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FOND members

Autumn
2005
No 19



The Merry Mawkin

Newsletter of Friends of Norfolk Dialect

The Chairman Reports: —

Our dream of introducing an understanding and appreciation of Norfolk dialect into local schools, along with its the Standard English taught today together with a firm programme of action currently being discussed.

Ten schools across the county have been identified as being willing to be included in a programme of community events, dates have been allocated for training days, a county based exhibition and other activities. Full details on these activities will be published county wide when all agreements have been signed.

The whole project has been made possible through a grant from the combined support of the Local Heritage Initiative, the Heritage Lottery Fund, the Nationwide Building Society and the Countryside Agency. It is a partnership between FOND and the Children's Services Department of the Norfolk County Council and in its wider context aims to raise awareness of the origins, history, development and current use and richness of the Norfolk dialect as a local cultural heritage asset by various means, including collecting and archiving recordings, exhibitions, events, seminars, publications and other initiatives..



Grateful thanks go to this edition's contributors. Without them there would be no Newsletter.

If you have a story to tell with an association to our wonderful dialect please do get in touch by writing to me. It may be a memory from childhood, something to do with your employment, or even phrases used by your grandparents.

The next edition of The Mawkin is due out mid-December so please let me have any contributions by the end of the third week in November

Ding dong, Weddin' bells!

We hed a roight good ow dew t'other weekend. Alter yares a'weartin' moi gal Lisa thowt that wuz 'bout toime she got hitched. She told me larst yare she wuz a'thinkin' 'bout it, an she say "Oi'd loike a rare good dew an thass prob'ly gornta corst yew a shilling or tew". I say tew har "Well look yew hare, gal, I're put a few bob away a'thinkin' on how yew moight get hitched one day, so go yew ahead an mearke some arrearngements". She's lucky that har and har chap hev gotta lotta friends and they all mucked in ter help. I thowt they moight clear orf abroad and git the job dun on some beach with sand a'blowin' all about but oime glad ter say she plumped fer gittin' wed in Dereham Parish Church. That pleased me a lot corse us Burleigh's hev bin gettin' married thare fer as far back as 1765 - thass tradishun for yer, ain't it?

Cum the day we all got ourselves dun up fer the job. I hired a suit with a long jacket and looked loike one of them Shawaddy waddy's. Tork 'bout a dawg's dinner! The missus hed a hat with a brim that wide she say "Dew that rearn tew or three on yer kin shelter under it but dew that git tew hot yew kin hold yar beer under it ter keep kule". I felt loike Lord Muck a'ridin' longa the broide down ter the church in a pearle blue Jaguar. Tha weather wuz good fer us, keepin' foine fer the photos and rearnin' toime we wuz in the dry. We hed some luvla hymns and sang like billyo and tha church hed bin titivearted up wi' lilies all over the plearce. Toime we got tew the reception a cupla moi meartes wuz a'playin' a quiet bit o' jazz music a'fore we set down tew dew a bit of scoffin'. Alter a few glasses o' red ter get me a'gorn I wuz up on moi feet tew say moi threepennorth. Oime glad ter say I din't blot moi copybook an' say anything outta plearce! The missus breathed a sigh o' relief!

We hed a grupe cumma long learter ter trosh out some pop tunes an' the gal Lisa say ter me "Dew yew git up thare longa them an' sing one song - no more". Arter oid dun moi bit moi new son-in-law got up an' give 'em a bit o' Beatles. Oi say ter him "Blarst, oi shall hatta watch out yew dun't tearke the jam orfa moi bread and butter, dew yew keep that up". That finished up a rare good night and all on us stopped at the hotel overnight - and din't oi enjoy moi "Full English" in the morning.

The happy couple, spite o' them playing up at Heathrow, got away on thare honeymoon and we heered from 'em saying they're hevvin a rare good dew down in the Sea-shells, an' thass hotter than that is here! There yar, the job is dun an' she's settled, got herself a good bloke ter tearke care on har, thow oi still reckon we shall still keep har supplied wi' food parcels! Yew never lose yar kids, dew yer? Cheerio tergether, the Boy Colin.

Now jest yew howd yar hosses...

DURING the thousand years or so that the East Anglian dialect was taking form and in use the primary source of power and transport both on the farm and in towns was the horse. Much dialect speech, therefore, had to do with the horse, with its use and with its care.

Colts had to be broken in, a process known in Norfolk as cowt breearking. A correspondent from Saxlingham described this in a letter to the *Eastern Daily Press* in 1949 in the following terms: "Arter they ha' put the halter on neatly, the collar go on wi' trace over the back; then dutphin with bit to suit nature of mouth (hard or sorft), to which is fastened a rope on either side.

"A man walk on each side and one behind. The man behind spar the cowt forward by such words as 'gurup' (get up, or go forward). Then the cowt have to carcle so many times to the left, the man with that line repeating 'cubbear' (come here). Then carcling right, the man on that side repeating 'whoish'.

"The time come when broken enough to hitch 'em to the plough. Then is seen if they have been good pupils. If not you hear the man at the plough say 'cubbear - whoish - gurup', and if the cowt answer the call 'cubbear' too smart, I have heard 'cubbear whoish' at the same time, and if wanted to stop 'weaase' (whoa)."

The words indicating direction varied somewhat according to the district. Forby gives Hait-wo as the word of command to a team to go left, pointing out that Chaucer used the word heit in the same way. In some areas it was cubbear to turn left, in others come-hither or even come-harley, the suggestion being that a man leading a horse walked on the left of the horse's head and so in effect called the horse to him when he wanted it to turn left. William Waters, who hailed from Hindringham, in 1879 recorded that the command as he knew it was harley-harther. Whoish, weirsh, weesh are variations of the command to turn right, which some have sought to derive from the French word gauche - left!

In Norfolk a team of four horses would be led by the fore-horse, next being the lash-horse, then the pin-horse and then, between the shafts, the shaft-horse. The last-named was at one time known as the thill-horse, but William Waters in 1879 said that the term was at that time quite obsolete, though auctioneers' catalogues still spoke of thill-horse gears.

Terms for parts of the harness also varied from place to place. In Norfolk the wooden (or metal) fittings on a horse's collar were the hames, in Suffolk they were known as seles. To them were hooked the traise, the tug-chains linking the collar to the shafts or to the implement being used.

From *The Mardler 's Companion*, by Robert Malster.

NORFOLK BY ADOPTION

**Penelope Ann Seligman OBE.JP.DL (univer sally
known as 'Paddy')**

In choosing to adopt Norfolk I have returned to an area that I fell in love with long ago. Happy childhood summer holidays spent in what we called the Sea House at Holme was my induction to Norfolk. Wall to wall sunshine every day from dawn to dusk - swimming the ponies in the sea, shrimping and dragging for dabs - why didn't we discover Sea Henge all those years ago?

And then with my own children growing up in London we decided to buy a cottage somewhere safe so we could escape at weekends - yes, we were second home owners for 5 years in Thursford - where wonderful George Cushing would appear on a Friday night with a box of vegetables or a bag of mussels and sit for a mardle.

Everyone made us welcome - the local Sergeant would drop in for a chat and Sydney came by for a game of drafts - he always won!

So when Anthony began to plan for retirement there was only one place to be. We wanted something in north Norfolk and were lucky to hear about Valle Farm House before it came on the market. We moved from London in July 1987.

The house needed a bit of work doing on it and the garden was a wilderness. Harry and Bernard "watched" us for a while - several weeks - and then asked we could do with a bit of help - readily accepted.

I found them hard to understand to begin with, Bernard especially - born and reared in Gunthorpe he only left the village to go to war - his mother locked the front door as he left and didn't open it again until he came back having been prisoner of the Japanese.

They became firm friends-and continued to help us until old age took its toll and I was honoured when asked to present the eulogy at Bernard's funeral.

The scrub in the meadow at the back of the house was going to be a challenge to clear but when we returned from a holiday in 1988 the farm manager had sent his men to clear it all for us and a few weeks later Robert turned up with a couple of Hebridean sheep in the back of his land rover - threw them out and told us they were just what we needed to keep the grass down - still have their descendants!



The kindness and generosity of people has known no bounds.

The pace of life in Norfolk was certainly pleasantly slower than London although I don't find that now -almost 20 years on!

Having been a magistrate in London I wanted to carry on and was appointed to the Norwich Bench. Looking back at a piece I did for the Camberwell newsletter in 1989 I see that I found the standard of crime no lower than London, that I had to upgrade my "tariff" the sentences in Norwich being quite a bit heavier than Camberwell, that the male members of the bench more readily accepted women in the "chair" and that the CPS lawyers were on the whole superior to those in London.

I have immersed myself into Norfolk life in many fields but the one dearest to my heart is the We Care Appeal. So many people have generously given of their time and money to help us raise funds for the carers-in Norfolk. A comment from a carer echoes my feelings about the people with whom I share space here: "Thank you to the Trustees for all your help. It hurts to realise how very kind people are."

I pray that this beautiful part of Norfolk in which I am privileged to live will survive forever.

We would need another full page to list all Paddy's involvement in the life of her adopted county. She has been intimately connected with virtually all forms of public order activities from a JP, chairman of NORCAS with its role in combating drug and alcohol abuse, chairman of the County Domestic Violence Forum, Trustee and chairman of the Project Group of Norfolk PACT (Partners Against Crime Taskforce) and has worked in four prisons - Feltham Young Offenders Institution, Wayland, Norwich and Whitemoor as a member of the Board of Visitors and currently as a mental Health Hospital Manager at Rowan House.

Paddy is currently Chairman of the EDP We Care Appeal and it is this role which has endeared her to members of FOND.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE PURSUIT OF VICTORY - THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENT OF HORATIO NELSON. £30.

Roger Knight. Allen Lane 2005. 874 pp. 73 charts and illustrations: 13 in full colour. ISBN Number 0-713-99619-6

This detailed and highly readable book peels back the many faceted layers of Nelson's character. It reveals his short temper, basic insecurity, poor health, desire for recognition and reward and inborn drive to subdue any insubordination on the ships he served in - to the extent that HMS Victory (still in service with the Royal Navy) was known as the "most flogged" ship of any in the navy.

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He had an incredible belief in whatever he decided to do was right; events, particularly where there was a political context, often proved him wrong although his courage and intuition in naval matters were sufficient to overcome potential criticism.

Knight reveals the patronage he secured to further his career, his subservience in the presence of royalty, his shameful treatment of his loyal and loving wife, Fanny, and his very public and scandalous affair with Emma Hamilton which brought him into public ridicule. Even when created a Baron Nelson was quick to complain that others were created Earls and Viscounts for services he seems to have considered far lesser than his.

Roger Knight's description of sea battles, naval tactics and political intrigue are clear and concise, as is his dismissal of the oft quoted comment by Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen "I do not see the signal" when ordered to withdraw from action against the enemy.

Knight reminds us of the one time regular Saturday Market at Burnham Thorpe, the celebrations at Weston Longville following the Battle of the Nile and the home Fanny prepared for him at Roundwood near Ipswich. There are also several references to the Walpole family at Wolterton Hall and the Cokes at Holkham. There is also a reference to the wry comment by a midshipman at the Battle of Copenhagen when Nelson was overheard talking with "a true Norfolk drawl."

It could come as a surprise to many readers that Government payments to some descendants of the Nelson family continued through to 1948 when they were cancelled by the Labour Government under Clement Attlee. Other payments ceased on the death of the 5th. Earl Nelson in 1951.

In addition to the 558 pages of text there are 28 pages chronicling Nelson's life, 12 pages of general chronology of naval, military and political events during his lifetime, 28 dealing with Nelson's ships, their size, armaments, complements and full listing of officers, a valuable 60 pages of biographical studies of politicians, admirals and other notables of Nelson's time, a 29 page Bibliography complete with references for researchers, a helpful 5 page Glossary of nautical terms in use during the 18th. and 19th. centuries plus 105 pages of Notes.

All in all an educational and revealing text for everyone interested in the man and his life.

Garge: We're hed a rare lot a' tempests te-year. Dew yew reckon thass this here global warning?

Henry: Noo, thass all acors of there ent no win'mills these days to use up the wind.

RARE NORFOLK WORDS

by SID KIPPER

Word 5 - FASHION



Fashion is the exact opposite of clothes. You see, normal people want something practical, hard wearing, and ecumenical. But fashion people prefer things that are uncomfortable, flimsy, and cost twice what they're worth. But the thing about fashion is as soon as it's in, it's already on the way out. So in Norfolk we generally ignore it and hope it'll go away. Anyhow, everything come into fashion sooner or later, so you might just as well wear what you want and wait for it to come round.

Not that I don't know nothing about fashion. I learned in the 1960s, when I worked with my uncle George. We used to go round the markets flogging stuff. He writ about in his autobiography, 'A Mandatory Life':

*"In the bigger places, like Cromer, and Holt, there were a few more trendy types. And they wanted their wrinkle pickers, drainpipe trousers, and drapes. Those were sort of long jackets. Made out of curtains. So I used to have them run up. Lots of women had sewing machines, so I just supplied the material and the patterns. Or, at least, a general idea. Of course, they'd never seen the real thing. But that didn't matter. Nor had the people buying them. I think we started a few fashions of our own. Aylsham may have been the only place where they wore drainpipe trousers with one leg longer than the other. It was just how they came out."**

Well, you can't argue with that - if only because George is currently on the run in South America.

Of course, being a mego-star, I set the trends in my little village. Many's the time I've worn something in the Old Goat Inn and then, just a few days later, there's someone in the exact same thing. Mind you, that's usually because mother's taken it to the jumble sale in the meantime. But that's not the point. In fact, I've forgotten what the point is.

So, in confusion, I'll say that what's in will be out, and what's out will be in, so you might as well just shake it all about.

* from Man Of Convictions, published by the Mousehold Press.

Sid Kipper will be round and about Norfolk at the following venues:

Oct 2nd CROMER Pavilion Theatre - ('Squit On The Pier' with Keith Skipper) (for BREAK)

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Oct 3rd GREAT YARMOUTH - St Georges Theatre

(Recording 'Should The Team Think')

Dec 1st NORWICH - The Maddermarket Theatre (01603-6209 17)

(Christmas Cod Pieces)

Dec 2nd GREAT YARMOUTH - St Georges Theatre (01493-858 387)

(Christmas Cod Pieces)

Dec 3rd KINGS LYNN Arts Centre (01553-764864)

(Christmas Cod Pieces)

Dec 4th HALESWORTH - New Cut Arts (0845-6732123)

(Christmas Cod Pieces)

Dec 9th SHERINGHAM Little Theatre (01263-822347)

(Christmas Cod Pieces)

Read much more from Sid at www.sidkipper.co.uk

Our migrant dialect

When Bob Malster spoke at Saham Toney he mentioned J.G. Nal l's *Chapters on the East Anglian Coast* in which he discovered the statement ~~that~~ *cute* was as much an East Anglian word as an American one. I had a look to see ~~what~~ Nall said.

Arguing against those who said that provincial words had no ~~right~~ to a place in a dictionary of the English language, Nall quotes an Archbishop Trench who referred to words which "once belonging to the written and spoken language of all England, and having free course through the land, have now ~~fallen~~ from their former state and dignity, have retreated to remote districts, and ~~there~~ maintain an obscure existence still; citizens once, they are only provincials now. These properly find place in a dictionary, not, however, in right of what ~~t~~hey now are, but of what they once have been."

"There is a further reason why many of the East Anglian words - *will* probably recover their place in our future dictionaries," says Nall "To continue the Archbishop's similes - having fallen, or rather been elbowed from ~~and~~ their former high estate, that which happens daily in our overcrowded little ~~is~~land, chanced to them - they migrated to that New World, which is the Old.

"This occurred two hundred years ago. The nomenclature of ~~N~~New England reveals how large was the colonising element introduced from ~~Ea~~st Anglia. The earliest settled portions of the New England States are thickly ~~dot~~ted with East Anglian names, e.g., Attleboro', Brandon, Norwich, Windham (frequent), Yarmouth (occurs several times), Braintree, Burnham. . . On the New England soil the exiles took root: their growth has been coeval and ~~co~~-extensive with

America's greatness, and to-day they are neither obscure citizens nor poor relations."

Nall also quotes Elwyn's *Glossary of Supposed Americanisms*: "If one wished to know how English was spoken two hundred years ago in England, he would find it out sooner by a visit to New, than by any attempts at discovery in Old England. The Yankees, or New Englanders, preserve, to a great extent, the mode of speaking of their pilgrim parents, while in the land of their fathers that has sank into the obsolete, or subsided amongst the dialects or provincialisms."

Nall instances twelve "modern Americanisms" - his book was published in 1866 - for which he claimed an East Anglian derivation: cave in, chaw up, whittle, diggings, squatter, tarnation, cute, snags, kind o', slick, kedge, and rile.

Give a boat a proper name

All sorts of boats were used on the Norfolk coast for various forms of fishing or for other work, and they each had a name. One of the best-remembered is the yawl, or yoll, used for attending on shipping lying in anchorages such as Yarmouth Roads and for salvage work; some very fine rescues were carried out by the beachmen of Happisburgh, Palling, Caister and Yarmouth in these fine open craft, which were rigged with two or sometimes three lugsails.

Though the word was often spelt yawl it was always pronounced yoll by the beachmen, giving a clue to the origin of the word. It is derived from the same root as the Dutch and Danish *jolle* and the Swedish *julle*.

When the beach companies were in decline towards the end of the nineteenth century one of these yolls was sold to a fisherman at King's Lynn who gave it the typical rig of a Wash fishing boat, a single mast setting a mainsail with gaff and boom and one or more foresails, and used it for cockling, for which it proved particularly suitable. Other fishermen at Lynn liked the look of this boat and went to Worfolk, the local boatbuilder, for similar craft, which were always known as yolls.

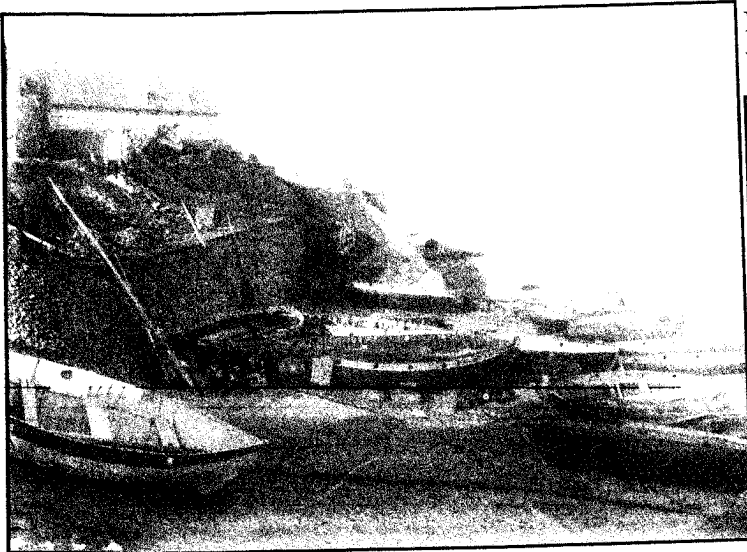
Rather similar to the yolls but much smaller were the double-ended boats used in the area between Winterton and Yarmouth for herring fishing and similar work. These were known as punts. The word punt brings to mind those flat-bottomed craft in which Cambridge undergraduates take their ease on the river, but it is a word widely used on the British coasts as a synonym for a boat.

Rather nearer to the Cambridge punt in that they have flat bottoms are the little boats used on the North Norfolk coast for working the mussel lays. Designed for carrying a heavy load of mussels in shallow water, they had sharp bows like any other boat and at the other end a peculiar transom stern with a broad heel. At Wells they were known as flatbottoms, but at Morston and

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Blakeney they were canoes (pronounced canews), and woe betide anyone who used the wrong name in the wrong place.

And then, of course, there were the little double-ended crab boats of Cromer and Sheringham. To coasting seamen who met with them in some unexpected places they were Shannocks, taking their name from the nickname of the Sheringham men who used them. The Shannocks (the men) migrated each year to the Yorkshire coast, where they caught brown crabs which are today known in Sheringham as Yorkshiremen. Some eventually settled in Grimsby, where the lifeboat crew was at one time wholly made up of Sheringham men, and some settled at Hornsea in Lincolnshire. Others went to Felixstowe and to the Kentish port of Whitstable, taking their typical crab-boats with them. They undoubtedly also took their Norfolk dialect with them.



Sheringham
fishing boats
double ended for
ease of handling
on the sloping
shingle beaches

E-mail Extractions

by Pauline Dodd, website
co-ordinator

Up to 21 September we had received 21,775 visits to our site - so who says interest in Norfolk dialect is non-existent? The following are just a sample of messages received:

Date: 08/31/2005

Guest: 3 (Reference ID: 1035754)

Name: Sue Sewell (nee Gibson)

Email Address: sueinukQ3@vahoo.com.au



Homepage: None

Referred By: Search Engine

Comments: Well hair I am in Orstralia, jus' sarfin' the net and wot dew I foind? Ole Keith Skipper dewin' a Naifuk accent. Thass a rum thing, hangin' hoir on the other soide of the wuld and hairing an ole frien's voice. How the hell are ya? Blarst me, oi've got some gud footoos of yew at Rackheath on that here stage, buh, when yew hadda bitta hair on tarp! 'Ow's Bevan?

Date: 08/23/2005

Guest: 4 (Reference ID: 1030888)

Name: Ro

Email Address: ro@copsons.co.uk

Homepage: <http://www.railwaycoltishall.co.uk>

Referred By: A Link from Another Site

Comments: Hi there, just wanted to say thanks for the info! I have written a lot of the sayings up on a blackboard above our bar, (credited to the site and Fond of course) and as we have al ot of locals as wellas tourists the sayings and their meanings are always a good talking point - they even got a mention in a local CAMRA magazine when they did a piece on their visit to our pub! So thank you very much. Ro
Copson <http://www.railwaycoltishall.co.uk>

Date: 08/22/2005

Guest: 5 (Reference ID: 1030158)

Name: Ken

Email Address: tolly60@yahoo.co.uk

Homepage: None

Referred By: Search Engine

Comments: As a native of Kent, I have discovered an interest in dialect, both local and further afield. Kent seems to have lost most of its traditional speech and dialect, it's good to see that Norfolk has people trying to keep their heritage alive. Once it's gone, it's gone for good. Cheers!

Date: 08/10/2005

Guest: 6 (Reference ID- 1023050)

Name: Stuart Sage

Email Address: stUARTsage@talktalk.net

Homepage: None

Referred By: Search Engine

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Comments: Great site - as an exiled citizen of God's county it was great to read and hear some of the phrases that I was so used to as a child'. God willing I'll be back some day to live there!

Date: 07/15/2005

Guest 9 (Reference ID: 999456)

Name: Daniel Womack

Email Address: czzyzx41@gmail.com

Homepage: None

Referred By: Search Engine

Comments: Greetings all the way from San Diego, California. With family history deeply entrenched in the Norfolk area and Norwich in particular, the traditions and dialect of Norfolk interest me greatly. It would be a great thing I feel to have a good sense of how my ancestors lived, how they spoke and looking online at the majesty and beauty of the area I can't believe I haven't been there yet myself. I do hope one day to make a visit, even if I do present myself with this Californian accent of mine. Nonetheless I would like to learn all I can about Norfolk; it's people, dialect, common phrases, customs and traditions. Great site and I hope it will be active for some time after I'm gone .and I'm only 27 myself!

THE PRESS GANG - AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENT

Sunday, October 2 Squit on Cromer Pier (with Sid Kipper) for BREAK.

Tickets £11 on 01263 512495

Saturday, October 8 Mardle at the Maddermarket, for EDP We Care Appeal.

Saturday, October 15 Fleggburgh Village Hall, for hall funds.

Saturday, October 22 Wicklewood Village Hall, for hall funds

Patience Tomlinson, Norfolk born actress, writer and member of FOND is presenting her tribute to long-neglected Norfolk novelist Mary Mann at three local venues during October. She takes her one-woman show, "A Tale That is Told" to St. Peters Church, Shropham on Saturday 15 October, starting at 7pm, tickets are £5 and the contact telephone number is 01953 497020. It is an appropriate starting venue for this is the village which provided the backcloth for some of Mary Mann's most memorable stories. She is buried in the churchyard and proceeds from the evening will be divided between church funds and to restore her gravestone.



Other dates on Patience's tour are the Hungate Church in Beccles on Friday 21 October starting at 7.30pm. Tickets are £6 and the contact telephone number is 01502 712150, and the Queens Hall, Watton on Wednesday 26 October as part of the local Festival. Tickets are £6 and the contact telephone number is 01953 884044. Curtain up at 7.30pm.

It is encouraging to recall that Patience's tour has grown out of a visit to entertain us at our FOND-Dew at Weeting Village Hall a year or so ago

The Boy Colin's Quiz

1. Which museum was visited by Joan Bakewell to judge for a Gulbenkian prize?
2. Which Norfolk village was visited by William Wordsworth in 1790?
3. Which famous author is buried in Langham churchyard?
4. The bells of which parish church were the inspiration for the carol "Ding dong merrily on high"?
5. What is a pishmire?
6. Who was Jean de Narde?
7. Where is Tindall's Brewery?
8. What is a thrape?
9. Which hall is the regular venue for the Mundesley Festival?
10. Which East Enders actress lives near Fakenham?

(answers on page 18)

BOOK REVIEW

KEITH SKIPPER'S NORFOLK DIARIES. HALSGROVE. 2005. £14.99.
ISBN No: 1 84114 438X 152pp. 119 B/W illustrations.

This book is more than a personal diary of one of Norfolk's colourful characters.

It traces the story of many of Norfolk's towns and villages over 17 years, from 1984 through to 2000 as observed by someone who has visited them, talked to their inhabitants and been involved in many of their activities.

Where else, for instance, will you find a reference to a naked couple making love in an Eastern Region train with a member of the Royal Family sitting in the next compartment, learn that Sherry, the Shetland pony, misbehaved himself during a pantomime service in St. Peter Mancroft Church in Norwich (just a clue - where did they get the bucket and spade from?) or recall the day in May 1999 when 350 pupils were besieged in their school for several hours by a swarm of bees? Dip where you will there is always something to catch your interest.

This is essentially a book about people Keith has met in his travels; births, deaths, marriages and a whole lot more. His love of his home county shines through. He worries about the increasing urbanisation of our villages and towns and the effect this can have on our way of life. As he says on page 64, "Norfolk must not be sacrificed on the altar of commercial expediency".

Keith refers more than once to his sudden and unexpected departure from Radio Norfolk with real feeling and it is to be hoped that recent signs of reconciliation will help to salve the justified hurt that still lingers. He proudly recalls the part he played in establishing FOND way back in 1999 and this

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legacy continues today with a growing membership and a higher profile in combating the awful "mummersett" so loved by radio and television producers.

The absence of an Index means you have to read every word in this delightful book. You will not regret it.

FACE TO FACE - THE REMARKABLE STORY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS OLIVE EDIS & CYRIL NUNN. Alan Childs * Ashley Sampson * Cyril Nunn. Halsgrove 2005. £19.99. 160pp. 255 B/W illustrations. ISBN Number 1 84114 434 7.

This superbly illustrated book traces the careers and achievements of two of Sheringham's major photographers both of whose work has achieved national recognition.

Olive Edis was born into a privileged Victorian society at a time when women were not encouraged to take up a professional career and it was only through sheer determination, plus a little help from a great-uncle, that she started to carve out a career for herself. She was helped through a friendship with the three princes, Albert, Henry and Edward and soon built up a formidable portfolio which included many of the national figures in politics, the arts and social life.

She established a studio in Sheringham in 1905 and her photographs of the town's fishermen and local people brought acclaim nationwide. The book contains over 50 such pictures, all taken without the aid of artificial light. They capture perfectly the characteristics of the sitters for, as Olive explained in a press interview " - the photograph, if you like to put it that way, should be the X-ray of the soul."

Cyril Nunn was born into a local farming family and his early life and development are well documented, providing a real insight into life in a small village community.

His passion for sport, especially cricket, is well recorded as is his service in the RAF where his interest in photography strengthened, culminating with attendance at a course at the Hamburg Photographic College. Here again, the book charts his progress along with pictures of local scenes and people. His photographs of damage to Sheringham seafront following the 1953 floods were published both nationally and abroad. Following a spell working with Olive Edis Cyril established his own business in Sheringham.

One of the joys of this book are the detailed captions and the general information which provides a snapshot of life lived both at a high social level and in a small coastal resort. If you are interested in the social history of Norfolk then this book deserves a place on your bookshelf.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF 75 YEARS AGO

Like my mother I too spent time on the harvest fields. I spent the first ten years of my life living at Foxburrow Farm, the home of Mr. & Mrs. Fred Nicholson. Father was cowman and horseman so was always around animals. I loved the huge carthorses that were still being used. They were gentle creatures and I liked it when they put their heads down and blew on top of my head, but I also knew I had to respect all the farm animals. You didn't walk too close to the rear end of any animal and if you did someone would shout at you - in those days all the men on the farm would discipline an unruly or inattentive child.

Harvest time meant everyone was in the fields, father was there between milking times, and well into the evening. I was put on the backs of the cart



horses pulling the wagons piled high with the shocks of corn and was the 'holdye' girl - I had to stop the horse and get it to move off when the men had pitchforked the shocks on to the wagon. I can still, to this day, remember how the stubble felt as it scratched my skinny bare legs - in those days not many little girls wore trousers! We made dens among the shocks of corn and played endless games of hide and seek before the golden sheaves were

carted off to be put into stacks. The stacks were made on top of hedge cuttings for the base, and then thatched to keep them watertight before threshing later in the year.

Like my mother I too took fourses to the fields for my father. Everyone would stop and sit under a hedge to have a break, then carry on often until it was dark. Father would take our chickens and a couple of coops or a small hen house on to the stubble so the hens could pick up loose corn for a few weeks. This helped to fatten up the poultry before the winter set in.

My brother and I were also sent out into the fields with a pair of scissors and a pail to go gleaning - cutting any corn that was still standing. This was also for the hens. How I hated that job!

I can remember the first combine harvester arriving on the farm. I was told to keep out of the way, not only was the combine going to be big, but I had pokey little fingers (I once turned the tap on, of a large paraffin tank and hundreds of gallons of fuel ran away).

After the combine came tractors and trailers and the fate of the horses was sealed, and a gentle way of life was gone for ever.

Janet Woodhouse

NORFOLK WIT

The following gems are taken by kind permission of Keith Skipper from his book 'Squit, Wit and - - - Shifty Tales' published by Nostalgia Publications in 1995. Now sadly out of print but can be found in secondhand bookshops and at Collectors Fairs.

It was time for the annual village school play and Ernie had been given a part. He was very excited and rushed home to tell his parents. "Yew will come an see it, wunt yer?"

"Corse we will said Mum.

"What part hev yew got?" asked Dad.

"Oh, I play a man celebreartin his 25th weddin anivarsery"

"Never mynd boy" said Dad "Praps yew'll git a spearkin part next year!"

George was busy in his front garden when Joe walked past. "I're jest binter have a look at that Spring show down the willuj hall".

"Oh, an what dew they charge ter go in there these days" asked George.

"I dint pay" Joe told him

"How'd yew manage that bor?" George wanted to know.

Joe told him "I walked in backards an they thowt I was a ' cummin owt"

Old Amos splashed out and took his wife to the pictures in Norwich. During the interval he went to get them an ice cream each. In doing so he trod rather heavily on the toes of a posh lady further along the row. She scowled and muttered.

On his return Amos was about to pass the same lady when he asked "Excuse me, my bewty, did I tread on yar toes minnit or two back?"

Expecting an apology the lady said with some indignation "Yes, you certainly did."

"Oh good" said Amos "I hev got the right row arter all!"

"How much are them melons?" Ben asked the greengrocer. "Seventy-five pence each or two for a pound" came the reply. "Right yew are then" said Ben "Here's twenty five pence. I'll hev the other one."

What do you do when asked a simple question by a wandering stranger? Keith gives some suggestions.

Q. "Where does this road go to my good man?"

A "That dunt go nowhere-that stays here where thass wanted!"

Q. "Do you have matins in your church?"

- A. "No - we hev lino ryte up ter the altar."
 Q. "Is that river good for fish?"
 A. "Rekon that must be - I carnt git enny ter leave it!"

And a couple of Aunt Agatha postscripts to finish:
 Aunt Agatha, she say - I dunt like ter repeat gossip, but whot else kin you dew with it.

Aunt Agatha, she say - that dunt matter whot happen, there's allus someone knew that wood.

FOND ON THE MENU AGAIN - THIS TIME AT A WEDDING

FOND Secretary Tony Clarke had to put his thinking cap on recently and drop into the genuine Norfolk vernacular when an unusual request landed in his "in-tray". Actually he doesn't really have an in-tray as such, things kind of rise to the surface amid the clutter on his desk! A young couple, he from North Norfolk and she from Loddon area were being married and decided that they would like a bit of good old Norfolk dialect to appear on the printed menus for the reception.

Having written a potted history of their lives and how they came to meet they passed it to the caterers who just happened to be based in the Waveney Valley, had seen the BOY Jimma and knew of Tony's connections with FOND.

Can you translate this, they asked; they don't want it to be too serious. Tony got down to business, employing some of his famous poetic licence which features so prominently in FOND's Christmas pantomime scripts and making use of his well thumbed copies of Keith Skipper's 'Larn Yarself Norfolk' and 'Broad Norfolk' by Jonathan Mardle; simply for the sake of authenticity you understand! The result was a tongue-in-cheek translation which bore only an incidental resemblance to the original. Tony then sat back and waited in the hope nobody would take offence.

They didn't, and the menu was read out to the 250 or so wedding guests much to everyone's merriment. It was accompanied by a glossary to explain the meaning of such words as 'wittals', 'mobbin', wholly, 'mawther, 'stroop' and fare.

Just one more example of the increasing interest in our dialect and of the many, varied and sometimes unexpected ways in which FOND can help spread the word.



NORFOLK DINNER TIME*

In the Winter 2004 edition of The Mawkin we published a lovely photograph (reproduced on left) entitled "Norfolk Dinner Time" and enquired if anyone could help us name the photographer.

Ray Hubbard from Dickleburgh has written to say that the photograph was taken by a Mr. Paul King of Norwich and the man in the photograph is George Long who worked at Rushall Hall. The horses belonged to Mr. W.C. Paterson, The Beeches Pulham St. Mary, who also farmed at Rushall Hall. He used Percheron horses on the farms and also exhibited them at Shows with 'Beeches Silver Spray' winning the Championship at the Royal Norfolk

Show in 1950. In the 1940s 'Beeches Crusader' won First Prize at Histon and was sold to Mr. R.S.Hudson then Minister of Agriculture for 300 guineas. Ray says he was a horseman at Langmere Hall until 1966 and still keeps his hand in by taking horses in the Ring for other people. He also adds that he entertains with a strong dialect input and asks if there is any other entertainer who has been "doing Norfolk Dialect for over 50 years?" Thank you Ray for your contribution and it is pleasing to record your memories as a true Friend of Norfolk Dialect.

Answers to Boy Colin's Quiz

1. The Time and Tide Museum, Great Yarmouth.
2. Fomcett St. Peter.
3. Captain Frederick Marryat.
4. Little Walsingham.
5. An ant.
6. A French prisoner of war who escaped from Dereham church bell tower and was shot in 1799.
7. Seething.
8. A gooseberry.
9. Coronation Hall.
10. Pam St. Clement.

FOND AGM 2005

Our Annual General Meeting will take place on Sunday 27 November at the Lincoln Hall, Hingham (same venue as last year) starting at 2pm.

We will be delighted to welcome Lord Robin Walpole as our guest speaker who will, no doubt, refer to his family's links with Lord Nelson - most appropriate in the latter's bicentenary year - and perhaps tell us something of what goes on the Upper House, a place which has generated much parliamentary debate over the past few years.

This is the opportunity for members to have their say on how FOND is run, any changes they would like to see made and how their voice can be heard by members of the Executive Committee. Currently we have at least three vacancies on the Committee plus a Secretary.

**AGENDA**

1. Apologies
2. Minutes of the last AGM
3. Matters arising
4. Chairman's report
5. Secretary's report
6. Membership Secretary's report
7. Treasurer's report
8. Social and other activities
9. Election of officers - Chairman: Vice Chairman: Secretary: Treasurer: Membership Secretary: Social Secretary; Newsletter Editor: Education Officer: Minute Secretary
10. Election of Committee - currently (in addition to the above, excluding our Auditor) Brenda Bizzell: Colin Burleigh: Vera Youngman: Robin Limmer; Shelagh Limmer: Jean Eaglen.
11. Any other business
12. Date of next AGM together with venue

NOMINATION FORM

I _____ hereby nominate _____
_____ of _____

Post Code _____ for the post of _____

(Please state clearly as an officer or Committee Member)

Signed: _____

I _____ of _____
_____ Post Code _____ accept the above nomination for
the position of _____ Signed: _____

Please complete as appropriate and return to FOND Secretary, Tony Clarke, 30 Station Road, Beccles, NR34 9QJ to arrive by Friday 11 November at the latest.

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Newsletter Editor - Situation Vacant.

Letters/articles for publication always welcome.
Contact the Chairman

FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

Membership application

I/We wish to join Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND) and enclose the membership fee of (*delete as necessary*):

£6 (single member)

£20 (educational establishment)

£10 (family membership)

£50 (commercial company)

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms. (*Surname and initials*).....

Address.....

Postcode.....

Telephone.....

*Please send to: Shelagh Limmer,
Mill House, Walpole Close, Broome,
Bungay, Suffolk, NR352RP
Cheques made out to FOND, please.*