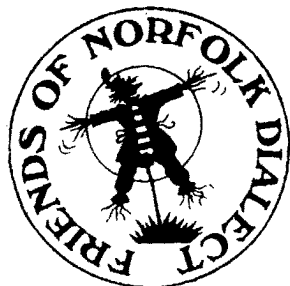


£1. Free
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of FOND

Spring
2006
No 21



The Merry Mawkin

Newsletter of Friends of Norfolk Dialect

Eleven Norfolk schools in our dialect project

ELEVEN schools are taking part in our project aimed at promoting an understanding and appreciation of the Norfolk dialect.

The Norfolk Dialect Schools project, *Lost in Translation*, is a partnership between FOND and the Children's Services Department of Norfolk County Council.

Schools taking part are:

Brancaster Primary; Diss High; Firside Middle, Hellesdon; Fornsett St Peter C of E; Great Ryburgh All Saints Primary; Harleston C of E Primary; Hewett School, Norwich; Langham Primary; Sheringham Primary; Thompson Primary; Wymondham High.

The project was made possible by a £24,600 grant from the combined support of the Local Heritage Initiative, the Heritage Lottery Fund, the Nationwide Building Society and the Countryside Agency.

FOND's education officer and vice-chairman Norman Hart, who spearheaded negotiations with county educationists, says: "The aim is to promote understanding of our dialect and its place in the development of Standard English so that it can be given the same respect that other dialects and cultures receive."

In January, our president, Professor Peter Trudgill, joined other FOND members and Norfolk educationists

to plan a training day for the project in March.

FOND technical adviser Stewart Orr says *Lost in Translation* has seen the acquisition of ten sets of recording gear suitable for teachers and schoolchildren to go out into the field to record Norfolk dialect.

"After *Lost in Translation* has run its course, there will be a further ten sets of equipment, either for us at FOND or for other organisations with similar interests to use. With each of the 11 schools producing 20 recordings we will end up with some 200 additions to the archive. This is something which both we at FOND and Jonathan Draper, the sound man at the Norfolk Archive Centre, look forward to with keen anticipation.

"There is also a BBC Radio Norfolk programme to be made (broadcast date sometime in August)."

What Norfolk means to me - In which well-known Norfolk people express their thoughts on what makes their home county special to them. FOND's founder-chairman **KEITH SKIPPER**, author, broadcaster, entertainer and, since 2003, a Deputy Lieutenant of the county, says he'll grow old gratefully in a land with a mind of its own.

Skip's land with a mind of its own

Some say I've served a useful Norfolk apprenticeship.

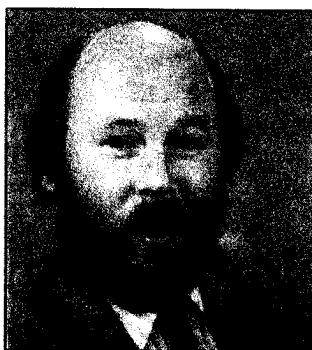
I was bred and born in the middle of the county at a time when big families (I was one of ten children) and small farms (over a dozen in our village) were in vogue. I became the first boy in the parish to pass the 11+ — mainly because I was the first boy in the parish to have a pencil.

I caught the steam train to grammar school at Swaffham. By dint of hard work I mastered joined-up writing and lateral thinking by the time I reached puberty and so decided to become a famous journalist. My first job, a foreign posting to Thetford, prepared me for 17 years of gleaning all the news that's fit to print, including several seasons as a Norwich City soccer scribe.

I swapped the pen for the microphone in 1980 as BBC Radio Norfolk hit the airwaves. I went stereo and married Diane three years later and moved to Cromer in the hope of finding someone older than me to talk to on

the pier. Our two sons underlined dangers inherent in reading Dickens as a bedtime story by christening me "Aged P" long before they reached double figures.

For the past decade, aided by balmy breezes, I have mustered sufficient energy



Keith Skipper - 'Norfolk.... a constant inspiration.'

to pursue a freelance career as writer, broadcaster and entertainer. I helped set up Friends of Norfolk Dialect just before the end of the 20th century, and so celebrated fulfilment of a long-cherished ambition to put support for this vital strand of our heritage on a formal footing.

I've written nearly 30 books and made several videos and CDs, all of them based on my specialist subject of Norfolk. It's been a delight to lead the Press Gang entertainers around local halls for over 20 years, all of them notable for recycling old but priceless material. I've marbled at hundreds of functions where a little squit can go a long way.

Norfolk truly is everything to me. A constant inspiration for my work, relaxation and family life. The only place I trust to make sense of a fast-changing world... by ignoring most of its blatant excesses.

Yes, I'll grow old gratefully in the land with a mind of its own.

Festival dialect

This year's dialect celebration as part of the Cromer and North Norfolk Festival of Music, Drama and Dance will be staged in Cromer Parish Hall on Tuesday, April 25 (7.30pm). Keith Skipper will be adjudicating for the 24th successive time. Closing date for entries is March 31. Further details from the dialect event organiser, Derek Paul, 3, Church Close, Overstrand, NR27 0NY, tel: 01263 579688.

Aladdin set in Far East (of Norfolk) - Scroby Sands panto spectacular

Once upon a time, a large and prosperous Norfolk estate stood on the site now occupied by Scroby Sands.

But this was before global warming and Government inaction over coastal erosion turned Scroby into a sandbank.

At the heart of this estate stood a manor house occupied by Squire Squit and his lovely daughter Loda. Hidden away on its furthest boundary was the humble tied cottage home of Aladdin and his mother Dame Dyllis Dwile, a poor but honest local mawther with a murky past.

You may not believe all this because it is a fairy story: in other words, the latest excursion into the fantasies which lurk deep in the tortured mind of FOND's new chairman, Tony Clarke, and probably should remain there.

Around 100 dedicated FONDites (all of them masochists, no doubt) crowded into North Elmham Village Hall on Sunday, January 15, to find out how Aladdin, a humble "back 'us boy," managed to win the hand of the lovely Loda and cross the gulf between poverty and gentility with the aid of a cat called Little Will, an ancient Tilley lamp and a camp genie called Julian.

And all this was achieved despite the evil machinations of a devious pawnshop owner called Auntie Kew.

As usual, the "scratch" pantomime formed the second half of the afternoon programme, the first half having featured the contributions of a number of highly-talented FOND-ites.

Roger Mapes had set the poetry of John Kett to music and sang a couple of songs about Norfolk dumplings, giving the audience plenty of



Aladdin — the FOND cast of 'volunteers.'

opportunity to join in.

Peter Brooks offered some gems of unintentional humour gleaned from newspapers, hotel notice boards and other sources. Colin Burleigh had the audience in hysterics with some of his stand-up routine. Robin Limmer put in a commercial for the Merry Mawkin (of which he is again editor). Bruther Will performed on his mouth organ (*see Page 17*) and the Gal Lisa read us some poetry. Then came the ritual arm twisting which always accompanies the recruitment of the pantomime cast. The good old Norfolk boys and girls present rose to the occasion, as they always do, and a good time was had by all. Gal Lisa performed heroics on the piano, and the wardrobe and props department (Pat Clarke, Joan Bidnall and an increasing number of other FOND members) ensured that the show was colourful and glitzy.

A handsome profit of over £400 was made for funds. The afternoon was the result of a magnificent team effort, and as the audience filed out, many were asking what pantomime subject we would be massacring next year. I've no idea - yet!

T.C.

Sunsalve - a true Norfolk hero



FOND stalwart VERA YOUNGMAN tells a Norfolk story behind the international success of the show jumper Sunsalve and the part her father, Yaxham farrier Charlie Andrews, played in that success.

L-R: •Sunsalve in action. •Being shod in 1961 by 80-year old Yaxham farrier Charlie Andrews. •His daughter, Vera Youngman, 84, in 2006 with Sunsalve's preserved hoof.

This is the true story of a very remarkable horse, born at High House, Shipdham, near Dereham, bred and owned by a real Norfolk man, Oliver Anderson.

My interest in the animal came through my father, Robert Charles Andrews, who was not only a Norfolk man but the village farrier at Yaxham from 1910. He was known generally as Charlie and I am his youngest daughter.

Sunsalve had something of a charmed life. As a foal, he injured a hock which could have put paid to his chances of a successful life.

Mr Anderson consulted my father, who, after wracking his brain, asked for Mr Anderson's permission to shoe the young horse with a specially built-up half shoe. The owner agreed and the animal was thus shod for his first winter.

Eventually the leg straightened and Sunsalve went on to become a famous show jumper. Ridden originally by the owner's daughter Elizabeth, he won the Queen Elizabeth Cup.

After an unfortunate split in the family, Sunsalve was ridden by several other riders, including Pat Smythe. Pat was one rider who did

not get on too well with the horse, thinking that he had a defect in his feet, although that was not so. Later he was ridden by David Broome, who won a bronze medal on Sunsalve in the Rome Olympics and eventually the King George V Gold Cup.

This was a remarkable record, one that as far as I know has never been equalled, because the Elizabeth Cup is for lady riders and the King George is for gentlemen riders.

I feel that Sunsalve's story should be more widely known in the county, having been born and bred in Norfolk, owned by a Norfolk man and shod by a Norfolk blacksmith, and this makes him a true Norfolk hero.

Sunsalve's last rider was Tony Holden from Norwich but unfortunately the horse suffered a heart attack while exercising at Shipdham and died on June 22, 1962.

My father and I then went to the knackers yard in Fakenham to retrieve Sunsalve's two front legs so that Dad could prove that the horse had no disease in his feet. They turned out to be perfect. We had the feet preserved and I have one and Mr Anderson had the other.

I would love to talk to anyone who might wish to find out more about this magnificent beast which owed his life to the expertise of my dear old Dad.

Things ent loike they yewsta be at Carrow Rud, say The Boy Colin

Oi reckon yew're hard it orl afore but oi reckon things ent loike they yewsta be at Carrow Rud.

Oi fust went an' see 'em in 1946 when Cyril Spiers browt all them young 'uns up from Wearles ter play for us. Blast, if that Noel Kinsey wun't a good 'un. He wus one o' moi fearverites back in them days, thow they went threw a few rough patches then.

Th'ow Arsenal goalie, George Swindin, cum as manager but ony lasted a few weeks afore they hulled him out.

Some of the players looked rough ow boys but they wuz strong as carthosses, not trearned up like race hosses loike them lot terday. I see ow Bill Lewis tearke a smack in the fearce wi' that ow lather ball what musta weighed a ton. He just shook his skull and ploughed on. They'd want cartin' orf on a stretcher terday.

1959 wuz the big 'un wun't it? Our Thad Division boys wholly showed sum o' them so-called "top snotchers" the way

hum. Terry Bly, away from Fincham, he wuz a good 'un and he cud nearly knock the back outa tha goalnet. Th'ow pitch wuz a bit dodgy the day we beat them Busby Babes cors that'd sned that week and they din't hev none o' that underground heating then, but our boys dun thare Torvill and Dean bit and skearted round loike nobody's business

Cardiff, Spurs and Sheffield United - we give 'em all the searme treatment an' ony ow Sid Owen stopped us a'gorn tew Wembley. Me and three meartes went up ter Birmingham ony ter see us lose. Long ow roide hum oi kin tell yer. No one spoke till we got ter King's Lynn. Then the boy Passy summoned up enow courage. "Ent that a sod!" he say.

I took the missus one Sat'day. "Is this what yew cum ter watch evra other Sat'day?" she say, "Oi reckon yew're crackers." "No," oi say. "Sometimes thas wasser'n this." Still she never put me orf. Oi orften git asked what wuz the most excitin'

gearme oi see thare an' oi'll hatta say the night agin Bayern Munich. We dun 'em 2-1 on thare muckheap an' tha boy Jeremy dun his stuff at hum an' we beat 'em on the aggregate. Oi cud hardly talk till oi'd downed a couple a' brandies. Pity 'bout Milan though.

Oi dun't go now. The mis-sus say thass true, the older yew git, the wiser. Still, thare's a lotta memories up Carrow Rud fer me an' Kenny Nethercott is still moi biggest hero.

Yars, yellor and greenly, The Boy Colin.

The Privvy Door

From Bruther Will

The moon shone on the privvy door

It shone on little Nell

Who, having seen us standing there,

Said, "Go sailing straight to Wells."

So on and on and on we sailed.

We sailed the seven seas.

But never once did we ever see

Another sight like little Nellie's knees

Now little Nellie's dead and gone

And so's the privvy door.

*I fear that we shall never see
The likes of them no more.*

Norfolk by Adoption - In which the contributors, though not Norfolk-born, have made their permanent home here. For 20 years **JOY and CHARLES BOLDERO** have "written walks" in the Eastern Daily Press and other publications and produced six books to guide ramblers along the footpaths of our countryside.....

You've made us so welcome!

In 1980 Charles took early retirement. We were very much involved in the Somerset area where we lived. We ran a large horse show, chaired a range of activities, including Friends of the Local Hospice, Civic Society, plus a lot more.

Also we took a leading part in the village we lived in. It was once a small rural parish of about 500 folk. Then the M5 came through and the village when we left was 2000-odd and growing. We wanted a rural county to retire to, but where?

Then the invitation arrived, a cousin's 40th wedding anniversary. They lived, and still do, in Hunstanton.

Where we had booked in, the landlord and his wife were far from welcoming, so we, in the dark, wandered the country lanes and found Blickling. It still amazes us how we did so! There at the Buckinghamshire Arms we received a royal welcome. The following year we went back for a long weekend and had a good look at Norfolk. We are country folk from

head to toe, as our forefathers were before us. By late 1983 we had moved to Norfolk and were living on the outskirts of Stibbard. Soon there was a knock at the door - a Mr Daniels from the village with an armful of vegetables. "Just call in if you would like more," he said. Christmas morning we walked to church. Teenagers



**Joy and Charles Boldero
with Tammy**

on cycles were riding hell for leather on the pavement - they jumped their cycles off and shouted, "Happy Christmas." A year later we were able to move to the house we had first wanted to buy in Thurning.

We found that Norfolk folk were caring and friendly, they do not waste their money either, nor yours. We helped out at the Briston Centre under the auspices of Mrs Meanley. One day she said to us, "You like walking, well Robert Christy is retiring from

writing walks for the EDP, ring Michael Pollitt."

We did so and he asked us to send in a walk. That was in 1986 and we are still writing walks for the EDP and now also the Let's Talk and Norfolk Afloat magazines. Norfolk is *not* flat, it has many attractive faces and nooks and crannies.

The villages are full of historic content, especially if you take time to talk to the "locals." That is what is so nice about Norfolk, people still have the time to say, "Hello, how are you?"

We have not regretted one moment of moving to Norfolk, and that is due to the Norfolk folk who have made us so welcome. Worries, yes - those who do not understand "rural" have no idea nor want to do so. They do not understand small, caring communities, "big brother" only knows *huge*, with folk becoming just a number, no longer a person; individuality not allowed.

Norfolk folk are used to having to fight for their corner. It started with the Vikings centuries ago. Now it is confession time. In about 800 AD or so the Bolderos landed on the Suffolk shores in their long boats! However - Joy is a Celt, Welsh, and very proud of being so!



Another extract from *Ted Ellis's Countryside Reflections*, with drawings by David Poole, first published in 1982, containing a collection of the Norfolk naturalist's essays written primarily for the *Eastern Daily Press* between 1947 and 1981.

A tough job, reed cutting

Surlingham, February 26, 1962

Reed cutting is looked upon as one of the more romantic and picturesque rural occupations, and those engaged in it are slow to complain of any hardship involved.

Rather they dwell upon the pleasures of gathering a harvest from the wilderness away from mechanisation and the bleakness of arable land in winter.

No doubt there is satisfaction in seeing reward for one's labour in a mounting stack of golden reed bunches. There is some messing about in boats, another attraction, and there is the joy of planning one's own campaign.

All the same, one has to be tough and forbearing to tackle this work as a regular thing for three months of the year. In the past week I have put in a few hours at it myself and discovered some of the occupational hazards. To begin with, reeds are flinty in texture. After grasping a few hundred swathes firmly while

cutting the stalks with a sickle, I noticed a tingle of the skin on my hands rather like "pins and needles" and this persisted for 24 hours.

Reeds are so abrasive that they even wear down the finger nails of those who handle them regularly. They also reduce jackets to tatters very quickly through the carrying of bundles. If a wind is blowing while cutting is in progress reed plumes have a habit of striking the face and eyes, causing much discomfort. Splintering stalks cut the hands inevitably every day.

Even the most experienced campaigners stumble into oozy pulk holes in the marshes from time to time and return home more or less waterlogged after a heavy day of mowing and stumbling across rough, quaking ground with loads of bunched reeds. I am not greatly surprised that experienced reed cutters are scarce these days.

Dwile? Dew yew look for it in Dutch!

By William Woods

It is said that some people wrap dwiles around their feet to clean the floor. The housewife kneeling in front of her doorstep to rub it with a dwile and elbow grease is a typical image.

Barmen use dwiles to mop up spilt drinks. Opinions differ as to what a dwile may be used for and what form it takes, but it is one of the most familiar Norfolk and Suffolk dialect words.

Commonly a dwile is a floorcloth, but it could be used for cleaning walls, doors, windows or any household surface. It could be fixed to the end of a stick as a mop or wrapped around the end of a broom or squeegee.

Damp cloth

It might be made of wool, cotton or leather, it might be a specially manufactured coarse cleaning cloth, or an old vest, flannel or tea towel. Usually it is a damp cloth as opposed to a duster or rag.

There is an easy way to clarify the definition of a dwile because an almost identical word exists in standard Dutch and it is directly from Dutch that the Norfolk word derives.

Many Norfolk dialect words are similar to Dutch words, but often this is a result of parallel descent from Anglo-Saxon and North Sea Germanic, so that the similarity is coincidental and Dutch influence difficult to prove.

In the case of dwile the earliest record in English is of 19th century use in East Anglia, whereas the Dutch *dweil* is recorded in Middle Dutch and so has come across to Norfolk from Holland, where it is a common word.

Here is a translation of Van Dale's modern Dutch dictionary definition of the word *dweil*:

- woollen or coarse linen thick cloth with which moisture is removed from floor (doorstep, etc), or which when dampened is used to remove dirt; - swab.

There is also a verb *dweilen*:

- remove with a dwile, or clean.

A couple of early 20th century definitions can be found in the great *Woordenboek der Nederlandsche Taal* (Dictionary of the Dutch Language):

- piece of material, now usually of coarse flannel, used to clean floors, to remove moisture or dirt or for similar work.

- bundle of rags nailed to a stick, in particular used in cleaning on ships; swab.

For *dweilen* the WNT has:

- wipe off with a cloth.

- clean or dry with a dwile.

English dictionary definitions concur, but less precisely. The Oxford English Dictionary lists dwile as a dialect word for a house-flannel, floorcloth or mop and quotes East Anglian examples of Moor (1823) - towel -Forby (1825) - mop of refuse wool, coarse rubbing rug - and Suffling (1887) - dishcloth. Keith Skipper (1996) and Robert Malster (1999) both settle for floorcloth.

So to get a good clear detailed picture of what a dwile is, the place to look is in Dutch.

Rare Norfolk words - by Sid Kipper

No 6: PTARMIGAN

Now this is a word you won't hear much in Norfolk due to it being obviously completely made up.

It's not a proper word at all, but a spelling mistake. Which beggar the question what word is it a spelling mistake of?

Now I ought to know a bit about this, due to my niece Karen. She's illegitimate, which don't mean she can't read and write. Because she can write. Howsomever, she can't read, so she's got no idea if what she's writ is right or wrong. Only the other week she left me a note saying, "Dear Uncul Sid, I hev gone owt, so yor dinna is in the frigid."

So naturally I went straight round to see Gladly Gudgeon about her



Sid : 'Ptarmigan?
Something you cook, like
ptatoes.'

eating my dinner. But she denied all knowledge, especially carnal. And the upshoot was I had to go home and eat mother's cooking, which I generally try to avoid due to her having learned to cook

the King Alfred way, if you know what I mean - or even if you don't. So, as Karen might have writ, the hole thing is hopeless.

All of which get us no nearer to what ptarmigan might mean, and, to be Frank, I don't suppose we ever shall. Perhaps it's something you cook, like ptatoes. Or maybe you plant it out, like ptunias.

So what I say is let's say no more about it. In fact, I wish I'd never started on about ptarmigan at all, and that's my only grouse.

Much more material of a distinctly fishy nature can be found on the internet at www.sidkipper.co.uk

Your Community Speaks

By FOND technical adviser
STEWART ORR

Your Community Speaks is a new project which takes the form of recordings to be made in East Anglian villages and small communities. These will last around an hour, and will feature between six and eight people. The recordings, on CD, will then be generally available.

The idea is to record one village a week for the foreseeable future. The village concerned will need someone to co-ordinate the arrangements, but there will be no cost to them except for the purchase of the recordings (£10 each, + £1.50 for delivery). Not only will *Your Community*

Speaks series make a fine portrait of your village in the early 21st century, but the whole series will form a valuable local history resource for the future. Any Norfolk recordings will be held in perpetuity by the Archive Centre at County Hall. If you are interested, either in obtaining copies or having your village recorded, please ring Stewart Orr on 01379 854458, or e-mail ss@paston.co.uk.

The first in the series, at North Lopham, will be recorded on February 17, and so should be ready as you read this.

The countless dialect works

**Norfolk antiquary and book-collector
RON FISKE
continues his series
The Norfolk Dialect:
Guides to Reading
and Research.
No 11, The Dialect
Works of James
Spilling**

It would be almost impossible nowadays to compile a full bibliography of the dialect works of James Spilling, let alone his writings on other subjects. The chief impediment is the large number of editions and issues which were published by Jarrolds who mostly failed to record the dates of publication.

Such works included:

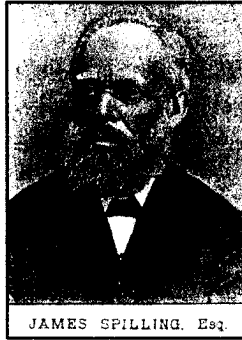
- 1 *Giles's Trip to London. A Farm Labourer's Peep at the World* (1872).
- 2 *Molly Miggs's Trip to the Seaside. A Countrywoman's First Peep at the World* (1873).
- 3 *Johnny's Jaunt. A Day in the Life of a Suffolk Couple* (1879).
- 4 *Jack Jawkins First Vote and How he Won Polly Pawkins* (1880).
- 5 *'Arry and 'Arriett at*

Yarmouth. A Tale about Norfolk Dumplings (1880).

6 *The Cockneys in the Country. A Diverting Story in which the tables are turned on the Londoners* (1881).

7 *Johnny and Jennie. Their Wonderings and Wanderings on their way to Lowestoft* (1883).

8 *Daisy Dimple. Her Loves & her Lover* (1885).



9 *Tom Todgers and his Christmas Party.*

10 *Giles and the Grand Old Man. A Norfolk Labourer's View on Mr Gladstone's Visit to East Anglia.*

11 *Joe Jenkins on the Grand Crisis. A Labourer's Views on Home Rule.*

12 *The Worlding's Progress.*

13 *Roger Wright's Fortune.*

The first eight books were published in a small paperback of about 80 to 90 pages at six (old) pence or one shilling for a cloth-covered hardback version.

These, with the ninth item which was a small pamphlet costing two pence, were reissued as a composite volume entitled *Sketches in Dialect*. The last two pamphlets cost two pence and one penny respectively.

The earliest of all, *Giles's Trip to London*, first published in 1871, proved the most popular. By 1896 it had reached its 54th edition and had sold more than one million copies. Its popularity moved Jarrolds to issue separate portions of about 20 pages, slightly amended, in paperback costing twopence. These included:

- a *Giles on the Road to London.*
- b *Giles's First Adventures in London.*
- c *Giles and the Sights of London.*

It has to be said that the popularity of Spillings's stories would not be repeated in the present age. They were essentially produced for the lower classes and therefore exude an aura of simplicity both in their storyline and their humour. Nonetheless they should not be overlooked by modern students of the vernacular as some words and phrases are not to be found

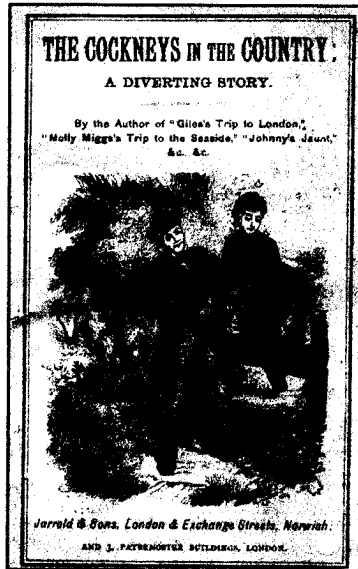
s of James Spilling

elsewhere.

As James Spilling was later to write: "The first half of my life was passed in the southern parts of Suffolk, and the latter half has been passed in Norwich." Indeed, he was born at Ipswich in 1825 and died in Norwich in 1897. In Suffolk he soon became known for his radical and sceptical views on religion. A student of Voltaire, Thomas Paine and Emanuel Swedenborg, he became the founder and leading light of the Ipswich Utilitarian Society and Minister of the Swedenborg New Jerusalem Church in the High Street at Ipswich.

At the church he was described as "small in stature, pale, careworn, student-like in appearance.... but little more than 30 summers have passed over his thoughtful brow.... The vestments that belong to the ordained ministers of his church do not ornament his person; even the clerical badge - the white neckerchief - he repudiates. . voice rather

harsh, with a kind of burr.... reads entire the three hymns sung - restates where they are to be found, and then repeats the first verse.... discourse lies on the paper before him, but his very ani-



mated manner gives.... much the air of an extemporaneous address" - a description which is reflected in a photograph taken of him later in life. In 1863 Spilling moved to 1, Wellington Road, off Earlham Road, Norwich, in order to join the staff of the Norfolk News Company Ltd where he rose to become manager and secretary and editor of the new-found Eastern Daily Press. It was the

EDP which first published *Giles's Trip to London* in serial form. While at Norwich, in 1877, he produced the best of his religious works, *The Evening and the Morning* which

has recently been republished by the Llu-mina Press in America. Spilling seems to have retired from the Press about 1891 and thereafter is often referred to in directories as the "Rev. James Spilling." About this time he moved to Gipping House in Park Lane, Norwich, where he died on September 8, 1897.

Principal references

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K. Skipper. Introduction to Giles's Trip to London. 1998 (reprint of the 54th edition).

Dew yew know yar Norfolk?

Quiz compiled by The Boy Colin

- 1 In what year was Edith Cavell executed?
- 2 Which knight, immortalised by Shakespeare, founded a gate into Norwich Cathedral Close?
- 3 Who built the Theatre Royal at Dereham in 1812?
- 4 What are "floaters," "swimmers" and "sinkers"?
- 5 Who was the "Prostitutes' Padre"?
- 6 What is "winnicking"?
- 7 Which team did Norwich City beat in 1962 to win the League Cup?
- 8 Who recently withdrew their Norwich-to-Belfast air service?
- 9 In which year was the Norwich southern bypass opened?
- 10 Which family built Blickling Hall?

Answers on Page 18

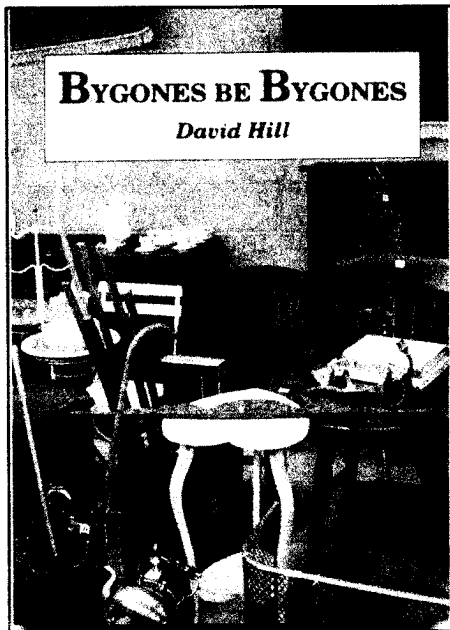
BOOKSHELF

Bygones be Bygones is David Hill's final volume in a trilogy which began with *A Living in the Past* and continued with *A Good Deal*.

David Hill has spent a lifetime buying, restoring and selling antiques and bygones. He is fascinated by old tools and by the vocabulary of ancient crafts.

He has a wealth of knowledge of old trades from laundering to printing, basket-making and rush-work, and he dispenses this knowledge freely and casually in his writing as he travels around the salerooms of Norfolk and Suffolk.

The drawings in the book, which is published by the Larks Press at £6.95, are by David Hill's daughter Fenella.



Front cover: James Beck's Auction Room, Fakenham.

Find the Prime Ministers!

Wordsearch compiled by Brenda Bizzell
Answers on Page 19

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

ASQUITH (x2)**ATTLEE****BLAIR****BONAR LAW****CALLAGHAN****CHAMBERLAIN****CHURCHILL****DISRAELI****DOUGLAS HOME****EDEN****FITZROY****GLADSTONE****GREY****HEATH****LAMB****LLOYD GEORGE****MACMILLAN****MAJOR****NORTH****PALMERSTON****PEEL****PELHAM****PERCEVAL****PETTY****PITT THE YOUNGER****THATCHER****WALPOLE****WILSON**

All the names are of British Prime Ministers, past and present.

Find the Norfolk villages

POLLY WIGGLE REPORTS

Picture, if you will, a summer field, daisies growing in abundance around the boundary, a close-cropped wicket cut right in the centre, under the crowning glory of a blue summer sky, with only the tiniest hint of the rainclouds that are forecast for the afternoon.

Village cricket captain Stan Ford steps out towards the pavilion which, to be kind, has seen better days. He stops, wipes his shoe on the grass. "I see someone left the dam' gate open again," he mutters. "Hope they cleared the rest o' the field." Fishing in his pocket he produces a set of keys and selects the rustiest, fitting it to the equally rusty lock.

Fusty air

Gently forcing the stiff key to turn, he opens the doors wide, releasing the fusty air caused by damp and months of under-use of the building.

The first match of the season is soon to be under way.

Gradually the rest of the team arrive and the building warms with relatively good-natured banter. Jim Sutton and Mike Thompson arrive together, as they have for every match anyone can remember, closely followed by vice-captain Ian Massingham and Tim Worth. Cousins Clint and David

Green, for some obscure reason nicknamed Caffy and Daffy, have yet again settled their differences and shared a lift to the ground with Jo Thorpe and the new boy Brad Well. Peter Middleton roars up on his motorbike, apologising for the row as he tumbles into the pavilion, explaining "M'car brook down again – hed ter git th' ole bike out!" Naturally, Croft is last to arrive, he'll be here soon.

Endless ribbing

The changing room floor is soon littered with kit as everyone starts changing for the game. Croft arrives, in a hurry as usual, and blunders in. Stopping just in time he calls out: "Shift that bag, Thorpe, I nearly broke my neck over it!" Some wag calls out: "That's a bit over the top, Croft! If you can't see *that* bag you shouldn't be playing cricket." Thorpe's bag is enormous and the source of endless ribbing for the unfortunate owner.

Soon everyone's changed and moving to the outfield for a bit of practice, greeting the tea ladies on the way out. Mrs Ford (ham sandwiches), Ivy Todd (sponge cakes and occasionally eccles cakes), and Ethel Mayes (jam tarts to die for) are all well known.

Nearly seething

Sam Todd, Ivy's husband, known to all as Stoddy since he signs everything he can lay his hands on "S Todd," sharpens his pencil and arranges his seat to be able to see the umpires. He lists the team in the score book before inform-

in this cricketing saga!

ing Stan, "Thass dun'um."

Stan, meanwhile, is searching high and low, gradually getting crosser and crosser. Nearly seething, he finally shouts "Has anyone seen the other dam' bail – I've got three and can't find the other! It's nowhere to be seen."

Temper restored

A concerted effort by tea ladies, scorer and one or two members of the opposition reveal the offending article, lurking in the corner where it had rolled. "Thank you, Hethel," murmurs Stan, trying to be polite.

Practice is going well. Croft is making Worth move to catch the ball, suggesting it's "bowt time yew ran, Worth! Yew dunt dew much on the pitch!" Sutton skies one following an early-season wayward ball from Caffy, while Daffy remarks: "Cor, blarst, that went up well!"

His temper restored, having passed the wickets and all four bails to the umpires, Stan calls a team talk.

Mildly snoring

"Now, lads, we hent played this lot a'fore, so I suggest we start slowly. Sutton and Massingham will open the bowling. Young Brad, field in the slips to start. I'll perhaps bring you on to bowl later. Croft, go out well beyond square leg, you've got a strong arm to throw back in. The rest of you I'll place when we see how things go."

A quick glance to see all was ready

and the toss is made. Stan chooses to field first, so out go the team, the opposition joining wives and family on the boundary. One dad is immediately grabbed by a youngster to play horsey while he is waiting to bat, another sits himself comfortably down, being last man in, and gently dozes, soon mildly snoring.

The opposition openers, Will Westwick and Percy Blakeney, walk to the crease and the gentle thud of leather on willow announces the start of another season.

How many of the 33 place names can you find? (One or two liberties taken!):

Summerfield, Stanford, Damgate, Stiffkey, Sutton, Thompson, Massingham, Clint Green, Daffy Green, Thorpe, Bradwell, Middleton, Carbrooke, Bagthorpe, Topcroft, Fordham, Ivy Todd, Eccles, Stody! Dunham! Seething, Bale! Nowhere, Hethel, Ranworth, Upwell, Sioley! Bradfield, Outwell, Horsey, Snoring, Westwick, Blakeney.

Tha's Spring!

Fus' day o' spring.

An' the bees're about.

Huntin' around in the sun

Crocuses, purple an' gold, fulla out;

Winter dew seem t'be done

Over the furrers

Few partridges fly;

Somewheres an' ole blackbaad sing

Cor, hear that lark up there, lost in the sky -

Y'know bor, I reckon tha's Spring

John Kett

Fond thoughts by FOND members

The Old School Yard

*It's quiet now, the old school yard,
The children all have gone,
But many a tale the grass could tell
As it stands uncut and long.*

*The little one played in a ring,
They circled round and round.
Their laughter rang throughout the day
But now there is no sound.*

*The girls they skipped with ropes so long
To verses centuries old.
The boys, they battled, winning wars
With armies brave and bold.*

*Cowboys and Indians, Cops and Robbers
Every day battle was fought
Whether sun shone or rain came down,
A victor from combat was sought.*

*Now it is quiet, the school is closed,
Rooms empty and locks on the door.
But listen and then you will hear once
again
The sounds that re-echo once more.*

*Just close your eyes and listen hard,
Ring-a-Roses will come to your ears,
And battle cries and much laughter
That sounded for so many years.*

West Norfolk

*Their little legs are just a blur
As they scurry across the beach
The turnstones are looking for a meal
Anything that's in their reach.*

*Waves across the Wash
White horses do I see.
They come up to their home, the shore
And then right up to me.*

*In the distance up in the sky
The geese are coming in
What a glorious sight to see!
It fills your heart within.*

*The sky is full of magic
With the setting of the sun.
God created heaven here
A job that was well done.*

*So sit down and enjoy it
West Norfolk is my home.
Where else would you want to live?
I'm a king upon a throne.*

**Fred P. Slade,
Hunstanton.**

B J. Bishop

Bruther Will's mouth organ scared the crows

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

That was jist arter Christ-
mas we started waark.
There worn't a lot dewin'
at that time ov year. So we
hetta go straw cartin' an'
such like. The men yoked
thuh hoss to thuh wagon an'
orf we go to thuh straw stack.

When we got there thuh man
would pitch thuh straw ontew
thuh wagon an' thuh boy
would load ut. Woe betide
emmy boy who "loaded down."
That mean thuh staw fell orf,
an' if that happened agin he'd
git thuh sack.

As thuh weather got better
we'd go rollin' an' harrowin'
thuh land ready for thuh corn



**Bruther Will — No longer
scaring crows, but
entertaining fans at this
year's FOND pantomime!**

to be drilled. Arter that was
dun we boys went crow-
scarin'. Yew hetta walk round
thuh fild abowt a hundred
yards or so from thuh hedge
wi' a pair ov wooden clappers
in yar hand and shout anorl.

As a buddin' musician I had
in my top pocket a 6d mouth
organ. I wus hevvin' a go at
playin' South ov thuh Border
when I spotted thuh foreman

cum into thuh fild. I jammed
thuh mouth organ back in my
top pocket as fast as I could an'
started hollerin' an' showtin' as
hard as I could. But thuh fore-
man had uther ideas. He say,
"Boy, keep yew ablowin' that
theer thing yew got in yar
pocket. You're scarin' orl thuh
crows orfa this fild an' three
more besides."

I din't think much to his judg-
ment ov my playin', but I did as
he said.

If the fild yew wus in wus a
large wun, say thatty acre or
more, a mawkin wud be put in
thuh middle tew help yuh. Crow
scarin' wus a lonely ole job wi'
no one tew tork tew, so wun lad
went acrorss thuh fild tew thuh
mawkin an' started torkin tewut
Along cum the foreman, takin' a
corse acrorss the fild to bring
him up behind thuh boy. He
say, "Tell me boy, dew thuh ole
mawkin' ever arnser yew back?"
"No," the boy say, "an' thuh
fast toime he dew he'll hev thuh
fild tew hisself."

Remembered words

From Eric J. Read,
Wymondham

There was a note in the
winter Mawkin asking for
any remembered words.

I can think of one or two
from the 1920s and early
'30s which I do not recall
seeing in the Mawkin:

Old inky or inkey — the
devil/someone to blame.

Golder or goldering —
to laugh heartily.

Chored or chawed — to
steal or have stolen.

Shopping in the ditch

1940s memory — From Jean Eaglen, Hingham

I don't know how I had a bike bought for me, but as soon as I
could ride it my mother sent me off to do the shopping.
It was a mile to the village (remember, there was very little traffic).
It was such a little bike and the big sacking shopping bags were
very awkward for me to carry on the handlebars.

One Saturday morning as I was cycling home the air-raid siren
went off and I was so scared I just threw the shopping into the
ditch and ran home (I was only six or seven). My mother was so
angry she sent me straight back to get my bike and I gathered it all
up out of the nettles and she sent me to bed, sure that I'd never do
that again!

Anger at attack on Norfolk accent

The controversy that erupted last November when Mark Shepherd, from Acle, logged a message on our website in the form of a devastating attack on the Norfolk accent, has resulted inevitably in some strong rejoinders appearing in our guestbook.

Mr Shepherd considers the accent "lazy and ludicrous; it makes us sound illiterate, foolish and in need of medication," and, "My pride in my county is only tarnished by the shame of an accent that makes us all sound interbred and dropped upon our heads as babies."

Angry responses to Mr Shepherd's attack soon appeared, reports FOND website co-ordinator Pauline Dodd.

Name: Stuart Reeve

e-mail: stu-

art.reeve3@ntlworld.com

Reference: Word of Mouth

Comments: The previous entry to the FOND guestbook by Mr Shepherd and the upset it has caused

prompts me to learn more about and become a member of FOND.

I am amazed at such a shameful and disgusting attack on his fellow Norfolk folk. Wide reaction to his comments via newspaper and local radio indicate that if he feels this way, Mr Shepherd should not be here



Pauline Dodd — FOND's website co-ordinator.

in Norfolk at all.

Name: Gordon Bambridge

e-mail: sgbjays@aol.com

Reference: Search Engine

Comments: I think Mark Shepherd is a bit sad in his comments. The Norfolk dialect - and I am not a philologist - is one of the purest forms of the modern English

language. It is firmly linked to Norman French and the Norse languages with hints of all the incomers to these islands who usually parked in Norfolk first.

I am Norfolk bred and born and proud of being born in the Norfolk hamlet of Broadflash (ask Skip where that is), but I have found in my travels that the accent is accepted with delight by whichever band of furreners that I have had the pleasure to meet. If Mr Shepherd is less than happy with the accent perhaps he should move somewhere else.

Name: Rosemary Crisp

e-mail: RosemaryM-Crisp@aol.com

Reference: Link from another site

Comments: I was bred and born in Norfolk and love every aspect of both the countryside and the accent. Mark Shepherd is not fit to call himself a Norfolk man!

Pauline reports that since the FOND website was opened in January, 2002, it has attracted 26,716 visits.

Answers to The Boy Colin's quiz: 1 1915. 2 Sir Thomas Erpingham. 3 David Fisher. 4 Dumplings. 5 The Rev Harold Davidson. 6 Crying or whimpering. 7 Rochdale. 8 Flybe. 9 1992. 10 The Hobarts.

FOND-dews, 2006

The first two FOND-dews arranged for this year are as follows:

Sunday, April 2 - Tacolneston Village Hall, 2pm. "Grim Norfolk," presented by Neil Storey - Tales of crime, mystery, murder and "datty deeds" from Norfolk's past. With exhibited artefacts. Entrance fee £3 inclusive of light refreshments. (Possibly some additional entertainment). Raffle

Sunday, June 25 - Pott Row (near King's Lynn) Village Hall, 2pm. "Sandringham 1850-1950: The changing scene," presented by David Grimes, whose father was footman to King George V. Illustrated with artefacts. Entrance fee £3 inclusive of light refreshments. Raffle.

PRESS GANG, 2006

Keith Skipper and Friends have another busy season on their entertainment rounds – the Press Gang's 23rd season on the road. They open with a fixture in Lord Nelson's birthplace of Burnham Thorpe. Their one Sunday show again features folk-singing megastar Sid Kipper in Even More Squit on the Pier on October 8 in aid of local charity, BREAK.

All shows start at 7.30pm on Saturdays except Cromer Pier (Sunday, Oct 8):

March 4 Burnham Thorpe Nelson Memorial Hall, for hall funds. Tickets £6 from Diana Black on 01328 730778.

March 18 New Buckenham Village Hall, for EDP We Care Appeal. Tickets £10 (inc refreshments) from Caroline Hupton on 01953 860216.

March 25 Shipdham WI Hall, for hall funds. Tickets £6.50 (inc refreshments) from Marlene Secker on 01362 820586.

April 1 Watlington Village Hall, for hall

funds. Tickets £8 at door or £7 in advance from Barbara Church on 01553 810584.

May 20 Dereham Memorial Hall – part of Dereham Festival. Tickets £8 (concessions £7) from June Ross on 01362 692247.

June 10 Tivetshall Village Hall – part of new village green celebrations.

Sept 2 Wendling Village Hall, for hall funds.

Sept 9 Upton Village Hall, for hall funds.

Sept 16 Walsingham Parish Hall, for Royal British Legion Women's Section.

Oct 7 East Harling Old School Hall, for hall funds.

Oct 8 Cromer Pier Pavilion Theatre – for BREAK.

Oct 14 Brancaster Staithe Village Hall, for hall funds.

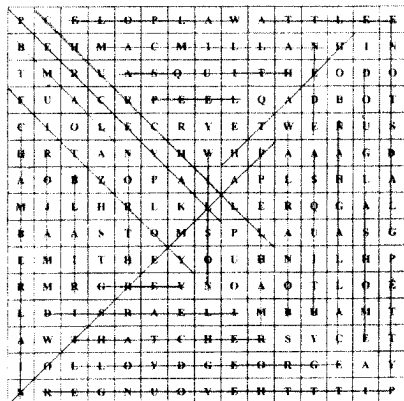
Oct 21 Stibbard Village Hall, for hall funds.

Productions of **All Preachers Great and Small** in local churches have been arranged for **Hoxne**, May 6; **Loddon**, May 27;

Ludham, June 3; **Shropham** July 8 and

Upwell, September 23. See EDP for full details.

Wordsearch solution



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FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

Membership application

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

£6 (single member)

£10 (family membership)

£20 (educational establishment)

£50 (commercial company)

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

Address.....

Postcode.....

Telephone.....

Please send to:

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Walnut Tree House
Forncett St. Peter
Norwich NR16 1HR
Cheques made out to FOND, please