

WPA PRESS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE WISCONSIN POTTERY ASSOCIATION

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FROM THE PRESIDENT...

My sincere thanks to everyone who made our annual show, sale and exhibit another great success. This was a year when we had great concerns about whether it would be possible to draw the dealers, the crowd and the money to make a go of it. With the economy down and sales slumping in malls and on ebay, we were afraid we might lose money because of the up-front expenses of the Alliant Center and necessary advertising. But it all turned out great.

Elaine and the Alliant Center staff provided a smooth running show with no hitches. Jim and Ellen were able to coax as many dealers as last year to come. Jim R. and Rose did a great job of advertising both locally and nationally with a reduced budget. The crowds came in almost the same numbers as last year and they came to buy so most of the dealers had good shows. Financially we made about the

same as other years, much to the relief of the Executive Committee who did not want to tell you we lost money on our watch.

And, thanks to the wonderful contributions of pottery from quite a number of people, the "Ohio Spectrum" exhibit was wonderful and educational. The educational aspect will continue for years to come, thanks to Tim Z. and our marvelous website. Which means we will be receiving numerous email questions for years to come about all these potteries and not just Red Wing, Roseville, Weller, CAS and Haeger.

Thank you to all of you who worked so hard, donated pottery and volunteered time to make our show, sale and exhibit one of the best, if not the best, in the midwest.

- David Knutzen, WPA President, 2003

2003 WPA Calendar

- October 14**—Galena Pottery by Bill Engel
- November 11**—Art of the Figurine by Tim Holthaus, Rose Lindner, Elaine Staaland
- December 2**—WPA Holiday Party (note that this is the *first* Tuesday in December)

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All meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month (except July, August and December) at the Shorewood Hills Community Center.

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**NOTE:** For updates on construction in the Shorewood Hills area this fall and on how best to get to our WPA meetings, you can contact Terence by email: [terence@shorewoodhills.org](mailto:terence@shorewoodhills.org)

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## SHOW AND SALE 2003

*The Wisconsin Pottery Association recently held its annual fundraiser, known by club members as the "Show and Sale". The big event was held at Madison's Alliant Center on August 23, 2003 and featured, as an educational exhibit, "Ohio Spectrum", a collection of pottery from various early Ohio firms. The following is the text used in the brochure that accompanied this fabulous exhibit.*

As much as its abundant coal and clay, Ohio's central location contributed to making it the country's leading clay products manufacturer. When New York's Erie canal was built in 1817, it opened Ohio to eastern seaboard (and international) markets via Lake Erie. In 1825 development of an Ohio canal/river system with a north-south orientation began, providing central and southern Ohio towns equal access to the lucrative markets.

By the 1840s there were so many clay products manufacturers in Ohio that some firms engaged in price fixing. Companies formed alliances, dividing markets among themselves to keep prices from falling.

Railroads began at this same time. Ohio towns not on the canal system quickly invested in railways. By 1860, four east-west railways crossed Ohio, and the state had more miles of track than any other in the Union.

After the Civil War, Ohio continually ranked at or near the top of the nation's brick manufacturers and Zanesville billed itself as the largest tile manufacturing center in the world.

Art Pottery in the United States was spawned by the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. Displays of Asian and European pottery and porcelain inspired a revolution in American ceramic design, much of which occurred in Ohio. This exhibit demonstrates the progression

of American Art Pottery—and artware—from the 1880s through the mid-20th century by showing products made by Ohio firms (shown here in bold).

America's earliest Art Pottery is represented here by Rookwood's Limoge-type ware and its underglaze-decorated Standard ware. The Standard ware glaze was later appropriated by Weller, J. W. McCoy, Owens, and Roseville, among others. Today we are showing variations of that glazing technique as it was used by these competing firms.

Some companies that began their history manufacturing utilitarian ware, Roseville and Weller, for example, switched their focus to Art Pottery at the end of the 19th century and maintained production into the mid-20th century. Brush, Hull, Nelson McCoy, and Zanesville Stoneware did better, surviving until recent times. Robinson-Ransbottom did best of all—it's still in business.

The companies that made it through the Great Depression of the 1930s mostly consolidated into large-scale operations. Companies like Cowan, RumRill, and Burley and Winter, did not, and they didn't survive. The exception was small studios, like those of potter Chester Nicodemus and metalworker Charles Clewell; both survived the depression and the bigger-is-better trend. Some firms—like Chic, Gonder Sebring, and Shawnee—began at the end of the depression, capitalizing on the lack of imports during World War II. The resumption of cheap imports after the war killed off these same firms. The following is a list of companies in this exhibit, along with their places and dates of operation. Sources vary on these facts, and when they do, we have generally sided with the most recently published data. Companies represented in the exhibit:

### **Brush (Brush-McCoy)**

Roseville, Zanesville  
Brush Pottery evolved as follows: J. W.

McCoy Pottery Company, 1899-1911 (Roseville); Brush Pottery Company, 1906-1912 (Zanesville); Brush-McCoy Pottery Company, 1911-1925 (Roseville and Zanesville); Brush Pottery, 1925-1982 (Roseville and Zanesville).

### **Burley and Winter**

Crooksville  
Originally, Burley Winter, 1872, then Burley Winter and Brown, 1885. Renamed Burley and Winter Pottery, 1892; retained that name after a merger with the Keystone Pottery and the J. G. Burley Pottery Company, c. 1912. Operations continued until 1932.

### **Chic Pottery**



Wellsville, Zanesville  
1938-1955 (Wellsville 1938-1943; Zanesville 1943-1955)

### **Clewell Metal Art**



Canton  
1906-1955 are the approximate dates of his firm, but Charles Clewell made his ware as early 1902. He bought blanks from pot-

teries and clad them in metal, adding distinctive patinations. After closing his firm, he continued working, on a limited basis, into the 1960s. He died in 1965.

#### **Cowan**

Lakewood  
Cleveland Pottery and Tile Company /  
Cowan Pottery Studio  
1913-1931

#### **Gonder Ceramic Arts**

Zanesville  
1941-1957

#### **Hull**

Crooksville  
1905-1986 (A. E. Hull Pottery Company,  
1905-1952; Hull Pottery Company,  
1952-1986.)

#### **McCoy**

Roseville  
1910-1991. The company was first called Nelson McCoy Sanitary Stoneware (1910-1933) and renamed the Nelson McCoy Pottery Company in 1933. The company was owned by several corporate entities after 1967 and before its closing was renamed first as Nelson McCoy Ceramics and then as McCoy Company.

#### **Nicodemus**

Columbus  
1935-1990 (Nicodemus / Ferro-Stone Ceramics)

#### **Owens**

Roseville, Zanesville  
1885-1911. J. B. Owens made utilitarian ware in Roseville and began making Art Pottery in 1896 after he had moved his operation, The J. B. Owens Pottery Company, to Zanesville in 1891. In 1905 he began manufacturing tile under the name Zanesville Tile Company. The former firm was dissolved in 1907 and the latter sold in 1909. He then began the J. B. Owens Floor and Wall Tile Company and continued to produce pottery until about 1911.

#### **Peters and Reed**

Zanesville  
1898-1941. The firm operated as Peters & Reed from 1898 until 1921, when it was renamed Zane Pottery Company.

#### **Robinson Ransbottom**

Ironspot/Roseville  
1900-present. The Ransbottom brothers organized as The Ransbottom Pottery Company after buying the Oval and Key Pottery Company in 1900. The firm was called The Robinson Ransbottom Pottery Company in 1924 after its merger with the Robinson Clay Products Company.

#### **Rookwood**



Cincinnati; Starkville, MI  
1880-1967 (Cincinnati 1880-1960;  
Starkville, MI 1960-1967)

#### **Roseville Pottery Company**

Roseville, Zanesville  
1890-1954

#### **RumRill**



1932-1942. George Rumrill's pottery was first produced at the Red Wing Potteries, in Minnesota. In 1937 Rumrill began contracting with Ohio suppliers. First and

briefly with the Shawnee Pottery Co. (1938), and then with the Florence Pottery Company in Mt. Gilead from 1938 to 1941. Gonder made the ware from late 1941 until 1942.

#### **Shawnee Pottery Company**

Zanesville  
1937-1961

#### **Spaulding China Company**

Sebring  
1942-1957

#### **The Weller Pottery Company**

Fultonham, Zanesville  
1872-1948



#### **Zanesville Stoneware Company**

Zanesville  
1889-2002

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*Thanks to Nicol Knappen for preparing, and for sharing this information with the WPA Press!*

*And thanks to Tim Zinkgraf for the photographs, which are placed here, following the pottery each represents.*

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- K. Kenefick, Ed.

## PAULINE LOG CABIN UPDATE and ANNOUNCING A NEW EDGERTON POTTERY BOOK

*A regular feature of this newsletter is this quarterly update on renovations to the log cabin associated with the Pauline Jacobus pottery. Ori-anne Pagel provided the following information:*

We are doing all the many little things that need doing. While the sealer is on the roof and most of the outside of the building, we need funds to buy more and finish the outside and then do the walls inside. The floor is in place but not nailed down yet; the window trim outside has been primed but we still need to do the door outside and the door & windows inside.

The cabin is open during all Edgerton festival events or by appointment. As soon as the floor is done the display case will go in and we will have displays. For now there are just a few things on the walls that will come down to complete the work yet to be done.

Speaking of Edgerton festivals, on **Sept. 27 & 28, Applefest**, the cabin will be open, 9am–4pm. We will show a video of the Sesquicentennial Ball to be held at the Edgerton Community Center on **Oct. 18, at 6pm**. Among the walking historians there will be “Pauline Jacobus”. For tickets contact an ACE member.

The cabin will also be open **Nov. 15 & 16** for the book signing of “Pauline Pottery, a pictorial supplement to ‘Edgerton’s History in Clay’”. Elizabeth Diedrick shares a few words about this new book “Pauline Pottery”: Collectors of art pottery, especially those interested in Wisconsin art pottery, will want (and need) a copy of **“Pauline Pottery, a pictorial supplement to ‘Edgerton’s History In Clay’”**. This new book includes information on other Edgerton potteries—American Art Clay Works, Edgerton Pottery Company, Edgerton Art Clay Works and Norse Pottery. The book was produced to continue the extensive history researched and written by retired Rock County Historical Society Archivist Maurice J. Montgomery.

Author and collector Ori-anne Pagel has sought out collectors both private and public, gathering descriptions that include dimensions, colors, mold numbers, artists’ signatures, etc. To these descriptions she has added glorious color photographs. If you study this book carefully you should never again have trouble identifying the pottery of Edgerton. The book will be available the first week of October, 2003.

Ori-anne will make the book available at WPA’s next meeting, or you can request a copy by mail by sending \$35.00 + \$3.00 shipping and handling to:

Arts Council of Edgerton  
104 W. Fulton St.  
Edgerton, WI 53534

Make checks payable to the Arts Council of Edgerton.

--K. Kenefick, Ed.

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## FEATURING WPA MEMBER NICOL KNAPPEN

*Nicol Knappen is a charter member of the Wisconsin Pottery Association and our current vice president. Here’s Nicol in his own words on how he started collecting pottery.*

### How I Became Afflicted

#### Nicol Knappen

In 1980 I moved across the Hudson from a Manhattan loft to a Jersey City duplex. I had the top two floors of a Van Vorst Park brownstone, crammed with furniture and so-called *objet d’art*.

By the mid-1980s, living in urbanopolis had begun to pale for me. Despite ready

access to museums, galleries, and the theatre, I didn’t go that often anymore. Sure, I saw the Monet exhibit—it was “required reading” for any self-respecting city dweller. But I also complained bitterly about the crowds jostling for better views. After you live in New York a while, you begin to add a veneer of cynicism to every experience, no matter how enjoyable.

Longing to live someplace where I could sleep undisturbed by neighbors’ salsa music, I began planning to move back to the Midwest. To do that, though, I realized that I would need to jettison as much stuff as possible to make the move practical. With that end in mind, I asked my good friend Jim Miller to join me setting up a booth at New York’s 26th street flea market. Jim’s Brooklyn house was also packed to the rafters.

We assessed what we had to sell; Jim felt we might not sell enough to pay for the booth. He suggested we go to one of the auctions near his country house in Pennsylvania to buy a few things to supplement our own.

\* \* \*

It was raining at the auction. I opened an umbrella, much to Jim’s embarrassment. Umbrellas are an urban thing, I was told. I looked around—sure enough, no umbrellas. Slightly away from the main action, Amish women sold slices of Shoo-fly pie. I couldn’t resist the quaint name and tried a piece. Flour and sugar and not much else. Another urbanite mistake.

We bought well—enough to fill the back of a borrowed pick-up truck. It was an odd assortment of stuff—things we thought

New Yorkers might buy. And prices were good. We got a set of six chrome and leatherette lunch counter stools—the kind you can swivel around on—for twenty-five cents each.

\* \* \*

At that time the Sunday flea market occupied just two parking lots on Sixth Avenue between 26th and 24th streets. On our first Sunday, we didn't sell much of our old stuff, but the things we'd brought from Pennsylvania did spectacularly well. Though the lunch counter stools lingered till late afternoon, a guy finally came through and bought them for his SoHo loft. And he paid us \$200.

It was at that moment that Jim and I questioned our career choices. "I don't like *my* job," said Jim. I was tired of mine too. So for the next few years we alternated our Sundays between buying in the country and selling in New York. We could make a couple thousand bucks on a weekend—not enough to quit our day jobs, but still a nice chunk of change.

\* \* \*

Working the market was grueling. The hours were nine to five, but you had to arrive before six in order to get a good spot. That meant I had to leave New Jersey by three o'clock in the morning to get to Brooklyn by three-thirty or so. I had to help load the truck, which we couldn't do the day before. Are you kidding? By daybreak there'd be nothing left. We'd finish packing by five, and then head for Manhattan.

By the time we got our space and began unloading, the sharks would circle us with their flashlights. "Got any World's Fair? Got any games? Got any cuff links?" Etcetera. We unloaded quickly, dreading the search for a parking space on a New York City street.

As we set up the booth all types of people would come by. The nearby dance clubs let out in the early morning, so we had punks, drag queens, and leather boys aplenty. This was the time to sell unusual clothing. Feather boas went fast.

Dealers were not allowed to pack up before five, so it was a long day, often with continuous crowds. If you hadn't brought food or drink, you'd have to go across the street to the deli; likewise for a john—there were no Porta-Potties. And if it was raining, you stayed. The gate to the chain-link fence around the parking lot remained closed until five o'clock—no exceptions.

At five the lot became a madhouse. A hundred dealers all trying to get their vehicles on the lot, pack up, and get out. It was a logistical nightmare that could last three hours. Then you faced the traffic. There was always a mini-rush hour, with cars creeping back to Brooklyn, Queens, and New Jersey after a Sunday in "the city." By the time we got back and unloaded the truck it would be about eight in the evening. We'd have dinner and count our money; by eleven I'd be driving back to Jersey, my body vibrating with fatigue.

\* \* \*

During our first year we learned many valuable lessons. For example, if you buy a big, heavy, jelly cupboard and it doesn't sell, you have to load it up and bring it home. And then you'll have to bring it back again until you sell it.

We began to lean toward "smalls." And smalls often included vases and jugs. When we found that they sold well, we began to specialize in them.

As an Arts & Crafts collector, Jim knew pottery well. I knew nothing, but I learned what sold. Matt green or blue went fast. One of the guys in the B52s would come through and buy up all the blue Niloak. The other guy in the band would buy all

our *Coppertone*.

We would scour the malls and markets in Pennsylvania looking for pottery. At that time unmarked pots like Burley & Winter and Zanesville Stoneware were scorned by the Art Pottery crowd and could be had for as little as \$5. We liked to take these back to Manhattan and mark them \$60. Then we'd sell them for \$45 so the buyers could tell their friends what a great deal they got.

To counterbalance our tables full of pottery, we always had one or two big showy items to attract attention. One Sunday we displayed a stage prop electric chair we'd found. When Bernard Goetz (the "Subway Gunman" on trial for attempted murder) came through the market, I picked up a camera and motioned for him to come over and have his picture taken in the electric chair. He laughed, but high-tailed it in the other direction.

The occasional celebrity was mixed in with our more typical customers: the Manhattan yuppie couple, dressed in black, looking bored to tears. Our display of pottery could be a revelation for them. One pot amongst a lot of other stuff gets lost, but a table full opens the eyes—and we were the only ones at the market with that much pottery.

Our couple could imagine how effective a smaller collection might look in their apartment. They'd buy one pot. Two weeks later they'd come back and buy another one to go with it. The next time they'd buy three at once. Then you knew they were hooked. In a matter of weeks they'd be coming up and asking for a fix: "Got any more Mountainside? No? Will you call us if you get any?" I felt like a drug dealer.

I got good at pushing pottery. I discovered that if I could tell a story about a pot—give it a pedigree, so to speak—the pot was easier to sell. I realized that the yuppie couple wanted to be able to justify the pot to their friends, wanted to make it sound

important. "This vase was made in Sapulpa, Oklahoma. Imagine!"

I began to read everything about pottery that was in print. Paul Evans' and Lois Lehner's books became my bibles: Thus saith the Lehner: that this pot came out of Camden in the year 1932, and it was good.

Like any self-respecting drug dealer, I didn't buy the stuff myself. I could appreciate a pot, I could evaluate and critique it, but I wasn't hooked. It wasn't good business. I could see Jim succumbing all the time—using his flea market money to buy Grueby! It was a dangerous road, I knew.

That all changed for me in a flash.

\* \* \*

Before the market opened, one of us shopped while the other set up. One morning Jim came back with a strange little two-handled vase. The body was mottled cream and tan; the handles were bright orange. I turned it over and read the mark. "Ekeby."

It was like being struck by lightning. I knew the word well. It occurred in my very favorite novel, *The Story of Gostä Berling*, which I had come across while a student. *Gostä Berling* is a great, sweeping, lyrical novel, set in rural 18th-century Sweden. It has everything, including wolves chasing a sleigh.

The novel is unfamiliar to most Americans,

only having been made into a Swedish silent film with a very young Greta Garbo. Ironic for me, because I once sold a pair of gloves to Garbo at the market. I didn't know it at the time—somebody had to tell me. I never would have guessed that shrunken little old lady was Garbo.

In *Gostä Berling*, the title character is a priest who'd been defrocked for drunkenness and debauchery. Having lost his parish, Berling goes to live in Ekeby Manor, a home for "the bachelors," maintained as a charity by a wealthy landowner. This was where all the county misfits ended up. What a perfect name for my big country house, I had thought—if I ever own one.

So here I was, looking at a pot marked with a word I'd filed away in my brain twenty-five years previously. I was stunned. I turned the pot back over and looked at it closely. Suddenly the vase became the most beautiful object I'd ever seen. And its texture! It was thrilling!

I looked over at our booth. A shaft of sunlight streamed through two tall buildings to illuminate our pottery. I walked over. Everything was exquisite! I began picking up the vases, ecstatically turning each one in my hand as I admired the form and felt the glaze. I heard myself saying, "We can't sell this—it's too nice. Or this one either. Or this one."

\* \* \*

I had the disease. *Chinamania*. It's an

English word, coined in the late 19th century out of the necessity to describe this thing that happens to us.

As soon as I became afflicted I became suspicious of anybody who collected a particular kind of pottery—what did they know that I didn't? Thereafter we never had any matt blue Niloak to sell. It was all at my place.

This kind of thing happened over and over. I'd become crazy for a kind of pottery and use my flea market money to buy every piece I saw. Then I'd get on to something else and buy all of that, forgetting the previous obsession. It was an odd cycle. Once I got something, I'd get bored and begin to look around. It reminded me a little bit of marriage. . . .

Predictably, when I finally did move in 1990, I had much more stuff than when I started. It was going to cost a fortune to move it all. I looked around the apartment and decided to sell a dozen pieces of *Sunflower*. I had been in love with them, but it was over.

## TRIP REPORT: A VISIT TO THE IOWA ART POTTERY ASSOCIATION

Jim Tyne

*Although it's waited too long to get into the WPA Press, Jim and Ellen Tyne's visit in January to the IAPA provides a great introduction to other WPA members, of this fine Iowa Art Pottery collectors group.*

On Sunday morning, January 12, Ellen and I met Christine and Jamie Boone at a local truck stop, hopped in their van and headed west on I-88. Our destination was a meeting of the Iowa Art Pottery Association (IAPA) in Wilton, Iowa.

This was our second visit to an Iowa club meeting. Ellen and I first attended in March of 2002, curious to see how other pottery clubs functioned and intrigued by the presentation on Louis H. Sullivan. Both the presentation and meeting were fun. We would be attending regularly, if only we had more Sundays free.

We arrived early enough to take a quick tour of the home of Mark and Marie Latta. There we encountered Dave and Betty Knutzen and Rose Lindner, all of whom I had seen the previous morning at a show in Illinois. The Latta collection is outstanding, including a "few" Weller Hudsons. It would have been nice to linger and enjoy their fabulous pots, but it was time to head

downtown to the meeting.

Mark and Marie, along with Bob and Lynn Herington and thirteen other pottery collectors, are charter members and founders of the IAPA. The club was formed in August of 1999, and now has nearly 90 members. They meet on the second Sunday of every other month. Memberships are \$10 per year, \$15 for two persons, and include four issues of their newsletter.

Meetings begin at 1 pm in the Wilton Community Center. It was a good turnout, with approximately 25 members in attendance. People mingled, set out food, and plugged in crock-pots, since each meeting concludes with a potluck. The swap table was the center of much activity. Members put out pieces for sale, with the restriction that 5% of any sale is donated to the club treasury. I spied certain WPA folks taking home a vase or two.

The business meeting was first on the agenda. There was discussion on fund raising activities, including the selling of IAPA shirts and IAPA commemoratives. Each year a different pottery is chosen to produce a club commemorative. The first batch of mini vases for 2003, made by Van Briggie was found to be unsatisfactory. The IAPA did agree to host a pottery identification table at the APEC Pottery Show in October.

Next was a presentation on McCarty Pottery of Merigold, Mississippi. This studio pottery has been in business since 1954, selling its homespun pottery items in a rustic backwoods setting. Speaker Carolyn Gablemann showed several pieces. Show & tell and mystery pots were then passed around, leading to much discussion. At last the potluck began. Food and desserts were top notch. From that point things began to wind down, we said thanks and farewell and hit the road.

It was a good day, meeting new people, talking about pottery and pottery collecting, and handling some great items. Filling up on great food was fun too. If you ever get the chance, drop in on an IAPA meeting, you will be made to feel welcome, and you will certainly appreciate their enthusiasm.

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*Thanks so much to Jim for sharing this story of travel to another pottery collectors group to attend one of their monthly meetings.*

*When you have a story, short or long, about your travels to see an exhibit, a collectors group or some museum pottery perhaps, please send it to the WPA Press, at the address on the first and last pages of this newsletter!*

*- K. Kenefick, Ed.*

## HAVILAND POTTERY

*At the September 2003 WPA meeting, we enjoyed a presentation on Haviland China and Pottery by Arthur and Eileen Wendt, along with Arthur and Audrey Stees.*

The name Haviland is well-known as a fine porcelain dinnerware. Haviland has made china services for four American presidents.

David Haviland was an American that fell in love with the beauty of fine French china and eventually moved his family to Limoges, France to open his own porcelain factory, contracting with French craftsmen to make china according to his own American tastes, china that sold better to his American countrymen, than did the French patterns and designs.

In 1872 Haviland was doing good business in France, making porcelain dinnerware, but learned that German dinnerware manufacturers were shipping far more ware to the U.S. than Haviland was. To improve business, Haviland hired Felix Bracquemond, a well-known ceramist with an interest in Asian styles of decoration. Bracquemond's wife Marie also worked for Haviland, decorating pottery. Bracquemond became artistic director of Haviland's new design workshop in Paris, the Auteil Studio.

In 1875, another ceramist, Ernest Chaplet

was hired. He developed well-respected and unique stoneware pieces for Haviland. These pieces were molded. Early glazes containing mineral oxides were developed at this time and used, often with unpredictable results. Thus Haviland pottery was begun.

Haviland won many awards at the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. Marie Longworth Nichols was impressed with the Haviland pottery she saw at the Exhibition and worked to refine the glazes she observed, eventually using them as she started her own pottery (perhaps you've heard of it), Rookwood.

In 1886, Haviland sold the business to Chaplet; times were hard in Europe and business was slow. Ernest Chaplet died in 1909 at the age of 57.

Haviland was marketed extensively in the U.S. There is more Haviland pottery in the U.S. than most other countries, including France.

The noted French painter Paul Gauguin did some decorating for Haviland; in fact he met his wife Meta while she worked for Haviland.

Art and Eileen Wendt are from Stoughton, WI and have collected Haviland china and pottery for 50 years. They have researched and published two Haviland Blank Identification books for the Haviland



Collectors International Foundation, the Ranson Blank and the Marseille Blank. Eileen served on the board of Directors of the Foundation and was Treasurer for two years.

Arthur and Audrey Stees are from Freeport, IL and own an extensive collection of Haviland and Haviland pottery. Arthur has compiled the book, "Haviland & Co. Pottery" for the Haviland Collectors International Collectors International Foundation. He served on the Board of Directors and was President of the Foundation for two years. Arthur is also the webmaster of [HavilandCollectors.com](http://HavilandCollectors.com) website and distributes Haviland publications for the Foundation.

[www.havilandcollectors.com](http://www.havilandcollectors.com)



## IN PURSUIT OF POTS

Betty and Dave Knutzen

Our summer, as is the rest of the year, has been following the trail of the pots. We started our summer with a trip thru the West to visit relatives in Grand Junction, CO., Beverly Hills, CA and Portland, OR. As you can imagine, there are quite a few antique malls along this loop. Altho many of the malls are quite picked over and lacked good pottery, we did manage to find enough stuff to fill our little car and pay for our trip.

In Orange, CA. we found a very nice UND vase that we just couldn't leave behind. Orange is a great place to shop with antique shops all around the town square.

We had nice visits with family members and managed to also see the beauty of Yosemite, Glacier and Theodore Roosevelt National Parks.

On the way back thru North Dakota we did the North Dakota Pottery Assn. show in Minot where we saw old friends and picked up another UND vase. July brought both the Pottery Lover's Reunion in Zanesville, OH. and the Red Wing convention in Red Wing. The trip to Zanesville is always fun and allows us to see pottery people from all over including a number of WPA members who go there to sell and enjoy looking at all the wonderful pottery. We were lucky and found a rare Haeger nude lady flower frog and some other things for resale.

We came back from Zanesville, picked up

our Red Wing pottery and Rose and took off for Red Wing. As usual, the crowds there were large and enthusiastic. Betty and Rose celebrated their good shows by buying themselves each a signed Weller Hudson. Isn't that what it is all about. Sell so you can buy more.

In between there were numerous flea markets from Oronoco to Grays Lake to St. Paul to Sandwich. This often means arising at 3 in order to be there in time for early buying. At Sandwich it means sleeping in the car so there is more time to buy. We love these summers and the pursuit of the pots.

*The WPA Press is the quarterly newsletter of the Wisconsin Pottery Association. It prints approximately January, April, July and October of each year. Your contributions are welcomed. Tell us about a museum or antique shop you visited, trips you've taken, or a good pottery book you've read. Send your contributions to:*

**WPA Press**  
**P.O. Box 8213**  
**Madison, WI 53708-8213**

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