



Rochdale People

IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU

Young stars to shine at night for the hospice

by Katie Fitzpatrick

AFLEDGLING talent agency for young actors and models is to hold a charity night for Springhill Hospice.

StarStruck Talent was launched earlier this year by actor Colin Meredith.

And to mark the agency's first few months in business it will be holding a gala charity night for members, friends and relatives at Top Tier Grill, Milnrow, next Saturday from 7.30pm.

The event will include raffles, sponsored karaoke and a tombola, with all funds going to the Broad Lane hospice.

Starstruck has a stable of young actors including Shannon Flynn and Katie McGlynn who are now regulars in Waterloo Road.

Shannon has played pupil Emily James in the BBC1 school drama Waterloo Road for three years.

And Katie plays fellow pupil Scout. Brothers Harrison and Daniel Rhodes have starred in Hollyoaks and Morrisons TV commercials respectively.

Harrison played Tony Hutchinson's son Harry in the popular Channel Four soap Hollyoaks.

Earlier this year his brother Daniel starred in his third TV advert for



CLASS act... Katie McGlynn

Morrisons supermarket alongside former cricketer Andrew 'Freddie' Flintoff.

The Milnrow Parish Primary School pupil, from Shaw, appeared in his first Morrisons advert alongside Freddie last year, and he was back again for the Christmas campaign.

Starstruck founder Colin has been teaching drama in Rochdale since 1992.

He has appeared in Coronation Street, Heartbeat and Emmerdale.

Earlier this year he teamed up with business choreographer Ann Parkinson and professional chaperone Lisa Rhodes to launch StarStruck Talent.

The theatrical, television and modelling agency takes on babies, toddlers, children and teenagers.

It is the partner agency of Colin's Starstruck Theatre School.

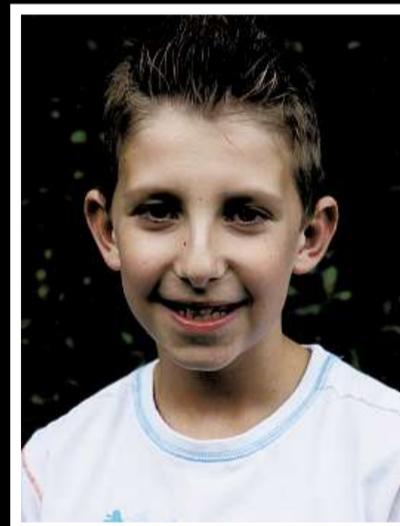
Colin, from Norden, said: "I'm looking forward to the fund-raising evening."

"Students and parents will raise money for their chosen charity with various activities throughout the evening."

The event will include raffles, sponsored karaoke and a tombola.



SUCCESSFUL student ... eight year old Daniel Rhodes in a recent Starstruck production of Babes in the Wood



SOAP star ... Harrison Rhodes played Harry Hutchinson in the popular Channel Four soap Hollyoaks

Sunshine brings rare sighting

LIMITED sunshine this summer has not been good for butterflies.

So it was of particular interest when Richard Greenwood reported the sighting of a purple hairstreak on oak trees in Ashworth Valley, as it had not been recorded in Rochdale before.

They have dark wings with iridescent purple marks on them and one reason for not having been previously recorded is that unlike most butterflies, which fly at ground level, hairstreaks inhabit the tops of the trees to lay their eggs from which the larvae descend to the ground to form a light brown pupae with many being eaten.

Ringlet butterflies have also been seen at Birtle and Mr Greenwood saw a brimstone near the King Bill at Shore.

A local shortage of buckthorn could account for their scarcity in Rochdale as it is on this plant that they lay their eggs.

They stay with us all winter hibernating in the butterfly state.

NATURE NOTES
BY ALLAN MARSHALL

So spa so good

ROCHDALE Pensioners Association made the most of the unseasonal autumn heat-wave during their latest trip.

Members visited the North Yorkshire spa town Harrogate by coach. They enjoyed a shopping trip, admired the town's floral displays, sampled their spa water and toured the Royal Pump Room Museum.

The group then travelled on to Pudsey in West Yorkshire for fish and chips at the Wetherby Whaler restaurant.



Driven off course by life back home

“I USED to be really quite good at reading maps.

I rarely got lost and even when I did, I had a good enough sense of direction to get where I was trying to go without too much hassle.

Having found myself hopelessly lost for the third time in as many days this week I've had to come to grips with the fact that I no longer have any sense of direction. I blame Finland.

It's all those long straight roads and driving directions like: drive for 50kms, turn left, drive for 200km. You are at your destination.

How is a girl supposed to keep her finely tuned internal compass sharpened in a place

From Lancashire To Lapland
A Rochdale lass's life in the frozen north
by Heather Sunderland

like that?

I am also hopelessly inept at using sat nav it seems.

"Where are we? Why isn't the sat nav talking to us?" My friend asked as she drove us down yet another winding country lane in the middle of nowhere after becoming ridiculously lost trying to find Milton Keynes.

She'd stopped speaking to us about 20 miles ago, the sat nav, not the friend. Although I think by this point the friend was

getting close too as since the sat nav went silent we'd been following my interpretation of the the map.

'I don't know!' I jabbed at buttons ineffectually, accidentally managing to reprogram the datted thing to send us to Oxford.

We did eventually find our way to Milton Keynes and even managed to negotiate the 587 roundabouts but I don't think I can take any credit for us not ending up sleeping in the car somewhere in the Buckinghamshire countryside.

However, I was willing to give myself the benefit of the doubt.

I'd never driven to Milton Keynes before. It didn't mean I had lost my sense of direction or

map reading abilities. It was a one off, that's all.

Until I did the same thing in London three days later.

Map in one hand, mobile phone in the other I wandered up and down the street looking for the hotel feeling more and more despondent.

My friend on the other end of the phone was doing her best to direct me towards the hotel she was waiting for me in, but the poor girl really didn't stand a chance.

I was five seconds away from begging her to come and find me when I spotted someone that didn't look like a tourist to ask for directions.

The fact that it was the very

same friend who I had almost irrevocably lost somewhere near Milton Keynes only served to make the whole thing more embarrassing.

But not as bad as the six times on one day that I got out of the hotel lift with her and set off in the wrong direction to find our hotel room.

By the end of our stay I could see she was trying to decide between putting me in some sort of child harness so she didn't lose me or just abandoning me somewhere near Covent Garden.

Keep up with Heather's adventures on her blog www.notefromlapland.com