

MALING

COLLECTORS' SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Issue 7 June 2000

Maling workers display their passion for pots



It may be forty years and more since Doug and Vi Spearman cast a Maling pot together, but they've lost none of their skills, as these photos from the collectors' day show. Here's how you do it.

First, seal your mould to prevent clay seeping out through the joints. (If any does, it's Vi's task, as a finisher or "fettler", to scrape it away with a sharp blade once the pot has been cast.)

Second, fill the mould to the brim with liquid clay or "slip". Then wait... as a layer of clay gradually begins to solidify where it's in contact with the surface of the plaster of Paris mould, which sucks out the water like a sponge. There's no instruction book for this. The caster relies on his thumb to tell him when the clay has hardened sufficiently.

Now pour out the excess slip, which can be used again, and turn the mould upside down to drain. More waiting... a rather tense time, as Doug and Vi found, like our paintresses who have given

demonstrations previously, that modern materials don't behave quite like the ones they were used to dealing with.

Eventually, they were able to open the mould and reveal the "green" pot inside. It was fascinating to contrast the sheer physical strength which is needed to lift the moulds with the delicacy of touch necessary to handle the still-flexible pot as it emerges from its chrysalis.

From here, the pots would be "fettled" and then taken to the "green house" where they were allowed to dry further until they became "white". Then they would go to the biscuit kiln for their first firing. Then they would be decorated, fired in an enamelling kiln, glazed, fired in a glaze kiln, gilded... and you wonder why Maling's so expensive!

Our thanks to Charles Allan of New Castle Delft Pottery for the use of his studio, which allowed us to recreate Maling pots on the former Maling site.

To see the end result, look inside!



“It was a great day” says Pat

Pat Proctor looks back at the collectors' day.

We came from all over the UK, from Dorset to Northumberland, from Wales and Scotland. Brought together by our passion for Maling. It was 10.0 am at the Laing Art Gallery and the third Collectors' Day was about to begin. 'Have you been to a Collectors' Day before?' I was asked, 'No? Well you'll enjoy it.'

To help us picture what life was like working for Maling, and to demonstrate how the individual pieces came into being, we had as our guides for the morning Doug and Vi Spearman. Introductions made, off we went to the factory site, counted on and off the coach by Ruth, to make sure that no one got lost.

Waiting in the studio of New Castle Delft were some of the Maling moulds recently acquired from J.H. Weatherby and Sons. Also ready and waiting to be poured was the slip - the liquid clay used to fill the moulds. Doug and Vi put their pinnies on, though Doug's seemed to have shrunk a bit! And they set to work preparing the moulds.

Depending on what was to be made the moulds comprised two or more pieces. They were held together on this occasion by sticky tape, but in the Maling days wide strips of rubber were used, often cut from car tyre inner tubes. On old moulds any joints were

also sealed with clay. All of this was to prevent the slip from leaking out of the mould. The liquid slip was poured carefully into each of the moulds. Once they were full to the brim we had to wait for the slip to set, so this gave us an opportunity to look around the factory site.

Unfortunately many of the original Victorian buildings have been demolished and replaced by modern constructions. But enough is left to give a picture of how the pottery worked. Raw materials came in by rail at one end of the site and finished goods went into the warehouse at the other end - the equivalent of a modern production line. On our factory tour Doug and Vi pointed out the various workshops and related anecdotes about Maling and its characters.

For example, Les Dixon, who started work as an apprentice and worked his way up to become factory manager. We could picture him sitting in his first floor office in the clock tower keeping an eye on the comings and goings around the site. Checking who was coming in late using the main factory entrance, which was forbidden to workers, but was a quicker way in than the factory gate. I leave you to imagine what happened on the day that one of the trains overran the

buffers and crashed into the wall of the ladies' toilet!

Back in the workshop Doug and Vi checked the moulds - were they ready to have the slip poured off? It was fascinating to watch the skill of this couple who hadn't worked in a pottery for so many years, using their experience, testing by touch and sight only - no automation here.

Some moulds were ready, other needed longer to set. The slip was poured off to be re-used and the moulds, their insides now coated with clay were turned upside down to drain and dry. While this was happening Doug and Vi told us about their working days, how teams of casters and finishers (sometimes called fettlers) worked in the same shops, how a hold up in one area held up the rest of the production processes.

They worked on batches of 6 of each item to be produced, though they could have vases, jugs, bowls, plates all on the go at the same time. The work was heavy, there was a lot of lifting and carrying but it was satisfying even though the wages weren't high. Doug remembers earning 29s for a 44-hour week.

Then came the exciting part of the demonstration, the moulds were ready, they were carefully taken apart and the still 'green' pots were removed. Cameras flashed as the first Maling pots produced from some of the moulds since the factory closed were displayed.

Back at the Laing, lunch was waiting and so were some of the paintresses: Peggy Stewart who worked from 1927-36 and went back to Maling after the war until 1953, Marion Davies and Joyce Kirk who worked in the 1950s and 60s. Peggy started work in the factory when she was 14 for a trial period of 6 weeks after which she was apprenticed as a paintress for a year, earning 5s a week. Marion and Joyce, after a 6 week trial, were apprenticed for 6 months.

There was talk about the social life, the factory outings to Whitley Bay, staff meeting up in the evenings and going to local dance halls and billiard halls. This appears to have been a close-knit community. There were reminiscences - do you remember the work we did for Tilleys teashops in Newcastle? What about Dorothy Miller, whose mark was an underlined M; Dot Reynard who was M1; Hilda Nesbitt who worked at the factory from 1929-41; Sally Scott and Gladys Gardner who were finishers, Mr Mitchell (see "Life of a Pottery Girl") - names from the past, where are they now?



WORTH A SECOND LOOK

Given all the excitement in Charles Allan's studio, it would have been easy to overlook these two modest-looking bowls which were on the potter's wheel. (Maybe some of you did?) In fact, they're another piece of Maling history.

You may recollect that a jug exists which was reputedly made from clay dug out of the foundations when the Ford B pottery was being built. Earlier this year, workmen were digging a trench on the former factory site, and Charles noticed a sizeable lump of clay in the bottom.

He rescued it (the lengths we Maling fanatics will go to!) and used it to make the two bowls. The clay is far too impure to have been used to make Maling pots, but the impurities, which show up as white spots in the photo, are identical to those which appear in the 1870s jug, according to Steven.

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There were memories of the Maling family who lived in Hexham and who hunted with the Haydon Bridge Hunt and the special sets made for the hunt - the fox's head stirrup cups, horses and so on - who wouldn't want these in their collection? I was left with the impression that Maling people loved their work, 'If the pottery restarted, I'd be back there tomorrow' was one comment.

Then out came the members' pots to be passed around our expert panel for comment and identification of patterns. All too soon the closing time bell rang and we were shepherded out of the Laing. Had I enjoyed the day? Yes, when is the next one?



The first Maling for 40 years - ready for fettling and firing.

“Oooh”, said the lady. “I haven’t seen one like that before.” I discreetly tucked it back into my pocket and explained that my driving licence (of which we are talking, dear reader) had last seen the light of day some twenty years ago when I moved house and needed to have the address amended.

“They’re all plastic cards now, with a photo” volunteered the van hire lady. For a minute, I thought she might also tell me that we haven’t had shillings since the 1970s and that television is now in colour.

But it was down to business, and my introduction to the role of van driver. “That’s the key to the fuel tank. It’s on the passenger side.” And with that comprehensive briefing, I was on the road to collect, first of all Steven from the station, and then the “lost” Maling moulds which featured in the last newsletter.

Arriving at the station, I discovered that I still had a lot to learn about the vehicle. Three times around the car park, and three failed attempts to get it anywhere near a parking space. Wait a minute... I’m “white van man” now! Park it up in the No Waiting area and lean on it with a “who-you-looking-at-mate?” expression until Steven arrived from the Newcastle train. Nobody said a word.

And so we juddered from Yorkshire to Stoke. Conversation was at a minimum because: a) you couldn’t hear anything over the noise of the van; and b) it took all my concentration to keep the thing pointing in a straight line.

We arrived at the Weatherby factory and were directed to the side entrance - up a narrow grassy lane which seemed mainly

“WHITE VAN MEN” BRING THE MOULDS HOME!

to be used for the exercising of dogs. After several attempts at the slippery (no, don’t enquire further) slope, I managed to park the van. Reversing back out was a problem I could leave until later.

Loading the moulds into the van proved to be rather like one of those folk tales about a magic cup which keeps refilling itself. No matter how many moulds we brought out, there always seemed to be just as many still waiting in the factory. I’d thought that a van with 60 square feet of floor space was a bit of overkill. When we started packing a second layer of moulds on top of the first, I began to congratulate myself on my foresight.

Pride, or mere complacency, goeth before a fall. On the way back out of Stoke I forgot that I was driving something larger than usual, and clipped a kerbstone as I took a corner. Ominous sounds of the load shifting.

Chance dictated that the first convenient stopping place was a pub. We checked the load - fortunately all OK - and took a spot of light refreshment to reward ourselves for the morning’s work.

By the end of day one we’d got the moulds back to Yorkshire - half way home. Steven took the train back to Newcastle, while I went for a bath and bed, wondering what any thieves would make of their haul if they decided to pinch the van while it was outside my house.

Van and contents were still intact on the following morning and one hundred miles later, by 9 o’clock, I was hammering on Steven’s front door. First to the Laing Art Gallery to drop off some moulds for display. Then to a secure storage unit generously provided by our patron Fred Hoult. A minor moment of anguish when the city fathers of Newcastle decided to put a mini-roundabout where I didn’t expect it, but again no damage to the precious cargo, despite the hasty braking.

And so we unloaded and checked the treasure. There simply hadn’t been time before. We jotted down an inventory of what we had, and the total came to a staggering 77 moulds. Treasure indeed!

Unloading the van took a couple of hours and gave us a healthy respect for the casters who must have handled these moulds for hours on end during a working day at Maling. Some of the things took two of us to carry - and that’s without the additional weight of clay inside them!

Thus the “lost” moulds returned home. Our thanks again to Anderson and Garland for their donation towards the cost of purchase. As and when the moulds find a permanent display site in the North East, we’ll let you know. -

David

I say, Butler! There's soil in my sandwiches!

With the help of a member, Steven deciphers a mystery "Maling" mark.

New Maling marks don't turn up too often. When I saw an auction claiming to have an example of a 'new Maling mark' I was intrigued - if disappointed when I actually saw it. I recognised it immediately, as it was the same mark found on the base of a seed planter I have on my desk. In fact it's where all your letters go, prior to being sorted out.

I had always known it was not a factory mark, as it is clearly marked 'CWS & S' so it was a retailer's mark. But the Latin inscription had always puzzled me. Why should there be a Latin inscription and what did it mean? Moreover, why a man carrying a coracle on his back?

After a bit of digging I discovered the Latin came from Juvenal's sixteen satires and translated as '(Throw out your) British baskets, goblets and many vessels.' Who was it who said the more you learn the less you know? What on earth did that have to do with a seed planter? What's more I had always wondered why it was decorated inside too, surely the soil would cover this decoration over? I gave up.

Then a member sent a picture of an unusual "thing" she had bought and asked our opinion. It had a mark of a man carrying a coracle! The "thing" turned out to be white ware, marked with both the CETEM mark and the coracle mark, but in an earlier version to mine and the words "CORACLE Made In England". As soon as I opened the file I realised what hers and mine were; sandwich boxes from a picnic hamper. With the original chrome cover it was obvious. Sure enough with a bit more research 'CORACLE' turned out to be a brand name for picnic hampers. Now the Latin makes sense - baskets, goblets, many vessels.

So anyone who has a "seed planter" decorated inside and out now has a sandwich box instead! It just goes to show how we are all able to help each other out - surely the whole purpose of the society? Two Maling collectors are better than one!

- Steven



The mystery Coracle mark.



A small Coracle seed planter... or is it?



The lid reveals it to be a sandwich box.

**Please keep checking your collections.
Every bit of information is valuable.**

The fun (?) of the antiques fair

For those of you who say that there's too much about the Internet in the newsletter, Dave Neville describes his experiences of hunting down Maling in the traditional way. (Though he did send the article by e-mail!)

When we moved from the North East of England to the Midlands, friends thought (hoped?) it might put paid to our obsession with Maling pottery. I'm afraid they were to be disappointed. Living down here has its disadvantages (try a day trip to the coast!), but the compensation is that a large part of England is in striking distance. That means there are plenty of antique fairs to visit and our Maling collection has progressed by leaps and bounds in the six years we've been here.

Donington, Stafford, Peterborough and Harrogate are fairs we try not to miss - and of course there's Newark. We couldn't believe the sheer scale of it when we first went. With 4000 stalls or more it's the biggest in Europe and attracts a plethora of nationalities. Dutch, French and Italian can be heard on nearly every corner. English is spoken, but in all its lilts, tones and cadences as dealers and customers arrive from points north, south, east and west - particularly west as Irish and American accents testify.

In the early days, my wife Chris and I tried to look closely at every stall and soon discovered that it was an impossible task in one day. Now in good Antiques Roadshow style we split up and specialise. I do ceramics while Chris covers arts & crafts, and miscellaneous. That's very convenient for me in inclement weather as the good ceramics are all indoors.

Weather isn't the only hazard you face now at fairs. These days there's also the danger of tripping over cables, cameras or even David Dickinson when 'Bargain Hunt' is being recorded. Incidentally, are dealers doing themselves any favours on this show? They don't offer me the discounts they readily agree to on the telly. Perhaps I should take a film crew with me next time I'm buying!

After years of 'doing the circuit', we've got to know a number of dealers and those down from the North East keep us up to date with what's going on back in the old country. It all makes for a pleasurable day of antique hunting and meeting up with



Did Maling make anything except Blossom Time? At some fairs you'd think not.

people whom we now count as friends. However, they're not the only 'friends' we see. Like us, dealers move from fair to fair so we can see the same pieces so often they're almost like friends too.

What is it that makes some things sell and others not? At the time of writing we've seen the same two attractive Rose Marie vases at four different fairs. They're reasonably priced so why haven't they been snapped up?

And another puzzle. How is it that sometimes a particular Maling pattern can almost be a theme at a fair. At one fair there could be a number of dealers with Anemone pieces, at another it might be Peona that's to the fore.

However, no matter whether the fair be good or bad on the Maling scale, you can bet your boots you'll find Blossom Time. This pattern must be the most ubiquitous of all and I'm sure we could have assembled three full sets in the years we've been fair touring. Big showground event or small village hall fundraiser, the one certainty is that you just never know what might be there. One of our very best pieces was picked up at a local fair where you'd never expect a rarity, and to which we very nearly didn't go. It's experiences like this that go to making the 'fun of the fair'.

- Dave Neville

David adds: Dave's article gives me an idea. I generally go to Newark on the Tuesday. I also visit the Harrogate fair, though the day may be uncertain. Maybe those of us who are there regularly could arrange to meet for a drink and a chat? I do Newark in the morning, then have lunch in a very pleasant country pub only a few miles away. I'll happily send details and directions to anyone who's interested.

News of the 'Net

Over a third of members now have Internet access, and the number is growing. So it seems worthwhile to keep offering a few words of advice to 'Net newcomers.

This month, a gentle reminder to those of you who have recently entered the age of digital photography. Please check the file format and size before sending your photos off as an e-mail attachment.

This is prompted by my receiving (from a non-member) a photo file of immense proportions. It started downloading while I was surfing the WWW and was nowhere near finished after half an hour had passed.

I logged off and contacted my Internet Service Provider by 'phone to get them to delete the file at their end. I still don't know how big the thing was, but the helpline person's comment on looking at it was a succinct: "Oh, my God!"

Once you have a photo saved on your hard disk, you can use your software - e.g. Photoshop, Photo Deluxe or even the Microsoft Photo Editor which probably came bundled with your PC - to tweak it.

First check the file size. Right click on the photo and choose "Properties" from the menu which pops up. If the file looks large - say more than 50 kilobytes - try saving it in a different format or altering the resolution. The .jpg is my preferred format for e-mail attachments, and the software will give you the option of saving the image in a range of qualities.

(By the way, you can save black and white documents, such as newspaper articles, in black and white. It's surprising how many people don't realise that and waste space on their hard disk by telling the computer to save them as if they were full colour.)

It's true that better resolution means a bigger file size, but it just isn't Netiquette to send someone something which takes an age to download.

And, finally, another selection of genuine nonsense seen on the Internet.

Maling plate, 111 inches diameter. *Don't fancy the p&p on that, and I'm not sure it will fit through the letterbox.*

Maling "Anzac" plate, made in Germany. *If it looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, then it probably is a duck. Unless it's from Germany, in which case it's an "Ente". Or, in this case, an entirely different entity. (What other society offers you bilingual puns, even if not very funny ones?)*

Pottery, made by Newcastle, Maling on Tyne. *Mistake some, surely, here?*

The life of a pottery girl-6

*Marion
Robinson
concludes her
tale of working
life at Maling*

It was a long time before Mr Mitchell left the pottery to take up his new post. I came down to earth with a bump when I found out from my team leader that he was thirty-two years old and married. To say I was devastated would be an understatement. Even now, as I recall my dizzy days of youth, and the ecstasy I felt when I first heard him say my name, it still makes me go weak at the knees.

But life went on and time passed. Now most of the girls I started with were courting, engaged or married. Some went out with stars from Brough Park Speedway, some with members of the armed forces, some with childhood sweethearts, and one even married a councillor.

We were all concerned for each other. When one was "dumped" or a "Dear John" letter arrived to say their love had found another, we were all sad. But, if someone was getting married, half the pottery was invited. We were all one big, happy family.

Orders were still coming in, and exports going out. New patterns were skilfully mastered, and the pottery was a hive of activity. Wage packets got bigger with more overtime. Of course, we were all on piecework. We still had orders for Ringtons' flower vases, deep blue with bright yellow pansies. They stood with pride, full of flowers, on sideboards in nearly every Geordie house. The Chintz tea caddies, with a packet of tea inside, were usually given as a gift.

Ringtons patterns were simple - two small flowers on the front of a jug, and one on the back. We were timed on all of these, as they had to be quick and cheap. The time and motion man would see how long it took to do a dozen jugs. We went slow, hoping we could squeeze tuppence a dozen out of him. But there was no fooling him. He had seen it all before and always took it down to a penny-halfpenny.

The next big order was for Coronation mugs in 1953, with a transfer of the Queen's head on the front and a crest on the back. Of course we started them long before this date to make sure they were ready for the big day.



The rest of the work seemed to take a back seat during this time, as we had to do thousands. They occupied every available space and were stacked on 8-foot wooden boards from floor to ceiling, waiting to go to the kilns.

Some of the girls helped in the printing shop, washing the tissue paper off the mugs after the transfer had been put on. This was a back breaking job, bent over huge sinks of freezing cold water, with keens on our fingers as wide as fishes' mouths, making the task unbearable at times.

We had to be careful not to press too hard with the sponge, as part of the transfer could be rubbed off, resulting in the Queen losing one of her eyes, or part of her necklace or tiara. Sometimes this couldn't be avoided, so after the firing there were crates of rejects. These had to be touched up as it would have cost too much to throw them away.

The most boring job at this time was painting in the missing pieces. Everybody had to take their turn, as the strain on your eyes meant you could only spend a couple of hours on the work at a time. I must tell you, I was sick of putting lipstick on the Queen! We were all glad when the mugs came to an end. Now we could get back to our normal job, turning plaques, bowls and baskets into painted works of art.

I could go on and on about the events that happened. But now I think it's time to finish my story. I hope I have given you a small insight into what life was like at Maling's Pottery from 1948. The success of the pottery was due to the skills of a dedicated workforce whose love of their jobs was second to none. All of them have certainly earned their place in history.

- Marion

We're pleased to say that, after the accounts were audited, the society ended up with a surplus this year. How can we spend some of it for the benefit of members? Here are a few suggestions. We'd be grateful if you'd give us your opinion or make suggestions of your own. Should we, for example:

1. Advertise in antiques publications

The society would benefit from more members. Do you think it would help to recruit new members if we advertised in fairs diaries, and similar publications?

2. Advertise on Internet

We could pay to have a more prominent presence on the Internet, either by banner advertising or by using a submission service for search engines. 35% of members now have Internet access.

SOCIETY MATTERS

3. Get a telephone/pager

Because Steven, Ruth and David have day jobs, it isn't possible to take calls at work. A society mobile 'phone or pager might solve the problem. (However, we still can't guarantee to deal with your call immediately.)

4. Colour pages in newsletter.

Putting just two pages of colour into the newsletter (e.g. front and back covers or centre spread) would increase the cost by a staggering 250 per cent! But it could be done (assuming we have some interesting photos).

5. Cheaper subscriptions or collectors' days

We took a guess when we set the subscription rate, and the members' days are priced to be self-financing. Is the cost of membership preventing the society's growth?

In the worst-case scenario, should the society fold through lack of interest, the constitution says that any surplus, after payment of outstanding debts, shall be divided equally among the current members. If you'd like to see a summary of the accounts, please let us know.

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Oddities & Rarities

In this series of articles, we'll try to bring you information about pieces which you may not have come across before.

The last newsletter featured the cup and saucer painted by Albert Platt as a sample of his skills, here we show two more items from his family's collection.

The first is the familiar 'BRITANNIC' menu holder adapted into a Christmas card. Platt's daughter Sarah Ellen Platt (known as Nellie) was born on Christmas Day 1895 and this piece was given to her as a birthday present in 1898. It bears the impressed CTM triangle and the painted pattern number '1649/4', there are no gilder's marks, but there is a decorator's mark of '... .' Could this be Platt's personal mark? We know from his family that he was a gilder and decorator and we know that he gave this to his daughter, are we to presume he also decorated it too?

If you have a piece of Maling ware dating to 1886 - 1915 with a painted mark of three dots, a space, and then one dot, please let us know.

The two plates bear prints of Mr and Mrs Gladstone which will be familiar to many, as they are often seen on pottery. But these are the first examples we know of that were produced by Maling. This print alone is not enough for a Maling attribution in other circumstances! The lithographs were bought in, as was the porcelain. The shape of the plate is called 'EDEN' by the factory, but they are rarely seen with such elaborate gilding. There are no Maling marks on these pieces and no gilder's marks either.



We are still looking for unrecorded pattern numbers - particularly in the 4000 range. Also any "missing" vase shapes. Can you help us?



Q Do you know what is the least cost option for paying for goods bought from North America when the vendor won't take credit cards? There's a fixed charge of £13 at my bank for a money order which when added to VAT, shipping, etc, piles on the total cost.

A The society's bank, Barclays, charges £8 for an IMO (at time of writing). You don't have to be a customer - just turn up at the international desk with a wad of cash and buy "off the shelf." If it's a small value purchase, I've never had a problem sending good old cash dollars. I usually keep a small supply to hand. Disguise them inside a greetings card, and hope for the best! I've never had cash go

astray, and no vendor has ever robbed me by pretending the cash didn't arrive. Hope that's some help - David.

Q I wonder if you can tell me anything about a designer called Lossel? I bought a very pretty bowl last week. I was drawn to it because it reminded me of Maling. The dealer told me it was designed by the aforementioned Lossel who used to work for Maling. I wonder if I have been told the truth?

A Well almost, but not exactly. A designer called Charles Wright worked at

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Maling in the early 20's, just prior to the Boulemier era. He left to join the Keeling factory - makers of "Losol Ware". Obviously, he took his preferred design style with him. I normally associate him with very pale bodies, decorated with birds & flowers, with a predominance of rather washed-out pinks and blues. If you know "Losol" wares, you'll see what I mean. The photo shows an example of his work. - David

Q I have inherited a Maling bowl - purplish blue lustre with a galleon in the base and birds round - which had had bulbs planted in it. To remove the severe limescale, I used warm vinegar which has worked quite well but I am not sure if I stopped too soon or have damaged the lustre. I am very fond of this bowl and would like to keep it looking its best. Please could you advise if the vinegar would damage it, or if there is something else I should use.

A I am reluctant to suggest anything which might be misused! I have used limescale remover on bowls before and it works. I can see how vinegar would affect the lustre, but any sort of abrasion would. I would think the action of rubbing the vinegar



Maling ware designed by Charles Wright before he left the factory to join Keelings.

WANTED

David Masson writes: My own current wants, in no particular order, are: a pair of Aquatic Birds vases; an inkstand; a 1930s lamp base.

If you have any of the above items for sale, David can be e-mailed at: masson@compuserve.com, or contact the society and we'll put you in touch.

to dissolve the limescale would abrade the lustre. This is why I have used a proprietary limescale remover and taken great care not to rub! - Steven

Q I have a wall plate which is, to the best of my knowledge, Flying Geese. It carries the number 6358, but does not have an impressed date mark I would normally expect, e.g. 4.37. The only black printed mark under the glaze is MADE IN ENGLAND. The painting is not elaborate (i.e. it looks as though a learner had done it). Can you please confirm this is a true piece of Maling?

A Yes, it sounds "right" - that's certainly the correct pattern number. Some pieces did slip out without either or both of a factory stamp and an impressed date. The words MADE IN ENGLAND can be found on plaques either as a printed or impressed mark.

Q I have purchased a Denon's Egypt bowl with L.S.R.LTD. printed on the base as well as a Cetem mark. Can you shed any light on L.S.R. LTD?

A 'Fraid not... Can anyone else help?

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Here are a few of your comments on previous articles.

TV time

Following the request for sightings of Maling ware on television or elsewhere, Ken writes: "Has anyone managed to identify the pair of Bristol shape vases on Norman Clegg's mantelpiece in Last of the Summer Wine? They first appeared in the series a few years ago, and are Maling."

David writes: *They were on the window sill when I checked the show in April, 2000. But I couldn't get a good look. Still, it took my mind off the programme for a couple of seconds, so I was grateful for that.*

Stella Coal Company Mug

Lillian writes: I read the back page article of the last newsletter, on the 1911 coronation mug, with awakening interest, and can add a nugget of further information. Don't you recall the two post-war, coal-fired power stations, "Stella North" and "Stella South", built on the Tyne some miles west of the now Metro Centre? They were doubtless named after the adjacent supplying, and by then, NCB collieries. These stations were still in operation during the 1970s and early 80s and were probably demolished less than 20 years ago.

David adds: *Thanks Lillian. I subsequently found the power stations in an old A to Z of Newcastle. You reinforce the point I was trying to make. I'm from Yorkshire and have no family or other connection with Newcastle. Information which is well-known to you is a revelation to me. Everyone in the society probably knows something which another member is trying to find out. So let's share that knowledge.*

Bavarian Castle Keep

A member writes: I have seen these before, and was very excited when I first came across one as, from a distance, it looked like the Maling piece. However, it is smaller and the modelling is different. The Maling version is certainly not a direct copy.

Codan

John Bailey has thrown new light on the pattern name "Codan", used on pieces exported to Denmark. He writes: I searched on the WWW and found Codan Suffolk sheep in Wyoming. So I e-mailed to ask about the name. The reply says that 'Codan is a Danish word. It stands for the mystical seas that surround Denmark'. I have not been able to confirm this. Interesting though!"