Barn Garth

We were first aware of Barn Garth when Geoffrey and I stayed at Litton Hall in the summer of 1977. We walked along the road after supper, trying to digest Eileen's lavish hospitality. Through the lit and curtainless window we saw an elderly gentleman, obviously the postmaster. Everything else was dark. Geoffrey said, 'I think I'd enjoy being the postmaster at Litton.' We came to live here two years later.

BARN GARTH

The house is reputed to be about 250 years old, built obviously as two labourers' cottages. According to the deeds it was originally part of Hill Top Farm. The earliest reference is to the 1864 will of Elizabeth Geldard of Giggleswick who bequeathed the whole property to Christopher Ingleby of Clapham, the tenant being Richard Wiseman. The property, comprising 91 acres and 19 perches, was sold in 1876 to Thomas Spencer, a farmer, of Hawkswick for £3150. It is thought the cottages were later lived in by lead miners, but the barn remained a working part of Hill Top Farm until 1922.

Thomas Spencer took out a mortgage on the property in 1882 for £1000. By the time he made his will in 1887, leaving most of his property to his nephew Robert Tomlinson and Thomas Batty, farmer, of Hawkswick, he was living at Arncliffe Cote and described as a yeoman. He died in 1893.

Ten years later, in 1903, his executors sold Hill Top Farm by auction at the Old George Hotel in Skipton. Lot 3, comprising 'messuage or dwellinghouse with the garden, garden wall, privy, turf-house, and end passage...situate in the village of Litton and now occupied as the Post Office by Mr Henry Battersby' was sold to Arthur Reginald Battersby, Henry's son, for £40. (Arthur's son said later that he had to borrow the £4 deposit.) As with all the agreements contained in the deeds, the conveyance has the usual formula about right of entry into the garden reserved to 'His Grace the Duke of Devonshire ... and to such rights to the mines and minerals and to such other rights reservations and privileges (if any) reserved to His Grace...'

The Battersby family had been living in Barn Garth since 1875, when Henry, a tailor, his wife Mary and family moved here from Leeds, renting just one of the cottages at first. It is thought they came here as Mary had taught previously at Litton School. It is not clear when the two cottages were made into one. The Post Office was set up in 1895, with Henry Battersby officially the postmaster, but in fact his wife did all the work. We have a copy of a letter received from the postmaster of Skipton in 1907: 'Please note that your Salary has been increased from £13.10.0 to £14 per annum...'

By this time of course Arthur Battersby had bought the property, and his son Harry, born in 1911, has left a description of the house as it was in his childhood.

'Grandpa and Grandma lived with us and although we mostly fed together each had our own stairs. The house had a whitewashed front, re-done each spring after the annual spring-clean of the interior. It took my father many evenings to do...At that time the whole frontage was open to the road. What is now fenced off as a garden was in fact village green. My father agreed with the Highways Surveyor to set the boundary back from the road.' (His father was roadman for Litton.)

'All the ceilings and partitions were of a slender wooden frame, over which was stretched a canvas. This was then papered over year after year, until it was fairly rigid. The ceilings all bellowed down in the middle and to hear the rats scampering on any night was something I can never forget and see the whole ceiling shake if there was a rat fight was an experience not to be forgotten.'

Mrs Mary Battersby died in 1919. In 1922, Arthur Battersby bought the barn from John Lee for £30. After his father's death in 1923, Arthur decided on much needed house improvements. He collected timber in the barn and took out a mortgage of £304 in 1925 with what was then known as the Skipton and District Permanent Benefit Building Society. Writing in his own old age in about 1980, Harry Battersby wondered how his father managed to repay the loan with interest in the course of 20 years, on a wage of just £2 rising to £2.10, eked out with the Post Office salary thought by then to have been about 30 shillings a week. But repaid it was with the final payment of £5.14.3 in 1942. Even with the loan, it was a struggle to pay for the massive refurbishment and Harry's Post Office Savings and his mother's few pounds were needed.

'The barn was stripped of slate, then half the house and roof timbers. The walls were lifted about two feet and windows opened up or pulled out from the top and rebuilt. Then the roof was put on (very roughly) by Jackson [the Arncliffe joiner] and slated by Thorntons. They used all the best slates from the barn and house. Then the second half was stripped and done likewise. When the second half was stripped I went to sleep at Bob Spencers...at Litton Hall.'

After about two years the main jobs were done and his mother painted the walls throughout with two gallons of 'Sunshine' Walpamur which Harry thought was a mess. Writing with hindsight, he thought most of the work was a mess. But he had to concede some points. 'The bathroom with its high flush W.C. was the place to see...we had hot

water from the fire-back on tap in the kitchen and bathroom, could have a bath almost any time, and could use the toilet in comfort and cleanliness, which was more than any other house in the village could do. So in the end maybe it was worth it.' They were pioneers in another respect too: almost the first to install a generator for electricity sometime after 1927. Considering that official power did not come to the dale till 1956, it was an achievement.

So after the improvements, the building no longer looked like two cottages with an undulating roof. It was a substantial house with a full complement of windows and a proper bathroom. The old staircases had gone, replaced with the present one – although there was one regret here. They realised too late that the new stairs should have gone up the other way with the passage to the bedrooms at the front, the north side. As it is, two bedrooms get no sun at all. Later when Harry was qualified as a joiner and in charge of the house, he must have replaced the rough windows and also extended the kitchen and made another back door from it. He made another change outside, buying Hill Top Meadow from Norman Lee in 1951, so gaining a large extension to his garden. With a growing family of four children the vegetables must have been a great asset. His wife, Ivy, ran the post office from 1955 till her death in 1966, at which time Harry gave up his joinery business and became postmaster.

By 1979, being on his own, it became too much for him and he decided to sell. The story of how we longed to live in the dale, and particularly in Litton, and how we came to buy the house, is already told in my book *Brigie: a life*. August 1st 1979, the day we moved in, was exceptionally wet even by dale standards, and what with that and the narrow road up the dale the removal men from Hertfordshire felt they were having a unique experience. It went on being fairly chaotic for many months, but we never regretted our change of life.

One of my most vivid memories of that first winter is of wet and hungry teenagers back from the farm standing about waiting for a meal while I juggled saucepans between a small gas ring and the ancient and coverless Rayburn which threw its marvellous heat into the room, but could never bring anything to the boil. There was also the night when Geoffrey and I went to an excellent drama documentary in the old village hall put on by The Dukes Playhouse from Lancaster. Afterwards in the Falcon someone in the cast enquired where the nearest fish and chip shop would be. The answer of course was

disappointing, but I remembered we had a good supply of bacon and baked beans, and suggested the twelve plus of them come home with us. It was a bitterly cold night and I was about to make another discovery about our cooking attangements. The vital bottle of butane gas outside the kitchen had frozen! It turned out to be another long and hilarious wait for the reluctant Rayburn to do its bit.

Another memory is of Geoffrey, in the midst of it all, sitting at the tiny kitchen table sketching out his editorial for next day's paper on the back of the proverbial envelope: there was simply nowhere else for him to go. If his London colleagues with their well-organised studies could have seen him, or heard the later and laboured dictation of the text over the phone they might have trembled for the future of the paper. He must have been one of the first people who worked in London from the Yorkshire Dales. He knew that fast developing technology would soon make geographic distance irrelevant, and although for several years he went down to London on Sundays and Mondays when, as assistant editor, he was in charge of the paper, he was able, before he retired, to join in the daily leader writers' conference by means of loud speaker telephone and so work entirely from home. The room above where the ling was stored in the old days and which later became Harry Battersby's joiner's office, was turned into his study.

On the domestic front we adapted to the cooking arrangements. But for two years it was impossible for the six of us to sit down together for a meal. That changed after Colin Groves from Litton Hall removed the larder wall thus extending the kitchen and making it possible for our big table to come in from its stand among the coke in the barn. With a new larder and washroom made in the barn, we at last had much-needed extra space. Colin, with Robert's help, had already taken out the tiled sitting room fireplace, replacing it with a stone surround and uprights collected from a demolished bank in Huddersfield. (Sadly the original was gone.) We watched in awe as Colin carried and placed the heavy blocks with seemingly limitless strength. To my surprise, I enjoyed looking after the Post Office as it helped make us feel part of the village. All the same it felt strange at first. I sometimes wondered what I was doing with my life as I waited for a child to slowly make up its mind whether to have 2p worth of jelly bears (two for 1p) or just two of the larger bears instead - and then to change its mind at the end anyway! It was different from

teaching sixth form Chaucer and Shakespeare. The school bus stopped for several years on Tuesdays and Thursdays for the children to make these important purchases, pressing their noses through the wire mesh that Harry Battersby had set up as a security system, and exclaiming at the new 'lines' we had introduced. We found their wide-eyed delight refreshing after the jaded attitudes of many city children.

It felt very much as if, in my middle age, I had reverted to a life of 'playing shops', becoming a kind of Mrs Tiggy Winkle in my small emporium. The Post Office, too, in those days was a tiny part of what seemed like a benign organisation, with familiar and friendly voices in Bradford responding to one by name when advice was needed. It was all on such a small scale, and with the rest of the world taking for granted a very different kind of 'normality', anomalies constantly occurred. Geoffrey sometimes deputised for me in the shop, and a difficulty arose once when the children's twice-weekly visit coincided with a telephone call from the Israeli ambassador with whom some Middle Eastern crisis had to be discussed for the next day's editorial. Dorothy the driver of the school bus would not have understood if her timetable were disrupted, even for an ambassador. (I'm not sure now who had to wait.)

As time went on and Geoffrey began writing a weekly column for the paper, he sometimes shared our post office experiences, once regaling Guardian readers with the fact that our shop profit in a particular year amounted to £45 and five pence. (We recalled what seemed like a sage remark when we first arrived: 'You've got a real little gold-mine there!') Geoffrey also invented a character called The Buffer, whose job it was to devise awkward denominations of stamps, £1.41 being an example. When the time came for a 'sabbatical' from the paper (for intellectual refreshment) he suggested that he refresh himself intellectually by being in charge here for a month so that I could make a first visit back to New Zealand. One paragraph in a subsequent column related an experience.

'It had been a difficult year at postal headquarters, as well as a nostalgic one. The half-penny had been abolished in December and the annual return concerning dog licences had to differentiate between those sold at 37 and a half pence and those now on special offer at 37p. I was instructed by circular to take 'the utmost care' in this compilation and can truthfully say that I did. Without that care the accounts for the year would have been 3p over. (It only took half a day.)'

Looking after Litton Post Office had many unexpected results for us all. Hearing over the counter about life in the dale, I became disturbed that local people could often not afford to continue living here, priced out by 'off-cumdens' like us. I formed a group with others likewise concerned, and after several years and a good deal of local opposition, the Sanctuary Housing Association scheme at Armistead Barns was established. It was the stories of past life in the dale that people told me on leisurely winter days, which gave the impetus for a history exhibition in the church with which I had become much involved. That in turn lead to the writing of *Littondale Life*. Alongside the interest in the way people's lives had changed, I wanted to find reasons for the local drift away from church-going during this century, hoping it would help to explain the national trend. It was ironic that by the end of the project, I had become part of the process myself, withdrawing because church-going for me no longer had its previous meaning. After almost a lifetime of being part of a religious community, I came to realise that for me it was imperative to find my own individual way. This is what I have been pursuing for the last few years, and it now seems doubly fortunate to live in the peace and quietness of Litton, a congenial place for reflection and for what often feels like quite hard work on one's own.

My month in New Zealand in 1985 when Geoffrey looked after the Post Office, also had unexpected results for the family. Andrew, who had recently completed his course at Bangor University, was there at the same time, and together we met the daughter of one of my old school friends. He and Jane eventually married and settled in Christchurch where I had grown up. Some years later Michael and his soon-to-be-wife, Karen, whom he had met at the Queen's Arms, followed. Michael had been thirteen when we moved here, and quickly became absorbed in local life, spending much time with Dennis Lund, and deciding that he too would become a gamekeeper. It seemed at one point, especially after the shock of Brigie's death, that he wanted to spend the rest of his life in the dale. My daughter Jane has made a different sort of journey - into Buddhism - which she feels had its beginnings in Litton. She first heard about it because a heavily laden young man came in here one day asking for a drink of water. As a result of this he and his Buddhist monk friend, who were walking from Sussex to Northumberland, ended up staying the night, to be followed by another group the following year. It was hearing about these encounters, combined with the experience of caring for Brigie during her illness and dying that gave Jane a nudge towards this way of life.

Overlapping with my children, many of Geoffrey's grandchildren have visited over the years and for them it has been a magical place. Some have enjoyed 'helping' in the Post Office, and recording their names on the counter, but by the time my NZ grandchildren came in 1998, the office had been transferred to Park Bottom. It was a relief to find Bryan and Lyn Morgan glad to take it over and leave us free to enjoy retirement. Not entirely free, actually, because Geoffrey now edits, or as he would prefer to express it, compiles the Link. The latter word conveys the sense that he has less editorial freedom with this publication than he had with the Guardian. More changes have happened to the house, probably the last in our time, in the conversion of the old generator room into a small bedroom and cloakroom, and the building of a sun-room at the back. We enjoy being able to travel, but it is always marvellous to get back to the sound of the curlews, and the ever-changing light on the hills, just two great pleasures among so many others in this wonderful place.

Note: I have tried not to repeat information contained in previous writing, particularly in *Brigie, a life: 1965-1981* (published 1984), and in *Littondale Life* (1997).

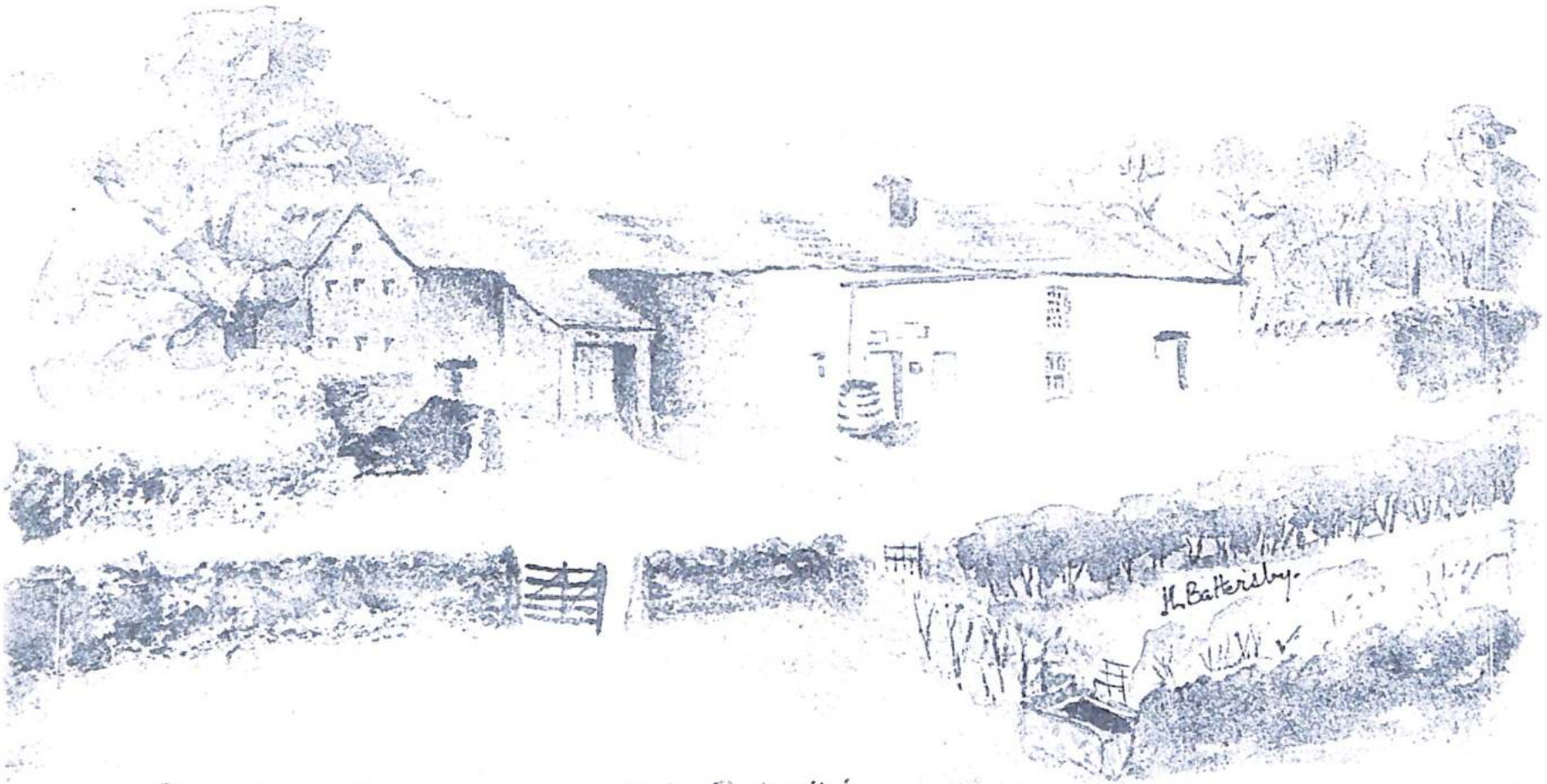
From Geoffrey:

We live in an old house – 250, 300 years – which was once two labourers' cottages and an adjoining barn. It is scruffy. An estate agent would say in his advert; 'Some decorative attention required'. I do not want to exaggerate, but paper does peel from some walls, and wooden surfaces, several years old, have not yet had more than a priming coat. The house has been messed about with from one epoch to another, so that a specious modernity, as in some expensive kitchen cupboards which we put in, backs up against primitive plasterboard partitions. A broken pipe runs across the living room ceiling. Some of the walls curve. To borrow the blurb for another house I saw advertised recently, it 'has the advantage of a septic tank'. Our septic tank was home-made in 1925, so that every time you go to the lavatory you wonder what is going to happen next.

Why then do we live here ? Speaking only for myself I have to say that the house

has a quality which at one time I much admired, and which, whenever I go near a city, I love to return to. It is fairly remote, though less so than when we came here. It is isolated in the sense that shops and buses are miles away and that whatever we might do, there are too few neighbours to complain. Above all it is gaunt.

Yes, it can fairly be called gaunt. It does not, regrettably, have the gauntness of High Withens, the Wuthering Heights which for many boyhood and youthful years was my ideal of a place to live. It cannot have, if only because NATO sends its warplanes screaming up the dale, bringing to an end all prospect of the rustic idyll of youthful dreams and, by insisting that the world is a hard and noisy place, denying all hopes for a quiet, comely, timeless descent into booklined senility. But that has nothing to do with the house itself, of which the gauntness is tempered by its shape. It is long and low, whereas for true gauntness you would have to go to a baroque castle towering up into an unfriendly sky. The house is in fact friendly. One feels there has never been hostility here. What I meant by gaunt was that, in the half-darkness of a winter's day when the rain drives down the dale from the West in ribbons, it can be almost romantic.



Barn South View LUTTON used as Sub Post Office
Pic it was before 1925. Coins were in the Barn at the time. Water trough was from the Church in Sturgate Lincs.

Thomas Battersby

- 1906

1841 - 1923 Henry Battersby m Mary Jane Stubbs 1837 - 1919

Cecil 1877 - 1951 (Married) 1876 Belle Bentham. 1947

1904 Margaret Mary Born 1904 unmarried Died 1992 (88yrs)

1875 Arthur Reginald 1958 (Married) Bertha Crawshaw.

Henry 1911 - m Dec 26 1936 to 1915 Ivy Brotherton 1966

Emily - m Jack Dixon d. 1912

Arthur William Cecil

1937 Terence Reginald 1941 - 1958 Molly Linares Martins.

Pauline 1945 m 1963 Gordon Walsh

Isobelle m Nigel Metcalfe. 1960

Nicholas 1961

David 1969

1984 Richard

1985 Robert

Kathleen Mary 1952 m 1966 Yaqub Baig

Mark 1964 M Laura 1989

Sarah 1966 M Jim 1988 Beatty

Carly 1989

Christopher Henry 1952 m 1973 Pauline L. Procter

Safia 1966 M 1989 Sara 1978

Ralph 1967

Jonathon 1981

Dannial 1974

M. David Shump 1986

KM Wibly, Nathan

Laurel Arncliffe
" Haberthwaite
Crowfoot Lawnswood
Stone

A FAIRLY COMPREHENSIVE LIST OF BURIALS & CREMATIONS UNDERTAKEN BY ME 1933 to 1976.

(HARRY STATTERSBY)

LAIDLER COATSWORTH.	22.	1933.	A.	JOHN JOWETT.	74.	1947.	A
NNIE LEYLAND.	64.	1934.	A.	SARAH JACKSON.	73.	1947.	A
LIZ: EDMONDSON.	80.	1936.	B.	HENRY W.M.GILL.	82.	1947.	CB.
OM OVEREND SLATER.	54.	1937.	A.	SUSAN GILL. ♀ L.day.		1948.	A.
NNIE SCOTT.	70.	1937.	A.	WILLIAM HALL.	71.	1948.	UB.
OMAS COATSWORTH.	62.	1937.	A.	JOHN THOMAS HANNAM.	61.	1949.	A.
LSIE COATSWORTH.	2.	1937.	A.	JOHN FAWCETT.	66.	1949.	A.
LET MAY MACKIE.	26.	1937.	A.	JOSEPH SIMPSON.	66.	1949.	A.
by PARKER. (4 days)		1938.	KM.	HANNAH WEBSTER.	74.	1949.	A.
NRY BOOTH.	74.	1939.	A.	THOMAS HENRY LEYLAND	79.	1949.	A.
GARET FRAN:GARNETT.	70.	1939.	A.	JOHN T. COATSWORTH.	41.	1949.	A.
AH ELLEN SHAW.	49.	1941.	A.	ROBERT SPENCER.	79.	1949.	A.
RJORIE METCALFE.	15.	1941.	C.	THOMAS H. SMITH.	67.	1949.	C.
EN LEYLAND.	36.	1941.	A.	W.HUGH.C.BRAMLEY.	74.	1950.	A.
OMAS JOHNSON.	80.	1941.	A.	ELIZABETH GILL.	47.	1950.	A.
ELIZABETH WHALEY. West	78.	1942.	H.	LILLIAN ATKINSON.	72.	1950.	K.
JOHN ROBINSON.	49.	1942.	H.	WILLIAM R.LISTER.	80.	1950.	L.
ALICE WIDDUP.	75.	1943.	S.A	DAVID G.INGLEBY.	3Mths.	1950.	A.
THOMAS COWAN.	38.	1943.	A.	JAMES SPENCE.	72.	1951.	K.
HANNAH E EADE.	80.	1943.	A.	MARY C.ROBINSON.	91.	1951.	A.
KATHERINE FAREY.	74.	1944.	S.	NORMAN N.LEE.	70.	1951.	CL.
ANNY LEE.	85.	1944.	D.	THIRZA PACE.	74.	1952.	A.
MARY.F.ROBINSON.	20.	1944.	A.	ALFRED PULLAN.	81.	1952.	A.
HARLOTTE B. COOK.	84.	1944.	CL.	ADA CAMPBELL.	78.	1952.	A.
OHN KNIGHT ROWLATT.	78.	1944.	CL.	ANNIE INGLEBY.	79.	1952.	A.
JANE BERESFORD.	77.	1945.	H.	JOSEPH IBBOTSON.	75.	1953.	A.
LIZZIE LEE.	82.	1946.	D.	MILDRED SPENCER.	68.	1953.	A.
MATHEW WEBSTER.	76.	1946.	A.	ALICE REDMAYNE.	68.	1954.	A.
ROBERT WEBSTER.	36.	1946.	A.	ADA SPENCER.	60.	1954.	A.
ALICE SIMPSON.	61.	1947.	A.	JOHN T.BROTHERTON.	79.	1954.	G.
ERNEST WEBSTER.	40.	1947.	C.	MARY J.BROTHERTON.	76.	1954.	G.
DORIS ANNIE BOOTH.	45.	1947.	A.	WILLIAM INGLEBY.	73.	1954.	CS.
ADAM INGLEBY.	78.	1947.	A.	NELLIE WEBSTER.	45.	1954	CS.

CS Crowhurst Lupton
R Wyllstone
K. Kildwick.

ANNIE E.BRISCOE.	88.	1954.	K.	GRACE E.COCKSHOTT.	70.	1962.	K.
[A]NE SUMMERS.	66.	1954.	A.	HENRY C.SPENCER.	68.	1962.	A.
[E].HEMMOND.	92.	1954.	A.	SARAH M.HITCHON.	58.	1963.	A.
[B]'T H. CAMPBELL.	85.	1955.	A.	WILLIAM CAMPBELL.	66.	1963.	A.
[E]N.L.SWEETING.	65.	1955.	CS.	JOHN INGLEBY.	74.	1963.	A.
[ ] KNOWLES.	84.	1955.	A.	CLARA SMITH.	69.	1963.	A.
[A]NNAH JOWETT.	81.	1956.	A.	MARY ALDERSON.	41.	1963.	CS.
[M]ILY B.PHEASEY.	86.	1956.	CS.	MARY E. INGLEBY.	72.	1963.	A.
[F]RED INGLEBY.	84.	1956.	A.	FRED METCALFE.	75.	1963.	C.
[S]ARAH.A.FAWCETT.	80.	1956.	A.	NANCY E. CHAPMAN.	63.	1964.	A.
HENRY W.ROBINSON.	73.	1957.	R.	W.EDGAR ARMSTRONG.	80.	1964.	KM.
[S]TILBORN M.INGLEBY.		1956.	A.	MARGARET BANKS.	76.	1965.	A.
[B]ERTHA BATTERSBY.	80.	1957.	A.	ANN PULLAN.	93.	1965.	A.
[E]RNEST COCKSHOTT.	69.	1957.	K.	MARY ROBINSON.	75.	1965.	A.
ANNIE E.INGLEBY.	81.	1957.	A.	M.YVONNE PARKINSON.	27.	1965.	A.
WILLIAM MASON.	65.	1957.	A.	JOHN HUNTER.	73.	1965.	C.
JAMES SPENCER.	52.	1957.	A.	ALBERT E.STOCKDILL.	74.	1965.	A.
[E]MMA ISA LEE.	75.	1957.	A.	SARAH JOWETT.	85.	1965.	CS.
[A]RTHUR R.BATTERSBY.	83.	1958.	A	JOSEPH HITCHON.	75.	1966.	A.
[G]EOBE COATSWORTH.	78.	1958.	A.	FRANK PULLAN.	66.	1966.	A.
[E]Z: METCALFE.	80.	1958.	A.	MARY WISEMAN.	77.	1966.	K.
[E]H: ANNIE MYERS.	73.	1959.	A.	HANNAH PULLAN.	83.	1966.	S.
[L]Y ANN HUNTER.	66.	1960.	C.	IVY BATTERSBY.	51.	1966.	CS.
[J]OANNA CROSIER. 6.weeks.		1960.	A.	WILLIAM INGLEBY.	71.	1969.	A
RICHARD D.GREENWOOD.	66.	1960.	A.	JOHN CHAPMAN.	47.	1969.	A.
ERNEST J.PHEASEY.	88.	1960.	K.	MARMADUKR MILLER.	70.	1970.	CS.
JEREMIAH METCALFE.	86.	1960.	A.	CATHERINE LISTER.	84.	1971.	CS.
JEREMIAH INGLEBY.	77.	1961.	A.	JAMES INGLEBY.	76.	1971.	CS.
LYDIA WHITE.	70.	1961.	CS.	EMMA CAMPBELL.	72.	1971.	A.
STILBORN CROSIER.		1961.	A.	JAMES JOWETT.	80.	1976.	CS.
ROBERT CHAPMAN.	63.	1961.	A.				
[M]ARY A METCALFE.	67.	1961.	C.				
[D]ORA HUNTER.	71.	1961.	C.				
RICHARD HORNER.	64.	1962.	H.				

Village Shop

WE REMEMBER the bell that jangled — for minutes it seemed — just above the door as we entered the shop. In the days before pre-packaged food was the rule, we had our nostrils tickled by a delicious blend of dozens of odours from commodities being offered for sale. Their variety, and their random storage, bewildered us.

The Dales village shop was always something more than a mere retail outlet for household goods. There was personal service, and for every purchase there was an item of local gossip, offered entirely free. If a queue developed, no one fretted. Here was a chance to chat with the neighbours and friends.

We could buy anything from pins to patent medicines. When a commodity was being served loose, we watched entranced as the shop-keeper made a neat cone of paper. A similar cone held the few precious sweets over the purchase of which a small child might deliberate for half an hour

The old photograph (left) of Litton Post Office in the days when mail was transported by horse and carriage shows that H. Battersby was a tailor, who held a licence to sell tobacco. The sub postmaster in the Dales might also serve as a weather forecaster. If the fresh sheets of stamps began to curl, it was sure to rain!

Illustration from "Life in the Yorkshire Dales", a review compiled by W.R. Mitchell

Lillow.

Please note that your salary has been increased from £13.10.0 to £14 per annum from 6 Jany. 1907.

P Wardcastle
Postm.

Skipton
9 Feby. 1907.

SUB PMR HENRY BATTERSBY 1895 - 1925.
SUB PMR A.R. BATTERSBY 1925 - 1955.
SUB PMS I. BATTERSBY 1955 - 1966.
SUB PMR HENRY BATTERSBY 1966 - 1979.