

**Keepin Ahad O Wor Tung**

# **Members' Newsletter**

## **Number 100!**

**Autumn 2017**

### **Whaat's On**

#### **Roland Bibby Memorial Lecture**

**Saturday 14th October 2017**

**Morpeth Town Hall**

**Doors open at 1.30pm**

This year is the centenary of Roland Bibby's birth, and to mark the occasion, there will be two lectures, the first beginning at 2pm, the second at 3.30pm.

See the enclosed notice for further details

### **NLS Contacts**

If you want to get in touch with us about any of the items in this Newsletter, or about a dialect query, or to volunteer to help, contact:-

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[www.northumbriana.org.uk](http://www.northumbriana.org.uk)

# **Northumbrian Language Society**

## **AGM 2017 - Executive Committee Report for 2016-17**

### **Meetings**

The Executive Committee meets every other month to deal with the Society's business. Most of the matters dealt with have to do with the planning of our regular programme of events, plus any other events that appear from time to time. We also look at how successful events have been, and discuss how to improve them.

### **Events**

These continue to be the main way we invite the public to join us to celebrate our dialect. The Morpeth Northumbrian Gathering, the Reed Neet, the Roland Bibby Memorial Lecture and the Yule Meet are the principal events in our annual calendar.

We also took part in the National Dialect Festival last October again, and came away with two more trophies, won by Johnnie Handle for the best dialect recital, and by Johnnie and Kim Bibby-Wilson for the best entertainment act.

We also continue to speak to local community groups who invite us to share our dialect with them. In all of these ways we aim to keep our activities in the public eye, so that people know who we are and what we do.

### **Publications**

The past twelve months have not seen any new publications being produced, but we are drawing up a programme of what we think we will need in the future. This includes the dictionary, which is an on-going piece of work; and we have printed more copies of Fred Reed's "The Northumbrian" and "Canny Bit Verse" by Robert Allen. We have also found some copies of other publications which we had forgotten about!

### **Charity Commission**

The issue with the reporting of our accounts, which was mentioned in last Year's report, has been resolved satisfactorily.

### **Challenges**

In last year's report, we mentioned the difficulties we have had in recruiting new members. This difficulty continues. New members do join from time to time, but they do not make up for those we have lost through old age, illness, or moving house.

During this last year, for the first time, our Treasurer has told us that we have had to cancel the Reed Neet because so few people wanted to attend. He has also told us that we have begun to eat into our reserves just to pay our regular bills.

This cannot go on. Our reserves are there to fund our publications programme, and if we fritter them away on everyday expenses, we will soon have to stop publishing dialect books and CDs.

This stark reality is the reason why, later on today's AGM agenda (item 8), our Treasurer will be bringing forward some proposals to address this issue. Please take part in this discussion, because it is vital to the survival of the Society.

### **Thanks**

Because we are a small charity, everyone who helps on the Executive Committee, or at events, is a volunteer, and without them, we can do nothing. So, once again, we would like to thank everyone who has helped to keep our dialect alive, either by attending events, or by taking part, or by being a member of the Executive Committee.

Your support, your time, and your efforts are very much appreciated. A big "Thank You!" to everyone who has helped us during the past year.



# 50th Morpeth Northumbrian Gathering 2017

## COMPETITION RESULTS

### *DIALECT AND STANDARD ENGLISH WRITING*

**B3b Open Northumbrian Verse:** 1, "Is Winter Past?" Don Clegg; 2, "Bonny Lass" Eileen Beers (Morpeth); 3, "Pills for aal ails" Don Clegg; HC, "White Kielder" Nic Short (Hexham; HC, "Loonie Lizzie" Eileen Beers

**B4a Junior Northumbrian Verse (under 11):** 1, "The Woods" Emily Gauld; 2, "Bamburgh Castle" Mia Simpson; 3, "Alnwick Castle" Kitty Ellis; C, "The Morpeth High Street" Mark Wales; C, "All along the River Bank" Pippi McCourt; C, "The Morpeth Mouse" Evie Nicholson (all Newminster Middle School, Morpeth)

**B4b Junior Northumbrian Verse (under 14):** 1, "Newcastle United Poem" Finlay Douglas (Chantry Middle School, Morpeth); 2, "A Canny Day" Lana Goodwin (Chantry); 3, "Morpeth" Toluwa Obishai (Newminster); C, "Northumberland Dog" Katie Ann Collyer (Chantry); C, "Northumberland" Owen Gill (Newminster); C, "The Beautiful Countryside" Ella Jackson (Newminster)

**B5 Northumbrian Prose:** 1, "Thi Theivil" Nick Short (Hexham)

**B7 Novel:** 1, "The Writing Group Murders" Ian Ashbridge (Cramlington)

**B8 Short Story:** 1, "Yoke Joke" Nick Short (Hexham); 2, "The Elf Hills, Cambo, and the Wisps" Adrian McRobb (Cramlington); HC, "Gathering a Story" Nick Short

**B9 Essay:** 1, "Glenters" Nick Short

**B10 Local History Article:** 1, "Hexham Bandstand" Nick Short

**B13 Junior Short Story:** 1, "Northumberlandia" Gemma Nainby; 2, "The Burn" Ben Farrier; 3, "Crows of Northumberland" Andrea Grayson (all Chantry Middle)  
1, "Morpeth" Joshua Connolly; 2, "River Walk" Heidi Robertson (Newminster Middle)

**B15a Junior Northumbrian Prose (under 14):** 1, "Tyr" Katie Fraser (Chantry Middle School, Morpeth)

**B16 English Verse:** 1, "FH Hardy, Florist, Morpeth" Hannah Welfare (Morpeth); 2, "Smailes" Barbara Pringle (Morpeth); 3, "Morpeth Assizes (Drumbeat)" Adrian McRobb; HC, "Morpeth" Hannah Welfare

### *SPEAKING*

**C18 Northumbrian Speech:** 1, Raymond Reed (Stakeford); 2, Don Clegg; 3, Bob Bolam; HC, Carl Stiansen (West Chevington)

**C26 Hoafy Trophy:** 1, Stuart Lawson (Choppington); 2, Peter Arnold (Hexham); 3, Steven Common (Whitley Bay)

# **The Northumbrian Language Society**

*"Keepin ahad o wor tung"*

## **The 2017 Roland Bibby Memorial Lectures**

**Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> October**

Two lectures for the centenary year of Roland Bibby's birth

**2 pm Jonnie Robinson (British Library)  
on Sounds Familiar?**

North East Voices in the British Library Sound Archives

**followed at 3.30 pm by  
Ian Wilson (9<sup>th</sup> Border Regiment researcher)  
on The Forgotten Years**

WWII Experiences in the Forgotten Army in Burma

**Morpeth Town Hall,  
Market Place, Morpeth, NE61 1LZ**

**FREE admission. Full disabled access.**

**Doors open and free drinks 1.30 pm**

Further details: Mrs Kim Bibby-Wilson, Westgate House, Dogger Bank,  
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Website: [www.northumbriana.org.uk](http://www.northumbriana.org.uk)



# A Northumbrian Mixty Maxty

To mark the 100th edition of our Newsletter, we are including a number of dialect pieces that have appeared in previous editions. Enjoy!

## “Chrismus Shoppin 1980”

by Roland Bibby

Yi cut yor tabs, yor beer, yor bets;  
Yi sell yor thord-best whippit;  
Yi cash yor last feyve Preemyum Bernds:  
Yor duds bi noo's decripit.  
Yor bank-man's heydin iv ees vaalt,  
Wi banknotes iv ees eeors:  
“Nee owerdraft, nee credeet caards,  
Nee mair, nee nowt frim heeor!”

Yi prowl, yi push, yi sorch, yi rush;  
Y'or frenzied, fond an frantic.  
Yor futwaalk's corybantic;  
Yi hoy yorsel inti thi croods,  
Yi canna wait fa leeffts;  
Yor eyes aare whorlin i yor heed  
Ti spot yor Chrismus geefts.

This fa Horsel an yon fa Wor Belle,  
But nowt at aa fa yung Glad...  
Wad yon dee fa...? Na, thi varry eydeeor!  
An yon theeng's aal wrang fa thi lad...  
Thor's nowt thi wad waant thi'v not had afore,  
Ixccept far whaat aa caan't afford:  
But theengs aa must feynd or gan oota me  
meynd,  
An me nyem'll becum a beyward...

Ixcuse us, miss, whaativvor's this?  
Wad it appeal ti lasses?  
Whey thon - whaativvor it meyght be...  
Ya reet - aa need new glasses -  
Though whee'd've thowt a nylon nowt -  
Whey, nivvor meynd; aa'm laggin  
Wi haalf thi famly still ti dee,  
An aal me brainwaves claggin...

Spyace gyems, dollies, gyen fra thi screen;  
An hallidaa treeps tek thor torn;  
Thi last uv thi shops hes fascine its doo-ors...  
Forr ee it's a bit leyke thi daawn!  
Yi shut yor ain doo-or an clash in thi bowlt,  
An knaa thit yi've shot yor ain tee -  
Caz nowt cin be dyun noo thit hesn't been dyun,  
An fa gud or fa ill, let it be!

## Fred Reed's Verdict

T speak wor language theeor's wan gud job...  
Ye'll hev nee side an canna be a snob.  
Plain common sense t'it is elwis wed;  
It forces ye t caall a spyed a spyed.

## “A Fisherfolk Traditional Rhyme”

by William Sampson

Me uncle died a month ago an left me aall  
ees riches,  
A wooden leg, a feather bed, an a pair o  
leather britches,  
A coffee pot wivoot a spoot, a jug wivoot a  
hanle,  
A baccy box wivoot a lid, an a haaf a faathin  
canle.

## A Northumbrian Carol

by Hazel Dickson

One dark neet in Bethlehem,  
Sing, “Haway, me lad”,  
Christ was born in hemmel then,  
“Haway, me bonny lad”.

He was happt in hippins waarm,  
Sing, “Haway, me lad”,  
Mary rocked Him on hor aarm,  
“Haway, me bonny lad”.

Shephords cum ti keek at Him,  
Sing, “Haway, me lad”,  
God's aan bairn was welcomed in,  
“Haway, me bonny lad”.

Angels cum doon from aheight,  
Sing, “Haway, me lad”,  
And aal the orth waas filled wi light,  
“Waat cheor, wor bonny lad”.

## **A Northumbrian in Cumbria**

**by Bob Bolam**

(sung to the tune of "The Blaydon Races")

Aa had a poke roond Caldbeck  
'Twas in the month of June  
Ti larn about a huntin man  
Ye likely knaa ees tune  
A sunny day an nowt ti pay  
It seemed a canny deal  
Aa trailed the guide through countryside  
An hunted for John Peel

Oh me lads, ye should of all been gannin  
If owt like this is on agyen,  
Include it in yor plannin.  
A canny waalk an friendly taalk  
An bonny things ti see.  
It's just a shyem folk bided hyem  
The could of been wi me!

## **"Longstone Light"**

**by Katrina Porteous**

Seven lang miles a black wetter wesh atween  
Yon light an me.  
See hoo she flashes an fades in the hush  
A the dark an the sea.

Aa these night-fishins lang a the summer  
Aahm wonderin why,  
Wi sic a smaa thing as yon light in sae  
muckle a darkenin  
Aah can haad by hor?

Rock, ma boat. Tug at w moorins, wund, tide,  
Aa the black night.  
There maun be a fair shoal a ways for a man t  
gan wrang i this world  
For every right.

## **"Winter Tale"**

**by Stan Pearson,**

(adapted by Hazel Dickson)

Stan Pearson was a polis in the Hurst end o  
Ashington. 1947 waas the warst winter for  
mony a lang year. Stan rode eez bike ower  
coggles and ruts in the frozen slush. Ee

joggled up and doon, slippin and slidin  
aroond.

Yen neet ee hit mebbe a stray cat or a  
rat alaang Bell's Lonnen in the black dark. Ee  
cowped eez creels ower the handlebars into  
the dyke. The front wheel o the bike was aall  
twisted wi lots o brocken spronks. Ee wasn't  
ower grand hissell. It tuck a fortnet ti get aall  
thi proggles frae the hedge oot o eez  
hint-end.

Nivvor mind, the canny pit folks that  
bided theor tuck im hyem and med im tea wi  
stottie breed, ti help im get ower the gliff, an  
Stan's still alive ti tell thi tale!

## **"Mental Fatigue"**

**by Tom Hadaway**

(Tom wrote this poem while he was waiting to  
speak, as President of the Society, at the Reed  
Neet in 2001)

Work!  
Ye caal that work?  
Aal day  
Sittin on ya hint end  
Pushin a pen?

Work!  
Yesterday  
Me an big Jacky  
Lifted ten ton  
Ti the Grimsby wagon.  
Ten bloody ton!  
Box bi box.  
None o yon fancy fork lifts.  
Hundredwite bi hundredwite.  
An the rain beatin on wuh.  
That's work!

Not a writer born  
Can set it doon.  
Aa knaa,  
Cos Aa've tried.  
Man, after the forst two sentences  
Aa were that exhausted  
Aa fell asleep  
Ower the tyeb!



## **A Northumberland Collier's Lament for his Marra** by Francis Jones

(Translated from the original Dutch poem)

Ee, Geordie lad, where did ye gan?  
Ah'm missing ye, old pal of mine -  
The stanes that killed ye spared me, man.  
Wor nights out doon the toon were fine,  
But aall wor lives are on the line.

Aah'll bet ye're sat at God's right han,  
Not drinking Broon, but angels' wine -  
Enjoy it hinny, noo ye can.

Ee, Geordie lad, where did ye gan?  
Ah'm missing ye, old pal of mine -  
The stanes that killed ye spared me, man.  
So pray for wa - Ah'll not live lang,  
But the crack's still canny by the Tyne.  
To sing this song out Ah began  
Then sit beside ye's my design,  
Cause aall wor lives are on the line.

Ee, Geordie lad, where did ye gan?  
Ah'm missing ye, old pal of mine -  
The stanes that killed ye spared me, man.  
Wor nights oot doon the toon were fine,  
But aall wor lives are on the line.

## **Them Northumbrian Hills** by Robert Allen

Me heort's adrift amang them hills  
That roll below Northumbrian skies;  
Thor noble tumult heaves an fills  
The farmost keekin u me eyes.

Ti crags wheor heathor cowps and spills,  
An windy bentlands ferl an rise,  
Me vary bein lowps an thrills,  
Me sowl wi teors u pleasore cries.

Yon music floating sweet forlorn,  
The matin whaup-bord corlee cry,  
Theor echoes thro the springin morn,  
The overture u fell an sky.

Bi time an weather kindly worn,  
The hills go back me whispered sigh -  
"God, bi whase will Aah heor wes born,  
Grant heor Aah end me days forbye.

## **Half A Gowpen O Meal** by Peter Athey

A lowter o crowdy cowped in a hut on the  
step,  
The bowl a scatter o playgens, that fummelin  
fingers couldna kep.  
"Fetch that laddie a skelp we the thieva!"  
yelled crabbit Mistress Cair-rems.  
"Howt!", roared Ant Dode, "there's eye slips  
where there's bair-ens".

"Forbye ye wor a glaykit lassie once yourself,  
an gai sweer te train.  
Aa mind yor mother sayin, she wished ye'd  
had a brain."  
He stooped and grabbed a reed het aizle oot  
among the bars  
An rammed it doon on his dottle, fingers  
numb we aad burn scars.

"Aa'm away oot-bye, te the stell, te cow the  
eows,  
Te corn the gimmers, an torn the trows.  
An be the lousin, Aa'll hey layered an clarted  
duds  
Wi shaain the bagies, an pittin the spuds.

Aa can tell thethane, as we stand in the weel  
har-ried yard  
Aa've eye dyun his askin, an Aa've eye dyun  
ma darge,  
Aa've no reested in the limmers, Aa think that  
Aa've dyun weell,  
So nivver mind a broken crowdy bowl, an half  
a gowpen o meal."

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## **Silly Snippet .....**

Man, getting on a bus going from Durham to  
Newcastle, "Div yuh gan through Birtley?"  
Driver : "Aye, son, like a dose o salts!"

# Waad Yuh Beleev It?

by Peter Arnold

Noo then! As some on yuh knaas, Aah's frae Hexham. Di yuh knaa Hexham? If'n yuh dee, yuh'll knaa yuh canna gan varry far afore yuh hev ti gan up a hill or doon a hill. It's that kind ov a plyec. Yous'll mind on as weel that wuh had a lot o snaa a couple o winters back. Moontins o thi stuff. Whey, this tyel's aboot whaat happened tiv is i thi snaa.

One neet, wor lass went ti see one ov hor freends whe lives in a hoos at thi top o thi hill abeun wor hoos. It wasn't snaain whan she left, like, but it started ti snaa syun effor, an afore lang it waas canny deep. Eftor haff an oor, she rings is up an she sez "Can yuh come'n get is pet, coz the snaa's geet deep up heor, an Aah divvent think Aah can waalk back hyem doon thi hill?"

Me bein a hero like, Aah sez ti hor "Whey aye hinny, nee bother! Aah'll be theor as syun as Aah can, coz Aah's just finishin off a bit stotty cyek an a mug o tea". So, effor aboot thorty minits, coz yuh canna rush chowin a stotty, can yuh? Aah gets thi car oot, an sets off up thi hill.

Whey, Aah haddent gon varry far whan thi snaa got wors an wors. It waas blawin aall ower thi plyec, me wipers waas deein, an Aah thowt ti mesel "Bye, Aah's ganna be lucky ti git ti thi top like wiv aal yon snaa." Sure enyuff, thi car started ti slaa doon. Theor waas nowt for it. Aah torned thi winda doon, lowped oot thi car while it waas still gannin, reached intiv it, got a hadda thi steerin wheel, an started ti push it up thi hill.

Bye, it waas hard wark! Thi wind waas blaain thi snaa ivorywheor, inti me fyec an doon me sark. Me fingers waas frozen, an Aah thowt Aah wuddent mek it ti thi top. It waas cumin on fer neet an aall, an ootbye theor's nee street leets ti show yuh thi way ti gan. Bye, Aah waas puffin an pantin like a reet tanky.

Aal ov a sudden, Aah heerd someone shoot "Div yuh want a bit hand like?" Aah keeked aal aroond, but Aah cuddent see nee-one, cept Aah cud just mek oot a black gallowa powkin its heed ower a dyke top, so Aah just started pushin me car agyen. Then theor it waas agyen "Div yuh want a bit hand, like?" Aah still cudna see whe it waas, but Aah shooted back "Aye! Just giz a push ti thi top o thi hill, but. Aah cn manage aal reet frae theor."

Whey, yuh cud a dunchd is doon wiv a stotty like, coz thi gallowa lowped ower thi dyke, got ahint me car, an started ti push it up thi hill wiv its heed agin thi back winda. Aah waas that chuffed for thi bit help, Aah just steered thi car, an Aah pushed a bit an aal like. Weel, yuh hev ti show willin, divvent yuh?

Eftor aboot ten minutes, wuh gets ti thi top, an Aah cud see thi hoos wor lass had gon ti, so Aah giv ower pushin ti tyek me pipe a bit afore Aah got back i thi car.

Noo, me mam had erlwis telt is ti say "Ta" ti them whaat helps yuh, so Aah torned ti thi gallowa ti thank it, but buggar me, it had fliggied! Aah looked aal ower for it, but it waas nee-wheor ti be seen. Whaat gov is a reet gliff but, theor wor nee hoss tracks i thi snaa ahint thi car nowther!

Onyroad, Aah got back i thi car, an drove ti thi hoos, an effor a few minutes, me an wor lass drove back hyem doon thi hill.

As wuh passed thi dyke wheor thi gallowa had been, Aah gov a toot on thi horn, like, ti say thank yuh ti thi bogle, coz Aah reckon that's whaat it waas, coz yous aall knaa that hosses canna taak, divvent yuh?

"What did yuh dee that for?" wor lass sayd, so Aah started tellin hor aall aboot me adventures i thi snaa like. Aah cud tell frae thi look on hor fyec that she didn't beleev is, an aal she waad say waas "An Aah suppose yor ganna tell is that's wheor thi word hoss-pooer comes frae, are yuh?"



## Eternal Father, Strong To Save

(This is one of the hymns sung at the National Dialect Day Church Service held in Morpeth in 2012. It was put into Northumbrian by our President, poet Katrina Porteous.)

Good Skipper, helmsman strang ti steer,  
Whae keeps wor cowble ratchin clear,  
Whae gies the word ti yon flood tide  
When she maan flow an when maan bide;  
*Howway man, heor us shoot tiv ee,  
For folks sair-feort upon thi sea.*

O Christ, thi gurrelly wetters faa  
Clock calm afore ye. Whilse thi blaa  
Ye dandered oot wheor poor souls droon,  
In sic a berrel laid ee doon:  
*Howway man, heor us shoot tiv ee,  
For hairts sair-feort upon thi sea.*

Ah fiery Spirit, whae thowt on  
Yon wetter's wild fagarrashon,  
Whae bides thi lipper: 'Haad yor tungl!'  
Born us a beacon wheor theor's naen;  
*Howway man, heor us shoot tiv ee,  
For souls gey-gliffed upon thi sea.*

Strang Trinity, thoo's soft a hairt,  
Be compass for wor crew, an chart;  
For fool an shad, an Nor'east swell,  
Aye bide nigh-handed. Mind us weel;  
*Darse, Maister, while wuh hyemward  
flee,  
Gan on, wor sangs, fro land an sea.*



## The One Ton Stotty Cyek

Written for, and recited at,  
the 2016 Reed Neet by Stuart Lawson

Aal of Morpeth waas hord tu say  
What's this yu expect us tu myek  
Wu've nivva hord of such a beast  
As a one ton stotty cyek.

Of this huge task the' wor severely  
daunted  
So the' roped in ivveryone the' cud wish  
To clean the owld swimmin' pool oot  
An' use it as a greet big mixin' dish.

Mair people wa browt in  
To kneed the moontains of dough  
An' the poonded and poonded  
Until the greet grey soggy lump was just  
so.

Otha people wer'asked tu get coal for the  
fire  
An' the' stripped the Lynemooth coast  
clean  
The fire the' built was the size of the  
smelter worrks  
An' the flames cud be seen in Windsa by  
the Queen.

Noo the needed a greet big pan  
So the' sliced the Blyth dredger in two  
lengthwise, on the spot  
Then haalled the bottom bit on tu the fire  
An' pretty soon it waas glowin' reed hot.

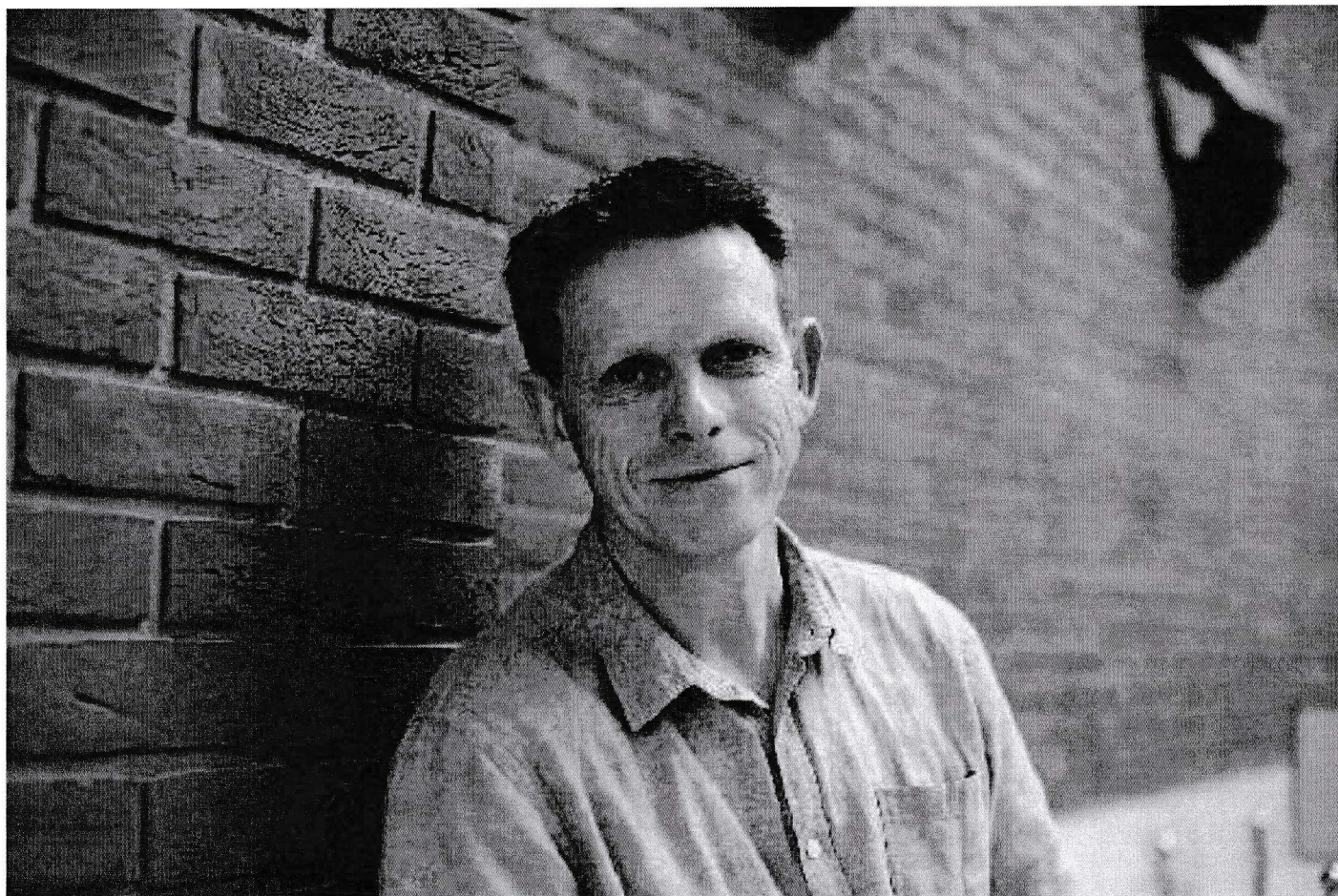
The' hoyed in the dough strite away  
'Cos the worn't ower sure how lang it wad  
tyek  
But afta aboot a day an' a haalf, it waas  
ready an' pipin' hot  
An' bye-the-bye, that's why wu taalk aboot  
pipin' in the stotty cyek.

Fred Reed, nee doot, wadda come up with a  
betta poem than this  
But it's tu his memory yon greet one ton  
stotty cyek is here  
So raise ya glass and lets hear ye greet the  
Spirit of the Bard of  
Northumborland,  
Whee just happens tu be near.



# Notes on this year's lecturers ....

Jonnie Robinson is Lead Curator of Spoken English at the British Library and responsible for the Library's extensive archive of sound recordings of British accents and dialects. He has worked on two nationwide surveys of regional speech, the *Survey of English Dialects* and *BBC Voices* and in 2010 co-curated the world's first major exhibition on the English Language, *Evolving English: One Language, Many Voices*. His most recent publication is *Evolving English WordBank: a glossary of present-day English dialect and slang* (2015) and he is currently working on a description of contemporary dialect in the East Midlands and an electronic thesaurus based on the *BBC Voices Recordings*. The British Library's sound archive documents spoken English over a period of more than 100 years and holds unique recordings that capture the wonderful variety of voices in the North East of England.







Ian Wilson writes ..... "My interest in the 9<sup>th</sup> Battalion the Border Regiment started when they had their first reunion in my pub at Bowness on Solway in 1984. They had not met since 1945 - 39 years previously! The reunions lasted almost 20 years. It was at one of these reunions that I met Roland Bibby.

They had served in an all-Gurkha Division, the 17<sup>th</sup> Indian Division, and the 9<sup>th</sup> Border Regiment had the nickname of 'The White Gurkhas'. Viscount John Slim, son of Field Marshal 'Bill Slim of Burma', said, "This is the highest of accolades and it would not have been lightly given. This is a greatly deserved honour. I have not heard such an expression ever publicly given".

A young 23 year old 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt Roland Bibby (above, front) joined the battalion at Newbiggin-by-the Sea, joining 'D' company. On the 28<sup>th</sup> May 1942, they left Ashington for India where they were involved in containing the Ghandi riots. In July 1943 they became part of the 17<sup>th</sup> Indian Division.

By this time Captain Roland Bibby was a very trusted and popular officer in charge of No 1 Signal Platoon. They first made contact with the Japanese in the Chin Hills of Northern Burma, fighting fiercely and suffering many casualties. It was at this point Captain Bibby started to write his very moving 'Chin Hill Rants'.

General Slim made the decision to withdraw his 14<sup>th</sup> Army into India, and to fight the Japanese on the plains of Imphal. The 17<sup>th</sup> Division had to fight continuously throughout their withdrawal over 180 miles. They later fought in the Battle of Imphal, which eventually led to the defeat of the Japanese and paved the way for the advance back into Burma in January 1945.

It is thought that the term 'the Forgotten Army' may have come from an article by Stuart Emery in the News Chronicle. He was with the 9<sup>th</sup> Border Regiment when he saw the Signal Officer, Captain Roland Bibby, tuning into the BBC and circulating the news to the battalion. The headline was "They Called Themselves FORGOTTEN MEN". Mountbatten who was in charge of SEAC (South East Asia Command) heard about this and was very quick to use it for publicity."



# Whaat's On

## **Saturday 14 October - Roland Bibby**

### **Memorial Lectures.** Morpeth Town Hall.

Doors open at 1.30pm. Lectures begin at 2pm and 3.30pm. Light refreshments available.

See separate pages for more information about the event.

## **Friday & Saturday 20 & 21 October - National Dialect Festival at Penryn in Cornwall.**

We will be represented by a small band of dedicated Northumbrians. Check the NDF website [www.dialectfestival.co.uk](http://www.dialectfestival.co.uk) for more details.

## **Saturday 18 November - Barn Dance, 8pm, the St James' Centre, Wellway, Morpeth, NE61 1BN. Fund-raising event for the Morpeth Northumbrian Gathering.**

Music by the Border Directors (celebrating their 30th birthday), plus guest dance spots. Tickets from Kim Bibby-Wilson 01670 513308, or the Chantry TIC 01670 623455.

## **Saturday 9 December - Yule Meet.**

2pm in Morpeth's Chantry Museum. Bring something for the shared meal, and join us for our ore Yuletide celebration, including our world-famous "Whe's Thellin Hoafies?"

## **Events in 2018**

## **A Friday Night in February or March - the Gathering Fund-raising Concert**

in the ballroom of Morpeth Town Hall, starting at 7.30pm.

## **Friday-Sunday 6-8 April - 51st Morpeth Northumbrian Gathering.**

Funding issues means that this will be a smaller celebration than usual, concentrating more on our core Northumbrian history, culture and heritage. It will still be a great event which all true Northumbrians will be looking forward to!

## **Monday 30th April - possible date for the Reed Neet.**

This event had to be cancelled this year for the first time ever, because very few people signed up to attend.

## **Saturday 5 May - possible date for the NLS AGM.**

This may be a daytime event.

## **Saturday 6 October - date of the Roland Bibby Memorial Lecture.**

Morpeth Town Hall. Doors open at 1.30pm. Lecture begins at 2pm. Light refreshments available.

## **Friday & Saturday 19 & 20 October - National Dialect Festival,** somewhere in Lancashire.

## **Saturday 8 December - Yule Meet.**

Morpeth Chantry Museum at 2pm.



## **Nick Short - Community Champion**

NLS member Nick Short has been presented with a Hexham Constituency Community Champion Award by local MP Guy Opperman. This recognises Nick's voluntary activities on behalf of the RAF Association, raising money for the Wings Appeal, and for the Royal British Legion.

Nick said, "I did my RAF service in 1953, so I think it is important that I collect for people who need a bit of help. I just hope that what I have collected has gone to do something good."

Well done Nick! Very well deserved.