



"Keepin Ahad O Wor Tung"

Members' Newsletter No 73 - June 2010

GAFFER'S GRUMLINS

Deor Reedor Hinny

Well, heor it is – thi forst stab at a Northumbrian Dictionary Aah taalked aboot at wor AGM in May.

Wor aim is ti publish a byeuk afore too lang so folks'll knaa thet wor tung isn't deed, an thet it's full ov geet fine words. But before wuh can dee thet, wuh reely need yous all to join in an tell us wot yuh think on't.

So, hev a reed on't, an let wuh knaa wot's missin, or wot needs tekkin oot cos neeboddy uses them words ony mair.

If yuh can, it wad be gud if yuh cud fill in the bit marked "Example" cos wuh need ti knaa hoo these words is used in the plyace weor yuh live.

Theor's two spare pages at thi back so yuh can set doon ony words yuh think shud be included thet wu've left oot. An when yu've dun, send yor suggestions ti me (Peter Arnold) at me hoos in Hexham.

Theor's a cupple o thi winnin entries frae this year's Morpeth Gatherin in thi Newsletter an aall, so theor's plenty fer yuh ti reed. Aah hope yous think it's geet gud value this time, cos Aah dee.

Gan canny

The Gaffer

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43rd Morpeth Northumbrian Gathering 9th-11th- April 2010

COMPETITION RESULTS

WRITING

B3a Novice Northumbrian Verse: 1, "Bobby Lorns Tu Ride" Barry Stewart (Cramlington); 2, "The Pitman's Poet" Herbert Savory (Kibblesworth); 3, "St Mary's Church, Gateshead" Herbert Savory; Comm., "Sight Services" Herbert Savory.

B3b Open Northumbrian Verse: 1, "Luekkin' Oot" Alan C Brown (Newcastle); 2, "Where to Put Lord Londonderry" Bob Bolam (Prudhoe); 3, "The Laast Herd o' Thi Lewis Burn" Nick Short (Hexham); HC, "Just Like Dad" George Carrick (Cramlington), "Me Marra's Muckle Marra" Terry Common (Morpeth) and "Garrigill Fare" Nick Short.

B5 Northumbrian Prose: 1, "Mekin It Safe" Barry Stewart; 2, "Poggie Thi Boggle" Nick Short; 3, "The Broken Lavvy" George Carrick; HC, "Wor Hoose" George Carrick; Comm., "Of Then and Now" George Carrick.

B8 Short Story: 1, "Crinegel o' the Lewisburn" Nick Short; 2, "The Revellers at Moorcock House" Ian Ashbridge (Cramlington); 3, "Seaton Delaval Station" Adrian McRobb (Cramlington); Comm., "A Night To Remember" George Carrick.

B9 Essay: 1, "The Dilston Horseshoe" Nick Short; 2, "A Forgotten Face" George Carrick; 3, "A Father's Regret" George Carrick.

B11 Junior Local History Project: 1, "Mining Across North East England" Grace Hoggan (Morpeth)

B13 Children's Short Story: 1, "No Ordinary Castle" Naomi Lane (Morpeth); 2, "The Flood" Grace Hoggan.

SPEAKING

C18 Fine Northumbrian Speech: 1, Nick Short (Hexham).

C22 Story-Telling: 1, Chris Jones (Wall); 2, Terry Common; 3, Maisie Polwarth (Morpeth).

Next year's Gathering: 29th April to 1st May 2011

www.northumbriana.org.uk

MORPETH NORTHUMBRIAN GATHERING 2010

Section B3b - Open Northumbrian Verse Winner

LUEKKIN OOT

Wild bords in wor Aad baack gardin,
Hoo gued it is thaat ya all cum:
Blackbord, an sparra, an starlin,
Brekfaastin an smaal seeds, breed-crum.

The quick iv life suen throw windaa pane,
Obsorved fra a wee while - thun gyone again
Leevin ahint them a stillnis uv styen
Silence: daakenin gardin, watchfuel, alain.

Wan craa high-porched an slantid rooftop
Repeetin bit wan untranslated ward.
Craa whaat is it youz saying te us,
Ye wintaa-caad, daark-feethord mate?"

"Aa'm speakin wan ward, the mowst needid
Te ye, an ivory wan heor aboot,
Aa'. sayin whaat aal Nature sez aloud:
What else bit this: Gowd! Gowd! Gowd!"

Alan C Brown

Section B5 - Northumbrian Prose Winner

MEKIN IT SAFE

Wi piece-work, good marras is key. If tha not up for it mind, well ya standin bonny. Thu whole team's got t'work tighther, one as hard as thu next - otherwise ya mekin nowt, A'm telling ya. Anyhow, wu waas in thu wet. It waas just wor torn, A guess, dependin, strite-up, on straas, n'wu draas thu short'n. Thu gaffer's mekin on it waas fair. Wey it might a been; whey knaas? Anyhow, wu had to mek thu most on it 'cause wu wo set there fo six months, fore-shift n'back. It was off thu edge of thu fyec, new cuttin n'there waas maire stone than coal, wi wata drippin in aall thu time, hardly anywhere to get ya bait in thu dry, if ya cud even sit up, 'cause wu was bent double most u thu time. Eyghteen inches, that's aall it was n'places.

Anyhow, Bill Dixon says, "Check it oot."

Wey fo a Deputy he'd nowt off 'cause he shud a'kna'n. It was where wu turned thu set. Course it waas wet. It had tu be; thu whole effin place waas worse than a clarty midden. Mind he had a bett knee, kept swelling up that's why he waas med Deputy, an give'm his due, in fairness, he wasn't aall bad.

So, A did like he says n'A meks mu way doon towards the fyec; hardly scrapin in, n'by rights he shuda sent is in wey a marra but wu aall knaa'd that ...n'so A just gans off, me heed bumpin where thu fittas had stuck up thon daft bloody girda, far ower low. Well like, A was hardly through when A hears thu timbas creakin.

If A'd been a youngin, me-be A'd've got windy, might a'torned back but ya kna, A've got laddies doon here nuw n'A'd hord it aall afore. So A just bashes on, not far mind, n'afore A can say "kiss me arse" or owt ... A kna what's comin, divn't A? Ya can sort-o sense it when thu air whooshes n'gets bla'n oot ya, n'ya kna what ya in for.

Anyhow, doon it cums, n'A was fast. Happed up; thowt A was a gonna. N'a lies a bit waitin. Then A knaa's like, realised like, tha not big stones like thu once waas, thu last time, but thu had is fast for a bit - feet and legs clamped doon n'me arse gannin half-croon sixpence waitin fo what's next: shootin pains like ya been kicked by a bullock. But there was nowt was tha? Nowt more anyhow. N'behind A can hear yellin n'carry on. Darkie Wilson's shootin like hell n'Billy Dixon clackin on like God kna's what.

Me lamp's on its side, pointin where thu waaters gushin in nuw, fillin up, n'thu dust's settlin n'after a bit a'pullin n'pushin against thu faal A can craal, so A'm not that bad.

Thank God wu hadn't filled the tub otherwise A'd be buggered, wi hardly space tu torn roond o'nowt, but A Managed. N'when A stop gaspin A cannit hear me marra Tommy Ross.

Thu rest o'them are shootin on like nowt else. "Jonty" tha shootin, "are ye aall reet? We've had a faall."

Wey, A knaa'd that didn't A, 'cause A was in it as weell, wasn't A? And so was them lot; n'Billy Dixon was in thu shit; cud be anyhow, dependin. He shud-a'seen wu hadn't propped thu waall right. Wu hardly ever dey mind; just mek it safe - "not accordin to thu manual" like but gud enough for "pit-work". Anyhow, he shud-a'seen. He wud-a'seen; must-a'dun, n'he shudn't a'sent is up.

Well, thu dust settled like. That's thu only bludy gud thing yu can say about the wet - it sharpens it up; meks it settle quick.

So A'm cogitatin aboot compensation like, when A'm on me way through thu duff, not serious like, but wundrin as A'm craallin; anyhow, clearin thu slate as A gan, n'there was muckle big chunks of it, niver tuched in millions a'years A'm thinkin, n'just aboot fettled is, as if it's been hangin aboot waitin on is coming.

Anyhow, A sees three lamps lang afore A see any fyeces. That's 'cause tha doon on tha knees n'hunkas workin on wi Tommy.

Wey, as soon as A sees him, A knaas like ... it was as plain as owt. It was pointless, waste a'time. Ha'f his fyec was missin. Nowt ya cud dee; flattened he waas, poor bugger.

So A just decided. Didn't ask or nowt, just did what ya have t'dee. A just gi'them a nudge oot thu way n'teks me short off an a'lays it nice n'gentle ower Tommy's fyec. He might not a'minded but A did, them watchin n'that. It waasn't right was it? A wudn't a'liked it, A knaad that. Anyhow, it was a lang trek in-bye n'why let every bugger's eyes see me marra like that. Let them wonda. They'd kna right enough what it's like gettin felled. Some might a'seen it afore - but thu hadn't seen me marra.

N'then A did what wu shud a'done afore, strite off. A stuck a few extra props in, knaain fine weel that thu Owerman n'then thu Managa wud hev to hev a look, n'thu Inspecta, n'thu whole works, mebe the polis even. Might as weel mek it look aalreet. 'Cause if wu didn't Billy Dixon's up shit creek - nare job, nare hoose, nare pension, A'm tellin ya.

N'Tommy's Madge n'all; what thu hell was she gan te get oot of it? Twice as much if thu job's done reet, A knaas that; so what's thu harm? Narebody said owt. A just bashed on. N'A let Billy Dixon pass tu mek his way doon, tu use thu in-bye phone, keepin oot thu way n'aall as A'm finishin off. It was somethin to dee, keep me mind off me legs an me marra. N'them lot cud see it, see it in me fyec, see it in how A waas knockin in thu props, n'thu just let is get on, mekin it safe ... that's n'effin laugh ... mekin it safe?

Barry Stewart

WOT'S NEXT

Sunday 5 September: National Dialect Day – Sid Calderbank from the Lancashire Dialect Society is hoping to organise the second Dialect Day, somewhere in the North West, where members of the different dialect societies in the country can come together to celebrate the survival of their local dialect. Further details will be published when we have them.

Thursday 7 October: National Poetry Day – several locations in the county. We are hoping to be able to mount a number of events throughout the day in different parts of Northumberland, where NLS members will recite, in Northumbrian, worthy pieces to celebrate this national day. Watch out for further details.

Saturday 16 October: Roland Bibby Memorial Lecture – Morpeth Town Hall Ballroom from 2pm until 4pm. Doors open at 1.30pm. Speakers and topics to be confirmed.

Saturday 11 December: Yule Meet – Morpeth Chantry Museum from 2pm until 4pm. Our traditional seasonal celebration, with a shared meal (please bring a contribution), the Raffle, hoyins in frae them wot's theor, and "Whey's Tellin Hoafies?"

Passionate about dialect

north east
england