Stannard pursued a career in the international oil industry as a geologist before returning to Norfolk in the 1980s. Living close to the beach, he and his wife have had the opportunity to pursue their geological and archaeological interest, especially in the Eccles Lost Village project.

When not offshore catching herring in his small longshore boat, David Stannard lectures in business studies at City College Norwich.

This book, he says, tries to dispel, in a small way, the myth that the distinctiveness of the Norfolk dialect is being lost in the "communication society" of the 21st century and that the concept we call "globalisation" is the evil driving force behind this supposed loss.

Crome and jet

Dwile flonking – via the pen of George Smith in *Broader Norfolk.*

In a chapter headed Games People Play, David Stannard refers to "games, pastimes and entertainments in which the people of Norfolk somewhat peculiarly indulged themselves in times past, and also more recently.

Among the latter is dwile flonking, the spoof game introduced in the 1960s and reportedly first played in the Waveney Valley. One person holds a chamber pot containing a dwile (floorcloth) soaked in beer, standing in the middle of a ring of players who, holding hands, dance in a circle while the dwile is flung, or "flonked" at one of the dancers.

Broader Norfolk, with its unique "quizzionary," thus spotlights a wide range of Norfolk's distinctive words, phrases and placenames — "as commonly used now as they ever were," says David Stannard, "held in trust by a collective folk memory that is strong and active.

He adds: "The creation of a Norfolk Dialect Society in 1999 demonstrates that there is indeed an abiding desire to maintain and enrich this distinctive form of communication for those who are willing to look for, and listen to its distinctive sounds and unique modulation."

He means us: FOND — Friends of Norfolk Dialect!

Robin Limmer

Grey's elegy

Nostalgia was in the air at our March FOND-dew in the Lophams Village Hall when the speaker was Anthony Grey, the former Eastern Daily Press journalist who spent two years' solitary confinement in Peking after falling foul of the Chinese cultural revolution in the 1960s while working for Reuters (See Page 22) . At Lopham Tony mixed mardling with melody as he sang a Norfolk song specially composed for the occasion, to the tune of the Charlie Chaplin hit, *Smile:*

DWILE

(Original lyrics of a well-known song that, according to Anthony Grey, keen supporter of FOND, was rescued by him from an ancient beer-stained music case along with a mouldy, smelly dwile, all discovered in an old piano stole near Stratton Strawless, Norfolk).

Use a dwile
If you spill some humous
With olive oil
Down yar Aunty's bloomers
As they dry by her fire
That'll soon soothe her ire.

Or if you slop
Half a jar of piccalilli
Down the front o' yar trousers
And feel pertickularly silly,
You'll soon see yar neighbours
Start to smile,
If you flash yar dwile....

So if any form of spillage badness
Drives you to the brink of madness
Be it tea, milk or beer,
Or somethin' warse,
Never fear!

That's the time
You must keep on wipin'
Dwile! What's the use o' gripin
Yar life will never be a trial
If you use yar dwile.

(Copyright, all rights reserved by FOND and the landlord of the pub near Stratton Strawless, who wishes to remain anonymous).

Saxlingham serenity June, 1949

Saxlingham Nethergate in South Norfolk, with its distinctive war memorial, has remained largely unchanged since this picture was taken 53 years ago.

A Norfolk Miscellany

Our village Garden Feet

Some bloke ha' writ (that wholly read a treart)
A rigma-role about ther Garden Feet.
My woife seay "Garge bor,dew yew wroite an' tell
As how we had a Garden Feet as well.
Our Feet, that wor a marsterpiece th' year.
Th' rain held orf, th' deay wor broight an' clear;
Th' pearple come from miles an' miles around,
My hat! an' worn't they thick upon th'ground?
Son Tarm, he runn'd th' Bowlin' fer th' Pig
(A proper bewty, tho' not werry big). I had a goo at that, but han't no luck);
Tew balls went trew, th' thard one run amuck.
The Wicker's woife, she give a marster cearke,
An' arsked us, one an' all ter guess th' weight.
That weighed a lot, no doubt; I paid my tanner
An' writ "a quarter stun," but never wan 'er.
Th' kiddies had a rare toime, girt and small;
Swing-boots was ther, and donkey roides an' all,
An' Punch and Judy — that wor good, not arf;
We had a look — thet wholly mead us larf.
Th' flower s an' weg-e-ables wor a treart.
I wan a proise wi' six o' my red beart;
My missus took a proise tew, fer har bred—
Thet teake sum doin' — sum fared clung as lead.
We had a swanky tea ther fer tew bob,
Set at a tearble all among the nobs.
My missus, she wor bash-ful,
but I seay,
Our money, thass as good as thar's terdeay.
Th' evenin' come, th' fooks begun ter goo
(An' some on 'em wor reada, that I know).
Th' young 'uns steay'd fer dancin' on th' lawn;
I never, on account o' my ole corn.
I hare as how they mead a hun'ard quid
That arternewn; a good jarb if they did!
Thass fer th' chatch, ter git th' roof repaired;
I hoop I live ter see it — if I'm spared.

Garge

(EDP circa 1950)

All the world's a website — how FOND and Boy Jimma saved actor in The Sea

Daniel Bennett is a trainee solicitor in Oxford, but it seems his real ambition is to be an actor. If success depends on striving for perfection then the lad should go far.

Daniel had landed a part in an Oxford Theatre Guild production of a play called The Sea, but as he saw it he had a problem.

The Sea, by Edward Bond, is a tragi-comedy set on the East Coast shortly before the first world war, and Daniel's role was Hollarcut, a country character caught up in traumatic events. Daniel's problem was that when he tried to sound like an East Anglian his accents came out West Country. The dreaded Mummerzet, bane of all our lives, was rearing its ugly head.

So Daniel surfed the net — and promptly made history as the first actor to be helped through FOND's new website www.norfolkdialect.com.

His plea for help was taken up by FOND secretary Tony Clarke and Mawkin editor Robin Limmer. Daniel sent blank tapes to Tony who, better known as the Boy Jimma, recorded extracts of the script under the supervision of Robin, who has recording equipment and a lot of experience of producing magazine items for partially-sighted listeners to the Three Rivers Talking Newspaper in the Bungay, Beccles, Halesworth and Loddon area.

While cycling to work through Oxford's busy streets each morning Daniel had the Boy Jimma's dulcet tones ringing in his ears through his personal headphones.

Somehow, he survived unscathed and the play enjoyed a successful five-night run at the Oxford Playhouse.

Tony, his wife Pat and their younger son Tim, who happened to be in Oxford for a family celebration, were among the audience for the last-night performance.

The Boy Jimma commented: "Daniel din't mearke much of a fist of a Norfolk accent, but at least he hed a proper go.

"More o' them actors shud dew wot he dun an' try an git FOND ter help 'em git that right.

"Thass wunnerful ter think thare wus this bloke listenin' ter a bit o' Norfolk time he wus a-bikin' trew Oxford ter wark each day. Thass a wunder he din't cum a cropper."

STOP PRESS: ***As The Merry Mawkin goes to press, FOND helps another amateur actor — in New Zealand! Full story in the winter edition.***

NORFOLK QUIZ

Compiled by The Boy Colin — Answers on Page 23

1 What were Norwich City's original playing colours?
2 Who was the host of Anglia TV's Bygones programme?
3 Which Norfolk horse won both the George VI and Queen Elizabeth cups for showjumping?
4 In which year was the Great Flood of Norwich?
5 Which celebrated physician, knighted in 1671, is commemorated by a statue on Hay Hill, Norwich?
6 At which Norfolk sporting venue can you find the Prince of Wales Grandstand?
7 Which author would you associate with West Bradenham?
8 Which Gresham's schoolmaster was an expert on Norfolk dialect?
9 Which sport takes place at Cadders Hill, Lyng?
10 Who is accredited with inventing the bowler hat?
11 What is the name of the hall standing one mile north-west of Mundford?
12 Where is the story of Babes in the Wood supposed to have come from?
13 Which Norfolk town did poet laureate John Betjeman vote as his favourite?
14 Where was the "Royal Station" situated in West Norfolk?
15 Happisburgh churchyard is the resting place of the crew of which ship, wrecked on sandbanks on its way to join Nelson's fleet?
16 Complete the adage "He who would Old England win, must at..... begin."
17 Who did poet William Cowper marry a few years before his death?
18 Which Norfolk village was described by travel writer Arthur Mee as "Venice in Broadland"?
19 Who was vicar at Weston Longville from 1774 till 1803?
20 Which Norfolk church is the largest parish church in England?
21 Which "son of Thetford" wrote The Rights of Man?
22 Which church has the tallest tower in Norfolk?
23 Where is the Otter Trust Centre?
24 Who landscaped Sheringham Park?
25 Where can you find a museum dedicated to the TV comedy series Dad's Army?
26 Why should Norfolk farmers fear rhizomania?
27 What would you do with "buskins"?
28 What is a "titter-ma-torter"?
29 Which South American "visitor" proved to be a pest, causing damage to Norfolk's waterways?
30 Which American novelist and humorist stayed at the Ship Inn at Brandon Creek in the 1880s?

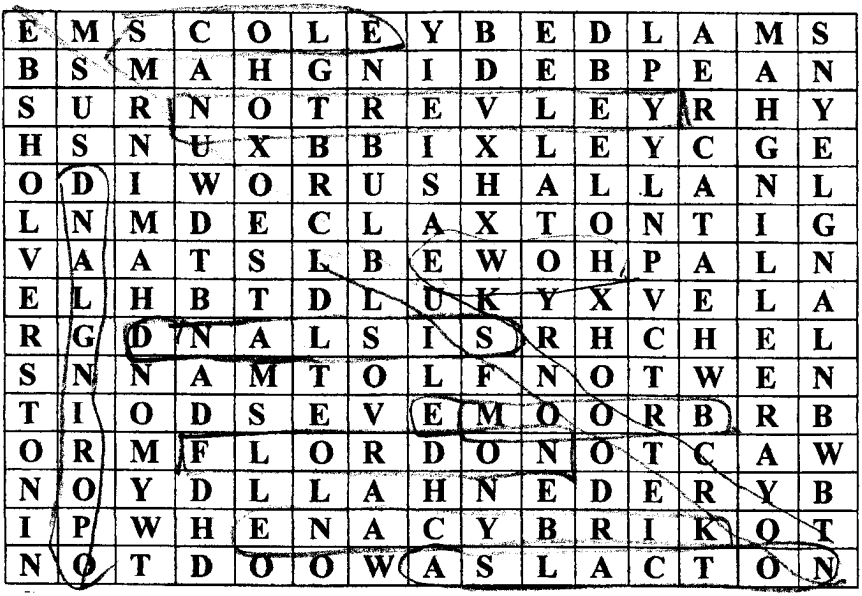
Scratch yar hids a few toimes and see how yew git on wi' that lot!

— The Boy Colin

NORFOLK WORDSEARCH

Compiled by Brenda Bizzell

All these places are in the south of the county



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

Aldeby
Aslacton
Bedingham
Bixley
Broome
Bunwell
Claxton
Diss
Ellingham
Flordon
Holverston
Howe
Kirby Cane
Langley
Newton Flotman
Norton Subcourse
Poringland
Redenhall
Rushall
Scole
Sisland
Wacton
Wheatacre
Woodton
Wymondham
Yelverton

SOLUTION ON PAGE 23

FOND-DEW WAGON ROLLING ROUND THE VILLAGE HALLS

The FOND-dew wagon continues to roll round Norfolk village halls!

Our March session (as already highlighted on Page 17 of this issue) featured best-selling novelist and former Eastern Daily Press journalist Anthony Grey, who has returned to his Norfolk base to develop his own publishing business, The Tagman Press.

At Lopham it was not only a reunion with Tony's old EDP colleagues Keith Skipper, Tony Clarke, Robin Limmer and Peter Mallett, but also with friends and acqaintances made when he worked at the EDP's Diss office. After his return from China and his two-year solitary confinement ordeal, Tony wrote an account of his experiences, *Hostage in Peking*, and a series of best-selling novels.

At our FOND-dew in June at Bawburgh Village Hall, county archivist Dr John Alban took the stage to talk about his work with the Norfolk Record Office, with which, of course, FOND will be linked when our own sound archive becomes established. This was followed by a home-made version of Call My Bluff, cobbled together by the chairman, with old Norfolk words and expressions getting the FOND treatment.

Weeting is our next venue (see back page for details) and the committee is already sizing up possible locations for more *dews* next year. Get ready for that wagon to come your way!

Sid's dainty ditties and tasty tales

Sid Kipper will be presenting Christmas Cod Pieces, a seasonal selection box of dainty ditties and tasty tales, at the following selected Norfolk venues:

***Dec 1st**, Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich (tel 01603 620917).*

***Dec 7th**, Sheringham Little Theatre (01263 822347).*

Contact individual venues for details.

Christmas Cod Pieces is performed by the man the Daily Telegraph described as "a visionary/warbler from Trunch."

It evokes all the emotions of the season, from the sinking realisation that the in-laws are coming, to the soaring relief when they finally leave.

Sid will present a living Advent calendar, with a treat behind every window.

The rich assortment includes the classic "A Christmas with Carol," the piquant "Pied Blowpiper of King's Lynn," the delightful "Drag Hunt" and the novel "No Room at The Goat."

Many have musical fillings, featuring the likes of the Norfolk Small-Organ and the Trunch Blowpipes. And all will be tastefully packaged, sprinkled with glitter and stuffed with walnuts.

So, why not treat yourself to something smooth, sophisticated and subtle this Christmas? But do, please, come to the show first.

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
Norwich 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
Tel 01379 854458

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>

FOND-dews

Don't forget the next FOND-dew will be staged at Weeting Village Hall, near Brandon, on Sunday, September 8th, starting at 2pm. Norfolk-born actress Patience Tomlinson, who lives and works in London, has been lined up to mardle about her work — especially when it comes to the need for an authentic Norfolk voice. She made a significant mark when reading some of Mary Mann's short stories on BBC Radio 4.

FOND's annual meeting will be at Yaxham Village Hall on Sunday, October 27th, again with a 2pm start. Written nominations for the election of officers must be submitted to the secretary at least 14 days before the AGM.

PRESS GANG

Keith Skipper and his Press Gang entertainers open their autumn season with a return visit to the Lophams Village Hall in South Norfolk on Saturday, September 7th.

Other dates (all Saturdays) are:

Hempnall Village Hall, September 14th;
GeldestonVillage Hall, September 21st;
Dersingham Church Hall, October 5th;
Bungay Community Centre, October 19th.

All shows start at 7.30pm. Check EDP for ticket details.