

flower meadow. Stay on the track and descend to Barrowburn Farm. Walk past farm buildings and play **AUDIO 5**.

Join the metalled road and turn left towards the car park. Pause at Askew Hall just before the car park and play **AUDIO 6**.

Complete your walk by returning to the car park.

You will hear the voices of the following people who shared their memories and stories for the **OUT OF TOWN MUSEUM** project.



Bob Burston was vicar of Alwinton with Holystone and Alnham between 1977 and 1983. He recalls a visit to Windyhaugh school and a Christmas party at Askew Hall.



Robert Bertram was born at Blindburn during the harsh winter of 1947. He describes the impact on farming life during live firing exercises on the Otterburn Ranges.



Jean Foreman was born and brought up at Uswayford Farm. In 1955 they were snowed in for two weeks and their sheep were in danger of starvation.



Jon Short was a shepherd at Blindburn and Makendon and became Shepherd Manager at Carlcroft. His horse 'Trampas' was an important part of his working life.



James Tait is a dialect poet and musician from Rothbury. His poems and songs reflect his love of the people and landscape of Coquetdale.



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OUT OF TOWN MUSEUM

Walk In Their Shoes Barrowburn Circular



An exhilarating walk into the Cheviot Hills with fine views up the Usway Burn valley and over to Windy Gyle.

The dramatic landscape and history are brought to life by the voices of the people who lived and worked there.

Time	4 - 4.5hrs
Distance	5.07 miles
Difficulty	Moderate
Ascent	480m
Terrain	Track and moorland

One longish steep ascent at start. Strong footwear recommended. Start at car park. NT866874

Leave no litter.

Take only photographs and memories.

Please respect this ancient landscape and leave the stones as you find them. To protect wildlife and farm animals, please keep your dog on a lead at all times.

Thank you.



Select the audio at the numbered locations

- 1 Bob Burston - Nigel and the Salmon
- 2 Robert Bertram - Farming under fire
- 3 Jean Foreman - The Muckle C
- 4 Jon Short - The Shepherd's Horse
- 5 James Tait - Barrow Hill
- 6 Bob Burston - Windyhaugh Christmas Party



Jean Foreman describing the winter hay drop

Start in the car park at Barrowburn. Read the information board about Wedder's Leap near the entrance and walk left out of car park for 100yds and cross the Wedder Burn on a footbridge to your right. Follow the footpath and turn left through a small gate at the end of a row of Scots Pines to former Windyhaugh school. Play **AUDIO 1**.

Continue on a wide track with the Barrow Burn to your left. The track begins to rise steeply. Pause and rest at slight left turn about halfway up, look south west towards the Otterburn ranges. Play **AUDIO 2**.

Continue for 1.25 miles on the track through two gates. At the first gate note the ancient boundary wall which leaves to your left and Fairhaugh buildings to the right in the valley below.

Fairhaugh, once a typical cheviot hill farm, is now a holiday cottage. 'Haugh' means low lying meadow by a river, whereas 'heugh' denotes a steep crag or cliff.

At the second gate leave the track and take a rough path to the right below the summit on your left for half a mile to a third gate. Look north east up the valley towards the buildings of Uswayford Farm. Play **AUDIO 3**.

Rejoin track and descend to valley floor crossing the Hepdon Burn, keep left and join Forestry Road. Walk up towards Murder Cleugh plantation and turn left through gate at end of plantation. Read Murder Cleugh Story.

MURDER CLEUGH

This thin sliver of woodland is Murder Cleugh, the spine-shivering site of a grizzly murder over 400 years ago. Lumsden was a local landowner with a penchant for married women and violence. Sudden was a young married woman of lower social class who was due to bear Lumsden's illegitimate child. On 20th July 1610 Lumsden chased down Sudden over the hills and stoned her, dealing what would, after 15 agonising days, become a fatal wound to the stomach. Her body finally succumbed to the blows on 4th August leaving her husband, Andrew, a widower.

The King's officers were instructed to arrest Lumsden for the murder and rode the two days from their base in Durham to his house in the valley. Upon their arrival, he was alleged to say, "I care nothing for the King, I care nothing for the Queen and I care nothing for you" before taking their pistols and swords and beating them. They fled back to Durham, undoubtedly with their tails between their legs.

Lumsden was eventually arrested in Newcastle before being tried and made to renounce his sins in the market place in Alnwick. He was excommunicated from the Church and spent a month in jail. Lumsden got away with murder.

Follow a wide path across rough moorland pasture keeping the summit of Barrow Law to your right. At Barrow Cleugh stream play **AUDIO 4**.

Continue downhill on a decent track through a gate. If you do this walk in late May or June you will be walking through a spectacular wild

work. Plus the fact on a stormy day on a horse, on a white oot for ten minutes in the afternoon, you would get off the horse and you would shelter behind the horse until the storm was passed.

A horse was quite tricky in a way 'cause when he stopped, the horse he always turned his backside to the wind. He never faced the wind he turned his backside to the wind and you would get snuggled in beside the shoulder of the horse and cuddle

⑤ James Tait is a dialect poet and musician from Rothbury. His family ran the popular Barrowburn cafe until recently.

The Mists o' Barrowlaa' by James Tait

Aal along the peatroad
The November wind doth blar
And the ghost o' Geordie's whinnying mule
Brings tell o' the coming snar.

But the folk o' Barowborn hae knarn
Far worse afore tup time.
When blood was poured at Mordercleugh
And blood at the foot o' the Slyme.

A' can mind when A' was a laddie
With aad Sam alongside the bike,
Up and doon the hillside
Then away for a drink in the sike.

Ower the born at Fairhaugh
Tha's a gale that doesn't stop
But here a most peaceful stillness
When yer oot on the very top.

And A' wonder what it will be like
A thousand years from now
Will aad Sam be runnin' up and doon
With an eye on every ewe?

What stories will tha be tae tell
'Mangst Skylark, Deer and Craa'?
What future ghosts are yet to dwell
In the mists o' Barrowlaa'?

⑥ Bob Burston remembers a Xmas party at Askew Hall in Upper Coquetdale.

There was the famous Windyhaugh Christmas party. It took place in the old village hall up there. The Askew Hall which of course now is a hay shed. The Askew Hall used to be the place where the whole of the upper Coquet met for this Christmas party.

And it used to begin just after lunch time. It was the school Christmas party you think you'd walked into at two o'clock in the afternoon and there were lots of games for children but adults were welcome as well at that stage of the proceedings.

After the games and things it moved into like what I would call a jelly and blancmange tea you know and sandwiches and the kids were really enjoying life at this stage and then after tea it used to mutate into a whist drive 'cause there'd be lots of adults come for the tea.

And then after the whist drive it mutated into a dance and this party went on 'til midnight. And as I say it had started at two o'clock in the afternoon and it had been all sorts of different things en-route. Oh and Santa Claus made his traditional visit.

And the beauty of it was that the whole community was there from the likes of George and Liza Murray in their eighties down to children in their prams. The prams would still be around the hall walls at ten, eleven and twelve o'clock at night. It was an all generational all age party.

I remember the dancing was a wonderful experience in the Askew Hall, probably got the best sprung dance floor in Northumberland I want to suggest to you. Beautiful pitch pine floor and wonderfully sprung. Joy to dance on. And we'd all come home at midnight after having a jolly good time for the last ten hours.

OUT OF TOWN MUSEUM

Walk In Their Shoes Barrowburn Circular

This tri-fold leaflet contains text versions of the audio for the walk. You can use it instead of the audio or as you play the interviews.

① Bob Burston was Vicar of Alwinton with Holystone and Alnham between 1977 and 1983.

One of his duties was to visit the area's schools including Windyhaugh where he encountered Nigel.

The schools that were in my patch in those days there was Windyhaugh school, which was a county school and there was just a handful of children. I think probably half a dozen at the time, certainly only single figures. Mrs Hedley was the head teacher there, well the only teacher.

I remember one day I went in to Windyhaugh, they used to have their assembly immediately after lunch. So I went up this one lunch time to do the assembly. I walked into the classroom and over the far side of the classroom there's a little lad waggling his finger at me beckoning me to come.

So I moved quietly into the classroom and crossed the classroom to where Nigel was sitting at his desk. He then put his finger across his lips and he then opened the lid of his desk and across the bottom of his desk was lying the most beautiful salmon.

Nigel had other things on his mind that lunch time besides eating his school lunch and he'd managed to fish this beautiful fish out of the water and it was lying diagonally across the bottom of his desk. And he whispered to me, sshh, don't tell Mrs Hedley.

② Robert Bertram was born at Blindburn during the harsh winter of 1947.

His father was a shepherd working down the valley and couldn't get home to see his son for three months.

In the summertime you have to be out by five o'clock and you've got to remember that impact area farms, the guns start and nine o'clock in the morning and they fire through 'til five in the evening. So you're not allowed to be anywhere near the impact area within those times.

So before nine in the morning you've got quite a bit of work to get through and after five o'clock at night you have an equal number of jobs to do. You know, they were long days. If you were having to work on stock you had to drive your stock out of the impact area, to a safer area, you had to take them back at night after the guns stopped.

And back in the 1950s there was an enormous amount of firing went on. It was daylight 'til dark. There was one place in the impact area called Featherwood. They constructed a bunker on the house, when they were going to be firing which would mean that if anything landed close at hand they would be in this, well it was almost like a bastle, you know, a fortified farmhouse. Where they could go in during the day until the exercise was finished and even then it got to the stage where the farm was vacated.

So it could be that there is night exercises on so you might have two hours at night or three hours at night to get jobs done and they might go through 'til the early hours of the morning. It's not a lifestyle that would suit a lot of people and they're still having to do it today.

It's an uphill battle with the army. Very difficult and a lot of people don't realise that. You had a job to do, and a lot of the time you couldn't do it, until the firing stopped.

③ Jean Foreman was born and brought up at Uswayford Farm in the Cheviots.

In 1955 they were snowed in for two weeks and her father Dawson Telfer walked the six miles to the phone box at Barrowburn.

'55 was the worst winter I can remember at Uswayford. '55. All I can remember about it that is everything was level, everything was white. Sheep was dying, Dad was upset 'cause he couldn't keep them alive he was runnin oot o' hay. He tried all ends up to get stuff. Couldn't get nothin', no, too many air pockets in the valley for helicopters they reckoned and all this sort of thing.

"A'm away tae phone the NFU" he ses. "Wor ganna have tae ha' some hay. They're ganna have tae dee something. They're ganna have tae get us something or a'm ganna los' all these sheep agen." He came back and he says, "We gotta listen to the wireless, six o'clock news on the home service."

So we're all sitting roond the wireless and it come on and it said, "Would Mr Dawson Telfer, Uswayford Farm, high in the Cheviot Hills, mark where he wants the hay drop tomorrow with a letter 'C' nine foot in diameter with something black where he wants his hay to be dropped."

"My God," he says, "where we ganna find oot black?" Everything was feet of sna you knaa. So we dug doon to the muck midden, you know, where you mucked the byre oot. So we dug an' we dug, an we dug 'til we got doon to the muck midden.

Sure enough, eleven 'o' clock, up the valley towards us, this greet muckle plane. He didn't drop nothing the forst time. He went up ower the top swung around Cheviot, roond Windy Gyle and right about. They were Hastings bombers from Abingdon in Berkshire. Two lads were pushing bales oota each side of the plane.

They wor floatin' in the slipstream of the plane.

They were 100 cwt bales, tied up with wire for when they dropped they didn't burst. Everything was fed and happy. There was thousands of sheep just within carrying distance.

We were making tracks to get them nearer home, the sheep, and they got fed. Thousands of them. But they lived, the most of them, the majority. They were the worst days. But there were lots of lovely ones.

④ Jon Short was a shepherd at Makendon and Blindburn and became shepherd manager at Carlcroft in Upper Coquetdale.

The land was 2000 acres, which took quite a bit of getting round you know. There was 800 breeding ewes on it and all of five different hefts plus one that's called the bottom slime. It was a different heft altogether. It took you from starting time in the mornings, you did part of the hill up 'til breakfast time.

Breakfast time would be half past eight, nine o'clock, starting at six. You would come home for the breakfast, then you would have your breakfast and then you would do the bottom end hill between then and dinner time. Then after that time, in the afternoon you would do your farm maintenance or you would sit in the garden, gardening time.

The horse arrived duly, and one could get around a lot quicker on the horse. Strong horse, quite big feet 'cause on soft ground, a horse with little feet would cut in through the peat. A horse with bigger feet, you were staying on the top and you didn't sink in.

It was a great benefit the horse in wintertime. I liked the horse 'cause in storm conditions on the oot-by hill you could make a track with the horse and the sheep would follow the track. Whereas if you had to make a track by walking it was hard