

Greenmount – August 2013

Thursday 1st August was a fine, sunny, hot day in the middle of a wet spell that had, by this time, outstayed its welcome, following three weeks of old fashioned summer weather. Anybody remember old fashioned summers when the sun used to melt the tarmac on the roads?

I had been invited to join the three merry lads on a ramble from Knutsford to Macclesfield but I declined because I was in the middle of decorating the entrance hall. It was a “no-brainer”, really.

One would think that a small entrance hall like ours would not take so much effort but with bits of vinyl silk paint peeling off the walls, blisters in the paint here and there, cracks and holes to fill and a few years of grime, it needed a lot of attention and I had finally reached the stage of sanding down the bits I had touched up with plaster and washing all the walls, paintwork and ceiling down with sugar soap, ready for a thin paint wash on the bare plaster bits before the first coat of paint.

All was going well, washing off the sugar soap with cold water when a niggling pain in my left foot suddenly blossomed into sheer agony. Painting and decorating being, in my vast experience, a two-legged task, suddenly brought my efforts to a halt and I reflected that it was extremely fortunate I was not in the middle of the wild countryside between Knutsford and Macclesfield.

I managed to hobble to a chair and apply three good helpings of aloe vera gel to the affected part, each one after the previous one had dried in. There was a noticeable improvement after a couple of hours and I managed to stand upright long enough to take a well-needed shower.

I proposed to see what a good night's rest would do. Needless to say that I did not attempt to remove the hall radiator and that is a task for another day, when all, well most, of my parts are working normally.

It was our intention to depart early on 2nd August for our weekly grocery shop. And so we did.

Our outward bound journey took in Bury town centre to collect a top Jenny had ordered from Debenhams and a few items from the health Food shop in the market hall, followed by the obligatory visit to Tesco, where Jenny managed to find Yellow Tail Shiraz on offer at £5.75 a bottle and promptly bought six, as well as some other bits and pieces.

Since it was getting late in the day, we decided to bring our haul home and lunch at Summerseat Garden Centre before speeding off down the M66 as far as Asda at Pilsforth, where another brief stop boosted our wine cupboard (we haven't got a cellar) with six bottles of Nottage Hill Chardonnay, on offer for £5 a bottle. For a few pence more, we could have bought Yellow Tail Chardonnay but Jenny was happy with Hardy's Nottage Hill.

Back on the M66 and then M60 got us to Unicorn by mid-afternoon and we returned up the A56 to Waitrose, making our way home just in time to meet the rush-hour traffic on the M60. Much of the time it was stop-start because most drivers don't know how to drive in heavy traffic on motorways and shouldn't be allowed on them. When I did manage to get up to the speed limit (70 m.p.h.) in the fast lane, I had some Charlie in a 4 x 4 up my back bumper flashing his lights wanting to go faster. Since I am not in the habit of contravening the Road Traffic Act, I ignored him, and eventually found a slot in the middle lane to slip into to let him pass. If I had the equipment to record drivers' antics, I could generate enough money in fines to finance the whole of Greater Manchester Police.

I eventually resumed work on the entrance hall on Saturday 3rd August and by Sunday 4th August, I was able to paint the ceiling of the entrance hall and the storage cupboard under the stairs with Crown Brilliant White vinyl matt paint – once I had fetched it from B&Q.

The plan for Monday 5th August was to visit Jenny's niece, Tracey, in Sheffield but Tracey had told Jenny she wouldn't be in so it was back to the entrance hall, having declined an invitation to a breakfast meeting with Mike, Frank and Steve.

I replaced the old, polished-brass(?), eye-ball spotlights we had purchased from B&Q some years earlier and which had started to rust, with some die-cast down-lights, finished in polished steel, purchased from Elton Electrical. These were different to the ones I had purchased from that shop before for the car port and garage and I was doubtful about their quality. They didn't look as good as the earlier ones and only time would tell.

The walls in the storage cupboard received a coat of Soft Linen Crown Vinyl Silk. The bare plaster walls in the hall also received a wash of the same, diluted with 40% of cold water. When this was dry, I swung into action again and gave the wall opposite the front door a first coat of paint to hide the previous eye-catching Shocking Pink, making the small room look less like a doubtful lady's boudoir.

(Note that I am not on commission from Crown, it's just that, having used many different paints over my many years, I have found Crown (and Macpherson, also made by Crown) to be just about the best, although, in my opinion, Crown Solo is a complete waste of time and money.)

I still hadn't attempted to remove the radiator.

On Tuesday 6th August, I chose another easy option and painted all of the woodwork that needed painting with Macpherson, high-opacity, white undercoat, having removed the door between the entrance hall and the kitchen to make this task easier. Unfortunately, this needed 16 hours to dry thoroughly so there was no possibility of following up with the gloss or even of painting any of the walls, since these needed to be cut-in round the door jambs I had just undercoated.

After a late lunch I consoled myself with some IT work on my PC. Computers are a great way of making time pass quickly, even if you don't play games on them.

Wednesday 7th August was almost a repeat of the previous day, substituting gloss paint for the undercoat. The result was a pleasingly smooth, shiny finish and a horrendous smell.

The odour lingered into Thursday 8th August as we set out to visit Jenny's niece, Tracey, in Sheffield. I took Jenny's old Fujitsu laptop with the intention of continuing some research on one of our village founders, Samuel Knowles and spent most of the day discussing the family of Tracey's partner, Andy and looking at some faulty laptops and a vacuum cleaner for Tracey.

We called at the Beefeater at Heaton Park for our evening meal, which was excellent in every respect. It wasn't until I updated my accounts the following day that I realised I had not been charged for the bottle of wine we had and, being an honest sort of chap, I made a mental note to bring this to the staff's attention the next time we called. I guess this was some sort of consolation to my not having had time to print off a voucher for a free bottle of wine using my Beefeater reward points. I shall mention that as well.

I was up early, just after 7 a.m., on Friday 9th August to take in a delivery from Abel and Cole. I heard the chap come and go as I was struggling to dress, having had about five and a half hours' sleep. Jenny was still horizontal.

I busied myself feeding the cats, preparing breakfast, washing the few pots Rachel had left from the previous evening and, of course, updating my computer records. I reflected this was going to be a long day.

The usual trip to Unicorn and Waitrose was uneventful as usual, except for a brief delay due to road works on Manchester Road in Bury where yet more gas pipe work is being laid for an ever decreasing supply. Meanwhile, David Cameron was reported to have said that he believed that fracking was the way forward because there wasn't enough wind for land-based turbines to generate power. They should put turbines up in Westminster. There's enough wind there to meet the power requirements of the whole country for decades to come. That man is so in touch with the electorate that his party membership is reported to have halved since he came to power and now stands at an all-time low. What beats me is why we're so worried about Al Qaida when we have a bunch of buffoons literally driving the country into the ground and doing their job for them. Then again, maybe David Cameron is looking for a hole large enough for his head.

On Saturday 10th August, we spend most of the day trying to sort out some electrical jumble at the Old School ready for the sale in two weeks' time

On Sunday 11th August, the first task of the day was to deliver the latest copy of the village newsletter to unsuspecting residents.

After lunch, I could not do much in the hall because I needed some brass screws to refit the door to the storage cupboard, the heads on the old ones being too worn to reuse (a bit like mine). Instead, I busied myself with repairing one of the two laptops Tracey had asked me to try to fix for her. I ended up completely reloading Windows

Vista and this, with all the updates from Microsoft, turned out to take most of the following week, much of the time in unattended mode.

On Monday 12th August, we took some bedding up to the animal sanctuary at Bleakholt, calling at Ramsbottom on the return journey, in search of screws and toured the charity shops in search of DVDs, etc.

On returning, after lunch, I put the entrance hall doors to the kitchen and storage cupboard back in place, only to find the latter was catching against the door jamb. To be honest, this has been a problem in the past and I decided I had no alternative than to shave a little off the door jamb, not wishing to make a mess of the door in any way.

I extracted my small, pointed, Bosch sander from its storage in the garage and fitted it with a coarse sanding sheet, switched it on and within minutes, my nice, smooth, white paintwork had given way to bare wood. At the same time, the sander, having become quite warm, completely disintegrated the pad to which the sanding sheet attached rendering it completely useless.

I resorted to using my sanding block and completing the task by hand and, when this proved to be too slow, out came the chisels, used to scrape shavings off the offending areas.

I finished off the rough work with the hand sanding-block and primed the bare wood.

It was Tuesday 13th August before I finally managed to start the planned work, that of giving all the walls but the one on which the radiator resided a coat of Fresh Linen vinyl silk, having first undercoated the offending door jamb.

Wednesday 14th August, was almost a repeat of the previous day except that the door jamb was finished off with white gloss.

It was evident on Thursday 15th August that the walls would require yet another coat of vinyl silk to finally hide the hideous pink that preceded the lighter look of a linen shade.

I never thought I would consider grocery shopping to be a relief and Friday 16th August came as a welcome change. Not so for the cats that had to endure the entrance hall for the day with its strong smell of paint, while we went in search of groceries south of Manchester.

The next jumble sale at the Old School was only a week away and on Saturday 17th August we decided it was time we concentrated on testing and pricing some more of the electrical equipment in readiness.

I spent Sunday 18th August touching up the entrance hall ceiling and refitting the door bell, helping Jenny with her car boot stock in the garage, it being too wet to go to the sale in Ramsbottom for the third week running.

Having finished repairing the first of Tracey's two lap tops, I started on the second and, having completely reinstalled Windows XP for the third time, I had managed to

complete the repair by the end of the following day. And that was in spite of Microsoft's inability to provide a system of applying updates that doesn't work until Service Pack 3 and Internet Explorer 8 have been installed. Am I brilliant or just simply good?

While on the subject of Monday 19th August, I managed to find time to take the cats to the vet for their annual check-up and injections. Not satisfied with extracting over £70 for the privilege, the vet also announced that she needed to extract a tooth from Treacle, our cat that was rapidly running out of its nine lives. This, in turn, would extract a further £400 plus from my bank account. The cat had an ulcer under its tooth and must have been in some discomfort, despite showing no signs of it. The extraction required a pre-anaesthetic blood test, a general anaesthetic, hydration during the operation and afterwards, pain relief and anti-biotic afterwards and goodness knows what else. The bill for treatment for this cat over the last few years has amounted to over £1,000. That's over a year's car boot sales at our present rate. Both operations was scheduled for the coming Friday – the cat's tooth extraction and the opening of my wallet.

On top of that, both cats had potentially harmful teeth deposits and these needed to be removed on an ongoing basis to prevent further expensive problems. The first option was to brush their teeth but we learned of a gel we could purchase that the cats licked and which found its way into their saliva, removing tarter over a couple of months. The receptionist advised us that we could either purchase it from there, in which case they would have to order it, or off the shelf at Pets at Home in Bury for a third of the cost. I'll leave you to conclude our subsequent course of action.

After lunch, I met Frank and Bill at the Cricket Club and Bill drove us up to the local quarry, Marshalls, to try to acquire a rock on which to place a village sign on the approach to the village along Brandlesholme Road, the main road from Bury. The manager who we needed to see was on holiday until the coming Thursday and we departed, resolving to come back on Friday.

On the return trip, we called at the Bury Council Fernhill Depot in Bury to collect the new "Greenmount Village" sign which Bill was going to affix to the rock once it was in place on the recently prepared groundwork. Bill placed the sign safely in the boot of his car and we satisfied ourselves that the afternoon's excursion had not been a complete waste of time.

On Tuesday 20th August, it was finally time to remove the hall radiator. This turned out to be easier than I had anticipated, having managed to find a valve in the return feed. With both valves turned off, all I had to do was to disconnect the supply pipe and drain the radiator and then undo the four supports clamping it to the wall. It's easy when you know how. Somehow, I thought, putting it back might not be so simple.

I also removed all the fittings from the wall, the plastic casing covering the pipes and the plastic clips holding the pipes to the wall. With the pipes dangling free, the wall would be much easier to paint.

A quick bit of sanding to smooth the bits of wall I couldn't get at with the radiator in place, a vacuum to remove the dust, a wash with sugar soap and a cold water rinse meant I was in a position to start painting the last wall in the hall. One coat of paint later had not made much of an impression.

On Wednesday 21st August, the wall received a second coat of paint and looked much better. It was clear a third would be needed, though.

Instead of staying at home to watch the paint dry, we nipped into Bury. The main purpose of the excursion was to purchase additional plastic clamps for the hall radiator supply pipes and plastic casing covering them because the plumber who installed the radiator did not fit enough to ensure the casing hugged the wall, the latter not being exactly smooth and flat. The reason not enough clamps were fitted is that the plumber, in drilling holes, had hit the electrical wires to the old central heating thermostat and rapidly withdrawn his appliance. Fortunately, these were long since disconnected by yours truly and, had he asked, I could have told him.

It should come as no surprise that the two plumbers merchants I tried in Bury did not have any clamps like the ones I needed.

We did manage to get some replacement, metal clips to join the two ends of the white beaded string on the roller blinds in the conservatory. The original plastic ones had disintegrated, leaving blinds with two dangling bits instead of a single loop. It's not nice having two dangling bits at the best of times.

The chap on the (world famous) Bury Market stall priced the metal clips at 50p each and promptly offered to sell me six for £2, which I thought was a little more reasonable.

We forgot to get the cats' tooth gel.

A trip to Bury wouldn't be complete without calling at Tesco, where the price of wine bore no resemblance to reality and organic vegetables were as common as rocking-horse do-dos. Jenny managed to spend over £60 though, which qualified me for a voucher of 5p off each litre of fuel the next time I tanked up the car. With the cost of fuel as it was, making a special journey to Tesco in Bury to fill up the tank and use the voucher would have cost more than I would have saved.

Jenny then decided to call at Home Bargains at Crosstones on the way home. To be fair, stores like these do sometimes have decent bargains but looking for them takes precious time.

Thursday 22nd August was our rescheduled shopping day (see tomorrow's update, if it ever comes) and we remembered to call for the cat's tooth gel on the way. We also stopped off at Asda, Pilsowrth, where Highland Spring water, yellow Tail Shiraz, Yellow Tail Chardonnay and Nottage Hill Chardonnay were all on offer.

For lunch, I tried the all-day breakfast Panini at Waitrose and I have to say it was very disappointing.

Friday 23rd August started with a trip to the vet, leaving Treacle for her tooth extraction. That completed, Frank, Bill and I went up to Marshall's quarry to see the manager about a stone on which to place our village sign. He couldn't have been more helpful. We were taken up to the quarry, not that I was dressed for the occasion, wearing my best sandals, to look at available rocks and Bill picked out one he thought would be suitable. Not only did the manager agree to donate the rock to our village but he and his colleague also arranged to deliver it free of charge. In return, we offered to place a plaque on the rock with some suitable wording, to be supplied by the manager, indicating Marshalls Aggregates had donated it.

There followed the anti-climax, a session at the Old School testing and pricing electrical equipment for the jumble sale on the coming Monday.

We came back home for lunch about 2:15 p.m. and Jenny decided we did not have time to go back, having a Pizza to make and bake for tea and the cat to collect. I busied myself with producing 3 CDs, two for Dave at the Old School who had loaned me a couple of Jazz records I had forgotten about and which I had already converted to CD and the third being my 24th compilation of Jazz tracks I have recorded from the radio. These, I hasten to add, are not for sale or profit but merely for my own use and pleasure. Nobody else in the house likes the stuff.

We collected the cat from the vet at about 5:30. She was most subdued, having had two teeth removed for the price of one. She had a large bandage on her front leg and the remains of blood stains on her paw and both sides of her mouth. It didn't stop her eating, though. The cost of treatment, including the daily doses of pain killer and antibiotics we brought back with us came to slightly less than I was expecting but still a lot.

We were told to keep the cat in for a few days and take her back for a check-up the following week. We were also warned that this same problem could occur in other teeth. I started looking for the pliers.

We had planned to be at the Old School by 10 a.m. on Saturday 24th August but as luck would have it, our Bosch fridge-freezer decided it deserved some of the attention we had been lavishing on Treacle.

It has been producing ice in the bottom for a while and we were not sure why. This ice had prevented us from replacing the drawers full of frozen food when we withdrew them to remove food for consumption, this being the purpose of a freezer. The only way to solve this problem was to chip away the ice. On this occasion, a large lump, similar, no doubt, to that which sank the Titanic, had formed preventing both the lower two drawers from being replaced and it took some time to remove. Having cleaned up the mess, replaced the drawers and closed the door, finally stopping the "open door" warning buzzer, everything seemed to be fine. We, at last, sat down to breakfast, during which the freezer alarm alerted us to a problem. The indication was that the freezer temperature had risen above the -18 degrees at which it was set. We had to wait around to be sure the alarm stopped, as it eventually did.

With this delay, together with having to give Treacle her daily medication and attempt to brush the other cat's (Toffee's) teeth, I invoked Plan B and decided to delay our

departure still further by spending an hour and a half giving the last wall in the hall a third coat of paint.

This took us up to lunch time and we ate at home instead of taking sandwiches to the Old School.

It was approaching 2 p.m. before we recommenced work on the electrical equipment, the process being utter chaos as a result of the idiotic decision to sell electrical equipment in the yard rather than indoors for the second jumble sale in a row. I said last time I wouldn't be doing it again. This time I meant it.

I finished about 7 p.m., Jenny having come home shortly before me to prepare tea, after which we had a brief rest before packing the car at 9:30 p.m. for the car boot the following morning.

That was not the end of the day. I came in and tested some telephones for Jenny's car boot sale before finally retiring about 00:30 a.m. with the prospect of being up at 5 a.m.

Who said retirement was boring?

We were at our pitch at Ramsbottom Station car park by 6:30 on Sunday August 25th. I had driven our car full of booty and started to put out the tables by the time Jenny had arrived in Rachel's car and parked it in Aldi's car park across the road. I needed that to come back home and give Treacle her medication at about 10 a.m.

Trading was slow and takings about average.

We were home for about 4 p.m. and I tampered with a Dell laptop from the Old School, trying to remove all the donator's data before selling it in the jumble sale. The first challenge was to hack into Vista. Thanks to a utility called Trinity Windows Rescue Kit, I was able to remove the password on one of the user administrator accounts and gain access. It's a good job I'm honest.

I created my own account and deleted all of the previous user accounts, including their data.

It soon became apparent that the laptop operating system was not right and I set about trying to restore the factory shipped environment, discovering that the Dell Ctrl+F11 option to boot the recovery partition did not work. Further investigation revealed that there was a problem with the Master Boot Record and I set about looking for a solution. That was another late night.

On Monday 26th August, I had contemplated meeting Mike and Frank at the Old School at 8:30 to set up the yard for the jumble sale, followed by refreshments at Summerseat Garden centre before putting out the goods for sale, which normally commences in the yard at about 10 a.m.

Since we were not up until after 9 a.m., we resorted to Plan B. By 10:15, we had finished breakfast and washed the pots, still having to give Treacle her medication

when Frank called and asked if we were coming round as the customers were massing outside the locked gate and my electrical stock was still inside the Old School. I explained we would be there in about half an hour and Christine had led me to believe someone else was putting all the electrical goods outside. I was of the opinion that since it wasn't my idea to put the electrical goods outside, the customers would have to wait until I was ready, particularly since the indoor sale did not start until 2 p.m.

We finally arrived about 10:45. The electrical goods were all on display but in random order. I started to sort them out a bit before the gates were finally opened at about 11:15.

The sale itself was very successful, helped by a beautiful, sunny day and takings reached a record high. Electrical equipment did very well and better than it usually does inside, so the decision to put it outside was not such a bad one, as it turned out. It just meant a lot more work and time I didn't really have and, if we had more room inside, it would probably have done as well. Still, it was nice being in the fresh air.

We helped tidy up and we were back home before 6 p.m. Bringing the sale forward by two hours was a really good idea but something that can only be done during holiday time.

In the evening, my quest for a solution to the Dell laptop problem continued and I found a utility called DSRFIX that is supposed to repair problems with the Master Boot Record on Dell computers. In my case, because someone appeared to have installed the Vista operating system in a second operating system partition, this didn't work and attempts to manually edit the contents of the hard drive didn't work either.

Tuesday 27th August was another early start. I followed Rachel up to Tottington Motors to leave her car for an MOT and took her to work in Bury before visiting the local recycling station to drop off the boot-full of rubbish from the Old School.

I was back by 10:00 a.m., just in time to give Treacle her medication for the last time, before rushing Jenny into Ramsbottom for an eye test. That was fine and we toured the charity shops without success, returning home for lunch.

I couldn't resist the challenge of the laptop and spent another couple of hours trying to crack the problem of the Master Boot Record. I then thought of copying the Dell Recovery partition to a memory stick and running it from there. When the copy failed, I gave up and cut the back and front grass.

After a quick shower and tea, it was time to go to the village meeting at Cormar Carpets.

Back home and at the lap top, I tried the copy of the Dell recovery software partition again and it eventually worked. When I tried to run the recovery from the memory stick, it failed with an error, reporting an invalid drive reference.

I then hit on the idea of loading up DOS and running it from there. It wouldn't run under DOS.

Right, I thought, I'd try the Windows DOS environment. I loaded Windows from a Windows CD, went into DOS mode and tried that. The hard drive format failed with an error.

Time for bed, I thought.

On Wednesday 28th August, we were up early again, in preparation for taking the cat to the vet for a check up.

Just after 9 a.m., Bill arrived to say that the stone for the village sign was on its way and would be here in 10 to 15 minutes. He drove off and I grabbed my camera and followed him. I arrived just in time to see the crane arrive and watched the driver lift and manoeuvre the 4½ ton rock into position, taking photos for the village web site.

I was back home as promised by 9:50 and at the vets in Bury with Treacle five minutes late, at 10:15. The vet gave Treacle a brief examination and said she was fine. The visit proved to be completely painless for all concerned, since there was no charge.

I updated the village web site following the previous evening's meeting at Cormar carpets in the village and then we went to Summerseat Garden Centre for lunch.

I had planned to spend the afternoon in the garden but one of our neighbours had recently cut down a couple of trees and offered me the trunks for our stove. How could I resist the temptation to collect the pile of heavy, ex-trees and cut them up into logs with my trusty bow-saw?

The afternoon passed quickly and I almost passed out. Rising from my comfy arm-chair for tea was an effort and I have no idea how I managed to hobble into the dining room. The bottle of Chardonnay helped to revive me sufficiently to watch the recording of this week's episode of New Tricks and some older recordings of a couple of episodes of Series 3 of Land Girls before retiring for the night.

The three hours between crawling out of bed and catching the bus down to Bury on Thursday 29th August flew by so fast I couldn't believe it. If it weren't for having breakfast and all the dirty pots being washed, I would have sworn they never happened. The previous evening's Chardonnay must have been good stuff.

We met up with Matthew and Carrie and Carrie's mum, Marie, for lunch at Automatic (that's the name of the restaurant, not the way the food is prepared) in Bury. Despite the unusual, off-putting menu, we all managed to find a main course to suit and it was very nice.

We caught the bus back up to Tottington to collect more balls of wool for Eunice, who is knitting me an Aaron sweater before returning home for a cup of tea.

I spent the afternoon collecting the rest of the tree our neighbours had cut down and slicing this up into burnable-sized pieces, bagging it and placing it safely in the garage in readiness for the winter months.

Friday 30th August was our usual grocery shopping day and a later than usual start.

Our first port of call was to drop off the extra balls of wool for Eunice to finish my Aaron sweater and we stayed to chat for a while and admired the progress she had made. The sweater was shaping up well and I wasn't sure how we could repay her for her time and skill.

Eunice brought back memories of my mother's knitting and the time I was invited on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre in Sheffield as a small child during the pantomime performance, dressed in a wool panda suit she had knitted. I was asked who had knitted my outfit and I said "My mum". The chap asked her to make herself known but she was too shy, so he told me she wouldn't stand up because she didn't love me anymore. My indignant reply in a loud voice was "Oh, but she does!" and it was received with a good deal of laughter. That was my one and only brief claim to stardom.

Our second stop was at Matthew's house to drop off a sack of wood for his outdoor fire and to help him with an electrical fault in his outside lights in the sunken garden.

We had a snack and a cup of tea before leaving for Asda at Pilsworth and then went on to Unicorn in Chorlton, followed by Waitrose in Broadheath, where we had another cup of tea and a scone before completing our shopping just in time to join the rush of traffic as people left work, something we normally avoid – the rush hour, not work.

Waitrose was giving vouchers for 5 p off each litre of fuel purchased at Shell filling stations again to customers who spent more than £50. Given Shell's intention to destroy the fragile eco-system of the arctic, I decided my voucher would be going in the bin. I was determined my lifestyle will not cost the earth.

By the time we arrived home, the cats were out looking for us, it being way past their tea time. Jenny fed the cats and put away the groceries while I washed the pots from the previous evening and breakfast, not having had time to do them earlier.

At last I was able to put up my feet, while Jenny still had our tea to prepare. It's a hard life.

I had planned to do so much on Saturday 31st August and a late start didn't help. The only really productive exercise was to pack the car for the following day's car boot sale. I did remember to telephone our plumber to enquire about obtaining some additional clips for the hall radiator pipe trunking.

Will the hall radiator ever get replaced? Shall we ever do another car boot sale in Ramsbottom? And where will the electrical equipment be at the next jumble boot sale in October? These and other trivial questions will no doubt be answered in the next couple of months, so don't forget to supplement your knowledge of current affairs with the next and future months' factual updates from these pages.