

sink. At the back at the front door there was a special cut-out to sit your doormat in and a cupboard containing the electricity meters and fuse wire.

Outside, above the green-painted front doors, with their brass knockers and letter boxes combined, stood a reinforced concrete porch with a pole attached to it for extra support. This pole was often used by children to perform gymnastic poses whilst "legging" up the wall, and occasionally to gain access through the box room window above, having locked yourself out with those new-fangled Yale locks! All this - and all still for rent! (There was often a misconception that council house tenants did not pay rates - but they did and still do in its present form.)

At last the houses were ready ... Jack Moon and his family were the first to move in! Reg Pye, who moved in opposite, was the only person in the street to own a car. Jack remembers it being an Austin 7 with BTB6 as its registration. Reg worked for a farm feed company but most of the other occupants worked at Berry's and Tweedy's.

Not many people in the village had cars and most people shopped locally. We even had the Co-op van visit us each week in our street. You only had to climb up the wobbly steps to be into another world. The interior was fitted out with a flip-down counter and wooden shelves full of tins and packets held in place with an extra strip of varnished wood preventing the produce from falling about in transit. Long drawers lined each side of the doorway, containing lucky bags and all kinds of sweets and, of course, you got a little yellow chitty for the "divi" that you stuck on to your gum sheet.

In the 1970's, Chipping needed more housing and Ribble Valley came to the rescue with 40 new council houses for young and old. I married from Kirklands in 1975 and wanted to stay in our village so we got a rented property at Old Hive from my great uncle John Seed at £1.25 per week plus rates. By 1980 we had two children and needed more space. We managed to get a council house and returned to Kirklands. From my front door I can see Jeffrey Hill and, from my back door, Parlick Pike, whilst to the side I see Leagram Wood.

Now in this new century, most of the Kirklands Estate is privately owned and the green doors have gone, but a cup of sugar can always be had from a kindly neighbour and someone will always let you know if your bike light is left on or your car window is open - on the street where I live.

