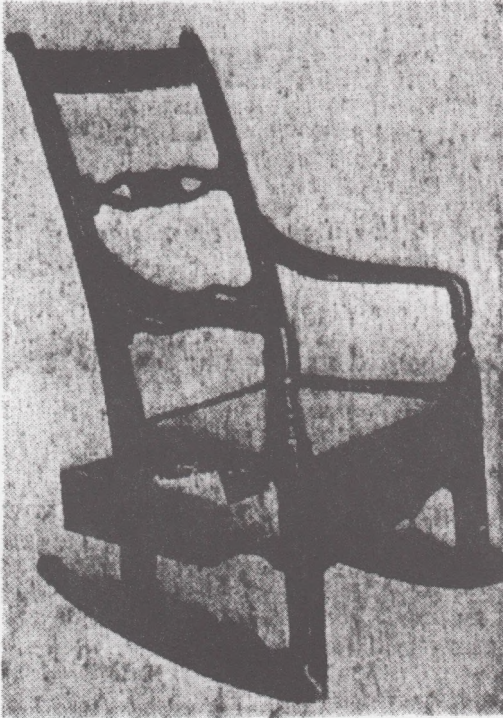


IN GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN.

(By "INGLE-NOOK.")

THERE are still a good many old Yorkshire women who knit with amazing speed, and who are so familiar with the feel of the



needles and the throw of the wool, that they can gossip, and listen, and read at the same time. And they can knit in the dark.

1930s newspaper cutting recently discovered by Ian Macdonald

Here is a portrait of a Bradford member of that vanishing race of rapid knitters, and a picture of an old Yorkshire knitting chair of which she was the second known owner. It is more than 50 years since the needles clicked in her nimble fingers.

The drawer under the seat held the wool and needles, and was kept half open, holding the ball of wool, when the occupant of the chair was knitting. The chair is of oak, with old-fashioned rockers bolted to the legs.



It belongs now to Mrs. W. J. Shepherd, of 2, Agar Terrace, Gillington, Bradford. But Mrs. Shepherd readily admits that her skill with the

needles is not a patch on that of her mother, the late Mrs. Tom Carter, who knitted hundreds of pairs of stockings in the chair. She knitted her own stockings—as well as those of her family—up to the year of her death at the age of 76, two years ago.

Mrs. Carter could knit at great speed, but no doubt even she would have yielded to the superior pace of her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, whose

portrait is seen here, and who gave her daughter the chair as a wedding present.

But in her day knitting was an essential of good housewifery. Japan was not producing socks at a few pence a pair, nor were colossal factories turning out filmy silk envelopes, the most desirable characteristic of which seems to be that they should look not like stockings so much as cohesible nothingness.

The chair has been in the family for well over a century, and it had been a wedding present from her mother to Mrs. Reed herself, who died in 1880.