

One time he rode with his feet up on the saddle, my Pa went next and done it with one foot on the saddle and the other in the air!! I think the bike was a Sunbeam and used a funny sort of petrol. (methanol)

We had connections with Cutcliffe Hyne through my Aunt Dollit, she was married to my uncle Mac Riley who was chief engineer at Lockheeds in Leamington. He was invited to inspect the engines from the first Zeppelin brought down in England and it was he who therefore divined the secrets of the Maybach Altitude engine

Arthur Rushton showed me the Battery House and how he had to keep the batteries topped up with acid. A diesel engine drove the generator. Arthur said it was a real job to get it started. It was a twin cylinder engine and on top of each one there was a contraption like a paraffin blow lamp. He had to get each one glowing red-hot so that the fuel would explode when he swung the starting handle as the fuel then was a very low octane number.

We used to go to Hag Dyke where for a penny you could buy a glass of real milk (which liquid no longer exists thanks to the do gooders). Six people lived at Hag-Dyke the Patersons ,three men and three women, the two hauling great giants of sons could have made a lucrative living as all-in-wrestlers.

Pa Wiseman had a horse and cart, he was also the village dustman. I remember riding on the cart all the way down to Dead Mans Hill where the tip was, much to the disgust of my Ma who due to her position in life thought it was beneath us. Norman and Dennis Raw had a motor cycle and sidecar. I used to ride in it with the sheep dogs Ben and Gyp who were used to round up the cows. Calves were also reared, and after weaning they got fed on skimmed milk (skimmed by hand with a wooden spoon) the cream was sold and made into butter. Skimmed milk was also mixed with flaked maize which was fed to us hot in the winter (much better than rubbishy corn flakes). At hay time the grass was cut with scythes, an Irishman called Mick was hired to help, but Norman used to complain at the quantity of ale that he consumed. (I think that's where I got my taste for that rich brown amber liquid) Every Wednesday evening a mobile fish and chip van would come into the village. We used to queue up eagerly to order fish and a pennies worth which was wrapped in newspaper, we hated to have to take it home to eat it from plates. Sometimes we (my brother and I) were left alone with our maid Niddy, she didn't mind us eating out of newspaper as she had no plates to wash.

Mrs Cummerlund (Cumberland) I recall was a portly women who wore rather low cut black dresses and smoked cigarettes, I thought she was rather fast. One of her son swam for England (Yorkshire) in the Olympics.

John Balderson was a lot older than us, his mother always seemed anxious about something they both used to help us at hay-time. John left the village to work for UKAE working on high speed rotating mirror photography.

Although I now live in Dorset I still have very happy memories of my holidays and times spent in Kettlewell.

Dr D.G.H Maggs

A Walk Around Kettlewell

Book update October 2006
By Colin Hare

The start of the walk

Opposite Dale House to the right is a new toilet block built in the Y.D.N.P car park in 2004.

The Smithy Gift Shop has been granted planning permission to develop it into a shop and cottage 2006. Next to the Smithy the old toilets belonging to C.D.C planned had been granted to convert it into a shop, but this is now being changed by C.D.C. in to low-cost housing 2006. The three garages opposite Alva Cottage, The two nearest the War Memorial have been extended at the front and planning permission granted for one small cottage 2005.

Conistone Road.

The barn on the left has planning permission to be converted into a house, the adjacent croft has planning for one dwelling.

Now back to The Kings Head the large barn opposite has been converted into a house 2006.

Middle lane.

The small shop to the rear of the Village Store has been converted into a small cottage 2004. Further down on the left Hideaway Cottage the shabby buildings to the left and right of this has been granted planning permission to be converted, The old bank to the left into a cottage, and the old joiners shop to the right into a house.

Onto the small building on the left Turf House this was converted into a cottage in 2003.

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.

Kettlewell first petrol pump

Frank Hamer had a small garage in the barn at the right hand side of the Bluebell Inn. The petrol pump stood at the roadside next to the wall of Greta House the base can still be seen.

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 wallop. 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.