



One of the streets of the village of variety — Broughton.

A tie factory in a village? I thought I was hearing things, but several people told me to go along and see the tie factory at Broughton. I found it atop of a grocery store and in the yard opposite was a locked shed bearing the title in faded letters "Licenced slaughter house."

The factory itself is a bakery flour store and on ground level brick oven holes.

Mr. George Butler is the owner of the factory and tie company "G. C. Attree." He has had associations with the village since 1939 and came with his business from London six years ago.

Materials arrive at the Broughton factory, are sorted and selected, sent to makers in various parts of the country and some are even distributed for sewing in the village itself.

When the finished articles are returned Mr. Butler sees that they are distributed to retailers. Some of the ties are silk-screen printed with motifs for clubs.

Shantung, raw silk, Terylene and woven silks, as well as all-silk gum twill are some of the many bales of material Mr. Butler had in stock for his ties, on benches carefully placed over the old bakehouse trap-door.

I'd seen the rise of the Test in Hurstbourne Priors. At Broughton I saw it about midway, and I learned from my photographer companion, Charles Green, that it was one, if not the most, expensive river to fish in England.

Mr. Boyd Sutherland took over the shop only at the beginning of the year.

Originally from New Zealand (surprising just how many other Antipodean folk I seem to meet in Hampshire villages), Mr. Sutherland used to trade with this same shop while having his business in London. He liked the village so much that he decided to buy the shop when it came up for sale, and a quick survey of his garden, backing the shop, left me in no doubts as to his wisdom.

A Herculean-like figure in a gazebo, and marble vases, made it look every bit the antique collector's garden.

DOVE-COTE

Just a stone's throw from the back of Mr. Sutherland's is a red-brick conical shape construction I took to be a kiln of some sort or another. Later I found it was a columbarium (dove-cote) in the possession of the village rector for many centuries.

That a dove-cote should belong to the church was apparently a great rarity. These birds, apparently, were kept commonly for food (on granting a special Royal licence), and it was unusual to grant a rector such a privilege.

I think Broughton is bursting with talent. Living there, evidently, are a remarkable number of people skilled in widely diverse ways.

On the negative side one such person I didn't meet was Miss Honoria D. Marsh,

I revisited "Beehive Cottage" which I'd passed earlier in my journey to meet Mr. R. Blake, one of the talented brothers who live in the village. He is a builder.

His brother, Mr. P. Blake, was on the site as well. He invited me over to his workyard, which, I hope, he doesn't mind my saying, is the closest I've seen to Steptoe's yard.

This Mr. Blake can really make the boast of being "a Jack of all trades."

He has cut and made the lions for Longleat Park gates, made a saddle so a tiger could ride on the back of an elephant, an egg conveyor belt, a water

wheel, a metal moon fit for a trapeze artist, charcoal kilns for Scotland and Africa and animal cages.

Mr. Blake, who classes himself as a metal craftsman, had a tradition of blacksmithing to live up to—great-grandfather, grandfather and uncle were all blacksmiths.

A week before his 12th birthday Mr. Blake made his first horse shoes, and shod a horse the next week-end.

One of the tasks during a present convalescence is teaching another workman the art of "leading" windows, a skill which has nearly died out, he said.



Broughton craftsman Mr. P. Blake reminisces with a workman about one of the many jobs they did in the village workshop — the Longleat Park lions that decorate the gates there.

Therefore I was not surprised at signs "private property," posted around the village.

I was surprised, though, to see an antique shop boldly facing the Greyhound public house.

glass engraver. She engraved the Churchill, Marie Antoinette and Lifeboat Goglets.

A display of other work was exhibited at the London Archer Gallery in Grafton Street.

HEAVY CRITICISM OVERTON TOWNSHIP

THE recently published Overton Draft Township Plan came in for heavy criticism from Overton parish councillors on Wednesday.

Leading the attack, Mr. S. Rogers said: "I was disappointed. Indeed I was disgusted. The plan was just a few lines drawn on a map probably 40 years old."

"The whole thing was done with complete disregard to the representatives of the local and district authorities. The village plan is a negative result of six years of waiting."

The fact that the idea of a by-pass had been dropped worried Mr. S. Kersley. He said: "With this heavy traffic which is increasing, I would have thought we would at least be considered for a by-pass."

"This was my principal disappointment. I do think that something could have been done — if it was only putting notices up in Basingstoke saying no heavy traffic down to Overton."

REGRET

Mrs. J. Watts thought that the people at the meeting gave a big sigh of relief when they were told of the plan — but they might regret it later.

"Everyone was sitting there waiting for overspill and they were relieved. I got the feeling we are waiting in abeyance, and in another ten years' time



Back garden of the Broughton antique shop owned by Mr. Sutherland.

I rather got lost in the shop's maze of antiques. Some of the pieces that took my eye were a wooden Spanish grape press that looked to me like a baby's cradle, a wooden knitting sheath for securing needles under the knitter's arm, a 19th century brass lantern, and what the owner believes to be the oldest cricket table in the country.

Farmer's wife, Mrs. Margot Dent, was another Broughton artist I didn't meet. She had lived some time in Africa and was thus well-versed in what lions looked like, so enabling her to design correctly the life-sized steel lions for Longleat Park gates.



The village tie factory owner Mr. George Butler is assisted by his daughter in the packing and distribution of materials and ready-made ties.