

The Merry Mawkin



**THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**

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Front cover: Matt as the Mirror from Snow White.
Back Cover: Pussy Willow
photo by Bob Farndon

IN THIS ISSUE

FOND Officers and Committee	4
FOND Notes from the Editor	4
Bringun Owt the Owduns	5
Hoi Dears and Harldys	6
The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz	7
Dialect Quiz	8
Postscript to Celia's Tour	9
Wordsearch – Loddon & Ched	12
Panto Report	13
Trosher 1 st Prize	17
Trosher 2 nd Prize	19
Trosher 3 rd Prize Christmas Story	20
Trosher 3 rd Prize The Kiss	21
Book Review	23
He Who Laughs Last	24
All the Answers	25
Membership Forms	26
Recipe Corner	27

Chairman's Report

Welcome to another bumper filled Merry Mawkin, I hope you enjoy reading it and looking at the pictures, particularly of our very successful panto. Despite traffic problems, it was lovely to see the hall so full again this year for FOND's production of Snow White. There was the usual chaos, fun and laughter and I think the 'geriatric' rabbits were the icing on the cake to a brilliant afternoon. A big thank you to all involved and particularly to my mum for her brilliant script writing. Who knows what next year will bring?! We also announced the winners of the Trosher writing competition at the panto. Thank you to all those who entered, I hope you enjoy reading their entries in this Mawkin.

A couple of dates for your diaries. FOND has been asked to host part of a Norfolk themed afternoon during the 1.3 East festival at Cromer. This is on Sunday May 10th 2pm - 5pm in Cromer Parish Room. There will be the usual squit, wit, song and dance. Also on Saturday May 16th at the Black Swan theatre North Walsham, FOND are hosting an



evening of entertainment to raise money for the North Walsham and Dilham canal.

I also recently attended an afternoon folk session in the Reindeer pub in Norwich run in conjunction with East Anglia Traditional Music Trust. They are trying to revive Norfolk tunes and step dance, holding a monthly event in a pub or village hall, you can find out more on their website or give me a ring and I can tell you more details.

The occasional ceilidh band, which I play in also have two Norfolk themed gigs coming up where I will probably do some of my Norfolk poems and squit. These are Saturday April 25th, 6:30pm in West Somerton Church, tickets £10 to include a light supper. Saturday June 6th, 7:00pm in Hickling Methodist Church, tickets £10 to include soup and a roll. In both cases you can let me know you are coming and I can add your names to the lists.

Mind how you go

Diana



**THE
MERRY
MAWKIN**

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Fond Notes from the Editor/Secretary

Hello tergetha.

I hope by the time this goes to print, Spring will have sprung and there'll be no more talk a'snow. Snowdrops in the garden'll do me. Our daffs were coming up in December and have been out a while as I write this in early February.

Hope you enjoyed the panto, those of you who could make it. I know I loved being in it – one of the highlights of the year. I got to meet my partner in crime on the Merry Mawkin, Mr. Bob Farndon. He's the chap that does all the clever stuff to bring you such a great little publication. We communicate regularly by e-mail of course and have done for the best part of some time but I can now put a fearce t'a nearme!

The Spring Mawkin is always a good start to the year as we have the panto review (thanks Matt) and the Troshers as well as our regular contributors. Last year was a "landmark" year for one of our regulars, Lil Landimore, who celebrated her 100th birthday in November. 100 years and still writing her poems! Congratulations and thanks, Lil.

Cheerio tergetha,

Zena

Contributions for the Summer *Merry Mawkin*

by 15th June please



Bringun Owt The Owlduns

LIL LANDIMORE

A Juke box in the corner
of the Victoria pub in Hockurun
wuz set up wiv records
of the owl rollun' and rockerun.'
The publican pleared ut so lowd
the drew owt a crowd
of orl them there owlduns
all arownd the village of Hockurun.

Note from the Editor:

Belated Birthday Wishes to the gal Lil, who reached the grand age of 100 last November. She is a valued contributor to the Merry Mawkin and I hope that I am still writing verse at 100 years of age. Good on yer Lil!



Hoi Dears and Harldys

BOY COLIN

Oi dornt know whoi I're jist writ that course nayther onnem seem ter mean a lot these dears ter me and the Gal June. Arter bein' retired now fer thatty yare Bank Harldys dorn't mean northen enny more. Toime Oi wuz a'warkin' orl them dears yewsta mearke a noice breark when yew cud hev a lie in fer a dear or tew or maybe shoot orf down tew the coost ter git a bit o'sea air inter yar lungs. Now they're jist loike enny other dear. Bein's we live near a cuppla skules we git a lotta cars parked round the Close when the muthers cum ter pick the kids up from skule (when they orter be a'walkin' onnem) so Bank Harldys and half terms do give us a bitta loight relief from traffic.

Course, things loike foreign travel are a thinga the parst as nayther onnus are fit enow ter git on a bus, boat or plearne so we hatta sit and thumb threw are footo albums ter remember happy toimes and Oi'll hatta say we hed a lot onnem. Moind yew a'lookin' outta the winda wun't rarely mearke yer think about harldys - tuther dear that wuz snowin' loike billy-o. We're a'stayin' indoors in the warm, heatin' on and an extra layer of clobber tew. We're got th'ow EDP ter read, puzzles ter dew ter keep th'ow grey cells on the go and jist leartly moi boy, Terry, showed me the knack a'gettin' are telly to foind a few fillums ter watch in the arternunes. So, apart from earkes and pearns we hen't gotta lot ter grumble about. That on't be long afore yew hare me a'grumblin' about the heat !

Look yew hare, Oi shell hatta go course Tesco van hev jist drawed up outside with a load o'goodies fer the cummin week. and I're gotta shove them in the fridge and freezer. Hoom med vegetable supe fer lunch terday.

Hare yew goo together

PS Enjoy yar harldys, them onyer what git the chance tew.



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. What is a hulver tree ?
2. In the Singing Postman's song *Hev the Bottom Dropped Out* - who owned the old crab boat ?
3. Which species of bird nests on Norwich Cathedral spire ?
4. How far apart are East and West Dereham ?
5. How many men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment were massacred at Le Paradis in WW2 ?
6. Where is St Benet's Abbey ?
7. Where was the first US heavy bomber station in Norfolk during WW2 ?
8. What is the driest part of Norfolk ?
9. How many lifeboat stations are there in Norfolk ?
10. What is a didle used for ?



St. Benet's Abbey as it looked long ago.

(See Question 6.)



How Well Do You Know Your Dialect?

THE GAL ANN



1. Backus

- a. A good wine
- b. Scullery or outhouse
- c. A woodpecker

2. Burr

- a. Haze round the moon
- b. An edge on a piece of metal
- c. An accent, but not Norfolk.

3. Dussent

- a. A ditch or gully
- b. A term used in thatching
- c. Dare not

4. Dudder

- a. Part of the braking system on a bike.
- b. To shiver
- c. The bark on a tree trunk

5. Elijah's

- a. Happy folk songs
- b. Small bridges on marshland
- c. String tied round labourers trouser legs to stop the mice.

6. Finicky

- a. Fussy
- b. A small fish
- c. Nervous

7. Grizzle

- a. Constantly crying in pain
- b. A poor quality piece of meat
- c. A type of belt

8. Marl

- a. Chalk from a chalk pit.
- b. A shade of pale grey
- c. To daub something

9. Muckwash

- a. Dirty water
- b. A wild flower of the marshes
- c. Hot sweat

10. Puckaterry

- a. A fabric
- b. A bit of a tizz
- c. Something of good quality.



Postscript to Celia's Tour

RALPH WOODS



What a gutsy girl she was! It's a shame we don't know more about her. In fact, I doubt we would ever have heard of her if she had not written and saved her diary. But she did and so we have. The one very brief account we do have, tells us that she was not a great beauty but was well endowed with common sense, good humour and gentility. As an example, she took her own bedding with her, not wishing to use that supplied by the boarding houses she overnighted in. And very modest she was too, always wearing heavy robing when dressed for bed and when testing the waters of the many spas she visited. On one occasion she had to share a bed with a French woman, who insisted on sleeping in the buff. Celia was not amused.

It is clear that travel in her time was still very challenging, what with the state of the roads (tracks) and highwaymen like Dick Turpin still roaming. (Dick was born only a few years too late to have encountered Celia.) The more well-heeled of the day were branching out on European tours. But there is no record of her doing this. However, we should be eternally grateful that she and her family preserved that unique diary of her Grand Tour for almost 150 years, until one lady chronicler relative, decided it should be printed --- although in shortened form. In fact, her original writing is still preserved at the Fiennes' ancestral home in Broughton Hall, Glos. and a more complete version was published in 1949. But, I still find it surprising that she did not venture across the Channel. There is some evidence that her family fortunes diminished later in her life. It seems she was an investor in the disastrous, South Sea Bubble, so funding could have become a problem.

Another thing I find surprising is that in my reading much of her diary, she never commented on the local dialects. Can you imagine a Norfolk farm labourer of the time trying to hold a conversation with a Cornish tin miner??? Comprehension in some areas of her tour must have been a challenge! As a case in point, when I brought home my Shropshire Lass for her first visit to Norfolk in the mid-1960s, I spent most of her first day here translating my Dad's conversation into language she could understand. Dad had never left the village, so he spoke a quite broad Norfolk dialect; but my Mum from Dereham, had a better command of old Norfolk words and even knew some botanical Latin. So, thankfully, my Salopian fancy stayed around.

But back to Celia and somewhat of an apology from me. There exists no definitive portrait of Celia, apart from one possible head sketch. So, to add interest to the original article, I borrowed a picture of a fine lady riding side-saddle, in full, flowing finery. This was for illustrative purposes only and is in no way related to Celia. Further research has unearthed the contemporary comments of Samuel Pepys on these matters. He opined that the garb worn by riding women in the late 1600s, did not please him. Apparently, the ladies of the day wore coats and doublets which were just like his, except for a long petticoat draped over their legs. This time I have included a late 17th century picture of such an outfit, which would have been much more functional for our adventurous Celia than that shown in our previous article about her!

After all we have read, I find it extraordinary that she rode away from a comfortable life at home, seeking a change of "aire" and some exercise to improve her health? Apparently, she suffered from colds and frequent headaches, but that seems to be it. Certainly she got the exercise she was seeking from that summer of riding. But in her diary, she provides quite interesting dietary details during her travels. Breakfasts and lunches were not described, but dinners were. Her staple evening meal was meat, bread and beer (previously we noted she liked wine too, when available). It seems that much fresh-water fish was eaten back then, a lot of it coming from local rivers and ponds, as well as the sea. Peas, beans and lentils were a staple. Potatoes were never mentioned, though Sirs Walter R. or Francis D. might have been responsible for their introduction to England 100 years earlier. Now, in one little paragraph written in Kendall, Lancs, Celia mentions that "much rhye" was grown in North-West England, which if made into bread would make her very sick. She was well aware of this effect on her, so she always ate oatbread. This upset also happened while in Norfolk and Suffolk, where the bakers claimed rhye was not used. I think Celia suffered from Coeliac disease, and since wheat bread was mainly for the rich, while common folk settled for rhye, barley and oats, flour cross-contamination must have been rampant. This may have caused/contributed to her frequent health problems which she was hoping would be cured by the fresh aire and her partaking of and dipping into, all of the available mineral waters. Maybe it worked; she almost made it to 80.

Well, to wrap up our story, I'm sure you are asking how she did she live out her later days. She toured much of London and its many sights but never strayed far. Separate visits to Worcester, Wiltshire and Northampton may have been as far as she went. We know she was involved in much religious work and was a strong supporter of the "descenting" denomination. In her will she left some funds for descenting country ministers, some to her longtime doctor and rewards to a few faithful servants. To her family she bequeathed her jewellery, but had to apologise to her nieces as there was no money available for them, due to the "**great diminution of funds in a great measure**". Maybe that bubble bursting in 1720 was the reason she was never able to visit Europe. Her final journey was back from Hackney to her resting place in Newton Toney in 1741. Wow! I say again --- what a lady!!



Wordsearch – Loddon & Chedgrave

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

Beauchamp
BigBack
Clay
Crossways
Drury
Elm
Farm
George
Halfpenny
Hawthorne

Hobart
Homebread
Kittens
Langley
Leman
Little Money
Mallard
Market
Mill
Mundham

Norton
Poppy
PyresMill
Rise
Sale
Sandy
Snows
Stubbs
Sycamore
WaterMeadow



FOND Panto – Snow White

A Review of the Panto by MATT THORNTON



Snow White graced the stage for this year’s FOND panto. What a dew it was too!

Participants & audience members alike had to battle long delays on the A47 enroute to East Tuddenham Village Hall. Even our winning Trosher entries were delayed in the holdup, howsomever we managed to get the 3rd place contribution read out, met with much laughter & appreciation of good old Norfolk squit.

With over 180 people eagerly anticipating the start of the show, the queue for drinks & shortcake snaked halfway around the hall! We were treated to some lovely musical accompaniment by the Occasional Cayleigh Band. A FOND pantomime wouldn’t be the same without their wonderful contributions. Talking of dedicated professionals, the finely sculptured physiques of the Old Wild Rovers were getting prepared in the dressing room. These coastal men of action didn’t need to gargle Norfolk salt water to enhance their dulcet tones, a few pints of bitter did the job just fine!

After the best part of sometime, (not to mention the famous FOND raffle) the main jollificearshuns started in earnest. Soon enough the usual pantomime chants from the audience began, along with the more unique FOND drama... “What page are we on now Diana!?”



The Dwarves

Featuring a very stylish tweed sporting huntsman, a life size glinting mirror, the world's tallest dwarves, Pat & Alan's (sorry, Dame Delia & Dirty Dick!) off script jokes, plus an enchanting fairy narrator, the hall was buzzing with light-hearted fun & entertainment.

Despite the best efforts of the evil queen, it was Snow White who won the day & duly married her prince. A standing ovation sealed the show & even the scenery stayed upright this year!

Our dream writing duo of Monica & Diana once again produced a wonderfully witty & entertaining scrip, their hardwork is truly appreciated by us all. The spirits of all those attending were warmed by yet another successful pantomime. "There really is nothing else like it!" commented one old bor as he left the hall, promising to return next year.

A heartfelt thanks to the efforts of so many who are involved making the show successful & for all who came to watch... Talking of which, if anyone is keen get involved in the preparation or performing for next time, we're always pleased to see new faces!

So, my beauties, until next year...

Keep yew a Troshin'

The Boy Matt

Note from the Editor:

I have to say this review doesn't quite put our Matt himself in the "frame!" Nor does it "reflect" on the many and quick changes he made behind the scenes to bring you the Mirror and all important scene shifter. Well done bor!



The Wicked Stepmother



The Fairy



The Queen



Snow White is tempted with an apple

The Huntsman



Snow White has bitten the poisoned apple and seems to be dead!



Snow White is restored with a kiss and the Prince proposes.



Trosher 1st Prize Winner

The Trubble Wi' Granfar by DENIS PYE

Cuh, them long summer hol'dees dint half stretch ahid when you were a Cnipper, dint they? Then afore you knew ut that wuz skule agin.

Oi 'member one summer, ol' Terry cum round. He say, 'Thass the larst day o' the holdees, Denny. What'll we du?'

I say, 'I're gotta goo oover ter Granfar's. My mum's mearde him a new ganzy, and I're gotter tearke it for him. You ken come if you like.'

He say, 'Orright'.

My mum say, 'Don't you two terras goo gittin' inter trubble. That silly old fule is wuss'n you two tergither'.

Oi dint say nuthin. Larst toime we were at Granfar's he took us a'fishin. Corse, we fell in, and hatter goo hoom drippin' wet and covered in green weed. Our mums were hully corse.

Anyway, orf we went, acorse the fields cuz that was more fun than along the lanes. We hatter stop ter pick some blackberries, then we looked for an old blood olph's nest, cuz they lay a bit later 'n sum onnem.

Granfar was sittin' in the shade, and Oi give him the ganzy.

He say, 'What are you two young varmints up to terday?'

I say, 'Nuthin' rarely'.

He say, 'Orright, yu ken help me dig my taters.'

That sounded orright, so Oi got an ol' fork outta the shed, 'n Terry hed a couple buckets, 'n we set to. Cuh, that wuz suffin' hot. Granfar set in his ol' chair a'watchin'. He dint help much. He say, 'You better stop for a drink. I're got sum lemmernade in the kitchen, goo git that, 'n a cupla mugs.'

That wuz hully noice. Granfar say, 'Oi'm a bit parched too, goo 'n git me wun o' them bottles outta the bottom cupboard, Denny.' So Oi did, 'n give him the bottle. He took a big swaller, 'n licked his ol' lips.

Oi say, 'Woss that, Granfar?'

He say, 'Thass moi neck oil, boy. That wet moi whistle.'

We set there sum time. Granfar, he doze off.

Terry say, 'Less hevva taste o' his neck oil, shall we?'

So we did. Cuh, that wuzz noice. Afore we knew ut, the hull bottle wuzz gorn.

Terry went a bit quiet. He say, 'Oi feel a bit funny now.'

Oi say, 'So du Oi.' Then we both set off a larfin'. Dunt know whoi, but we coon't stop. That wook Granfar up. He say, 'Cuh, you little blighters, you're a' finished all my neck oil. You'll be in trouble now. Oi better git you hoom.'

Granfar hed a little cart, wot fixed ter his boike. That useter carry his tools about. He say, 'Git in the cart, you woon't be able to walk hoom. We sorta fell inter the cart, still a'giggin', and orf we went. Oi hetta hold on to Terry on the ruff bits. Then he wuz sick oover the soid. We left him sorta hangin' oover his front gate, and went on ter mine.

'Don't you mearke a dean' say Granfar. We dunt want your mum ter foind you.' And orf he went.

Corse, she heard me, tripping oover the doorstep. She was suffin mad. She mobbed me. She mobbed Granfar. She say, 'Oi'll wring that silly ol' fule's neck. And you, you git on ter bed.'

Oi dint know much til brekfust. Then Terry cum round, reddy for skule.

He say, 'Did yer git trubble?'

Oi say, 'Dunt want ter talk about ut.'

Anyway, we were in a new class, new teecher. She say, 'To get to know you, I will come round and ask you what you did in the holidays.'

She spook posh. Terry sat acrors from me, and she come ter him fust. Oi daresn't look at him. He say, 'Oh, we went ter see Denny's Granfar.'

She say, 'Good, what did you do?'

Oi coont look, at him, cuz Oi felt a great big belly larf a'cummin.

Terry say, 'We helped him dig his taters, Miss.'

Well, he cort moi eye, and Oi coont help ut enny more. Oi let goo a great ol' larf, and coont stop. Terry had to go as well, great roars, and there wuz no stopping us. All the class got gooin' too, seein' us helpless.

The teecher went red. 'You two boys had better go and stand in the corridor until you come to your senses. And you each lose five points.'

Corse, that cooled us down a bit, case the hid master cum along. Then we set orf a giggin' agin. That wuz terrible.

We carmed down in the end. I say, 'My mum wuz right, Granfar allus git us inter trubble.'

Terry say, 'Yis.'

Oi tell yer suffin tho. That wuz the best part o' sum toime afore Oi tried a drop o' neck oil agin. Ma husband's havn' prorblums



Trosher 2nd Prize Winner

A Close Shearve (or The Boppom Loine) by ZENA TINSLEY

My husband's havn' prorblums
of a delicate koinde.

What't amount to rarely
is a pain in tha behoind.

His piriformis is inflearmed
(yis, yew hard a'right!),
ta see him shufflen 'bout tha house
is a most distressen soight.

Ware troid a foo hum rem'dies
but tha problem just got wuss.
So we booked a toimely appointment
ta see a doctor or a nuss.

Tha doctor prodded and probed a bit;
of the diagnosis he wus most emphatic,
"the piriformis is inflamed and
pressingon the nerve sciatic.
I'll prescribe a course of tablets,
the pain they'll help to numb
but I'd recommend you purchase
a little massage gun."

So the gun wus dooly ordered
with eager antiception
and fingers crorsed that it would help
the pearn's allevieartion.

Well, Amazon speedily delivered,
the sarvice wus trooly brill;
th'article itself resembled
a Black and Decker drill!
That were tried and tested next mornin',
It voibrearted and med a hum
as Oi got ta wuk massagin'ma
husband's troublesome bum.
Thus, a rooteen wus established;

pust breakfast we'd repair
to tha bedroom, where ma husband
would present a bottom bare.
With sweepin strukes tha little gun
would massage his bare backsoide.
With no near neighbours to overlook,
tha curtin's steared open – woide.
One evenin' ma phone pinged a messige
frum tha winder cleaner,
warnin'that hid be along next day.
That'd probly be in the mornin'.
Well cus... next mornin' Ar'd forgott'n
tha message wot Ar'd read
and ma husband med hearst ta tha bedroom
and he lay down on tha bed.
Riddy to receive his massarge,
he lay wi boppum bare
whilst I med riddy wi' tha "gun"
ta treat his derriere.
Suddenly we hard a noise.
Warta sprayin' on tha glarss.
"Oh no, the winder cleaner's hare,
quick, cover up your a**e!"

Well tergetha...all's well that end well
but cud ha bin a diff'rint story
and that winder cleaner might ha sin
ma husband in orl his glory!
Forewarned, forearmed, Oi now lock
tha gearte
and can administer the massarge
in sure 'n' certain knowldge that...
none kin see up our back passarge!



Trosher joint 3rd Prize Winner

A Christmas Story (Norfolk Varshan) by RAY CHIPPERFIELD

Now, thas loike this ear. The three on us wark on a farm belongun to a Mister Cole. Now, that fare ta us if there's binner lotta sheep nickun gorn on. The narbahoo watch scene int much cop, so the three on us sed we'd keeper noit watch un (that wooder bin tarl ind o December). So thar woos Albut in his polished buskins, Bob Carr (the joker) and me.

Orl on a sudden we hard the boy Albut hollerin':

"Wos that hare grut ol broite loit up there in the sky?"

"Albut, thas jus a star."

"Well yes," he say, that mite be oonly a star but thas whooly brite intuit?"

Well Albut coont stop gawpin attut. So we say to um:

"Ware here to stop sheep from bein nicked." But he woont avit. He say:

"Thas gittun even broita."

By then he wooz slatherin all doen his faire.

"Shall we hoss on down a feew filds an see wos gorn on?"

"Only as long as you don't let on to Mister Cole," I say. "He mite acoose us o' derilicshun on dooty."

So the three on us tramped down un jammed a foo more filds til we come to a hidland. And do you know, that thar star fared to be roit over a lil oul starebul. So the three on us cum to a disishun...we wood gorn haver peark at ut. We dint teark a vote on ut corse we thort woo three on us that cud git complicearted!

As we got closer, we nootused a donkey toid up owtoid. So Albut say:

"Shall we orl hava peark inoid?"

So in we go to Mr. Cole's starebul. Un ooo my hart alive thar woos the boy Joosuf lookun hooly prowed on himself. The mawther Mary wooz lookun down at a bairby layun asleep in a feeding troff full o hay.

Lookin over the filds I thort I cud see three camuls hussin towards us. Thay got clooser un clooser un we cud see three figures. They looked whooly posh. They looked loike kings with their torl hidress. They tied their camuls to a post and the three blookes went iner the starebul threw a diffrent door soos they dint knork their hidgear orf.

We went back in the starebul an the three kings were sayun:

"We uz brort gifts from the East."

Bob, the joker, he sed, "Is that East Dereham?"

"Noo," sed the King, "ware from the Far East and we brort gifts ter celybrate the bairby's bath."

Bob, the joker, he sed, "Well shurly bairby will hav his bath learter!"

"We hus brort gold, frankincense un mur," wus the arnsur.

Boy Albut tand round un sed, "We jus brort uselves, we're jus farmwarkers.

Mawther Mary thanked orl on us fur tanun up but sed, "Baby Jesus is very tired un is asleep. Wunday he will be the most fairmust parson in the hool wald."

We bid our farewells un outside we smiled an clapped then Bob the joker say:

"Do you think it will be in the perpus?"



Trosher joint 3rd Prize Winner

The Kiss by JAMIE REID

Grandfar' he say, 'when dew fust kiss a gal?'

'Well,' says I, 'hold yew hard cos blast me if that war't a while ago.' Slowly the fog of age lifted like a will-o-the wisp on the marsh and my memory of that frit'ful occasion slowly ruz into view. 'Why you want a know bor?'

'Cus I ain't never kissed a gal and yew's always sid I if I want a know sumfing come along an ask yew, so that's what I'm a doin'.

'Well,' says I, 'I warn't a quick larner with that there kissing milarkie bein' as I din't have no siblings and lived on a farm in the middle a nowhere so getting a gal friend were a bit of a job. Sixteen I war and never bin kissed, 'less you count that gret ole gang o' aunts what cum a lolloping round on Christmas pouting their lips cor they used git on my wick. Frum school I went a farmin' college an' larnt how to drive a tractor, castrate pigs, blast if that didn't half make yew eyes water, w'arm a sheep, sex hins and how to get a cow pregnant but what were a missin' from my education was how to chat up a gal. Howsomever, arter a while the principal he must a decided that we wuz a right dizzy lud of lummoxes around mawthers so he thought he'd do suffin about it and his solution wuz to hold a dew. I can tell you bor when that there notice went up it got us a yacking something proper. Some o' my mates busted about sartin things but really, we wuz all as daft as each other — the blind leading the blind and my eye sight were warse than must.'

He say, 'So what happened Granfar?'

'Well,' says I, 'the grit day arrived and we wuz all as excited as one of Alberts cockerels at the sight of a lud o' old hins. Afore they cum we was up in our rums a titafying ourselves so'fing rotten. You ain't sin a clutch of students a radiating such enthusiasm for a job in all your life. At the strook o' seven we wuz hushed into the diningroom which had been titavated into our nightclub for the evening and blow

me if we wurn't claggy with nerves and if they'd rattled like a dried pea in a can we would've sounded like one o' them there clackers you hear when go'in up the Sit-ee on a Saturday arternoon.

The charabang arrived and out lolloped the gals. Gudness knows where the principal found them mawthers but I can tell yew we wuz a gorp'in' at a tidy old collection o' prime Norfolk booties.

Into the hall they paraded like prize heifers in a shew ring. They gleamed in their prityfulness and the way they gopped at us, well bor, they wuz a testing o' which on us would first brake the ranks of the tongue tied an' dast go acrost that there dance floor.'

'To cut a long story short, nerves settled arter the jollifications got a goin' and cor blast me dint' I fall for a rare fine mawther with short brown hair and sparkling hazel eyes. 'Cum along'a me, I say and we jigged an' twizzled an' I dun't jam on her foot once, mardled and had fun till the last dance which wuz a slow un. We held each other and I looked into them there deep hazel pools and she looked up at me an' I went all fuzzy and I knew this wuz it.'

'As I said a'fore I hint had no experience in the snogging department but I hed seen films when the hero kissed the mawther and it looked to me as though a lot of suction wuz required. I'd had a practice on my hand so, I thought, right-ho, I'm a know'in what I'm a doin' I'll give it a go. Slowly both our lips began to move on a set trajectory whereby that fust kiss became a reality. With touch down I clamped on hard and with all the force I could muster I sucked. My cheeks they hollard and I thought I was a go'in great guns when suddenly I felt suffen enter my gob. Well bor, I can tell ewe thas a rummen I weren't a specting that. What wuz it? Sum kind of luv token? Should I a' had one in my mouth an all? Talk about confusion.'

'The rest were all a bit of a blurr. The music stopped and we said our farewells and the gals were hushed back onto the bus and disappeared into the night.'

'In the common room the air were a buzzin' with braggin' about the dew so I thought I'd add my two-pennyworth and recounted my experience. Silence ... puzzlement. 'What wuz it then?' they hollerad, 'I dun know', says I, 'but I've still got it in my mouth.' 'Well lets have a gander then.' So I took it out and held it at arms length so all could see. 'What's that?' We all looked on it in puzzlement, I turned it round ... and then hold yew hard — it became clear ... it weren't no love message, I had sucked so blumming hard I'd vacuumed her two front false teeth right out on her mouth.'

'The following day I approached matron and confided what 'ad happened and when she eventually picked herself up off the floor from laughing we wrapped them in cotton wool, put 'em in a box and found the gals address so I could lug them round to her hum. When she cum to the door cor blast she wuz so'fing savage, so I didn't think it wise to ask her if I could see her ag'in.'

'Blimey Grandfar', he say, 'did that put you off snogging for ever?'

'No bor', said I, 'but I've larnt to trim back on the suction.'



Norfolk Dialect by Louise Maskill

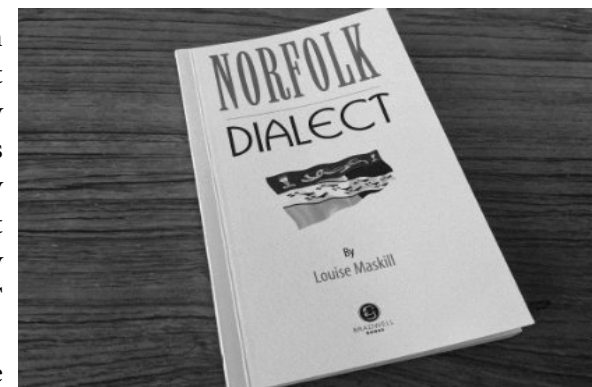
Book Review by ANN REEVE

I went to my shop in Hemsby and found that my son had ordered a goodly selection of small books relating to Norfolk. Mostly walks and pub crawls! But one little book caught my eye. NORFOLK DIALECT by Louise Maskill.

I have to say it's one of the best books on Dialect that I have come across. It includes a comprehensive dictionary of Dialect words followed by some well researched history and interesting anecdotes. I might take issue with a couple of words e.g. Louise suggests that net making is referred to as "Braiding". I recently had a discussion on this very subject with a retired Great Yarmouth fisherman and in Yarmouth and Lowestoft net making is definitely "Beating" and the highly skilled net makers are known as "Beatsters". Braiding is a word used farther North in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire.

But I'm nit picking. This is a lovely informative book which I can thoroughly recommend. It is available at £4.99 from Amazon or, if you fancy a trip to Hemsby come and see us at Seadell Shops where it is also available.

The FOND website even gets a mention!





He Who Laughs Larst

or Much Ado Abowt Nothin' by ALAN SMITH

HHello agin tergetha
Larst time I wrote to yer, I woz on tha farm. This time I wuz alongside tha rood, hedgen'. I wuz doin' it abowt a week, layen' it down to smarten it up a bit. This particular day there wuz two on us and it wuz time fer dinner and my mearte, he went home 400 yards away. I went back ter tha barn wi my pitchfork so that dint git pinched (wass new?).

When I come out from dinner back to tha rood, I see this owd black lump in tha road. On account of there bein' no traffic in tha 50s, I thought ta merself, where has that come from? When I got closer to it I could see it wuz an owd overcoat very wuss fer wear so I decided ter pick it up wi ma fork. Just as I picked it up, who should come by but tha Sergeant from Reepham Stearton. He say ter me, "What yew goin' ter dew wi it?"

I say, "nothin'."

By this time I had picked it up and it was half rotten.

Sarge say, "dew yew want it?"

I say, "No, that I dunt, I dunt know where it come from."

Now that's caused him a problem on account of it being found. He say, "In that case I will put ut in the boot of the car." (He wunt very pleased!)

I put it in the boot wi' my pitchfork. I cud see he were hully riled. So I say nothin'.

He took my particulars and giv me a ticket and drove off.

I dint think no more about it til three months learter, he tunned up at my house, knocked at the door and said, "I think this belongs ter yew. Lorst propetty. Thanks fer handin' it in." And wi that he driv orf.



Illustration by Mike Tinsley

!?! All The Answers !?!

This Issue's Answers to the Dialect Quiz

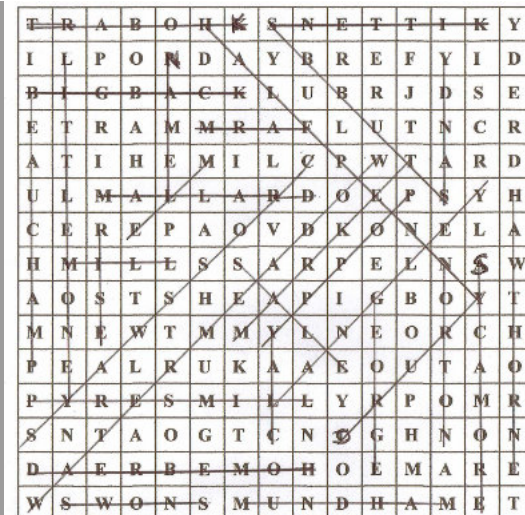
.Answers. 1 (b), 2 (a, b, and c), 3 (c), 4 (b), 5 (c), 6 (a), 7 (a), 8 (a), 9 (c), 10 (b).

This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

1. A holly tree
2. Tommy Long
3. Peregrine falcons
4. Approximately 25 miles
5. 97
6. Between Ludham and Horning on the bank of the River Bure
7. Shipdham
8. The Brecks
9. 10
10. Cleaning out ditches and other waterways

Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / RENEWAL FORM

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 E-mail:
 Subscription: £10 Individual ☐ £15 Family ☐
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 Signed: Date:

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



FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT

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This Standing Order cancels any previous or existing in favour of FOND.

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 (name and address of your bank)
 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

I recently bought a small book of Norfolk Recipes by the well known cookery writer Mary Norwak. This is one that caught my eye. I haven't tried it yet, so no photo, but certainly plan to make some soon.

Admiral Lord Nelson, from Burnham Thorpe, spent a lot of time in Antigua in the Caribbean where cinnamon trees are grown. The nearby island of Grenada is one of the biggest growers of nutmeg in the world and, personally, I'd add a spoonful of nutmeg as well.

Or you could use mixed spice if that's all you've got.

NELSON SLICES

8 thick slices of bread
 300ml of milk
 350g mixed dried fruit
 50g chopped mixed candied peel
 1 eating apple
 3 tablespoons dark soft brown sugar
 2 generous tablespoons of marmalade
 3 tablespoons SR Flour
 2 eggs
 Squeeze of lemon juice
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 100g butter
 Icing sugar.

Grease a 25x35cm roasting tin (you could line it with non stick paper which is now readily available) and preheat the oven to 150c/gas2.

Soak the bread, including the crusts in the milk until soft, beat in the dried fruit and peel.

Peel and grate the apple into the mixture.

Add the sugar, marmalade, flour, eggs, lemon juice and cinnamon.

Beat thoroughly.

Melt the butter and add half to the mixture. Beat well and put into the prepared tin.

Pour on the remaining butter.

Bake for one hour. Increase the heat to 180/gas 4 and continue baking for a further 30 mins.

Leave in the tin until cold and sprinkle thickly with icing sugar. Cut into squares.

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THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT



**PRESERVING, RECORDING AND PROMOTING
THE NORFOLK DIALECT SINCE 1999**