

The Merry Mawkin



**THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**

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Front cover: 5-spot burnet moth on
birdsfoot trefoil.
Back Cover: West Runton rock pools
photos by Bob Farndon

IN THIS ISSUE

FOND Officers and Committee	4
FOND Notes from the Editor	4
Upcoming Events	5
Colin cooks	6
The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz	7
Fishley Saves The Day	7
Dialect Quiz	8
Norfolk Humour	9
Poor Mary Sexton	10
Wordsearch – Bradwell	12
Norfolk Dialect of the Broads	13
Were There FONDers?	17
Round and Round We Go	21
Gorn into Narridge?	22
Quiz and Dialect Answers	23
Blarst That Wor a Soler	24
An Invasion of Butterflies	25
Wordsearch Answers	25
Membership Forms	26
Recipe Corner	27

Chairman's Report



Hope you are all keeping well and not getting too hot. The heat always brings that Norfolk saying of being 'all of a muckwash' to my mind.

We have had a few FOND dewes since the last mawkin. A gathering of entertainers at Lammas church to help with their fundraising efforts, an afternoon slot at the Cromer 1.3 East festival and an afternoon entertaining at the Pleasure Boat Hickling. My thanks to all those who took part and who came along to support us. It seemed that everyone had a jolly time.

The next event is, I am giving a Norfolk Dialect talk at 2pm on Saturday 12th July in North Walsham Library, hope to see some of you there.

I also had a bit of an adventure, standing up on the roof of Horning sailing club at the start of the Three Rivers race. This was because The race committee had asked if FOND would like to contribute the 'interest' article to their race programme guides. They then also interviewed me on the roof, allowing me to spread the word to all who were watching the start of the race. You can

find a copy of the article, kindly written by Peter Trudgill in the middle of this edition of the Merry Mawkin.

Hope you enjoy reading everything this great magazine has to offer

Keep you a troshin,

Best wishes,

Diana

FOND Trosher Creative Writing Competition

A maximum of 1000 words of previously unpublished work, to include some Norfolk Dialect

We ask that entries are e-mailed please.

Include your name, address and telephone number

Send to: enquiries@seadell.co.uk

Closing date - 15th October



**THE
MERRY
MAWKIN**

EDITOR

Zena Tinsley
Email: ztinsley57@talktalk.net

DESIGNER

Bob Farndon

EDITORIAL OFFICE

Tel: 01379 741467
Email:
norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk

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Harlequin Colour Print
Breckland Business Centre
St Withburga Lane
Dereham, Norfolk, NR19 1FD
Tel: 01362 694 222



FOND Officers and Committee

CONTACT DETAILS

PRESIDENT

Professor Peter Trudgill,
7 Witton Close, Reedham Norfolk NR13 3HJ
Tel: 01493 700108 07887 855 489

CHAIRMAN

Diana Rackham, Cobbler's Bottom
The Street, Catfield NR29 5AZ
Tel: 01692 584809

SECRETARY

Zena Tinsley,
Orchard Bungalow, Norwich Road,
Dickleburgh, Norfolk, IP21 4NS
Tel: 01379 741467

TREASURER & MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Dave Kent
8 Greenwood Way, Shipdham
Thetford IP25 7NR Tel: 01362 821399
davespencerkent@gmail.com

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Matthew Thornton,
7 Barnes Rd. Pulham Market IP21 4SP
Tel: 07743 400819

Norman Hart (education officer), Avonside,
42 London Road, Harleston IP20 9BW
Tel: 01379 852677

Stanley Jones, 16 Little Bethel Street,
Norwich NR2 1NU

David Raby, 44 Bishop Bridge Road,
Norwich NR1 4ET Tel: 01603 61052

Toni Reeve, 6 School Road, Martham NR29 4PX
Tel: 01493 740674

Ann Reeve, 6 School Road, Martham NR29 4PX
Tel: 01493 740674

Mike Ward, Honeypot Cottage, The Street,
Edingthorpe, North Walsham NR28 9SU
Tel: 01692 405067
mmikeward@onetel.com

To contact any officer or committee member please email: norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk

Fond Notes from the Editor/Secretary

Summer is upon us and it's good to see some bishey barney bees in the garden, helping to keep down the pesky aphids. I am lucky enough to live very close to Dickleburgh Moor and we have peewits nesting and a harnser too. I've also heard the cuckoo this year. They used to be rather more common when I was a child. It's great to be able to get out and enjoy the lovely Norfolk countryside.

Whilst you're out in your garden enjoying a cuppa or maybe a glass of something refreshing, why not get creative and write a poem or piece of prose for this year's Trosher competition. Ann Reeve has kindly agreed to run this again for us and would be pleased to accept entries up to October 15th.

Full details of the competition are included in this edition.

I am always pleased to accept copy for this magazine. Our regulars write in from near and far (thanks Ralph in California) and without them we would have no Mawkin to enjoy. One of my favourite contributions in this edition has to be Lil Landimore's Fishley Saved the Day. Lil is one of our regulars and I'm sure will not mind me saying that she is our most senior contributor. So thanks Lil – keep them coming gal.

It has been great to have a few new names appearing in print recently and you may well have a interesting snippet up your sleeve that you could share with our readers.

Submissions for the next *Merry Mawkin* by 15th October please

Cheerio Tergetha,

Zena

Notice of FOND Annual General Meeting

**To be held on Sunday 23rd November at 2:30pm
at Honingham Village Hall**

1. Chairman's welcome
2. Apologies for absence
3. Minutes of AGM held November 2024
4. Matters arising from the Minutes of AGM 2024
5. Chairman's Report
6. Secretary's Report
7. Treasurer's report and Election of Independent Examiner
8. Election of Officers and Committee Members
9. Any Other Business
10. Date, Time and Venue of AGM 2026



Reckun Oi ken call myself a cook though not Gordon Blue

Yew've heered me tell yew a toime or tew that Oi'm a dabster at mearkin salary supe. Well bor, Oi hev bin doin' a bit of experimentin' and hev now took a step forrard an' hev recently bin tarnin' out pans of chilli bean supe an' Oi think Oi'm gettin' the hang onnit corse tha Gal June reckun that ent half bad.

Whoi, yew arsk am Oi gorn ter orl this trubble . Well the Gal June hent bin feelin' tew sharp jist leartly as she hed a fall last October and hev hart har back, even brearkin' a few bones which hev ment she hen't bin gettin' abowt much. That mean Oi'm now Chief Cook an' Bottlwasher. Jist leartly thare's bin a lotta letters in the pearpers abowt unpaid carers an' Oi reckun Oi now cum inter that class. Ter start orf Oi started doin' strearte forrard things loike spaghetti bolly an' that tarneed out OK. Chicken is easy-peasy (so Gal June say) so Oi hev hed a goo at that and moi beef casserole hev bin gorn down a treat. Pasta is a piece of cearke, if yew know what Oi mean and we hev that a cuppla toimes a week. Biskuts and cheese is a doddle corse Oi dun't hatta dew narthen wi' them 'cept puttem on the plearte.

Moi boy say ter me "yew are mearkin' things hard fer yerself" an' he reckun summa Tesco's ready meals would fit the bill. Oi hev troid 'em an' they're a lot easier ter git ready. Gal June reckun Oi'm loike Gordon Ramsey. Oi say "What a Michelin Star chef?" She say "No, corse yew swear a lot toime yew git the grub cooked!"

Look owt, thass toime ter put tha kittle on fer a cuppa so hare's a fella orf.

Hare yew goo tergether



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. Which is Norfolk's longest river ?
2. Why is Breydon Water so called ?
3. What is a "barney" ?
4. Which has the larger population - Kings Lynn or Great Yarmouth ?
5. Who is the current Mayor of Dereham ?
6. What is the name of Wetherspoons pub in Great Yarmouth ?
7. Where was the home of Norwich Speedway ?
8. What would you be if you were "botty" ?
9. For how long was Bryan Gunn permanent manager of Norwich City Football Club ?
10. In what year was the horse racing track in Great Yarmouth officially opened ?



Fishley Saved The Day

LIL LANDIMORE

(How many Norfolk place names can you spot? Answers on page 23.)

"Oh dereham, I'm bored." said Oby.

"I'm blickling bawdeswell," replied Barney.

They sutton the old stone bridge watch'n the water wramplng over the stoney bed in the brooke.

"Let's go and find our pals. We'lls see watton they hapton to be upton."

Oby had hardly gor his words out when a couple of their gang came ruston down ashill with their fishley tacolneston. They yelverton as they paston: "If you two aren't a gorn nowhere that wooton matlaske if yer walton t'come along this brooke with us for a bit 'er fishley. It wilby fundenhall of us thurning up. Themelthorpe it was a gooderstone idea. Anyhow they woodalling be bacton scole next week.

They'd forgotten about being bored as they trunched off, making plans for the rest of their holiday in a happisburgh mood.



How Well Do You Know Your Dialect?

THE GAL ANN



1. Dwile

1. To waste time.
2. A cleaning cloth.
3. A dish made with tripe.

2. Farlans

1. Reed beds.
2. Anywhere the other side of Kings Lynn or Thetford.
3. Narrow troughs used when gutting the herring.

3. Rizzes

1. Hazel branches used in building.
2. The flowers on the reeds.
3. Seedlings of any plants.

4. Gansey

1. A pen for keeping geese.
2. A small sailing boat.
3. A woolly jumper.

5. Ronds

1. Small pieces of Communion Bread.
2. The marshy banks of a river.
3. Gnat larvae.

6. Stulp

1. To choke.
2. The bottom rung of a ladder.
3. A post.

7. Petman

1. Smallest pig in the litter.
2. Someone who hand rears lambs.
3. The rag and bone man.

8. Fligger

1. Ancient game played at Swaffham.
2. Another name for shrimps.
3. To fidget.

9. Fillister

1. Carpenters tool.
2. A water butt.
3. A knife grinder.

10. Plancher

1. A stone seat.
2. Wooden floor.
3. A meat plate.



More Norfolk Humour

ARTHUR PENTNEY

An incomer from London had purchased a house in a Norfolk village with a very overgrown garden and he enquires of Charlie, a local gardener, "I say my man, how can I get rid of all these dammed nettles?" Charlie replies, "Thass like this, dew yew cut 'em down Airpril, then dew yew cut 'em down agin in May and then dew yew cut 'em down agin in June." "I see," says the owner, "and that will kill them will it?" "Hold yew hard," says Charlie. "Then dew yew cut 'em down agin in July and agin in August and then agin in September." "And that will definitely get rid of them will it?" enquires the owner. Charlie replies, "Nooo, but that'll hully weaken 'em!"

Young Mary had just returned from taking her Grade 1 pianoforte exam. "How'd yew git on gal?" asks her mother. Mary replies, "I reckon I did alright Ma. The examiner wuz wery nice and hully religious. All the time I was a'playin' he sat with his head in his hands saying, "Oh Lord, Oh Lord!"

Several years ago there should have been a wedding one Saturday in an adjoining village to ours, but that wedding never happened as the groom failed to show up. Of course by the next day, the Sunday, everyone in the locality knew of this unfortunate incident including Fred from our village. Off that morning to feed his pigs he sees old George in the village street. Now George, as either a relation of the bride or groom had received an invitation to that wedding. So Fred stopped to have a word with him and said, "That wus a bad job over at M----- yisty, George." To which George, with his usual slow delivery, replied: "Ah bor, that that wus. Look at all that luvly beer what got wearsted!"



Poor Mary Sexton

PEREGRINE SHANNON

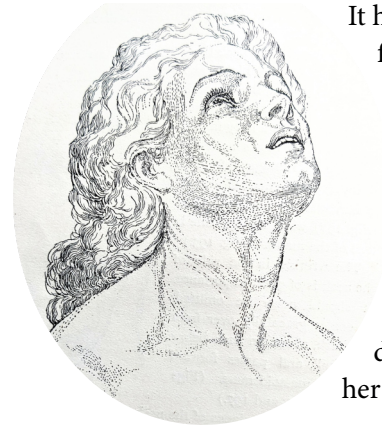
The Nag's Head looked an inviting place to stay the night. Nearly 10 years ago, I was travelling around Norfolk to get ideas for some new short stories. That Saturday evening the hostelry was busy, but I secured a table in the restaurant, ordered my food, and retired to the bar while it was being prepared. At a table for two was the only vacant seat. The other was occupied by a tall, elderly, fair-headed gentleman with what I would call a benevolent expression. He looked up and invited me to join him.

After the usual pleasantries he asked what I was doing in the area, and I explained. "Well sir, if you want a good tale, I can supply it. I have been reading a new book about a Norfolk manor house which mentions the ballad known as 'The Mistletoe Bough.'" I had to confess that although I had heard of it, I was not cognisant of the details.

He continued, "It tells of a wedding being celebrated in a stately home somewhere – nobody knows where, and many places throughout the country claim it as their own, including others in Norfolk. Tired of dancing, the young bride suggests a game of hide and seek, to which her new husband agrees. Picking up a sprig of mistletoe as an invitation for a kiss when he finds her, she runs off to hide. However, she disappears without trace, and weeks, months, and years pass. One day, someone raises the heavy lid of an old wooden chest in the attic and finds inside her skeleton, a wedding dress, and the sprig of mistletoe. The missing bride had hidden in the chest but could not get out again, nor could cries for help be heard.

Now we come to the interesting part," said he. "I'm a retired clergyman, and I served my curacy in these parts of Norfolk. In my leisure time I would cycle around seeking out interesting buildings, and on one occasion stumbled across a ruined church still with its tower and some of its walls standing. Although it had apparently been burned down in the 18th century, the graveyard had continued to be used as evidenced by more recent headstones.

While wandering inside, I noticed a small niche in one of the walls, near the top of a doorway in the tower, I believe. Being well over 6 feet tall I was just able to see into it and it seemed that its base was uneven at the back. On reaching in I discovered a piece of dust covered paper. On examination, I saw the following written in an unusual but quite legible hand, 'poor Mary Sexton buried this day 2nd. November 1739'. I remember the date because it is exactly 200 years before my birth, and how could a clergyman forget such a name? An addendum told that she had been found in an attic at the Hall and had disappeared on her wedding day 12 years gone.



It had lain there in the dust, unnoticed and untouched, for over 200 years. Who had put it there and why? Was it a reminder for the priest or other church official to enter the details in the register later? Had he dropped it and somebody had picked it up and placed it there for safety? We will never know.

I returned it to its resting place. Why? Who was I to disturb the slumbers of that poor young girl and this, her only memorial? Let them remain at peace.

That, sir, is my story. Was poor Mary Sexton the true?"

It was at that point that the barman came over to tell me my dinner was being served. Reluctantly, I left my raconteur in mid-sentence. I remember not that meal, my head buzzing with so many questions. I declined dessert and coffee, that I might re-join my fellow storyteller in the bar. But, to my dismay, he had left.

Well, dear reader, we shall never know whether his story is true or not, but doubtless somewhere in the Norfolk soil lies a true Norfolk girl called Mary Sexton, R.I.P.



Wordsearch – Bradwell

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

Alder
Birch
Clay
Cotman
Cormorant
Coronilla
Cotoneaster
Crab
Curlew
Doles

Fell
Girton
Harpers
Heron
Keble
Kent
Kestrel
Lincoln
Oriol
Oxford

Pembroke
Peterhouse
Seawake
Selwyn
Shrublands
Snowdrop
Smiths
Sparrow
Wren (x2)



Norfolk Dialect of the Broads

Professor Peter Trudgill

The Three Rivers

The names of all three rivers are “back-formations”, being derived from the names of settlements they flow through rather than the other way round. The River Ant is named after Antingham, which was originally “the ham or homestead of Anta’s people”. The River Thurne is called after the village of Thurne, whose name derives from the Old English and/or Old Norse word for ‘thorn bush’. The River Bure (which is locally pronounced “Bur” so as to rhyme with fur), takes its name either from Briston, which comes from Old English or from the nearby village of Burgh.

Why are they called Broads?

The word Broad is a Norfolk dialect form which dates from at least the mid 1600s, signifying a place where one of the main rivers of the region broadens out into more extensive lake-like waterways – so “broad waters”, as opposed to “narrow waters” or rivers.



Travelling on the Broads

Local Norfolk dialect words which are relevant to those travelling on the Broads include to quant ‘to push a boat along using a quant or punt pole.

Dialect words which come from the Old Norse of the Vikings who sailed into the mouth of the Yare and settled in and around the Broads founding villages with names ending in the Danish by ‘village’, like Stokesby, include:

Beck ‘stream’ – the modern Danish word is bæk

Staithe, from Old Norse stod ‘landing stage’: in central medieval Norwich there were eleven landing stages called staithe.

Carr ‘bog overgrown with brushwood’, a word which occurs frequently in the area of the Norfolk Broads, comes from Old Norse kjarr. It often occurs in the form of alder carr or osier (traditionally “ooshy”) carr, depending on the trees involved.



Older Anglo-Saxon-origin words include loke ‘lane, blind alley, narrow grass path’ which is a peculiarly East Anglian form which is probably from Old English loca ‘an enclosed place’ which may be related to lock.

Pit ‘pond’ is the same word as General English pit, but has a closer connection to the original meaning of Old English pytt ‘well’.

Carnser is a Norfolk and Suffolk word, also spelt caunsey, cansey, carnsey, which refers to ‘a causeway, a raised footpath or area over or by a marsh’. The origins of the word are to be found in Anglo Norman caucie, corresponding to French chaussée ‘roadway’.

Rond, a marshy, reed-covered strip of land between a natural river bank and a man-made embankment. It is our local version of rand “border, margin, edge, rim”. It is an ancient Germanic word, probably in this case borrowed from Old Danish of the Vikings.

Fye out ‘to scour, clean up’ is also a purely East Anglian form. Marshmen were often employed in “bottom fyeing”, scouring out the bottoms of dykes to facilitate the free flow of water. Fye is a borrowing from Dutch vegen, ‘to sweep’.

Place Names on the Three Rivers

Horning is from ing “people’ plus horn “bend”, so people at the bend” - there is a big bend in the Bure here.

Sound, as in Heigham Sound, is an Old Danish Viking word for a relatively narrow stretch of water, which is historically related to the verb swim so, a

“stretch of water one can swim across”. It occurs today in many Nordic place-names such as Langesund and Hellesund in Norway.

Ludham is from Old English Luda’s ham, “homestead of Luda”

Hickling is “Hicel’s people”

Acle, which is pronounced ‘ay-kle’, comes from “āc” and “lēah,”the Anglo-Saxon for ‘clearing in an oak wood’.

While you’re on the Broads look out for the wildlife. Harnser ‘heron’, from the older word heronshaw ‘young heron’. And Buttle ‘bittern’. You’ll find Buttle marsh near How Hill. Also loo out for the hover, a floating island, or bed of reeds.



Photo: Diana Rackham

Yachts competing in the Three Rivers Race at Horning



Photo: Diana Rockham

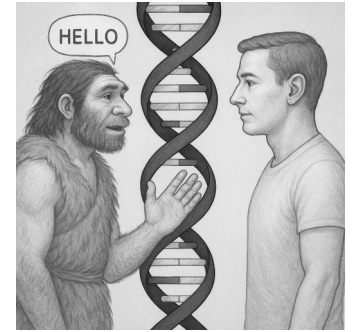
The challenge of getting through Potter Heigham bridge without mishap well executed



Were There FONDers Back Then?

RALPH WOODS

One of your Xmas or birthday presents in the last few years may have been a little test kit to determine your ancestry. If so, many of you have probably found that about 3% of your DNA genetic make-up goes back to our old buddies, the Neanderthals. Surprising, but true! Could they have been here in Norfolk and conversing in their own dialect up until about 40,000 years ago? Maybe! An abandoned quarry at Lynford, near Mundford, has yielded an abundance of ancient hand tools, bones, tusks and teeth from the long extinct woolly mammoths, deer and even rhinos. The site was probably an old watering hole where hunting was easy. Fossil evidence from West Runton shows mammoths at that time were weighing in at about 10 tons — twice the weight of modern-day African elephants. Prize winning deer were about 2m tall, sporting antlers 3.5 m wide. Dedicated diggers there, have also found that ancient, foraging hyaenas, left large coprolitic territory markers.



Wildlife aplenty, but what other evidence of pre-historic habitation does Norfolk have? Amazingly, there are “humanoid” footprint finds preserved in some very, very old, hardened mudstone or shale along our coast, off Happisburgh. These prints indicate that a group of walkers, maybe on a Sunday afternoon stroll, possibly a family or a small tribe, who were about 1m to just under 2m tall, traversed this area some 900,000 years ago. In the same area, a careless pre-Heidelberg Man dropped a beautiful hand-made axe or scraper, some 400,000 years later. Perhaps he was trekking east or south, because the warm, verdant climate that existed in Norfolk at that time, was gradually being replaced by the cold from south-creeping glaciers of the next Ice Age.

Eventually, these icy monsters scraped all over Norfolk and on down to London. Experts think that the local dialects disappeared from Norfolk at this time. They were revived when the retreating glaciers once again encouraged exploration and settling of East Anglia by visitors from the Continent. Some 60,000 years ago, hikers or summer vacationers from “Doggerland”, now buried beneath the North

Sea, but which once nestled between Norfolk and Holland, could once again venture into our fair county. Occasionally today, relics and artefacts from the ancient occupants of “Doggerland” are dredged up by fishing vessels. So we know that habitation flourished there, but were they Neanderthals? In fact, we know next to nothing about any of these inhabitants. 12,000 years ago, there were rising waters from the retreating ice age. Then, 8,000 years or so ago, catastrophe struck again. The tsunami from a monster submarine landslide off the Norwegian coast (the Storegga) inundated what was left of the low-lying areas. This was followed by a monstrous release of dammed-up, ice-age water from Lake Agassiz in North America. Both events helped in the transformation of Great Britain into an island.

So, what happened to our Neanderthalic predecessors? Inexplicably, by 40,000 years ago they had become extinct, having left almost no evidence of their physical presence in Britain. Sadly, there is no writing left by them anywhere else in Europe. Ground-breaking, Sumerian scribblings, on clay tablets were still 35,000 years away when those Neanderthal folks disappeared. However, in mainland Europe, we can find many examples of their cave drawings and paintings; figurines and carvings. Many are beautifully executed! They must have been able to communicate: to teach, to converse, to praise, to correct, to warn and to criticize. Could they not discuss the weather or the nearest mammoth herd?? Surely prime topics in those days! And the inter-breeding? How could Horace, the horny *Homo sapiens*, suggest some hanky-panky to Nina the nubile Neanderthal, sitting beside him after a sumptuous, shared meal of roast, rump steak of mammoth? We recognize that our modern primate cousins can communicate at some level, as can many other members of the animal kingdom, each in their own way. This makes me confident that those long-lost cousins of ours must have been able to muddle to some degree. But where is the evidence for their language?? If it ever existed, it's all gone.

Modern technology has provided some insights. Cranial 3D modelling and CT scans of Neanderthal skulls indicate that they probably had audio/lingual capabilities much like modern man. A key find late last century was that of a Neanderthal “hyoid” bone. This bone floats in our (and their) upper throat, supporting the tongue. Our ability to speak comes mostly from control of the tongue, the larynx and lips. Computer modeling has indicated that Nina, in all probability, could hear sounds as we do, in the speech frequency range of 3 to 4 kilohertz. So, it seems highly likely that on a warm summer evening, while sitting by the mammoth roasting pits of Lynford, Horace and Nina might well have

shared sweet nothings in what was not an ugly gruntalect, but rather a very localized, and perhaps limited, early Norfolk dialect. But the case does not hinge solely upon the presence or absence of this hyoid bone. In fact, many animals have this bone, including our near relatives the primates. We know that primates are pretty intelligent beings, yet during many attempts with hours of tuition and patient coaching, none has ever been able to produce anything resembling human speech. Why not you may ask?

Clearly this is not just a mechanics problem. So what is it? “Cor blast me, bor” I hear you saying. “Thars gotta be in yer jeans!” And it turns out that this is likely so. A breakthrough in our understanding of genetic links to speech occurred in the late 20th & early 21st century. Medical types were intrigued by one English family, in which 15 individuals from three generations, could not produce the sounds of our language, properly. So, with some money to spend and new analytical techniques available, off the researchers went, looking for genetic abnormalities in these afflicted family members. And they struck gold! Not a large vein thereof, but a nugget. The investigations showed these poor folks all had a defective version of a gene dubbed “FOXP2”, which soon came to be nicknamed “The Language Gene.” Not a cause for celebration amongst the affected families, but a breakthrough for scientists and the future study of speech! Remarkably, only two more families throughout the World have since been identified with the identical, defective gene/speech problem. A surprisingly small number! There may be other genes involved in bestowing us with the ability to articulate words and use language to communicate, but these are not well defined yet. For it's part, the FOXP2 gene has been shown to be influential in controlling several other human attributes beside speech. All the very complicated bio-neurological effects of this foxy little gene arise from only two or three chromosomal amino acid substitutions. Some investigators believe this momentous genetic modification may have originated in just one hominoid—probably a female—probably in Africa. Fortunately, that version of the FOXP2 gene has stuck around and was likely spread in true Darwinian fashion. Wow! Was this event the reason the human-race has developed as it has? Clearly, such a sudden-improvement in communication ability would have proved extremely beneficial to the grunting, hunting, human herds. Could it then have spread rapidly throughout the “civilized world”, by the natural selection process? Amazingly, it looks like it probably did.

So, when did this miraculous change occur? We are not sure. Guesses or “determinations” range from 125,000 to 260,000 years ago. Whoah! Hold your

horses!! If even that more recent date is correct, then Homo neanderthalenes would still have been around and could still have been interbreeding with language capable Homo sapiens for at least another 80,000 years. The real question is though, once this FOXP2 gene was transferred, would the lucky Neanderthals possess enough of the required other attributes that they could develop language capabilities? It seems very possible and maybe even probable, that Nina and her Neanderthal friends could have participated to some degree in those cosy fireside chats and evening activities near Mundford. Will we ever know for sure, given the difficulties in finding, isolating and analysing very ancient genetic material? I'd place a wager that given human curiosity, ingenuity and advancing technology, sometime this will be accomplished. Sadly, I doubt any of we present-day Fonders, will be around to collect on any such bet. The sequence of adaptation(s) necessary for our brains, bodies and genes to accomplish human speech seems likely to remain a mystery for many years to come. Did the Neanderthals possess all the necessary ingredients? Who knows. They had the hyoid bone and very probably, courtesy of Horace and his lads, the unmutated FOXP2 gene. But was that enough? I don't know, No one knows. But there's no reason we can't mardle away and help preserve our own, local, idiosyncratic dialect. So keep you on a troshin bor an a usin thart ow hyoid boon.



St Mary's Long Stratton with its round tower.



Round and round we go

THE BOY MATT

Churches with round towers are extremely rare in England. Approximately 13,000 medieval churches remain yet only 186 have round towers. Of these, 124 are in Norfolk. The question of why round towers were constructed has puzzled people for generations. The abundance of flint in East Anglia could be one reason. Whilst we see numerous examples of square flint towers, all of which use stone (sometimes brick) at the corners. If there wasn't the availability or finances to bring a quantity of stone to the site, building a round tower would bypass the need for that entirely. Some have also theorised that round towers were used as lookout-points or defensive structures.

Whatever the precise reasoning, we are blessed with having so many of these incredible churches in our neck-of-the-woods! When we look at a round tower church today (many dating from the 11th or 12th Century), it is worth noting that the tower likely pre-dates the rest of the building.

As a church bellringer, I've had the great fortune to explore many round towers. One of the lovely aspects of bellringing is you don't just 'visit' a tower, you feel part of it when you ring the bells. In Norfolk, 22 of our round towers hold bells hung for 'full-circle ringing' (where bells swing in a full circle when the ropes are pulled). Sadly a few are currently unringable given the poor condition of the bells or towers.

So next time you see a round tower church, remember that it's not a sight seen in most of the Country. That tower you gaze upon in the Norfolk countryside may well have been there since the Norman period. If flints could talk, they'd recall stories of dreadful plagues, civil war, happiness, joy, & plenty of Norfolk squit!

p.s. For more information on round towers visit www.roundtowers.org.uk and bellringing in Norfolk visit www.ndar.org.uk



Gorn into Narridge? Yews Park ‘un Ride!

ALAN HARPER

Them gret big ‘lectrik dubbell deckas
Wot drive abowt th’ sit-ee
Them thar’s Park ‘un Ride buses
Th’ sujeck o’ this dit-ee

Yew drive up to th’ soight yew see
Thar’s wun roight neer th’ Airporwt
No parkun masheens yew will find
‘Cos jist to park ther costs norwt

Buses goo a few times an ‘our
Tho’ sumtimes therl be slow
And dew thet be a bank holldee
Them buses still they goo

Up on th’ bus then yew dew hop
An’ pay th’ man his munny
Mind if yew dunt hev’ th’ roight change
He’ll look at yew roight funny

Or yew can pay by kard thees daze
Yew tap it on th’ screen
Yore ticket make a cluckun’ noys
Then com owt th’ masheen

Down Cromer Rud on th’ inside
Thet is a kwik bus layn
Parst all them cars th’ bus dew scoot
A minnutt or tew yew gayn

Parst Angla Skweer down Magd’lun Street
Katheedrill com inta vew
Th’ bus dew bump an’ crawl along
Thru’ traffic jams thet dew

When thet git to ole Tewmland
Th’ peepull dew aloight
Wi’ shoppun bags un’ tourist maps
Th’ crowds are kwite a soight

When yew git to ware yure gorn
Yew press th’ bell roight lowd
“Th’ next stop is Carsel Medder”
Say a voise owt prowld

Orf yew git an’ on yure way
But hang on to yure ticket
Yewl need it to git hoom agin
Or be on a sticky wicket

And on thet goo to Surrey Street
Bus Stayshun thare to stop
Where any peepull still on board
Well hare is orf therl hop

While waitun to com hoom agin
Peepull stand hare un’ thare
No nice strait kew dew they dew form
Shove in yewl git a stare

Stick yore hand up to hail th’ bus
Thet com roight to a stop
And a mad rush then dew ensew
To git a seat up top

Thare are more seats on th’ top deck
Up on them wine-dee stears
Mind yew dunt trip on shoppun bags
Thare full o’ sum-wuns wears

If yew dew find yew hev’ to stand
Make sure yew hold on toight
‘Cos commun round them narra streets
Th’ bus sway left an’ roight

Them buses dew goo round an’ round
They know th’ way by haart
Airporwt - Thickthorn - Airporwt agin
A new trip now to staart

Answers to the Fishley Quiz

Dereham	Barney	Paston	Gooderstone
Bawdeswell	Upton	Wooton	Wood Dalling
Sutton	Hardley	Matlaske	Bacton
Wrampling	Ruston	Walton	Scole
Stoney	Ashill	Wilby	Happisburgh
Brooke	Fishley	Fundenhall	
Watton	Tacolneston	Thurning	
Hapton	Yelverton	Themelthorpe	

This Issue’s Answers to the Dialect Quiz

Answers. 1(2). 2(3). 3(1). 4(3). 5(2). 6(3). 7(1). 8(3). 9(1). 10(2).

This Issue’s Answers to Colin’s Quiz

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. The Bure | 6. The Troll Cart |
| 2. It gets its name from the word "brede" which means "broad" | 7. The Firs |
| 3. An argument | 8. Particular |
| 4. Kings Lynn | 9. Less than a week |
| 5. Linda Monument | 10. 1810 |



Blarst That Wuz A Soler

ANN REEVE

I wuz a drivun hoom along the coost rud leart wun noight. That wuz up near Horsey where the seal colony is now. The seals wunt there then. I'm talkun about forty year ago. Thass a funny little ow rud, not eversa wide, wi' the marshes on one side and the sand dunes on t'other, an' willer trees all along. That wuz a bit spooky at night, you'd drive along thinking yew might see a hikey sprite on the marshes though I never did all the toimes I driv along there. There'd orftun be that funny little oul mist hanging just above the ground. I useter set moi little oul Mini in the middle o' the rud a put moi foot down. That ud be a rare thing ter see another car along there so that wuz fairly searf.

Ennyway, this particular noight I was in the middle o' the rud, as usual, an' suddenly I see suffen in moi loights. Blarst me, that were hully big. That'd put a dint in moi bonnet. That wuz an animal an' that took up about harf the rud. I put moi brearkes on and that oul animal reckoned I was now accumen so that reared up on ter its legs an' loped orf inter the dyke aside the rud.

Well, I hatta put moi thinkun cap on acorse that hatta be the biggest Brown Rat I'd ever sin in moi loife. That hatta be three or four feet long. That wuz a soler. Except that worn't a rat. That wuz a great oul Coypu. That wuz the only toime I ever see one and they got rid of the larst wun in 1989.

Good jorb an all. They'd hev fifteen bearbies in a year and did a lotta damage.

Good riddance, I say.



An Invasion of Butterflies

BOB FARNDON

Have you noticed a lot of white butterflies in your garden recently? Reports from Cley on Wednesday 25th June describe thousands of them coming in off the sea. It seems likely that these hordes originated on the continent and had been driven by overpopulation or lack of sustenance to migrate *en masse*.



They would have risen high into the air and might have been carried from far to the south by the winds until, reaching the coast, they dropped down and flew back to the nearest land. It was a memorable sight I'm told. I bet it was! Keen entomologists are searching for southern small whites among these newcomers, but their markings are quite difficult to distinguish from those of other white species. Good luck to them; it would be nice to know just where they have all come from.

Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers

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

Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



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Telephone:

E-mail:

Subscription: £10 Individual ☐ £15 Family ☐

Payment: Cash ☐ Cheque ☐ Standing Order ☐ (Please complete Standing Order form)

Signed: Date:

Please send to: Dave Kent, 8 Greenwood Way, Shipdham, THETFORD, IP25 7NR.



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Please pay: Lloyds Bank, 38 Market Place DEREHAM, NR19 2AT, Sort Code 30-92-88, Account Name FOND, Account Number 01376118,

using reference (your name and initial(s))

the sum of **TEN / FIFTEEN POUNDS** (delete as appropriate)

the first payment to be made **immediately**, and subsequent payments **annually on 1 April until further notice**, and charge to my / our account:

Sort Code: Account Number:

Name(s) in full:

Address:

Signed: Date:

Please send to: Dave Kent, 8 Greenwood Way, Shipdham, THETFORD, IP25 7NR.



Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

If you tried last time's dessert you might like to try a main course to go with it. Another favourite from the late Erica.

This is a different meat dish which many regard as the National Dish of South Africa.

I cannot lie. I loved it. The Boy Toni was unimpressed. Fair to say Toni has a conservative palate not keen on spicy food. I think sweet and spicy was a step too far for him although he's had it before when Erica cooked it for us.

This recipe makes enough for 4-6 people so I halved the quantities.

Bobotie

2 tablespoons of oil.

2 chopped onions

2lb minced beef or venison. (Impala or springbok is good but whatever the butcher has got)

2 slices of bread soaked in 1 cup of milk.

1/2 cup raisins or sultanas

1 teaspoon of marmalade or apricot jam. (I used marmalade)

1 tablespoon of mango chutney.

1/2 tablespoon mild curry powder (or to taste. You could use garam masala instead)



1/2 teaspoon salt.

1/2 teaspoon black pepper

1 maybe 2 eggs.

Bay leaves.

Cook the onions in the oil, add the meat and cook till brown. Squeeze the milk from the bread. Add the bread to the meat but save the milk. Stir in the raisins and all the flavourings. If it looks dry add a drop of milk to loosen it but it needs to be fairly stiff.

Pour the mixture into a baking dish and press down.

Whisk the eggs with the reserved milk to make a custard and pour over the meat.

Decorate the top with some bay leaves.

Put in a water bath using hot water

Bake at 180c for 40/45 minutes till the top is golden brown.

Traditionally served with saffron rice or mealie pap. That's polenta to you and me.

I served it with new potatoes.

Enjoy!

I've seen Erica's husband Ian have the leftovers spread on toast for his breakfast!

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