



Saddleworth White Rose Society

In the County of York

Newsletter No 12 Autumn 2001 By Royal Decree

HRH The Prince of Wales visited Marsden, on September 3rd 2001, to officially open the Huddersfield Narrow Canal.

As the SWRS Chairman, I had written to Prince Charles to remind him that the Stanedge Tunnel links two areas of Yorkshire, ie the Colne Valley and Saddleworth. I asked him to consider referring to this in his speech at Marsden. How thrilled I was, later that evening, to be telephoned by Cllr Christine Wheeler (Mayor of Oldham Borough). She told me that the Prince, on a number of occasions, had stated that Saddleworth is in Yorkshire. She felt that he had been very well briefed. When I told her the contents of the letter that I had written to Prince Charles, she said that he had obviously read it and used parts of it in his speech.

Here are words spoken by Prince Charles at Marsden on September 3rd:-

"The tunnel links the Colne Valley and Saddleworth. The fact that Saddleworth is still part of the historic West Riding of Yorkshire is extremely important."

So the message that Saddleworth is in Yorkshire was loudly proclaimed to the assembled throng, and the media, from the mouth of HRH The Prince of Wales. And so, BY ROYAL DECREE, Saddleworth is still in Yorkshire.

Annual General Meeting Thursday 1st November 2001 Delph Band Club 8,00pm

All members are invited to attend the AGM and social evening.

Gordon Bradbury

With much sadness, we record the death of Gordon Bradbury, of Greenfield, on 27th July 2001 at the age of 62 years. Gordon was a staunch supporter of the SWRS and became a member very early in its formation as did his wife Dorothy, son Andrew and daughter Julia. He was cremated at Huddersfield and his ashes scattered at Richmond. Our condolences are extended to all of the family at this time of great sadness.

Special points of interest:

- Saddleworth is not in Oldham.
- If you live in one of the Saddleworth villages, then you do not live in Oldham, because that is a small town a few miles away from Saddleworth, and you certainly don't live in Lancashire!
- As we see an increased usage of the true address, then the message will be loud and clear to those who mistakenly think that Saddleworth is in Lancashire.
- Don't forget to use your true address and use "Saddleworth, Yorkshire" in your address. As long as you use the postcode, then the Royal Mail can sort your mail electronically.
- Remind your friends and neighbours that Saddleworth is in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It's something to be proud of.

NWTB refuses to accept that Saddleworth is in Yorkshire!

The NWTB refused to publicise our "Yorkshire Day" events on their website unless we were prepared to rename it "Greater Manchester Day!!" The Chief Executive of the NWTB refuses to accept that Saddleworth is in Yorkshire and will not publicise any Saddleworth events that refer to Yorkshire. This is totally unacceptable and so, as a society, we have now raised the matter with various people, ie the Chairman of Saddleworth Parish Council, the Mayor of Oldham MB, the MP for Oldham East & Saddleworth, the Euro MP for the North West, the Prime Minister and HM The Queen. In effect, the NWTB are refusing to publicise any future events organised by the SWRS. It is outrageous that the NWTB are taking such action! The NWTB have no right whatsoever to deny the Yorkshire heritage that Saddleworthians are so proud of and that tourists to our area find so attractive and interesting.

CHRIS DAVIES EURO-MP BACKS THE NWTB !

Unfortunately, our Euro-MP is not prepared to support the SWRS and he is totally backing the NWTB. Chris Davies does not accept that Saddleworth is still in Yorkshire because, in his own words, he says:- "Saddleworth has not been part of the former, now abolished, West Riding since 1974...It is now where it belongs" Spread the Word and recruit a new member The villages of Saddleworth are Yorkshire villages; and the hills, moors and dales of Saddleworth are part of Yorkshire's spectacular scenery. At the beginning of the year, I set our members the "2001 Challenge" of finding at least one new member. It would be wonderful if we could double our membership this year, wouldn't it?

Our current membership is just over 200. Our article in the August edition of the "Saddleworth Parish Council News & Views" has resulted in some new members, but we rely on each one of our members to "spread the word and recruit a new member". There are literally hundreds, if not thousands, of Saddleworthians who know that they still live in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Many of them are unaware of the existence of the "Saddleworth White Rose Society" and so they need telling...and that's where you come in because we would like you to tell some of them.

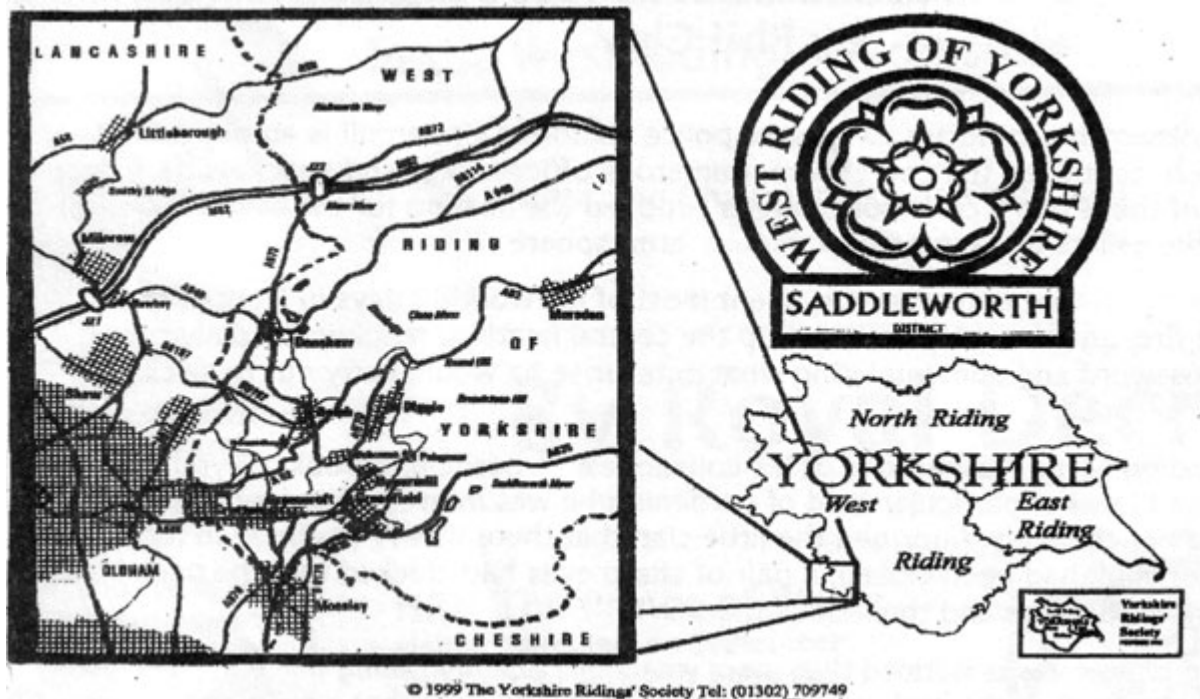
"White Rose" back in the Stanedge Cutting ?

The Oldham MBC sign, in the Stanedge Cutting, is misleading because it gives the wrong impression that Saddleworth is in Oldham! Some years ago, OMBC put this sign up and removed the "Saddleworth" sign which included the White Rose emblem, Even our close neighbours in Marsden and Slaithwaite think that Saddleworth has been moved into Lancashire because of this misleading sign in the Cutting.

Thanks to councillor Brian Lord, who is acting on our behalf, it looks as if we may soon see the "White Rose" back in the Stanedge Cutting. Brian has asked the relevant OMBC official to honour the promise that was made to the SWRS Chairman and replace the sign



The White Rose emblem that we hope will soon be back on Stanedge



Saddleworth may not be in the administrative county (ie "mickey mouse county") of West Yorkshire but it is still legally in the historic WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

Yorkshire Country Women's Association

It has been suggested that women members of the Saddleworth White Rose Society might like to form a branch of the Yorkshire Countrywomen's Association. The Association was formed in 1983 to further the interests of country women throughout the whole of the original (pre-1974) County of Yorkshire; one of its aims being to preserve Yorkshire's wonderful heritage. Branches hold monthly meetings and cover a wide range of interests, ie art, handicrafts, theatre trips, lunches, talks and demonstrations. A Saddleworth branch would join the other 46 groups in the West Riding section. A meeting to test the interest in forming a branch will be held at the end of the AGM at Delph Band Club on Thursday 1st November 2001.

Anne Parry

MAGIC MUSHROOMS **A Saddleworth Tale** **By Phil Clay**

As most Saddleworth people are aware, the police station at Uppermill is an old stone building which contained the court room, numerous offices, cells and spacious dark deep cellars. One of these had a coke boiler which supplied the heating for the whole building; this caused the cellars to have a warm, humid atmosphere.

PC Glynn Wood, a future entrepreneur, spent most of his working days in front of the charge room fire, an extra perk to boost up the central heating, reading the daily paper, doing the crossword and contemplating what enterprise he would carry out to swell his meagre bank account.

"What yer reading Glynn?" asked one of his colleagues. "A gardening book", Glynn replied; but when asked in what particular field of gardening he was interested in he quickly closed the book and nonchalantly informed the little clan that there wasn't anything in particular. But before the book had been closed, a pair of sharp eyes had clocked that the page being perused was "Mushrooms and their cultivation".

It wasn't long before it was noticed that there was some activity taking place in the cellars, banging and hammering etc. and, when investigated, it was seen that a hasp and staple had been fixed to the largest cellar door and this had been secured by an eight-lever case hardened steel lock. It was also noticed by ever watchful eyes that sacks containing unknown contents were being surreptitiously carried there. A barrage of questions were heaped on Glynn and eventually, under extreme pressure, the truth was extracted from him; he had gone into "mushroom farming". The stone slabs in the cellar were covered in compost which had been treated with spores and it wasn't long before a fine crop of button mushrooms were taking over the room. The rest of his colleagues were treated to this spectacle but only one at a time as a group would have been hard to control in the dark and he couldn't be certain that some of the prolific crop may have Disappeared into a handy pocket. After the conducted tour, each amazed viewer was given a couple of mushrooms to sample with the warning that any future supply would have to be purchased at full market value. Unfortunately for the grower when a price tag was mentioned his colleagues, unceremoniously, told him where to stick his trap of "class one" fungi and uttered words under their breath which sounded like "tight something or other!" As a result of this inability to off-load his fine crop, he took to tickling his taste buds by savouring their delightful flavour at every opportunity. He Was having a pound of mushrooms fried for his breakfast; mushroom soup followed by mushrooms on toast at lunch; mushroom lasagne for his dinner and savoury mushroom tart for his supper.

"Just wander into the office and have a gander at Wood's face, it looks like a baboon's arse", said one of the lads as I approached the nick. On entering, I did just that and was confronted by this unrecognisable figure who fitted the description I had been given to a T; in fact, it would have had to have been a very large baboon as not only had the face developed a bright red rash it had also swollen by some 25%, On sympathetically enquiring as to how the phenomena had developed, the crestfallen PC Wood admitted that after visiting his doctor, he had been given the heart-breaking fact that he had developed an allergy to mushrooms and that, henceforth, they must not be included in his diet.

With a grin that was larger than that of a Cheshire cat, I remarked, "Well, it served you right for not giving us any, you tight-fisted bugger!" Due to the fact that he did not receive any genuine sympathy from his mates, he kept the cellar locked and, behind the closed door, the crop gradually withered and died...and Glynn regained his handsome homosapien features.