

# Hark, the newspaper seller calls

## EVEEN ONNIKERP!

IT IS my belief that if I led blindfolded around the streets of Tyneside on a weekday afternoon, I would make a good guess at my position by hearing the cry of the nearest newspaper seller.

Have you ever listened lately to the distinctive and unique call of one of those Press Barons of the pavement?

Countless years of constantly repeating the title "Evening Chronicle" in all weathers are required to hone it down to the wonderfully evocative "EVEEN ONNIKERP!"

And you will hear that nowhere but in the vicinity of Grey's Monument where the local sentry to the passing of time stands rooted to his jealously guarded pitch.

A walk around the corner to Pilgrim Street will take you past one of the many lads who prefer to shorten your masthead to the single word "Chronicle" or "ERNEGIT" in his particular case.



One of Newcastle's Press barons of the pavement.

### Transaction

Further on near the Fire Station you would be met by the rather staccato "ENNEKIL". A more rounded pronunciation prevails in Northumberland Street where "ROWNEGIT" or "RONNEGAIL" are favoured.

But we must cross the Tyne to Gateshead in order to encounter the real Knights of Newsprint. No, I do not refer to the high nasal whine of "KERRON-IK-ERL" to be heard echoing along Jackson Street. Only in Trinity Square do they actually invite you to come

and get your Chronicle, "CUNNER GITCHER HERNEKIL" and then complete the transaction with a polite "HANGYUVAMUCHZA"

With the sad demise of ancient street cries such as "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-oh" (Lads with pseudo Cockney accents selling dodgy perfume from suitcases are no replacement), how fortunate it is that there still exists a thriving street trade with a language of its own. — CHRISTOPHER GOULDING,