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Spring
2007
No 25

The Merry Mawkin



Newsletter of Friends of Norfolk Dialect
website: www.norfolkdialect.com

Chairman's Report

FOND's year has got off to a grand start with our first Chairman, Keith Skipper, being awarded an MBE - well deserved for his services to the community. A letter congratulating him has been sent on behalf of all the members. The pantomime at North Elmham was once more a glorious celebration of that special brand of humour that we possess, courtesy- of Tony Clarke's excellent scriptwriting and the talents of those gallant thespians amongst us who took on their roles with much enthusiasm.

Our first committee meeting of the year was once again at Vera's, and we had a full attendance. (Our hostess will need a bigger table, she did herself out of a seat!). I must mention certain items from the agenda. It is imperative that we maintain our membership at a good level and to this end I invite all current members to "preach the gospel" to friends and neighbours in an effort to recruit new members. Our 2007 "dews" are in the planning stage at present - it is hoped that our June event will be attended by some members of Far Welter'd from Louth who gave some of our members an excellent time last year. I trust we shall be able to return their hospitality with as many of our members as possible to join in the fun.

Of the two projects that we had hoped might bring in some funding, one has fallen by the wayside, the other has been put "on hold" for the time being but we are ever hopeful of the latter bearing fruit. Our most important aim at the moment is to find a Newsletter Editor and the search will go on until the post is filled. We are grateful to Stewart Orr for producing this issue. Finally I would like to thank those who have given me their support thus far as I attempt to steer the FOND boat into safe waters.

A Walk down Dialect Street, with Peter Brooks

It's amazing what you see when you are out for a walk.

Just a few yards from our front gate I could see an arse-end with one of the local farmer's men eating his Betsy and Jane

A little further on a baby in a pram was blaring away. the mother was a really attractive and bonka young mawther, Her mother was known as being a botty woman who put on airs and graces even though her husband is only a bottom fyer. They have a son, Donald, who is a bit doolally - you know, come the weekend he is only up to about Wednesday.

As I got nearer the centre of town I passed the mole country and could see a mort of people apparently gawping at the old King's Head pub which was being tricolated. The landlord had not been a popular man because of his practice of water bewitching.

(see next month's *Mawkin* for a translation!)

Our President, PETER TRUDGILL, a Guest on BBC Radio Norfolk

A couple of times in recent weeks I have been invited to talk about the Norfolk Dialect, and FOND, on BBC Radio Norfolk's afternoon show. One of the many people who rang in to make observations or ask questions suggested that it was not appropriate to talk about "the Norfolk accent", because there is "no such thing". Actually, he said, there is a number of different accents in Norfolk, not just one. And of course he had a point.

I pointed out that the word "accent" can be used to be as precise or vague as you like. Americans often say that I have a "British accent", and it makes perfectly good sense for Scottish people to say that a Norfolk person has an "English accent". Northerners might well say that we have a "southern accent". And people

from the West Country might, if they are clever enough, recognise that we have an "East Anglian accent". But we would expect someone from Suffolk to say we have a "Norfolk accent". And it is quite true that, within Norfolk, people are able to tell the difference, at least sometimes, between accents from different parts of the county. It seems to me that I have only heard the pronunciation of hundred, naked, David as "hundret, naket, Davet" in north Norfolk - is it found in the south too? I also suspect that never, together as "navver, togather" are found mainly in the north - or am I wrong? And is towel pronounced as "turl" in a purely Norwich thing - or is it heard in rural areas as well? As I point out in my book *The Norfolk Dialect*, some parts of our county don't even really have a Norfolk accent at all. If I'm right - and please let me know if I'm not - it seems to me that speakers from places in the Norfolk Fens like Emneth, Upwell, West Walton, Outwell and the Walpoles have more of the sort of Cambridgeshire accent that you expect to hear in Wisbech. Places like Clenchwarton, Terrington, Downham and the Tilneys, though, do have a Norfolk accent. It's also interesting that parts of northeastern Suffolk have more of a Norfolk than a Suffolk accent - Beccles, Bungay. Lowestoft, and maybe even Southwold and Halesworth. The point that most interested my caller, though, was the difference between Norwich and the country areas. He could have added Yarmouth and King's Lynn as well. These urban areas all have accents distinctively different from those of the Norfolk countryside, although probably outsiders would not be able to hear this. And in fact the older Yarmouth accent was much more similar to the Norwich accent than it was to those of the rural areas in between. Traditionally - it's less true these days - you could always spot a Norwich city person out in the countryside because he or she would drop their h's in a way that country people wouldn't, as I discusses in our last issue. And Yarmouth people did the same.

F.O.N.D. Website – www.norfolkdialect.com

By the end of February the FOND website had received almost 46,000 visits since its inception in January, 2002;

Joshua Hipkin makes the point that sometimes having a Norfolk accent is less than helpful, he writes

"I just want to make the point that you are more likely to be successful in an interview if you speak without a Norfolk accent. I am a student in Norfolk and can understand why you want to keep the accent. However, in the past people did not travel to work as they do now. If you want to attend a job interview in London with a Norfolk accent, sad as it may seem, they would think you are simple! I may be wrong about this issue and welcome your polite comments. Thanks."

John Tye's roots go back a long way in Norfolk:

"I was born in Swanton Morley in 1926, Grandad was landlord of the Angel pub in 1918. The village pond and green fields are all now housing estates and it's rare to hear the Norfolk dialect.

I remember some years ago a group of us radio hams were talking to a chap in France on VHF. One chap had been to college and spoke the Queen's English, when it came to his turn to speak the chap at the other end said" please say all again you don't talk like the others!"

Robert Benedict lives in America but his family originated in Tasboro/Saxlingham area in the 1500-1600s.

"I recently stayed in Garboldisham while exploring the region. Wonderful country- don't know why they left!"

Patrick George has lived in the US for 40 years but still considers Yarmouth his home and visits often;

"Glad to hear there is an effort to keep the Norfolk dialect going. When I walk around the old market on a Saturday afternoon, my ears can pick up the sound of the dialect at 100 yards!"

Fred Box (Robin) writes

"very nice site "it's aall rite bwoy!"

I moved from Norfolk as a teenager and lived in many different counties in the UK. After 40years now living on the Isle of Wight where people either consider my accent an Islander or from Norfolk, so I don't think you ever really lose it.

Late father from Downham and Mum from Swaffham (one had low Norfolk and one high Norfolk accent) my sister and I were both born in King's Lynn.

Still visit when able but a long way from here, 500+ mile trip, but good to see relations and friends that are left, always a big place in my heart.

Good luck with website - I was thrilled to be told of it from my friend in Peterborough today, if I can help in any way please ask. Keep up the good work. I have lots of old village photos so please say if you want any.

Nikki Ball comes from Kenninghall and it seems that her family almost runs the place!:

"Hi, so pleased I've found your website. Wondetrful idea, and so imortant to keep our lovely Norfolk dialect alive. My family on my Mum's side are true Norfolk folk, and very proud of it. I still live in the village where my great grandfather was the village policemen, and my grandfather was the village baker, and now my father is the village vicar!. Now my children have come back to live in the village and are bringing up their children here. The house I live in was my grandfather's bakery, and now my children are the 5th generation to enjoy it."

Avril Samuel is trying to find a copy of Mary Mann's book "Tales of Victorian Norfolk" can anyone help her?

Email: avrilsamuel@hotmail.com

Pamela Carlene Nelson who lives in Ogden, Utah, USA was delighted to hear that Colin Burleigh had been made Chairman:

"Congratulations to Colin Burleigh for being the new FOND Chairman. You couldn't have chosen better. I'm proud of you Colin."

Wesley Historical Society – East Anglia Branch

The national Wesley Historical Society was founded in 1898 and East Anglia became the first branch over 40 years ago. We meet twice a year, normally in May and September, at locations across East Anglia. Many meetings tend to take place in Norfolk, as was the case in 2006. The May meeting took place at Fakenham Methodist Church, when David Yarham gave a fascinating talk on the *Influence of Primitive Methodism on Rural Life*. In September we met at Diss Methodist Church, when the Rev John Garfoot spoke on *The Lincolnshire Thresher*, a story with Norfolk connections.

The establishment of Methodist societies under John Wesley was particularly strong in Norfolk and I like to think the county's determination to 'do different' drew people to Methodism. Norfolk produced some of the leading personalities, such as Robert Key, arguably the greatest evangelist East Anglia ever produced, Elizabeth Bultitude from Hardwick, 'last woman itinerant preacher' and George (later Sir George) Edwards from Fakenham, born in poverty and unable to read, yet he overcame these setbacks to become a fine Local Preacher, fighter for farm workers rights (he was one of the founders of the Agricultural Workers Union), Justice of the Peace, county and local councillor and eventually Member of Parliament. These and other personalities will feature in a future *Merry Mawkin* article. I wonder how these and the early preachers would have sounded? I guess the Norfolk dialect would have been to the fore, but perhaps not to the extent of 'Blast me bor, that King Herod wuz a wholly bad lot!

After the death of John Wesley splits in Methodism led to the establishment of separate denominations, one of which was the Primitive Methodist movement. This sprang from camp meetings' held in the open air. Although by no means exclusively, this tended to appeal to labouring people, with quite often for example, farm labourers attending the Primitive chapel and farmers going to the Wesleyan chapel. In 2007 the Methodist Church will be celebrating the bicentenary of the first 'camp meeting' which gave birth to Primitive Methodism. Our branch will be supporting the East Anglia District of the Methodist Church by a holding a special event at Thetford Methodist Church on Saturday, 12 May, when Dr Stephen Hatcher will be the speaker. There will be a special exhibition, including rare Primitive Methodist crockery and a short re-enactment of a 'camp meeting.'

2007 also heralds another significant anniversary: the tercentenary of the birth of Charles Wesley, often described as Methodism's 'Poet Laureate'. The hymns of Charles Wesley are not restricted to Methodist churches and can often be heard in Anglican churches too (Charles, as with John Wesley, lived and died a Church of England priest). Many *Mawlan* readers sing *Hark the Herald Angels*, a Charles Wesley carol, at Christmas. We will be giving support to the East Anglia District of the Methodist Church as it celebrates this milestone, with a special Evensong at Norwich Cathedral on Saturday, 22 September. Norwich's very own the Revd Jack Burton will give a talk on Charles Wesley.

The annual subscription is only £5.00, for which members receive a journal containing transcripts of talks, articles on people and events and snippets from the archives. Please contact the Secretary, David Elvidge for further information.

You can write to David at 14, Avon Road, South Wootton, King's Lynn, PE30 3LS, e-mail him on david.elvidge@tiscali.co.uk, or phone him on 01553 676164.

The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

1. Who presents the BBC Radio Norfolk's 2pm show on Sundays?
2. Which furniture store was demolished in 1971 to make way for the Magdalen Street Flyover in Norwich?
3. Who was Norwich City's tallest goalkeeper?
4. In which year did the Great Eastern Railway reach Cromer?
5. What is "a twilting"?
6. Which church tower, the spire having been damaged by a land mine in 1944, had a replacement spire

(130 ft shorter) in 1954?

7 By what name is the area between Great Yarmouth and Gorleston known?

8. How did the statue of Coke of Norfolk on the top of Dereham's Exchange Cinema lose its head?

9. What is "a dockey"?

10. Which song, connected with Norfolk, begins "In the days to call, which we have left behind, our boyhood's glorious game"?

The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz – see back page for answers

PUB NAMES - All the names in this puzzle are Norfolk Pubs. No prizes for the first to visit them all, says our membership secretary Brenda Bizell, who sets the wordsearch

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

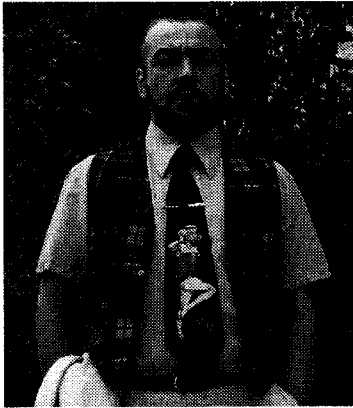
Bear
Butchers Arms
Crown
Fat Cat
Golden Dog
Jolly Farmers
Old Workhouse
Rose
Slug and Lettuce
Three Boars

Bell
Canary
Compleat Angler
Ferry
Grove
Murderers
Ostrich
Ship
Star
Unicorn

Brickmakers
Coldham Hall
Dove
Goat
Hero
Old Ram
Pelican
Silver Fox
Steam Packet
Yare

(See back page for answers.)

THE STORY OF 'OO' from Sid Kipper



If Typhoo put the T in Britain, then who put the 'oo' in Noo Buckenham? Well, the people of Norfolk did.

Because the secret of talking Norfolk is getting your 'oo's right. Like "There's a barbiqoo doo in the avenoo". In fact 'oo's are so important in Norfolk they actually named a river after them.

So let's revoo a foo. Well, in most places if they have a doo they have it in the evening, but in Norfolk we have a doo in the morning - doo to the hoomidity.

And in Norfolk we have too sorts of animal that go moo - a cow, and a cat. Then again, if I was to say 'moos', you wouldn't know if I was talking about thinking, or cattle.

If you sit in a poo that's good, because that mean yoo'll go to heaven.

And when 'Typhoon' Toodor made a snooker exhibition of himself in Booton, on a Toosday, there was coo outside - just to see his coo.

Now, there can be misundertakings. For instants, if I said 'avenoo', yoo couldn't be quite sure if I was talking about a tree lined lane, or offering you an antelope. Of course, if it was the latter, and yoo took it, and it was an old antelope, yoo could say "He give me a noo, but I noo it weren't noo".

A curloo is not a dogs' toilet. Execoote is not a dead water bird. And a barbiqoo is definitely not a line of people waiting to see a doll.

That's not all. Hoo Grant, is not a question. Honeydoo is not a meeting of bees. And a nood is certainly not a full size noodle.

But if all that make yoo go "Phoo, I'm confoosed", then yoo need to toon in your lugs to the 'oo'. Then yoo'll not go askoo.

Cos, in my voo - yoo mustn't refoos to do a foo 'oo's if yoo want to pursoo talking Norfolk.

In *The Willow* by L.W. Smith, we can see how a little local knowledge can keep us dry.

In the dark days of 1941 a chilly autumn morning lay over the Norfolk countryside. Hourly, the population of Great Britain expected to hear of the landing of the German *Wermacht*. Throughout the country men from all walks of life had donned khaki uniforms and assembled in factory yards and village halls to be taught the tactics necessary to contain and repel the invader. The stalwarts of the Home Guard, some armed with weapons but others only with pitchforks and even broom handles, drilled and exercised.

In a dew-drenched meadow beside the river Bure stood a short, wiry and extremely loud regular army sergeant, his most noticeable feature - other than his lack of inches - a Welsh accent so extreme as to be, on this opposite coast, almost unintelligible. Putting this, however, to its best possible use and - to his credit - leading by example, he was explaining and demonstrating to the local Home Guard platoon, a group of lounging farm labourers, the approved army method of fording a river. His harangue ended, he hoisted his pack high onto his back, clutched his rifle in both hands above his steel-helmeted head and, plunging into the thigh-deep water, surged across the current and emerged at length on the opposite bank. Arrived, he turned and raising his voice to its full parade ground pitch, urged the men to put his example to good effect and follow.

The platoon, eyeing the miasma of autumnal vapour rising from the chill waters sliding before them, stood hesitant under a steadily rising flood of Welsh vituperation. Whispered comments and urgings passed back and forth among them. The stream of military abuse from across the river increased in volume and stridency. At length, after one or two hesitant false starts, the corporate country mind was made up. Moving in a body, the platoon lumbered off at the double.

The sergeant, no doubt expecting from such "forlorn-hope" soldiery little other than mutiny or desertion, danced, dripped, and cursed impotently on the opposite bank.

Some fifty yards upstream, as it had done throughout the lifetime of every member of the platoon, the shattered yet still living remains of a giant willow overhung the river. Reaching the willow, re-enacting happy boyhood hours that - as mature husbands, fathers and even grandfathers they had never thought to have opportunity to enjoy again - the members of the platoon swiftly used it as a perfectly efficient if somewhat precarious bridge. Moments later, once again ranked in some semblance of platoon order, they came to a ragged, somewhat unmilitary halt, sheepish and grinning - but dry-shod - before their cursing, dripping mentor.

Keith Skipper and Friends have another busy year on their entertainment rounds with Press Gang shows across the county and productions of All Preachers Great and Small in local churches.

The Press Gang season is being billed as "The Penultimate Farewell Tour", and Keith has confirmed that the 2008 programme will definitely be the last. "We think this will be the right time to bow out after doing the rounds non-stop since 1984. We're all getting a bit older and we reckon it'll be better to take our leave while we're still standing!" said Keith.

As in previous years, bucket collections for the EDP We Care Appeal will be taken at all shows which sees the troupe break fresh ground with visits to Northwold and Harleston. There's also an eagerly awaited return to raise laughs at the Mundesley Festival in August.

"As soon as this season is over I will entertain requests for our final fling. It is bound to be busy so I would urge all those who might be interested to be quick off the mark when I give the nod in the autumn." added Keith.

PRESS GANG FIXTURES 2007

All concerts start at 7.30pm (except Mundesley)

Saturday, April 21 – Frettenham Village Hall. For hall funds and BREAK.
Fisher on 01603 890580.

Tickets £7 from Richard

Tuesday, August 7 – Mundesley Coronation Hall. (Part of Mundesley

Festival 7.45pm start)

Saturday, Sept 15 – Shipdham WI Hall. For hall funds

Saturday, Sept 29 – Banham Community Centre. For centre funds

Saturday, Oct 6 – Fleggburgh Village Hall. For hall funds

Saturday, Oct 27 – Tasburgh Village Hall. For Tasburgh Players.

Keith and friends present All Preachers Great and Small this year in the following churches. All productions start at 7.30pm and are on Saturdays – except Forncett St Peter, which is on a Wednesday:

May 12 – St Margaret's Church, Lyng

June 2 – St Andrew's Methodist Church, Sheringham

June 27 – St Peter's Church, Forncett St Peter (local festival)

July 7 – St Margaret's Church, Topcroft

July 28 – Ss Andrew and Peter Church, Blofield

September 8 – St Mary's Church, Haddiscoe

October 13 – Chapelfield Methodist Church, Norwich

Another word or two of wisdom from Sid Kipper – published with permission!

Come to the country, where the local yokels live,
Smell the rustic air, and the muck heaps too.
See the wiggly worm as the early sparrow swallows it,
Out in the country where the moo cows poo. Moo cows poo, yes they do,
Out in the country where the moo cows poo.

Come to the country, where the merry milk maids live,
See the cheeky sparrow and the sparrowhawk too;
Swoop, squawk, oh dear, the sparrow's not so cheeky now,
Out in the country where the moo cows poo. Moo cows poo, just like you,
Out in the country where the moo cows poo.

Come to the country, where the jolly farmer lives,
See him out a-walking with his shotgun too;
Spots the handsome sparrow hawk, puts both barrels into it,
Out in the country where the moo cows poo. Moo cows poo, on your shoe,
Out in the country where the moo cows poo.

Come to the country, where the food you eat comes from,
See the supermarket man, well-to-do;
Talks to the farmer - look, he's not so jolly now,
His milk, he's heard, is worth no more than moo cows poo. Moo cows poo, in full view,
Out in the country where the moo cows poo.

Come to the country, where the peace and quiet is,
Buy a country cottage, like your friends all do.
Wonder where the yokels, the milk-maids and the farmer went,

Out in the country where the moo cows poo.
 Moo cows poo, though you sue,
 Out in the country where the moo cows poo.
 Moo cows poo, just for you,
 Out in the country where the moo cows poo.

From the singing of Sid Kipper © Chris Sugden. 2002/2006

Wot yar bin on haarldy agin? by The Boy Colin.

Th'ow calendar is a'fillin up agin fast so, when tha gal June took a look and spotted a few dears wi' not-thin writ onnit she say "Cum yew on bor, thass toime yew spent a few quid and took me on haarldy". So we hiided up ter Yorkshire. Now, thinking onnit, when we tork about directions in Norfolk Oi allus reckon we dew it by a'lookin at the map, 'cause we allus seem ter go "up" ter Lincolnshire and Yorshire but "down" ter London. But. Hold yew hard tergether, dew Oi go shoppin' Oi go "up" ter Norwich but once Oi go past Norwich Oi'm a'gorn "down" ter Yarmouth. Bit like a roller coaster, ent it, a'gorn up and down? Dew yew go t'other way yew either go "over" or "acrost" ter Peterborough. Don't wonder furriners can't mearke us out.

We stayed at a plearce near Harrogate and fer two dears we hed bewtiful sunshine, moind yew we had a coupla rare rimers in the mornins but we hed our walking butes wi' us and struck off up the hills and dales. Blarst, some a' them hills dunt half mearke yer snort so evra now and agin Oi'd stop fer a pinta Black Sheep ter wet moi whistle. Thass a good drop a' stuff.

The hotel wittals wor good and the gal June kept a' givin' me the wicked eye when she see the gret ow English breakfast Oi wuz a'cuttin' into me. She say "that'll be bread and pullet fer yew fer the next few weeks ter gil yew back in trim". The entertearnment wuz good and they had a Yorkshire comedian on one noight and 'caus Oi wuz a'sittin' down the front he kept a'pickin on me. He shoulda known better than ter crross swords longa the Boy Cohn 'cause Oi give him as good as he gimme and arter three gos he give up. That'll larn 'im. We kept hearin' 'bout bad wather an' snow an' that and we did git caught in the snow at Skipton one day. Wunt northin' for it but to find another pinta Black Sheep! We din't lies' no trouble gittin' hum and ony lorst the way once!

Ter round the week off Oi took the gal June down ter London ter see the "Phantom of the Opera" thow what she wanted ter see him for Ui dun't know when she got an ugly so and so like me ter look at and Oi dun't hatta wear a mask ter look like him neither.

Fare yer well, tergether,

The Boy Colin

Gerry Moore, of Weeting, writes as follows.

I noted that in issue 24-of The Merry Mawkin that we do not, as yet, have a new editor, so when one is appointed, could you please pass-on this letter. Thank you.



The humble bicycle has played an important part in the history of Norfolk, providing the means of transport for the working-man and in the emancipation of women. It was, and indeed still is, used in anger in the form of racing; the Norwich Bicycle Club is one of the oldest cycling clubs in the country. Also bicycles have been manufactured in the county since man first threw his leg over a beam with a wheel at either end. Probably the best-known make was The Rival Cycle Company based in -Norwich and who can forget Dodger's cycle shop in Suffolk Street, a Mecca for cyclists for generations.

As a cycling historian, it has been my pleasure to search out these early east Anglian makers and record their activities for posterity. Sadly bicycles are no longer made in Norfolk, so imagine my delight, when turning the pages of the current Cycling Weekly magazine, to discover that FOND has revived the art of bicycle making in Norfolk by producing a carbon framed machine proudly displaying FOND decals

Is there, I wonder, a Norfolk dialect word for bicycle?

Mardle from Boy Dave

How ya getin on together, thas the farst time since the old cat died I bin able to pull mu self tugerher to rite a mardel, my old mate Charlie tank they call him that cors he was with Monte in the last war, he ustu say that them there cats are a reincariation of a morther they bite scratch and never come when theyr called, he dint half have some intemurestin storys most of them of his time as a tank dnrer that a rumin all has now is his old tradsmunds bike and thas only got one pedle.

Thas a rum old du how tecmanolinoligy has gam ahead since we had chork boards at school and now hear I am ritin this on a laptop, cors I hata go to that there collage an lam all about how tu go on.

The farst thing they say is you hata plug into the Docin station I say they usta have a station at Docking but that there Beachin he when an shut it up in the sixties, the morther she say lgo as slow or as farst as ya want she say the program is microsortf I say they orta change that tu microhard for old bors like me, she say don't hold ya fingy on the key other wise that keep on repetun so the fast letter I pike was a P arta abou five seconds I had mere ps than Birds Eye she say you gota be qwik I say thas a lot difrunt to that there typritu I bin a usin. afla cuple of hrs she say store ya wak and start agin next wek she say go file save as Bor Dave and rite klik I do al this go orf hum.

My morther there she was she say how did yo get on bor Dave (I new she was in good mood cors if not she call me David) I say airite but they kep on about bites spreadsheets, drives and programs I did put ma hand up cors I dint wanta seem sorft. When I was a little old bor I usta du a bit of wak for farma Dorinton he usta have two old bors wak for him called Moffit he alust usta call either of them Muifit so yu no how we usta go on. One day old Muffit was late for wark Dorinton he say Muffit yu late for wark he sha thas like this the ice on the field was su slipry evra yard we went forard I sliped back two Dorinton say how on earth did you arrive at work. Muffit say I started walin hum sir

That wernt long afor I started lokin at some of the young morthers that I usta see in the school acrors the car park we usta have seprut schools in them days Granfus he say don't you go out and try any of that there practical side you larn in sex edumacation with them there young morthers.

Cor in them days the old farma ustu get one of us old bors tu crow scare arta school old Olrod he usta imploy longon evora day when he a finished he ustu put a brorch(stick) up in the field where he finished he ustu say he new where to start tomura. As you mite know when we were little old bors we had no telamavision so we hata make our own entermatainment, one game we usta play was Tut Hole on the wilage green, now im a gona telya how tu play and the rules, fast you nead three small stones a tenuss ball and a pen nife and a number of players, fast you hata cut yar self a hole in the willage green about the size of a hedge bets nest so you could roll the ball in, each on ya hata have ya own hole in a straight line then you hata pick ya hole when ya done that orf ya go, the fast hole whent fast thay hata stand about a yard back and roll the ball at the line of holes. as I said afor each player had a hole when the ball landed in the hole or nest the parson that owned the hole hata run up pick the ball up shout tut hole tut hole and then hull the ball at a parson in the team and try and give them a ljinin up, cors as sune as the ball landed in a nest the rest of the team ran orf so they dint get a tuneup with the ball, if you got hit with the yo got on egg or stone if you missed you got an egg , when yu got three eggs in ya nest you were out and every one moved up.

We dint half get rong for cutin holes in the willage green so we usta save the grass heal it in and just pull it out next nite.

We had one old bor he usta hull the ball he dint half warm the legs up cors we all had shorts in them days.

Most old hors say the best time in life is school days I recon mine was when I married my little old morther I say since I bin a marred we onla had one argarnen and I ownt half be glad when thas a dun.

Well il hata go cors im a goin out tu have a pint with my old mate Don.

Keep on troshen - Bor Dave (from West Winch, near King's Lynn)

A BIT A BALER STRING

Do you know Bill Bailey what warked for Clark at Bridges End?

There worn't a thing on that there farm what Bill couldn't mend.

From a hayfork to a harvester or any sorta thing.

Billy could allus mend it with a bit a baler string.

One day the duzy bull got out and runned and roared around.

Nobody dare go nare him as he tossed and hoofed the ground.

Boss hollered "Bill bor bulls out" he're bin and brook his ring.
But Bill soon lassoo'd the begger with a bit a baler string.

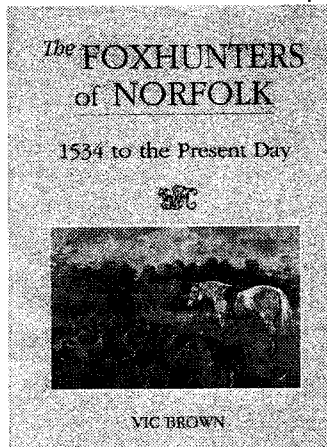
Bill courted Mabel seven year and then he said "less wed."
I'er got some chairs and tables and ole grannies feather bed.
Thar's half a ton o' taters in the field what I can bring.
An I'er med some hansome door mats outer bits a baler string.
So Mabel said we'd better wed before they cut the hay.
Well, they had a slap up weddin! On the 17th a May.
But when they got into the charch Bill found he'd lorst the ring.
So he hatta marry Mabel with a loop a baler string.

Next year a litte daughter came to bless the happy pair.
With grut big eyes like saucers and a crop of ginger hair.
Ole Bill he say to Parson when he'd come to christening.
Look bor! har hare's just the same colour as a bit a baler string.

Well time passed on and ole Bill died and come to heavens door.
He could hear 'em all a singing thare and worn't he worried sore.
He say to good St Peter "sar I're never larn't to sing.
I're allus been to busy mending things wi' baler string.

Don't worry Bill St Peter said "the good Lord understands."
He're been a carpenter his self and likes blokes what use their hands.
We're very glad to see you here we've got plenty what can sing.
And we need a handy chap like you. Hev yer bought some baler string?

THE FOXHUNTERS OF NORFOLK-1534 to the Present Day. Vic Brown. JJG Publishing 2006.382pp.332 b/w illustrations plus 26 in full colour.12 maps.£38 plus £7 packing and postage. Copies can be collected from the publisher at Sparrow Hall, Hindringham, NR21 ODP. Telephone 01328 878198 or direct from the author, telephone 01362 850826;or from his car on hunting days



This book is a testimony to one man's five years of painstaking research into a subject that is both topical and controversial.

It traces the foundation and growth of the West Norfolk Foxhounds, provides a snapshot of successive Masters of Foxhounds, their families and social standards and provides a fascinating insight into Norfolk social history over the past 473 years.

Familiar names such as Le Strange ,Hastings, Birkbeck, Gurney, Keppel, Coke, Barclay and Walpole all feature, as do the names of hunt employees such as Whippers-In, Earth Stoppers, Puppy Walkers, Terrier men and suppliers of food for the hounds.

Along the way we learn of foxes imported from America (also from countries such as Holland and France),the birth of Fakenham Race Course, how Government "Buyers of Horses" secured some 120,000 mounts during 1914 to send to the Western Front and how, during both World Wars, the Governments of the day actively encouraged the continuation of fox hunting

as part of our efforts to safeguard indigenous food supplies.

The purchase of Sandringham Estate in 1863 by the Royal Family brought royal support, both financially and in additional riders to the Hunt. Mention is made of the little known Norwich Sportsmen's Society and the Norwich Hunt, also known as the Carrow Abbey Hunt. Other fascinating information includes racing on Dereham's Neatherd Moor - with "thousands of spectators" - the riots of Winter 1830 when gangs of upwards of 600 people roamed the countryside smashing farm machinery and setting fire to property.

Point to Point races are well documented and there are detailed accounts of runs across the Norfolk countryside, many of which can still be identified today. The visit to Holkham, by the Irish giant O'Brien, all 8 feet four inches of him, is chronicled as is horse racing at Yarmouth, Beccles and Blickling..

Major Wilson's love of hawking is described along with his German falconers and it is perhaps pertinent to remind readers that hunting was not confined to foxes. Fox cubs, deer, hares, otters and mink also provided much 'sport'.

Whether you are pro or anti blood sports this book fills in much detail, and provides accounts of a pursuit which is, without question, part of our county's sporting and cultural heritage.

The facts are here for all to see and understand as never before. It is up to us as individuals to decide how we react to them. It is a book that should be on the shelves of everyone interested in the social history of our County.

THE LOST COAST OF NORFOLK. Neil Storey. Sutton Publishing 2006. 128pp.. 112b/w illustrations. £12.95. ISBN 0-7509-4225-8.



Although entitled "The Lost Coast of Norfolk" this extremely well researched book also provides much valuable and interesting information on communities along the North Norfolk coast. From the proposal in 1837 to create a new 'Victoria County' from 150,000 acres of land reclaimed from The Wash, the activities of the "bite-fingers" of Wells who literally bit off the fingers of bodies washed ashore to "salvage" their rings, the uniqueness of Hunstanton cliffs to the ancient ports of Brancaster and the Holkham Bay ports of Holme, Thornham, Brancaster Staithe and Burnham Rodested.

Neil, a life member of FOND, quite rightly devotes 22 pages to the coastline between Bacton and Winterton, a stretch of coast known to mariners as "The Devil's Throat"

and where, today, there are urgent concerns regarding the viability of communities, especially in the Trimmingham and Happisburgh sections,

This is a book full of human endeavour, sadness and concern for the future.

It provides evidence, if any were needed, of the capability of the North Sea to wreak havoc along vulnerable stretches of our coastline.

It deserves to be on the bookshelf of everyone, including Government Ministers, who have a concern for property, people, businesses and tourists who look to the coastal strip to provide a place to live, work and enjoy.

CELEBRATING THE NORTHEND

BBC Radio Norfolk is focussing on a special aspect of Norfolk life - the former Northend fishing community at King's Lynn. At the turn of the last century around 900 people lived in this small area of three main streets and its yards. It was grouped around the Fisher Fleet from which some 400 vessels operated into the Wash.

Slum clearance and road improvements meant the end to most of the area which went alongside the continual decline in the fishing industry. But the St. Nicholas Chapel - the largest of its kind in the country - remains. Thanks to the King's Lynn Preservation Trust part of Pilot Street was saved. And it was from there that retired teacher Pat Midgley began her campaign to preserve the memory of the Northend and establish a museum based around the two remaining fishermen's cottages in what had been True's Yard. Although the area was a tightly knit enclosed one the composer Vaughan Williams visited Northend in 1905 when he was collecting folk songs. Material gathered by him was used in his Norfolk Rhapsodies and symphonies. The Northend was dominated by a number of leading families, among them the Castletons with Frank Castleton as something of a father figure. He became the first president of True's Yard although he died before it opened in the early 1990s. Now in 2007 it is his grandson, Bob Castleton of BBC Radio Norfolk who suggested the station should take a special look this part of local history. The station's Tony Mallion was asked to take on the task which has involved filming, documentary making, collecting material for the BBC website, work with schools and a community performance. These will all feature in a special weekend. The Northend project will also feature at the BBC Radio Norfolk stand at the Royal Norfolk Show on Wednesday June 27th.

Friday June 8th - live broadcasting from Northend into BBC Radio Norfolk's programmes throughout the day

Saturday June 9th - Celebrate Northend! a community concert involving music, folk music, dance and archive film

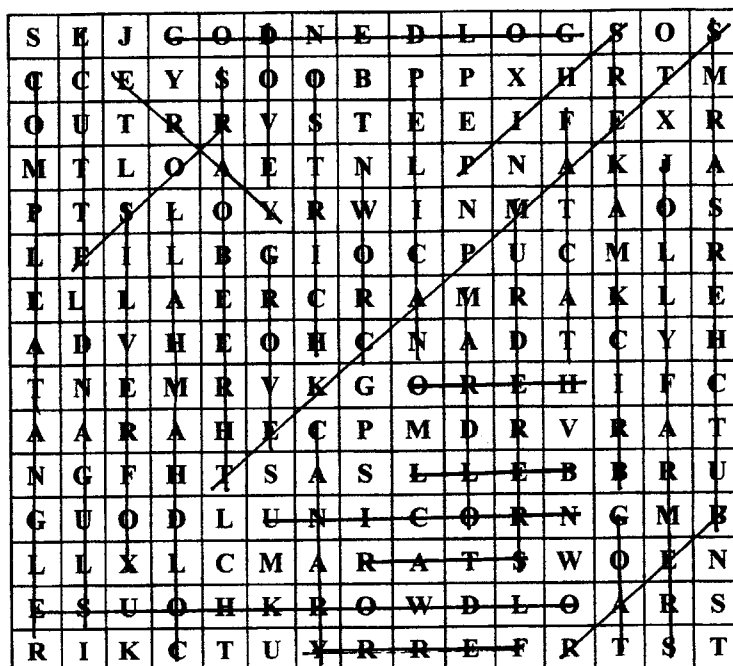
St. Nicholas Chapel, King's Lynn 8.30 p.m. Tickets £5 from True's Yard Museum (proceeds in aid of True's Yard)

01553 770479

Sunday June 10th - 2 p.m. BBC Radio Norfolk The Northend Story. A Maggie's Brew special featuring a documentary

Also photographs, memories and other material will be available on the BBC Radio Norfolk website bbc.co.uk/norfolk

ANSWERS TO PUBNAMES WORDSEARCH



Answers to Boy Colin's Quiz

1. Maggie Secker 2. Attoes 3. George Ephgrave 4. 1889 5. A beating or good hiding. 6. St. Andrews at Thorpe. 7. Southtown. 8. It was struck by lightning. 9. A farm labourers dinner. 10. On the ball City.

AND FINALLY . . . a note from the compiler.

I am sure that we are all extremely grateful to Robin Limmer, erstwhile editor of "The Merry Mawkin". Robin produced his final edition last time, and, as you will have noticed, the present one does not approach his extremely high standards. We could find no one willing to take on the job, and so, in order to get this edition to the press and to all you members, I have undertaken the production. This explains the different format. I do not have the expertise, the computing experience or the time to do this again (perhaps not this time either, I hear you mutter!). Is there anyone who would like to take on the editing and production of our journal? If so, please get in touch with our chairman, Colin Burleigh, on 01362-697654 or with me, Stewart Orr, on 01379-854458. We will be so pleased to hear from you!

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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)

£10 (family membership)

£20 (educational establishment)

£50 (commercial company)

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

Address.....

Postcode.....

Telephone.....

PLEASE SEND TO: Brenda Bizzell
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Norwich, NR16 1HR.
Cheques made out to FOND, please.