

The House.

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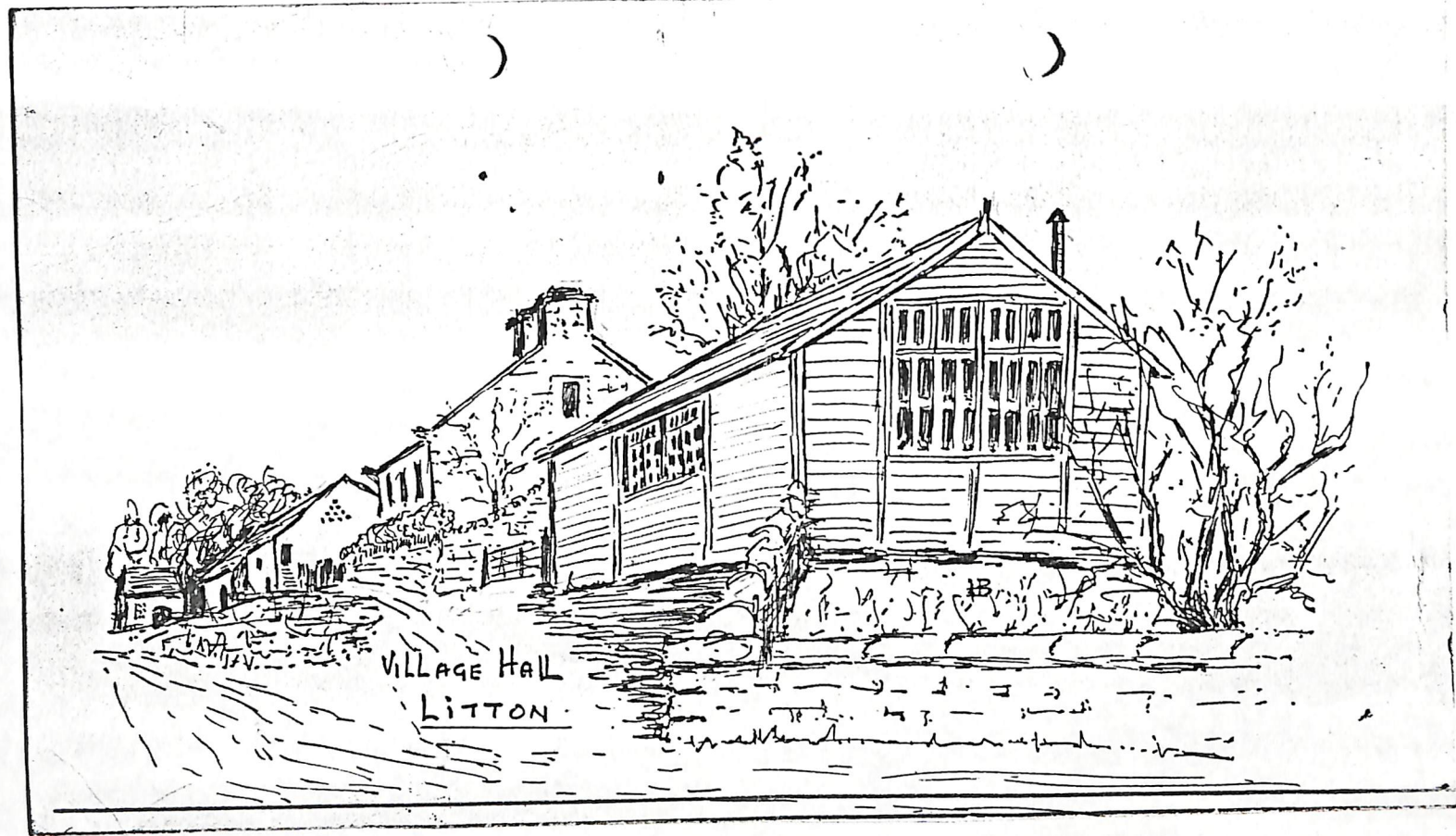
The details of the history of the School House are ably described in Janet Taylor's book 'Littondale Life' (pages 118-132)

Reasons for choosing to live here.

We discovered the dale whilst on holiday in Dent, coinciding with Jack's retirement. The only (affordable) house for sale fulfilled many of our requirements - a beautiful setting with a special natural light, a wild isolation but with enough human habitation to meet the needs of a 7 year old and enough land to accommodate a menagerie of hens, geese, goats, cats, dogs, a colony of semi-wild guinea-pigs and much garden potential.

The beck beside the house held particular fascination. Depending on the weather it can change from a dry, stony, sun-baked stream bed to an awesome, raging torrent capable of tossing boulders.

Each season presents different



1900
LITTON
1900

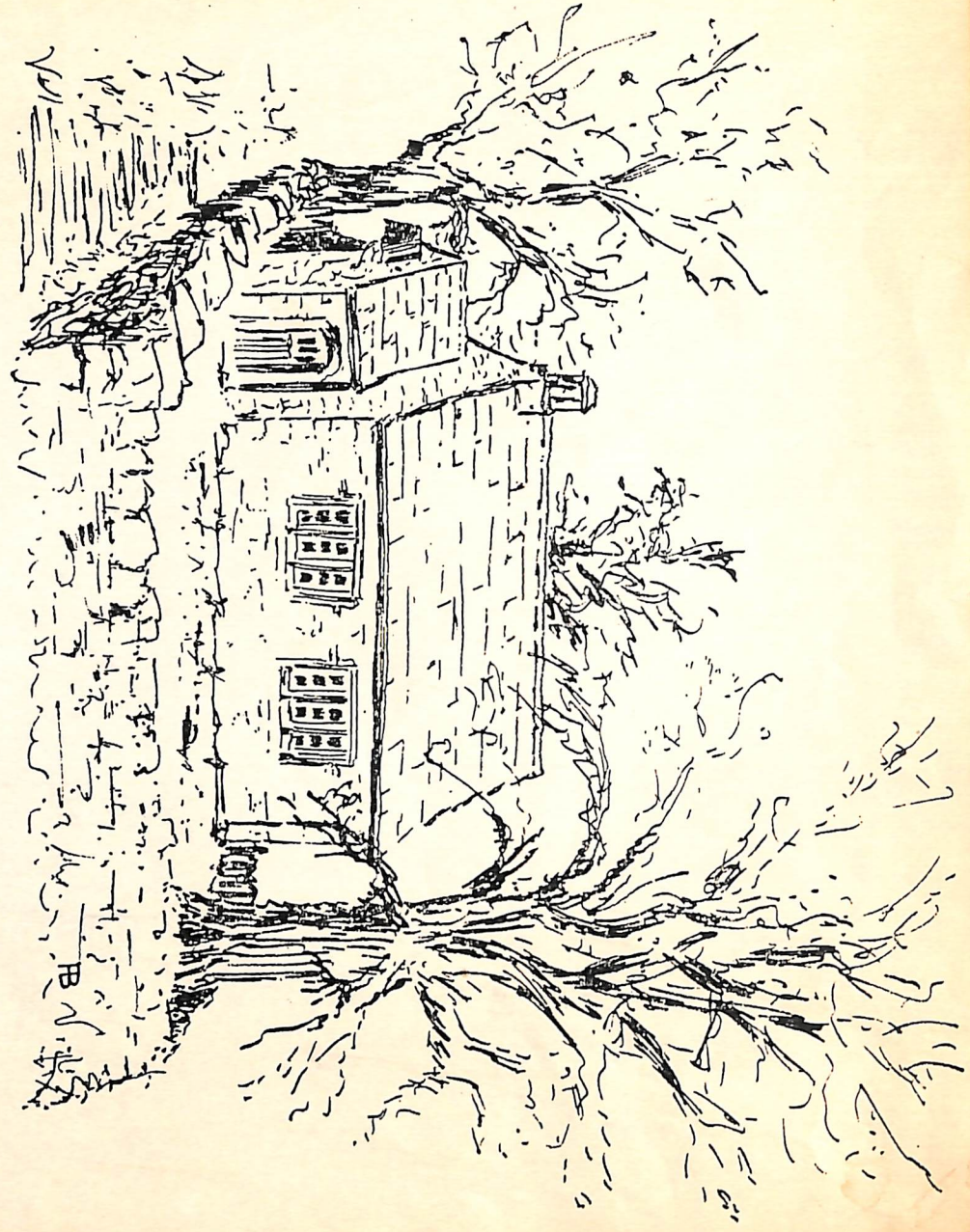
23 Houses

+ 2615

comes to
come



THE OLD SCHOOL AT LITTON





Potts Beck (formerly known as 'Dilston')

Occupants - from 1987

Jack Alfred Armitage. Born in Bradford in 1931. Moved to the Fylde, Lancashire aged 21 working as a British Telecom engineer, based in Preston. Father of three; grandfather of four. Took early retirement after privatisation in 1987. Now spends much time involved in the running of the village hall at Arncliffe.

Ann Armitage. Born in Manchester in 1943. Continued to work as a primary school supply teacher for several years after moving to Yorkshire. Now works part time at the Queen's Arms in Litton. Mother of four and grandmother of three.

Jacob Oliver Armitage. Born in Blackpool in 1979. Attended Arncliffe Primary School from age 7 to 11, Upper Wharfedale Secondary School and Sixth Form at South Craven. Now studying Architecture at Manchester University.

The house has also provided a base at various times for the five other children and step-children between jobs, college courses and work experience.

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Each season presents different delights from amazing frost patterns and spectacular icicles hanging from rocky outcrops, to clusters of delicate wild flowers nestling in hollows amongst the tall waving grasses. All undisturbed by human interference or pollution.

The tiny delightful village school in Arncliffe was yet another factor which persuaded us that this was where we had to live.

Reflections

In the year 2000 we will have lived here for 13 years; the longest time spent in any one house.

Littondale casts a magnetic spell which is hard to break. After any time spent away, the pleasure of returning to the familiarity of its unspoilt beauty never fails.

The sense of exclusivity is zealously guarded by its inhabitants - (and the ever vigilant National Park) - not always understood by casual visitors or the mixed blessing second home owners. We were surprised how many people have lived in several houses over many years within the dale.

Generally, change is resisted and a rich fund of oft-recounted, much revered age old memories reinforce the shared sense of possession and belonging in the community.

During the long, tough, hostile winters in the past, survival itself must have depended on the strength of neighbourly co-operation and family roots. Still very much in evidence.

Petty squabbles, rivalry and a somewhat 'goldfish bowl' mentality are also characteristic but balanced by warm hospitality and gritty resilience. Newcomers or "offcomeduns" are received with great interest but have to earn acceptance.

Even gardening is a real challenge with the shallow, stony soil, flooding, midges and short growing season. Farming and all its associated aspects, in particular pheasant and grouse shooting touch on all our daily lives, in spite of its relative decline.

While social events are still arranged around the farming calendar, reliance on cars, particularly by the young people has accelerated changes in life style more than any other factor - even during the mere dozen years that we have lived here. There are fewer and fewer occasions when several generations meet and mingle in the hall, this was something which impressed us so much when we first came here.

However, it is still unique and long may this tiny, parochial very special community exist as a haven for those fortunate enough to find it.

We feel a great sadness and regret that for family reasons we are now in the process of selling the house and moving back to the Fylde coast. It will be a huge wrench but we shall take many happy and abiding memories with us.