

FROM APPROX; 1929 – 1940

My grandmother and grandfather lived in Audlem from early 1920's they lived at No7 CHESHIRE STREET, next door to the ' LAMB HOTEL'. Up the street from Number7 was ' BAILEYS' next door then Jim Huntbach who had his tobacco shop next door lived Mrs Thornbury along with her sister, then the butchers shop 'NORTHERNS' with a large family of eight children. He killed his cattle on those premises (abbatoir)and drove each day his cows to graze on the fields just across the road by the 'TOWN HALL' up a side path. A very strict man and also drove the local fire-engine which was kept underneath the town hall for his quick action turn-out. Continuing up the street from there was a detached house and the DOBSONS lived there, I went to school with two brothers Graham and Rex. They were very good at acting and we did sketches together at school parties and events.

Then a row of cottages and in between a little general shop, I used to go every week For 11/2 p of paraffin for our little lamps we had at home, 12 pence in the shilling then !

The funeral shop, the chapel, and then the primary school where I attended until going to the 'GRAMMAR'school as it was known then. Actually after ' TUBBY THOMAS' left that school they had it revamped to ' UPPER-STANDARD SCHOOL'.

The teachers at the junior school were

MISS HODGKINSON (HEAD)

MISS ELIZABETH CARVER

MRS LEVI. Lived in Stafford Street and were very good friends to me as well as

teachers! Also at this school we had open days, one year the Bishop of Chester came on such a day and bought lots of things the pupils had made, myself being very good at using a needle he bought tray cloths duchess sets and other items that I had made and said I quote “ my wife and I will treasure these items for our lifetime “ So you can imagine how I felt about that.

Still on Cheshire Street opposite the school was the narrow road down to ‘MOSS HALL’ where my grandfather had worked many years prior to me being here. He was head cattle- man in those days a very good position.

Next to Moss Hall lane was a lovely house where ‘BONNELLS’ lived. They had two sons PETER and PATRICK. The police station was the building after the cemetery. I believe this is now a nursing home.

Why this street has such a lot to tell is, I travelled this way every day to school from where we lived on ‘THE GREEN’ at the end of school lane. Another item which had stayed in my memory is, I used to go from my grand-mothers at No 7 to next door at the LAMB for a jug of beer for my grand-fathers lunch which cost only twopence (2d). This only happened on non-school days. Direct opposite No 7 was the field next to the ‘CROWN HOTEL’, this was used for many activities in Audlem, carnivals, shows, circuses we used it for sport from school.

This lands us back into the village centre and the church the beautiful ST. JAMES church right opposite the ‘CROWN HOTEL’, and the ‘COMBERMERE HOTEL’.

Not forgetting the old ‘ROMAN’ butter market at the side of the church steps. My family came to live in Audlem to be near grandmother (my mothers mother) as she had lost most of her sight through cataracts, but she and granddad lived soldiered on.

She had what was known then as the 'church loaf' this was provided by the church free to old people of the church whom my grandmother was a staunch parishioner, but you had to go to 'BUERTON' to pick it up, this is where the baker was that supplied it. So my job every Saturday morning early was to walk to BUERTON to collect this loaf, quite a way!! Still on the subject of the church I used to clean the brass eagle that held the 'BIBLE' at the altar. Volunteers were asked for, I was only 7 or 8 years old.

We can now travel down School Lane from where 'ALLENS' grocery shop was on the corner with the bakery and the 'POST OFFICE' in Stafford street, Mr Purcell ran the P.O. and the shoe shop on the opposite corner. Jesse Tams took charge of all repairs in the shoe shop, he lived in 'GREEN LANE', was slightly disabled and speech was not easy. But a kind gentle man.

A row of cottages on the left of School Lane, in one lived a Mrs Rogers who had (5) Sons, one of my age so we schooled together. Mrs Rogers worked very hard by washing and ironing for all the important people of Audlem like, doctors, lawyers, ministers and many others. I spent a lot of time with her and did lots of little jobs to help her, changing the irons in her box-irons because that is what was used then, that meant getting them out of the fire, and changing them so had she a continuous source of ironing heat, even at that young age I recognized help to others. Opposite our house was the village blacksmith Mr& Mrs Powell, he owned a car (FORD) whom he used as a TAXI. On occasions you could go from the village to the railway station for two shillings, about half that for a shorter trip. Many horses were on the move and being ferried from place to place, the clanging of the hammer on the anvil was almost continuous, but you got used to it. Across the road was a detached house

where a MISS FARRINGTON lived, with a huge orchard full of apple and pear trees mostly apple, as it was right across from our house I used to see people climb through the hedge and steal apples, I didn't like this we had been brought up to know right from wrong. However I would go and knock on her door and ask her if I could have the apples that had fallen from the trees, to which she answered yes but don't take any off the trees. I was happy with that. The next house was on the main road by the little old bridge at SALFORD junction. Here lived a money- lender, old man with a beard and wavy hair, always walked with a cane and a 'PEKINGESE' dog, who he had trained not to be friendly (his name I just cannot remember at this point of time). Around the corner the other direction was next door MR & MRS ROYSTON who had the grocery business on the square. They were so good to us as a family. They had one son Cyril who was a conscientious objector & war looming he wasn't very popular, one daughter who was a hairdresser named Beryl, she many years on married KNOWLES a coal merchant from Nantwich but a rich one. Next was a Mr & Mrs Viggars who had two children a girl named Hilda a boy whose name escapes me. Then of course the little square cottage of Mr & Mrs SHUKER next to the Grammar School where George Beaman lives now so Gladys my sister has told me some years ago. This on the GREEN area known as 'THE GREEN'. Tennis courts across the running brook over the little bridge, a lovely setting even then. The massive old oak tree which I played under for many hours was eventually taken down by JACKSONS OF WISTASON, we all gathered around when this was happening very sad to see this hundreds of years old tree being demolished, (1400 years old I believe) we counted the rings around the trunk! From that point one could walk along the

meadows following the brook which brings you onto the Shropshire Union Canal. My father went fishing at this point as it wasn't too far away from home. A set of locks made it easy to reach the other side. We used to pack (our mother did) our lunch and off we went for a day of sunshine and swimming in the canal. We helped the barges by opening and closing the locks for them, it made it so they could get back on the barge, the horses were wonderful they knew every move to make, I loved them and I still love working horses wherever one can find them.

Back to the square again and this time we travel along SHROPSHIRE ST as if going to the railway station, after the shops on the left the entrance to the VICARAGE in between them and the butchers shop of MR&MRS WHITE, one son who schooled with me. Just on from there they built a CHAPEL in about 1936 which comes opposite from MOLSEYS SHOPS. In between those shops was a door onto the front that was the entrance to living accommodation there lived the two 'MISS BRAMPTONS' lovely ladies who did such a lot of good work around the village. When we had our horticultural shows I always entered the 'WILD FLOWER' display. I would go all around countryside collecting all the wild flowers I could on my own ---. The Miss Brampton always did all the paper-work to entry this competition and gave me all the relevant tips she could.

Along from there was the 'BRIDGE INN' a great favourite for the boat people. Going down the path alongside the inn was the flour mill. A very busy mill and a MR BURTON ran this mill he was a schoolteacher as well from BUERTON, he had two sisters who were SUNDAY SCHOOL teachers and very friendly. I spent quite some time in the mill holding the sacks as the flour came down the shutes, these were then transported over head to the crane that then lowered the sacks onto the boats. If

you continued along the canal you come to 'MOSS HALL' the lovely Black and White building, from there you can walk all the way to NANTWICH, which I did on many occasions, getting off at the viaduct in Nantwich opposite NANTWICH GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Along the canal banks on each side (we called them batters)were the beautiful yellow flowers the primrose just a blanket of yellow in the spring time and an aroma that nearly pus you in a trance. This phenomenon was along all the batters along the canal.

I believe there are none now, owing to people digging them up and trying to grow them in their own garden, this takes seven (7) years so of course most of them died.

Across from the 'BRIDGE INN' on the other side of the canal was the butcher and farmer MR POTTS, his son REGINALD, known as Reg was very handsome-looking and he courted MISS ELIZABETH CARVER the primary school teacher for many years. She was commonly known as 'Lizzie', but only out of earshot. On the fields behind their house and shop he reared his cattle and milk was sold from here twice a day. Another of my errand trips was taking a milk can for milk after school each day, about 4.00 o'clock.

Continuing along the road from there the road divided the toll house in the centre, where many years ago the people had to pay a toll to travel along these roads. One to the left down 'GREEN LANE' and the other to the right brought you to the railway station and beyond to other villages.

The old station was a delight you could get a train to NANTWICH for very little money, and the other way to MARKET DRAYTON etc. This I did many times too.

It was so exciting when you had a visitor coming to stay with you and you waited

for the train to arrive at the station, it was quite a long walk home, but distance didn't seem to matter those days.

These were very happy times for me and I returned by train to see my family once I had gone into the great big world out there.

My grandfather died on December 16th 1938. A few years after this my parents moved to CREWE, my grandmother eventually went to live with them being blind wasn't easy on your own.

No doubt you have done a lot of research on AUDLEM as I did many years ago. Always following what was happening there until I emigrated to AUSTRALIA 27 years ago. I hope I have given you some little happenings in AUDLEM perhaps you already know them !

But I hope you will be able to use some of the information.

Once the War (1939) started that brought a whole lot of events around the whole areas of AUDLEM, the dances with the army men, etc etc not to mention the BLACK-OUT and precautions, no careless talk for security reasons, all the lovely quaint signs taken down, no names or anything, this changed the whole lifestyle I think.

Just discard if no use. Ivy Ollier-Speed

March 2012

Omitted from previous pages was that I attended the so called Grammar School and loved every minute of it ! The kitchen was quite large and the windows looked out into School Lane , the back of where I lived and ROYSTONS' house. We had housewifery and cooking days every Tuesday we went into the village before

9 o'clock in the morning to buy the fresh ingredients we needed. Miss Lowry was our teacher, she gave us the money to go shopping and be back as soon as we could.

From this wonderful experience I loved cooking and it has stood me in good stead all of my life. Both through my single days and married life, being thrifty can save a lot of money not to mention the good natural food you cook. To this day I shy at opening a 'tin', the idea is off bounds to me.

Through the hall was the rest of the school, the public library (for the villagers) was situated on the right by the kitchen! A MR CECIL COFFIN was our head-master. He was in the 'TERRITORIAL ARMY' and displayed to us many of his exploits. A very fit man a wonderful gardener, very strict but my word what a good tutor. I think I owe most of "being a good human being" to him !! His wife was also a teacher she only came to teach if the other teacher was ill, we only had two (2) classes. The other teacher at my time there was MISS KINSEY, she was tall very slim, high heeled shoes, wore beautiful clothes mostly costumes (they were skirt and jacket) with lovely blouses to fit the colours. She lodged the far end of CHESHIRE ST by little heath. Unfortunately this lovely lady died from an illness I would never get to know, I loved her and thought "why".

Speaking of Little Heath that was the scene of the workers long march in 1932 or 33. I know I can see them now they had blisters on their feet, covered in blood their woollen socks were stuck to skin and wounds, I helped them so I know. They were dying from thirst and knelt down and drank the dirty water from the pond which was full of weeds grease and dirt and dust this is on the main road 'BONNELLS' had their massive lorries parked across from this pond. They were well established

haulers.

Two brothers ran this business and of course things don't always run smoothly, they split up in about 1950 -5 approx; one made their way to AUSTRALIA ,by strange coincidence. That one brother died here in Australia would you believe it about 28kms from where I live now. The name attracted me many years ago being an unusual name as well, his business was haulage but sand and gravel which we have a lot in this area. Since the cutting THESE BONNELL BROS. ARE THE GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILDREN,.....

Another item I have just remembered is also – Mr Potts the butcher by the canal I told you about earlier, he committed suicide also in the 50s

I have written these stories Celia just as they come to me so no pre-rough copies or the like. Thank-you for reading them

Regards Ivy O.S