

**DUREX IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND - see page 17**

# THE



# TUBBS

**CHRISTMAS 2015 -** pdf download at <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs>





## Florence, Leslie and George Goulding

I only have sad memories of George Goulding when he was very ill and being nursed by Lirlie at home in Finchley not long before his death in 1963. George's second wife Florence, Leslie's mother died before the war. We know that George worked as a photographer's assistant before WWI but we don't now for whom.

The pair of portraits on this page was taken at the studio of FW Wood & Co - address not yet known. The hand-tinted portrait, which I assume to be Leslie, was made in 1926 by Sadie Collins of 62 Steele Road, Leytonstone E11, a little off the track for those living in St Pancras. George returned to my life quite unexpectedly when his ashes were found in the garage of the house at Eynsham which was also Leslie's workshop. There is



more about their dispersal and about George and Florence in the story that starts on page 4.

With Leslie's death this newsletter has lost its most critical and well-informed reader and I publish these photographs as a tribute to him. At the time of his funeral I did not know precisely where

he had lived prior to his marriage and move to Finchley. I understood it to be in the area of King's Cross and subsequent research has confirmed this in some detail.



## A First Class return ticket to Kings Cross, please.

We have visited the area around St Pancras on a number of occasions, but have not yet exhausted its delights. St Pancras station is built in Somers Town, partly on the site of the Old St Pancras Church's burial ground, though Old St Pancras Church still stands. The Midland Railway had to pay for the disinterments and reburials, so desperate was it to establish its own route into London and terminus instead of sharing with the hated Great Northern at King's Cross. The new Church is on the other side of the main Road and has been mentioned here previously. The Cross of King's Cross is not an ancient Eleanor Cross. It was erected in honour of ungodly George IV, and has given its name to the area though he probably didn't deserve it; he also gave his earlier name to the nearby Regent's Canal. Somers Town was developed in the 1790s. Along with Agar Town it was one of the new developments that rapidly stitched together the City and the outlying villages which were then in rural Middlesex, such as Kentish Town, no more than a mile away, of which more elsewhere.

As I have commented before, a ride into St Pancras by train is something of a swindle because the tracks in the incomparable train shed are used by the Eurostar and the platforms of the so-called St Pancras International are half way to Bedford, with no reduction in the ticket price. Nevertheless we can rejoice that the product of the magnificent but uneasy cooperation between Barlow, the engineer of the Railway Station and Gilbert Scott the architect of the hotel remains much as planned, unlike marmelised Euston which is about to get another visitation from the drawing board wallahs. We can salute, with thanks, the statue of the great Betjeman, who resented his bourgeois childhood in nearby Highgate within the sound of the "Old North London puff" (That's a railway reference dearie!), but campaigned as vigorously for St P as he did for Euston, and with greater success, though that campaign had to continue after his final departure. He really thought he should have been an aristo like so many of his friends and lovers, chief among whom was Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, of good Derbyshire stock, like the train shed, much of which originated in Butterley. The old Shires Bar has been renamed in his honour and no longer sells Draught Bass but you can get a decent pint there, unlike the worst days of British Rail neglect ("The cellarman comes in on Monday". That was on a Friday!); Michael Bass's cellars, scaled on the modulus of the beer barrel (Here's looking at you M. Le Corbusier) have been turned over to shopping. The busy visitor to London need travel no further for an afternoon of retail therapy, though personally I would recommend the British Library next door as the better option. It also has a

shop.

We alight at St Pancras and after a short route march are able to cross the New Road and arrive at (Perhaps that should be into as we are still so close to the world of the railways) Argyle Square. Our target for today is Number 28, that's the one with the blue door, on the South side. Even if the square has been re-numbered it wouldn't matter too much as the surviving buildings are all similar. The North side has been re-developed, probably following bomb damage. Whoever allowed the B&Q monstrosity to be inserted into next door's doorway should be tied to the nearest tree and publicly whipped. Dear public executioner, the nearest tree is in the square. The houses here are not of the grandest sort; many are now rather seedy looking hotels. Seediness and vice have long characterised much of the area, but there is also grandeur, chic, charm, ornament and Kebab houses – welcome to London! No. 28 housed The Creche.

## The Creche



According to a detailed but anonymous account the idea of a crèche was formed after overhearing a conversation in Hastings – the line is irrelevant. The crèche was only the fourth of its type to be found, the others being in Pentonville and Bloomsbury and one somewhere

that became part of Barnardo's, though that appears to have been rather later and in Tunbridge Wells (Ravensdale). The others were studied and then King's Cross was selected as it was a notoriously poor district and a lease was taken on No 28 around 1892 and the crèche remained open for its 21 year term. HTT paid for a thorough refurbishment and Number 28 was probably the only well-maintained house in the square at that time. The protagonists were HTT's sister Hannah and his daughter Louisa (LET- Aunt Lettie). Like so many London houses there was a workshop discreetly hidden in the garden (Sindall's factory in Middleton Road, Dalston being a spectacular, double-width example) and this was suitable for a day nursery; generally there were a dozen children there with ages from 0-5 and there was a charge of 2d per day at a time when the working mother might expect to earn between 1/6d and 2/6d per day – If you can't do the maths think of those wages as being a lot less than £1 per week. For brief periods each year the daily population rose to 18 or 20. Clean clothes were provided every day for wear only on the premises, Nestles milk, later cow's milk, and food were supplied and there were day beds with mattresses made from sea weed. Aunt Hannah and a nurse-maid lived at No 28. Aunt Lettie commuted (though she would not have recognised the term), catching the 8.10 from Finchley (Church End) – then part of the Great Northern Railway, now Finchley Central on the Northern Line - into KX. She would return on the 7.30 unless it was the day on which HTT



visited, in which case LET would accompany her parents on their drive home to Finchley.

Aunt Hannah died in 1913 and this seems to have been the signal that the good work could continue no longer and the lease was not renewed. It was a long-standing joke, if only in the mind of DBT, that these good ladies devoted their life to the welfare of children without having the slightest idea how such creatures came into the world.

## George Goulding and family

Some research into the background of Leslie Goulding and his father George has improved our knowledge of the St Pancras area and raised yet another of those astonishing links of which we are so fond. I have gradually come to realise how closely some of my own interests have been shadowing Leslie's.

Unlike so many urban and suburban developments that took place in conjunction with the development of the railways, St Pancras had already seen a considerable amount of development before any of the railways arrived (1840-1870-ish). The consequence was that house values in Somers Town and Mornington Crescent plummeted. Houses built for the bourgeoisie were sub-divided. Elizabeth, the first wife of George Goulding died in 1915 leaving

light of the Camden Town School was Walter Richard Sickert and in 1905 he rented 6 Mornington Crescent, one of many properties he occupied in the area. While Sickert was derided for choosing to live in and paint such a downmarket locality, Sickert was determined to paint real people in real places. Fully informed of impressionism he turned his back on the idea of painting things just because they were there. There is no question that he was slumming it on financial grounds. He was an established painter with a house near Dieppe and he also occupied simultaneously other properties in Fitzrovia, nearby but the other side of the New Road. At various times he painted nudes, sometimes giving them sensational titles, townscapes and his enduring subject of music halls was first painted at the Bedford Music Hall in Camden Town.

Leslie's interests in the cultural life of St Pancras and Camden town was also enduring, and his knowledge on the subject, as on so many others, was profound. His copy of *The Camden Town Group* by Wendy Baron is interesting on several grounds. It is based round an exhibition of 1976. It was published by the Scolar Press; this was founded by Robin Alston initially to publish facsimiles of important literary works. Alston, bibliographer



a son, Leslie's half-brother, also called George. George senior married Nellie Florence Baugh in 1919. We do not know the circumstances of their meeting but George served in the RFC/RAF during the war. Florence was brought up in Penge, very close to the former Tubbs residence in Byne Road, Sydenham. Having been born in Pratt Street (described as Clerkenwell but on the border of the present Camden and St Pancras areas) it is not surprising to find that they moved into part of 20 Oakley Square, just a few yards away, which isn't a square at all in plan. It is a crescent plus a chord, set almost in symmetry with Mornington Crescent.

## Mornington Crescent!

We have already noticed the Camden Town School of painting in these pages but this year we return, without apology. The leading

extraordinaire, taught at Leeds University while I was there. His lectures were based around Scolar Press publications, surprise surprise, such as the *Defence of Poesie* by Sir Philip Sydney. He died in 2011, so that's this year's Leeds University obit out of the way. Curiously Leslie's copy is itself a photocopy, which means that the illustrations are a bit wobbly. Why he couldn't get hold of an original is unexplained. The most interesting feature,

apart from the deep coverage of the Camden Town group, is that Leslie had marked one of its maps at Oakley Square, my first clue to his precise link with the locality, subsequently confirmed by online research. It points to two properties which are adjacent or close together, though I have so far only identified Number 20 as having a family connection. The houses on the crescent side are post-war replacements. The London Bomb Site map clearly shows that a parachute mine hit that part of the square some time between 7th October 1940 and 6th June 1941. Beckie was with me when I scattered some of George Goulding's ashes in the gardens, quite close to the former site of number 20 (pictured). In 1892 Sickert married the daughter of Richard Cobden the great Victorian free trade campaigner. The marriage did not last. A walk round Oakley Square soon reveals that the nearby primary school

is named after Richard Cobden. Boom boom! It is so near to Number 20 that it is almost impossible that Leslie did not begin his schooling there, though the evidence is only circumstantial. Perhaps the second coming together of Cobden and Bright!

Another fascinating document from Leslie's collection is a modern facsimile of the early 19C. Kentish Town Panorama. This was published by Camden Libraries in 1980s. It is a complete record of a bygone world.

Copies on Amazon start at £45.00. George and Leslie were living at 41 Highgate Road probably from 1946 at least to the time of Leslie's marriage. The panorama begins with the Bull and Last, a public house on the Highgate Road, which survives, as rebuilt. Leslie also had a print of the pub of 1820, which now hangs in the editorial residence.

## A town like Alice's

Yet more ancestors lived in this relatively small corner of London. The 1871 census shows that Frederick George Waite, his wife Mary Elizabeth (nee Case) and family were living at 3 Gordon Square, just behind the University College Hospital. Alice Maud Waite was born in 1871 and grew up to be known as AMT, of course, after marrying Percy Burnell Tubbs. As far as I can tell the Case family were substantial cab proprietors based near the Grays Inn Road. FG's father Augustus was a seedsman – further evidence of skilled genetic manipulation within the tribe - he must have been reasonably prosperous as young FG went to University and became a barrister. He is the earliest graduate in the ancestry of which I am aware. He died far too young, before the next census, in 1879. The photograph, well known in the family, of FGW with his



family clearly shows him to be a bit of a dandy.

Just a little to the south, more Bloomsbury than St Pancras is Bedford Row, where Lirlie lodged when a nurse at UCH. We are obliged to Leslie for a contemporary photograph of the house. I am fairly sure the car is a Sunbeam, but am prepared to stand corrected.

## Feild Day!

A spelling mistake in a headline? Surely not! In a swipe at the more prosperous and aristocratic branch of his family, the 18th Century comic genius Henry Fielding remarked that his own branch of the family was the only one that could spell. As is well known, his kinsmen, mine a great deal more more indirectly, the Earls of Denbigh are all Feildings. However my dictionary offers two plurals to the word genius, namely genii and geniuses.

Fielding has genius's. It is evident that the apostrophe merely stands for the letter E but oh dear Henry, why pretend you are a grocer when you come of such good stock? He didn't always use apostrophes to pluralise. The Augustan age from Dryden through to Dr Johnson was the time when English orthography was standardised. Further it was the age in which the grammar school rules of grammar were set down by pedants for the obedience of fools and the guidance of the wise. Myself fink's its a waist of

thyme lol. My perusal of a scholarly edition of Fielding's Jonathan Wild uncovers one of his more endearing tricks. He would place exclamation marks! in the middle of sentences. Time marches ! on.

A minor orthographic triumph during the year was persuading The Times to repent of publishing the name Rolls-Royce incorrectly. While The Times, and this publication, we hope, remain as oases of correct orthography and grammar, deviation from the Augustan norm is now distressingly prevalent. One of the most fruitful sources of idiotic spelling is the history of classic cars and their restoration, that are paraded year after year for the education of an uncritical public. Valence for Valance is a favourite, where for were, break for brake and it's for its. The wise money is on the apostrophe disappearing altogether within a few years, so why it is brought back superfluously at almost every opportunity is a bit of a mystery, partially explained by lunatic predictive text devices.



## Miss Finchley

### The end of austerity

In 1945 this coat might have consumed 18 coupons from an annual allowance of 24, much harsher even than during the war itself.

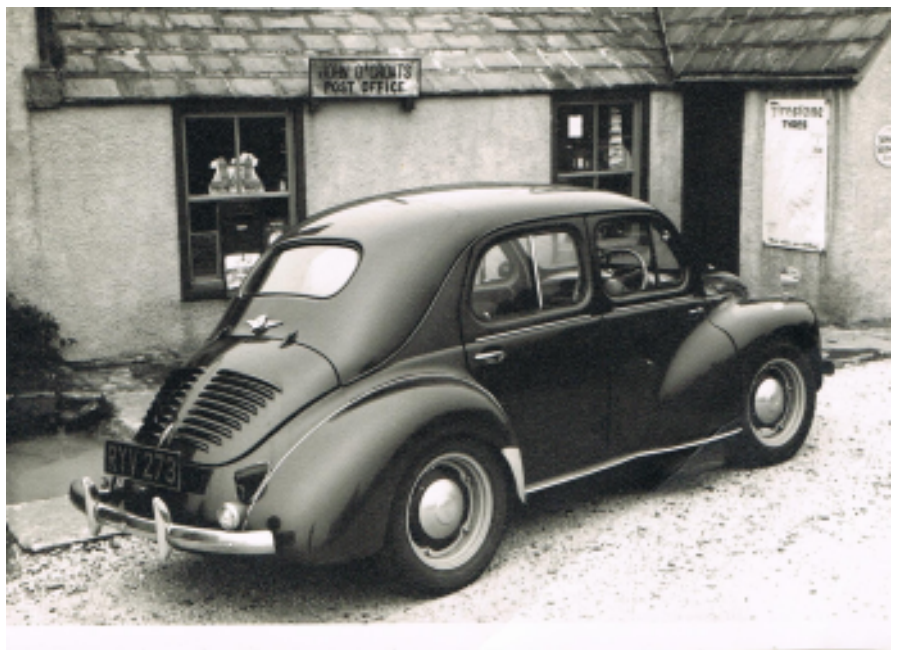
Clothing rationing ended on 15th March 1949 so things were getting back to normal when this picture was taken, probably around 1951. The wedding was on 12th August 1950 at the Congregational Church, Sanderstead. The newlyweds set up house at 18 Nethercourt Avenue, Finchley having honeymooned in Norway. Lirlie claimed that she had no idea at the time that Nether Court was HTT's manor house, just a couple of hundred yards away.

The return to prosperity in Germany became to be known as the Wirtschaftswunder (The economic miracle - but could also be translated as the miracle of innkeeping, which keeps me amused). The greatest symbol of that miracle is the People's Car which itself recovered from a very rocky start. German citizens who started to save for one before the war found that their money had been spent on armaments. The factory was almost totally destroyed by the allies. The British army then tried to tout the works to British car manufacturers



who turned down what ended up as a goldmine, until recently. Now where do you think this is leading to?

Have you ever wondered why an early Renault 4 (not the later boxy ones) looks so much like Hitler's little baby? Ze reason is very simple. Ferdinand Porsche who designed the VW was briefly a prisoner of the allies after the war and was set to work designing a new car for Renault. Why Leslie picked a foreign motor isn't clear. He may have decided that they were the best engineering bet, or simply that British made cars were nearly all being exported. He must have liked what he got, for the next two cars were also Renaults. This is RYV 273 outside Gretna Post Office where I first found that stamps cost the same in England and Scotland (so far!)





## Around the Horn gear

The early history of the Nottingham Braid Company is not fully known to me.

In 1965 a legacy from Uncle Gray (Grahame B Tubbs) enabled MCT to buy the Nottingham Braid Co. and form at least the fifth generation of textile entrepreneurs in the Tubbs family line (if you accept SWT rather than PBT as a slight deviation). The postal address was Aberdeen Street in Nottingham and it stood at its junction with Handel Street, Sneinton, the major road which had recently ceased to be part of the route taken by the trams, later trolley buses to Carlton, though the poles remained for a while.

The business is said to have been founded around the time of the Great War by interests connected with Attenboroughs of Beeston and Long Eaton, a family with a longstanding connection with braid and trimmings manufacture, represented in my generation by Courtney Attenborough of Supertrim.

The chief name at NBC in 1965 was a Mrs Topham (probably a member of the Attenborough tribe), whom I never met. The fortunes of the firm were at a low ebb and Mrs T was lucky to get anything for the business and its ancient braiding machines. I don't suppose it was much but don't know the sum. MCT also bought the building, presumably at its normal commercial value.

Ignore this paragraph and the next if you know anything about textiles. There are a number of different ways of forming fabrics. MCT constantly propounded his theory that braiding was the earliest textile technology, beginning with the plaiting of ladies' hair. In flat braid with an odd number of ends the direction of the yarn varies with each repeat, left to right (S), right to left (Z). In circular braiding with an even number of ends half the ends go in one direction and the other half ..... and you can have a core up the middle ... In braiding the overall direction is always longitudinal. The machines are often referred to as maypole braiders as the motion is identical, though it might be misleading to suggest that dancers do it without gear. The horn gear references both the method of driving bobbins round the track of a braider and the deadpan funnyman who still delights my juvenile mind.

In weaving the warp is also longitudinal but the woof (as it was always known at Tubbs Lewis) or weft traverses horizontally. In knitting a warp is optional but the fabric is formed by interlacing loops. Cord is formed by the twisting together of longitudinal fibres and held together by reverse tension (twist) in the individual strands. Bobbin lace is an elaborate form of braiding. Lace net is more or less a hybrid of most of the above, where warp sort of becomes weft every now and then. Here endeth the

lesson.

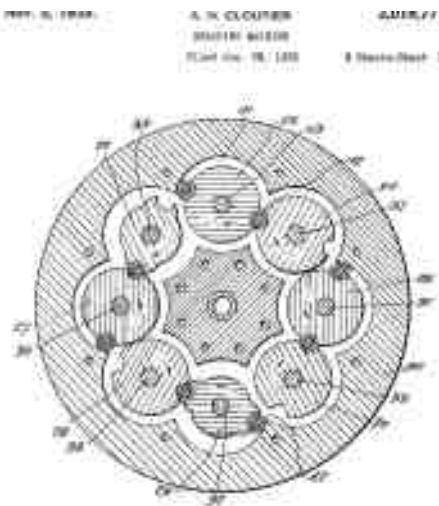
Educated readers should resume here. Though I am no more than a beginner in any form of textile manufacture I have done a bit and therefore hate it when people trample on the English Language and talk of woven braid and similar oxymorons. Am I the only one left in step?

There was great excitement in the Tubbs family as in 1965 it holidayed in the Hiatt's house at Southport, while they holidayed elsewhere, though it now escapes me what had taken Peter Hiatt

to work in that part of the world. Peter was a Cost and Works accountant (ACWA) and had first worked with Dad at Berisfords. The deal to buy NBC or The Braid as we often called it, à la Brom, was done, but the problem was finding somewhere to live. We were summoned to view houses. MCT was staying in hotels on his visits to Nottingham. The Welbeck Hotel near to Victoria station, both now demolished, was one and I believe he also stayed at the Reform Club on Market Street, no place for a tory. A house was viewed on Sherwood

Rise, but that was deemed to be too close to bandit country. Philip Whysall, a business acquaintance of MCT offered a bungalow for sale in in Bottesford but the one that caught his attention was Brookland House in Gunthorpe, a former farmhouse which belonged to a bachelor, Arthur Wild, who was the local representative of the National Farmers Union. I believe the parentage bought it for £4,600 about half of what they had sold the Old Rectory at Swettenham for. Arthur had already sold off most of the land for development. By 2015 the house stands on a tiny pocket of land surrounded by a fertile crop of brickwork. He described it as a plastic house, in the original meaning of the word, that its shape could be altered. Plastik is the German word for sculpture; the house was later to be duly sculpted if not exactly scalped. Anything would have been better than High House, on top of the middle of nowhere. Incidentally 2015 saw the very tragic death, in the devastating mill fire at Bosley, of Lynda Bailey, a very close neighbour at High House and a close friend of Carolyn at the time.

The office senior was a Mr Rudd, then approaching 80. Mr Rudd used to walk alone with his patchwork shopping bag to the branch of Barclays at the bottom of Hockley, (later a florist's sundriesman, now a pub yippee!) to fetch the wages which in those days were always paid in cash to the weekly paid; this journey was rightly considered to be dangerous. The main privilege of joining the salaried staff in those days was that you had to wait an extra fortnight or three weeks before you got paid, had to open a bank account and probably got less money than the weekly hands were taking home. One of the first changes was to transfer the bank account to the nearby Midland on Bath Street,



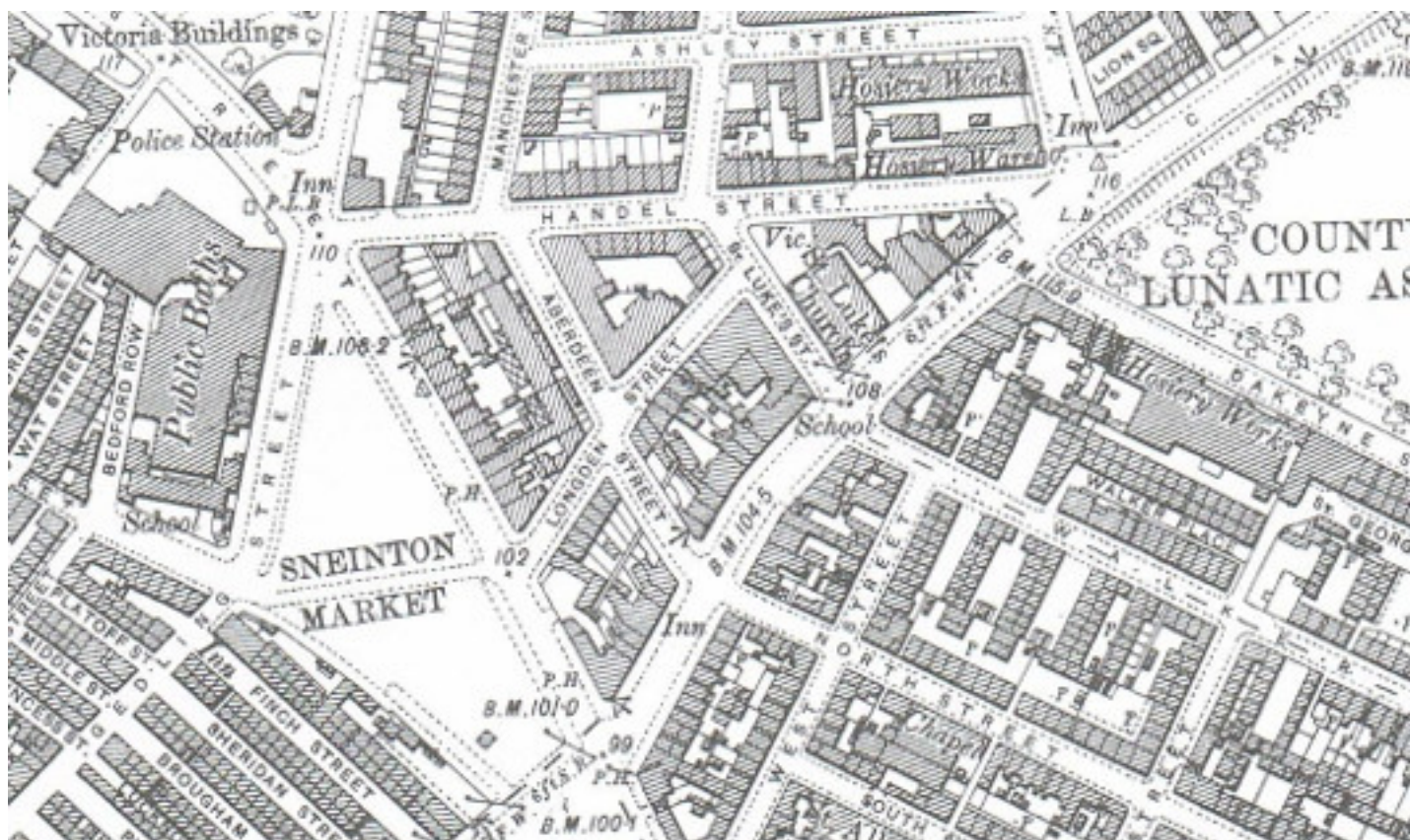
whose manager was about 6' 7" tall, though by no means as intimidating as HH (Bert) Cooke who was the formidable manager at Barclays St Peter's Street, whither the account was later transferred. The Midland branch became a junk shop where Jenny and I once bought a pine side table (assembled with junk bonds?) and St Peter's Street became yet another pub for a while. It makes you wonder where people get their money from. Actually the Barclays in Old Market Square where Mark worked for a long time is also a pub, though the Tollhouse Hill Branch (another of Mark's hideaways) isn't, so not quite a full set.

The Braid's most prominent neighbours were: the Salvation Army whose large hostel adjoined NBC and provided an endless stream of unfortunates who accidentally fell into the cellars and occasionally succumbed to the temptation to enter the NBC premises and parked cars more feloniously: AW Lymn, the funeral merchants who of course still exist and trade from those premises, amongst others passim. In those days Lymn made their own elm coffins in the workshops on Aberdeen Street and the Braid benefited from an endless supply of offcuts to burn in its ancient boiler, probably a Robin Hood from Beeston: A police station which was reluctant to deal with problems on Aberdeen Street because it was in a different Division. Joined-up thin.. blue line – and they still play the same silly game the dumbclucks: Victoria Wine. It is hard to believe these days when the world is awash with us now praise our godly hygienic Victorian ancestors! The Braid's give-away take-home drinks' outlets that Victoria Wine, just a little building is said to have first been a warehouse for ripening lock-up shop, attracted huge queues of Christmas shoppers when bananas. It was certainly built some years before the Great War the brewers' stranglehold on the off-sales market was first (see map). Fyffe's more modern warehouse alongside the old market site can still be seen, but has no bananas. breached by a new wave of retailers.

The Bible Class became the firm's extra-mural office. All the pubs in Sneinton had long-established nicknames, The Lamp, The King

Billy, The Market Side and so on, a custom I have never seen so consistently applied anywhere else. The Bible Class, properly the Bath Inn on the corner of Bath Street and Handel Street, of course was a nod to the Sally Ann and was owned by Shipstone's brewery, itself lamented though a credible version of the beer is now produced. Some of these have been re-named with their nicknames. The most famous of these pubs was The Pretty Windows, properly the Fox and Grapes, which featured large in the officially unsolved murder of its landlord. Everybody in Nottingham except me and the Police knows whodunit but nobody will ever say. There was a cold case review of the 1963 murder 50 years after the event but no arrest. Shamefully the successors to the Home Brewery renamed the pub Peggers, which was its death warrant, though the closure of the market didn't help, and recent efforts to revive the area as boutique shops and workrooms have not been a success and there is about to be another redevelopment. Pretty Windows had a market license and was an eternal magnet for carousing students who could get a pick-me-up at 7am. The wholesale fruit and vegetable market which justified the license is not to be confused with the retail Sneinton market (see map) alongside the Baths whose origins were as much to do with personal hygiene and laundry as recreational swimming, and remain the only place where I have ever taken a Turkish Bath. Let us now praise our godly hygienic Victorian ancestors! The Braid's building is said to have first been a warehouse for ripening bananas. It was certainly built some years before the Great War (see map). Fyffe's more modern warehouse alongside the old market site can still be seen, but has no bananas.

This tiny extract from 1901 Ordnance Survey map shows a mixture of change and continuity. The Wholesale Market has yet to

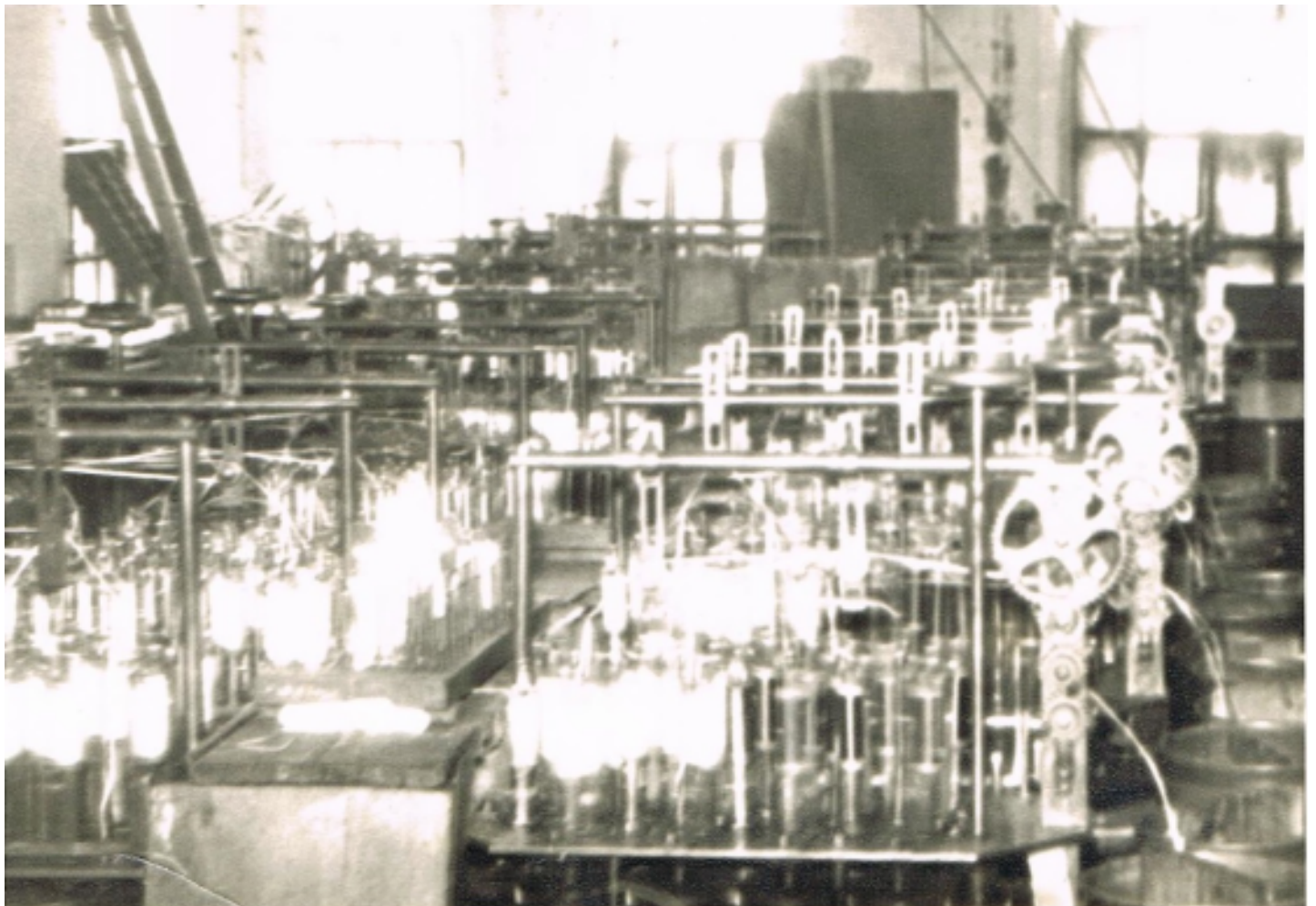




take over what appear to be genuine parti-wall back-to-backs on the SW side of Sneinton Market Place, not the so-called back-to-backs of Manchester which have an accommodation lane at rear for waste disposal. The five streets forming what was colloquially known as The Bottoms ( Finch Street etcetera ) were finally demolished in 1934. As a student I once occupied one in the Bansteads in Leeds. They were made illegal in the 1870s. Post World War I very large areas of Nottingham were declared ripe for slum clearance and the Council built thousands of new houses on the northern perimeter of the City as well as re-developing within. This process was renewed after WWII as well. The future Nottingham Braid and Salvation Army establishments are shown as integral premises. The County Lunatic Asylum closed around 1902. TC Hine's elegant building in Mapperley of 1859, now desirable apartments, had enlarged the County's capacity for treating the insane. Saxondale Hospital replaced the ageing Sneinton Asylym, which was the first of the Nation's County Asylums, opened in 1811. There aren't any nutters any more, official. By the 1960s the Police Station had been replaced by a small, modern affair. Of course there are Hosiery Works and warehouses all over the place. Perhaps more surprising is the Malthouse. There were major brewery-owned maltings at Beeston and Basford, close to the railways, but this must have been something more traditional.

Sneinton is a large area sub-divided into Sneinton proper,

Sneinton Hermitage and Sneinton Elements (possibly, but only possibly because of exposure to same. Isn't everywhere else?). Its most distinguished residents have been: George Green the self-taught mathematician, theoretician of electricity and miller whose eponymous Mill still dominates the skyline: Constance Shacklock, a mezzo not quite as well remembered as Kathleen Ferrier from Huddersfield, but she featured in the promenade concerts in the days of Flash Harry (Sir Malcolm Sargent). Relatives of Constance kept the Post Office in Sneinton, according to MCT, a fact which delighted him: William Bendigo, the prize fighter. The Good, the Bright and the Ugly. Peter Hiatt became a Director of Nottingham Braid and I think he owned one share. Another director was Don Griffith DFC (Mistakenly printed as L Griffith). The ground floor housed the canteen, a ghastly cavern smelling of Swarfega and gas, some manufacturing and the single office. MCT had the front vestibule converted to his office, so the doors which appear in the painting are anachronous. One very sad task was to unclutter the office of fifty years' worth of ledgers and other record and pattern books. These were offered to the City Museum which foolishly rejected them and the books were duly pulped by Trent Waste. Stationery was supplied for many years by Sisson & Parker whose stationery store stood on Carlton Street at the top of Pelham Street where it links to Goose Gate, later a trendy restaurant, the first I saw with the kitchen open to view. In former times all of their ledgers were either made by them or customised for them and I assisted at one





time in the printing of their school exercise book covers, at the Maypole Press to complete a circle. S&P also had a bookshop on Wheeler Gate which was first vandalised by Waterstones and later abandoned by the ever-feckless Virgin – steady on Tubbs, they'll think you've got a dirty mind! New blood soon arrived in the form of Jean Johnson who had previously worked for Jaeger in Hucknall. Dad also employed several braiders (Geoff Matthews was one) who originated in Leek but none of them stayed very long. They have to be a bit odd to survive Leek and don't thrive in exotic climes. The middle floor is depicted in my shaky picture. I apologise for its quality but it is probably the only surviving photograph ever taken inside the factory. Not good for a handheld thirtieth as Bunny might have said. The top floor housed a great number of braiders but few, if any, ever ran in MCT's day. Missed opportunity for a model railway methinks (Braidford Exchange or perhaps a model of the Schwebebahn in Wuppertal, the German home of braiding?). The deep cellar was a yarn store, though I don't remember any mechanical lifting aids, or rat traps. Cyril Thurner became his London agent. The old man kept a bottle of spirits in his desk which he claimed he last touched on hearing of Cyril's unexpected death.

Trade was roughly divided into three sectors: The first was the local lace and hosiery trades, which must have been the reason the business was set up in the first place. Trimmings aplenty were required to adorn bridal wear and the like. Another trade supplied was button manufacture and there was a steady outlet for pseudo tartan patterns for export Scotch Whisky packaging and even a pattern for the Vimto manufacturer. The Lace Market in Nottingham was primarily warehousing and finishing. The lace machines were more likely to be found in Beeston or Long Eaton, but Albert Smith was certainly running lace machines in the Lace Market in the seventies. The only textile machine I have ever seen that was more impressive than a Leavers lace machine running is a massive circular sacking loom spotted at ITMA in Hanover. You can see one at the Wollaton Hall Industrial Museum in Nottingham but it doesn't work, though it should be restored to use. While there you may also admire a magnificent, complex lace braider built by Attenboroughs. AC Gill were manufacturing bridal ware. George Wigley were supplying cotton a gogo and few would have predicted then that the Lace Market would now be a pedestrianized, gentrified quartier of apartments and cafes, sans totties probably. The word seems to have become sanitised in general use but had a specific meaning in Nottingham and they used to ply their trade in the Lace Market: The Empire wholesale trade which was fairly rigid with similar orders arriving regularly from Australia for large quantities of ric-rac, lacet, soutache, duplex, and insertion braids (Oxford comma) in a wide but gradually shrinking range of rayon Duracol colours supplied by Courtaulds, which finally shrank to nothing, rapidly losing Nigger Brown, Natal Brown, African Brown et al, which one used to know by their catalogue numbers but I have forgotten all of them.

Don't blame me, I didn't name them. Pink 63, Black 11 and so on: The home market was rather more driven by fashion in the age of Carnaby Street and Mary Quant, and there were endless requests for novelty from the fashion conscious wholesalers who were divided between Fitzrovia (Kersen on Cleveland Street being the most prominent and trendy), several on Charlotte Street, and the East End – Brick Lane, Spitalfields and the Mile End and Bethnal Green Roads. These were mostly Jewish firms supplying Jewish rag trade outfits, Suskin, E Hecht, H Bestimmt, H Fabian and Ralph Swimer. They also supplied retail haberdashery stores. There was an alleged, distant family connection which I can't unravel between the Swimer tribe and the alleged cheat in international bridge competitions revolving, Boris Schapiro. Given this year's activity I can't refrain from noting that one form of cheating in Bridge is known as the Alcatraz Coup – probably only known in the Golden Gate variation of Bridge. What the Braid made for a penny might retail for 12 or 15p in John Lewis. In those days nobody supplied retailers direct. Completely taboo. In my youth every M&S store proudly proclaimed that 90% of its products were British made. Well they aren't now. By the end of the seventies most of that had been superseded by recent Bangladeshi immigrants many specialising in leather garments, a remarkable and rapid transformation, a replay of the earlier displacement of the Huguenots, though some of the trimmings merchants survive, including Fabian and Ralph Swimer. Spitalfields is now so upmarket that few of us can afford to walk its golden pavements. One consequence of the step change in fashion demands was the requirement to get orders rapidly delivered to London. The Railways were at their nadir, deprived of adequate investment and raped by Richard Beeching. In an often-repeated story, Dad was advised by one of his mitteleuropaischer associates to use Blackguards, which turned out to be Placketts, who ran next-day delivery + collection services from Nottingham to London and elsewhere, fuelled by the midlands textile industry, but they did not cover the whole country. Their rates for Liverpool were double those for London, because of the need for a banksman at all times. How we laughed!

An early attempt to modernise did not bear fruit. I accompanied Dad to the Grimsby premises of The Great Grimsby Coal Salt and Tanning Company to collect an used Wardwellian braider, which is a high-speed machine that depends on low lift cams rather than horn gears to provide the necessary motion. That machine was trialled, but never ran successfully, though the Wardwell company still makes them. The Great bit qualifies Grimsby rather than the substantial company. Cosalt, as they are now more boringly known, manufactured huge quantities of braid and cord for use in nets, rigging and other chandlery requirements. I remain impressed by the sight of the full name in massive letters along one side of the company's premises. Another was the purchase of a knitting machine to make silk ties. This worked very well but

the fashion for knitted ties did not last. One remarkable piece of lateral thinking was the tow-rope. This was loosely braided with thick polypropylene and the fused end of the rope could be looped back and inserted into the opened braid structure which would close fast under tension without needing a knot. This idea must have originated before NBC days, as I can't picture any machine at Nottingham man enough to make such a braid. Soft towing is officially discouraged, probably even illegal these days and there was no commercial take-up of this brilliant idea, which works, however dangerously. Another was the manufacture of chenille, a form of cut-pile cable. Practically the only sixties survivors of my oh so trendy wardrobe are a couple of NBC ties and a purple Betty Van Gelder chenille tie. Must be worf a few bob. One triumph was ogee braid, a novel variant of ric-rac which depends on different tension on various bobbins. One later experiment I was involved in was the manufacture of three-plait dreadlock hair inserts – a curious reversal of the origins of the industry. The main problem was the difficulty of standardising the length of the pieces which were prevented from unravelling with a dab of hot melt glue. By far the most successful and important change was the conversion of all the braider spindles to carry a much heavier package on an enlarged, moulded bobbin that could be wound on a modern automatic multi-spindle winder. The picture shows the original small bobbins. Accurate winding is critical to braiding as it is only cost-effective to change all the bobbins at once. There was a running battle with the 'Elf' contingent. All the overhead shafting and belting was gradually boxed in. Modern braiders each have individual electric motor but the traditional drive was via bevels from central shafts, boxed in in my picture but the overhead belt is still open. A request to cover braiders with a plastic dome was booed off the pitch by the entire industry. Braiders do have an effective stop mechanism, and accidents were more potential than actual, fortunately. Another problem was noise, easily dealt with by the use of protective gear, but before that time generations of braiding operators were driven to an early world of impaired hearing, along with many fellow workers in other branches of the textile industry. One of my most privileged childhood memories is being taken into a weaving shed by my grandfather, Frank Maude, and seeing the hands talk silently to each other, another lost skill. MCT occasionally received letters addressed to Dear Mr Lewis, a senescent nod from folk recognising the family connection to Tubbs Lewis - though Joe Lewis died in 1890. A universal howler was letters addressed to the Nottingham Briad Company. It is a very easy mistake to make subconsciously and I am prone to it myself, despite several written warnings. I spent most of my bit of the twentieth century awaiting two events. One was the total eclipse of 1999 which was good fun. We peered into a bucket of water outside the Rolls-Royce Hut on Elton Road, Derby, now demolished. The eclipse of 2015 had an air of déjà vu. The other was its very end. I also wanted to know

when that end would come, but that's another story. The Times style guide says it ended on 31st December 1999, but what do they know? What I really wanted to know was what 20th Century Fox were going to do about their name. Much the same as the Nottingham Braid Company of Derby, it turned out.

A few artifacts survive from the Aberdeen Street office, though they are not particularly associated with textiles. The most unusual is the Protectograph which writes the words and figures on cheques. Going up in value? Only a bit, though there are some optimists out there on eBay. The &Co cheque endorser also lived there. If you endorse a cheque &Co it means that title is not transferred to anybody else to whom it might be transferred, other than the payee, I believe. The office clock was an Ansonia, which is a cheap American mass-produced clock. Unfortunately the Ansonia movement is currently damaged, and it runs with a quartz movement, but may get repaired, or replaced if I fall very lucky. Without any value for many years they are now being collected, in their myriad designs, most more flamboyant than the staid neo-classical model from Aberdeen Street. There are also chunks of a Remington No 6 Standard typewriter of 1896, which was valued at £2 on a 1944 inventory of the NBC's assets. Oh for a copy of that! Collectability ditto. It is of the early Remington design where the type strikes the platen underneath, which means you have to wait for twelve lines before you can see your mistake(s).

Sometime around 1967 MCT also bought H Jepson and Co from Peter White, then based in Sandown Road, Ascot Drive Derby. For a while both establishments were maintained. There was a deal to sell the NBC premises to the Salvation Army, for about £7,000 I believe, but it wasn't long before the whole of the site was purchased by the City. I suspect the Salvation Army had their nose closer to the wind. Nothing came of whatever plans it said it had and the Braid has been a car park for many years, much like the rest of Nottingham. I think its picture understates the larger bulk of the Army's portion and falsely depicts them as distinct edifices. The Sandown Road premises were rented from White until the firm moved to Gresham Road, Derby around 1980. Peter White had advised Dad that the book profits at Jepson were only part of the story.... Ahem. I lay down my pen circumspectly. If nobody is looking I may reveal all in a future instalment... The plan-form illustration of the horngear mechanism on a maypole braider shows how the horns at the bottom of the spindle carriers are passed from gear to gear by slots. The spindles follow a narrow track cut in the main plates, which were often, but mistakenly, said to be cut from the steel of scuttled German battleships. The Braid had machines made in Germany and America and even a few from the UK.

## The Cardinal of Reams.

Few people will nowadays go to the lengths that CBT went, without the aid of the internet, to produce a series of Christmas cards in the 1950s and 1960s. One of the glories of the world before standardisation was the myriad paper sizes. No doubt you are aware of the subdivisions produced by printers' origami: folio, quarto, octavo (8vo), 16mo, 32mo and you can't go much further folding the paper. Try it yourself. Although the subdivisions were fairly standard, the original paper sizes gloried in names as varied as Elephant, Crown, Large Post and many others.

This year's newsletter was intended to include one page printed by letterpress, a skill I learnt at school, but sadly there are still a few technical problems to conquer, commercial presses now being very costly indeed.

Today international standard sizes have replaced the myriad Imperial sizes as a result of Napoleonic rationalist fascism which relates the size of your essay to the supposed diameter of the planet. Our English and most equivalent continental measurements were all based on the size of a human being, feet, cubits, yards, thumbs and so on. International sizes nearly all start with paper of one metre and have the remarkable mathematical property of being proportioned  $1:\sqrt{2}$ .  $\sqrt{2}$  is about 1.4. Dividing the longer side by 2 produces a sheet half the area but in exactly the same proportion (Just multiply both sides by  $\sqrt{2}$  to see the effect). OK we spell it out. If the longer side is halved the proportion becomes  $1:\sqrt{2}/2$ . Multiply 1 by  $\sqrt{2}$

and you get  $\sqrt{2}$ . Multiply  $\sqrt{2}/2$  by  $\sqrt{2}$  and you get 1, so you are back to where you started but half size. Stephen Hawking started his famous popular but widely unread book by noting that sales of popular science were in inverse proportion to the number of mathematical formulae, but at least I am not trying to charge you for this little lesson. This became an international (ISO) standard, adopted with a few exceptions. The Americans have been slow. My former employers were still obliged to produce paper prints of their technical publications in Quarto to keep the Americans quiet, but in a machine-readable type face, Flinstones fashion, namely OCRB designed by Adrian Frutiger whose death we mourn this year. To commemorate the designer of Univers and OCRB, and paper-based technical manuals from Rolls-Royce this article is set in OCRB which is a limited font and does not include the symbol for  $\sqrt{\phantom{x}}$  so we have had to do a bit of cheating. It was all written in Simplified English, re-christened Stupefied English by some, and did not require apostrophes either, much to the relief of everybody. Most of the aerospace world by then was using the web-based version of the manuals, which we also supported, and which used web-friendly typefaces. Back to Christmas Cards. CBT was able to procure cards to fit his chosen Christmas photographs whether they were in landscape or portrait format, though the photographs were always landscapes, rather than portraits. Still with me? One still can, and one does, but not in the profusion of yesteryear..



## CBT on Tour

I have uncovered just three of his cards, so far. Only one is dated. The 1957 card features a picture of Santa Sophia in Istanbul (That's how we spelled it in 1957) and it is taken through a window grille from the Blue Mosque, showing that great care had been taken in the camera settings to achieve a huge depth of field. The typeface is Gill Perpetua and the address is 35 Dollis Avenue, Finchley, N3, with the telephone number FINchley 8161. Yes, another little mathematical game, but less risk of losing readers I hope. FIN could be converted to numbers merely by reading the dial on the telephone. From within London you could dial any other London exchange's number, but beyond the local area you would have to connect via the operator before Subscriber Trunk Dialling (STD) gradually came in between 1958 and 1979. Incidentally did you notice that computer numeric keypads (American) start at the bottom left and work up, but telephones (Japanese) start at the top left and work down! My copy was not signed. There is another card with a view of Hong Kong. The main greeting is also in Perpetua. There is no phone number and apart from the greeting the rest is in Spartan small capitals. So much for standardisation! This is signed Daddy and presumably was sent to L&L. The last card in the series shows a view of South Island NZ and is signed Daddy and Elise, handwritten by CBT and the address is 19 Lancaster Road, St All Bran. Probably

the NZ contingent can confirm the year he visited them. That year the types were Times and Spartan. I strongly suspect that Elise with her photographic trade connections would have arranged the supply of all these cards and their printing. On the supposition that all the pictures were taken in the preceding year I attempted to correlate these to his surviving photographic albums. No success here. Only the albums for some years have survived.

1951 saw the Channel Islands. 1952, the year of Grannie's death was Austria and Venice. 1953 was a Mediterranean cruise. 1955 was another Mediterranean cruise with calls in Greece, Cypress, Lebanon, Algiers etc. That the later albums have not reached me tells a story; I assume that Elise had kept them.

One of the most interesting cruises must have been the Northern European Capitals Cruise of June-July 1937 on SS Orontes, which was shared with the Maguires. I was particularly touched by a photograph of HMS Cairo, flying the flag at Stockholm. HMS Cairo was subsequently lost on the most heroic and costly of naval exploits during WWII, Operation Pedestal – the strategically successful operation to supply fuel and ammunition to Malta, despite enormous losses. Visiting Danzig in 1937 must have had an air of daring about it. It was the friction point between Nazi Germany and Poland and qualified as a capital because it was the Danzig Free State at the time.



The Sirene of Danzig (Gdansk). CBT was a skilled landscape photographer, learning no doubt from his father who listed photography as one of his main hobbies and who practised colour separation photography when it was really rare. I believe I heard Leslie say that CBT used a Zeiss Super Ikonta, a dreadnought of a roll film camera of which my collection includes an example.



MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND,  
SOUTH ISLAND, N.Z.

May the Christmas Spirit  
of Goodwill be yours now and throughout  
the Coming Year

*Daddy + Elise*  
*with much love*

19 Lancaster Road,  
St. Albans, Hertfordshire

## Death of the Kool

.. and the death of Radford and Hyson Green

This piece has to start with a grovelling apology. I spoke too early. Last year I stated that the only remaining feature of the former Players No 1 factory was the whimsical, colonial-style office range along the Radford Boulevard frontage. It was never an homogenous unit, but rather the result of various agglomerations over the years. In fact much more of No 1 had survived though it no longer faced onto Alfretton Road and a large percentage of that which faced Beckenham Road had also gone. This left quite a lot that had recently been turned into student accommodation until it caught fire on 30th March this year. It burned nearly as merrily as if it had still been processing tobacco and it took ten days to put out. My ghoulish visit to photograph the remains reminded me of the one time I worked in the office area, the occasional office furniture removal excepted. The best known UK brand of menthol-flavoured cigarette was Consulate, probably the only one. Players acquired the right to produce Kool, a British American Tobacco brand, which has more US and Philippine market share now than in those days. They wanted part of the market for what was seen as a mild, health-giving type of smoke. Players were familiar with infusing spirits into tobacco as their Whisky Flake and similar brands of pipe tobacco were treated with a secret mix of liquids which included alcohol and was therefore carefully controlled by Customs as well as by the Company. Nevertheless they built a very small test plant for mentholation which they tried to run in a laboratory in the office area. I was the labourer selected to run the test plant under observation from dozens of men in white coats. Hilariously the machine had been designed with the control switches at one end

and the operating station at the other. The job lasted a couple of days. If Kool was ever launched on the UK market it never set it alight.\* Although Radford still has one first class pub, The Plough, belonging to the recreated Nottingham Brewery, there aren't many others left and as far as I can see there isn't a single pub left in Hyson Green, which is immediately adjacent. That is worse than careless, it's a crime, even if partly self-inflicted, living proof of the oft-quoted statement by Hilaire Belloc. I visited a very good photographic exhibition recording today's poly-ethnic Hyson Green community which quoted many comments to that effect. Lots of colourful individuals but little community.

Incidentally 2015 has seen the demolition of another building mentioned in last year's story. The former Custom & Excise offices in Talbot House on Talbot Street, whither Players despatched £1m every day, have gone. At the rear of that building was the site of the former Morkell & Carnill car dealership, facing onto Wollaton Street. My first MG had a Morkell and Carnill footplate on the passenger door cill. This was always considered to be smart. Most firms advertised on the driver's side, but the driver already knew where the car had come from! David Carnill and his wife and their dog were among the most pleasant folk who patronised another Plough, the one in Lowdham, which resolutely refuses to be the World's End in my mind, though the name changed nearly forty years ago.

\*p.s. Did you see the headline that was quoted with some glee? "Bus catches fire. Passengers alright!" This reminds us of another one about the travels of an ailing Ms Vanderbilt, that is most appropriate to the demise of industrial Nottingham - Sick Gloria transits Monday.





A second visit to the little museum in Wotton was useful. I am still not entirely clear about the origins of the Charles Lambert pin business. CBT describes this as originating in Kingswood near Bristol, and there is a Kingswood in the suburbs of Bristol as well as the one near Wotton. Charfield housed at least two of Tubbs Lewis's mills, one of which is considerably older than the other, but both are on the same site, originally equipped to use water power provided by the Little Avon. The roles of the different works are outlined in an undated brochure, list number 52 of Tubbs Lewis products, which I was able to copy but only by

The booklet is helpful in three different areas. One is the mills, also illustrated on the company's splendid letterhead. Second are the trade marks, third subsidiary companies and also branded products, a sure sign of determined and skilled marketing.

Langford Mills are designated here for Silk Throwing in the page illustrating the mills, The pin mill illustrated here is probably Huntingford Mill, situated about 600 yards north of New Mill. Was Huntingford Mill originally the mill owned by Charles





Lambert of Kingswood?

The lower of the two photographs is entitled Charfield Pin Mill and has been lifted from a web site.

Incidentally HTT found competition for labour in Charfield. Frith, the long-established publisher of scenic photographs which is still in business, also had a mill in Charfield producing images by collotype, the high quality process for reproducing pictures and photographs which is a little like lithography. This image may be

one of theirs but I am not aware of any provenance.

There is no mention here of the mills at Wickwar, which were given over to braiding, I believe.

## Trade Marks

Although CBT advises that most Tubbs Lewis production was anonymous they did indeed have a number of trade marks, though most do not refer in any way to the Company that made them. An example of such anonymity is the All British Pin Box. Another



is the C-No-Pin fighting at the sharp end of the class war.

One brand name that is identifiable to the company is "Tulewco" Silk Finish. This was registered design 210692.

"The Justice Make" is a guarantee of good quality. RDTN No 168741 of 1906.

The porcupine double plated pins have registered number 271502, and Sphinx trade mark whose number is not given.

This leaves perhaps the most interesting of the trade marks, Liberty Elastic registered Number 39565. I previously suggested this is a mark relating to the solo activity of Stanley Tubbs, earlier

in his career, and his association with Irving Sandow the body builder. This is happily confirmed by reference to British Industries Fair Advertisements.

1922 British Industries Fair Advert as Manufacturers of "Porcupine" Brand Hair Pins. Also for Bone and Wood Knitting Pins and Crochet Hooks. Elastic Fabrics; Elastic Cords; Elastic Braids; Elastic Suspender Webs; Elastic Loom Webs; Elastic Garter Webs. Sandow Developers; Fishing Lines. (Stand Nos.

E.17 and E.34) [1]

1929 British Industries Fair Advert for Elastics and Elasticated items.

Manufacturers of "Justice" Elastics for all purposes. "Ascot" Ladies'



Hose Supporters and Garters. "Pheltose" Sanitary Belt.

"Goodwood" Man's Carters. "Porcupine" Pins and Hairpins.

"Durex" Knitting Pins and Crochet Hooks. Fishing Lines.

(Textiles and Clothing Section - Stand No. S.74) [2]

1961 Manufacturers of elastic webs, braids and cords, hair pins and knitting needles. [3]

This information proves the Tubbs Lewis connection with Irving Sandow, the champion bodybuilder. I love the irony that Charles Atlas advertised the problem with sand in your face and Tubbs the skill of Sand off it.

As for Durex knitting pins, what can I say in polite company -

other than advise a gel not to mistake one friend for the other?

Absolutely no connection with the Pheltose sanitary belt I am sure. I am not sure what a Men's Carter is either, but suspect it might be a Garter, as in Christie, or honest sweat whose many pongs are worn as a badge of pride. Men's garters took two forms in my youth. Elasticated was for wimps. Real men used small skeins of wool that were hitched round the calf rather than knotted. Ours used to be red, as I recall.



## Subsidiary companies

Proprietorship of four companies is mentioned. These are: Chas Lambert & Sons, hair pins etc established 1780; E Kemp & Sons fishing lines; John Thomas & Co needles, porcupine double plated pins:

James Holyoake and Co Needles. A petition to The House of Commons in 1840 (House of Commons Papers vol 26) is signed by two Holyoake businesses based in Redditch, the traditional home of needle making in the Black Country. It is said to have been the source of 90% of the world's needle production in

Victorian times. These were Thomas & James Holyoake and James Holyoake. It is reasonable to assume for the moment that Tubbs Lewis later acquired the latter, but I do not yet know if it remained in Redditch.

## Smallwares

The trade directory only lists textile smallwares, rather than the full range listed above.

For example under Black Elastics we have brands that make IKEA look unimaginative. (They are.ed) The Berkeley, The Superior, The Para, The Beaufort, The Federation, The Ne Plus Ultra, The Gloucester, The Crown, The Albion, The Union.



The Ne plus ultra must have been a bit of a deterrent to eager gentlemen! If you must ask it means no further! It is most often associated as a phrase with Wellington's policy of denial to the French in Spain, so maybe there is a more patriotic interpretation than mine! Probably intended to mean that it couldn't be any better which is a laudable aspiration.

The para tree is hevea brasiliensis which leads to two conclusions. One is that rubber is heavier than air and the other is that budding planters were probably sent to a pre-para tree school. Brazilian rubber trees were imported from Brazil, cultured at Kew and then the new stock was shipped to British controlled Malaya where the new industry prospered and fortunes were made.

Of Tulewco Lisle Silk Looms we are reminded of six good points This new registered dye has all the advantages of our Langford stainless black

It is perfectly stainless

It will not fade

The brightness will last as long as the cotton

The cotton by the new process is twice as strong

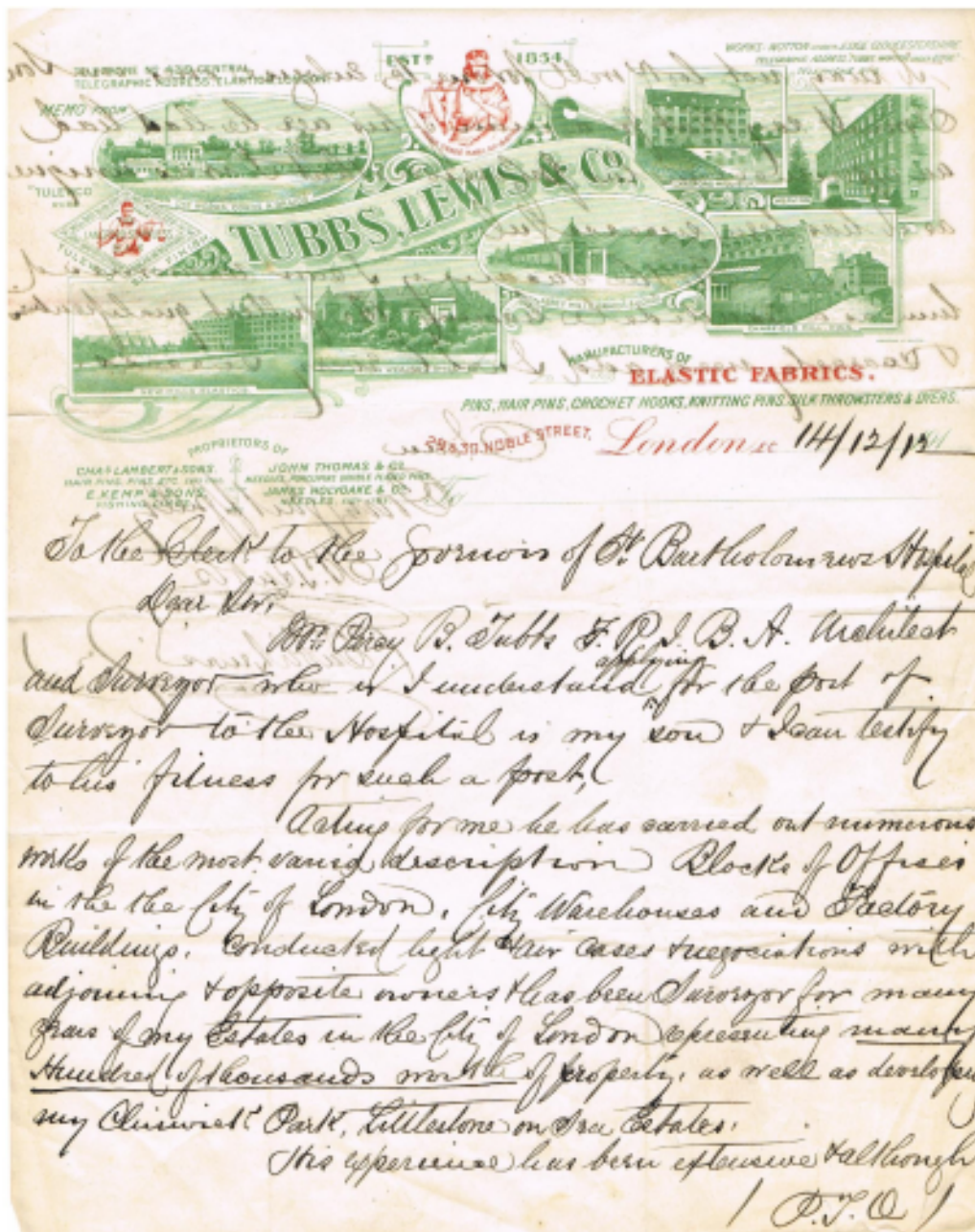
Much softer to the touch

Furthermore Only the best para rubber is used.

I add one further advantage - it paid for my education, such as that was.

Stainless is a step on the way to the summit of completely colourfast dyes. The Textile Terms and Definitions (ed MCT) defines staining as an undesirable local discolouration. Fastness testing measures the transfer of colorant from the test material to the adjacent materials. Colour fastness is the property of resistance to a named agency (e.g. washing and light). Silk finish is a silken appearance to cotton, not dyed silk, though real silks were also thrown and used in manufacture.

Perhaps the most interesting building though is Appledore, the name given by the Sherlock series to the modern private house built for Renishaws, the present owners of New Mills.



This is a letter in HTT's hand, recommending PBT as an architect to the Governors of St Bartholemews Hospital which lies very much in the area of the City where HTT and Joseph Lewis played the property market. I do not know if a copy was actually sent to the Governors, and I am not aware of any work he did there. Pevsner certainly does not give him any credit. In fact there are no PBT building in North London Pevsner but his obituary credits him with St Mary's Schools and St Paul's Hall, Finchley; I believe the latter has been heavily modernised but haven't visited it personally. There are other PBT buildings still to investigate. One that is known to survive, though its use has changed is a Barclays branch in Croydon, sadly not a pub. Other possibilities are a cottage in Fittleworth and flats in Roehampton. CBT states that none of his London buildings was destroyed in the Blitz, but I think they have since been demolished.



## Jellalabad

In the special way that the English celebrate their defeats almost as reverently as their victories the Somerset Light Infantry carried the battle honour of Jellalabad from 1843 until the regiment was dissolved by a series of mergers into what is now The Rifles.

Apropos of nothing did you see that somebody paid nearly £0.5m for a large mural listing all of England's International Football defeats?

This piece of embroidery, not quite as accomplished as some, incorporating the regimental crest probably dates from the 1st World War when their production was highly popular and there are now specialist collectors. I am not sure whether it came to me via the Will Sutton connection or via CBT, both of whom were commissioned in the Somersets. You know what they say - She was only a seamstress but she knew what Reggie meant, though it could just as easily have been worked by Reggie toiling for extra ciggies.

The bugle horn signifies that the regiment is light Infantry, a style of infantry originating in irregular warfare and skirmishing rather than standing in the line. Later they worked in small groups out of the line and required a complex set of bugle calls

to control them. The XIII dates from the regiment's designation as the 13th of Foot from 1751 when these numbers, previously used to refer to precedence, became mere numerical designations. By the time of the American War of Independence when recruitment was going badly it was decided to give regiments a territorial designation to boost morale and the 13th became the 13th (1st Somersetshire) Regiment of Foot.

During the 1st Afghan War of 1839-1842 the regiment actually succeeded in capturing Kabul at one point but was then forced to hold Jellalabad in a prolonged siege which was broken from within by the Somersets under the command of Sir Robert Sale. Hence honours for Sale! Like all foreign meddling in Afghanistan the overall outcome was a dismal failure. The primary object was to extend the margin of safety between expansionist Russia and British India, part of The Great Game This was to be achieved by military occupation and promotion of puppet governments.

Neither worked. . It was the Japs who scared The Russian Bear off for a while before play resumed in the 1970s, by which time the Brits had retired hurt.

The 44th of Foot were killed almost to the last man at the battle of

Gadamak in 1842, not far from Jellalabad as they retreated from Kabul under the command of Lord Elphinstone (the mind boggles at the puns lurking in there) – probably the worst defeat ever suffered by the British Army until Gallipoli. However the pluck and relative success of the Somersets was highly regarded as a face saver. The Battle honour of Jellalabad was awarded. The

regiment was adopted by Prince Albert and became 13th (1st Somersetshire) (Prince Albert's Light Infantry) Regiment of Foot, to the rejoicing of signwriters everywhere, sometimes also known as Prince Albert's own, to their relative distress. The Mural Crown (a crown made of bricks) was also added to the crest in recognition of the siege.

The 1st Battalion served in India again during the Mutiny period (1856-64) and again between 1893 and 1908 and I believe that Will served in India with them in the early years of the last century. There was always a regular 2nd Battalion and a number of militia and territorial battalions. This was boosted greatly during the WWI to nine battalions of which only the ninth did not serve overseas.

CBT was in the Eighth. By the 1st World War the Colonel-in-Chief was another Prince Albert, though he is now much better remembered as King George VI and was then known as the Duke of York, but signed himself as Albert. They are so busy changing their names and their costumes that they hardly have time left to reign. The crest also had the initials PA instead of the XIII at one point. The Colonel of the Regiment at the end of the war was General Snow. The military historian Dan Snow is a direct descendant and regards his ancestor with some contempt for his poor showing, particularly at the time of the Somme campaign. I should imagine that CBT would have had to absorb some of this potted history as part of his Officer Training which he undertook in a posting to Worcester College, Oxford.

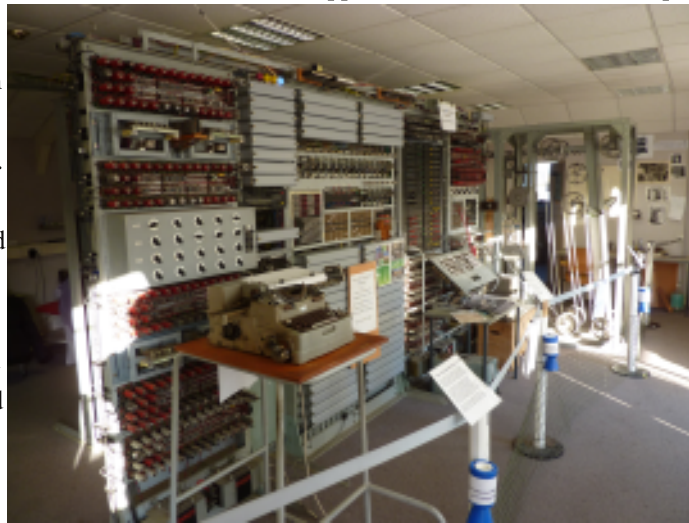
The Regimental Museum in Taunton was closed for a time but appears now to be open daily, Tuesday to Saturday, so I leave you to decide if it is open on a daily basis. If you need a clue, the answer is No.





## Of Kendals and Colossi

When you discover that your great grandfather's business partner was an actor-manager by the name of William Hunter Kendal you oh-so want him to be related to the fragrant Felicity, possessor of the one-time Rear of the Year (1981). Fle's father was also a famous actor-manager, immortalised in the Merchant-Ivory film Shakespeare Wallah but it turns out that he took the name of Kendal because he liked the place, rather than others, whose ancestors – one surmises – were once residents. In fact Kendal's real name was Grimstone and it isn't clear yet how or why they acquired the surname of Kendal by the time they married in 1869 (the year of PBT's birth) but presumably they also liked the Lake District, for she was born Madge Shafto Robertson and started to act with that name. The Kendals had a brief theatrical partnership with Hare, but the name of the farceur Robertson Hare (Oh calamity!) is a coincidence. The Kendal(l) colossus in my life was E.S Kendall, properly known as Edward but nicknamed Sam. At Uppingham all staff had a nickname, knowledge of which formed part of the Fag's exam which one had to pass after a few weeks of pupillage before entering the preposterous world of serfdom that put one at the beck and call of praeposters (prefects) for a few terms. Sam was the senior maths master and in an unusual move was given a class of hopeless cases including me. Within a term he had us all doing mental arithmetic to a much higher standard than before and enabled me to pass a Maths O level. Another factor in my improvement was the belated adoption of spectacles. He was the inspiration behind my later opting to do a maths foundation course at the Open University whose summer school was taught in part by Robin Wilson, son of James Harold, the Colne valley conman. Sam is rightly commemorated at Uppingham by the Kendall room named in his honour. He daily exhibited a party trick. While facing the blackboard and writing on it, he would pose a question and then toss a piece of chalk over his shoulder, naming his target and expecting same to provide the answer, and return the chalk. He never missed. His own ability at mental arithmetic bordered on the phenomenal, the far side of phenomenal. When he died the school had to employ a computer to prepare the school timetable which Sam did while stirring his tea, once he had finished the crossword which he genuinely did while circulating in the Senior Common Room – on dit. When it comes to BP (as the Park was known to insiders) Uppingham certainly was host to the genuine article. It has only very recently been revealed that Dennis Oswald was a star performer. He worked successfully by hand on Tunny, which was the BP name for the Offizier code produced by the Lorenz



machine that made Enigma look like a Mickey Mouse watch. Oswald's name emerged too late to get a name check in Colossus (the history of the computing programme engineered by Tommy Flowers, an employee of the Post Office). Note the careful use of the traditional spelling of programme. Colossus ran editable, storable programs but limited in scope, almost certainly the first computing machine ever to do so. I am immensely privileged to have witnessed Colossus running, breaking real wartime messages, while still under the control of Tony Sayle who personally recreated the whole thing against all the odds. Sayle died shortly after my visit but I did at least exchange a nodded greeting with him. Oswald had been the housemaster at Meadhurst (my residence) until a few years before my arrival and was an occasional visitor at luncheon, still on the staff. I don't suppose he was saddened to be replaced by a computer. He taught

French so revenons à nos moutons!

Kendal was well known for his business acumen and was able to invest his profits from the theatre unlike so many of that ilk. (According to Simon Callow his accountant had to explain to him that he had impoverished himself by spending his vast income in restaurants) He also assembled a large collection

of paintings. The Garrick Club has a portrait of him by Hugh Walpole. He was a member of a dizzying number of other clubs. His wife became Dame Madge Kendal. During their career they were first resident at the Haymarket, then the Royal Court and later concentrated on touring. They were largely responsible for restoring respectability to the acting profession for females which in Victorian times was synonymous with an even older profession. Immorality was prohibited, on and off stage. I am not sure if that means they used bowdlerised Shakespeare. I hope not. Clearly Kendal was the ideal social and business companion for Stanley and his brother Percy Tubbs, the latter definitely an aesthete and art collector, and presumably both were theatre-goers. Stanley's first wife, Ellen Emma Prescott (CBT's beloved Aunt Nellie) had been a member of Kendal's company, as improbably had Walter Richard Sickert!! Kendal was involved in City Sites Development Ltd. Research into this is ongoing and a project for 2016.



## LAB

We celebrate the 50th anniversary of a Royal Day Out.

The afternoon of 13th April 1965 was a high day for CB Tubbs and Elise. Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra visited Swail House, 15 Ashley Road, Epsom, the residential home of the London Association of the Blind of which CBT was Chairman, and so it befell him to greet her and show her round the House.. The itinerary is highly detailed – though it is less than two pages of closely typed quarto (Some time before A4 came to dominate the World) - the accompanying 19 notes take up another three pages.

Note 7 tells us that the Ladies Toilet in the East Entrance Hall will be reserved for the use of Her Royal Highness and Lady in Waiting and is not to be used by anyone else on the day of the visit. The Gentlemen's Toilet may be used by residents waiting in the Dining Room.

## The Monk's War - continued The London Irish

We have already raised the possibility that there was something sinister about Monk's fascination with Irish matters but his known Irish associations in London appear to be entirely innocent.

GAS was a member of London Irish in the 1913-14 Season. It was a rule that all playing members and officials be of Irish birth or parentage. I am not sure that Monk could easily demonstrate that. Both his parents were born in Reading. The Suttons had been in Reading for generations; the Moxhays arrived in Reading from Exeter.

It is hardly surprising that GAS was a keen Rugby man. Haileybury is a rugby school and there is a fixture list of the Haileybury Wanderers Football Club for 1908-9 Season. Their ground was at Ponders End, which is on the line through Enfield to Hertford.

His membership card reports that the club was founded in 1898 and that the 1st XV played at Heathfield, Wandsworth Common and the 2nd, 3rd and 4th teams played at Catford, one of many sports clubs having land in the Catford and Beckenham area. One suspects that word went round in the city that it was time to grab land before it was built on. Various illuminati were Vice Presidents including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. In other words there is nothing to suggest, then as now, that there is anything suspicious about being a member of London Irish. One VP was Stephen Gwynn MP. He was a Protestant Irish Nationalist representing Galway City on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Gwynn later fought in Connaught Rangers during the War. Presidents have included architects, peers and Air Commodores but at the time it was the Rev JR James, who resumed the presidency after the war. Monk has written in the results of all the fixtures for the season. I am not sure if he observes the custom of reporting Home team first, so I have not analysed the results so far.

The London Irish held social events at the Irish Club, 28 Charing

Note that Gents get an apostrophe but the Ladies don't.

Note 6 tells us that photographs are not to be taken in the Dining Room while Her Royal Highness is having tea. There is one poor copy of a photo of this happy day, not taken in the Dining Room. Mr DL Osborne was in charge of the photographers.

The present manager (Warden in 1965) of Swail House asserts that it was the first building of its kind anywhere in the world. It currently has 54 flats and bungalows with varying amounts of accommodation and is now run by Action for Blind People. From Streetview it seems that Swail House has a strongly institutional look; it has been modernised a little so it is hard to tell if it was built before or after the war. I would have to guess that a Royal visit meant it was then a fairly recent development.

Cross Road. For example there was a Cinderella Dance on Shrove Tuesday, 4th February 1913, a whist drive on February 8th and the annual dinner on Saturday February 22nd, tickets 4/-.

There is a ticket for the Ireland v Scotland match at Lansdowne Road on Saturday 28th February 1914. Admit to touch line seats (Reserved). 1/-. The ticket does not admit to ground. Don't follow that, but I suppose that the arrangement is similar to a modern reserved railway journey where the seat and the travel fare are on different tickets, at least until the newly announced ticketing arrangements come into effect..

## Kensington Rowing Club

We have already mentioned Monk's membership of the Kensington Rowing Club and his famous victory just a few weeks before the outbreak of war. The entire membership list is printed in the Rules and Fixture list for each season. He was a member in 1914 but his name is not printed in his copy for 1913. It is reasonable to guess that he joined during the season. Another new member in 1914 is JD Nolan. I think Nolan is the link to the Irish Community. There is a card for Nolan giving his address as 4 Castleton Mansions, SW, with a telephone number of Putney 121. Nolan's family had a house furnisher and decorator's business on St. Stephen's Green in Dublin.

The Gaelic League of London, 35 Lamb's Conduit Street. This is another organisation with distinguished leadership. The president was an Hon. and JP Boland MP was a vice president. The League was an organisation for the preservation of the Irish Language and Traditions. All of Irish Birth or Descent (Capitals sic) are eligible for membership. Minimum subscription 2/6. There is a letter of 8th July 1914 from the Hon Secretary of the League (though not the same Hon Sec as printed on the letterhead) which is seeking financial donations from the London Irish. The letter is addressed direct to Monk at his address at Belvedere Road, Crystal Palace, though it was later forwarded. This was a circular letter where "a mutual friend has very kindly furnished us with the names and addresses of members of the London Irish Rugby Club". This was



slightly before the Data Protection Act.

## The Artists' Rifles.

Territorial units as they were in the first world war dated only from the 1907 Haldane reforms, where volunteer units became territorial battalions within regiments whose 1st and possibly other battalions were regular. The assumption was that Territorials would not be required to serve overseas, but there does not seem to have been any outright restriction, particularly if they volunteered. In 1910 "when asked to nominate for Imperial Service overseas in the event of mobilisation, less than 10% of the Force chose to do so. In August 1914, after the outbreak of the First World War, territorial units were given the option of serving in France and, by 25 August, in excess of seventy battalions had volunteered. This question over the availability of territorial divisions for overseas service was one of Lord Kitchener's motivations for raising the New Army separately." (Wikipedia). The "Artists' " Rifles Mobilization Instructions were issued in April 1910, printed on a single sheet.

Kit Bags not to be relied on. All essential articles should be carried on the man. Carefully cut toe nails. Get Hair cut short, and other useful advice is given by way of being an order. These orders should be hung up, ready for instant reference, in the bedroom of every Member of the Corps, over a box containing the articles to be carried by him above referred to.

5th August 1914

Army Form E635 in green envelope Form D419 is sent to Monk, and all other territorials, one supposes.

It is entitled "Embodiment"

No 47.

Pte GA Sutton A/1209

Whereas the Army Council, in pursuance of His Majesty's Proclamation, have directed that the 28th (County of London) Battalion The London Regiment is embodied on the fifth day of August 1914 You are hereby required to attend at Headquarters not later than 12 noon o'clock that day. Should you not present yourself as ordered you will be liable to be proceeded against.

?? Blackwood Capt, Adjutant.

December 8th 1914. Monk received a pass (No 15) from the Artists' Rifles lasting to 9.15 pm on 3rd January 1915 allowing him to proceed from Hare Hall Camp, Romford to Dunstable. This is signed by Capt JH NPadfield, on 8th December.

## At the Front

7th May 1915. Monk's brother Will wrote to an unnamed officer in Monk's Battalion enquiring after his health. "Having been fast on your right I realize what a time you have been having. If my brother is all right would you very kindly let him know that I am yours " etc Capt Som LI 11th Bde. Will was in 1st Battalion as he had been for many years. The letter is written on the back of a Messages and Signals form. According to the history of the SLI 11th Brigade was out of the line from 4th-8th May. On its return to the line it took part in the battle of Frezenberg Ridge at

Vlamertinge, part of 2nd Ypres. The history records that "by the middle of May 1915 the Ypres Salient had acquired that evil reputation which clung to it throughout the war". Will's concerns were not imaginary. Frezenberg is just North of the Ypres-Roulers Railway, no more than a couple of miles from where Seymour Tubbs would lose his life two years and much fighting later, so probably Monk was even nearer to the site of his future brother-in-law's death, though neither of them would live to enjoy that status.

## Blighty one

The correspondence is far from complete but it is evident that Monk received some form of wound, a Blighty One, from which he gradually recovered over the next months and once back on light duties his time was divided between the Artists' headquarters in London and their depot at Romford. He was quickly bored with administrative work on the men's pay and badly wanted to get a commission and be back on active service.

28 September 1915. Furlough until 7/10/15 permitting Monk to proceed from Alexandra Hospital, Cosham, via Cosham Station to Dunstable. This is signed by Lieut-Colonel ?Evans? RAMC -Royal Army Medical Corps).

7th November, Hammersmith, postcard. Just starting for HQ so no news yet.

9th November 1915 – Tuesday. Postcard from London. Stamp Removed. ? have got some more leave ? all about 10 days.

23 November 1915. YMCA Postcard, England, Stamp Removed. I have been hanging about HQ the last day or so. I came down to Romford today. I think I shall either get some more leave or a job in the QMS.

24th November 1915. London. On a postcard from which the stamp has been cut out so that part of the message is missing Monk writes " ? found me a job at ? all right, but the doctor had a good look at me and gave me a fortnight more. I shall be down by the 2-3 tomorrow I suspect."

9th December 1915. Postcard Hammersmith. I have got furlough up to Jan 3 1916. I left my kitbag at Gidea Park .. so I don't know when I shall come down.

There aren't many good individual pictures of Monk, but several of the group photos show him being rather nonchalant, and sometimes smoking. This images is cropped from a group photograph of the entire family.



## Telcan star

Developed by Michael Turner and Norman Rutherford of the Nottingham Electric Valve Company, the Telcan or 'television in a can' was an early attempt at production of a domestic video recorder. Using quarter inch tape on a reel to reel system, the machine could record up to 20 minutes of low quality black and white television programmes on each side of the tape. and glosses over the fact that it could also record high quality television programmes but only with a low level of fidelity.

Available in a variety of formats, including a rather challenging kit, it required a good deal of skill to construct. The machine was finally demonstrated to the public at the BBC's Alexandra Palace, on 24th June 1963, some time before Rank Kershaw were able to reveal their product. the other early video device with which this newsletter concerns itself. (Another account says it was at the Aldwych Hotel). While it proved a revolutionary development in home entertainment, machines were expensive and could not meet the increasing move towards colour programming. As a result, the parent company Cinerama withdrew funding, bringing an end to the Telcan. Only two machines are known to have survived, this one at Nottingham Industrial Museum and one in San Francisco. There is a much fuller account of the company's activities at <http://www.inventricity.com/#!/telcan-first-home-video-recorder/cleci> which confirms that Turner and Rutherford moved from a disused cinema in Netherfield, Nottingham to the old maltings in East Bridgford opposite the Royal Oak, where a sizeable chunk of ones youth was misspent. The business was

founded on the reconditioning of Cathode Ray Tubes, the heart of analogue televisions.

That account also confirms that they sold out to Sydney Bernstein of Granada who has already featured in these pages as the patron of Ralph Tubbs. To Bernstein the £20,000 investment was petty cash; to the dynamic duo it was a fortune that permitted development of their television camera design and later the telcan. However Granada soon lost interest and further investors (Cinerama) were found. Their withdrawal was pretty much the end of Telcan. Rutherford was later involved in the Westcrown Brewery in Newark. The telcan in SF is privately owned. The picture below is the mystery object from the Fulton Market - see next story





## Go West young man!

GO TO SAN FRANCISCO said the philosopher (Frank Zappa) with no more than a touch of irony, and for generations the Tubbs clansmen have obeyed the call. My trip to San Francisco this year by way of New York and Indianapolis was built entirely around my wish to travel on the Jeremiah O' Brien, and not to catch crabs of either kind as anticipated by said philosopher... all despite having made a static and much cheaper (for me that is. The Jeremiah's trip cost \$\$\$ millions) visit in Portsmouth in 1994 which has been noted here previously. We have enjoyed the ship vicariously through models and films but the hunger was not thereby satisfied. There were other diversions en route, hence my picture of the Statue of Liberty as you do not normally see her and the mystery picture taken in the Fulton Market area, a whisker away from Wall Street. A quotation from Chase Manhattan might be a clue, but a deceptive one!



My one picture from many taken in Indianapolis is of my two former colleagues and reprises a shot taken of us in 2004. Apologies for the Newcastle Brown Advert! They don't get everything right, but the front bar of that pub dates from Victorian times and is a very rare survivor. Pictures of the preserved office of the Tubbs Cord Company, another rare survivor of the fire of 1906, have been seen within the family for many years, and are freely available on the web. The preserved offices have been relocated to the Maritime

Museum at Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, where they are still used as offices. It manages a small but choice selection of historic craft including the Eureka, a large wooden-hulled vehicle-carrying ferry which plied to Sausalito across the Bay from SF. Two of its stock were built in the United Kingdom which used to build 80% of the world's shipping in the good old days. Jeremiah's permanent berth is at the neighbouring pier. The actual Maritime Museum building across the road, an art deco spectacular, has been abysmally mistreated. Almost all its exhibits have been removed. The murals upstairs had been defaced and now partially restored. The lady at the front desk is

even more disgruntled about all that than I am and respect to the lady for speaking out, but they do those Americans, they do. One of the very few artifacts still there is the radio shack from a Victory ship, which is maintained in working order by volunteers. Although the Big Society in America is Trumped, as it were, by the rights of the individual, there is everywhere evidence of voluntary work and of dollars supplied not just

by the tax avoidance policy of big business. The National Parks Service is Uncle Sam's chief custodian of American heritage and looks after the Maritime Museum.

According to information at the Museum Alfred Tubbs moved to San Francisco in 1850 and was active in the whaling industry and in ships' chandlery before setting up the cord business in 1856. The works were on Iowa Street in the Portrero district of SF and the company also had offices at 611 Front Street, which is just behind the Embarcadero, the main promenade behind the piers near the Financial District of downtown SF. One source claims Front Street is in Portrero, which is incorrect. Front Street is now a canyon of glass and concrete and does not please the eye. Tubbs soon built a reputation for quality and were based in San Francisco until 1963 (Bad era for the demise of Tubbs concerns! Tubbs Lewis had just about the same lifespan as the cord company) but there is a successor company.

Portrero is charmingly close to Dogpatch and Butchertown and although Iowa Street is a little inland there is evidence that the Tubbs business extended out into the bay, thus Alfred became the first of several Tubbs to beat the enemy of King Canute at his own game and also to defy the famous witticism of Mark Twain – Buy land! They've stopped making it. A rope made the traditional way can only be as long as the ropewalk it is made in. The length of the ropewalk at Chatham is famously determined by the need to have a single rope that runs from stem to stern but also goes up to mast-top height for dressing overall. In fact the Americans are very good at reclaiming from the sea, a trick they





probably learned from their Dutch immigrants. New York was originally a Dutch settlement after all. Manhattan Island is much larger than it used to be. Ellis Island is entirely artificial and the Americans have little to complain about the Chinese building artificial islands other than the fact that they will be used to base military hardware. Iowa Street is near to Indiana Street which gave me a pleasant surprise having just sojourned for a couple of days in Indianapolis prior to my planned visit to Tubbs Street. Voila! It's set there in stone, as are all the other street names in SF, in their proper places. I suppose it's so they can find them again after the next earthquake. Tubbs Street is given over to Muni, which is the familiar name of the San Francisco Municipal transport which operates the cable cars, trams, trolleys and buses in San Francisco. It is distinct from BART. We will say no more about that name other than it stands for Bay Area Rail Transport. The Hells Angels also have a large property nearby, I'm told. The renowned Anchor Brewery is only a couple of blocks away, so now I have drunk Brooklyn Lager in Brookland and Anchor Steam in SF. Vaut le voyage!

A blogger who appears to be called Burrito Justice in a post entitled I'm too sexy for this ropewalk would normally scare me away from blogs for ever, but this one is from an academic and adds some interesting information about the company, including this handsome view, but low resolution alas. He quotes a brief history from the National Parks Service which dates Alfred's arrival to 1849, precisely the time of the gold rush and that he summoned his brother Hiram to join him from the East before setting up the cord company, the very first such business beyond the East coast settlements. Rope was needed not only for shipping and fishing, but also by the mining industry once it got any more industrial than panning stream water.

The burning question is whether there is a family link to Alfred and Hiram. Quien sabe? as they nearly all might say in California. It's about 50% Hispanic folks! Hiram looks like a purely American name to me, though its origin is biblical of course (King of Tyre d 947 BC), so my first guess is that Hiram's parents may have emigrated from the United Kingdom around 1820. The Jeremiah took out one more passenger than it brought back. The ashes of the departed were despatched to the deep to the playing of the piper at the gates of gold - I misquote another poet/philosopher (Sid Barrett). Romanticism is not dead.







Journey's End. A portrero of the artist



## Postscript

In addition to adding artistic and scientific cred with direct references to to Agatha Christie, Henry Fielding, Adrian Frutiger, Stephen Hawking, Kenneth Horne, Felicity Kendal, Pink Floyd, Shakespeare, Sickert and Frank Zappa, I trust you have also picked up my allusions to Miles Davis, George Eliot, James Joyce, Nevil Shute Norway, the Tornadoes, Oscar Wilde and I'm sorry I haven't a clue what others! If you haven't got them all then go back to the beginning and start over. If you are going to watch a biopic over the festive season avoid the Imitation Game whose redeeming features are completely eradicated by a gross misrepresentation of how the bombs were designed and built, and is nothing short of a slander on Commander Alastair Denniston. Watch Mr Turner instead.

I rate this year's crossword as easier than usual, with just one or two more out-of-the-way clues, so no surprises when the solution is published on January 6th, at

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs> as usual. In the meanwhile you can download a PDF of this edition with low

resolution graphics from the same address. No space to include a photograph of the oil painting of the Nottingham Braid factory that last appeared here in 2004. There is a copy on the web page. In case you haven't surfed there recently I reprint last year's award-winning limerick that was posted there on receipt. There was a young lady called Zinkeisen /Who dreamed of a fine piece of Meissen, /But to the Midlands she fled, /Collected Crown Derby instead, /Being assured that the prices were risin' . This year's challenge is "A painter and actor named Sickert/Took an amateur stand at the wicket/Said taking one's guard/is so very hard/But in taking a calling you pick it" A sample of Nottingham Braid notepaper can be seen below. Although I did not execute the design I suggested the three plait motif which was used for a while. MCT claimed that he was the first to mechanise the production of three plait which had always previously been made by hand.



## CROSSWORD 2015

### ACROSS

1. Surveys cell aboard ship (5)
4. O pish! Salt cures here, one hopes (9)
9. With me assuring you there is no point in sizing up (9)
10. Brother has such countenance (5)
11. Close relative of 10 gets cut (6)
12. Aspiration that BOAC will not recede? (8)
14. 11 going on roundabout trek and able to be put on sale (10)
16. Dig for money (4)
19. Sport which doesn't add up (4)
20. Straight up! Don't want to (10)
22. Err if one canes this (8)
23. Agree to listen to harmony (6)
26. Californian \$\$\$ or tongue past sell-by date? (5)
27. Look for this lower down (9)
28. Oh! Kingsley's return (9)
29. Avarice but not the point of getting Bsc (5)

### DOWN

1. Stories, but not always (9)
2. Love with such a face (5)
3. Shouted formula equals constant 500 (8)
4. Greeting such precipitation (4)
5. Meaning that I don't put long nails in gig (10)
6. Implies Venus is in book (6)
7. A wish to ban gains one insect and loses five (9)
8. Darken up for example, with envy (5)
13. Uncle or other man to take to the less well off (10)
15. Ten samurai lose. A bovine does (9)
17. Spoke u in non u manner (2,2,5)
18. Could cost you a shilling more than this paper (5,3)
21. What f has over West, the far South West (6)
22. Get scrap in the dorsal vein (5)
24. The Louvre did run to one of Faberge's creations (5)

