





Pottery in Old Shoeing

Forge

Yorkshire Girls' Venture

EVEN if I hadn't been expected, I should have knocked on the door to ask what it was all about, for if you have an eye for such places it is obviously a shoeing forge, but one that has ascended socially in the world to a surprising degree of cleanliness. This, however, is explained by the notice board on the roof, that bears the word "Potters" in neat and emphatic lettering. There are three doors and two windows turning a blind eye on the road a few feet away. Which to choose?

I knocked on the left-hand door. The latch was lifted; the Bramham Potters were at home, both of them. Miss Constance Walker, whom you see throwing a pot in the picture, and Miss Rita C. Clayton, who does the designing, were students together at Leeds Art School. Neither, curiously enough, went to the school with the idea of taking up pottery; that came later, though there's little doubt that the kiln there had something to do with it.



A decorative Bramham tile in pastel shades and gold.



The Bramham Potters at work.

That was four years ago. For two years they saved up, and then when they thought they had sufficient to make a start, the difficulty was finding a place. "We tramped all over Leeds, but had no luck," said Miss Walker. "But eventually we heard of this place, and as we now live at Thorner, it's very handy. It's the old shoeing forge that was built in 1715; and it hadn't been used for over 20 years when we came in."

"Must have been a mess. Who cleaned it up?" I asked.

"We did," they both answered. "It had an earth floor that went up and down in ridges, and every time we moved the dresser it fell on its face and all the drawers came out. We kept pots in it; it was rather unfortunate."

They laughed; it's a habit they have which, together with their determination to be potters, has brought them to the stage, in two years, of having a market for their wares, and a steady supply of orders.

The Umbrellas Went Up

"And when it rained," they continued, "we worked under umbrellas because the roof leaked—near the fireplace, of course, just where we wanted to be."

All that is changed. The floor has been concreted, a partition has been put up so that they have an office and workroom apart from the pottery, and the roof is completely watertight. They've made a job of it.

However, when all those things were straightened out their troubles weren't at an end. The kiln began to make a nuisance of itself. They burned coal—two-hundred weights a week of it; but regulating the heat was the difficulty.

It must have been then, I think, that the bowler hat was requisitioned; it now hangs

on a nail and has a cobweb or two on it—left in good faith. I asked about it and was told that in the matter of assisting people to let off steam it is unequalled when jumped upon. Unfortunately, it didn't cool down the kiln, so they put in gas and now they feel they have really got a start.

The clay they get from Stoke. ("It's chiefly red round here, Miss Walker explained.) They make it into vases, bowls, dishes and so on. The crockery, tea, dinner, fish, fruit, morning sets and similar things they paint with their own amusing designs and then fire.

A salad set in green with matching jug and stand is unusual; so are the fish sets. And among orders on hand at the moment are a set of tiles to be used as a fresco (Miss Clayton is holding one of them in the picture, and another type is shown in the smaller picture below), and an 18th Century Chinese plate to copy—a ticklish job this.

The youngsters of the village were very curious at first, but they have now accepted the idea of having a pottery in the place; and callers often drop in. But the potters remember one of their earliest customers, an old lady in the trappings that old ladies used to wear—beaded trimmed cape, bonnet and all.

"I want," she said, "something for eightpence. That's all I have to spend. I'd like to take a piece of pottery back with me." So they found her "something for eightpence"—or rather she found it herself, and off she went proudly clutching a cream jug, one from a set.

But they are still wondering about the man who mistook them for a Maltese bakery, and what that is, anyway.

Commentary BROAD

IF THERE were to be a "Silly Season" this season." But the B.B.C. are not

The B.B.C. in the

"Silly Season"

Rush

of greater interest to act as "nurses" to the children, and was a game being to a point of making complete a word. The game was were on the pole when, in their punctuality, the we were left with The B.B.C. are v

certainly a case though quite in procedure. But it is listeners to accept out protest. They say in the matter to follow up with North Region, L, off.

But it was rather appear before the casting House of soon be able to

- (668)
- 5. 0—The Children
 - 6. 0—"The Empire" tunes from the Empire.
 - 7. 0—Time Sign News, including
 - 7.20—Northern
 - 7.25—Interlude.
 - 7.30—"Not Very"
 - 7.45—A Recital and John M
 - 8.15—London (Organised Corporation) don. Second (Viola), En cello), The Conducted by Robert Murdoch Oboe, Terence Beard.
 - 9.15—"London Miscellany" Hargreaves.
 - 9.35—Concert,
 - 10.10—News Sun cast), Sport, Wheat Price

G. L.

WOMEN AT A WHEEL

"WOMEN at the wheel" is a phrase that motoring has stolen for itself, but there are other wheels for women to work at—and the one in the photograph below is the wheel or turntable used by two village potters who have built up their own industry.

Nearly three years ago, Miss Constance Walker and Miss Rita C. Clayton left the Leeds College of Art and established a village pottery at Bramham, near Leeds. The only building available for their purpose was a derelict shoeing forge, which had not been used for the last 20 years.

Their Special Designs

Eventually the necessary transformation was completed, and the walls now display several attractive and unusual features, including copies of some historical frescoes. One is from a mural painting in an Egyptian tomb; another is a Japanese study.

Fresco tiles have become a Bramham speciality; the designs range from Persian dancers to



English ballet girls, done in pastel shades and gold, and are "fired" between every two colour applications. The pictures give a glimpse of them.

Miss Walker is the potter. She works in red and white clay. Everything is hand "thrown," and no two articles are made exactly alike.

HOLSWORTHY'S "PRETTY MAID"

THE traditional days of the annual St. Peter's Fair at Holsworthy are July 9, 10 and 11.

On the first day is held a market of great historical importance; for the rights were given by King Henry II in 1154 to Fulk de Paganet, and at a later date granted to John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The horse fair is also held in the streets, but this custom is fast dying out.

The fair is formally opened by the town crier who, resplendent in his robes of red, blue and gold, stands on the stone that marks the spot where stood the "Great Tree of Holsworthy" to read the Ancient Charter. The Proclamation deals with the origin of the fair in the reign of James I, and, commencing with "O Yez, O Yez," ends with these words:

"Now by this all men to know that this day beginneth here an open fair, to be kept according to law and continued

regard this fair as a most important event; they invariably come to Holsworthy, and on the first day their weddings and christenings take place in the parish church, the rector officiating.—L. A. Harvey, Pitton Farm, Widecombe-in-the-moor, near Newton Abbot.

Craven "A"
quality is always
dependable!

