

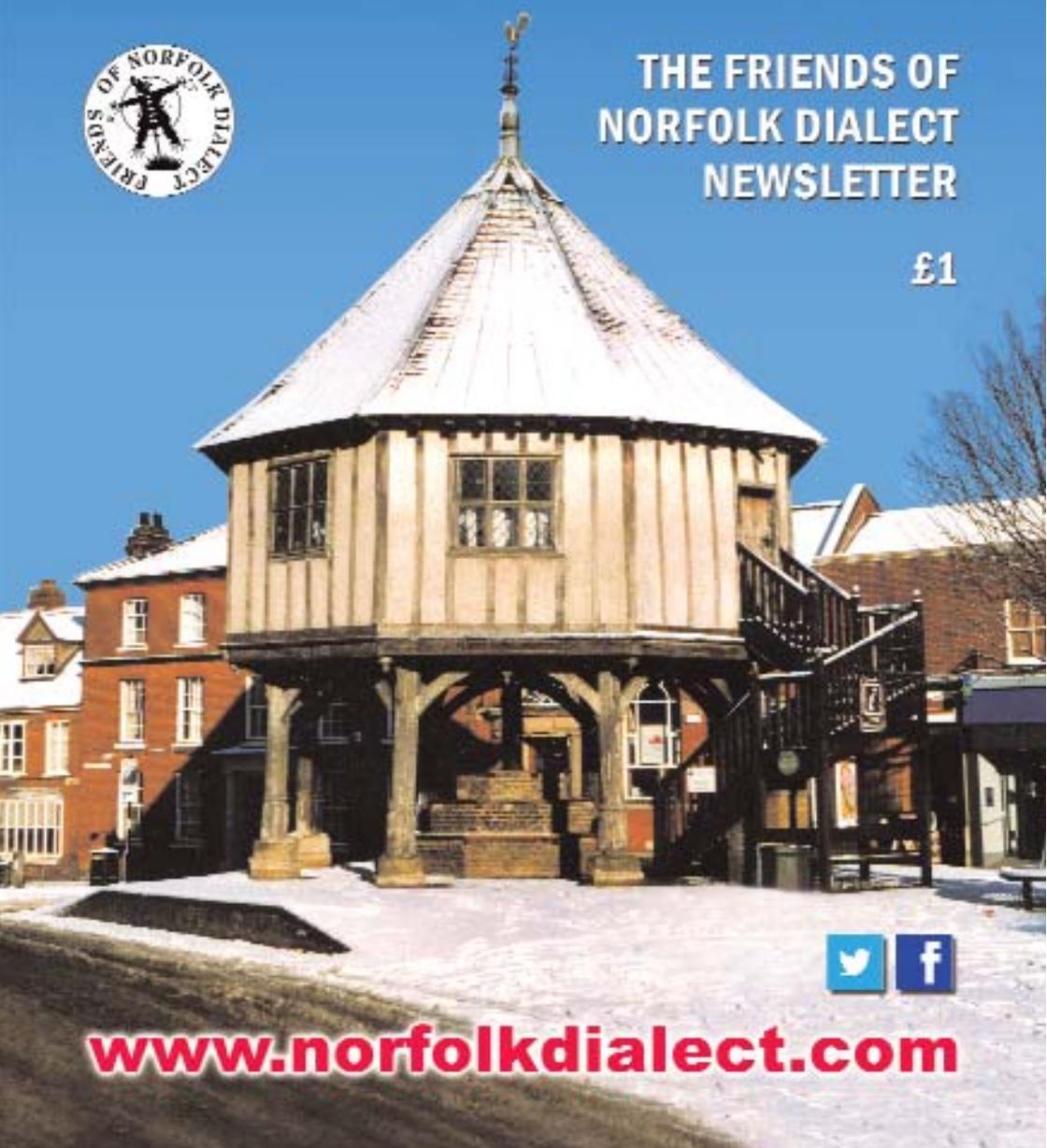
THE MERRY MAWKIN

NUMBER 51
WINTER 2013/14

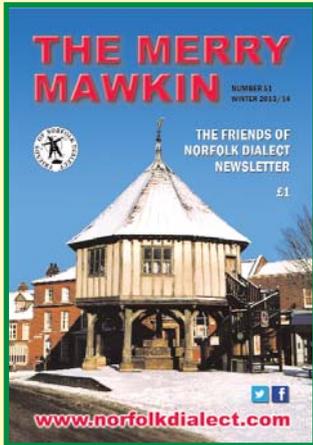


THE FRIENDS OF
NORFOLK DIALECT
NEWSLETTER

£1



www.norfolkdialect.com



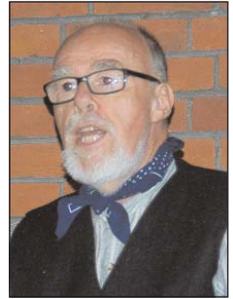
The Market Cross, Wymondham, with a seasonal dusting of snow.

IN THIS ISSUE

- 2 The chairman's report
- 4 Time for a change?
- 5 Conjunctions
- 6 The tin man cometh
- 7 Wordsearch: Heacham
- 8 Norfolk: a poetic county
- 8 Boy Colin's Norfolk quiz
- 9 Ole duck wot cam ter charch
- 10 Dews 2014 (for your diary)
- 10 Junior Trosher
- 11 FOND on air at the Ferry Inn
- 12 Talking turkey...
- 13 ...an' eat yer sprouts up!
- 14 FOND docks at Docking
- 15 Norfolk place-name limericks
- 16 Our own tongue
- 18 As long as Father had string
- 18 Wordsearch and quiz answers
- 19 Gorn to the Learkes
- 20 Happy Christmas, all on yer
- 21 Less be a-hearin frum yer
- 22 FOND officers & committee
- 23 Colourful Norfolk: Ranworth
- 24 Snowy Wymondham

The chairman's report

TED PEACHMENT



GREETINGS TO ALL our readers, and welcome to the 51st edition of the *Mawkin*. We have reached another milestone in the history of this illustrious magazine as, for the very first time, it is presented partially in colour. Thanks are due to our editor, Ashley, and our new printers, Harlequin Digital Print, of Gressenhall, who have successfully produced this new format and we hope that it meets with your approval. Your comments are welcome.

MERELY A FIGUREHEAD?

I am rapidly approaching the end of my first year in office and, although I have enjoyed the experience, it has not been an easy year, and anyone who thinks that a chairman is merely a figurehead should re-think that opinion, or have a go at doing it!

THANK YOU, VERA

One of our founder members, Mrs Vera Youngman, who has served on the FOND committee since its formation, has reluctantly decided to stand down. She has been a wonderful asset to us over the years and will be sadly missed.

For many years, committee meetings were held in her home in Yaxham, where we enjoyed her hospitality and her delectable homemade cakes and tea. Regular attendees of our dewes, throughout the county, will have noticed Vera's constant presence in the various kitchens, sometimes alone, making the refreshments and often providing them out of her own pocket.

For her sterling service, we offer Vera our sincere thanks and have made her an Honorary Life Member.

OUR THOUGHTS ARE WITH YOU

We are presently missing our vice-chair, Tina, and our thoughts and prayers are with her and her husband David.

'TONIGHT' RATHER DISAPPOINTING!

In the last edition, I mentioned that some of us had attended a filming and recording session with ITV for a feature on their *Tonight* programme. In spite of spending considerable time at this session, when it was eventually broadcast the transmission of our contribution covered a few seconds and

Keith Skipper was the only one who was featured, and then only for a very short time. (*see pictures on page 11.*)

A RIPPING GOOD YARN

On 22 September, we held a dew in the Ripper Hall in Docking and despite putting on a good programme of home-grown entertainment – including a remarkable sketch written and narrated by Pam Goldsmith (*below, right*) – the attendance, on such a beautiful, sunny day, was very disappointing.

Nevertheless, in that tiny audience, there was a member, Mr Ralph Nickerson, who now lives in, and had travelled from, Botswana, putting to shame the locals who were absent, and giving an international flavour to the event.

We also have a member, Stanley, originally from Moscow, who has lived in Norfolk since he was about 14, and who now speaks with an almost perfect Norfolk accent, including many of the dialect words and expressions.

AND FINALLY...

The Trosher Short Story competition is now closed and, at the time of writing, we had received 18 entries, which is most gratifying. Now starts the long, but enjoyable, task of judging the entries by our panel of literary experts.

Our next important event, advertised in the last edition, is the AGM, held in Yaxham Village Hall, on Sunday, 24 November, and I hope by the time you read this it will have been successful and well attended!

Please don't forget our requirements for new committee members, and for all members to consider taking a more active part in the running of this organisation, to ensure that it continues to flourish, grow, and promote our beloved dialect in our own county and throughout the world.

I look forward to seeing you soon and offer you all my early best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

FOND docks at Docking – more pictures on page 14.



THE MERRY MAWKIN

EDITOR/DESIGNER

Ashley Gray

EDITORIAL OFFICE

Ailsha
37 Ashleigh Gardens
Wymondham
Norfolk
NR18 0EY

Tel: 01953 607161

Email: editor@norfolkdialect.com

PLEASE NOTE

The editor reserves the right to amend or reject any item which has been submitted for publication in The Merry Mawkin.

It is the responsibility of all contributors to ensure any material they submit, written or photographic, is copyright-free.

The opinions expressed by contributors in The Merry Mawkin may not necessarily be held by the Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND), its officers or its committee members.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, in any form, without the prior permission of the Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND).

© 2013/14 FOND

PHOTO CONTRIBUTORS

Malcolm Anderson: page 21
Colin Burleigh: page 6
Alan Cooper: pages 2, 3, 11, 14
Ashley Gray: pages 1, 4, 7, 8, 23, 24
Sharon Ingle: pages 12, 13
Canon Peter Nicholson: page 20
Maggie Risby: page 16

PRINTED BY

Harlequin Colour Print
6 Swan Drive, Gressenhall
Dereham, Norfolk
NR20 4SW

Tel: 07941 513 683



Time for a change?

ASHLEY GRAY



IN THE PREVIOUS *Merry Mawkin* I asked if it was ‘time for a change’ with a possible revamp of our magazine in mind. Following a lengthy discussion with the FOND committee it was agreed to go ahead and even include some pages in colour! I do

hope you will be pleased with our ‘new’ look.

This has meant a change of printer of course so, at this point, I must say a big ‘thank you’ to John Seager, at Swallowtail Print Ltd, for all his help over the years and, at the same time, look forward to working with Ian and Mick, of Harlequin Colour Print, Gressenhall from this issue onwards.

With this being our very first issue in colour I decided to resurrect an earlier idea of mine and re-introduce a series of ‘then’ and ‘now’ pictures, complementing postcards from my collection with modern-day views of the same scene, starting with Ranworth, in Broadland.

My journey to Ranworth took a bit longer than I had expected as not having a ‘navigator’ – or the dubious ‘benefits’ of a SatNav – I managed to get lost! And, before you ask, there was no one standing by their garden gate to advise me: “Yew’d a bin betta orf a-cummin frum someware else...!”

Driving east along a very busy A47, I turned off at Blofield and headed towards Hemblington, following a sign that informed me ‘Ranworth: 4 miles’. So I just kept a-gorn. I’ve never known such a long four miles as, ten miles later it seemed, I was *still* a-gorn!

At South Walsham I noticed a sign directing me towards Ranworth, just a mile away, but, what a delight that last mile was – along leafy lanes, around twisting bends, dipping down dales and climbing up hills, until I motored along an avenue lined with thatched cottages.

There, on a corner, stood ‘The Maltsters’, featured on my vintage postcard, with the grassy-fronted staithe of Malthouse Broad close by, even in autumn still bubbling and bobbing with waterborne activity. One of Broadland’s prettiest little villages in my book.

After taking several photos of the public house, I stood back to gaze over the waters.

“Hev yew sin him, yit?” I heard someone say, and turned round to the old villager sitting on the bench by the green.

“Who’s that?” I replied.

“Wuh! Th’ow munk what hornt this hare plearce!” he replied, pausing to cast a hand out over the broad. “Yew’d a sinnim if yew’d bin arlier – but yar too learte terday, yew are.”

So intrigued was I – by his tale – I begged him to go on.

“Puhsifficuss wuz his nearme,” the old man continued, “an’ he useter row crorse the broad, frum th’ow abbey ware he lived, t’wark on our charch, Sunt Helens.

“But, one dear, when he returned hoome, he found orl his brother munks wuz mardered – dead, they wuz, stun dead, orl onnem.”

“But – who could have done such a thing?” I asked. “Thass unthinkable, ent it?”

“Suffun ter do wi the Dissulooshun, that wuz,” he went on, “but, dew ter orl his fella munks bein gorn, Brother Puhsifficuss rearned in his rooned abbey fur the rest a his natrul dears. When he died, our willagers buried him in the charchyard, where he still retarn – ivvery mornin – ter carry on his wark.

“Dew yew git hare round dearbrearke, yew’ll see him cummin through the mist crorse the broad in his boat, wi his dorg in the bows!”

I thought that was such a lovely tale I just had to share it with you, as well as my postcard of course! Hopefully, there’ll be plenty more in future issues of *The Merry Mawkin* – and anecdotes too!

“Dew yew hev a hully Happy Christmas an’ a prospruss New Yare anorl, tergether!”



Conjunctions

PETER TRUDGILL, PRESIDENT OF FOND



WE WERE TAUGHT when we went to school that conjunctions are words like *and* and *but* which are used to join words or phrases or sentences together – to conjoin them, that is. Other English conjunctions are *or*, *so*, *while*, *because* – and there are

very many more. I shall be using plenty of them in this article, and I have already used two: *when* in my first sentence, and *and*.

In our own Norfolk dialect we have over the centuries developed new conjunctions of our own which have not arisen in Standard English or in other dialects. For example, consider the word *time* in a sentence like *Go you and have a good wash time I git tea ready*. It is clearly a conjunction here, joining together the two sentences *Go you and have a good wash* and *I git tea ready*. If we translate the sentence into Standard English, we get *Go and have a good wash while I get tea ready*. *Time* is obviously working as a conjunction in this sentence exactly as *while* does in Standard English.

This usage of *time* as a conjunction is a Norfolk innovation. It is a relatively new development which is peculiar to us. Why did it happen? How did it come about? Clearly the conjunction *time* developed historically out of the noun *time*.

This is exactly what also happened with the Standard English conjunction *while*. In the sentence *I've been waiting for a long while*, *while* is a noun, referring to a period of time. (It can also be a verb as in *to while away the hours*.) In the sentence *I'll wait here while you're away*, *while* has become a conjunction. The type of change by means of which *while* became a conjunction as well as a noun is referred to in linguistics as 'grammaticalisation'. The word has taken on a

more grammatical role than it originally had – the role of conjoining.

The same, we can suppose, has happened with *time*. In *I've been waiting for a long time*, *time* is still a noun. But in the Norfolk sentence *I'll wait here time you're away*, *time* has become a conjunction. We can suppose it gradually acquired this function from sentences like *I'll wait here [for the] time [that] you are away*, where the words in brackets were slowly reduced and then disappeared.

Another new conjunction which we have developed in Norfolk also involves the process of reduction and loss. This is the word *more*, as in *The fruit and vegetables weren't as big as last year, more weren't the taters and onions*. Translated into Standard English, this would be *The fruit and vegetables weren't as big as last year, nor were the potatoes and onions*. The Norfolk conjunction *more* is equivalent to *nor* or *neither* in other dialects of English. We can see this very clearly in the *Boy John Letters*. The Boy John writes: *Aunt Agatha she say 'You don't know the difference'. Granfar say 'More don't you'*.

The origin of this must lie in longer grammatical constructions like *The fruit and vegetables weren't as big as last year, and no more were[n't] the taters and onions*, where 'and no more' has the same meaning as 'and nor' or 'and neither'. Gradually, over time, the 'and no' part has been reduced and omitted, and the word 'more' has been reinterpreted as a conjunction, just we have seen was the case with *while* and *time*.





The tin man cometh

THE BOY COLIN



OI BETTER GIT this in roight quick dew the Boy Ashley will be on moi barrer.

He're alreddy bin arter me twice fer my usual bit o' squit but thass bin orl go leartly. I're bin a'readin' the Trosher stories agin so thass took up a bitta

toime, and Rosemary and Ted cum on ter me about doin' anuther panto for yer.

Oi wuz hopin' things were gorn ter slow down for me but Oi seem jist as busy as ever.

Larst toime Oi see a lot onya Oi was hoppin' about on a stick. Well, I're gotta say things hen't got a lot betta. When Oi went ter see moi Knee Man in August he hed a scout round and found an old x-ray wot they took and fergot about and discovered th'ow hip had gone fer a burton. They got thare skeartes on this toime and in three weeks and a day they had me in the Spire Horspital and put me another joint in. Blarst, Oi'll sune be like a ruddy robot.

That wuz noice in the Spire and Oi cooda dun with a bit longer in thare corse the grub wuz really good, but arter they'd sin me troshin' about on my crutches they sune shot me outta thare.

I're still bin gorn out tryin' ter get a few larfs and hev had one or tew good dews. In October, Oi wuz longa the Bevin Boys at the Maid's Head in Norwich and that wuz a rare good dew. You hatta admire them – Oi'll tell you suffin' Oi wun't go down them holes in the ground diggin' up coal. Yit would Oi watta be in a submarine. Oi once went in one on dry land and even then Oi felt roight klorstrafobick. Oi'd tearke moi hat orf tew 'em ony Oi hen't gotta hat.

Soop toime agin an' Oi hed a luvvly droppa Gal June's salary soop t'day and that wuz whooly good. Oi hearte ter say it but winter is

jist about onnus, dark noights here and wind and rearn. Still, that hen't bin tew badda summer hev it?

Them boys down at Carrer Rud hen't got orf tew a werry good start – at least not at the toime of writin'. Less hope by the toime yew read this things are a bit betta. Somebody try ter tell me the manager hev lorst the dressin' room. Oi reckon thass being ruddy (no pun intended!) careless. Thass big enow – how the hell kin anyone lose a thing like that?

Hen't got no more for yew this toime so Oi'll git the table set fer tea. Think we're hevvin' chilli ternight. That'll dew me corse thass an excuse ter hev a bottle o' bare wi' it. Thass ter kule me down Oi tell Gal June and Oi think, so far, she believe it!

Happy Christmas together and less hope 2014 is good fer orl onnus.

Cheeeeerio

PS: Fer the second yare runnin' Oi writ yar panto in horspital. Oi'm not gorn ter mearke a habit onnit!




ALADDIN

by The Boy Colin

Curtain up 2pm,
Sunday, 12 January, 2014,
Lincoln Hall, Hingham

Tickets will be on sale in advance – book early to make sure of a seat

£3 members; £4 non members

Booking details on page 10



Wordsearch: Heacham

BRENDA BIZZELL

ANOTHER TESTING wordsearch puzzle from Brenda again – this time Heacham – but can you locate all the streets and regions listed below? You'll find the solution on page 18.

- Caius
- Caley
- Cedar
- Collins
- Cross
- Davy
- Dix
- Fenside
- Fenway
- Fir
- Forest
- Gidney
- High
- Jennings
- Lavender
- Leaside
- Lords
- Lynn
- New
- Norway
- Nourse
- Marea
- Pine
- Pocahontas
- Rolfe
- School
- Seabank x2
- Sitka
- Torrey
- Wilton

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



An early postcard of the Old Bridge at Heacham.

(Checking on Google street view, the old bridge is still there, although half-hidden under trees on a minor road adjacent to the A149 – Ed)



Norfolk, a poetic county

MORE FROM OUR BUDDING POETS

HANGIN' OWT THE WASHIN'

By Lil Landimore

Cor, there ent half a good droi out yer know,
 Oi'll git them linen pegged out an' give 'em a
 blow,
 There's Grandad's long johns an' Gran's
 pashin' killers,
 There's slips anorl that Oi took orf them
 pillers,
 Socks and shatts and sheets as well –
 See how the wind mearke 'em biller an' swell.

There's his owd Jamas and har see thru –
 Jeans an' trowsers an' owd sweaters too.
 Whoites an' pastils and cullers so broite,
 All danglin' an' tuggin' in the strong
 sunloight.

They should all git droiy afore too long,
 If that bloomin' loine do hold up strong.

THE FARMER

By Jean Eaglen

There is no time to sit and rest
 The farmer has to feed and test
 For all the bugs there are around
 Both in the air and on the ground.
 To milk the cows at early morn
 Again at dusk, and reap the corn.
 And so the year goes on and on
 No time to sit and be forlorn.
 To feed the pigs and chickens too
 Seven days a week and all year through.

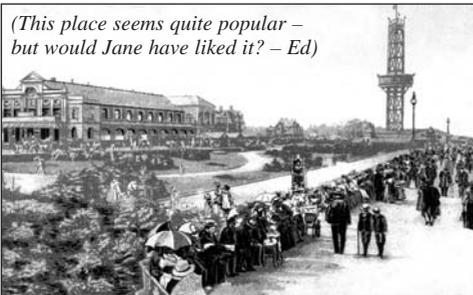


Boy Colin's Norfolk quiz

TEST YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

- 1 On which river does the Surlingham Ferry House pub stand?
- 2 Who did England fight in the Naval Battle of Lowestoft in 1665?
- 3 Which *Daily Express* sports reporter once worked for the *EDP*?
- 4 Jane Austen wrote in *Emma* of 'the best of all seabathing places'. Which resort was she referring to?
- 5 Who was Norwich City's captain when they won the 1985 Milk Cup?
- 6 Where were many of ITV's *Weavers Green* programmes filmed?
- 7 Where was architect George Skipper born?
- 8 What would you be doing if you were using a 'didle'?
- 9 Which Norfolk Hall has a 16th century priest hole?
- 10 What is an 'erriwiggle'?

(This place seems quite popular –
 but would Jane have liked it? – Ed)



Answers on page 18.



Th'ole duck wot cam ter charch

CANON PETER NICHOLSON

TH'OLE PARSON he stood in the pulpit
One Sunday mornin' in May,
When a fat ole duck waddled right up the aisle
Dew yew know what he hatter say?
"Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun."

The varger he went ter the cupboard,
And pulled out a darty greart broom.
He flew up the aisle, a wearving his dwile
He say: "Oi'll soon send you hoom."
Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun.

Th'ole duck he flew up ter the lectern.
(They're shearped loike an eagle, they are)
He just took one look and soon slung his hook,
He wished he hen't travelled that far!
Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun.

He flew through the screen ter the organ
And set there a minute or two.
When the man played the psalm he cam ter no
harm,
He thought Oi might play that thing too.
Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun.

He flew down the charch with a flutter
And set on an ole woman's hat.
She say: "I do beg, come and lay you yer egg
And set down and we'll hev a chat."
Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun.

Th'ole parson, he finished his sarmon,
It wuz only a quarter past ten.
Th'ole duck, that little ole waarmin he wuz
He quacked out a hearty "Amen."
Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun.

Th'ole mallard he coon't see ner future
In staying in charch fer an hour,
So he took ter the air in the charchyard ter fare
And stayed there till half arter four.
Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun.

So now they doan't leave the door open,
So ducks can git inter the charch.
The parson doan't want interruptions, he say:
"The varger oan't clean up the perch."
Thass a rummun, bor; thass a rummun.

Th'ole duck, he flew orf in the evening;
He naver cam back ner more.
The next time they see him a waddling about
Wuz outside the Bishop's front door.
Thass a rummun, bor, thass a rummun.

That that is an all. Batter keep rabbits cos they can't fly!

One a you claver people might set this ter music like the Singing Postman. Oi went ter skule alonga him, yer know! Bloind as a bat, he wuz without his glasses. Nice chap, though!

Just a reminder, tergether



SEND your letters, anecdotes or poems (preferably including *some* Norfolk dialect) – pictures too if you have them – to the editor:

Ashley Gray, The Merry Mawkin
37 Ashleigh Gardens, Wymondham, Norfolk NR18 0EY

Or email your material to: editor@norfolkdialect.com

Please submit material for the spring issue of *The Merry Mawkin* no later than **Monday 10 February 2014**.

DEWS 2014

FOR YOUR DIARY

ALADDIN

DON'T MISS THE FOND PANTO!

At 2pm, on **Sunday, 12 January, 2014**, in the Lincoln Hall, Hingham.

This year, **tickets will be on sale in advance** so that you can make sure of getting a seat.

Admission: £3 members; £4 non-members.

Please send a cheque made out to 'FOND' to:

Rosemary Cooper, FOND
secretary, Tyddyn, Swanton Avenue,
Dereham NR19 2HJ.

NORFOLK IN WW1

AN ILLUSTRATED TALK BY LOCAL HISTORIAN, NEIL STOREY

At 2pm on **Sunday, 23 March, 2014**, in the Lincoln Hall, Hingham.

Admission: £3 members; £4 non-members.

CELEBRATION OF NORFOLK DIALECT

THE 'NEW' ANNUAL COMPETITION FOR PEOPLE TO READ NORFOLK DIALECT

At 2pm on **Sunday, 27 April, 2014**,
at East Tuddenham Jubilee Hall.

Admission: £3 members; £4 non-members.

10 THE MERRY MAWKIN



Junior Trosher

NORMAN HART

FOND IS INVITING young people, still at school, to enter the exciting **Junior Trosher Competition 2014** to join us in celebrating our local dialect.

Their entries may be written work, ie. a story, a poem, or a dictionary etc – or maybe an oral recording – but, whichever is chosen it must be based on a local topic and contain some use of Norfolk dialect.

GENERAL RULES AND PRIZES

There are two sections: a) Year 6 and below, and b) Year 7 to 11. (Sixth formers may enter the adult 'Trosher Competition' which runs over the summer months, ending in mid-October 2014.)

Book token prizes will be awarded to the winners and these will be: 1st, £25; 2nd, £15; 3rd, £10.

Each school should submit the best 10% of their entries to FOND for judging, with support available from FOND members at each stage if a school wishes. Certificates will also be awarded to all entries submitted to FOND.

The winners will be invited to our Festival of Dialect in Spring 2015, to receive their prizes and, if 'brave' enough, will be invited to read their work.

An entry requirement is that we may publish any work that has been submitted.

Indications of interest to enter may be made up to the end of the Autumn term (i.e. Christmas).

Actual entries must be submitted to FOND by February half-term.

CONTACT EITHER:

Norman Hart, Education Officer,
42, London Road, Harleston IP20 9BW
Tel: 01379 852667.

Or:

Rosemary Cooper, FOND Secretary,
Tyddyn, Swanton Avenue, Dereham NR19 2HJ
Tel: 01362 697628. *Email:* secretary@norfolkdialect.com

FOLLOW US ONLINE



@ <https://twitter.com/fondnorfolk>



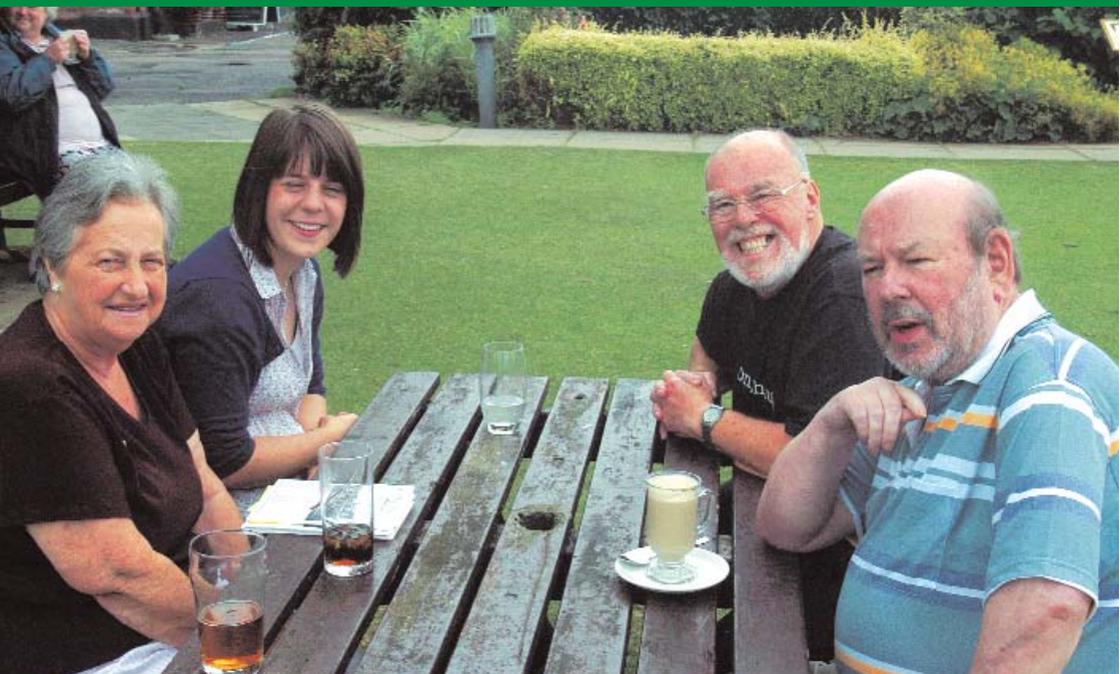
@ <https://www.facebook.com/pages/FOND-Friends-of-Norfolk-Dialect/301910709899035>

WINTER 2013–2014



FOND on air at the Ferry Inn, Horning

ABOVE: Keith Skipper being interviewed by ITV, for the 'Tonight' programme, beside the River Bure at the Ferry Inn, Horning. **BELOW:** (clockwise, from left) Rosemary Cooper, Diana Rackham, Ted Peachment and Keith Skipper enjoy a break by the river, during filming at Horning. After spending some considerable time filming for the programme, the FOND contribution was only on-screen for a minute or so!





Talking turkey...

SHARON INGLE

“I AUNT LOOKIN FORWARD ter Christmas” said Alfred.

“Sorry to hear that Alfred,” said Jack, “is it because you’re a turkey?”

“Yis, thass right, yew rub it in. Um a tuckey, a fine ow Norfolk Black tuckey livin wi’ yew poshuns wi’ your bitta land. I keep yew company and tidy your garden and how are you gornter repay me? Your gornter eat me. Thanks a bundle!”

“I don’t want to eat you and I’m pretty sure Mummy doesn’t want to eat you, but Daddy’s an accountant and he says we’ve paid to fatten you up and we should enjoy our home-reared produce. I know you’re special Alfred, not many turkeys can talk.”

“Thass my only chance. My ancestors never said a wud; come Christmas Eve that wooz Silent Night orl right. The only gobbling wooz

the next day when orl the people were tucking in. A whiff of sage and onion, they’d eat us up, giblets an’ orl.”

“Giblets?” said Jack, “I haven’t had those. Are they like Twiglets?”

“Not eggzackly, Jack. Anyway, yew’ll be orl right, your hoomun. Yew ken look forward ter Christmas, yew git an Advent calendar wi’ charclits ter eat. My days are numbered, I’ll be plucked and stuffed and eaten. And thass arter I’re bin murdered.

“I won’t let it happen, Alfred,” said Jack. “I can’t eat you. You’re my friend. I’ll tell Dad, it’s not right, we’re not cannonballs.”

“Cannibals, I think yew mean,” said Alfred, “you’re not cannibals. Or cannon balls.”

“Dad...” said Jack later, “I’m a vegetarian. And Mum is a vegetarian. And I want Alfred for Christmas as my present. I don’t want expensive toys or games or gadgets. I just want to keep Alfred.”

“Who’s Alfred?” asked his dad, Derek.

“Our turkey,” said Jack.

Derek shot an arrow-sharp look of accusation towards Norma, Jack’s mother.

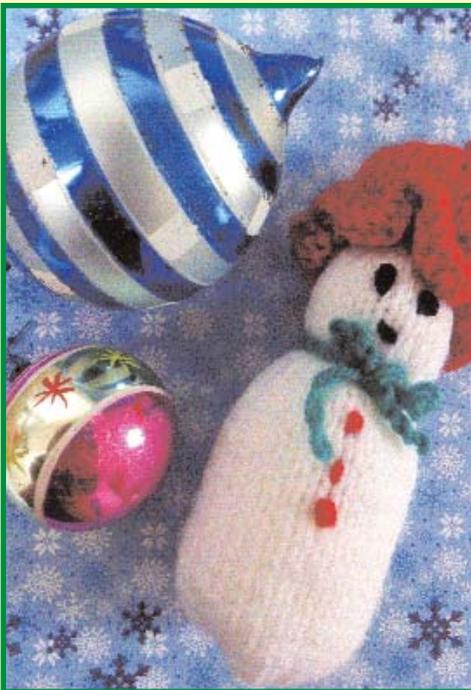
“I told you not to let him get attached. As soon as you give them a name it makes it personal. Look, Jack, I bought a turkey so that we could rear our own Christmas lunch. I’m growing potatoes, parsnips and sprouts on the allotment. It’s about working towards self-sufficiency.”

“I’m not eating Alfred,” said Jack, “and Alfred told me to tell you he’ll be gristly and dry and flavourless. I’ll eat your vegetables but I’m not eating turkey.”

“Norma? Tell me that you don’t agree with this vegetarian business?”

“Sorry, Derek, I can’t face eating our turkey. I’ve been feeding him for months, since he was small. He follows me around the garden, I would really miss him.”

“I’m outnumbered as usual,” said Derek, “you two always gang up on me. Hey, what do



you mean, Jack? You said Alfred TOLD you he'd be gristly and dry."

Jack shuffled awkwardly. "I'm a kid, Alfred trusts me. We share our problems. It's better than having an imaginary friend isn't it Dad? You taught me to care for others."

Derek couldn't argue with that. "Okay, but you have to remember that a turkey is not a domestic pet. You can't let him in the house."

Four of them sat at the table for Christmas lunch. Alfred couldn't believe his luck; he'd expected to be ON the table. They'd let him sleep in the kitchen and Norma was wearing a feather boa to make him feel at home.

"Have another sweet, Alfred," offered Jack.

"I will," said Alfred, "thass nice. What is it?"

"It's called Turkish Delight," said Jack.

"Well, this tuckey is delighted. Thank yew fer lettin me join your family festivities."

"You ARE family," said Jack, "I're allus whatered a brother"

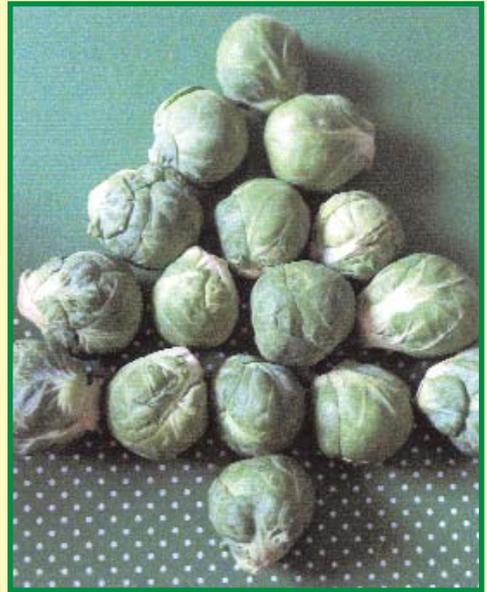
Alfred laughed. "Yew be careful, yew dornt whater tork like me, yewd qualify as a rare breed then and they're endangered".

"And very special," said Derek. "Cheers Alfred!"

... AN' EAT YER SPROUTS UP!

ARE THEE POPLAR in your house? Brussels git a bad press, but in Norfolk we like 'em cors wear allus grown 'em. Thutty year ago, wunna my arnees uster go sprouting. Tha' wooz a good way ter earn sum money fer Christmas an' there wooz about ninety wimmin working as packhouse trimmers at a firm in Stalham. A lotter the work wooz hard on the hands; cold, muddy and wet. The seed wooz set, when the plants got ter about six inches tall they wooz pulled up and bundled into fifties to be set in rows in the field.

When the stalks had sprouts arn, thee wooz topped ter meark the sprouts cum at the searm time orl the way up the stalk. Tha' wooz hard cors the stalks were then knee high and growing close together. A month afore they wooz ready fer cutting thee hatta be deleafed. When the stalks wooz cut, the wimmin uster trim the sprouts orf inter baskets and teark the



empty stalks outside. The men oud sort the sprouts inter diffrent sizes (riddle them) and the sprouts oud go orf either fer freezing or ter Marks and Sparks ter sell as 1lb pre-packs. Orl tha' fer suffin moust people dornt like.

Acors, learter arn, a lotter workers got replacard by machines, conveyer belts an' tha'. Everyone buy 'em cors tha' wort be Christmas wi'out sprouts but I dornt know how many git et an' how many git hid in plant pots.

Sprouts are wunna my fearvrits: bright green, shiny round and fragranced. Spooz the fragrance is a problem but thass cors they git boiled up fer hours and they onlee teark eight minutes ter cook. Um sure sum people git their sprouts on jist arter Bonfire Night.

I read about someone who went dressed as a sprout for a play at school. The teacher asked what he'd come as. "A Sprout," he sez. Orl the other kids were dressed as fairies and elves.

"A Sprite," yelled the teacher. "You're meant to be a Sprite!"

I're sin door wreaths mearda sprouts and Christmas cards wi' 'em arn. Yew ken meark sprout soop anorl. (*Recipe on page 17.*)



FOND docks at Docking

ABOVE: Alan Smith, Pam Goldsmith, Janet Spauls and Rosemary Cooper take a bow after their performance in the Ripper Hall, at Docking, where FOND put on an excellent programme of home-grown entertainment. BELOW: (left) Janet Spauls relaxing with David Mason, the Singing Shepherd, at Docking; (right) Chairman Ted Peachment, sporting a fine weskit (obviously a 'chicken fancier'), entertains at Docking.





Norfolk place-name limericks

MORE STANZA SQUIT

CANON PETER NICHOLSON

A sartin' ole mawther frum Skeyton
 Navver hed narthin' ter bite on.
 Th'ole dentist he say:
 "There's narthin' ter pay,
 Corse Oi hen't got ner pearper ter wroite on."

*What th'ole dentist meant wuz he hen't done
 narthin' ter har, so her din't hatter wroite
 narthin' down – but that dun't rime, dew it?*

A careless ole cowman near Trunch
 Dropped his false teeth in his lunch.
 The egg said "Helloo"
 The sossidge said "Noo"
 And the bearcon went down with a crunch.

The miller's good leardy frum Sutton
 She hen't got no teeth – she's a glutton.
 When they didn't come through
 She wun't harf in a stew,
 So she swallered a hull leg a mutton.

A rummun ole leardy frum Reedham
 Hen't got no false teeth an' din't need 'em.
 She ony ett slops
 Snaps, crackles an' pops,
 Till they blew orf har hid into *freedom.

** That mean 'kingdom come' but Oi dussent
 wroite that 'corse thass rude, en't ut?*

*Moi mother she say "Navver tempt
 Providence."*

*Moi grandmother's nearme wuz Providence.
 We called har 'Prowy' but not ter har fearce
 dew we would a got a clip a the lug.*

*Whe she barnt the shortcearkes moi
 grandfather called har suffin' else!*

There wuz a young man frum West Barsham
 Who took out his dentures ter wash 'em.
 His mother say: "Jack!
 If yew doan't put 'em back,
 I'll jam on them gnashers an' squash 'em."

LIL LANDIMORE

There wuz a young lad cum from Fring,
 For years to his gal Rose he'd bring
 Flowers so sweet,
 Choclearates to eat,
 But wun't never no sign of a ring.

His mother consarned 'bowt him an' Rose,
 Said: "Oi dun't wanner poke in moi nose,
 But, for goodness searke
 How long do that tearke
 To git down on yer knee an' propose?"

"But, Mum," the young man criod,
 "Oi assure yer Oi hev hully triod,
 The truth is, yer see,
 She can't cook loike thee,
 And Oi dun't loike everything froid!"

"Now, dun't tork so darft," say she,
 "An easy arnsr to this there be,
 Just watch and look,
 And larn how Oi cook,
 Corse yer know yew on't allust hev me."

So his mum's advoice he soon took,
 With har help an' a good cook'ry book.
 He soon larnt the way,
 T'hev a good meal evraday,
 An' wuz glad that he'd larnt how to cook.

So orf he went with a ring to see Rose,
 An' got down on one knee to propose,
 "Now," said he,
 "Will yer marry me?"
 She repliod, "If yew do the cookin' I s'pose."

So now they were ready to get wed,
 "Yer know Oi'll do the cookin'," he said,
 But Rose wun't so sure,
 For she'd orfen prefer,
 To hev a good ole froi-up instead!





Our own tongue

IDA FENN



WE ALL used t'be out agin the geert, t'watch the greert owld tree go past. Thart hatter be woon o' the best in the planten, an the wood men cut ut down. They loaded ut up on the long drug, a thing what woz mostler wheels an axles, an then, wuth

tew hosses t'pull, away thart go t'the Willage Hall. Thart looked a'must like a corpse in a corfen. Not a branch must be bruck a gitten on ut in at the door, dew the Squire, he'd mobb.

Thart looked a treert, stuck up there at the ind o' the rume, w'the top braanches touching the copwebs up above, an than the barrow loads o' toys wore wheeled in. Load arter load cam lumberin' in. The Squire, and the leerder o' the parish, they bought an begged from all over the pleece, so's the little uns should hev a good time o' Christmas. Thart took the best part o' a week o' nights ter dress up thart there tree, but when thart woz done – well, bor! Yow narver see sitch a sight. There woz a hust o' candles, all ridder t'be lit when the greert time cam. Than at last the door woz shet an locked, arter the hangin ile lamps'd bin blowed out, an thart wunnerful, burtiful tree woz left all alone.

Than cam the greert night f'the parter. Some onnum wore there an hour afore time, a shivverin in the snow. They stood up o' the corner agin the big doors onder the wind, an some onnum tried t'peek trow the cracks in the door, seein if they c'd catch a glimpse of all what woz shet up there.

Not a minnut afore time woz the door onlocked, an than yow sh'd hear the "Oh's!" an the "Ah's" when at laast they crammed trow.

Thowld tortoise stove woz red hot, an the big rume warm as tust. Greert teerbles wore set the length o' the floor, an on tham trestle

teerbles there woz ivvery kind o' little iced keerk you c'd 'magine. But best of all woz the tree. Nobrer knew what they ett, 'cause all hids wore tarning t' the tree.

"Wonder what I'll git ter year," an' "I hope I git thart greert owld top up there, 'cause I're still got my carpenter set what I got last year, so I dornt want anourther," thart woz what ye heered a'twin munches.

Tea woz browt round in big cans, an we all hildd up our cups what we'd browt along with us.

The Squire, he paid his visit jest afore the tea woz done, so he c'd walk round an hev a waad here an there wuth the grown ups, an pat the hids o' the little 'uns. Than he said "Good Night, all," an off he go.

'Course, all the time he woz there, yow might ha heard a pin drop, an we all laid down our keerks an set still as mice, but the moment he woz out o' the door, there let out sitch a hulla-bulloo of relief; 'cause we wore all afraid o' Squire.

Arter the teerbles wore putt away, there cam a knock at the door, an we all waant quiet agin. 'Haps thart woz the Squire back agin, but no.



The Norfolk Magazine

Nov/Dec '53

Published by the Norfolk Magazine, Queen Street, Norwich, and West Norfolk Newspapers, King's Lynn.

COVER:
A snowy
Beehive Lodge,
Costessey –
by Neals.

Thart wooz a big owld man in a red coat an big butes. His hidd wooz a'must hid up wer a greert owld hood.

He said "Good evening" to us, an waant marchin up t'our tree. We knew than hew he wooz. He wooz Father Christmas.

Somebrer started up – "For he's a jolly good farler," an we all jined in, an all the time thart owld man stood there a'smlin' out o' his red owld feece.

Than he tarned round, an one o' the halpers got a pair o' steps, an begun t'cut the strings o' the wunnerful things what hung there. Each time a string wooz cut, a child's neerme wooz called out, an thart woon walked up an took the praasant from Father Christmas. Thart took a long time t'ondress thart tree, an the rume got nizer an nizer – like a hive o' bees, thart wooz. Ivverbodder had t' look at ivverybodder else's present, an than, when thart wooz all done, the candles wore all blew out, keerse o' fire, an we all hallert "Hew-ray!" f'the Squire, an than agin fer all the folks what'd had a hand in this grand dew.

NORFOLK

O'ER NORFOLK PLAINS the plovers cry
From Broad to Broad the mallards fly
Their placid surface rumpling
And both the peasant and the lord
Sit constantly before a board
Heaped with the local dumpling.

Although 'tis not the only food
For which, for man's beatitude,
The county's more than noted
(The herring in his millions strong,
Arrives at Yarmouth all day long,
Imploring to be bloated).

To dumplings Norfolk men are true,
As Irishmen to Irish stew,
As Highlanders to porridge.
They eat them ever, far and near,
From Sandringham to Horsey Mere,
From Narborough to Norwich.

ANON



SHARON'S RECIPE

SPROUT SOOP – TER SERVE 4

Half ounce bu'er

Small unyun, peeled an'charp

Large tater, peeled an' sliced

2pts stark (veg or chickin)

Bay leaf

Pound a trimmed sprouts

Taduit: sorfen unyun in bu'er wi'out discolouring, add tater, stock, bay leaf. Bring ter boil. Stir in sprouts, cover pan. Simmer till veg are tender. Remove bay leaf. Sieve or liquidise soop. Reheat gently, season ter tearst.

Happy Christmas ter yer orl an' do yer eat yer sprouts up!

Arter thart, the fiddle an the concertina, they struck up, an the young gals an booy's an thar parents, they all took t'the floor an done shot-teeshes an polkas, whilst the mothers tucked the beerbers inta thar shawls an meered f'hummm.

Music waant on till a'must midnight, than at last the lights wore blew out, woon ber one, an ivverybodder said "Good-night!" an waant singin' away in the cold, frorster night.

Behind, shet up in thart littered rume, stood the greert tree, all alone. I reckon he stood there an thowt about where he should ha' bin – out there, in the Big Wood, a'holding the little baads in his branches, an a'rockin tham off t'sleep t'the song o' the owls, what allust called up in the Big Wood all night long.

I allust lay an thowt about thart poor tree, arter I'd gone up t'bed. Though I took my praasant up t'bed wuth me, thart than co'n't meerke up fer what I thowt about thart poor tree. I wished he'd narver bin cut down – 'cause ye see, I knew exactler where he'd grew.



As long as Father had some string

WENDY MONTGOMERY

FATHER HE HAD a bit of string for every awkward thing that government, weather or just bad luck hulled at us.

Wartime, yew just coont get spare parts for nuffin' and he had to dew most of the farm hisself.

"Go yew and get me a bitta binder twine," he would say.

There he would be, underneath the binder, tying suffin' up – just the ends of his ole dungarees and his rubber boots stickin' out.

"Turn yew that red handle for me – OK – now backards. Thass orlright now," he'd say.

So, a young farmer and his daughter sorted the canvas rollers and got back to cuttin' the corn afore it clouded over and got tew damp. Cuh, those barley harms didn't half irritate. That was my job to sit on the binder and pull the levers when he said so.

Post-war times were still hard: pail handles, gearte fastenings, ventulators in the deep litter hin-house, holes in wire-nettin' and the tail-gate of the morfrey, they all got baler-twined.

I weren't no girl guide but I do a good reef knot and a sheep shank for shortnin'. Funny what yew remember even arter all this time.

Harvest got easier with a Massey Ferguson combine and a straw-baler. We got thick old baler string – nylon stuff, hully tough – that come in though.

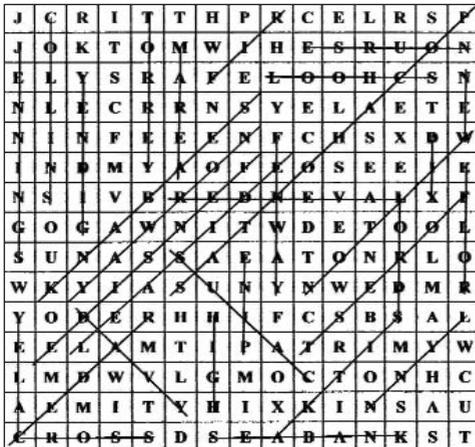
We kep luvly Friesian cattle but there wuz allus one that would try an' get out through any gap in the hedge. Father, he would bung them holes up with a couple of old huddles. He used the baler twine, bright orange as I 'member, to tie 'em together.

Times got better alonga subsidies an' he started to go on holiday. One time he was tourin' in the Highlands in his big ole Rover. He had a luvly time lookin' over the fields at the cattle seein' what sort of beef the Scotsmen were rearin'.

Blast, best of all was seein' how Norfolk maltin' barley went into whisky.

On the way humm, the car exhaust it come down. He had a good ole length o' baler twine in the boot – blue it wuz – so he got underneath the car and tied the pipe back up and on we went.

Like all the gritty farmers of his time he could allus make dew and mend. Thass as long as he had some string!



Wordsearch solution and Boy Colin's Norfolk quiz answers

- 1 River Yare; 2 The Netherlands;
- 3 Mick Dennis; 4 Cromer; 5 Dave Watson
- 6 Heydon; 7 Dereham;
- 8 Digging or clearing a ditch; 9 Oxburgh Hall;
- 10 An earwig.





Gorn to the Learkes

ALAN SMITH

THASS A DAY a two ago now when I sa t'Colin that I hearn't navva bin in a proppa airaplearne. I're bin in a littl'un wunce affor, but navva a big'un. I sa t'him I sa, I'll go to Scotland, return, jus fa a roid.

He sa t'me: "Why d'y'a wanta go t'Scotland? Thass noice at the Learkes, an thass nigher."

Well, I navva knew ware them plearnes went, but I wanted to hev a roide on a big'un. So we settled fa the Learkes. A corse, Colin hed ta sort ud all out – he kin tork posher n me. Then Londoners won't know wot I wus a torkin about.

We all tarned up on that particular mornun, an arter a lot a mearkun out who we wus, we all got set in the plearne. I set agin a winda so as I'd be earble ta see what wus agorn on, but I cudn't mearke much out.

As I looked outa my winda I saw that lump nigh the wing. It fared t'be parta the plearne, wi a greart hole in the ind, nigh my winda. That worrid me; a bard cud git in there an navva be sin agin.

Arter we got back ontu the ground I spuk t'someone about it, an he told me thass how they git cooked meat fa sandwiches ta sarve on the plearne. He sa t'me: "They're sucked inta that hole; that killum, pluckum, cookum an sarve um up on the plearne." I knew that wus a lie, corse nobody hed offered me any cooked seagull.

A falla, wot said he warked there, told me learter, that wus all t'do wi ventileartion. An he know, he wark there!

We'd jus got orf the ole plearne when I saw that falla, but – my hart! – worn't there a lotta folks about there. I wus agorn t'hev a batta look at t'plearne, but they sa t'me: "Cum yew on, or yew'll git lorst!" I navva knew we wa at Manchesta, I wus told learter.

How avva Colin sortud out what t'do, I'll navva know. He sa t'us: "Stop yew thare tergather." Then he went orf and, arter a wile, cam back wi a mota car. We got in and Colin

driv it – but, wot about the traffic, there wus mile arter mile on it.

All on us wa hully glad t'git t'where we wus gorn, all searfe an sound – thank yew, Colin.

The Learkes wus luvly, so wus the folks wot we met there; they gearve us good pleartes fulla grub avvery mornun: sossidge, bearcur, tust, an pletty onnit, an corfee. Arter brackfust, we useter go orf out.

Where avva Colin got that car frum, they sa he'd be earble t'hev it till we went home, an I thowt that wus good onnem. It wus luvla gorn round the Learkes, althow we orfun went on Shank's Pony, but I cudn't manige summa the wust hills, so Colin got out the car agin.

That worn't long afore Munda mornun cam an we hatta pack our stuff an git riddy t'cum home agin. Colin browt th' ole mota round, the searme one he'd bin a'drivin about up there. We all onnus got in an he tarned it round, an orf we go to th' plearne at Manchesta.

We got there searfe an sound, but worn't there a crowd onnum thare? The searme as when we cam, and, to top the lot, th' plearne to Norridge hed bin cancelled an worn't agorn.

I set maself down on wunna thar seats wot stood abowt there, an I thowt wun't it be luvla if we hatta return to the Learkes agin for a dear or tew. I orta known betta, corse Colin hed tearkun th' mota back, an we wus stuck at Manchesta. Howavva, arter a wile, a falla cam acorse an spuk to Colin. He told him we cud go, but not yit.

Arter a wile, a plearne cam an somebody sa: "Git in fa Norrdige!" – an we all got in. I am shore all onus wa hully tired – I wus – but I wus happa; I'd bin on tew plearnes, both onnum big'uns.

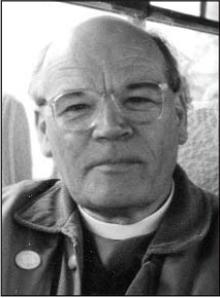
I're larnt since thow, that there are bigga plearnes, but they go fatha afild, an I hearn't got a passport.

So, pass me a nother pint an I'll howld ma row!



Happy Christmas, all on yer

CANON PETER NICHOLSON



THET MUSTA bin the rain what wook me up as mornin' at about three. I lay there thinking about Christmasses when Oi wuz four or five years old. Rummin, in't it? Christmas allus started on December the first unless thet wuz a Sunday! Out cam

th'ole mixing bowl and in went the currants and raisins outer them there blue bags from Hensman's a Stalham. Oi had the job of cutting up the candied peel and, a course, I ate the sugar I cut out. We all had a stir and then moi mother put the puddings up in white cloths mearde outer old sheets or piller cearses.

Another noit we mearde the pearper chains outer strips a gummed coloured pearper. We hatter be careful where we hung 'em coarse a th'old parafeen tearble lamp dew they'dc aught fire. Moi father allus lit his cigarettes from the top a the lamp glass. He allus mearde his own with that there Rizla Jiffy gadgamore. Sometoimes I would mearke him half a dozen. Thet felt more loike a factory, that did.

Moi grandmother, who lived next dor, allus killed the cockerels fer Christmas and she allus hung them upside down on har pear tree. One day Oi went ter have a look and one on 'em fluttered so I never went nigh them agin until they were plucked!

Some years we went to stay with my aunt Alice at Worstead. Mr Blaxell useter tearke us. He wuz a coal marchant but he naver took us in his lorry coarse he had a car an all. He wuz a chapel man and, on the Camp Meeting Sunday, when they hed the sarvice out a doors, you could hear him singing all over the village. He had a master great voice, he had. Moi mother told him not ter droive ser fast and he say "Whatter you narvous, Mrs Nicholson?"

After the bridge at Stalham he would put his

foot down as far as Wayford bridge. "Are you all roit there in the back?" he would say. Moi mother was speechless with fear by then.

My father would bike over on Christmas Eve coarse he hatter work, yew see. On Christmas Day he and Oi would go ter Worstead charch but thet woon't much good coarse they had them there box pews and Oi couldn't see narthin over the top. Reverend Kershaw got up inter the pulpit and I could see him but I couldn't understand a word he said.

Howsumever, Worstead was good especially Mrs Linford's little sweet shop. People's ovens were quite small so they took their cockerels or chickens up ter the bearker's a Mr Grimes, and he would cook them all in his bearkery oven. Yew hatter hurry home when you got yers dew thatterd be cold.

On Boxing Day we went down the rood ter see my other aunt, Aunt Emily. She lorst har husband in France in the fast war so she wuz hully glad ter see us.

We naver had a proper Christmas tree as we din't hev ner fir trees in our garden. Moi father, he useter cut a branch off a holly bush but thet wun't roit at all. Yew hatter be hully careful with them there candles what clipped on ter the branches due they would set the leaves on fire. They did that once. We useter hang sugar mice on the tree by their string tails but not near the candles, though! Moi mother allus useter buy Macfarlane & Lang's Christmas cearkes. They were covered in chocolate with walnuts on the top (not in their shells, of coarse). But one year she bought a proper Christmas cearke, all covered in white icing fer snow and thet had a tree on it with a half moon in it and a Father Christmas; thet wuz hully noice thet wuz. Proper loike Christmas.

Of coarse, we hung our stockings up and when we wook up Father Christmas had bin. Orange, banana, sweets and maybe a small toy and we were happy. Greart toime, thet wuz. P'rap yewer got some happy memries an all.



Less be a-hearin frum yer

YOUR LETTER AND EMAILS

MILTON KEYNES MEDDERS

OI HENT BIN a member a FOND very long but Oi sartinla enjoy readun abowt th'ole toimes an wass gorn on in Norfolk an Oi hope ta git ta one a your dewes one a these days.

Oi'd forgotten abowt th'ole newspearper seller hew yewsta stand near the Beeline taxis yard down Surrey Street – we yewsta have a larf an imitairte his shouts a 'PABOR'.

Oi wuz interested in Ralph Nickerson's bit but Oi int sure what he mean by 'Milton Keynes (of all plearces)'. Arma Norfolk boy'n all an Oi're gart good reason ta be prowda this green plearce. Praps he dornt know the plearce, or the Botswana sun a tarned his hid a bit.

Oi spent twenta year in Africa moiseif afore cummun ta Milton Keynes where it wuz moi jarb ta mearke the maps used ta design it an ta

Granfar George and Jack.



posishun the developments on the ground. Oi'll bet he dornt know we're got a cathedral heer.

The Norridge Cathedral floor plan was copied an set out full size an planted as a living tree cathedral, an a bewtiful plearce it is. There int any towns in Norfolk or anyware else Oi know of what a got inside onnut so many parks, gardens an trees, tew rivers, learkes, littul becks, medders, a canal, moiles a parths and hoss trearls, and real bullocks and sheep (they dornt harf mearke a mess a tha parths!).

A corse we got all the modden things an all an thass easy ta git arownd on foot, boike, car, bus or hoss. Dew yew come over hare an Oi'll show yew arownd.

Oi reckon moi granfar George, hew yewsta live on Stubb's Green at Shotsum, knew Ralph's family. Oi moit be wrong but Oi think they were farmers up near Brooke Rood an yewsta repair them gret ow steam trackshun engines in a yard jist up the rood from Emm's Malthouse Farm.

Oi'll hefta say 'Cheerio' now but Oi'll tell ya learter about George. He wuz a proper ole Norfolk boy an hare's a picture of him. Oi'll bet yew carnt guess what he yewsta carry acorse his shoullder in that sack.

Malcolm Anderson, Milton Keynes

THE OL' PAPER BOY

I was very interested in the letter in the autumn *Merry Mawkin* in reply to Ralph Nickerson's query 'do we remember the ol' paper boy around the Walk' – yes, we do! I worked at Lamberts', The Mecca, where I remember, every day we wrapped coffee and tea (B.O.P) in sheets of coloured paper and tied with string.

My husband Brian used to meet me out of work on Saturday evenings to go to the pictures (my boyfriend then, of course, and we married in 1956!).

Ralph reported the paper boy's description exactly!

Jean Eaglen, Manson Green, Hingham



FOND officers and committee

CONTACT DETAILS

PRESIDENT

Professor Peter Trudgill, 32 Bathurst Road,
Norwich NR2 2PP *Tel:* 01603 618036
Email: president@norfolkdialect.com

CHAIRMAN

Ted Peachment, The Nest, Woodgate,
Swanton Morley, Dereham NR20 4NU
Tel: 01362 637539
Email: chairman@norfolkdialect.com

VICE-CHAIR

Tina Chamberlain, 53 Orchard Way, Wymondham
NR18 0NY *Tel:* 01953 606061
Email: vicechair@norfolkdialect.com

SECRETARY

Rosemary Cooper, Tyddyn,
Swanton Avenue, Dereham NR19 2HJ
Tel: 01362 697628
Email: secretary@norfolkdialect.com

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Janet Spauls, 28 Gray Drive, Swanton Morley
NR20 4PG
Tel: 01362 637892
Email: membership@norfolkdialect.com

TREASURER

Pam Goldsmith, 14 Ainsworth Close,
Swanton Morley NR20 4NE
Tel: 01362 638443
Email: treasurer@norfolkdialect.com

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Owen Church, The Post Office,
Ormesby Road, Hemsby, Great Yarmouth NR29
4AA *Tel:* 01493 730210
Email: owen@norfolkdialect.com

Alan Cooper, Tyddyn, Swanton Avenue, Dereham
NR19 2HJ *Tel:* 01362 697628
Email: alan@norfolkdialect.com

Jean Eaglen, Two Hoots, Manson Green, Hingham,
Norwich NR9 4PY
Tel: 01953 850417

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

Diana Rackham, Nitida, The Street,
Catfield NR29 5AZ *Tel:* 01692 581587
Email: diana@norfolkdialect.com

TECHNICAL ADVISER

Alan Cooper, Tyddyn, Swanton Avenue, Dereham
NR19 2HJ *Tel:* 01362 697628
Email: technical@norfolkdialect.com

EDITOR

Ashley Gray, Ailsha, 37 Ashleigh Gardens,
Wymondham NR18 0EY *Tel:* 01953 607161
Email: editor@norfolkdialect.com



Friends of Norfolk Dialect

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

I/We wish to join Friends of Norfolk Dialect (FOND) and enclose the membership fee of :

£7 Single member £12 Family membership £20 Educational establishment

£50 Commercial company (*please delete as necessary*)

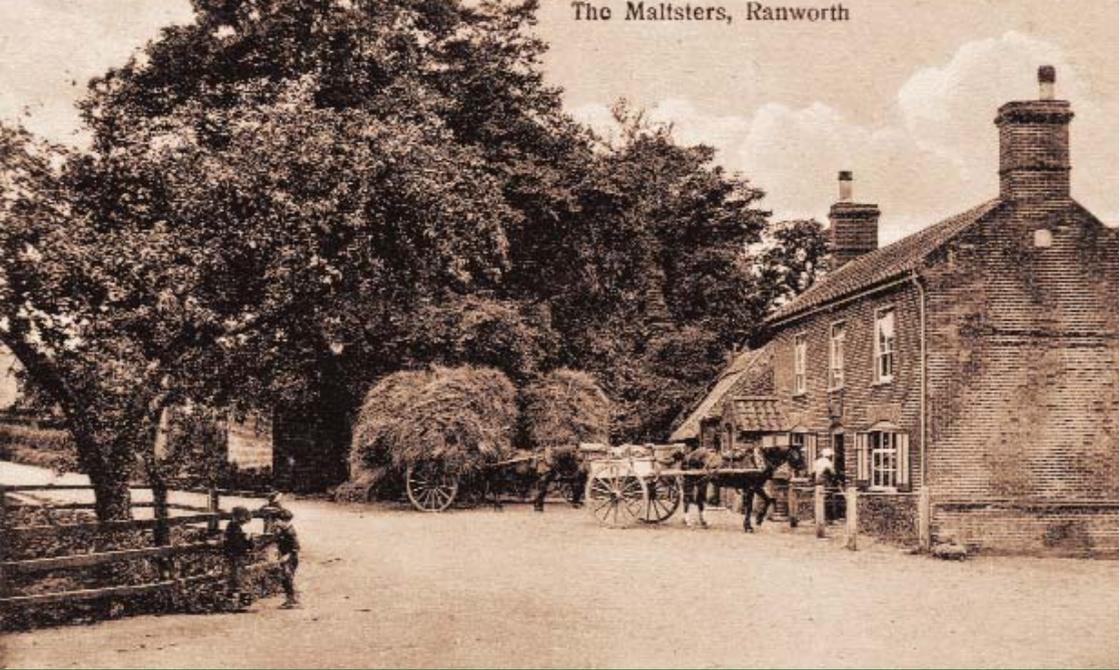
Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms Surname and initials.....

Address

.....

Postcode Telephone Email

Please send completed form (*photocopies accepted*) to: Janet Spauls, 28 Gray Drive,
Swanton Morley, Norfolk NR20 4PG together with a cheque made payable to 'FOND'.

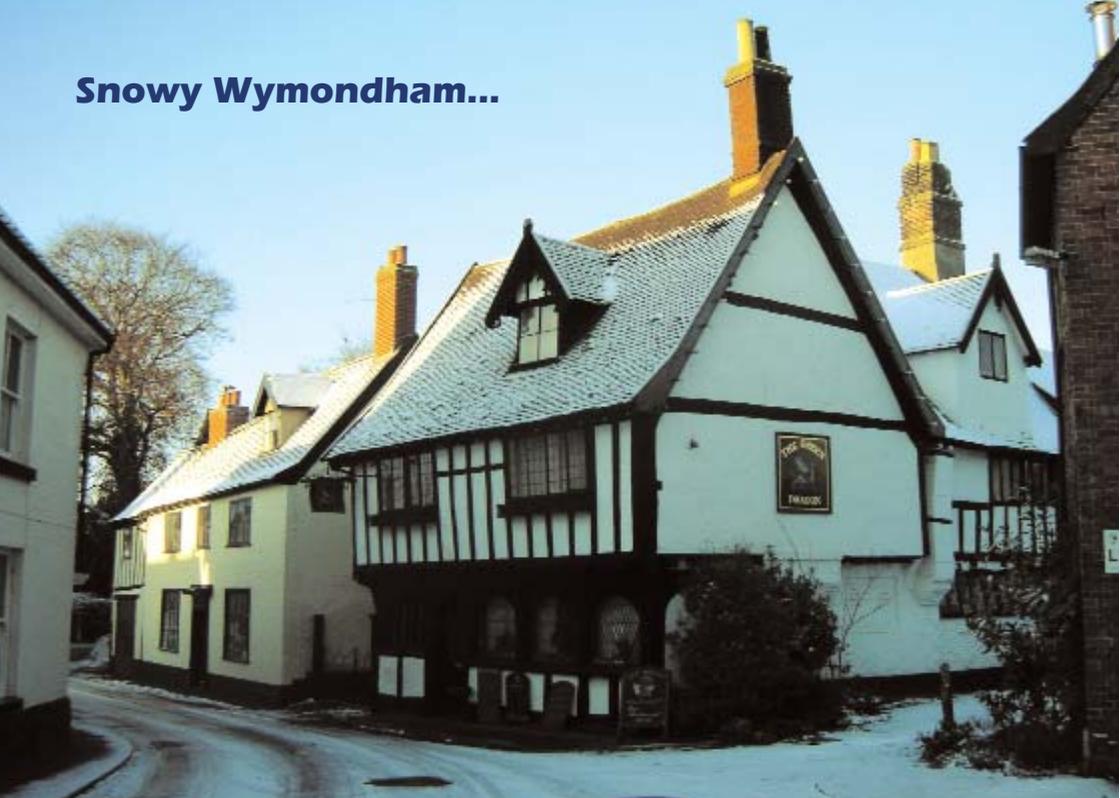


Colourful Norfolk: The Maltsters, Ranworth

THEN: Two horses wait patiently with cart-loads of hay outside The Maltsters' Inn, Ranworth, whilst a third – hitched to a small cart owned by Barclay, Pallett & Co Ltd – seems about to follow its horseman inside the pub! **NOW:** Gone are the horses and carts but the hostelry still remains, nowadays a popular watering-place for locals and visitors alike – by land or water – to the picturesque village fronting Malthouse Broad.



Snowy Wymondham...



...and festive lights

