

For the attention of: Chief Planner

Dear Sir

In view of the proposed Development Plan for the Warrington area, where it is planned to build up to 28,000 properties across South Warrington, complete with infrastructure to support, I feel moved to send you a copy of a letter which I had published in a book in 1986, about the so-called Warrington New Town development plans back in the 1970s and their tragic affects on my family.

The contents of my letter are true. I also fought by helping financially with the people of Thelwall in the 1990s, to stop the devastation of green belt on Thelwall Heyes. To find that now the green belt is to be developed is very upsetting once again.

I question the value of progress equating to development, when our town centre is in dire need of attention, to attract people to it. Our council does not look after the roads we already have, leaving drains blocked and roads unswept. Potholes grow each year. Lack of funds is cited, so there should be no money for development, until Warrington's "house" is in order.

I have completed my online survey objection and written to my local parish councillors and our MP Mr Faisal Rashid.

This is my last attempt at trying to reach the heart of the people who make these decisions on our behalf. They are just plain wrong. We, the people of south Warrington do not want developing. We are happy with the villages and green

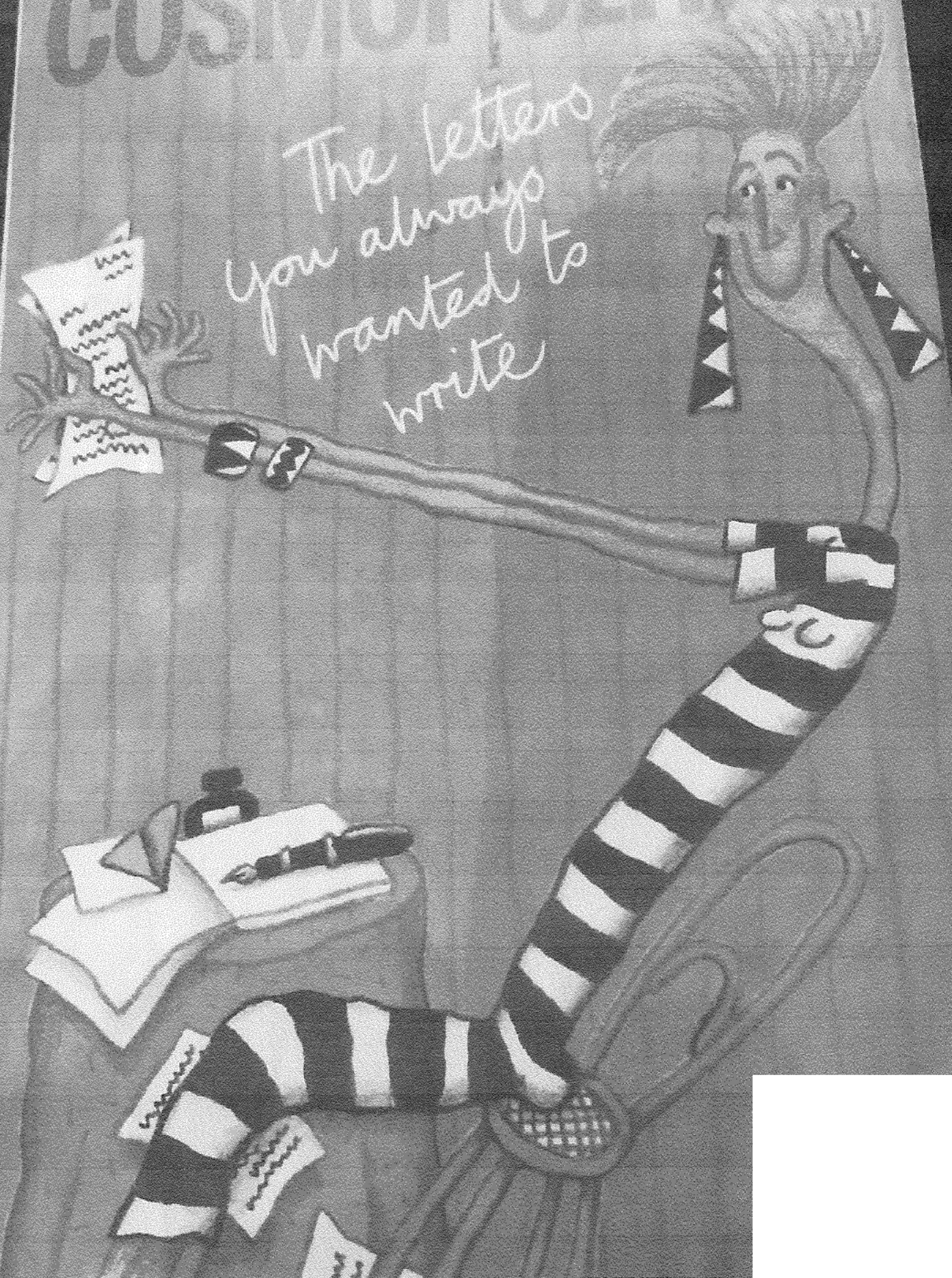
spaces that we have. Please take the time to read my letter and consider the consequences of your actions.

I would appreciate a written acknowledgement and reply to my letter and its enclosures.

encs. Copy of my letter published in Cosmopolitan's book in 1986.

COSMOPOLITAN

The letters
you always
wanted to
write



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Dear Chief Planner,

Re Housing Development – Appleton Hall Gardens

Do you have a dream? I have a dream, that one day the New Town Development Corporation will leave my mother in peace to live out her days without fear of compulsory purchase, or green belt land turning into black belt overnight!

Your dream must have something to do with a larger, shiny new town, spreading onwards and outwards for ever, swallowing up every beauty spot and available piece of agricultural land. Have you ever stopped to think how you could re-develop land which has already been used and is now abandoned?

I am sure you have no idea, as you sit in your slick office, drawing up plan after plan, that your department has dogged my family for 20 years. You knew nothing of the protest march my sister and I undertook when I was ten years old! The banners which we carefully made displaying 'Down with the New Town', were never even seen by you. Even at that age, I was aware of the senselessness of ripping up the countryside for more and more of the same boxes, together with the roads and bridges to service them. However, you did not listen, the Public Enquiry was a joke and the five houses that sat in the middle of fields on a narrow country lane, were blighted and therefore compulsorily purchased by your unfeeling purseholder!

I don't suppose you stopped planning for a minute, to consider that it had taken my parents two years' solid house-hunting to find the place where we could be happy for a long time; a house with fields at the front and back, which was green belt and therefore supposedly sacred from developers' hands. When someone suggested that another bridge was needed to span the already waning ship canal, I think you closed your eyes and dropped your pencil on the map to see where it landed. I suppose that's one way of making a decision, but having done so, fought all opposition, bought up the land you wanted, why did it take 20 years for NOTHING to happen? The house still stands, you in fact sold it back to parents of friends of mine, for HALF its market value.

Meanwhile, my mother and father found what they thought was another small haven of green belt. My father was there six

months and died. My mother still lives there, ten years on, having recently re-married and you have followed her.

You bought land adjacent to hers, from an old man who needed the money and sold out, at a healthy profit I have no doubt, to one of those pretty, upmarket box builders, who have now started systematically to rip my mother's haven apart.

I ask you, what should my mother do now? Should she take up her roots and move again, only to have her peace shattered and land taken away once more, or should she stay put, shut up and accept the inevitability of once more being on a housing estate through no fault of her own, but because of your shortsightedness?

I also wonder what all these property developers think of having constantly to drop their prices, when they find that they too have been conned and cannot find enough people to fill the boxes they have built – albeit £80 – 100,000 boxes.

The last thing I would like to ask you is do you sleep comfortably at night in your own house (which is surrounded by green belt – yes, you managed to safeguard your own property and future)? Are your dreams hounded by bulldozers and diggers, ripping up your garden and smashing your house down? Did you ever really care and did you ever really have a dream?

Our family have lived a nightmare!

Yours faithfully,

