

"Keepin Ahad O Wor Tung"

Members' Newsletter No: 66, Autumn 2008

Charity Number: 515147

President: Katrina Porteous FNLS

Patrons: Their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland

NEXT HAPNIN

Saturday 25 October 2008

Roland Bibby Memorial Lecture

Lecturer: Dr Bill Lancaster, Northumbria University

**Subject: "Wor Tung" Research Project
and the work of the late Dr Bill Griffiths**

Morpeth Town Hall at 2pm
(Doors open at 1.30pm for refreshments)

GAFFOR'S GRUMLINS

Deor Reedor Hinny,

The forst thing Aah want ti say is thet it's been a tarrible time fer mony folks becos o the fluddin. It must hev been varry frightnin, especially watchin yor hoos getting covered wi wettor, an ivvrything gettin ruined. Wor sympathy gans oot tiv aall them wot hev suffered. A consequence is thet sum o wor hapnins is getting shifted tiv other places, so keek carefully at thi Meetins an Happnins bit o thi Newsletter, an mek a note o wot's diffrent. Theor's a canny bit o reading in this eedishon o thi Newsletter, an Aah hope yuh find summat ti yor fancy like.

Keep ahad

The Gaffor

“High As A Kite” by George Carrick

Dialect Prose Winner, Morpeth Northumbrian Gathering 2008

Two pieces of wood, snaffled from the farmer's owld hut at the back of the farm, then more stealth to get me grandfather's saw from the weshhouse when he wasn't looking. Aa climbed ower the netties and set off on me new project (aa waas always hevin projects when the waar was on. It waas a case of showing the rest of the lads aa could still mek things with me dad away to fight Adolf's mob when theirs were still here doon the pit.)

Aa tied the two pieces of wood into a cross using the threads from an owld weshin line, and aa pasted paper and attached it ti the frame. String trailers with paper ribbons at strategic intervals. The ball of string was made up of odd bits of wool, string, twine and out elase that looked strong enough, knotted at regular intervals by necessity. Oh aye ind a wooden cross piece to wrap the string roond. Multi splashes of colour painted on the kite, using whatever coloured compound was available (divvent ask).

Its maiden flight awaited. Me peers, both the few 'fors' and the many 'againsts' standing around in assorted poses gaping, everybody agog. Into the farmer's field, a cornfield just efter threshing, its short stalks like a bed of nails them fakirs used to walk ind lie on. Haystacks pointing skyward in triumph aboot to witness my greatest feat.

Aa led the way (naturally and in style anaal), and they aall followed ahint is. Aa handed the kite to me best mate, who had a worried look on his fyece, and aa climbed with difficulty onto the sack, he handed is the projectile and held on to me string. With a whirling motion aa horled it into the blue yonder, the sun searing me skin aa waas that high up –Aa followed its trajectory – up -- up --- up ---- Panic as a slid doon, got straw up me underpants, it hort anaal, it was swooping doon, lower and lower, doon, doon.

Aa waas dreading the embarrassment of a crash landing straight efter the take off. Aa ran as fast as the wind (efter heving carlin peas), faster and faster, sweat and fear together drove is on, just like the Roger Bannister blokie, cos aa could never fyece them again if it ends up in humiliation.

It straightened oot, was gathered by the thermals, it waas nearly torn oot of me hands as a greet big gust sent it soaring into the sun. It swayed, twittered, as the tail lashed from side ti side, until it was plucked up to another level as aa shored oot the very last of the string. The kite glided majestically through the assorted cheers and yells as we aall followed it movement, where only Spitfires have gone before.

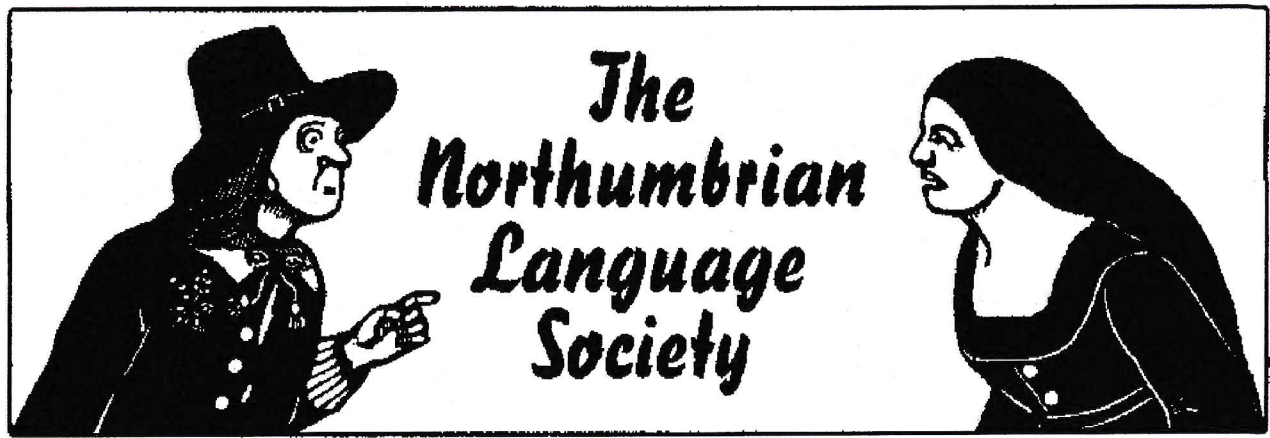
There was a hush cos it seemed to curtsey and bow to its fascinated audience, those ant like creatures beneath it who for a moment in time had dooted its ability on this, its maiden flight. Finally, me fyece a picture, aall those boond ti terra firma were convinced, they applauded and cheered.

Aerodynamics? Some one once said “Aren't they dynamite chocolates?” Aa knaa me fyece was a picture, it's a joyous moment of me youth, triumphant, ind yi knaa, aa absolutely milked it. As aa torned ti tek the plaudits, seeing the atonishment on their faces, the awe and wonder whey, they weren't looking at me. They were staring gobs open up into the heavens. That they dared ti doubt me! I, a pioneer, a designer, as well as a manufacturer of flying machines. At lang last aa'm somebody ti reckon with.

Aa could nearly hear the hush, followed by a combined gasp, hands held firmly ower their mooths, aa turned feeling the slackening of the string. It fell like a stone. It had brocken up in the ferocity of the elements, as clouds scurried by ower the sun, the pitter-patter of rain signalled the demise of the performance in the now angry sky. It waas the inadequacy of the paste, paper and gash string. Drawing board adjustments must soon follow. In fact aa get the feeling that Mark 2 is upon us!

Five minutes of fame, the object of which was now lying in a sorry mess, torn, brocken, its remnants across on the far haystack inort, without style or grace (whey at least it made the crows and starlings scarper real quick). Even the crash had been summick special, the pieces coming doon as a Heinkel would it a Spit or a Hurricane had given it a borst up its backside.

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"Keepin Ahad O Wor Tung"

The 2008 Roland Bibby Memorial Lecture

Saturday 25th October

The Northumbrian Language Society presents

Dr Bill Lancaster on "Wor Tongue"

- the work of the late Dr Bill Griffiths
and the NE Dialect Project

2 pm - Morpeth Town Hall Ballroom

Free admission. Stepped access.

Doors open and free drinks 1.30 pm

Further details: Hon. Sec. NLS : Mrs. Kim Bibby-Wilson, Westgate House,
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