



"Past and Present"



Audenshaw Local History

Society Magazine

Issue 23





AUDENSHAW LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Founded 2000 Elected Officers of the Society

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Julie Fisher, Stephen Fisher, (More members most welcome) The Editors endeavour to check the accuracy of all published articles but they should be read without prejudice.

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Membership Forms available by visiting our website or contact the Chairman

Chairman's Notes Julie Fisher

Here I am again, Happy New Year my my how does the time fly? I am beginning to think as we get older the days seem to go much faster. It is with sadness and trepidation that I have to report to you that one of our founder members Mr. Alan Roberts has sadly passed away in October of 2016. Alan was not only an active committee member but over the years he and his wife Muriel became personal friends. Alan always had an article prepared for the "Past and Present" usually his offering was a poem which typically was written from his own personal experiences. Indeed when we visited Alan during his stay in hospital, he offered to read a poem he had just put together that very day. After he read it to Stephen and myself I persuaded him to part with it in my safe keeping for the next edition of our society magazine.

So, the following poem will now be a tribute to Alan may he now rest in gods keeping.



Alan and Muriel pictured bottom right on our way to Richmond for the day.

From my stay on Ward 40 Alan Roberts

I've had needles in my wrist I've had needles in my tum I've had needles in some places That you wouldn't tell your mum I've had cream on by the bucket And tablets by the score And what am I now? Damn well done

I've had guns stuck in my ear That read my body heat I've had robot Bp`s in colours You can watch them for a treat I've had blood test by the tub full And pressure test by the tub full And pressure test galore Then guess what? They want some more

I've had masks strapped to my face With vapour streaming out I've had oxivent inhalers to help Me breath no doubt I've had ECG`s stuck on me To check my note of beat And two theatre doctors Came a poking my feet

The moral of this letter is If you're sick, carry on and don't bother You'll end up leaving this world early Instead of being late in the other

à.

Thoughts from my stay on Ward 40 6-19th July 2016

Remembrance Day Service

Audenshaw Sunday 13th November 2016

The service was conducted at the War Memorial in Audenshaw Cemetery and we were very fortunate that the rain held off for us on this occasion. This year I myself as Chairman presented the Audenshaw Local History Society wreath followed by other organisations and individual persons who also wanted to lay their tributes.

Unfortunately this year there didn't appear to be a gathering of many people attending the ceremony which seems a great pity. Although, I also must add that there are a great many other tributes and marches etc going on in and around our borough of Tameside over or around the same weekend. So, maybe if you can maybe spare an hour next time it would be a pleasure to see you. It gives us time to reflect on the price of the freedom we all enjoy today we can all stand together and remember those who gave their all and indeed people are still in the front line today fighting for freedom and democracy far and wide. Conflict still empowers our world present day and wars are still being endured with innocents caught up in the middle of tyranny.

Exhortation

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we shall remember them"

These words are often recited at Remembrance events. They are from Laurence Binyon's poem "For the Fallen" first printed in The Times on 21st September 1914.

I think a retired English Teacher was bored

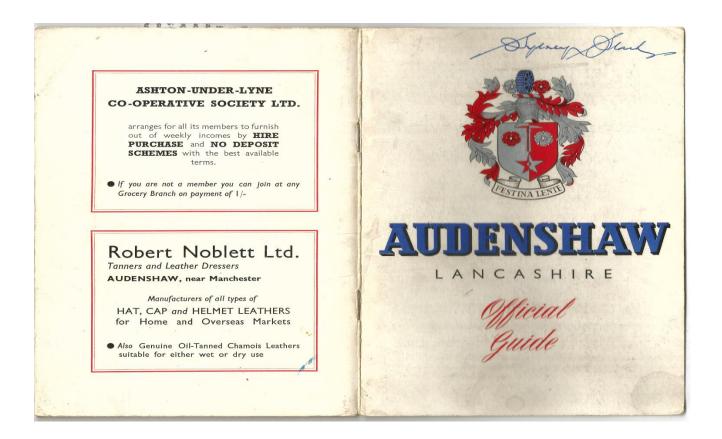
Submitted by David Jacobs - I love this hope you do too

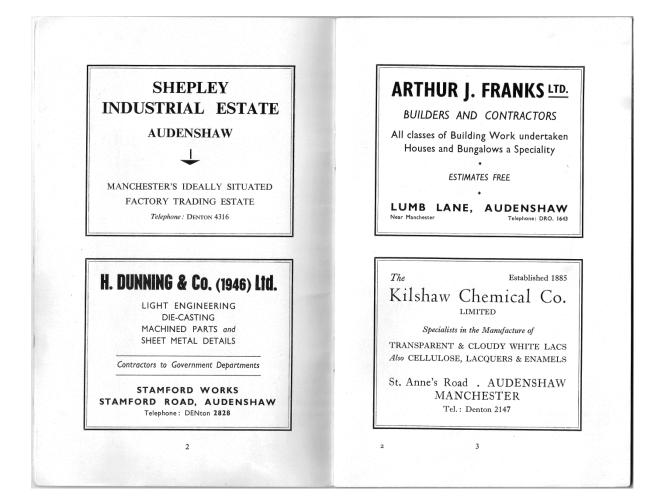
This took a lot of work to put together!

- 1) The bandage was **wound** around the **wound**.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must **polish** the **Polish** furniture.
- 5) The guide will lead you to the lead mine.
- 6) The soldier decided to **desert** his dessert in the **desert**.

7) Since there was no time like the **present**, he thought it was time to **present** the **present**.

- 8) A **bass** (fish) was painted on the head of the **bass** drum.
- 9) When shot at, the **dove dove** (American English) into the bushes.
- 10) I did not **object** to the **object**.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a **row** among the oarsmen about how to **row.**
- 13) They were too **close** to the door to **close** it.
- 14) The buck **does** funny things when the **does** are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a **sewer** fell down into a **sewer** drain.
- 16) To help with planting, the farmer taught his **sow sow.**
- 17) The **wind** was too strong for us to **wind** in the sail.
- 18) Upon seeing a **tear** in the painting I shed a **tear**.
- 19) I had to **subject** the **subject** to a series of tests.
- 20) How can I intimate this possibility to my most intimate friend?





Frank Mooring a familiar face in days gone by In his hut on Manchester Road Audenshaw



Audenshaw Memories

Paul Mooring

08/11/2016

It's lovely to see the local history society using Ryecroft Hall and being so active. I visit Audenshaw frequently, having spent the first 30 years of my life there. I was born in Water Street Guide Bridge and attended Poplar Street School and Bridge Street Church before moving to Slate Lane. I attended Aldwyn County Primary and then Audenshaw Grammar School. My Dad Frank, was the Snipe Shoe Repairer for 50 years and I was the pharmacist at Keats Chemist in Droylsden from 1979-1993.

My Dad spent many years helping ensure Ryecroft remained in the hands of the people of Audenshaw and not sold off by the behemoth Tameside.

I have seen more change in my childhood playground than anyone I know. Audenshaw is unrecognisable now. That is why local historians are so vital. Places like the Blue Pig, Ashton Moss, the Snipe Colliery, and Reservoirs etc have a rich history. I am stunned at the demise of the Blue Pig with all its provenance – spent many happy evenings with a huge number of friends there in my youth. And the site of the Snipe Colliery currently under the bulldozer... again. I played on the pit hills all my later childhood, great freedom to roam the Moss. Instead of children spending days out trailing parents Sunday shopping at Asda and B&Q, why is there no heritage centre there. Imagine the faces of children (and adults!) if things were put in "real terms".

Here are a few that I've come up with;

In March 1875 the Ashton Moss Colliery Co began sinking shafts alongside the L & NWR's Guide Bridge Junction Railway (Railway section between Guide Bridge and the L & NWR's near Ashton was completed in March 1860) pit opened in 1875. This new pit had its own railway branch and canal arm for efficient transportation of the coal. In 1882 a second shaft was sunk – at 2,850 feet, the deepest in the world at the time. Although it produced 150,000 tons of coal a year in the early 1950's and employed over 500 men, Ashton Moss Colliery closed in 1959.

2850 feet.....put in perspective, that's 878 metres.....deeper than the Burj Khaliah in Dubai is tall!!!! That is PHENOMINAL!. Each of the destroyed twin towers in New York were 417 metres tall.....the Snipe Colliery was deeper than both towers stood on top of each other.....

Audenshaw Reservoirs – in August 1883 they were filled with water. They could hold 1,413,488,434 gallons. That's roughly 1500 million gallons that's 7000 million litres.

That's 7 gigalitres......enough to fill 2800 Olympic sized swimming pools.

Interesting facts that bring history to life.

Kind regards Paul Hello Paul

13/11/2016

How wonderful to hear from you many people in the area and beyond have similar memories as yourself, it brings history alive when I read your email. My parents were regular customers at your Dads hut, indeed my Father often called in for a catch up with "Frank" when he took grandchildren to the park at Ryecroft Hall. Members often mention your Dad; his shop was like a local hub where they took their boots and shoes for repairs.

Have you got any photographs at all Paul?

Mum and Dad lived on Brendon Drive on the Snipe Estate for a time then moved into the stone houses opposite the Hall on Manchester Road, sadly now demolished for the tram!...they moved to Thornton Avenue afterwards where I and my sister live presently.

We are having our annual quiz and potato pie supper on Monday 28th of this month 7.30pm at Aldwinians Rugby Club only £5 a ticket if you were interested.

Be lovely to meet you if you can, I dare say you may know a few members too!

Would it be possible with your permission to publish your memories in our next publication of our little magazine I put together? It will interest many locals.

Best wishes Julie Fisher Chairman

Family history

28/11/2016 Dear Mrs Fisher,

I am researching my family history and I am wondering if you could help me. I am interested in a Ralph Kershaw (born 1836 d1887) who lived on Dick Lane, Audenshaw during the 1870`s/1880`s. He and his wife, Lucy, had 4 daughters (Annie, Alice, Lucy, Kate and Ethel Hannah). On the 1871 census Ralph Kershaw's occupation is "Cotton Merchant" (I'm not sure what that actually means). On the 1881 census he is listed as an "Annultant", which I believe means that he was receiving an annuity or pension. I assume therefore that he would be seen as "middle" rather than "working" class. On his death certificate his occupation is given as "cotton waste dealer".

I know that Kershaw is a fairly common name, but I'm wondering if you're Society, or one of your members, has any information on this particular family, or general information (photographs etc) about Dick Lane at that time.

I have lots of questions about the family which I am struggling to answer from my researches, and I'm wondering if there is a local historian that I could contact to help me.

I hope you don't mind me sending you this email, and I would be very grateful for any information or comments you can give me.

Many thanks Kind Regards John Bass john@jgbass.co.uk

Remembrance Service Booklet 1956

14/12/2016

Morning Kathryn,

I've just been going through our archives and came across the booklet you sent back in August. I must apologise for not responding sooner and thanking you.

We have had illness in the family and unfortunately the loss of two dear friends of the society.

Your gift is very much appreciated and a great addition to our group.

Enjoy a happy healthy Christmas and best wishes for 2017.

Best wishes Julie Fisher Chairman Audenshaw Local History Society. Hi Julie Sorry to hear about your loss. Glad this booklet is of some use to the society. Say hello to Irene and Wilf for me. Hope you have a lovely Christmas and all the best for the New Year. Best wishes Kathryn Stoddart x

Old Records-Hooley Hill Wesleyan Methodist Church

03/01/2017

Hello Julie

I am in possession of some old account books and other documents relating to the above church that I would like to deposit at an appropriate local record centre.

Please could you advise where might be the best place? Many thanks Martin Buckley

Buckley's of Ryecroft Hall

20/08/2016

Hello Julie...I got your email from the Audenshaw Local History Society website.

I am researching the Buckley family of Ryecroft Hall, namely Abel Buckley Snr and Jnr and also Nathaniel Buckley (Abel`s Snr brother) of nearby Alderdale.

All three owned the Galtee Estate at Clogheen in county Tipperary in Southern Ireland between 1873 and 1927. I have been able to locate a photograph of Abel Buckley Jnr and his wife. However I have not been successful in obtaining a photo or portrait of Abel Snr or Nathaniel. The fact that they were leading industrialists and former MP's would lead me to guess that such images exist.

As part of your local studies is it something you have come across or can point me in the right direction?

Best regards Patrick O`Brian

Further emails brought other information about the Buckley's over the following few weeks or so. We exchanged information and photographs.

Patrick had researched Galtee Castle for a previous publication and part of this was published in the local press in Ireland. The link is below:

http://avondhupress.ie/a-history-of-galtee-castle-at-skelheenarinkybetween-cahir-and-mitchelstown/

Now he was concentrating more on the family itself

When Nathaniel died in 1892 he left an estate valued at £460,000.....at least 50 million in today's value.

Abel Snr got two thirds of this amount.

Abel Snr left an estate of approx. £65,000 in 1908...however much of is wealth may have been transferred to Abel Jnr and Harold. During his lifetime.

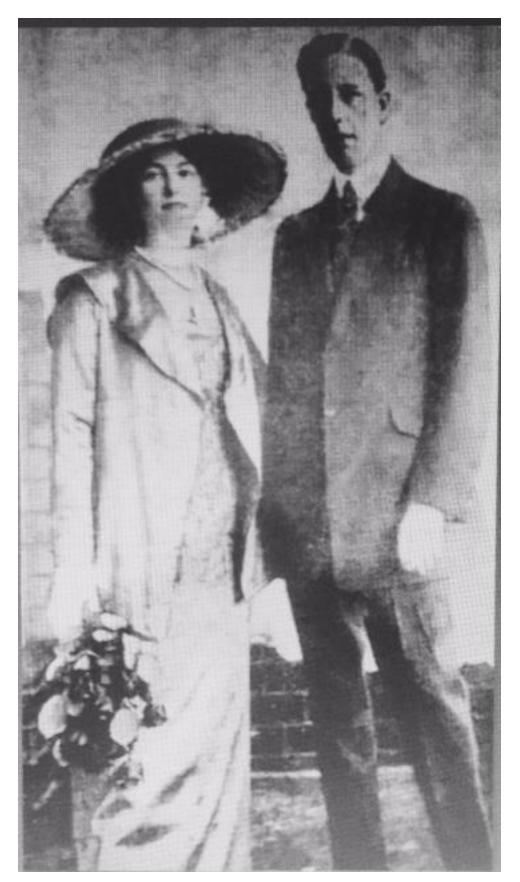
Abel and Harold died relatively young, they had moved away from the Manchester area. Harold lived in Reading when he died in 1911 aged just 30. He had a wife and children. He left all his estate to his wife and it was valued about £35,000.

Abel Jnr was based in Woking before his death in 1927 aged 51. He had married a young West End actress named Mabel Foster (Danby) in 1911. She was from a more humble background. She lived with her parents in a tenement at the 1891 Census, both were in the acting profession. Their marriage was not a happy one however and Abel and Mabel separated c 1920. They had one son Anthony Harold born in 1912. Mabel also likely had a daughter before the marriage. Abel left a will valued at just £2,000.

Anthony Harold became an accomplished photographic portrait artist. His break came taking photos of West End Stars, perhaps helped by his Mother's previous career. He died in 1993 in the Brighton area. He was gay and had a partner. He left an estate of approx. £50,000.

So that is the main points of my research so far...it is somewhat morbid as sourced mainly from obituaries/probates (as the newspapers had a tendency to report these). So I am hoping to eventually publish a more personalised history of the family.

Patrick

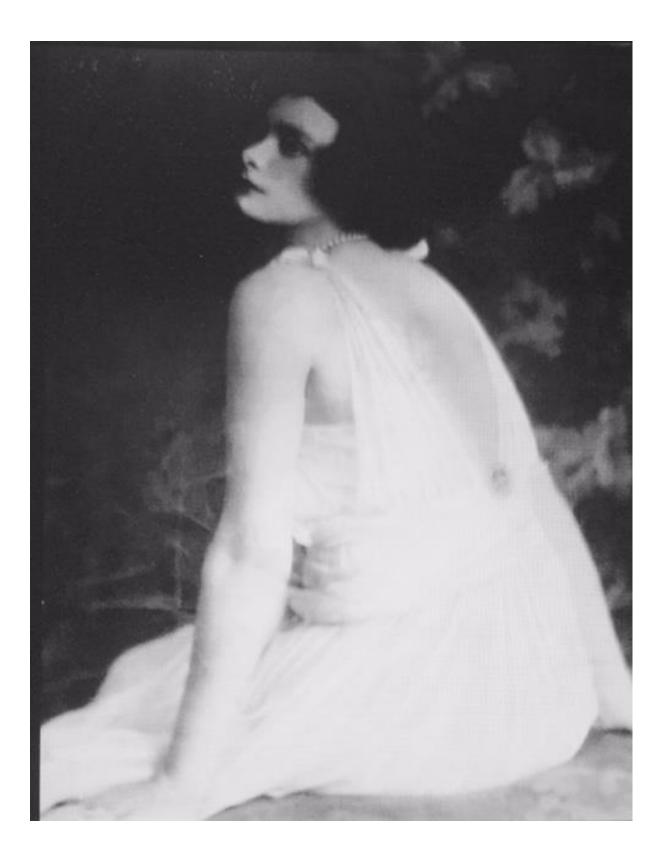


Abel and Mabel Buckley on their wedding day 1911



Irish race goers -

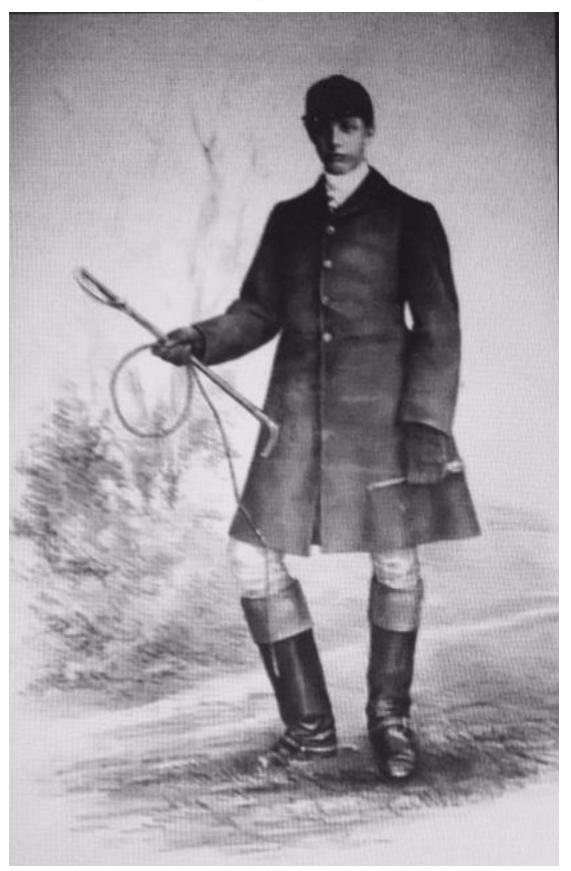
Left to right Mrs Abel Buckley, Mrs Villiers Morton-Jackson, Mr Abel Buckley of Galtee Castle Co Cork, whose Father Abel Buckley (Snr) owned racing stables.



Mrs. Mabel Buckley – Reappearance in New St. Martins Lane Theatre production 23rd November 1916.



Mabel striking a pose on chair.



Abel Buckley (Junior) - Horsewhip

OLD ALDWINIANS RUGBY CLUB

Peter Vickers

It is always good to find old photographs that you had forgotten about because they can remind you of days long past and evoke many memories centred around that photograph.

With that in mind, and the fact that a recent correspondent suggested this rugby club as a possible source of memories, this photograph is from, I think, 1967, and shows me being helped off the rugby field at Prestwich following a broken nose and concussion. The team captain, Peter Greenhalgh – who was the landlord of the Pack Horse Inn on Stamford Road (but that's another story) is on my right and I cannot remember the name of the player on my left, unfortunately. The fact that he and Peter appeared unconcerned about me was just an indication that this sort of thing happened regularly. I almost had a weekly ticket to Ashton Infirmary (where the sister in charge on Saturday evenings was apparently the wife of an Ashton rugby player, so she knew how to handle us, because often, in those days, injured players would spend a little time in the bar before going off to hospital to have their injuries seen to – well they needed to anaesthetise themselves before subjecting themselves to the tender mercies of the medical and nursing staff!



I remember this match well – despite my concussion in the second half – because this was a return 'grudge' match. We had played them at home just the week before because both teams had found that their opponents had cancelled a match. That previous match had been a very close-run game that was only just won by the Old Aldwinians due, in no small part, to the fact that I had managed to win most of the lineout balls (I have rather long arms and good timing in the jump). As a consequence, Prestwich were starved of the ball and so could not manage to score.

By coincidence, the following week was the scheduled match between the two teams – this time in Prestwich, and it guickly became apparent that Prestwich considered this to be very much a grudge match, because they hated being beaten. They had obviously been thinking about it hard over the week and it was soon apparent that they were targeting me, particularly in the lineout to prevent me winning much ball. As a consequence, in the first half, when I leapt up to catch the ball, I received an elbow in the jaw, which dislocated it. Luckily, this had happened before, so I was able to knock it back into position and carry on playing. The hits still came at me after that, and when I went into a maul during the second half, I was punched hard in the face – hence the broken nose and the concussion which forced me off the field. However, by then there were only about 15 minutes left (so I was told later) and by then, because the opposition had been concentrating on me, the other much better rugby players in the team had been able to score several tries, so we won by a much bigger margin than the week before.

Now, after the game, I should have gone to hospital to be patched up, but – apart from my dislike of hospitals (as a patient) – I also had to cope with my second love (rugby being my first one) – namely music. I played trombone (and occasional tuba) with the Denton Original Prize Band, and that evening, I was booked to play at a social 'do' at St. Hilda's. It was a 'German Bierkeller' evening, with Father Brian Basin on piano, 3 others on various instruments and me on tuba – to give the 'oompahs', so beloved of the Germans. Unfortunately, only Brian had the music, and he would just call out the musical key to the rest of us and we would extemporise, as best we could. It was a very informal and good-natured 'do', so nobody minded if we played wrong notes or generally messed up – particularly later in the evening after much beer had flowed. Despite

my injuries and concussion, I coped quite well, although it was very frustrating because, during the evening, quite a few of the dancing and drinking participants brought glasses of beer for us players and left them in front of us. These were gratefully received by the other band players, but because of my injuries and concussion particularly; I dared not drink, so before the night was over, I had about a dozen glasses of beer lined up in front of me, whilst my fellow band players just had lots of empty glasses in front of them.

Still, I made it to midnight and was then able to go home and take some painkillers. Unfortunately, the next morning I wasn't up to going off to church or to Band Practice, as per usual. One of the few times that I missed either.



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