

The Merry Mawkin



**THE FRIENDS OF NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER**

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Front cover: Keswick Mill on the River Yare below Norwich.
Back Cover: Avocet chicks.
photos by Bob Farndon

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Chairman's Report



Welcome to another edition of the *Merry Mawkin* magazine.

I've had a busy time with events that FOND have been involved in. We had a Dew at Cromer as part of the 1.3 East folk festival, which was very well attended. Performers included folk band Three Score, the Blakeney Old Wild Rovers, Tony Hall, Richard Appleton, Pat Nearney, Tony Bayliss and Monica and Barry Mobbs. Some of these performers appeared again the following week helping to raise £1000 for the North Walsham and Dilham Canal Trust when we held a dew at the Black Swan theatre in North Walsham. Many thanks to all involved. This week I'll be heading to Strumpshaw Tree Fair to give a talk in their 'Talk tent'. I've also done a few Norfolk themed ceilidh band gigs, where I have been able to give FOND a good mention and call on FOND members such as Andrew Rouse to help me with performing some poetry. The theme at the Norfolk Show this year was 'The Year of Culture' because of this FOND were sent some free tickets. Mum, Barry and I went to Portsmouth in the May half term where we explored HMS Victory (see photo). I asked one of the guides if they thought Nelson had a Norfolk accent,



they weren't convinced. Perhaps FOND should try to do something about that? I hope some of you will feel inspired to enter our Trosher writing competition, please see details in this *Mawkin*. I have also been liaising with a lady who is compiling a Norfolk themed book of poems, short stories and songs to raise money for Caister lifeboat, something to look out for. On Friday 4th September, 7pm at St Nicholas Church Potter Heigham, I'm planning to put on an event to celebrate the life of Sidney Grapes 'The Boy John'. He was churchwarden of this church and this event will be the start of their fundraising weekend, themed on all things Norfolk.

I hope you all have a lovely summer and don't get too much, all of a muckwash, in this hot weather. Keep you a troshing
Diana



**THE
MERRY
MAWKIN**

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Fond Notes from the Editor/Secretary

Well I know we're never satisfied with the weather but this heat is not conducive to getting things done! Mind you it's a good reason to get up early to take the dog for his walk and it's very peaceful at 5:30 I can tell you. I expect by the time this edition goes to print we might be moaning that it's turned wet for the time of year.

This year I attended the Royal Norfolk Show courtesy of an invitation to FOND in celebration of community and culture. As part of this there was a carnival procession of some community groups. This was a very colourful event with many Norfolk groups represented. The African Choir of Norfolk sang and danced their way into the Grand ring, competing on the volume front with a steel band that followed closely behind!

Two of my friends are Whifflers* and the photo on page nine is of yours truly with one of them as they gathered with the carnival procession to enter the Grand Ring. In the background you can just spot Snap the Dragon. I happen to know that it was so hot inside that dragon attire that he had to carry a little fan to try to cool himself down a little. No wonder he was snapping at the crowds!

Well, cheerio and I hope you enjoy this Summer edition.

Zena

* Whifflers - Norwich once had four Whifflers. Their job was to make a path through the crowds for all processions, and especially for the Mayor. They did this by skilfully brandishing their short, two-handed swords, so as to clear a way without hurting anyone. Now they carry ceremonial sticks

Contributions for the Autumn-Winter Merry Mawkin

by 15th October please

Notice of FOND Annual General Meeting To be held on Sunday 22nd November at 2:30pm at Honingham Village Hall

1. Chairman's Welcome
2. Apologies for absence
3. Minutes of AGM held November 2025
4. Matters arising from the Minutes of AGM 2025
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



Toimes Wuz Diffrunt Then

BOY COLIN

I're lorst count of the number of bits I're writ fer the *Merry Mawkin* an' Oi'll hatta say thass gettin' harder fer me ter foind suffen ter tell yew wot yew hent hard from me afore. So dew Oi write suffen wot I're told yer yew'll hatta put it down ter old earge. When in doubt Oi allus tarn ter torkin 'bout when we wuz kids. Thass a sure fire winner or so Oi reckon. Things wuz a lot diffrunt then - Oh ah Oi hare yew say but there's no gettin' 'way from it, they wuz. Yew could leave yar house unlocked wi' out fear of nobody nickin' anything from yer. If yew dun suffin' wrong yer father could give yew a ding o' the lug but the law wun't let him a'dun it terday. Wun a' Charlie Dickens characters yewsta say "The law is a ass" an' Oi reckon that still hold good terday.

Fishin' fer tiddlers down agin Mattishall bridge wuz a lovely way ter spend a few hours in the summer and blackberryin' on Tuddenham midders in the autumn ter arn a few pounds ter by yer winter clobber still stick out in my mem'ry. We yewsta go arter blackberries on a midder in Mattishall tew and wun dear Oi remember harin' a snortin' gorn on t'other soide of the hedge and when Oi hed a pearke over the top Oi see a ruddy grit ow black bull gettin' his rile up. Oi wuz outta thare loike a shot outta a gun!

During the summer Oi loiked narthen betta than ter sit longa the old men up Norwich Rud on the seats outside the Coachmakers Arms watchin' the traffic go by. Moind yew thare wun't tew many cars in them dears. Th'ow boys hed thare point o'bare an' yewsta buy me a bottle o'lemonade and a packet o' crisps. Ter me that wuz sheer heaven. Oi remember wun dear, October 29th 1938 a'settin' thare waitin' ter see King George 6th and Queen Elizabeth go by ter open the new City Hall in Norridge. Oi din't get tew good a look at 'em corse the car went past ser fast.

On Sunday nights in the summer my mearte Brian's dad allus loiked ter go fer a walk with the dawg up tew The Red Lion on Etling Green. He loiked a pint did Barney. The dawg wuz a Grearte Dane and blast he wuz a soler. Dew we held his lead he'd wholly drag us along.

Now look yer hare tergether tthe kittle's on the go and thass toime fer a cuppa cawfee, so hare's a fella orf.

Hare yew go

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



The Boy Colin's Norfolk Quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

1. What did Sir Edmund Bedingfield have built in 1482 ?
2. Which year (approx) did Mother Julian of Norwich die ?
3. What was John Kett's brother's name ?
4. What is the 3rd station on the Mid Norfolk Railway from Dereham to Wymondham ?
5. Which musical event first took place in Dereham in July 2013 ?
6. What is the highest temperature ever recorded in Norfolk ?
7. Which French town is twinned with Swaffham ?
8. Which village is often referred to as the poshest in Norfolk ?
9. Where did Keith Skipper's Press Gang perform their last show ?
10. Who was Anglia TV's first weather presenter ?



Swaffham Rotunda (See Question 7.) photograph by John Salmon



How Well Do You Know Your Dialect?

THE GAL ANN



1. Buttle

- a. A water container
- b. A bittern
- c. To fuss

2. Dow

- a. A dove
- b. To donate
- c. A walking stick

3. Billiwix

- a. A rabbit
- b. An owl
- c. A worm

4. Jillyhooter

- a. An owl.
- b. A small tractor
- c. A threshing machine.

5. Madge

- a. A cabbage white caterpillar
- b. A butterfly
- c. An owl

6. Barley Bird

- a. A skylark
- b. A nightingale
- c. A reed warbler

7. Bottlebump

- a. A bittern
- b. A milk crate.
- c. What you have for elevenses

8. Cob

- a. A horse
- b. A seagull.
- c. A herring

9. Culver

- a. A ditch.
- b. A small bridge
- c. A pigeon

10. Caddow

- a. A jackdaw
- b. Part of a saddle
- c. A card game



Your Editor joins the Culture and Community gathering at the Royal Norfolk Show, along a Whiffler.



More Norfolk Humour

ARTHUR PENTNEY



A Norfolk farmer used his Rolls Royce to transport pigs to market. This did not sit well with R.R when they got to hear about it and so they sent one of their representatives to get this farmer to use alternative transport. And his reply? "Pigs paid fer't an' pigs'll roide in't!"

Old George was upset. On two occasions whilst inside The Jolly Farmers, a pump had been stolen from his bicycle. On complaining to the village constable he was

advised to take the pump into the pub with him which he did. And when he come out later...his bike had gone!

Two farm workers in a field watched a young chap come tearing along the road on a motor bike.

"He's gett'n a move on," said the first worker to which his companion replied:

"Yis, I reckon he's orf somewhere!"

Visiting Sheringham, Fred from our village was soon in conversation with Joe P, a prominent local town councillor.

"What do you think of our new **Welcome to Sheringham** signs, Fred?" enquires Joe proudly.

Fred replies: "Thare orright I spuse but yer missed suffen orf hant yer? They should read Welcome ter Sheringham and dawg muck! *

* This wasn't quite the word that Fred used but muck had better suffice I think.

Canon Marcon, resident vicar of Edgefield for over sixty years, was concerned that during his sermons one member of the congregation stared at him intently the whole time. So the Rector enquired of this chap, who he knew worked with horses on a local farm, his reason for so doing. The man replied: Thass loike this Reverend, I can't understand how someone wi a gurt big skull kin git it inter that little oul collar a'yours!"

Note from the Editor: Arthur bor, ass about toime you writ me some more o' these here hum'rous tearles. As we've sid afore some on em are fer real.



Wordsearch – Dereham & Toftwood

BRENDA BIZZELL

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

Acorn
Aldiss
Ascot
Bell
Cowper
Dorothea
East
Farm
Featherstone
Fern

Hazel
Heath
Heffer
Heidi
Holly
Hyde
Mattishall
Oakwood
Reavey
Rose

Russet
Secker
Sedge
Stigands
Swanton
Teasel
Watersfield
Wix
Yaxham
Zara



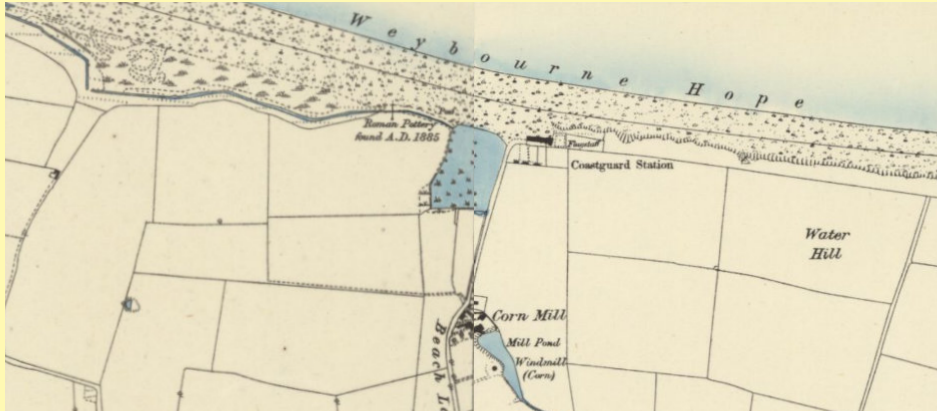
Weybourne Hope

PETER TRUDGILL

"He who would all England win, should at Weybourne Hope begin"



Our county of Norfolk has three coasts – west, north and east. If you travel along the east coast northwards from the former island of Flegg, the shoreline consists mainly of marshes separated from the North Sea by sand-dunes and sandy beaches, until it starts to curve round to the west, where it gradually becomes increasingly elevated so that by the time you get to Trimingham the cliffs are 200 feet high. The cliffs continue along the curving shore until at Overstrand, Cromer and Sheringham they are facing northeast and then north. They start decreasing in height again only at Weybourne, after which low-lying marshes take over between Kelling and Salthouse. The point where the cliffs descend to sea level is famously known as Weybourne Hope. Weybourne Hope lies on the north Norfolk coast where the shingle spit of Blakeney Point meets the cliffs.



Weybourne Hope as it appears on an Ordnance Survey map of 1886

Weybourne Hope is said to be the only place along the entire English east coast between the Humber estuary and Kent where an enemy naval vessel could approach to within a few hundred yards of the beach. It has been regarded as being particularly sensitive at any time when England was felt to be threatened with invasion via the North Sea (or the “German Ocean”, as it was formerly, perhaps more threateningly, called), such as before the arrival of the Spanish Armada in 1588; during the Napoleonic wars (1803-1815); and during the build-up to the First World War of 1914-1918. “He who would all England win, should at Weybourne Hope begin” is a saying which has been resurrected over the centuries whenever England is under threat: before the Spanish Armada invasion of 1588; as well as during the Napoleonic wars 1803-1815; during the build-up to the First World War of 1914-1918; and after the 1940 Dunkirk evacuations of the Second World War.

Hope is an ancient word which is probably of Old Norse origin and may have meant “haven, place of anchorage for ships”; The Oxford English Dictionary also glosses it as “a piece of enclosed land, e.g. in the midst of fens or marshes or of waste land generally”. The sea off this steeply shelving stretch of the Norfolk coast is deep until very close in to the shore, potentially allowing an invading fleet’s vessels to anchor and unload, hence the anxiety about the vulnerability of the coast at this point. Weybourne Hope is said to be the only place along the entire English east coast between the Humber estuary and Kent where an enemy naval vessel could approach to within a few hundred yards of the beach. After the



French 80-gun ship of the line of the Napoleonic Wars

Dunkirk evacuations of 1940, towards the beginning of the Second World War, the British Prime Minister Mr (later Sir) Winston Churchill inspected the coastal defences at this location twice, as fears of a Nazi invasion were very real.

The village of Weybourne itself is situated on the central north coast of Norfolk, about seven miles west of Cromer, and has around 500 residents. The name of the village is pronounced “Webb’n”. It was known to the original Old English-speaking Anglo-Saxon settlers who replaced the indigenous Celtic Iceni tribe as wearg-burne “felon stream”, perhaps signifying a place where criminals (wearg) were executed, probably by drowning in the stream. The small brook that runs through Weybourne today, which is presumably what the village was originally named after, now goes by the very different and much happier name of Spring Beck. The course of this stream was altered in the 1700s, in connection with the building of a watermill and its associated mill pond.

The replacement of the original English place-name element burn by the Scandinavian form beck is just one linguistic reflection of the enormous cultural and societal changes which took place throughout a great deal of eastern England

after the traumatic arrival of the Vikings and their Great Heathen Army in 865 AD, when Scandinavian Old Norse culture came to dominate and to an extent replace the Old English ways and belief systems of the Angles. Burna was a West Germanic Anglo-Saxon word meaning “spring, brook, stream”. This element occurs in many different locations in England, where nowadays it most often appears as bourne, as in Bournemouth. In Scotland it is more usually written burn, as in Bannockburn (the site of the famous 1314 battle at which the Scottish army led by Robert the Bruce defeated a much larger English army led by King Edward II of England). Beck, on the other hand, was a North Germanic Old Danish term. The word remains bæk in Modern Danish and bekk in Norwegian.



Above: WWII machine gun pillbox in a field overlooking Weybourne Hope

Article title page: *Reducing Sail* by Charles Martin Powell 1775-1824



A Man of Our Words

RALPH and CAROLYN WOODS



Thomas Rowlandson 1785

The short revue by Ann Reeve of the book *Norfolk Dialect* by Louise Maskill, published in the previous edition of our *Mawkin*, prodded me into finishing an article my daughter Carolyn and I had begun some time ago, detailing—we hope not too tediously—the life of one Dawson Turner. Why is he of interest to us? Well, Dawson was responsible for finishing and publishing the posthumous, two volumes of, *The Vocabulary of East Anglia* begun by the Reverend Robert Forby. Sadly, Forby had passed away near Christmas in 1825, with the compilation of his work quite unfinished. He had dedicated years to amassing a comprehensive record of the dialects of Norfolk and Suffolk and had begun to assemble his notes in publishable form. Upon his death, Dawson could not let all this work be lost, so he courageously undertook the monumental task of completing Forby’s tome, for which we should forever be grateful. He left his mark on the book by simply signing his initials “DT” at the end of an opening memoir section, which provided insights into Forby’s life, character, and scholarly pursuits. He took no other credit.

So, who was this man named Dawson Turner? He was born on October 18, 1775, at 40 Middlegate Street, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. He was the eldest of three surviving children of James Turner (1743-1794) and Elizabeth (née Cotman, 1742-1819). Father James was a local merchant and in 1781, founded the Yarmouth and Suffolk Bank, which eventually became part of the Barclays banking empire. Son Dawson was educated partly at North Walsham grammar school, now Paston College, and then privately at Barton Bendish in North Norfolk as a pupil of our Rev. Robert Forby, then rector of Fincham, Norfolk. They formed an immediate friendship which lasted beyond those school years, until Forby's untimely death.

In 1793 Turner was admitted as an undergraduate to Pembroke College, Cambridge, of which his uncle, Joseph Turner, afterwards dean of Norwich, was master. In 1796 Turner was obliged to leave the university without a degree, but he, reputedly, was very competent in Greek, Latin and Hebrew and had read widely in French, Italian and German. Excellent skills for an aspiring vicar like his hero Forby had been, one might think. But that was not to be, for suddenly he had to take a place in the family banking business, when his father developed a terminal illness. Upon his father's death, Turner took over as head of the bank, working out of the Great Yarmouth Branch, which was based in South Quay, Yarmouth. Turner lived in Bank House on the second floor. No doubt he was rather lonely there, for that same year he married Mary Palgrave who was the second daughter of William Palgrave of Coltishall, Norfolk. The couple were very affectionate, having 11 children, with six daughters and two sons surviving infancy. Turner devoted his married days to affairs of the banking business on the ground floor of his residence, and his evenings to more scholarly interests upstairs. Here under his eagle eye, each member of the family occupied themselves with some nose-grinding, self-improving activity – drawing and etching, lithographing and painting, grammar and spelling, reading, cataloguing and transcribing. (Fortunately, no TV or mobile phones provided distractions in those days!!) One visitor to the house recorded: 'What I see going on every hour in this family makes me ashamed of the most active day I ever spent even at school', while their father was 'one incessant scene of fact collecting ... He was an immense, living Index'. He was an acknowledged polymath and his interests ranged wide.

The wealth Turner inherited on the death of his father had enabled him to emulate his old schoolmaster friend in the study of botany, especially that of the cryptogamic plants. With a little digging, we found this means he studied non-flowering plants like algae, mosses, ferns, fungi and even seaweed all of which reproduce by spores instead of seeds. He published an impressive number of books and scientific papers between 1802 and 1819, some of which were in Latin. An early one was "Synopsis of British Fuci" (1802). These were usually printed locally in Yarmouth and several are retained in the Norwich Museum and in the City Library. Amongst many other honours, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1802, as well as being a member of the Linnean Society and the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. He recorded over a hundred new species of seaweed over the years. Away from this cold and wet hobby, he amassed a collection of paintings by Dutch, Flemish and Italian artists as well as many by the Norwich school. He built up an extensive collection of over 84,000 manuscripts, with a library of some 8,000 books, and many other artworks. He was indeed, a polymath!

With all of his botanical and other interests, by 1806 he probably felt that his goal of improving the talents of his family, was becoming somewhat less productive under his tutelage. To remedy this, and I suspect to give himself more free time to pursue his hobbies, he hired the up-and-coming landscape painter John Crome to move the girls along further and faster than he could. By 1812 the Norwich school of painting was flourishing under Crome, so John Sell Cotman was invited to replace Crome as the family tutor. Actually, he was a relative of Turner's wife Elizabeth, and the son of Edward Cotman, silk mercer and dealer in foreign lace at Norwich. In pursuance of his duties, Cotman became a very good friend to the family and collaborated with them on many arty projects. Not surprisingly, with all this tuition, Turner's wife and daughters all became accomplished illustrators and researchers. So much so, that Turner's chief contribution to antiquities, to which he turned later in life, his "*Account of a Tour in Normandy*" (2 vols., 1820), was in fact a collaborative effort, featuring fifty etchings by Turner's wife Mary, more by two of their daughters, and some by Cotman himself. The family also added two thousand drawings to a copy of Blomefield's "History of Norfolk"!! Under her married name, Mary Dawson Turner was no slouch. Seventy eight of her drawings (as etchings) are in possession of the National Portrait Gallery in London. She is well recognised for

these works, and for making etchings from drawings collected by her husband for his books. Things went along swimmingly until 1849 when disaster struck! Mary, his wife of over 50 years died. We do not know the cause of her death as no obituary seems to have been published. But my oh my, did our hero's life change!

Our guess is that our sober and respected banker, botanist and antiquarian became very lonely, very quickly. For only a year after Mary's death, this septuagenarian upped and eloped to Gretna Green (At his age?? Can you imagine!!) with a young widow, Rosamund Matilda Duff (1810-63). It seems his passionate side had risen to the fore again, as she was reportedly of much lower social status than he. This happy event caused uproar within his family and their business, resulting in Turner losing his job and having to relocate with his young bride to Lee Cottage in Old Brompton, London. Not all was smooth sailing there though. For reasons unknown, his new wife's sister was considered unwelcome in their new house. It is reported that Turner was livid when one day he discovered her tucked away in a kitchen cupboard, apparently having hidden in various places around the house for two weeks! This abode being much smaller than his Yarmouth residence, meant that he had to sell most of his collection of artworks, and the British Museum purchased five volumes of his manuscript collection. Items remaining unsold were stored in Yarmouth.

As Turner's health gradually deteriorated, family feuds were mostly forgotten. But, in 1858 at age 83 he suffered multiple strokes from which he could not recover despite reportedly excellent nursing by his "young" wife. Instead of being returned to his birthplace in Norfolk, he was buried in the Brompton Cemetery, although the exact location of his grave is no longer known. After his death, two auctions of his remaining possessions were held, items going to The British Library, Kew Gardens and Trinity College, Cambridge. These netted the nice sum of over 11,000 pounds; the equivalent of almost 2 million pounds these days. Thus, much of the impressive collection he accrued over his lifetime was preserved for posterity. We 'Fonders' should be particularly thankful that many years earlier, Dawson had rushed home from a holiday in Italy, on learning of the death of his friend and mentor, Robert Forby, and that he had had the resolve to rescue Forby's partially completed draft and notes for his East Anglian Dialect compilation. The task of completing this work must have been quite a challenge for a busy lad such as him. Five years elapsed before it was ready for publication

(1830), but it is the best record we have of our vocabulary, as it was when much was still in use, over two centuries ago. Will there ever again be a book published with words like, "Mauther", "Totty Head" or "Larrup" on the front cover? We doubt it!!



Bringun' Out the Owlduns

LIL LANDIMORE

A juke box in the corner
of the Victoria pub in Hockerun
Wuz set up wiv records
of the owl rollun' and rockerun.'
The publican pleared it so lowd
that drew owt a crowd
of orl them there owlduns
a rollen' and a rockerun
All around the village
of Hockerun.

Note from the Editor:

Lil's poem reminded me of my occasional visits to the Thurton George pub in the 70s. There was an old boy there who was quite a character. At a certain point in the evening when he had imbibed a bit of "juice," he would remove his false teeth and play them like castanets to any lively number on the juke box!



Cheangun Nearme

ALAN HARPER

Hev yew noticed leartly
How evrything cheange nearme
Wot dunt mearke no diffrunce thou
The thing is jist the searme

Tearke the case o' binmen
Thet woz a perfick fit
Now they're refuse collecktus
Thet nearme sound effluwent

If yure bin known as Arthur
An' cheange it then to Bill
No-wun wud know jist who yew are
Yew moight as well be Jill

Thet happen tew in Norfuk
Jist tearke the NDR
Thet told yew jist ware yew wuz gorn
When dryvun in yure car

Now thass Broadland Northway
Thet is a big mouthful
An' all these years since thet was dun
Thet rud thet still int hull

An' then thare is Aviva
Wot sort a' nearme is thet
Narridge Yewnyun made much more sense
Aviva sound loike tat

Thet happen in sport a lot too
Them sponsors theare to blame

They want theare nearme on evrything
Com on chaps! Play the gearme!

I wonder if wun day we'll see
Carru Rud thet is no more
The grounds the searme in the searme place
A posh nearme on the door

In tha' middle a' Narridge
Carsull Mall int no more
Dunt worry! Thet int shut down yit
A new nearme's on the door

Now thass Carsull Kwarter
Dew that nearme really fit?
Want to know wot I think?
"Thass all a load a squit!"

An' so I say to peepull
Thinkun' a cheangun' earne
Ther's only wun thing wot meake sense
"JIST KEEP IT JIST THE SEARME!"

FOND Trosher Creative Writing Competition 2026

Please send your entries to us at norfolkdialect@yahoo.co.uk, including your name, your postal address, and your telephone number, no later than **15 October 2026**.

Entries must:

- be previously unpublished work, either prose or poetry,
- be a maximum of 1000 words
- include at least some Norfolk Dialect
- be typed, not handwritten



Hare I Go Agin

ALAN SMITH

When I got to 18, I bought a van. It was a Bradford Blue and Grey. It had a reversed gear box and a twin cylinder, horizontal opposed engine med ber Jovet. I gev £70 for't on H.P. from Duff Morgan Vermont, Dareham Rud, Norwich. That give me freedom ter travel out and about. We could squeeze in 6 or 7 on us in tha back an' I used ter tek us ter tha pictures or dance on a Sat'dy night. One night, comin' hum, tha thrust ring burned out and it shot out sparks and flearmes thru tha floor. The gals niver got over't and they never let me fergit it fer years.

I got a job cleanin' wearst paper, rags and scarp and I used ter tearke it up to Whites in Calvert Street, Norwich. Old man White used ter but up all sorts: bottles, jars, sacks etc (Whites are still gorn terday).

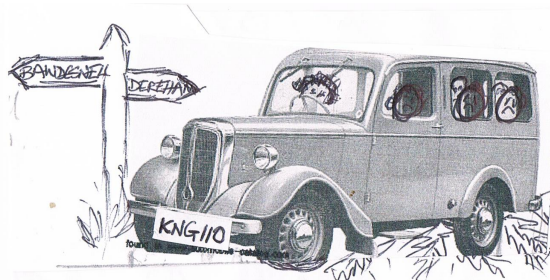
After the war people got rid of thare old furniture. I also cleared up this old stuff and a lot of it became antiques which I bought up in my spare tome. It was a good sideline which I have always follered. I have still got stuff that I bought yares ago. I was still workin' on tha farm at that time. I now go round and give talks about old tools and the way of the farms and village life in tha 40s and 50s. Now gone forever sadly.

I was brought up in Bawdsewell. It had four shops, two pubs, butchers, cobbler, blacksmith and chapel. There was Gospel hall Sunday school which we all hatta attend. We had a wooden village hall which we called the hut. Good times were had there. Pictures on a Friday, no toilets to speak of and no health and safety but we lived ta tell the tale. We dint want much.

Well cheerio,

Alan

PS What yew never had
yew never miss



!?! All The Answers !?!

This Issue's Answers to the Dialect Quiz

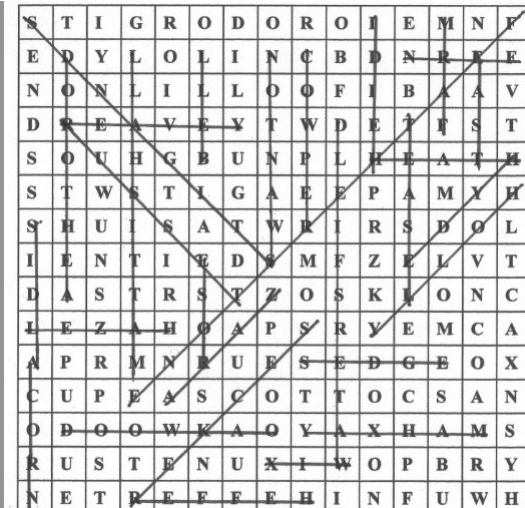
1.(b), 2.(a), 3.(b), 4.(a), 5.(c), 6.(b), 7.(a), 8.(all three), 9.(c), 10.(a)

This Issue's Answers to Colin's Quiz

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Oxburgh Hall | confirmed, but the record could be |
| 2. Circa 1416 | smashed again before the year is out.) |
| 3. William | 7. Couhe-Verac |
| 4. Thuxton | 8. Burnham Market |
| 5. Dereham Blues Festival | 9. Cromer Pier Pavilion Theatre on |
| 6. 37.1C at Marham in July 2022 (a | 26th October 2008 |
| provisional figure of 37.7°C recorded | 10. Michael Hunt |
| at Lingwood in June will beat this if | |

Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



Wordsearch Answers

Wordsearch Answers



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Recipe Corner

ANN REEVE

NORWICH TART

This was put on Facebook by Nikki Marshall who does local recipes from all around the country. I've never heard of this dish but she gives credit to the Norfolk Federation of Women's Institutes for the recipe and it sounds very tasty to me.

You will need a 9" deep tart tin or dish.

Ingredients:

8oz plain flour
4oz butter
Pinch salt
Water.

For the filling:

3oz butter
8oz icing sugar
1 large egg
Zest of 1 lemon and juice
6oz ground almonds
1 tsp baking powder
1 1/2 oz walnuts roughly chopped
3oz glacé cherries halved.

Method:

Make the pastry with just enough water to pull it together. Wrap it in cling film and put in the fridge for 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 200c.

Roll out the pastry and use to line the tart tin.

Blind bake for 15 minute and remove from oven.

Reduce the temperature to 160c.

While the case is cooking cream the softened butter, sugar, lemon zest and egg. Add the lemon juice, fold in the ground almonds and baking powder.

Use the mix to fill the pastry case.

Dot with chopped walnuts and cherries.

Bake for 30 to 40 minutes at 160c fan until golden brown.

Remove from oven and allow to cool before serving with cream or clotted cream. (I always have a can of that squirty cream in my fridge.)

You could vary things by using different nuts. Perhaps some chopped almonds? Maybe use some chopped soft dried apricots instead of cherries? Or a few raisins or sultanas?

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