

THE



TUBBS

Christmas 2023



Beckenham

Rosley Tubbs

Irene E Tubbs. Rowley Studios

Without a doubt my favourite portrait of Grannie is the one made by the studio of Bassano at the time of her engagement but this one by Rowley Studios of Beckenham shows her in later life by which time she may well have suffering from leukaemia. It appears to have been taken at home, rather than in a studio. She died on 9th December 1952, during the great Smog that killed at least 4,000 Londoners. The Studios are proving hard to trace, Their address was 71a High Street, Beckenham. The present building dates from or was heavily refurbished in 1989, and bears an interesting date plaque in the style of pargetting, or plasterwork.

An attempt to identify photographers from local directories has so far failed to identify any in Beckenham, and not many in Bromley and darker Kent. Were they camera shy, did they go to London?

Cecil B Tubbs - Baron Scotford

Oh how those Republicans across the water loved to give their sons aristocratic names. Baron Scotford was active in the first half of the 20th century and came to Europe from America in 1912 and toured Europe making the silhouettes for which he is known. He was so prolific that they are not valuable, though a famous name can add a nought or so. Their modest price makes them collectible though, and there seems to be a ready supply of them on the market.

One can imagine that he got to hotels and restaurants and cajoled the customers into having their likeness done, to the mutual benefit of Scotford and his temporary landlord. Photographers would purchases similar franchises.

The paper from which it is cut is so thin that it could be mistaken for ink.

Ursula Moxhay Tubbs, Warshawsky

A lot more is known about Warshawsky than Rowley. He was recorded in 1891 as a 15 year old apprentice photographer in St Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex and it is believed that he later took over the very same studio at 20 Grand Parade, which is now



an Indian restaurant. He was a volunteer in what became the Territorial Army as early as 1903 and for most purposes changed his name to the more English-sounding Stanham. In August 1914 Captain Stanham went immediately to France and served with distinction in the Royal Horse Artillery; he ended the war in command of a brigade, in the rank of Colonel. He married well and it appears that his studio was manned by professional



employees from before the war. He died in 1935 by which time Lirlie was 12. The studio was taken over by WG Hearn, formerly an employee, so it is likely that Lirlie's picture was taken by Hearn. In the heyday of studios a really busy photographer might have First Class and Second Class Studios. They would employ darkroom staff, framers, refinishers and possibly studio assistants. By the time of this picture it is likely that the staff would have diminished in the face of competition from home photography, though few home portraits would be as fine as this one.

Marjorie Garon

Despite the Tubbs connection with golfing activities I can not link Marjorie Garon to any particular member of the family, or link her (ho ho) to any particular club associated with the family. As a star golfer she may well have come into the circle of Stanley Tubbs, or his nephew Burnell, son of Walter.

She was Marjorie Garon, and a very successful amateur golfer in her day she was on the national team.

She was a member of Thorpe Hall Golf Club in Essex which still exists and from whose website I was able to pick up the connection by just about being able to read the larger cups. This is a



professional quality photograph printed directly onto a post card from the negative as was the custom of the day. The quality of the image gave clues to her identity.

The card is signed Marjorie on the reverse, without any dedication or comment. I don't know if that indicates familiarity or just brevity.

As her maiden name was Parkinson I assume that she obeyed the law that trophies are won to cover the available table.

Les Girls

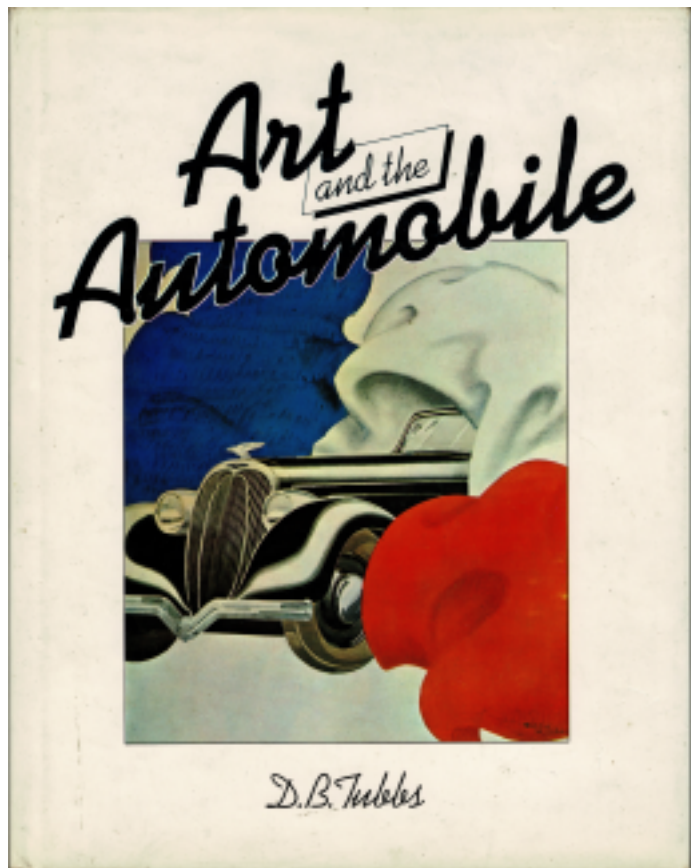
No apology, no provenance but probably all Suttons.



The Tubbs Review of Books

Art and the Automobile

DB Tubbs



Unhappy is the author who receives a commission that is unsatisfactory.

There can have been few Englishmen ever better qualified to write about Art in the world of Motoring than D B Tubbs.

However Bunny was not the first man on the scene. Art et l'Automobile had been written by Herve Poulain and published in 1973 by aux éditions Les Clefs du Temps, the key publications of our times. I have found a copy in "Near Fine" condition at £72.76 which remains unsold at the time of writing,

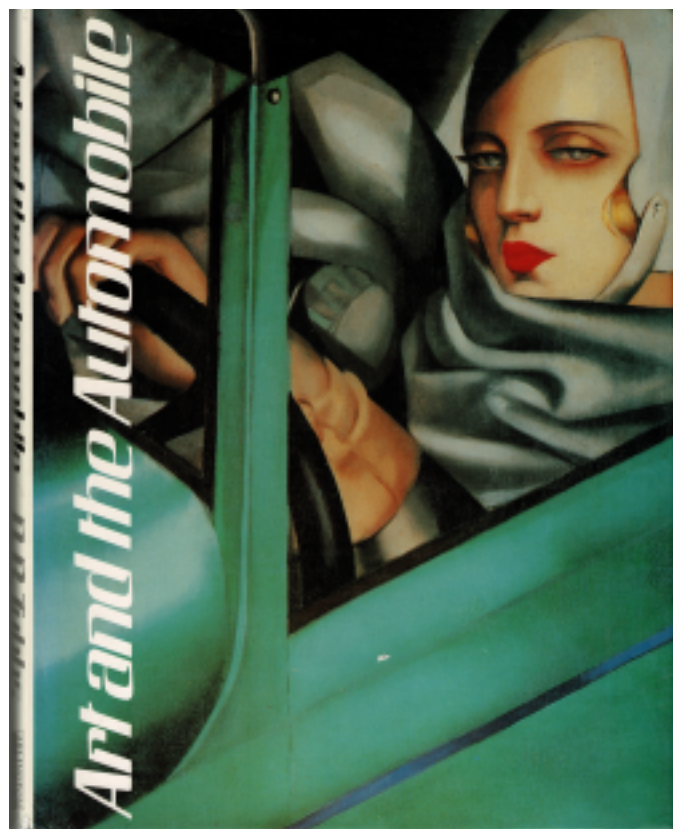
There is a recent biography of Poulain
L'art automobile - Hervé Poulain, itinéraire d'un homme accéléré

By Lesueur and Thevenet. 2019

The journey of a man in the fast lane

The blurb reads

L'Automobile élevée au rang de beaux-arts, c'est la conviction portée depuis des décennies par Hervé Poulain, commissaire-priseur de renom, pilote de course et initiateur des mythiques Art Cars BMW devenues ces tableaux mouvants peints, entre



autres, par Alexander Calder, Frank Stella, Roy Lichtenstein, Andy Warhol. Ses ventes aux enchères automobiles sont devenues les plus célèbres, les plus attendues. Elles constituent avec la présence de marques aussi variées que Ferrari, Maserati, Alfa Romeo, Bugatti, Delage Delahaye, Hispano-Suiza, Talbot-Lago, Citroën, Renault, Peugeot, Facel-Vega, Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Porsche, Aston Martin, Jaguar, Cadillac, ou encore Duesenberg une sorte de collection idéale. Certes des machines d'extraction et de prestige diverse, mais trouvant toujours une attention particulière auprès de la population la plus curieuse en la matière, celle des amateurs éclairés.

to offer a loose translation.

The motor car elevated to the rank of fine art. The conviction borne by Herve Poulain through decades, renowned auctioneer, racing driver and instigator of the legendary BMW Art Cars created

by Alexander Calder, Frank Stella, Roy Lichtenstein and Andy Warhol amongst others. These sales became the best known and best attended. They included the sale of various marques including Ferrari, Maserati, Alfa Romeo etc. Certain to contain prestigious machines with pedigree, always attracting the attention of the most inquisitive and informed lovers of motoring.

That one is €125, which would have blown the annual budget for this modest publication, attractive though it all looks.

It was reported to me that Bunny wished to do a translation of the master's account, but was obliged to produce an original work, but on a smaller and less lavish scale. He acknowledged that Poulain's would remain the standard work, and I believe it has, though much automobile art has been produced since then.

The resulting work, *Art and the Automobile*, a direct translation of Poulain's original title, is quite a slim volume given the scale of the subject.

The motor car emerged at around the same time as celluloid film, portable cameras with instant shutters and cinematography as well, meaning that the industry and racing were documented on film from the beginning. Furthermore the art and technology of the lithographic poster were also coming to the fore, along with an explosion of commercial advertising and mass media publications. No wonder the Futurist movement got so excited about it all.

Posters by the earliest masters of automobile advertising such as Jules Cheret command good prices and originals see very high demand. While the Michelin Man, aka Bibendum (To be drunk – or more colloquially Let's Drink) is an enduring cliché, the Michelin showroom in The Fulham Road is a masterpiece of Art Nouveau, complete with tiled panels featuring motoring stars in their cars from around 1901. Conrat took bibendum at its word and turned it into an eatery for the affluent. DBT illustrates the tiles, and there are examples for less extravagant diners to admire in the art gallery at Stoke on Trent, the City where they were made.

An early problem for illustrators was to bring out speed in a static image. The camera had already exposed the errors made by earlier artists with

galloping horses. The camera helped here as there is a phenomenon called lean, the distortion on film of a moving image caused by the delay in the moment of capture as the shutter passes across the plate. Exactly the same problem can still arise in digital photography but is rarely exploited to advantage. Graphic illustrators emulated the camera and then drew exaggerated lines to emphasise the sense of speed by a convention which is quite unrepresentative of how the human eye actually does take in speed. There comes a point when travelling at great speed that the horizon seems to approach the vehicle rather than vice versa. Don't ask how I know. Above a certain speed in a train it is not possible to read the station signs or count the telegraph poles, mostly because they aren't there any more. This is akin to the photographer's technique of panning the camera to follow the moving object and the background becomes blurred. It is considered improper to freeze the motion of an aircraft propeller or the wheels of a car by using very short exposure times. Do not confuse AI with the Great North Road, which can achieve similar effects.

DB Tubbs and his father-in-law Anthony Bird were considered the foremost experts on the Rolls-Royce motor car and its history. Nevertheless DBT's account of the Rolls-Royce mascot is very brief and Bird scarcely mentions it in his standard work. The *Spirit of Ecstasy* went through several iterations and there is a large early example in the lobby at Beaulieu. Like many another topic it is worthy of study in its own right and a brief canter through the entire history of motoring art in the 20th century is not going to meet everyone's requirements.

Pirelli Calendars, objects of desire if not lust, have been published intermittently since 1964, though it was not long before pictures of tyres were dropped in favour of what really sells, nudge, nudge. Shell Posters and the series of Shell county guides edited by John Betjeman are just examples of motoring inspiring fine art that transcended the commercial motive.

Sadly my copy was bought in a discount bookstore for £2. At the time of writing copies are advertised at between £4 and about £15. The American edition has a different dust jacket and colour of binding, and the author is given in some adverts as DB Tubbs, Michelin man reborn as the tubeless Tubbs. The largest brood was known as the Quin Tubbs



and the earliest was Tubles Cain. The best known were the Telly Tubles.

My intelligent friend created this BMW as it approached the speed of light.

The Heart of Darkness

These days it behoves us all to examine our ancestry with a critical eye. Whether that is Our Island Story as Churchill always put it, or our family history, we will almost certainly look at it in a different light to that of our ancestors. The evils and benefits of colonization and Empire are more closely examined than ever before from a moral standpoint which shares many of our principles with those of the past but exercises them in a different way. The right of an Englishman to be free of bondage was extended to slaves who landed on these shores, without any need to change the law. But to see the abolition of slavery in the Empire was the work of several generations of abolitionists. To see that abolition extended worldwide then became the mission of compassionate and liberal minded citizens here from that day hence, assisted by the Royal Navy and various Liberal Governments.

Here we must turn to The Heart of Darkness. This was the title of the short novel by master mariner and novelist Joseph Conrad. Though naturalised as an Englishman he came from one of the most brutally oppressed nations in Europe, Poland. The theme of the novel is now best known by its

The car itself has often become a work of art in its own right, whether pompous, refined elegance or sheer voluptuous good looks. Artists have admired, decorated, mocked, emulated and even destroyed motor cars in the name of art.

It's more Zen than Zenith.

The real thing is the first of the Art Cars to be decorated by a woman, in this case Esther Mahlangu in 1991. It was on show at Goodwood Revival this year, though this is an image from the BMW website.



translation to the context of the Vietnam War in *Apocalypse Now*, but its beginnings were in The Congo. European Nations had been colonizing Africa since ancient times. The later history of Ancient Egyptian monarchy is essentially Greek. The Romans regarded the Mediterranean as their lake and exploited North Africa, more fertile then than now, for its grain. The great European expansion into the rest of the world began with the Portuguese and Spanish and gradually the whole of Africa was colonized by French, Italian, Dutch, Portuguese, German and British conquistadors. By the time Belgium made its claim to the Congo there was a widespread Western aversion to slavery. The Congo was established as a Free State. No nation before the Soviet Era was established on such a massive scheme of hypocrisy, deception, cruelty and greed. The one man who benefited most from all this was King Leopold of the Belgians. The first source of international objection was the virtual exclusion of all but Belgians in the exploitation of the Congo.

Accompanying the men of commerce were always the missionaries. Why then did the missionaries not expose the evils of this regime which was administered in Brussels. The answer is that those

who did were suppressed or ignored. The three men who most prominently exposed these crimes were Morel, Conrad and Roger Casement.

Let us turn to a brief account of the history of rubber. All such history is dominated by the use of rubber to make tyres for automobiles. Before that it gradually found many uses. It was quite literally a solution looking for problems. Joseph Priestley the chemist first noticed its usefulness as an eraser of pencil marks. Mr Mackintosh devised rubberised textiles and Mr Goodyear was able to vulcanise rubber to strengthen it sufficiently to use in solid tyres. Pneumatic ones came later. Where did it all come from? The best known rubber tree is *Hevea Brasiliensis* which gives that game away, but that was not the only source. The Dutch imported rubber from their Indonesian colonies and rubber was found in The Congo. At first the native trees were exploited, gradually plantations were laid out. The problem in The Congo is that the harvesting method involved a form of slavery. Villagers were required to pay their tax in rubber and were penalised heavily for failing to meet their quotas. While rawhide whips were the first sanction, even more barbaric was the severing of hands. One of the many roles it found was in the production of elastic fabrics. Tubbs Lewis started in the production of elastic web for boots and went on to make elastic fabrics, underwear for the retention of. We have a nag in this race.

Casement was first employed by the Elder Dempster Company, long established colonial ship owners and traders. This fact was later exploited by King Leopold to accuse Casement of having only a commercial interest in The Congo. He became her Majesty's Consul and his consular work received high praise. The role of the Consul is predominantly to assist traders but in effect was a quasi Ambassador in lands where there was no full diplomatic presence. It became Casement's mission first to understand the Belgian system and then to expose it. His revelations became a cause celebre matched only by a furious counter attack by Leopold using maskarova (deception) techniques that are now exploited to the full by Mr Putin and his monstrous regiment of charlatans, thieves, liars and sadists.

Casement was a troubled hero, and if he is known for anything it is that he was hanged following his

role in the Easter Rising of 1916. Part of the secret evidence against him was taken from his diaries which detailed his homosexual encounters. There will always be the suspicion that but for his personal life his sentence might have been commuted. But that is not the main point of this enquiry. After the publication by The Government of Casement's Report on the Congo Casement threatened to resign from the Colonial Service, despite still being in good standing with them. He turned his mind at first to Irish matters. His background was Irish Protestant. He was brought up in Dublin, Ulster and in England but always regarded himself as Irish first, and the type who is more Irish than Anglo Irish. He began to immerse himself in Irish History and the Gaelic Language, activities far more associated with Catholic nationalists than members of the Ascendancy. An uncanny parallel with the troubled life of Geoffrey Alfred Sutton (Monk) is as close as we can actually get to a direct link with the family history. Monk, you will remember, had Irish contacts at Haileybury which he maintained thereafter. He is known to have interested himself in Irish affairs and served in two Irish regiments, the Royal Irish Fusiliers and The Irish Guards, despite being the wayward son of an Anglican clergyman.

By the early years of the 20th Century, with Liberal Governments in Westminster, the argument against Leopold's monstrous regime was firmly established. Leopold died and the Congo became The Belgian Congo, a colony of the state rather than the property of its monarch.

Before Casement's visits to South America Kew Garden had already been the intermediary in exporting 70,000 rubber seeds from Brazil and after some experiments selected Singapore and Malaya as the most suitable British territory for rubber cultivation. Brazil still resents the loss of its near monopoly. In Malaya as in Brazil diverse native forest was replaced with a rubber monoculture. Kew Gardens still has its Museum of Economic Botany. Did these changes lead to worse conditions for plantations in Brazil?

It is the next stage in Casement's career that really might touch us. Casement's immersion in foreign climates gave him recurrent health problems. The Foreign Office appears to have accepted that its

overseas operators might need extensive leave for medical treatment. After a couple of false starts including a brief Consulship in Para, Brazil, he was posted to Rio de Janeiro. For the first time he was happy with his salary, his working conditions, his staff and the City itself. However it was being reported that the rubber industry in Brazil was being run in a very similar way to that of Leopold's Congo, and it became known as The Devil's Paradise. Much of the rubber was found in the lawless, stateless area disputed by Brazil and Peru. This was exacerbated in British eyes because it was a British company that was responsible.

The company used British citizens from Barbados as its henchmen to enforce the collection of quotas of rubber from unpaid local slaves. If they failed to meet quota they were beaten, sometimes to death. If the Barbadians in turn failed to perform they were also subjected to flogging. The treatment of women was even more barbaric, The Company agreed to investigate this and was obliged to accept Casement to accompany their travels. His own remit was only to report on mistreatment of British subjects, though Casement was not a man to stick to orders, and the whole story was confirmed in all its beastliness.

By this time Casement was increasingly conflicted by his need to rely on Government employment and his growing interest in Irish matters. He was a founding contributor to Sinn Fein and its

newspapers. He was trying to learn Irish and he came increasingly to despise the inheritance of the Protestant Ascendancy which dated mostly from the Cromwellian suppression of Ireland. He was among the first members of that class to see that the loyalty of the Unionist to the Crown was

fundamentally different from the patriotism of a native Englishman.. The same was being said by Shaw in John Bull's other Ireland. It might be argued that this is still true, but I wouldn't dare, would I. There were many for whom loyalty to the Crown did come first, the Alexanders, Goughs, Gorts and Brookes of the Ascendancy for example.



Come the Great War conscription was not compulsory in Ireland, and many Irish soldiers in the British Army were conflicted at the time of the Rising. Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right was a slogan of the Carson unionists. As Yeats' terrible beauty was born Casement became one of its most prominent victims.

The problem for us is that Tubbs Lewis were importing rubber from Brazil from the very earliest days of the business (See The Tubbs 2018) , and used the term Para Rubber to denote the excellence of its products. They had their own agent in Para. The case is entirely circumstantial and it is not possible to say if and when TL became aware of the tainted source of that raw material. Given that most of the rest of their raw material was cotton which was also produced under conditions of slavery and subservience it is hard to be complacent about it all. I am not one to beat my breast to destruction over the manifest wrongs of the past. For me the point of History is to know and learn, and if it offers guides to the avoidance of error then that guidance should be taken. It rarely is.

The fight put up in Brazil to protect its trade and its reputation was exactly parallel to that of the Congo.

It is possible to point to another family activity which is now widely deplored in Brazil. Percy B Tubbs was a noted orchid grower. Kew treated ornamental plants separately from commercial

ones. Orchids were originally imported from Brazil (and elsewhere). In Brazil the collection of orchids on a large scale involved deforestation as the easiest way to get them. The middle classes of Great Britain adopted imported

species from all over the world, and they are still enjoyed today. Kew Gardens, the custodian of the heritage is busily investigating the bleaker side of its past as are revisionist historians everywhere. Do recall the story of Captain Bligh and the bread fruit plants? Perhaps we could call it Mutiny over the bounty.

The Drunken Duchess



Well The Duchess of York later became Queen Elizabeth, and then was entitled The Queen Mother after the death of George VI in 1952. She was known to like a little drinkie, little and often, it is said, but I am not the one to criticise her for that. However the drunkenness referred to here is that of the transatlantic liner named for her title in 1928. The other Duchesses were Atholl, Bedford and Richmond. They were built in Glasgow by John Brown for Canadian Pacific Steamships, a subsidiary of Canadian Pacific Railways. An earlier proposal for her name was Duchess of Cornwall, which is odd because the then Duke of Cornwall later became Edward VIII for slightly longer than Liz Truss became Prime Minister, but was unmarried in 1928. so there was no current Duchess.

They had a reputation for lively rolling in heavy seas, hence the “Drunken” moniker. In 1940 she made two crossings from Greenock to Halifax, Nova Scotia for the Children’s Overseas Reception Board, a Government office whose purpose was to move vulnerable children to safety,

I quote from the Wikipedia article:-

The children were sent mainly to the four Dominion countries, Canada 1,532 (in nine parties), Australia 577 (three parties), New Zealand 202 (two parties), and South Africa 353 (two parties), and 838 to the USA under the United States Committee for the Care of European Children programme. In the first few months over 211,000 children were registered with the scheme. A further 24,000 children had been

approved for sailing in that time and over 1,000 volunteer escorts, including doctors and nurses. USCOM was a US Government Quango, backed heavily by Eleanor Roosevelt and was focused strongly on rescuing refugees from the Nazis.

In addition to this it is estimated that around 14,000 children were evacuated under private schemes, including 6000 to Canada and 5,000 to the United States of America. Martin and Jennifer Tubbs were among those 5,000.

Jennifer told me they departed from Greenock on Duchess of York but soon returned to port because of reports of a submarine in the area. They departed again when that threat was gone and arrived safely. While I can find a record of their return voyage aboard Nieuw Amsterdam arriving at Southampton on 30th August 1945, I have not found the corresponding record for their outward journey. She said the adult volunteers aboard were busy dispelling any doubts and fears the children may have had and they were happy enough. Martin was 15, Jennifer 10.

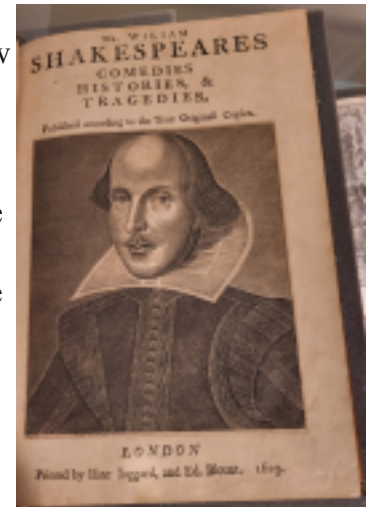
I have found a manifest only for her departure from Halifax on 15th July carrying members of the West Nova Scotia Regiment. Therefore I can’t say if they were on the sailing of 27th July or that of 10th August, but Jennifer asserted they were one of the last departures before such sailings were stopped, which favours the later date. The danger to shipping in the Atlantic was made manifest by the sinking of the City of Benares in September 1940. The fast ship was controversially confined to a slower convey and became a natural target for U-48. 98 of 123 children on board were lost.

The drunken Duchess herself sank following enemy action in 1943. All but 27 aboard survived.

The Common Pursuit

This is the title of a work of criticism by FR Leavis, the doyen of mid 20th Century conservative literary and cultural critics who taught Bunny. He considered certain works to be essential common ground of which The Book of Common Prayer, The Authorised Version of the Bible and the works of Shakespeare are primary. First editions of those works are some of the most prized of all collectible items. They spend most of their time locked up very securely; if seen in public they are behind reinforced glass and under subdued light. 2005 saw the quatercentenary of the Authorised Version. It was a delight to visit Stoneyhurst College, the austere Roman Catholic Public School, to see their important collection of early photographs by Roger Fenton and others. It was a further delight to visit

the exhibition they have mounted to celebrate the quatercentenary of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare. Reader, they have a copy and I was permitted to turn its pages and read from it. Those few minutes were spellbinding, you know nicely spelt. Look, no apostrophes! ... and nicely bound. They also have a copy of the First Quarto, fewer plays but more reliable text.



The Wreck of the Deutschland



The amazing poem by Gerald Manley Hopkins described the wreck of a much earlier ship than the pride of the Kriegsmarine. So twitchy did Hitler get about having Germany sink once again that he had her renamed Lützow, after yet another illustrious Admiral. In fact the ship was one of the few capital ships to survive the war, if only just. She was finally sunk by the Soviets in 1947.

However Deutschland did not lead a charmed life even before hostilities broke out on the wide scale in September 1939.

The involvement of the Luftwaffe in the destruction of Guernica is very well known. Picasso's great painting was only allowed into Spain after the demise of Franco and his fascist regime. The involvement of the Kriegsmarine is less well known.

A few weeks before the Spithead review of 1937 the Deutschland incident occurred.

It happened during the Spanish Civil War. The German heavy cruisers Deutschland and Admiral Scheer were working off Spanish coasts assisting the Franco Nationalists. The Soviets disguised as Spaniards attacked the ships, allegedly mistaking them for a Spanish cruiser. Deutschland was hit and a bomb passed through the deck before exploding, killing 37 Germans.

Deutschland sailed to Gibraltar where the dead were buried, shortly afterwards repatriated to Germany on Hitler orders. Several British medical staff received German Red Cross Medals which they were authorised to wear along with any other medals. One can only imagine that Hitler did not wish Deutschland to be on public view.

1937 was Coronation year and there was a Spithead Review, a traditional ceremony which didn't happen this May because the Royal Navy can't assemble enough rowing boats to make it look as if we have a working fleet.

Dad was still at school in Dorset, and took a picture at the review which he captioned Deutschland. However I can see no evidence that Deutschland was there. The Deutschland class Admiral Scheer was, so it must have been Scheer that Dad photographed.



All about Eves - Ellerncroft



Queen Mary slept here. Even if she didn't she certainly visited and so there is more truth to my claim than the many spurious claims that used to litter cod history with placards that Queen Elizabeth slept here.

Queen Mary's husband, King George V, died in 1936 so by 1940 she was not on duty as much as previously perhaps, but the Royals played a big part in maintaining morale during the war. The late Queen Mother was said to have been quite relieved when bombs hit Buckingham Palace along with the East End and docklands where morale was more under pressure than almost anywhere in the country. Ellerncroft was the very grand Gloucestershire home of Sir Stanley and Lady Evelyn Tubbs. It was with joy that I got an email from Steph Joynson. Her great grandfather had been butler to the Tubbs household at Ellerncroft and was frequently also required to serve at their London home. Alfred Eves had been traumatised by his service in HM submarines during the Great War. His commanding officer was a friend of Stanley Tubbs and recommended Alfred, who left the Royal Navy in 1924 and went to live in the cottage at Ellerncroft with his family. Stanley and Evelyn married in 1921,

a year before Cecil and Irene, and three years after the death of Stanley's first wife Ellen, usually known as Nellie.

However there is more to it than that. That CO was Captain Henry Berwick Crane RN and Henry was the brother of Evelyn Sherbrooke Crane, and she is the Evelyn who married Stanley.

It was previously reported that a famous visitor had been Fred Perry and the England tennis players in 1936, the year that Perry was the last Englishman to win Wimbledon for many decades. It is now----

clear that the visitors' book must also have contained the names of Queen Mary and Winston Churchill as well. Churchill certainly stayed. There is a story, told by Steph, that Alfred nearly got the blame for losing Winston's famous dressing gown but it was found behind the bed.

Given that Stanley was an ally of Stanley Baldwin, the connection with Churchill is an interesting one. Churchill and Baldwin rarely saw eye to eye. Sir

Stanley had briefly been the member for Stroud in 1923 but was beaten by a Liberal at the 1924 election, somewhat against the national trend. Stanley remained a strong supporter to of the Conservatives, both locally in Gloucestershire, and in London.

There is a high quality press or publicity image of Queen Mary with Sir Stanley and all the employees of the pin mill. Her Majesty was known to be an enthusiast of textile crafts and was the instigator of the famous doll's house which is an exhibit at Windsor Castle. I think she would have been genuinely interested in the business. She probably

visited the other mills as well.

The photograph with Alfred serving huntsmen at the meet at Ellerncroft shows the Beaufort Hunt, a reminder that Stanley was involved with the Beaufort and the Berkeley Hunts.



We also see an earlier picture of Alfred, still in uniform, with his family, and a later picture of some of the family outside Ellerncroft.

Queen Mary and Stanley Tubbs at Charfield Mill 1940.





Two pictures (above) taken at Ellencroft. The Beaufort Hunt meets and members of the Eves family.



Can you identify all of the Famous Five folk below. If you can you are ageing well. It is a press picture taken for Cap'n Bob, even more of a rogue than any of this lot.

I have had no answers to last years puzzle, which was a steel sculpture on a roundabout. Looked at in only one direction it can be seen as a Staffordshire Knot. This year's sculpture photography took me only to Stoke on Trent to do one of a Spitfire and several underpasses. Frabjous joy!.



Famous for 15 Minutes.



Well not quite that long but we (Bros 2 and I) did get our names and picture in a Sunday paper following the marriage of Sue Lovell and John Driver. The ancient village custom was that youngsters could capture the couple and ransom them for 6d. Charles and I made a quick shilling, but on the threshold of fame the names were misspelt in the caption.

This was a society wedding but with the rural twang that touched everything in Swettenham in those days. The bride and her father were able to walk the very short distance from the Quinta to the church, at which he was accustomed to playing the organ. On the face of it the village has changed very little. The biggest change happened quite shortly after we left. Fred Hankey died and the pub and farm which they had run was sold. The farm buildings were levelled to create hardcore for greatly enlarged parking, and the building was hollowed out inside and trade kitchens installed. In Cheshire they are shippens, despite the absence of sheep on many farms. The real farmhouse cheese on May's sideboard no longer sufficed. It would be called artisan cheese these days because Farmhouse means more or less nothing. The brass scales used to weigh gooseberries at the annual show were removed, but the pub has prospered ever since. The change in the pub put Swettenham on the map, into the Greater Manchester travel to work area, and greatly inflated the value of the larger properties. I can prove it is on the map as I have the jigsaw, assembled by Carolyn, thank you very much.

The Quinta in Swettenham is a clone of a house on the edge of Congleton, for reasons lost to me. Under the ownership of the Lovells it was enlarged somewhat and extended into the existing coach house. At the time the driveway was open and part of the house was visible from ours, though no longer so. There was a small boating lake and a beautifully tended, large garden. A few scientific instruments were at work in the garden of which I know nothing. We arrived too late to be recruited to the puddling of clay which was a major enterprise to ensure the lake was water-tight.

Part of the property is still a nature reserve as is the field adjacent to the Old Rectory, where Charles and I found old and rotten eggs that made excellent projectiles.

The earlier group is a professional photograph and must have been taken at an earlier wedding. It shows Judy, Sue and Philippa Lovell and another lass (left) I can not identify. Sir Bernard was a patron of the arts and commissioned John Ward RA to draw his family and also make numerous works at Jodrell Bank, which may well be on display there still. In the canteen there was an imaginative painting (probably not by Ward) which showed the effects of gravity failing. We all need a laugh. I do not have a copy of the Ward drawing but one of my siblings has a framed copy.

MR.J. DRIVER AND MISS S. LOVELL Daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Lovell, of The Quinta, Swettenham Congleton, Miss Susan Lovell. was married to Mr. John Driver, son of Mrs. Norah Driver. of Leicester. on Saturday. at Swettenham Church. The bride walked along the lane leading from her home to the church, followed by the four bridesmaids. Misses Judy Lovell. Philippa Lovell. Philippa Riley and Susan Odling. Rev. Charles Sheppard officiated. and after the ceremony, the bridal party and guests walked in procession from the church to the bride's home, where the reception was held. They were roped to a standstill for ransom three times by the villagers. who were performing an old rural custom. The bride wore white satin with short train and full length veil held by a coronet of

white flowers. Mr. Andrew Chapel was the best man. (Cheshire Observer 29 September 1962).

Canon Sheppard as he became was also the rector of Brereton where he lived, and chaplain to Brereton Hall School.

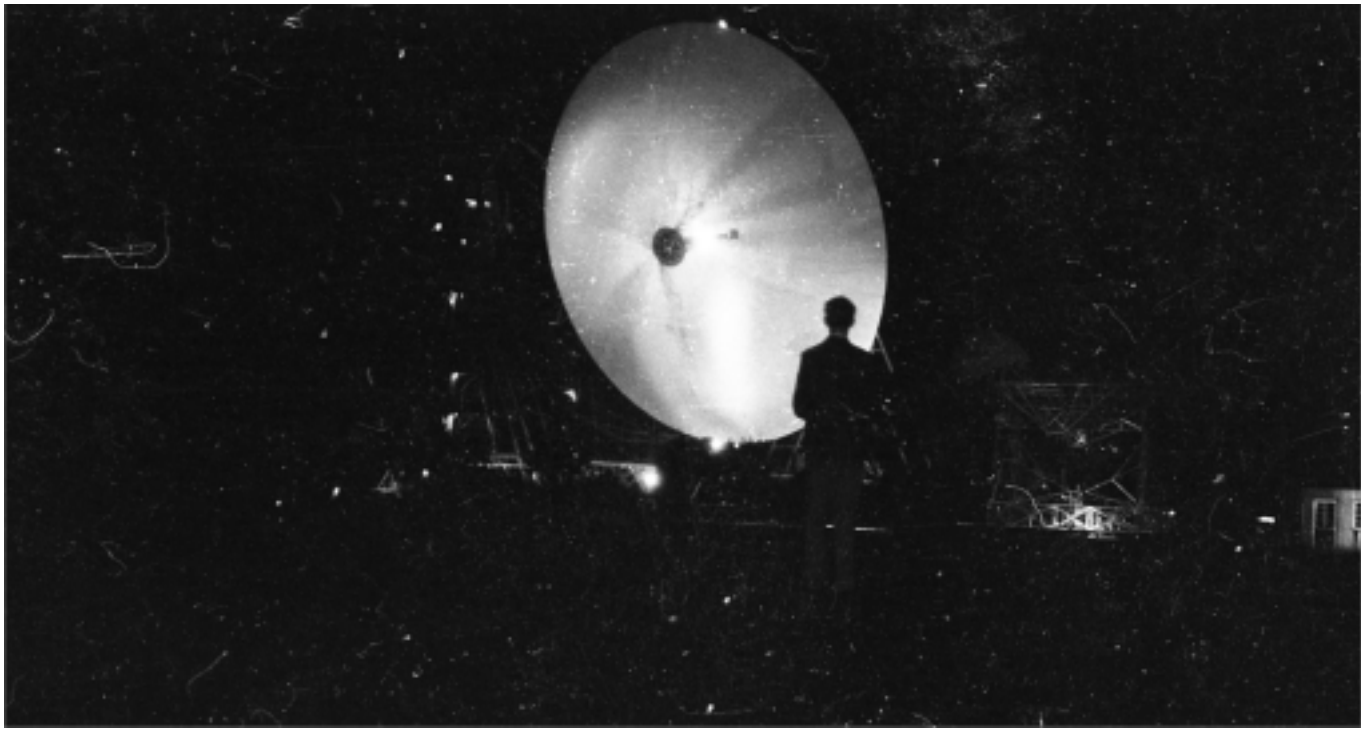
A fuller report in the Windsor Chronicle notes that the organist was the assistant organist at Bath Abbey. (In the weird terminology of CofE) the assistant is actually the chief organist.

Just over a year later Bryan Lovell's engagement was announced, but we had left Swettenham, too soon, says I. The following bit of cheeky gossip calls Sue Jenny, her first name. I never heard her referred to by that name, but she may have been one of those people who carry an alias out into the wider world.

MORE and more rose petal news . Sir Bernard Lovell's 23-year old daughter, Jenny, marries graduate John Driver next month. Sir Bernard will give Jenny away at their local church at Swettenham, Cheshire —where, incidentally, he is part-time organist—. . . " IF, as Lady Lovell told me, " nothing spectacular happens in the Space race that day." (Daily Mirror Thursday 23 August 1962).

I think the newspaper with our picture was The People and that does not appear to be on the British Newspaper Archive. Sir Bernard was a member of the Musicians' Company and it was in that capacity I last spoke to him when attending a dinner for Weavers where ACBL was the guest speaker. The reference to the space race is significant. Although Lovell envisaged his telescope being used only for astronomical research it was realised it could be used to monitor Russian space launches and this was of sufficient interest to the powers that be that funds were found to complete the telescope. On one occasion I was privileged to be at Jodrell Bank listening directly to the Russians chattering away and I made some photographs which have not fared particularly well technically, with entertaining results. Sir Bernard later claimed that on a visit to Moscow he had been subjected to Soviet mischief, a claim which Bryan Lovell has tried to downplay.





Uncle George

George Augustus Philipps Waite was AMT's brother, born in 1863 seven years before his younger sister. Very little is known about him apart from a brief sketch provided by Cecil in his memoirs.

Cecil says he was great fun and very popular. According to that George first tried the accountancy profession with Plenders, later Deloitte Plender Griffiths and Co, now just Deloitte. The big name in the firm was Sir William Plender but according to Cecil the firm was so crowded out with Deloitte's and Plenders that there was no chance he would advance.

He subsequently became a Half Commission Man on the Stock Exchange. That means that he would introduce clients to stockbrokers and receive half the commission on any resulting business. There are still such touts in the financial world.

George's chief interest outside work was the gee ges.

He died in September 1918, aged only 55 registered in the district of St George's Hanover Square. his nephews were deeply saddened at this loss. He

lived at 67 Ashley Gardens in a flat for which he paid rent to his widowed mother who lived at the same address. Its present value is in the order of £2 million.



Annandale

I have mentioned Annandale before. It was the name of the house on Woodside Park Road, Finchley where Cecil Tubbs was born. The reason for mentioning it again is that it is where Percy Tubbs is known to have grown orchids, a topic mentioned in the previous story about imports from Brazil.

I have not been able to identify Annandale precisely. The western end of the road is opposite the eponymous railway station, now tube station, on the line to Barnet. On the 25" map of 1896, the year of Cecil's birth, only the houses at the western end had been built. Those at the eastern end are almost exclusively semi-detached, but Annandale was a villa described by Cecil as having a 90' frontage, which appears to have been the norm for the earlier, detached buildings. The gardens were then very long, but there has been extensive infill and some rebuilding. I assume that Annandale was one of the grander, detached houses facing Woodside Road. I have often wondered how much of a coincidence it is that the offices of Finchley Conservative Association are in a terrace on Ballards Lane which includes a house named something-dale. HTT is always said to have been a founder of the association and it is quite possible that he made the site or premises available at low or no cost. It is also worth noting that one of HTT's most prominent business partners, Sir Robert Perks was a Liberal Member of Parliament, and that some of the most renowned residents at their development at Littlestone were members of the Liberal Gladstone dynasty.

However there is a problem with this. The constituency did not come into existence until 1918, the year after HTT's death. Prior to that the member

represented Hornsey. On the other hand, the member for Hornsey from 1887 to 1900 was Inky Stephens, HTT's friend and neighbour in Finchley, who of course was a Conservative. Stephens was also a Vice President of Littlestone Golf Club, the only positive sign I have that they were indeed friends.

There are minutes from 1912 in national records. Stephens' predecessor was James McGarel-Hogg a kinsman of Quintin McGarel Hogg, aka Baron Hailsham, one of Hilda's sidekicks. Roll out McGarel, we'll all have a Baron of fun.



Goodbye Old Nottingham – continued

There is no danger of Nottingham dying off. It is one of the most vibrant cities in the land, constantly being redeveloped. But Old Nottingham is still disappearing bit by bit.

I mentioned the Player's No 1 Bonded warehouse in my 2017 newsletter. At that time the warehouse was still standing but out of use. It has now been demolished; good riddance you might say. Smoking was and remains a curse to everybody except the Treasury. Despite the revelations of the epidemiologist Sir Richard Doll and rival American researchers in 1950, even by the late 1960s the dangers were widely ignored, and the tobacco industry was putting up a strong defence. In 1969 when I worked at The Bond it was Player's claim that they took a cheque every working day to the Customs and Excise office on Talbot Street for £1 million, about £14 in today's money which was around £250 million a year even then.

The Bond stood on Ilkeston Road at the corner of Triumph Road, and was adjacent to Raleigh. Industry has now been replaced by student accommodation, though the warehouse site itself still stands empty.

Very little now remains of Player's Radford sites. The Head Office building and part of the No 1 Factory have been converted to student accommodation. The clock that graced No 2 Factory has been placed on a plinth, the feeblest nod to the area's heritage.

One former site has had me under a false impression for over 50 years. One area I worked in was the former cinema on Hartley Road which was then a centre for processing redeemed coupons. Those were a big thing in the 1960s, Green Shield stamps from retailers and No 6 coupons from Player's leading brand of small cigarette. I have always referred to it as the Wilton cinema, but was assured by a Radford local it was called The Windsor. Hmm. Why was I so confused over yet another memory? The answer is that it was called the Wilton Street stores by John Player and I had assumed that was

also the name of the cinema. It is a carpet warehouse today.

Why small cigarettes when everybody else sold big ones? Because UK tobacco was taxed by weight and European and US makes were taxed per stick. When we joined the EEC The Treasury won the right to keep the higher tax on small cigarettes, and not to reduce the tax on larger ones. The cost of the tobacco and even the additional cost of processing always represented a fairly small element of the retail price, a huge incentive to smugglers and thieves. I was never once searched at Player's though many were, and reports of major theft cropped up every now and then. I don't recall much publicity about those. One Player's brand, popular in London, was sold in the logical manner. Player's Weights were originally sold by weight not by the yard.

A highlight of the year was the Heritage Open Days in September. Carolyn and I enjoyed a visit to a secret location in Nottingham where the local museums' reserve collections are stored. Museums have been inclined to display reserve collections wherever possible. This was pioneered by the National Railway Museum, I believe and I have also seen reserve collections on display at Cheltenham and now in Derby, but there is plenty more in Derby (another undisclosed location I have visited) and by no means the whole of the Cheltenham reserve collection is on display. The whereabouts of PBT's table and chairs is something of a mystery that the Museum was unable to answer when I enquired. A recent visit to the enlarged Photographic section at the V & A revealed that the majority of cameras there at the gallery's opening have now been returned to the reserve. Only a tiny number of the most significant examples are now on display. Good picks all, but not the sort of comparative display for which the V&A and The British Museum are noted.

A second visit was to the Sudbury gasworks(photo opposite middle). So in this short article we can bid farewell to Gasworks, the British tobacco industry, cheques, the British bicycle industry, Green Shield Stamps and most of the country's cinemas. Oh yes by the time you read this I will have bidden farewell to work ten years ago.



Players Bonded Warehouse

As seen in 2014 and the site after demolition. The loading dock was at the front of the centre bay. All the upper six stories were used for the store of tobacco in bond. The case breaking department was at the far end on the ground floor.



Noble Street

Just another nondescript street to the North of the Square Mile, isn't it. It is anything but these days. It is adjacent to the old Roman Wall and is almost unique among World War 2 London bomb sites not to have been redeveloped. The present street name of London Wall to its North is not historic for the most part. The wall takes a complicated route from

Cripple Gate to Alders Gate as you can see on the map. Noble Street is and always has been just within the line of the wall but the alignment of the street and its role has varied a little over the years.

The earliest available map is from 1579. Tubbs Lewis leased its properties from the Corporation of London on a 999 year lease, the sort of thing Mr Sunak will be wiping away.



Three maps, 1570, 1740 and about 1900 show the detail changes in Noble Street. In 1579 the Northern end of the road curved to the East away from the line of the wall. By 1740 Silver Street and Noble Street meet at right angles, and there is still no direct access to Aldersgate Street. By 1900 Falcoln Square and Falcoln Street give that access, and the wall has been breached. The 1740 Map shows both the wall and buildings, but the wall was later hidden, only to appear again after The Blitz.

Farringdon Market

It would be quite inappropriate of me to publish without an update on the Farringdon Market.

Two aspects have come to light. One is proposals that were made before the market site was finally bought by HTT at auction.

There was much debate over the admission of railways to the City of London. As has often been pointed out, the main lines from the North and West were obliged to terminate at what was already the line of the New Road which connected Paddington with the City, and then the nearby Regent's Canal.

To the East and South the rules were not so strictly enforced. Liverpool Street. Fenchurch Street and Cannon Street Stations were all within the City boundaries, and Charing Cross and Victoria was much nearer their target destinations than the New Road Boundary, now mostly known as Marlylebone Road.

The problem was largely solved by what became the Underground. The first of these were made by digging down, laying the railway and then covering over again. This was expensive and disruptive. The

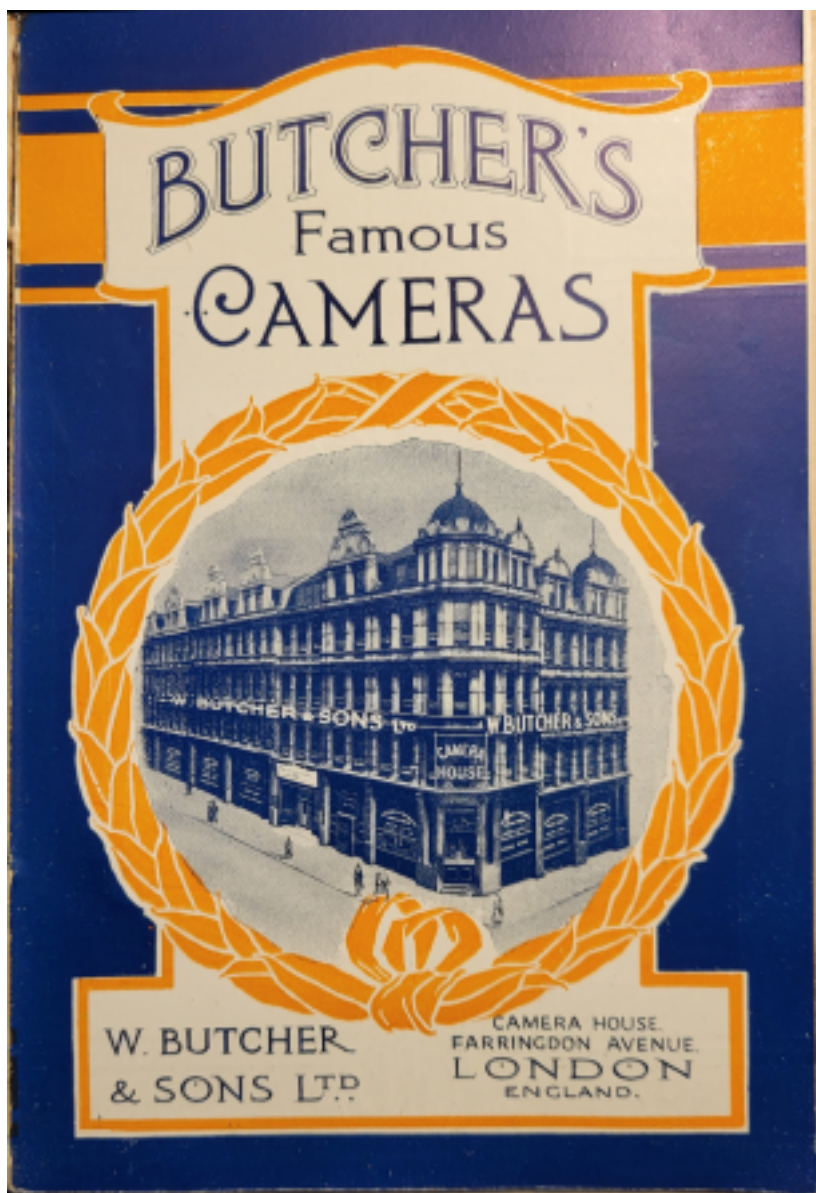
problem was finally solved by the digging of deep tunnels taking electric trains.

The politics of the Farringdon, Snow Hill and Ludgate stations and the tunnel under the Thames are beyond the scope of this publication and mind boggling anyway. Suffice it to say that one proposal involved building Farringdon Station on the unsuccessful Farringdon Market site. That came to naught, the line passes a little to the East and Farringdon and Holborn Stations were not built on the the market site.

The second update is that I have finally found a clear illustration of business premises on the site before the whole site was devastated in The Blitz of 1940.

The history of the photographic business of Butcher is also a little beyond the scope of this publication. When the firm of Butcher occupied a site on the Corner of Farringdon Avenue its nascent union with the ancient firm of Houghton had scarcely begun. Houghton-Butcher traded as Ensign, later as Ross Ensign and finally became part of Rank Industries not long before the British camera-manufacturing industry juddered to a rapid halt in the face of Japanese competition.





Camera House

This Advertisement appeared in the 1920 edition of the British Journal Photographic Almanac (aka BJP Almanac). Given that their main entrance and postal Address is Farringdon Avenue, I assume the longer side depicted is Farringdon Avenue and therefore the the shorter wing to the right faces Stonecutter Street at the Southern end of the market site. Below the plate of a cine camera made by Williamson and sold by Butchers of Farringdon Avenue at around the same time.



The Tubbs

As usual I predict this edition will be the last, but if there happens to be one next year it would be the 25th edition, on the basis that there has been one every year since 1999. The beginning was stimulated by Dad's death that year, so there would be no newsletter from him.

I did confess to having lost all trace of some of the earliest editions, but with some assistance from readers some gaps were filled. The editions still missing are 2000 and 2001. No doubt something happened in those years.

2002 was the year in which digital photography first took over for me and now provides a fairly comprehensive account of my doings. Watching the ban on cameras and photography at Rolls-Royce crumble under the weight of Apples and Blackberries first in the hands of managers and avid techies was endless fun. There were three photographs in that 2002 edition, two scanned legacy picture and one scanned from a print of a digitally captured press photograph.

In the two page 2003 edition there were two digital photographs by me. One was taken against regulations inside Cheltenham Museum and Gallery of PB Tubbs' dining table by Peter Waals. In those days most museums banned photography, including Lacock Abbey of all places, the very birthplace of photography in England. Since then the rules have been relaxed at all National Trust properties. The fine line between copyright protection and madness! Very little survives from that first year. Things got going in 2003 and these days digital is once again mixed with my revived interest in film photography, mistakes and all. That year I noted how long it had taken me to find a pub in Rochdale which had a fine interior only to see joiners putting a new one in. Question: How did we ever find anything before SatNav. Answer: By navigating from pub to pub. The pubs have now largely disappeared as have the folk who navigated by them.

In 1999 I predicted that my blue MGB GT would be back in commission within a year or so. As I wrote in August 2023, the car was mostly in one piece, rans and moved, but then it revealed a critical oil leak. So much for futurology.

One exciting but very brief encounter during the year was with Martin Parr, the illustrious Magnum photographer who has specialised in photographing the ordinary and everyday, very often in a highly

saturated colourful style, with the assistance of a ring-flash device that has rarely been used for anything other than very close up (macro – generally defined as 1:2 or more) photography by other image makers. I observed to him that we all live in communities but few of us, even photographers, give an account of that community as lively and well presented as his present exhibition, by a guest photographer. The great man opened the door for me at his foundation headquarters in Bristol on a day when it is normally closed to the public. Ooooh!

As a sad victim of what photographers call GAS, gear acquisition syndrome, I parted with two favourites but soon regretted disposing of my little Leica CL, one of the finest travel cameras of all time. In its place came the mighty Leica SL2, a phenomenal device but carrying it about is a game for studio assistants. It has in turn been replaced by my Leica dream, the Q2. An interesting purchase was a 6x17 panoramic camera. That's four frames on a roll of 120 film, as opposed to the 16 I get with some smaller cameras. That's 2 ¼ inches by lots. It is 3D printed by Chroma and bought with funds from the sale of my white MGB. Lens not supplied. The car is still in the family though! Third time lucky? It shares its new home with a pre-war Daimler and several Land Rovers all of whose makers passed through the hands of BL at one time. Oh calamity!

2023 has seen Artificial Intelligence burst into public accessibility both in the realms of text and image making. ChatGPT gave me one dumb-ish answer and failed to answer another more tricky question. Midjourney on the other hand, the image generator of choice, has yielded endless fun, and a couple of interesting images, several to be found in this edition.

During the year we commemorated the 30th anniversary of Mum's death, though sadly there was no Easter Day service at Gunthorpe. Lowdham just isn't the same, though it has long shared the same care of souls.

August 27th saw us celebrating the joint birthdays of two siblings. Carolyn was then 70 though Mark had yet to turn 60 at the time. From October 6th all of us are past our sixth decade.