




Saddleshworth White Rose Society

In the County of York

Newsletter No 10 Spring 2001

A LETTER FROM SCOTTISH POWER

With kind permission of Mr Phil Clay and Scottish Power we reproduce the following letter. This illustrates the fact that you can use your true address if you wish and you don't need to be fobbed off with the excuse ~ 'the computer wont allow us to change it'.


ScottishPower

Mr P Clay
20 Brownhill Lane
Uppermill
Saddleshworth
Yorkshire
OL3 6BZ

30 November 2000

Dear Mr Clay

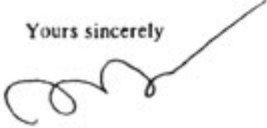
Thank you for your letter of 17 November 2000 addressed to our Chief Executive, Sir Ian Robinson. Sir Ian has read your letter and has asked me to reply to you on his behalf.

I am very sorry to hear about the problems you have experienced with us incorrectly addressing your accounts and correspondence. Being a Yorkshireman, I do understand why you do not want to see the town of Oldham included in your address. Please accept my sincere apologies for the unnecessary inconvenience this matter has caused you.

I can confirm that we have formatted your account address as 20 Brownhill Lane, Uppermill, Saddleshworth, OL3 6BZ. We do not include county names in our address information. However, I can add an additional 'postal' address to include the County of Yorkshire if you wish. Please let me know. I have enclosed a prepaid envelope for your convenience in replying.

If I can be of any further help, please let me know.

Yours sincerely


Roger Parry
Team Manager, Customer Relations

Customer Relations Office
Wrexham
LL14 4DU
Tel: 0345 832465
Fax: 01978 832229

Our ref : PC.M11RP/67750

Account ref : 80076731010

THE BORDER WALK

This year the Border Walk will take place on the 30th June & 1st July, assuming that the present restrictions on accessing the countryside caused by the foot and mouth epidemic will have been lifted. Below is the intended programme. Some parts of the programme have yet to be finalised, so there may possibly be some alterations.

The First Days Walk

We shall start the walk on Saturday 30 June at 8.30am from the Brun Clough car park on the A62 at Stanedge Cutting. We walk across Castleshaw Moor along the Saddleworth/Marsden parish boundary (The Pennine Way) northwards, crossing the A640 until we meet the Yorkshire/Lancashire border at Moss Moor above Read-ycon Dean Reservoir.

Then along the boundary fence across the moor to Rapes Highway just north of the Ram's Head, across the A672, past Rooden Reservoir to the A640 at the former Moorcock Inn, where the Mayor of Oldham Metropolitan Borough will join us for the trek across Crompton Moor and back across the A672 at Grains Bar.

At the Bull's Head, Grains Bar, we will halt for a half hour break, during which the Chairman of Saddleworth Parish Council will award the Mayor of Oldham Metropolitan Borough a Certificate of Participation, before heading down Ship Lane and over Roebucklow to Strinesdale, through Waterhead, Austerlands, County End, Thornley and Brookbottom and on to the point where the Yorkshire/Lancashire border ends and the Yorkshire/Cheshire border begins, near Woodend, Mossley.

The first days walk of approximately 13 1/2 miles will end at the Woodend Tavern, Mossley on the A635, at about 5.00pm, when we shall hold a ceremony with the Mayor of Mossley Town Council, the Chairman of Saddleworth Parish Council, the Chairman of Friends of Real Lancashire and the Chairman of the Yorkshire Ridings Society, to mark the point where the three counties Yorkshire, Cheshire and Lancashire meet, Food and liquid refreshments will be available at the Woodend Tavern.

The Second Days Walk

The second day should only be attempted by experienced walkers. Because of the nature of the terrain and isolation of the route, it will be extremely difficult for anyone to drop out of the walk. Food and drink required during the walk should be carried by each individual walker.

At 8.30am on Sunday 1st July we shall meet at the Woodend Tavern and follow the Yorkshire/Cheshire border via Division Bridge up over the moor to Black Hill, where the Yorkshire/Cheshire border ends. There will be a break for lunch at Laddow. We then follow the Saddleworth/Holmfirth parish boundary across the A635 over Saddleworth Moor to the A62 and back to the car park at Brun Clough reservoir. This second days walk is about 14 miles. We expect to arrive at Brun Clough about 5.00pm.

To take part it is not necessary to do the complete circuit, any part of the route of the first days walk, however short, may be attempted.

We hope to gain sponsorship for the charities supported by the Chairman of Saddleworth Parish Council; children's leukaemia for the Pendlebury Hospital Charity Fund, to provide equipment for profoundly deaf and partially deaf children for the local Mainstream School Unit and for Saddleworth charities. Sponsorship forms will be forwarded on request.

Certificates of Completion will be awarded to those completing the full circuit and Certificates of Participation will be awarded to all those who complete any section of the route, souvenirs will also be awarded to all those taking part.

There will be a fee of £5 per head to cover overheads. Transport will be provided at the end of the first day for anyone wishing to get back to Brun Clough car park to collect a vehicle, and on the second day there will be transport from Brun Clough to Woodend to pick up vehicles.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Last year only one person eligible for membership renewal failed to do so. This year we are hoping for a 100% renewal rate as every member is important to us. There are still a few members who have not yet renewed. We hope you will do so and that if possible you will also recruit a new member, as we are hoping to double our membership this year.

VOTING AT A GENERAL MEETING

Voting at a general meeting may be carried out by:

1. All individual members.
2. Either, but only one, of two named joint (family) members.
3. Any, but only one member from a corporate group, as a representative of that group.

The Bouncing Eggs by Phil Clay

This story relates to an incident not connected to Saddleworth but to Barnoldswick, (Barlick as it is known to the locals,) still in my beloved West Riding and, like Saddleworth, some oafs in the Capital had tried, unsuccessfully, to move it into Lancashire.

"Do you know there's an 'en running up and down in't road Sir?" The question was asked by a little voice which squeaked from under a school cap, the cap being the only part visible to me at the other side of the counter in the local police station. I replied to the 'cap' that I wasn't aware of this but this information would be vigorously investigated. The information was genuine so with the help of the cheeky little urchin and the cap which I had with great speed removed from his head and then thrown with great accuracy at the disorientated fowl I was able to capture it with the loss of little energy and I hope dignity. The runaway was put in a suitable cardboard box and placed on the hearth near the roaring coal fire to keep it warm. The urchin was dispatched with the threat of a cuff on his ear-hole, in the general direction of his school without the large reward that he had demanded for his valuable information and help.

Around 9.00am. the sergeant, one Bob Carrington, appeared from his living quarters which were part of the police station. He was resplendent in his morning dress which comprised a shirt without collar and tie, police trousers, a beautiful pair of cosy slippers and an ornate Paisley dressing gown. A noise from the cardboard box drew his attention and the question as to the nature of its contents was asked, the morning's operation was explained to him in full. Bob was blessed with a superb sense of humour and anything untoward had him in stitches. When he regained his composure he decided that the best place to keep the hen was to place it in the outside dog kennel with a handful of corn until it was claimed. The hen was duly despatched to its bedsit and I was given the task of attending to its welfare.

The following morning I went to feed my charge, I had managed to scrounge some corn from a local smallholder, and lo and behold, it had presented me with a large fresh egg. My immediate thoughts were that as I was feeding the little bugger the egg was mine, so it was concealed in my snap (food) tin for later consumption. The generous little hen continued to produce eggs, one every morning for a number of days. After about the fourth egg I got a little worried about my charge as I thought that the old girl was ill, her eggs had become soft to the touch and in fact the last one produced was similar in texture to a rubber ball which had probably not been laid but had bounced out. I came to the conclusion that I had better seek assistance so I presented it to the sergeant with a question "Should we call the vet?" I thought that he was going to choke on his laughter but on settling down somewhat he said, "You clown? don't you know hens need grit to make their shells hard and you'll get no grit in a dog kennel".

There were two old constables in the office with stupid grins on their faces which I would have dearly loved to wipe off. I had been born in the country but I had lived in the town for most of my life so how the hell did I know about hens and their eggs. The little bundle of feathers that had supplied me with my breakfast and destroyed my dignity for some days was taken in the cardboard box to a nearby field and unceremoniously catapulted over the wall.

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