

The Merry Mawkin



**THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**

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Front cover: Autumn colours at Bacton Wood and Witton Heath photo by Bob Farndon

IN THIS ISSUE

FOND Officers and Committee	4
FOND Notes from the Editor	4
Upcoming Events	5
Colin says Goodbye	6
The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz	7
Dialect Quiz	8
More Norfolk Humour	9
A Norfolk Farm Childhood	10
Koindness	11
Wordsearch – Thetford	12
The Long Stratton Bypass	13
My Best Ever Summer Holiday	17
Round and Round We Go	21
Gorn into Narridge?	22
Quiz Answers	23
A not so Merry Mawkin	24
Wordsearch & Dialect Answers	25
Membership Forms	26
Recipe Corner	27

Chairman's Report

Hello,

Welcome to the final 2025 edition of the

Merry Mawkin. I'm not sure whether this will reach you before or after our AGM. I'm not expecting any major changes in who does what and it seems a good time to thank everyone for all the things they do for FOND. Of course, what I would like to tell you about in this issue is our pantomime. I keep hearing about how excited you all are and how you all have the date in your diary already. If you don't it's Sunday January 18th, 2pm at East Tuddenham Village Hall. So far, we know it's going to be *Snow White* and the rest is just a few ideas. No script written yet, which is unusual so mum and I may be having a busy Christmas putting it all together.

I was watching *Newsround* a children's new programme with my class the other day. There was a feature about how children today are using far more American words in their vocabulary because of the influence of media and film. It made me think about how much dialect is influenced by this, in younger



generations. Has anyone got any observations about this?

On a related note I was recently asked by a *SHOUT UK* to provide answers to the following two questions on an article they were writing about the fight to save local dialects across the UK.

1. Why is preserving local/regional dialects so important?
 2. To what extent is engaging with young people a part of your mission?
- Here is my response:

By preserving a dialect, we are preserving the cultural heritage and rich history and traditions of an area. We are also helping to maintain part of the identity of a place and encourage those who live here to feel a sense of belonging.

We work with young people through school visits, YouTube videos and by encouraging generations to mix and share stories in their local accents.

Hope to see you at the panto.

Best wishes,

Diana



**THE
MERRY
MAWKIN**

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Fond Notes from the Editor/Secretary

Hello again,

Where has this year gone? No sooner have we changed the calendar for the start of the month, than it's whistled by and we're onto the next. I'm not a big fan of the dark mornings and evenings, especially with an elderly dog to walk but it is nice to settle in front of a fire with a good book and something fortifying when all the tasks of the day are done.

We have a new contributor in this edition. Thanks Alan for your short yarn about your younger days and the scrapes you got into and that the tractor made! There may be others of you who have a tale to tell of your younger days and what life

was like when you were growing up. I would love to receive them for a future section of the Merry Mawkin.

Alan will be gearing up for his role in the FOND panto, the highlight of the January calendar. Be sure to make a note in your diaries. Details in this magazine.

Thanks as ever to those of you who make this magazine with your wit, quizzes, poems and pieces. Always appreciated.

Cheerio Tergetha and a very Merry Christmas to all on yer.

Zena

Deadline for copy for the Spring edition is 15th February

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



Toime Ter Say G'Bye

THE BOY COLIN

At moi toime a'loife orl Oi seem ter be durn is sayin' G'bye ter people, must **A**onnem bein' close friends or fam'ly. That dorn't seem a happy subjec' ter be wroiten about dew it? But yer gotta fearce facts and accept what Old Father Toime chuck at yer. Arlier this yare, back in June as a matter o'fact Oi hatter say Cheerio ter my young sister, Oi say young, but she wuz ony a few years shorta har ninetieth barthday when Oi got the news that she'd passed away. Oi yewsta call her moi little sister on account of har bein' a titty totty little mawther. We ollus got on well tergether and Oi really missed har when she took harself orf ter live in Nottingham. Oi spent a lotta Sundas a'drivin' up ter see har back in the old dears. Sadly them tew bad things, dementia and cancer took har orf in the end. I're ollus muttered 'bout technology but Oi wuz glad Oi could join in har funeral sarvice through this hare streamin' bizness.

Then a week or so ago (Oi'm a'wroiten this in October) that wuz Cheerio ter one a moi best meartes from skule dears. His nearme wuz Brian an' we lived near each uther when we wuz boys. We wuz ollus foightin' alonga each uther an' his mother yewsta cum ter troi an' pull us apart. Sometimes she yewsta blah and ask whoi we wuz ollus foighten. Oi told har dew you can't foight wi' yer best friend, who kin yer foight with?

The fust weekend arter Oi cum hoom from the Air Force we hed a cuppla points of Bullards and went tew the dance in Dereham. He med a bet wi' me that Oi wunt git up on stearge an' sing wi' the band. Oi took him on and that wuz the start of sixty yare of me bein' a singer with a band. So, one way or anuther Oi owed him a lot though he never did pay me the foive bob he bet me! Still, Oi cum orf best as Oi med a few quid arter that. So, thank yer, Brian.

On a more cheerful note, Oi'm still hobblin' about an' hidden t'wards 94 so hope thare moight be a few prezzies loined up fer that and Christmas arter that. So what with Christmas not tew far orf that jist remain fer the Boy Colin ter wish yew orl a werry Happy Christmas and a Good New Yare.

Hare yew goo together



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. What was the maiden name of Lord Nelson's first wife ?
2. How many Burnhams are there in Norfolk ?
3. Was the prison reformer Elizabeth Fry related to the chocolate company ?
4. Who holds the record for scoring the most runs for Norfolk Cricket Club ?
5. Where is the Royal British Legion's Remembrance Garden in Dereham situated ?
6. Who is Bungay Town FC all-time goal scorer ?
7. What is a "lummoX" ?
8. Where did famous American singer Billy Eckstine appear in Norfolk in 1954 ?

Q.1



9. How many USAAF airbases were there in Norfolk during World War Two ?

10. What is a Hedge Betty ?

Q.9





How Well Do You Know Your Dialect?

THE GAL ANN



1. Abser

- a. A muscle
- b. An abscess
- c. A scarf

2. Arsle

- a. To wriggle backwards
- b. Derogatory word for a bad person
- c. a fruit

3. Aylsham Treat.

- a. A sticky pudding
- b. A visit to Blickling Hall
- c. To treat yourself.

4. Bandy Wicket

- a. A game of cricket
- b. A type of gate
- c. A badger

5. Beat.

- a. The high street
- b. A variety of cabbage
- c. To mend fishing nets

6. Beaver.

- a. A type of hat
- b. Farm workers afternoon break
- c. A coat

7. Carnser.

- a. a causeway
- b. A serious illness, i.e. hully queer
- c. A bruise.

8. Cushie.

- a. An unofficial day off
- b. A sweet
- c. A pillow

9. Corf.

- a. A chest infection
- b. A lobster pot
- c. A row lock on a rowing boat.

10. Canker rose.

- a. Brussels sprout
- b. A wild rose
- c. A field poppy.



More Norfolk Humour

ARTHUR PENTNEY

George and his young son were out pigeon shooting one morning. “One coming over dad,” calls out the lad to which his father replies: “Thass too high bor, I ent goin’ to strain my gun tryin’ to git up arter that!”

When one village first got electricity 75 years ago it led to a couple of humorous asides from two elderly ladies. The first insisted on switching the light on and off continuously, explaining to all within earshot, “It’s still there...it’s still there!”

The second lady confided to her neighbour, “That ‘lectric bloke tanned the light on afor he left and that hent gone out yit.”

P.S. But that did a bit later when one young lad from the village chucked a bicycle chain over the power lines causing a lot of sparks and leaving the whole village in darkness for some time.



P.P.S. Notes from Bob, the designer. These sorts of tales are not unfamiliar to me. My wife’s elderly aunts insisted that every electrical appliance should be left plugged in because once they had been used the electricity might start leaking out through the empty open sockets.

Also, I have to confess that I too blacked out the village with my pal Les Fisher when we tried to fly off his yellow aluminium framed box kite after a sudden drop in the wind had left it stranded over the power lines that ran through the field behind our house. The moment the kite touched the cables there was a tremendously loud bang and we were left holding a short length of string smouldering at one end. My mother appeared, white faced, at the bottom of the garden and I never did it again! This was just one of a number of youthful incidents that remind me how lucky I am to still be alive!



A Norfolk Farm Childhood

ALAN SMITH

Hello tergetha,

Just a short yarn about my life.

I was born in an old farmhouse on a cow farm at Bawdeswell in 1940, more or less at the start of the war. Father was in the Army. I went to the village school for ten years, which I enjoyed.



Illustration by Michael Tinsley

When I was twelve, I got a Saturday job at the next farm up. After school I went every night to look after a brooden house for day old chicks. They stayed in there for 12 weeks then they went to the hotel and restaurant trade. I soon learned to drive the farm tractor, a large old case with spud wheel — no brakes and hand clutch. Then I got the job to do cultivating and the field work. But I was not allowed on the highway.

We had ground on both sides of the rood so when I needed to go across I would have to go and fetch Norman to drive across but this meant putting on the steel bands which took a long time. Cus Norman was always in a rush so he driv across the rood leaving stud marks and soil in the rood. Unfortunately who was coming up the hill but PC Plod* on his bike and say to Norman, “how’d yew git that tractor over hare?” Norman — quick on his feet say, “I carried it over.” Plod, he say, “If I see you carry that tarctor agin there will be bloody trouble!” And he rode orf.

Lucky not to git a fine that day.

P.S. Beware – your sins will fiund yew out!

By Alan who says PC Plod was not his real nearme...as if Alan!

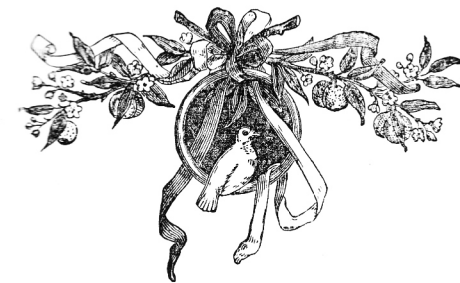


Koindness

LIL LANDIMORE

Oh if onla we cud show more koindness
In this wald t’day.
If we cud onla live tha way
Give one anuther a friendla smoil
Let folk know that loife’s wathwoil.
T’ent no need for orl this heartred and wars
Wiv countries a foitin’ a wathless corse
Wot cumes at the end on it orl?
Onla stress and sadness,
for winners and losers
it hart us orl.

We are orl human but no-one’s the searme
so respect each other’s ways with koindness
that cost nuffin’ but see what that gearn
Throw out the heartred that is the corse
of orl our trouble and fear;
Let koindness terke over
and show that we care.





Wordsearch – Thetford

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

Ben Culey
Bury
Cage
Castle
Canon
Caxton
Dane
Drake
Green
Grenville
Hood
Icknield

Kimms Belt
King
Kingsway
Magdalen
Manse
Mingay
Minstergate
Napier
Nuns Bridges
Pike
Redgate

Ripon
Riverside
Station
St Giles
Sturdee
Tanner
Teasel
Thomas Paine
Vicarage
Watermill
Well



The Long Stratton Bypass Cometh

THE BOY MATT



The only time I had walked down the middle of the A140 through Long Stratton was during the 2018 ‘Beast from the East’ when the village (officially called a town these days) was blocked by snowfall. However recently, I managed the same feat! After generations of campaigning, false dawns and dashed promises, the Long Stratton bypass has finally opened.

Even as far back as the 1950s, road planners in Norfolk were thinking about constructing a road around the centre of the village. For decades, Radio Norfolk traffic updates would include the phrase: ‘reports of long delays on the A140 through Long Stratton!’

I remember dressing up as an Easter Bunny for a ‘Bypass Us Now’ campaign in the 1990s, as well as taking part in one of the floats at a Long Stratton Carnival which was used to highlight the need for a bypass from the perspective of local residents.



The A140 snowbound in 2018

A 2005 proposal got very close to fruition. Norfolk County Council submitted plans for a dual-carriageway road linking up to the Hempnall crossroads. Funding however was rejected by decision makers at the now defunct 'East of England Regional Assembly'. (Why the wonderful old Anglo Saxon Kingdom of the 'East Angles' should ever be referred to by the soulless term 'East of England' is beyond me...that's an article for another day!) Anyway, the bypass lost to winning bid of a 'guided busway' near Cambridge. Part of the route ironically being along a former trainline!

Progress came in 2021 when 70% of funding for a bypass was secured from the Department for Transport. The remainder being made up with help from housing developers & the 'Greater Norwich Growth Board' which essentially means the bypass is a double-edged sword. You get a bypass in return for over 1,200 new homes.



The Long Stratton Bypass

So, whilst far from being a perfect solution, the new road has most definitely achieved the aim of bypassing most of the 20,000 daily vehicle movements away from the centre of the village. No more thundering lorries passing inches away from pedestrians on narrow pavements on a road whose origins date to the 'Pye Road' of the Roman era – connecting Colchester to Caistor St Edmund (or Venta Icenorum as the Romans named it).

So, after the best part of sometime, Long Stratton has it's bypass!

p.s... With winter fast approaching, what are your memories of snow in Norfolk?



When winter comes swallows fly south and geese invade from the north, while the faithful robin stays.



My Best Ever Summer Holiday

CELIA FIENNES



Photo by kind permission of the National Museum Amsterdam

Regular readers of our *Merry Mawkin* will well remember the multi-issue Rdescription of the one and only visit made by Good Queen Bess to our fine City of Norridge, in the summer of 1578. We then have a gap of over 100 years until another visitor left us a detailed record of their impressions of our City. Surprisingly, given the customs and constraints of the day, it was another woman. As she would have said, yes, I was on horseback, and yes, I rode side-saddle, and yes, I was unseated a few times and no, unlike QE1, I had no large retinue for

support and safety. There were no pageants and plays for me, but I did keep a diary! So, who was this brave, adventurous lady? She was indeed born with a silver spoon into the upper class, her father being an officer in the forces of Oliver Cromwell, and a member of Parliament. However, the lady's family history goes back to the Norman Conquest as one Count Eustace from Normandy, has been identified on the Bayeux tapestry, waving on the invaders with his flag. Later, the new King William 1 awarded him substantial land holdings as a reward for his exploits. The family prospered over the years, acquiring more castles and estates and at one of these in Wiltshire, Celia Fiennes made her appearance in 1662. She remained there with her mother during her growing years, and it was not until perhaps 1685, that she developed the travel bug. This was a most unusual affliction for those times when women were supposed to marry, settle down, have enough children to carry on the family line and fill the pulpits, then fade quietly away. We know nothing of her early years, but we might assume she was somewhat frail, as the only justification for undertaking the travels of her twenties, was to "*regain my health by variety and change of aire and exercise*". This approach must have worked, since she lived to be nearly 80! So, coming from a wealthy family, neither shortage of funds, nor time-demanding family obligations, constrained her. The seed for travel was planted in her early years, when she travelled locally in southern England with her mother. In those early days she visited Stonehenge several times, as well as making trips to London, Bath, Salisbury and Oxford. But change was in the aire. In 1691 her mother died and so she moved to London to live with her sister. While there, I suspect she became increasingly restless and in 1697 she tells us of a trip as far north as Scarborough. That same year she became even more adventurous, again heading north, this time right up to and just crossing, the Scottish border. In her diary of the trip, she mentions the town of *Edenborough*, but apparently did not go there, being dissuaded by reports of very unsanitary living and primitive — yea, even unhealthy — accommodations on the way. So, she turned back south and returned home via Newcastle and Leeds, then swinging west towards Chester, Wales and Cornwall, and so home to London. This was a long tour and not always free from danger. Three times she was spilled from her horse. Approaching

Chester, two brigands insinuated themselves into Celia's small group, but owing to the presence of crowds heading for the local market, no unfortunate incident occurred. She pressed on regardless, and some of her observations on this and other tours, are fascinating. For example, in York she visited the old mint which had been converted to produce thousands daily of the new, milled coinage. These coins were both harder to fake and would easily show if they had been edge clipped and would thereby be worth less than their face value. She herself stamped out a new half-crown, but I suspect she was not allowed to keep it. In the Peak district of *Darbyshire* she found rich diggings from copper, *tinn* and *Leaden* mines, leaving with an impressive metal sample. In the Lake District she found a farrier who shod her horses with shoes that lasted 6 weeks as opposed to the normal 2 or 3 days! (Magic and good luck, indeed!) Her description of paper production at a mill near Canterbury is one of only a few extant accounts we have of the processes used in the 17th century. She found cloth production in Exeter where "*a vast trade equaled that of Norwitch*" including the observation that they "*Lay them in soack in vrine*" before the "*ffulling mills*". In Cornwall she again observed and recorded the ore smelting process for locally mined tin ore. Once more she asked for and was given a "*pigg*" of tin to carry home as a souvenir together with large, fist-sized quartz crystals. In her diary she made many comments on the food. Her small party overnighted and ate in local inns when no estate was near where she could lodge with a relative or acquaintance. The local fare provided by the inns, varied in quality and cost. For example, in Darby she complained that a simple dinner of mutton, bread and beer cost her and her two servants the outrageous sum of 5 shillings and 8 pence. In Buxton the beer was undrinkable! She enjoyed the cheeses of Cheshire and from a local fish market in North Yorkshire "*crabbs as big as my two hands*". In Colchester she found "*exceedingly good oysters*", which were tasty but very expensive. In Cornwall she was delighted to find "*apple pye*" with "clouted creame", which she had been looking for, but could not find in Devon or Somerset. When available she would drink French white wine but, in those fashionable "spaw" towns that she visited, she always sampled their therapeutic waters. Those offered at Bath she found to taste like "*water that boyles eggs*". At Harrowgate the smell reminded her

of “rotten eggs”, but at Tunbridge Wells she found the waters much more palatable. In fact, local entrepreneurs were busy cashing in on the more pleasing taste and making money by bottling, sealing and selling samples commercially. There are almost twenty warm/hot springs in England, but unfortunately, volcanically dead Norfolk had no spaws to attract our travelling lady. But swing through East Anglia she did, on her way north to Newcastle and beyond. So, let’s see what she thought of Nawfook back then.

She began this mammoth trip in Hackney, London where, as noted above, she lived with her sister. Their residence was close to what is now the A10 highway. So it was on this muddy track that she set forth, aiming for Bishops Stortford, then turning east towards Colchester — maybe on what would become the A120. It is worth noting here that the road conditions had not improved in the 100 years since QE1 set forth. Celia noted that the way here, was mostly deep clay. Her progress might average 20 miles per day but was often less. However, she did reach Colchester and found it a “thriving place” with well-built houses and streets wide enough to allow two coaches to pass. The main thoroughfare was flanked by a “pitch’d walke on Either side” and by stalls upon which the residents displayed their wool “Bayes to saile”. Apart from one bad five-mile stretch, the way to “jpswitch” was “pretty good” and included an impressive wooden bridge (perhaps over the River Stour). The Town she found more “shattered” than Colchester and a “Little disregarded thro’ pride and sloth”. Market day was a lively affair with 20ounce, pintes of butter selling for sixpence and occasionally as little as 4 pence. What had been a decent shipbuilding industry, had all but disappeared then. Although ships of “300 tun” could deliver coal to almost the center of town, she questioned why they left the docks empty. Continuing to “Saxmunday” along “ways which are pretty deep” she completed the 36 “Exceedingly Long” miles to Beccle (Beccles) which was the third largest town in Suffolke at that time. Apparently, the preponderance of “Old timber and plaister work” buildings did not impress her. More impressive were the “pretty bigg Market Cross, and a great market”. At the end of the main street there was a wooden bridge with rails, spanning “the river Waveny”. She crossed here as the way now went into an oft-flooded area of Norfolk, where the “Least raines” would

cause the river to overflow and the “roade would Lay under water”. As luck would have it, this area was indeed flooded when she was there, becoming “very unsafe for strangers to pass by for reason of ye holes and quicksands and Loose bottom”. But she made it through and pressed on to her next stop, which was Yarmouth. Here “they build some small shipps” and provision others in the harbour. Interestingly, she made no mention of a lively fishing trade. After a short visit, she turned east, passing over a high bridge and on towards Norwich. The route she took is not stated, but to me it seems very likely that she crossed the Acle marshes on a “high Causey of a pretty length, which looks somewhat dangerous being fenced with trenches from pretty deep banks on both sides to secure it from the water. These trenches runns in many places (directions??) round the Low grounds to drain them”. At the end of the causeway was a large stone bridge, crossing the River Yare(?) and from there, she progressed to and climbed a hill, from which she could view Norwich a mile or so away. From this vantage point she noted “The Citty which is walled round full of towers Except on the river side ----- which seeme ye best in repaire of any walled City I know”. She then tells us she “enter’d the west gate” which to me would seem to be the St Steven’s Gate; the same one

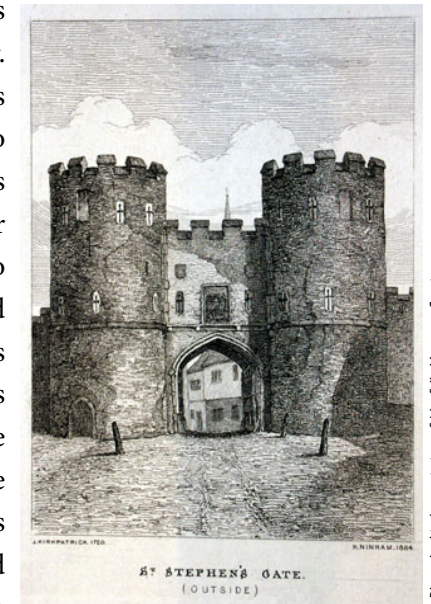


Photo by kind permission of Norfolk Museum Service

that QE1 had entered through, to a much greater fanfare, over a century earlier. Her immediate impression of St Steven’s was of a wide, well-cobbled, and clean street along which, like Colchester, “2 Coaches or Carts” could easily pass. Some distance down, in the middle of the road, was a “Great well house with a wheele” supplying water “for the good of ye publick”. Further on were two bricked-in ponds one of which “supplied ye town by pipes into their houses with water”. Pretty fancy innovation that!! At the end of this street and in a sizeable open area, was the “Hay market” with stalls at the edges. Nearby was the “Hoggs” market

and more stalls for “ye Country butchers that bring their meate for ye supply of ye town”. The fishmongers were treated a little more circumspectly as their market was removed “a Little distance from ye heart of ye Citty” in order to minimise any noisome discomfort to the citizens. Ice had been in rather short supply since the glaciers retreated! Fruit and vegetables were available daily at the very large open-air market in the centre of town. The corn market was held nearby under some protective roofing. She notes that “Nothing of the Castle remains” on the central hilltop, but below it was held the cattle market and a very popular faire “3 tymes in ye year”. Her conclusion was that Norwich was a “Rich thriving, industrious place”. Responsible for most of this was still the wool trade. In her journeys through Norfolk and Suffolk she had observed a great many weavers plying their trade by the roadside. Even in the City hospital (an early workhouse) the old people would “spinn yarnne, as does all ye town” producing a variety of fabrics of such remarkable quality, that the makers could earn “30 shillings to three pounds per day”. At the time there were two separate “well provided” hospital buildings, each housing 32 men and 32 women. Children were also provided for in a separate building, together with “a good free schoole”. A recent loss to the City was the thousand-year-old Norwich mint, which had just closed, driven out of business by modernised Mints such as York. These were capable of producing the new milled coinage, as we noted earlier. Coming up from London, she was not very complimentary regarding Norwich’s architecture. However, she did admire the “ffine, and very Lloftly” Cathedral and the empty Duke of Norfolk’s house. Most of the common housing she found of an old form, with steeply sloping, pointed, roofs and “playster on lathes” construction. She especially noted the lack of brick buildings “Except for some few beyond the river which are built by some of ye Rich”. Particularly impressive, she observed, were the flint stone walls, knapped with such extreme precision, that they held together without the need for cement. (cf Mawkin #85, p21) (No earthquakes here!!) In summary, I think she found Norwich to be a Fienne City, with much joy and many festivities. The tradition of plays and pageants had survived from Elizabethan times, with the Lord Mayor’s Cerimoney on May 1, being the most extravagant. Her visit, although she “made no great stay”, was

shorter than planned, since the “Gentle-woman that was my acquaintance there dyed 10 dayes before I came thither”.

So, where did she head next? Back through St Stephen’s gate, and for sure onto the newly opened turnpike leading to Windham. Apparently, she could not avoid paying the 1d gate fee although the “Causey was in many places full of holes” and was still being flooded and rendered impassable unless “it’s a very dry summer”. Although, it was early days for this new road system, not much had improved travelwise since this third UK turnpike was created in 1695. (Mawkins #77 & 78) Moving onwards, she passed through Windham and Attleborough with little comment, only noting again that the countryside was “full of spinners and knitters in groups of four or five under the hedges”. Thetford, she dismissed as “formerly a large place but now much decayed”. However, she did climb “the very high quite round hill”, which could “scarcely be ascended so steep”. She overnighted in the town and next day visited Euston Hall, leaving us with an extremely detailed account of the interior, its artworks, decorations and the grounds. She departed thence through “ye back gate and crossed ye river Waveney” again and so into Suffolk, then on to St Edmundsbury, some “8 very long miles away”. Thus ended her Nawfokk jaunt. This was only a small part of that summer’s expedition, all of which was done safely, riding sidesaddle on miserable roads/tracks with only two companions, and staying in local hostelries when accommodation with local, well-heeled acquaintances was not possible. Quite a lady was she, and we should be grateful to her for leaving us her notes, descriptions and observations. I enjoyed sharing her ride and hope you did too.

This Issue’s Answers to Colin’s Quiz

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Woodward | 6. Graeme Jolly |
| 2. Six | 7. A clumsy person |
| 3. Yes | 8. At the Regent Theatre, Great Yarmouth |
| 4. Michael Falcon | 9. Eighteen |
| 5. At the junction of Norwich Road and Station Road. | 10. A hedge sparrow or dunnoek |



A Not So Merry Mawkin

ARTHUR PENTNEY

In his book *The Story of a Norfolk Farm*, Henry Williamson describes a mawkin* on his farm in Stiffkey. This mawkin had been made by Jimmy, one of the farm workers and a photo of it was used in the frontispiece of the book annotated as *The Symbol*.

Williamson considered Jimmy had made the mawkin too realistic, bringing back memories from the Somme during the Great War in which he, Williamson, had served. The mawkin's legs were rounded as though swelled, its paper face bleached by the sun; the shattered head thrown back with its arms spread out. It gave Williamson a start whenever he saw it as if it had died in that attitude,

A sacrecrow, said Williamson, should be a comic figure. It should have grinned with mangold for a face, a pipe and an old shapeless hat with hair of hay or straw. This one was not a scarecrow; it was a reminder of things that had been forgotten but were likely to return, as indeed they did in 1939.



A nice touch was that the mawkin was used to protect a peewit's nest from crows and such. Its eggs were moved several times, out of the path of the tractor and then replaced. I fear such a procedure would never be carried out nowadays hence the lack of all our ground nesting birds, a great shame.

**Williamson called it a Malkin in his book – perhaps he misunderstood the Norfolk accent!*



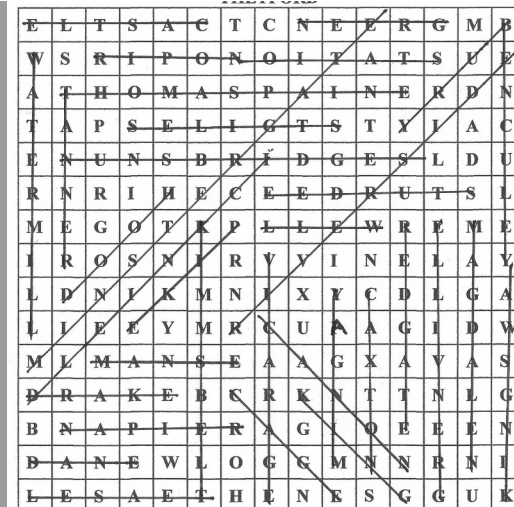
Above: Lapwing or Peewit Left: Peewit nest and eggs

This Issue's Answers to the Dialect Quiz

1 (b), 2 (a), 3 (c), 4 (a), 5 (c), 6 (a, b, c, YES!), 7 (a), 8 (b), 9 (b), 10 (c).

Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



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Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

My late mum always made chutney from the last of the unripe tomatoes but it's just as good using the riper ones. Measure the spices carefully. I know it's a big list but it's worth it. One year mum made the chutney as usual except instead of 1 teaspoon of cayenne pepper she used 1 oz!! A bit hot! I don't use chilli or cayenne pepper at all now. The choice is yours. This recipe makes a huge quantity and I halved it. It made 7 jars of delicious chutney. As an experiment I zapped one jar full with a stick blender and added a tablespoon or so of tomato purée to make an excellent alternative to tomato ketchup. All I need now is a truckle of good quality Extra Mature Cheddar.

Green Tomato Chutney

4 tablespoons of olive oil
1 kg onions
6 garlic cloves
Zest and juice of 1 lemon and 1 orange
200gr sultanas or raisins
200gr pitted dates
600gr brown sugar
2kg tomatoes
500gr apples
850ml cider vinegar
Chopped courgette (if available)



Spices

15gr fresh ginger
15gr green chilli pepper (optional)
1 tablespoon mixed spice
1 teaspoon mustard seeds
3 cloves
10 cardamon pods (seeds only)
2 star anise
teaspoons ground coriander
2 teaspoons peppercorns
1 teaspoon flaky sea salt
2 teaspoons turmeric
1 teaspoon coriander seeds
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper (optional)
1 teaspoon allspice berries.
1/2 teaspoon white pepper.

Tie all spices in a muslin bag. Chop all other ingredients. (I put them all, except the dried fruit, through the food processor.) I didn't bother to peel the apples. Add vinegar, juices, and sugar. At this point I put mine in a slow cooker for about 8 hours but because it's got a fixed lid it didn't cook down and thicken. So I put it in a large Dutch oven and put in the oven at 180c for a couple of hours until it thickened. If you haven't got a slow cooker either put it in the oven at 180c for around 3 hours or cook on the stove top but then you'll need to stir frequently to stop it sticking.

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