



ARCHIVE UPDATE No 31

POTTERIES

On 5 October 1960 commercial pot making ceased at Samuel South & Sons. Graham South, one of the fifth generation to be actively engaged in the family firm, was determined to make the last pot and, on the following day, he recalls:



“I made a small 60 [above left] on a wheel near the pug mill, intending it to be the last one but I think my father [Charles South] saw me, and a while later I saw him throwing one. Not to be outdone, later, when all was quiet, I threw the 48 [above right] – and that is the last pot ever thrown in White Hart Lane.”

The pot made by Graham is not only the last pot made at Samuel South & Sons but also the last of the pottery industry in North London which, at one time, in addition to South, comprised, E G Cole & Sons, Williamson’s Pottery, Bounds Green Pottery and, further afield, Tuck of Waltham Abbey.

EMILY MAUD KING



Joseph King 1840-1901



Anne King 1837-1920

Emily Maud King (1876-1966) married Samuel South(2) on 14 September 1899 at the Congregational Church, Snells Park. According to the original marriage certificate her parents, Joseph, a commercial traveller, and Anne, lived at 98 Union Road, Edmonton. Present researches, however, indicate that there is, and was, no Union Road in Edmonton although there is record of Union Row, a cul-de-sac on the east side of Upper Fore Street that was in existence by 1841. The dates of the above photographs are not known.

GLADYS SHORT

Gladys Ella Short, nee South (1906-2001), the third of the eight children of Samuel(2) and Emily Maud, passed away on 24 August 2001, aged 95. In 1991 Gladys wrote memories of her early and teenage years. The first of two extracts is featured on page 3 of this Update. A map of Snells Park at the time described by Gladys appears in Update No 9 and a photograph of her standing in front of her parents' house with sisters, Elsie and Hilda, was published in Update No 21.

Early Years – Gladys Short

The house where I was born was in a very mixed road called Tottenham Terrace and it was reached by turning into White Hart Lane off Tottenham High Road. Sir William Prescott lived in a very smart house at one end of the road and Mrs Asser lived in a small cottage and for years did some of our large families' washing. There was a narrow road leading off Tottenham Terrace with a large house, Trafalgar House, with a huge garden. My parents were good friends with the gardener and his wife, Welfare by name, and it was a great treat for some of us to be invited to visit them

We moved to Snells Park which was another very mixed road. My earliest memories are of the infant class at St James' School which was very near to our house at one end of the short road and the chapel we went to was at the other end. It was a very old fashioned school even in those days. Iron railings separated the older boys from the girl's playground, mixed infants classes were on the ground floor and a stone staircase, like a tunnel led to the older girl's classrooms. Primitive lavatories were outside well away from the school building and very wet and cold in the winter.

Being a Church of England school we attended the church for very dull services on special days and had to recite the Catechism and by heart. Empire Day was a big event with flags and a "Do" in the playground. I learnt the alphabet by copying it from the black board into a tray of fine sand. There were two sweet shops right by St James' School very glad to receive our pennies. Candy sticks in coloured paper, if you were lucky you got one with a stripe through it and you got another for free! I must have had the makings of a gambler as I would pinch any odd pennies laying around to buy more sticks.

The chapel in Snells Park to which we went had a Sunday school held in near by Fore Street actually on the boundary of Lower Edmonton and Tottenham. The hall was ugly, very bare and back from the High Road with a paved sort of front space with two or three tiny homes at the side. Our grandfather South went regularly to an Ebenezer chapel off Fore Street.

Grandfather lived with grandma and the four unmarried daughters in a very nice superior only one house away from our own home. His house had quite a large beautifully kept garden with a gardener who would not allow us to go into the greenhouses there. Grandfather was a very austere man and we were in awe of him. His sect regarded card games to be sinful so our five uncles used to come over to our house some evenings to indulge in really wicked games!

Our own house was quite large, one of a pair, three floors and a side entrance as no tradesman used the front door. Coal was emptied through a covered hole just by the side door. We always had a maid, complete with cap and apron. It must have been Winnie who married "Brownie" and who was employed by the South firm and used to bring our milk from my father's cows kept in fields around Devonshire Hill Lane.

Lots of the chapel friends were tradesmen such as old Mr Clark's shop with all sorts of goods, brooms etc plus huge jars of pickles sold by the cupful for a few pence, and oil from the back room, altogether very mixed smells and always a cat sitting on the counter! Lots of horse traffic then, milk and meat delivered by small horse drawn carts. Milk came in large churns and was put into your own jug or into a hinged metal can, definitely no bottles. Our own butcher had his own horse which was actually taken through the shop to his stable! Two breweries in Tottenham, Fremlins and Whitbreads, huge drays pulled by very well groomed horses made a fine sight. Babies often had a veil over them in their prams mostly because of the fine dried manure etc in the air!!!