

A Winter's Dale

Weather memories from Upper Teesdale



Landscapes
for life
.org.uk

{ NORTH PENNINES
One of the
AONB family

A Winter's Dale

The winters of 2008/2009 and 2009/10 were harsher than in recent years throughout the UK, but particularly in the high and wild areas of the North Pennines, such as Upper Teesdale.

A radio programme describing the biggest snow event in an inhabited place in England (83 inches (210.8cm) in Forest-in-Teesdale in 1947) prompted the North Pennines AONB Partnership to carry out an oral history project to collect the memories of winters past, when life was very different in the dales. The resulting interviews are stored at the North Pennines AONB Staff Unit and at Beamish Museum archives. Samples can be played by visiting www.northpennines.org.uk. This booklet contains edited extracts from those oral histories. The photographs used here are to illustrate the conditions; they do not necessarily depict, or are from the same year, as the story they accompany.

This oral history project was carried out as part of the AONB Partnership's Living North Pennines initiative which was funded with nearly £2 million from the Heritage Lottery Fund.



Contents

Contributors	4
Tom Elder	
Pig keeping	6
Sledges	14
Delivering hay to the livestock in winter of 1947	18
Bill Alderson	
Rescuing sheep	7
Trying to get to Watgarth farm	20
Yorkshire puddings	22
Roger Redfearn	
Snow cutting	8
Jo Sanders	
Daddy's trucks	9
Boily	22
Maurice and Joan Tarn	
Getting blocked in with snow	10
Getting to school, making an igloo and sledging	11
Difficulties getting milk churns away	12
Chris Knowles	
Winter coats	13
Snow ploughing	13
Ken Cook	
The Redfearn sisters	15
Alan Walton	
Looking after cows in snow	16
128 snow cutters	17

Memories from...

Bill Alderson was born in Darlington and spent lots of time hiking in Upper Teesdale. He regularly stayed at Langdon Beck Youth Hostel while working as a draughtsman. He retired in 1983. Subsequent to his frequent visits, Bill became friends with Isaac Allinson at Watgarth. He maintains that the path between Scorberry and Cronkley bridges offers the best bit of river walking in the world.



Ken Cook is a retired headteacher now living in Copley. Ken has lived in the Teesdale/Weardale area since the late 1960s after moving from Scarborough. He has worked as an observer for the Met Office for about 50 years and now does some work for local radio and press about the weather.



Tom Elder was born in Birtley on 12 September 1922 to a family of a strong socialist background on his father's side and a mining one on his mother's. A year later the family moved to Eighton Banks after his sister was born. He started at Wrenkenton primary school in September 1927, leaving in November when the family moved to Teesdale. In 1952 he married his Land Army Girl, whom he had met in 1943, but lost touch with until four years later. Together they raised four children. Tom retired to Sacriston in 1987.



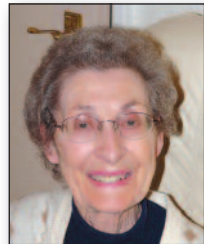
Chris Knowles was born just outside of Kirkby Stephen and went to school at Winton. He had to walk two miles there carrying slippers and a gas mask. After leaving school he worked on various farms and then moved to Barnard Castle.



Roger Redfearn's family moved to Teesdale from Derbyshire in 1758. He was born at Cock Lake and then lived at Bail Hill Farm, Forest. Roger went first to Forest of Teesdale school and then to Bishop Auckland Grammar School.



Jo Sanders (née Lowe) was born in Teesdale and lived with her family until she married in 1953. She was in the army during the second World War and came home at the very start of the big storm in 1947 – 25th January – to be “cut off from the world for three months”. Jo now lives in Bishop Auckland but will always be ‘a Teesdale girl’ and still thinks of Middleton-in-Teesdale as her beloved home.



Maurice Tarn was born at Roseberry, in Teesdale, where he lived for 75 years. He's had a varied career as well as running the little farm and he and his wife, Joan, now live in Middleton-in-Teesdale.



Alan Walton, like all his family, was born at Kirkhouse Fold in Upper Teesdale. His mother was born there in 1881. His father was always a miner or a quarryman. Alan helped on the farm when he left school and married Mary in 1952. In 1960 he bought a farm near Kirkby Stephen which was a mere 500ft above sea level, compared to the 1200ft in Teesdale! Alan and Mary moved to their house in Kirkby Stephen when their son married in 1981.



Pig keeping

Two bad winters came and the winter that really fettled us was when we'd bought pigs. You could buy weaner pigs at thirty shillings – this was the going rate at Darlington mart, or any mart for that matter. Now this is a funny thing: a packet of cigarettes, Woodbines, was tuppence in 1929, and tuppence in 1939. And similarly with pigs, thirty shillings would buy you a weaner for a number of years.

Anyway, we were doing well and we bought, I forget exactly how many, maybe fifty weaners at thirty shillings each. This was quite an expenditure, bearing in mind that when the winter came and we couldn't get food for them and couldn't get down to Darlington to get the swill, we had to sell, as had a lot of others. We took them, as soon as the snow got worse, down to Darlington to sell, and we only made five shillings (the market was flooded with pigs as there was no food – everyone was selling their pigs), and we'd had to feed them for a whole winter.

Of course a shilling was a lot of money. Wages at that time were three pounds a week for an agricultural worker, and only six-pound-ten for a schoolteacher, for a headmaster about eight pounds, you know. So a shilling was a lot of money and we could ill-afford to have it, and I think that's what sold my dad just that little bit towards paying it off. By this time he'd got this other job which he couldn't really refuse, and years later when I met him, having retired, he says "Tom, there's a virtue in working hard, but if you can avoid it, please do!" And he got this better job. His mantra was, work. He couldn't stand any laziness. But it was a romantic dream that he had, and he kept all his contacts up, right later in life.

Tom Elder

Pigs near Folly Top, Eggleston. Photo: Maurice Tarn

Rescuing sheep

They had hay dropped to them at Birkdale and Yad Moss. They had to. The sheep were way underneath the snow and you could sometimes see the breathing hole where hot breath had come up through it. The farmer had to set to and dig them out.

A lot died – a hell of a lot. I think the Sandersons lived at Valance Lodge. I think they were running a thousand sheep at that time and they lost half of them. And we were over at Ashgill. We were over there, I think it would be in the May or June, and there was still snow in the bottom, and stinking, dead sheep. The place stank where they hadn't been able to get them all. It was a big big job, cleaning up afterwards. There were dead sheep everywhere.

At Birkdale, I think they had a hay drop. There were no helicopters in those days, so I don't know how they dropped it, but they did drop hay. It will have been a Dakota, and they would have shoved it out the door. They were desperate, for example, at Cronkley Farm (you go from the chapel down through Watgarth, over Cronkley Bridge, over a fairly big field and Cronkley Farm sits on the top). Now who cleared that road out? – nearly a couple of miles back up to the road. There was no access and no getting anywhere.

Bill Alderson



Photo: Margaret Dent

Snow cutting

I remember the 1947 snow storm. In those days the snow cutting was all done by hand. There was a colossal amount of snow – they kept digging the snow out and it filled in again. They had to start digging again, so at the side of the road were these great big heaps of blocks of snow. I was a ten year old boy at the time, and I can remember walking along the top of the heaps. The telegraph wires were all on posts above the ground, and you could, even at ten year old, reach up and touch the telephone wires. That gives you an idea of the height – these heaps were maybe fifteen foot high. Shovels were heated and then rubbed with candle fat to stop the snow sticking to them.

Roger Redfearn



Photo: Maurice Tarn

Daddy's trucks

Daddy used to be called out mostly through the night and he would then have to get his drivers out. Of course they didn't have telephones and so he was trudging to people's houses to say 'get up, you've got to go snow ploughing'. He would do it as well, and they did that solidly for three months.

There were helicopters going in with food for the animals, and an awful lot of cows as well as sheep, died. I would think people who died were being taken on little sledges to be buried, so that was very unpleasant, seeing them coming through the street, the little narrow piece that was – it was terrible.

All the snow cutting just continued; there would be gaps, there would be times when it wasn't snowing, but it didn't last for long. Through the night was always the worst. It would start to snow at, say, midnight and that was when this chap called Driver Robson (a very unusual name, Driver – I've never heard of anyone called Driver) would come and ring the bell and say 'Clarry' (Dad's name was Clarence), 'Clarry, get up, come on' – and he used to get straight up, no qualms, no nothing.

The one thing that does stand out in my mind is when Daddy lost one of his lorries. It was on the Eggesburn to Stanhope road, and the snow was coming down so heavily it must have been treacherous. The driver got out and managed to walk back (I can't remember now how he would get back to Middleton, maybe my Dad would see to it, I don't know), but he managed to get out of the lorry and it was completely covered, they couldn't see it at all and it was there for exactly three months. My father thought he'd lost it. It was a Bedford or a Commer – he had Bedfords and Commers and one Ford diesel. He thought he'd never get it back, but he did, and he got it to work again.

Jo Sanders

Getting blocked in with snow

Maurice: We used to get a lot of west wind – it followed you up the lane, didn't it Joan?

Joan: Yes, and that's when we used to get blocked in, because it used to come down here and after this lane, what would it be, 300 yards?

Maurice: Roughly 300 yards, the lane.

Joan: And that's where it used to blow off the field and block the lane. So I was stuck. We hadn't a phone in then. I was always afraid. I always thought, Maurice and I up there – what if he takes bad and I have to go down to the end of that lane, I'll never make it. So we decided to get the phone in, didn't we. And we kept digging this road out, and as fast as we dug it out it just used to fill back in.

Maurice: Blown in again, yes.

Joan: He says, "We're doing it no more!" I says, "We'll just keep doing it..." We did, didn't we, about eight times we dug it out, that lane, Mind, that would be about one of the worst, wasn't it, like up here. It was good fun though, we enjoyed it really. And there was a neighbour on the end, Vince, he came to help.

Maurice and Joan Tarn



Getting to school, making an igloo and sledging

- Joan: I don't think we missed many school days, did we, in winter? We all managed to get to school didn't we?
Just walked, yes. They didn't have taxis then. I lived down Butterknowle. We used to go through this field that was fenced off, and the snow used to be the height of the fence, and we used to walk it on top of the fence, walk the height of the fence, and we just, yes, we used to walk to school.
(were you warm enough when you got there?)
Oh yes.
(because presumably you wouldn't have central heating in the schools.)
Oh no. Your mothers used to put your scarf on, what we called a muffler, going around your neck, and around here and around here, and set you off!
Well that 1947 one, we had a great big snow house built, you know how you chop it into blocks.
Like an igloo. Oh and I don't know how long it lasted. My brothers and I just dug this snow house with a little hole in. We played in there for hours.
- Maurice: We used to do that, yes.
- Joan: Oh, it was good, you just would make it into blocks and pile it up and it used to stand.
- Maurice: We used to come out onto Town Head (there was a lot of children at Town Head then, there was about five lads), and I used to meet up with them and we used to build a snow house.

*Maurice and Joan
Tarn*

*Bridge Road (now
Bridge Street),
Middleton.
Photo Margaret
Dent*



Difficulties getting milk churns away

Maurice: You see the milk cans, by the side of the lane. Ten gallon milk churns, we used to call them. The Express Dairy used to come over from Kirby Stephen – they had a depot there – and they used to send these wagons round. But they couldn't get, so they made arrangements so that the farmers, if they could get in onto the railway, in the '47 storm, they used to take it up there. And there was a train load of empty churns used to come back and they used to pick the churns up again for the next day.

(further up the dale you wouldn't even have been able to get them to the railway)

Maurice: Yes, there was a lady blocked in at a place called Marl Beck, that's up Snaisgill road, right at the far end. They couldn't get their milk away, so they brought it down. Their mother lived on a smallholding just above us and they brought four cows down and she used to milk them down there, by hand, and then fill the churn, and the neighbours used to take it to the station for her, and that's the way they survived the winter. The rest of the cows which wasn't milking so well, they were making cheeses. And one of the farmers that was helping to get her milk away wouldn't give her an empty churn for the next day, so we had one, and I let her have that and, when the snow and that went she brought us a little cheese and she said "that's for lending the churn". She says "that man that wouldn't give us one, he doesn't get one!"

Joan: They used to make their own butter, like, as well, didn't they?

Maurice: Oh yes, they used to make butter.

Maurice and Joan Tarn

Photo: Margaret Dent

Winter coats

I remember '47. We were living at a place called Knock – Knock Cross – just outside Knock, near Appleby. And I took bad. They took me to my grandmother's in case I took worse on account of getting us to hospital, if I had had to go to hospital. There was a drift there in 1947 as high as the house. And at the farm opposite, where Dad worked, the sheep dog, he used to live on the front door step. Well the farmer would put it in t'shed, thinking he was taking pity on it, and it howled its head off. He had to go and let it out because he couldn't sleep, because the dog wouldn't settle, wouldn't settle in t'shed. He come and it lived on the front door, it lived against that house door all winter, and it never got rheumatism nor nowt – marvellous isn't it?

But you see, you get a lot of people, they don't realise that stock all get like an extra winter coat on, if they're stopping out, they get a winter coat on. There was a man used to be a dealer (he's dead, this poor fellow now), but he used to say, if you're taking stock in for winter, get them in before Christmas else you do them more harm than good. Because they've got their winter coat on by then, and they sweat when you take them in – it does them no good.

Chris Knowles

Snow ploughing

How much I did varied a lot, but in 1991 I did 18 hours, snow ploughing and salting, in one day. It was a miserable job. I didn't like snow ploughing – you're just sat there, and your legs ache summat awful because I'm used to walking. When you're salting, you couldn't see if the salt was working properly, you had to get off, and keep getting off, to see if it was working properly but on the snow plough you was just sat there all the time, oh... no, not for me. I'd rather do salting any day, than snow ploughing.

But there was a lot of jobs. Like anything else, if you're willing to learn, and you understood how people did things, you could learn. But if you weren't interested, you would never get to know.

Chris Knowles

Photo: source unknown



Sledges

I can remember the winters at school and yet I can only remember on one hand the number of times the school was closed. The kids would make a desperate effort to get there. Desperate effort. If you got twenty in the school of forty something, you run the school. But some had a couple of miles to come to school, you know, from Broadley's Gate and Moor House. Aye, I mean it's a long way to come to Newbiggin School.

They didn't have a school after 1952. Mr Coggins was there after he came out of the army as a Major in 1918. He became the headmaster. He came over from Whitehaven, and his family, especially his son, Dennis Coggins, feature in a lot of literature about Teesdale.

Dennis was my lifelong friend. We grew up together. At five year old, we went to school together, and yet when he went to university and I moved, we lost friendly touch, day to day touch.

Mr Coggins stayed there till 1942. After Mr Coggins they got another headmaster who was just heading for retirement and I think they had already decided to close the school, the post-war government, and it killed the town. It killed Newbiggin. There's no children there now. There was 25 of us in the village, and it was a vibrant village, with school concerts, all sorts of things. It went off.

I could go on with endless stories about what happened. I mean, what other school in the country would be taking their sledges to school, and able to go outside the school area to sledge during playtime? We dragged the sledge up the Weardale road and slid right down, passed through the village, and stopped outside the chapel. The chapel used to be the signal, or the sign of the place; if you got past the chapel door, by gum you had a good sledge!

Tom Elder



Photo: Margaret Dent

The Redfearn sisters

There were two sisters and they worked at the Post Office at Forest. They were asked by the Air Ministry during the war if they would take cloud observations, because the RAF needed to know what the heights of clouds were. So they did extensive training – these ladies were not just guessing – and they had all sorts of instruments to see how high the clouds were. As far as I know the bombers used to group in this area above Teesdale, and then go off on their missions. The local bombing stations used to meet in this area. And these ladies kept it going; they kept it going way after the war.

The sisters developed from doing cloud observations to doing temperature observations, to doing rainfall and snow depths. And at Forest in Teesdale there was quite a lot of snow, and those days, in the 1940s, there was a lot more than there is now.

The records were always published as the deepest snow in England and Wales, at 60 inches of level snow – they had to measure it level, not the drifts. And I've a friend came round and showed me some evidence that he'd photocopied from the Met Office library in Exeter that showed 83 inches. We've got a photocopy here of the actual returns that the ladies were sending to the Met Office and it's got down there in black and white, 83, measured twice, and there are quite a few other observations well in excess of the 60 inches that had previously been mentioned. Previously the record was 60 inches in Denbighshire and Upper Teesdale, so we tied for the record, you see, but now we've got evidence that Teesdale was much much snowier at that time.

Teesdale and Weardale are perhaps the snowiest areas of England, because of their positioning, in the north east Pennines, nearest to the cold winds, nearest to the northerly winds and the easterly winds and they're just far enough off from the coast to not be affected by the heating of the sea, and high enough above sea level to be a couple of degrees colder, for the snow to be deeper. So it's known in Met circles as being the snowiest part of England.

Ken Cook

Looking after cows in snow

Each morning, continually, the snow was just as bad by afternoon and we had to clear it again. I couldn't find the byre when I got there – I went up past Father and Mother's bedroom window on the top of the snow and couldn't find the byre door. I went in through, around into a hayloft, and went down through what we called a fothering hall, to eight cows. I'd left the milk in the night before and so I just took two and lifted them and that was it. I had to force the door open inwards and to get the manure out, which was just thrown outside with the shovel, then it was just all filled up again within an hour or two.

So the same happened day after day after day. And when the thaw did come, the manure was lying down the bottom of the hills, where the muck could run away because the hill was so steep. We put water bowls in out of a drain, in October of 1946, into the byres, and also put it down into the house, just out of an old stone drain. How they would have got to the door if they hadn't done that, I think they must have had to do it on purpose. And it never froze; it never froze so they must have made a decent job of it.

Alan Walton



1963 snow at Roseberry.
Photo Maurice Tarn

128 snow cutters

Cutting snow at Langdon Beck, that was after the storm had rather ceased. The whole road from Forest Post Office through to Yad Moss was blocked and to be cleared by manpower. The cutters were paid 11 pence an hour.

I was cutting snow and it was a wonderful day and I took my coat off and a bait bag, and I hung it there. That was the top of the telegraph pole, which was two foot showing out of the top of the snow.

And the snow at Forest School must have been at least 12 foot in height. I was cutting snow, in a gang of 128 snow cutters. And they were lifting about four and five heights, with shovels. And that was after the storm had ceased, which would be in March, a week or so into March if I remember.

It had started on the 7th of February...

February got in, it snowed, and it just never stopped, day and night. Wind never, it never stopped snowing and it never stopped blowing. And it was just one full white sheet for miles, there was no stone wall tops or anything showing. And well, as far as getting out of the house on a morning, I opened the door, the snow either came in, or I pushed it away.

Alan Walton

Photo: Margaret Dent

Delivering hay to the livestock in winter of 1947

In 1947 I was working for the War Agriculture Committee, run by Durham County Council, but under government supervision of course, and my job at that time was taking fuel out to the various tractors. There was about 84 to 100 tractors running throughout the county, dealing with food production and reclamation of land. Well during the '47 snowstorm, which lasted approximately six weeks, with snow every day, we were virtually held up in our bait cabin for want of a better word, and just sitting around waiting for the roads getting opened so that we could deal with the tractors. Actually there was no work to be done. So I don't know how long we'd be waiting for the spring to come.

We were well aware what would be happening up the Dales, only by radio (there was no television in those days) so it wasn't widely known throughout the country how difficult it was. However we did; it filtered through that the sheep and cattle were in dire need of food, and so as soon as the road got opened, as far as we knew, to approximately Langdon Beck, we were dispatched to get hay.

I was sent down to Thorpe Thewles (that's just on the Stockton road, beyond Sedgefield) to get a load of hay. I went down there and I couldn't get to the farm so the farmer had to trailer it up to the road which was two or three fields away. The snow didn't stop and it absolutely came down a blizzard, but we managed to get a load on and it must have been about lunchtime I would think, when we got haring up to Teesdale. The snow was really deep and the roads were narrowed, certainly from Eggleston onward, by the succession of snow ploughs that had gone up backing the snow to the side. It got very hard – it was virtually like an ice wall up the sides by that time, you see. Luckily there was no traffic to speak of at



Help from helicopters in 1963.

In 1947 hay was dropped from Dakotas.

Photo: Maurice Tarn



all. We got as far as just beyond where Misses Redfearn were, and we were aware of all these sheep. The snow was quite high, and in drifts, but the snow cutters, the chaps that were cutting the snow through the drifts were piling it up again. They had only one place to put it so it was double height. On one occasion we were told 'don't bother asking any farmer, just throw it out for the sheep'. We got the ropes off, threw the bales over the heaps of snow, over the drifts. And the sheep were just devouring it. We didn't bother cutting the strings or anything on the bales.

There was one occasion when, I clearly remember, we got two or three levels of hay off the truck, and the sheep were actually coming up onto the top of the truck, they were so unafraid of us, and so ravenous. It was pitiful to see them. I was able to get them off by throwing them off, lifting them up, lifting a sheep in each hand they were so light. And on occasions the wool would just come off - they were just skeletons, absolute skeletons. How many would die up there, I don't know. I just don't know. It would take, I think, two or three seasons before the flocks got back into anything like normal, because apart from the fact the sheep were dying, they were losing their lambs - you see they were carrying lambs at that time.

Tom Elder

Trying to get to Watgarth farm

We were courting. We weren't living in sin, we had two single rooms, and we'd arranged to go up to this farm, Watgarth. After the chapel you pass on the left hand side before you get to Hanging Shaw, you go through that gate there; the first farm you come to is Watgarth, on the way down to Cronkley Bridge.

I'd gone there quite a lot, and Lil had been training at Leicester Royal. In 1947 she'd been home about a year. And I think she was working at the Memorial Hospital in Darlington. Anyhow, we decided we would go up there for the weekend, and it snowed. And on the Thursday morning, in the Daily Mail, it said that the girls, the Redfearn girls from Forest had reported three feet nine inches of level snow. Level snow. But not deterred, on the Friday night we still set off. Folks thought we were crackers. Well, we were.

We got on the train and we got as far as Mickleton and it couldn't get any further. The lad had to back it up and have a good bang at the snow to get through it, and we got through to Middleton Station, ultimately. We walked down, and I don't know yet whether we walked over the bridge or the river! It was wonderful, it was paradise, it was. Billy Coultman, the landlord of the Bridge Inn in Middleton, ran a taxi service, and I'd booked Billy to take me up to Watgarth, because it was about another seven miles and it was dark of course when we got there. I think it was almost a tunnel we went through to get into the Bridge Hotel and as we walked in he told us what he thought about us. He told us we'd be sleeping on the bar



Bill Alderson and Lil Alderson

benches that night. I disagreed with him. Anyway we went out, because I think we wanted something to eat, and I found this place, the Belvedere (it's still there). We got put up there for the night. It was a good spot actually. And the next morning I happened to look out the window, I don't know what time, I have no idea. The Teesdale Queen – that's the old coach that used to run up and down two or three times a week – was coming in to Langdon Beck, sometimes into Harwood. It had wooden seats; it was a right primitive affair. I popped out and I said to Jack, “are you going up, how far do you get, Jack?” He said “High Force”. I said, “that's great, we can manage from there”. “Are you going again?” I said “yes, give us a yell when you're setting off”, so he pulled up and we got on board.

I swear we went up the valley and he didn't steer the thing, he just let it bump itself side to side as we went up the valley. I think we got just about as far as the quarry just above High Force (it's closed now). He had to make sure he didn't go too far, so that he could reverse and get back again. When we got off, we set off, and the lads cut us steps up on top to the snow, because it was up to telegraph wires. When we set off walking, the wires were beside us, in drifted snow.

Bill Alderson



Horsemarket, Middleton (note the position of the Bainbridge fountain)

Yorkshire puddings

My joke is that we had cream on our Yorkshire puddings. We didn't, but I mean we could have done because the cream was there, there was no milk collected – and that was their income – milk, and animals of course – but milk wasn't collected. In those days all those little farms had a cow or two, they used to put the big churn out, big can out on the step and they were all collected. I suppose it's probably only in about the last forty years that, when you started you had to have a certain amount, it was no good just a couple of cows, and they wouldn't come and collect your tin cans, they wanted to come and take it off a refrigerated tank. The Milk Marketing Board, I think that's what it was, set it up – the same with my pal in the lakes. They had to build a big dairy, but I mean they were milking seventy cows, so there was a big difference.

Bill Alderson

Boily

Talking about milk, the milk churns couldn't be taken away so they were eating milk at every meal, because they couldn't get it away.

You would eat a dish of bread, milk and sugar and call it boily.

My mother used to give us that every night before we went to bed. I have never thought of that word, since then. I can see it now, she always kept these specially biggish mugs, they weren't just teacups, these were biggish ones. Probably she kept them for that reason, and we used to get boily and we adored it – sugar, boiling milk, and bread dipped, ooh, my god, I'd forgotten that, I'm so glad you said that!

Jo Sanders



High Force frozen, 1963. Photo: Maurice Tarn

NORTH PENNINES

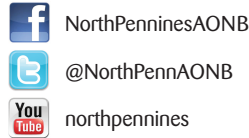
Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty



The North Pennines is one of England's most special places – a peaceful, unspoilt landscape with a rich history and vibrant natural beauty. In recognition of this it is designated as an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty (AONB). The area is also a Global Geopark – an accolade endorsed by UNESCO.

This booklet contains edited extracts from interviews with people who remember past harsh winters in Upper Teesdale. This oral history project was carried out by the AONB Partnership as part of its Living North Pennines project.

North Pennines AONB Partnership
www.northpennines.org.uk
+44 (0)1388 528801
info@northpenninesaonb.org.uk



The AONB Partnership has a Green Tourism award for its corporate office



Please ask us if you would like this document summarised in another format.

info@northpenninesaonb.org.uk
01388 528801



Braille



Audio



Large Print

This publication has been funded by:

