

A Picture of Lindale in 1978, just after the by-pass,

by Vic and Joan Greenhalgh

Vic and Joan Greenhalgh moved to live on **Lindale Hill** in 1978, just after Lindale's by-pass was completed. The road was still classed as the A590, and parking wasn't allowed. Parked cars were moved by the 'copper'. They were not very impressed with Lindale, compared to Crosthwaite. They were treated as offcomers, except for Elsie next door. It was a very divided village; 'them up there' and 'us down here'. People from the Council estate wouldn't help fund raising or stalls for the school or church.

At that time, the **Mill** and its millstones had been flattened, though bits were still lying around. The Mill site and School Hill was littered with scrap from Frankie Johnson. A meeting of the council was called to sort out the problem. The Clitheroes bought the mill, and tidied it up. The 'Central Garage', half way up the hill, was still operating. Further up, the cut through the rock to Shaw's Yard was made, supposedly to avoid bringing wagons through the village. Shaw's wagons were kept at the bottom of the Hill. Bill Shaw sold this land in 1980-81 and it was developed as New Cottages (on Grange Road). Tyson sold his land, Castle Head Farm and went to Canada. The old farm became the Stonebeck development. In 1978 the housing at Sheepbarrow (starter homes for local people) was just happening. Neighbours Elsie and Walter said when they heard the pile drivers, 'It's the worst place. It will flood. It's always been boggy'. The Co-op was still open at the bottom in 1975, before the by-pass, but by June 1979 it was shut.

Lindale was a **working village**. Simpson had just retired, Shaw's and Brian Barker's haulage firm employed people. David Birch was probably the biggest employer. Ian Crowe was self-employed. Mrs Ormrod had the Top Pub. Her son had a one man haulage business. People didn't like change.

They heard **stories of 'crashes'** on the hill, some of them elaborated over time. Riley Taylor reported a crash into the chip shop; 'people couldn't get out of the shop, and all the people in the coach were dead'. A Sovereign Chemicals lorry, carrying packs of glue, once crashed and burst. One day another lorry, carrying grass from Holker, turned over. From underneath the lorry and its spilt pile of grass, a figure emerged and dug himself out. The driver, unhurt, was a black man, not often seen in Lindale.

Joan worked at the **Bottom House** (Lindale Inn). The Simisters had it in 1978. There was a framed drawing done by someone in the RAF, showing the local characters, as cartoons with big heads. Walter McClure's father was shown as 'a little man with a big head'. About 1980 Paul Wilkinson bought the pub and did it up. He had music nights. The pub was alright. It was well used and served reasonable food. It was Paul who extended the pub over the

Lindale beck. Before this there had just been a flat at the back of the pub. Tarmac for the car park was laid around the Yew Tree (with its Tree Protection Order). It turned yellow and died and was cut down. Nick Kirkpatrick later had the pub. The Bottom House had a darts team, who got together and organised the village bonfire. This extended into the **Sport Club**. In 1978 The **Institute** was rarely used, except for Council meetings. It was empty and derelict for a long time. Lunches for elderly people were held in the Village Hall. One helper was much older than 'the old people'.

Joan also worked in the **Village Shop**, run by Flo and Bill, then Margaret and David Parkinson. Before that it was Pat Hoskins. Joan knew everyone in Lindale, where they lived and the names of all the houses. Clifford Whiteway had the village shop in the 1960s. He was in amateur dramatics and was like a showman. He always urged people to buy more than they intended. He had lots of ploys to help with this. Some tea which wasn't selling was relabelled as 'Special Lindale blend tea', and it flew off the shelves. He heated some coffee beans over a little paraffin stove. People came in, smelt it and bought the coffee.

There were some **characters** in the village. There was a new vicar at one point, with a posh voice. He walked around the village puffing on his pipe, with his dog, and always addressed people with 'Now who are you?' He didn't appear to register their names. One time he met Walter and said 'Are you enjoying your holiday?' Walter, born and bred in the village, was offended. That vicar didn't last long, but before he left he got the new Vicarage built on the grounds that the Old Parsonage was cold and draughty. The new Vicarage is enormous, built on Windermere Road on church land.

The village was pitch-dark at night. There were no lights.

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