

### ***Far Lane.***

Up on the left is Far Lane Farm House this has been restored and converted into a cottage and studio 2006.

Opposite Croft Cottage on the right has had two houses built in the garden these were finished in 2006 and all belonging to members of the Wilkinson family.

Go around to the YHA on the left which now incorporates the village Post Office, July 2004.

### ***Green Lea.***

The barn opposite Sunters Garth has been granted planning permission for a dwelling 2004.

Follow the road up to the Battery House this was converted into a small cottage in 2004.

Down to Town Head opposite Meadow Croft is a detached house built in 2006 on an old vegetable garden.

Over Town Head bridge bear right down to wards the Kings Head on the left is High Fold and the Lodge at the road side. This was sold in 2006 and has been divided into two properties.

Opposite Fold Farm Cottages and across the beck the barn to the right of Old Hall is being converted in to a house 2006.

Further down on the right Sunters Garth. The barn to the right of the house has now been incorporated into the house 2005.

### **Leaving Kettlewell for France**

Janet and I wanted a new challenge in life and to retire, so in March 2007 we sold Littlebeck and leaving friends in Kettlewell, moved to Landeronde a small village in the Vendee France. I hope you have enjoyed my book on Kettlewell. Colin Hare

Finally the letter on the right was sent to me by Dr Maggs. It gives a young boys impressions of Kettlewell in the late 1930s. I hope you enjoy reading his letter as much I have.

Dear Colin.

I have read your Book about Kettlewell with great interest and enjoyment. As it was in that village that as a small boy I spent the happiest days of my life. We rented Holly Cottage in Back Lane for 3/- a week and used it for week-ends and holidays.

Mrs Wiseman ( John's Ma) used to get it ready for us, my Ma gave her a half a crown to light the fire and so forth. She was a large lady who made butter in an end over end churn and it was of such excellent quality, being made with ripened cream ( forbidden by the interfering busy bodies and do-gooders today) that my Ma gladly paid 9p a lb for it.

Myself, John Wiseman nicknamed 'Piesie'and `Blomley' Middlemass all used to play together, John's Pa was a big man. I remember one day all three of us were scrumping old Mrs Raw's apples and got caught. John's Pa gave us all a good walloping. Also the excitement of pumping the big leather bellows in the Smithy and watching the sparks fly, with the smell of burning hooves as the hot shoes were fitted.

I well remember Madge Holdsworth and her old aunty, they lived at Cam Farm with Norman Holdsworth her brother and Dennis Raw I think he was a step brother, the women looked after the men.

Norman always used coal oil lamps until mains electricity came along. Norman married Muriel and eventually moved to Townshead Gurstun (Grassington). Madge married Tom Appleton the council road man they lived opposite the Kings Head but I don't think that they had children.

I spent many blissfully happy hours tramping the fells with the sheep, and watched men cut reeds for winter bedding, haymaking in the fields down the Nipe then loading hay on the baulks to store in the Nipe barns for winter.

They would shoot rabbits for the Rabbit man who came in a lorry to collect them by the thousands, I think he paid 6d each for them. And how thrilled I was fishing with Norman when I caught my first trout.

Percy Inman owned the village shop you could buy almost anything there.

He was the postman and also the postmaster and always wore a bowler hat whilst delivering. Down Middle Lane was Mr Raw I remember him, short and fat, but we boys kept well away from him as he made the coffins.

I remember Vera Woodrup from the shop (Market House) getting married, there a bar of Frys Five Boys Chocolate could be had for a 1d.

Sheep-dipping time, was exciting, I of course managed to fall in but I think it was Tom Thwaite who pushed me under like a sheep. Unfortunately Mrs Cumberland saw him do it and gave him a good ear oling before taking me home to be dried off by our maid Niddy. I stank of sheep dip and worse. My Ma had a relation in Cracoe, he helped to erect the Cracoe Old Man and carved his initials on it. He was an avid Grass Track rider and racer and we would watch him at Park Rash which was unmetalled then I remember.