

THE TUBBS

Christmas 2021



AMT

To me Alice Maud Tubbs still seems a slightly shadowy and remote character. This is because I have much less biographical information about her than about her male contemporaries, which is true about homemakers throughout history who have been condemned to a life in the shadows.

Due to the good fortune of birth and marriage my great grandmother was no domestic drudge. We do know that she was skilled in several crafts and as a musician.

Clearly her children adored her, and DBT in his memoir mentions her poker work, a craft still practised by a few brave folk.

As a musician she had some impeccable contacts. DBT mentions her friendship with Beatrice Harrison, who was one of the best known classical musicians of her age. Her fame came from some performances on her 'cello in her Sussex garden to the accompaniment of a nightingale. You can seek these out of YouTube.

Though she would have had no access to the London Clubs, even the more relaxed Chelsea Arts Club she also got to know artists, probably through PBT's very widespread range of contacts. Not only was PBT a member of the Chelsea Arts Club, he was prominent in the world of photography and during the Great War had been an instigator of the Artists' War Relief Council. All this in addition to his purely professional association with the Royal Institute of British Architects.

PBT's brother Stanley was a major industrialist, a senior Conservative and friend of Baldwin. While Stanley's first wife was an actress who had been in the Company run by Dame Madge Kendall, whose husband was a shareholder in City Sites, of which Stanley and later Percy were both directors, and Percy was the architect from its beginnings. So with contacts in the Arts, Business and Politics they were well set up.

Two of the artists known to have been commissioned by PBT and AMT had strong Australian connections. Philip Connard who painted PBT's portrait now in the possession of the Carlton family was Australian. There are works by Connard in the Australian national collection.

Dora Meeson

Here we focus on the work of Dora Meeson. She too was Australian but had migrated to London. She married Coates who was also Australian.

Dora was certainly no shrinking domestic violet. One work which crops up readily on an internet search is an Australian Suffragette banner attributed to her. Commonwealth of Australia. Mother Trust the Women suffrage banner 1908

This has been reproduced as a poster.

The caption reads

Artist Dora Meeson Coates. Australian 1869-1955.

'Trust the women',

Carried by the Australian contingent in the women's suffrage processions, London 1908 and 1911.

Purchased by the Australian Bicentennial Authority 1988. Presented as a bicentennial gift to the Women of Australia through the National Women's Consultative Council.

My immediate family's picture of her focused on her later existence when she could no longer have servants, despite being moderately wealthy in her widowhood.

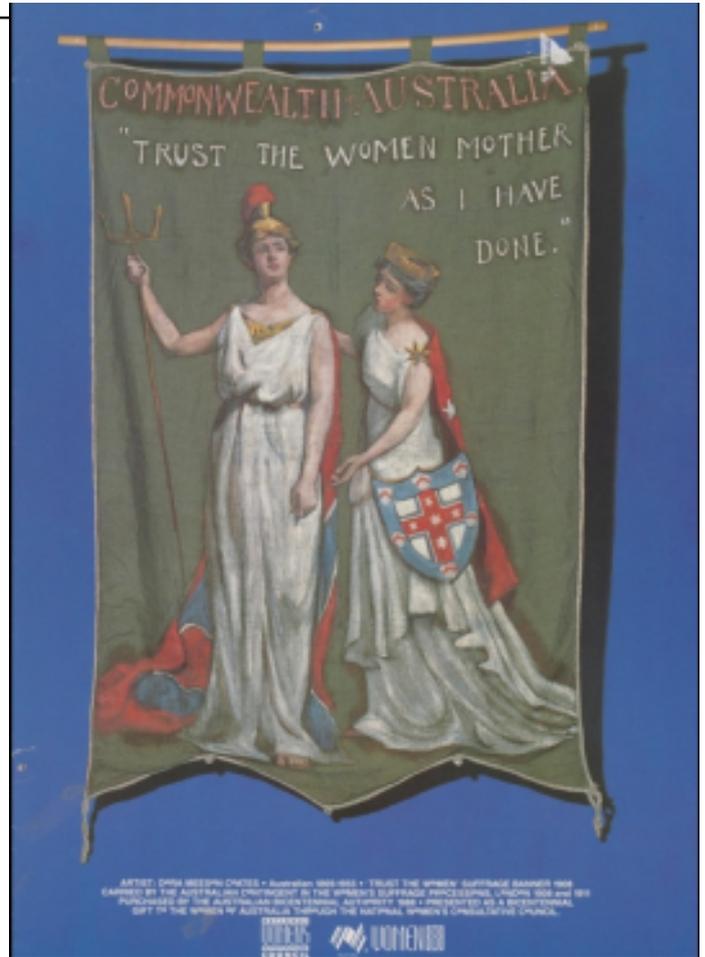
Bunny describes finding the apartment in Cranmer Court as a bargain opportunity for they were not initially popular. Chelsea had nothing like the reputation for affluence it has today. It was perhaps the first in a long string of neighbourhoods which have gone dramatically upmarket. Another outstanding example was Islington. The ghetto area around Brick Lane and Commercial Road is now sprinkled with gold dust and Mr Sindall's modest collection of houses on Middleton Road in Dalston which were almost worthless and likely to be demolished in the 1980s have now become desirable and valuable. So have properties in Lambeth, Wandsworth and numerous other localities within striking distance of central London, but Chelsea is probably the queen regnant of them all, what with being a Royal Borough.

There is a story that AMT was serving dinner, dropped the potatoes and continued to serve the rest of the meal without blinking an eyelid. That is how a patrician overcomes adversity.

She suffered more than her fair share of disasters and setbacks. Her prosperous father died when he was only 37. Both Bunny and Gray were afflicted with Still's disease which as a Christian Scientist she refused to have treated. Of her two healthiest sons Seymour was killed at Paschendaele in 1917 and Cecil was so severely injured at Armentieres that he was not expected to survive. PBT suffered a still mysterious financial setback in the years before the Great War. She had to live with what was seen

as an embarrassment at the time of giving birth to Bunny 17 years after the rest of the family. Even worse was the disgrace of PBT fathering Roy out of wedlock. Losing PBT to cancer in 1933 when he was only 64 was followed shortly afterwards by losing much of her wealth in the Blitz. Rental income stopped immediately. Compensation was minimal compared to pre-war values, let alone the inflated ones of today, which would have provided her with a daily bath of asses' milk without doubt. I am fortunate in having Dora's view of Steyne Bass, as I believe it is titled. The Steyne, ie stone, is a small area of shoreline in Brighton. A practising artist and resident of Brighton who saw my photograph of the painting was full of admiration for it.

Our cover portrait by Dora is now in the possession of cousin Deborah who very kindly provided the photograph and has consented to it being used here. Thank you coz!



Karen Anne Tubbs

The grim realisation that we were going to lose Karen became fact on 20th September, made no less painful by a beautifully organised funeral and a lovely sequence of photographs.

There are occasions where words fail, and this is one of them, for me.

Karen learnt to weave to the very highest possible standard of clinical requirements and was involved in every aspect of the Heritage Trimmings business, though I do not have any photographs of that. The fine piece of decorated silk that draped her coffin was a worthy tribute..

I have found a few photographs; sadly none of my own are as good as I would wish but they represent Karen as she always was, cheerful and optimistic. The wedding photograph was taken by Leslie Goulding.

Nick and Karen did everything together and motoring and motor sport became a very important activity, one which I often shared with them.

Karen was even brave enough to take a test drive in my Austin Big Seven with Nick at the wheel.



Karen was born in Derby on 14th December 1963. Karen and Nick were married at St Michael's Parish Church, Alvaston, Derby on 6th September 1986. They celebrated 25 years of Heritage Trimmings on 31st October 2016. They have helped to refurbish Kedleston Hall and Chatsworth House in Derbyshire, and an impressive list of Royal Palaces, including Hampton Court.

A moment in February 2008 (Below). Not as alarming as it looks, happily.

Elderly film stock did not behave perfectly at Mallory Park, (left) 2020.





Two images made at Donington Park. Nick and Karen enjoying vintage racing in 2020 and they make a circuit of the rain-sodden course in their MGB in 2019.

London's Byrning

Edmund Byrne was a wholesale stationer who was a member of the Scrivener's Company and as such was granted Freedom of The City of London on 13th November 1865.

At that time Byrne occupied premises at 29 Bread Street. Bread Street runs south from Cheapside towards Queen Victoria Street, close to St Paul's and the Mansion House.

His father Henry Byrne was described as a salesman with a business at Leadenhall Market. His probate entry describes him as a poultryman. The Market is still retail these days, including numerous watering holes as well as upmarket outfitters such as Barbour.

The family residence at the time of Henry's death on 4th March 1875 was at 1 Tyndale Terrace, Canonbury Lane, Islington. Probate was granted to Edmund, then of 118 Fore Street near the Barbican. Within a week of Henry's death his son Frederick also died at the same address, which does not sound like a coincidence. Probate for Frederick was granted to his brother Henry (junior) who was then described as being a Hay Salesman of Cumberland Market, Regent's Park. This was one of three areas to the east of the Park itself, reserved for market traders in hay (A for 'orses, B for mutton, C for sailors), vegetables and meat. The hay market was connected to the Regent's canal and survived until 1920.

The Byrnes are involved in the family's history over at least two generations. In the first place Alfred Thomas Tubbs (HTT's brother b1840, d1925) married Eliza Harriet Byrne (b1845) at St Mark's Islington on 20th September 1867. Richard Thomas Tubbs, Alfred and Henry's father, by then was described on the marriage certificate as Gentleman whereas Eliza's father Henry was still a Salesman. At the time Alfred gave his address as Illegible of St Mark's, Islington Park, ie close by.

Alfred and Eliza then had children, including the wily solicitor Leonard Tubbs (1870-1961), the distinguished cleric Norman Henry Tubbs (1879-1965) and the accountant Sydney Walter of at least two generations of the family to be partners in Dixon, Wilson, Tubbs and Gillett. The other child was Alfred Herbert (1868-1941) who married twice. This may be the marriage which led to some dissent as reported by Aunt Lirlie, where there were

two branches of the family with different religious beliefs, and who refused to recognise each other's existence, though another candidate line is discussed elsewhere in this issue (See my review of Memorial Tablet).

The second close involvement was that Edwin Henry Tubbs, son of Henry Thomas became a partner in Edmund Byrne. Edwin retired early and wealthy, long before his father left him a large legacy. The supposition might be that he inherited money through his wife's family. Her father Edwin Robinson (1831-1894) was a master builder who lived in Dulwich. He employed 400 men at the time of the 1871 census. However he was either crafty or the supposition is wrong. His death was only registered two years after his death at sea, and after Probate was granted of which the total was £853/1/8d. This was a man who lived at Holmwood Sydenham Hill and at the same address in 1871 had employed 6 live-in servants, including a gardener who must have had a cottage on the site; the gardener lived with his wife and children at nominally the same address. I think he would have had to downsize if his wealth had diminished to £853.

I think Holmwood can safely be identified as a site south of Crystal Palace, close to Annerley Park and Annerley Station, not so far from where his son-in-law Edwin Henry Tubbs lived and much later the CHS Tubbs family.

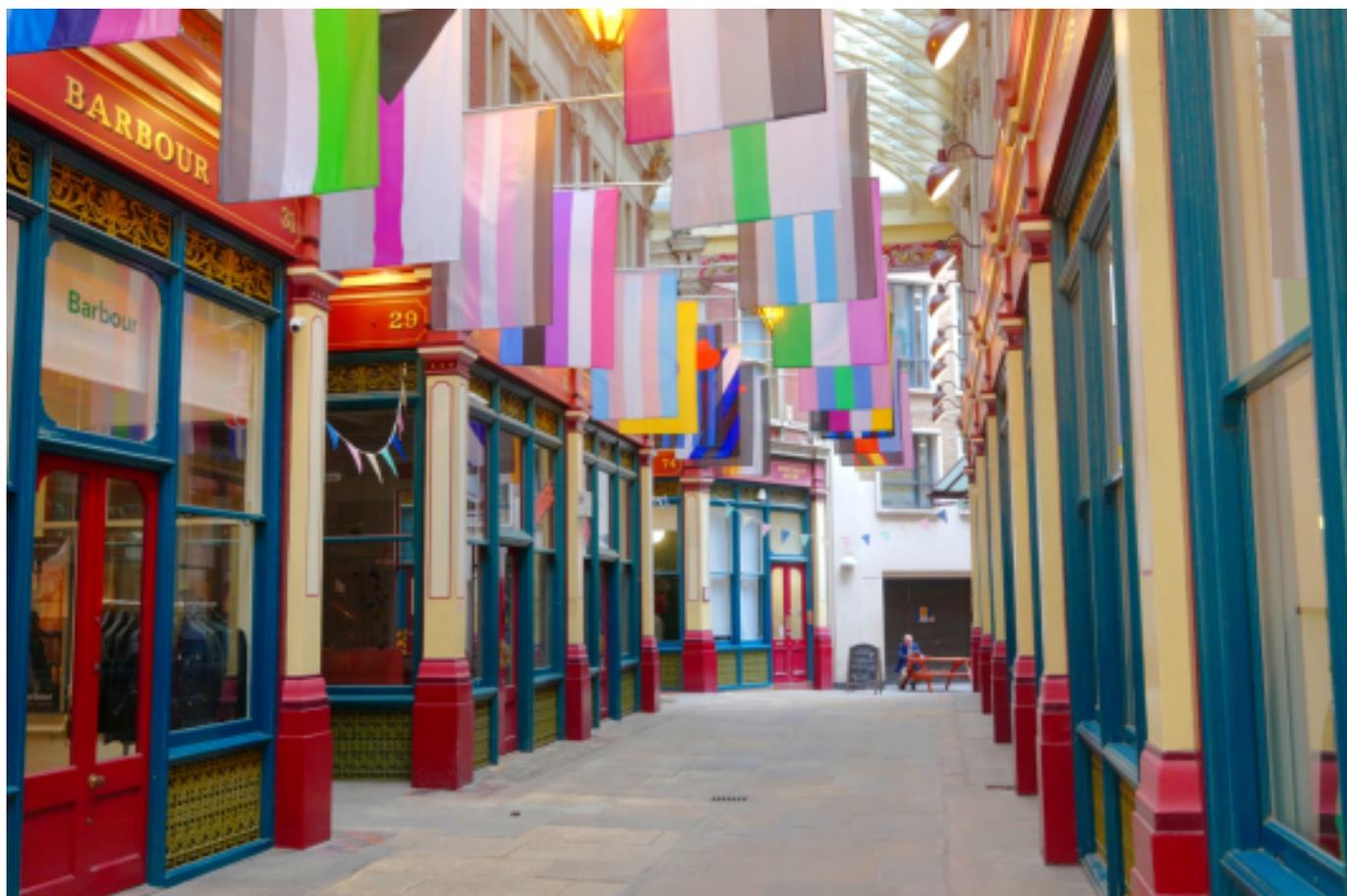
With its later address on Fore Street Edmund Byrne was within a stone's throw of Alfred Tubbs' business of Tubbs Hiscocks on Milton Street and almost equally close to Henry Thomas Tubbs' office on Noble Street. A brief account of Tubbs Hiscocks is on my website.

There was also a Byrne mentioned as a director of the company formed to run the Railway Hotel in Littlestone and establish the much larger Grand Hotel on the sea front.

I have not identified photographs of Edmund Byrne or his father Henry, though it is likely that they are included in the uncaptioned photographs in the two albums of family photographs that I have.



Alfred Thomas Tubbs, brother of Henry Thomas, and Eliza Harriett (née Byrne) his wife. I do not have a picture of Eliza's father Henry who was a poultry trader in the Leadenhall Market, now devoted to more upmarket trades and the sale of alcohol, nor one of Edmund.



London's Burnt

Readers will know that this newsletter takes considerable interest in The Blitz, particularly the devastating raid of 29-30th December 1940, which destroyed a large part of the family's property interest mostly in the area around the Barbican. That night's raid has been the subject of a book (Blitz, The Story of December 29th 1940, Margaret Gaskin)

We also have a particular family interest. Our kinsman, the modernist architect Ralph Tubbs was a leader and trainer of the volunteer fire watchers at St Paul's Cathedral.

The best known of the fire watchers was undoubtedly John Betjeman who was not considered to be agile enough to excel at groping round corridors in the dark. The Dean of St Paul's was in overall charge of the protection of the building, but his army of volunteers were mostly artists and architects who had no remunerative employment during the war.

I was reminded on a visit in 2020 to Canterbury that we are grateful to the volunteer fire watchers in many other buildings (picture below), but the saving of St Paul's was one of the most moving incidents

on the home front during the Blitz. The photograph by Herbert Mason taken from the Daily Mail building is one of the best known of all the wartime images. Sadly I failed to buy an original Daily Mail gelatine print of the picture. It went for £100 more than my limit. I will continue to look out for a copy and now have a good idea what it might cost. Nevertheless I am delighted to say that I have been very generously given a wartime picture of St Paul's surrounded in the Blitz by searchlight beams. It is by one of those firewatchers, ASG Butler FRIBA. He is best known as the historian of his fellow architect Sir Edwin Lutyens.

Firewatching was a particularly effective form of defence, though highly dangerous.

Incendiary bombs were not large and could easily be picked up by a single person. If identified soon after landing a major fire might be prevented by prompt action with a stirrup pump and a bucket of water, however improbable that might seem. The great tragedy in the City on 29-30 December is that there were few firewatchers on duty. The raiders would mix incendiaries with high explosive bombs, greatly increasing the danger.





DBT's caption reads - St Paul's during The Blitz. The painter ASG Baillie FRIBA was a member of Saint Paul's watch, who fire-watched and examined the fabric for damage.

The framer's note on the reverse of the image notes Baillie's address as 42 Bloomfield Terrace, Westminster SW1 (Belgravia). Telephone Sloane 8701. current freehold prices are over £4 million.

The tablet below is set into the floor of the nave at Canterbury, a reminder of the vast network of civil defence activities during the war from firewatching, blackout protection, bomb disposal, fire fighting and of course rescue and welfare for the survivors of wartime damage.



This is a very rare sighting of a Royce crane. The dominance of Henry Royce on the engineering of the new company resulted in the firm being known locally as Royce's to this day. Royce started making small electrical components such as door bell pushes. He built his first car for his own use, being dissatisfied with the engineering of anything he could buy. The Rolls-Royce Heritage collection was housed in the former Corporation tramsheds, but I understand much of it has been dispersed and the remainder moved. The last open day was on my birthday in 2018.

Woodwork

Well actually work in bronze, plaster and possibly other materials.

Derwent Francis Wood RA touches the family over three generations. He slightly predates the revival of direct carving in stone and wood pioneered by Eric Gill and others.

I used to claim, to the mild amusement of colleagues at work, and some concern for my sanity, that I worked personally for Sir Henry, namely Sir Henry Royce. The more usual nicknames for the company being Royce's or Rolls, all of which miss the delinquent hyphen option of the full name, Rolls-Royce (variously Ltd, and PLC plus numerous other subsidiary companies containing the name).

The sculptor selected to commemorate the great man was Derwent Wood. The statue used to stand in the town centre (City only since 1977) but was re-sited outside the Moor Lane headquarters of the Company in Derby.

Gerald Bennett and I were photographed in front of him in a publicity stunt entirely of my own invention, the picture was taken on my phone by our boss. Consequently it is a low resolution image, the best that Blackberry could do at the time.

Reader we received a small bonus from our employer for that initiative! PS2000 was the name of the Rolls-Royce IT project I supported. It replaced TEPOL (Technical Publications Online), one of numerous IT projects that had to be abandoned because it could not be made Millennium compliant, hence Publishing System 2000. There was a small sigh of relief when a proposed replacement for TEPOL, named CORPS (Corporate Publishing System) did what it said on the tin. PS2000 was supposedly replaced by a Global Publishing system of great ingenuity and flexibility which was selected partly because it was not being offered by any of the IT firms that RR disliked. Sadly the suppliers were bought out by one of them, in fact the suppliers of the original PS2000 core system (based in Kongsberg, Norway the scene of a bizarre killing



spree this year). Are you still awake at the back? As famously with gas turbines, so with technical publications, the Company was inclined to engineer out the simplicity. Well it kept somebody in employment.

Much more to the point, Wood was a personal friend of Percy B Tubbs, a fellow member of the Chelsea Arts Club. PBT designed studios for Wood on Glebe Close in Chelsea. I only discovered this quite by accident. A badly planned and rather rash visit to Chelsea on the day before the second 2020 lockdown failed to identify the building for certain. DBT said the rainwater heads bore the DW monogram, which it turns out they probably don't. They may have been altered, as I suspect has the frontage.

Being easily confused I was confused by the fact that Wood retained a residential address of 18 Carlyle Square, two minutes' walk from Glebe Close, off the King's Road. The writer Thomas Carlyle was another well known Chelsea resident whose house on Tite Street is now owned by the National Trust. I would have thought that PBT's work provided enough space for living accommodation, as it covered both 25 and 27 Glebe Close. It was my original notion that I would seek a blue English Heritage plaque for the Glebe Close address, but I am not certain it

would qualify if he didn't live there. However there is a precedent. A certain Joseph Turner also has a blue plaque on Glebe Close though he did not live there, ditto Alfred Munnings RA, yet another Chelsea Arts Club man with an appetite for drink.

Wood is credited with numerous public works, the other prominent one I have now visited is the memorial to the fallen of the Machine Gun Corps. Machine guns are but one example of the mechanisation of warfare, and it is not a pleasant topic. The main subject is King David. *Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands* – is inscribed on the front. In turn 1120 officers in the corps and 12671 other ranks were killed, a

casualty rate in the order of 10%. Machine guns and artillery were two of the most potent weapons of the Great War and The Machine Gun Corps memorial stands just a few yards from the Royal Artillery memorial at Marble Arch.

The Wellington Arch itself is a supposedly triumphal recognition of the achievements of the Duke, whose London home, sometimes known as Number One, London, stands nearby. There is also a memorial for Australian forces and now a Holocaust Memorial as well, so this corner of London is seeped in blood still. The original execution ground of Tyburn was nearby, at the Marble Arch end of the Park, the condemned being processed from Newgate, along Holborn and Oxford Street, not all as cheerful as Olivier in the 1953 film of *The Beggar's Opera*, that made Gay rich and Rich gay; that colourful epigram perhaps would fail the correctness tests of today, whatever your name.

A slightly odd exception is the memorial to Edward VII which



consists of a quadriga which now surmounts the arch, added in 1912. That's a four horse chariot as raced by Romans, and not a device for emulating chariots of fire, (racing round quadrangles, geddit) and nothing to do with the four horsemen of the Apocalypse, Now or Then.

We would not and certainly can not undo history. We can only read, study and remember. We may even learn and allow history to temper our present day decisions.

The third generation? DBT bought a bust by Wood of Sir Walter Russell, Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools, which remains in the family. I think it means he was the Head Beak, rather than a goalie.



There is no reason to believe the authenticity of this lot which was estimated at £30, but if based on a genuine original it would be an authentic example of the Company not honouring the hyphen that is obligatory in its current house style. FH Royce Ltd was in business in Manchester for 20 years before the partnership was formed and the new Company moved to Derby after 1906.



25-27 Glebe Place (top) designed by PB Tubbs FRIBA for Derwent Wood, and a little altered. Originally this all seems to have been devoted to the studio and workshops but is now at least two distinct residences. Wood's official residence remained the end terrace house nearest the camera

at 18 Carlyle Square, which is just across the King's Road from Glebe Place.

Carlyle and Ruskin were the leading lights in the aversion to the Industrial Revolution, mechanical manufacture and the loss of pride in craftsmanship.

Detail of Machine Gun Corps Memorial and general view of the Memorial with Apsley House, No 1 London and a lot of street furniture. The Wellington Memorial is to the left of the camera. Rotten Row in Hyde Park is said to be a corruption of Rue du Roi, or King's Road, and is where I was raised from my cot to see Queen Mary in her Daimler taking her exercise, the gentle way.



Stonework

In 60 years of amateur photography I have been given precisely two assignments.

The first was a commission by JB Stokes to photograph the rears at Meadhurst. Let me interpret for you. The mediaeval name for a latrine was reredorter, abbreviated at some public schools to rears. Brian Stokes was the Housemaster from late '66 or early '67.

My Boarding House of Meadhurst, along with much of the fabric, had slumbered without benefit of much maintenance for a good many years until things were a bit grim by the time of my arrival in 1964.

It was said that my photographs influenced the Trustees to modernise the house with some of the money raised in their first Appeal and this was duly done. At the time I had a Rolleicord, the amateur version of the professional's Rolleiflex and I often regretted exchanging it for a more modern single lens reflex design. I have been debating with myself ever since on the best format and style of camera for the taking of pictures on film. This has been a costly voyage of discovery. Sadly my negatives of the rears are missing.

My 2021 assignment came as a result of volunteering in reply to a call by the Royal Photographic Society of which I am an undistinguished member. The work was to photograph public sculpture for the online publicly-funded database managed by Art UK.

In particular I was assigned the known sculptures in Burton upon Trent, Tutbury and Rugeley. Though the photography itself is not massively challenging, it does require a certain amount of discipline. The chief reward is looking closely at the public statuary which is so widely ignored by the passing public until the subject's perceived misdeeds come to public notice.

I trust that the dryad in Alvaston is always impeccably behaved but he remains one of the least known public sculptures in Derby. Though not assigned work in Derby I unearthed and submitted a number of sets of photographs that had not previously been identified, including the memorial to the Baseball Ground which I did not know of though it stands only a few yards from Heritage Trimmings. Both the Baseball Ground and the Mess Rooms were built by Sir Francis Ley, the engineers

and founders.

Lord Burton (Michael Arthur Bass) proved to be the most challenging subject of all the ones I could find. Some have disappeared, others have arrived surreptitiously it seems. Lord Burton stands on high outside the Town Hall but he faces a tree, so close that it is almost impossible to get a good angle. I tried three times and was not satisfied with any of the results. It is unlikely it was unveiled by Edward VII in 1911, as reported by the information board nearby, as he was by then the late King Edward VII. I also enjoyed the postal sequence which was not on my list, and special mention must be made of the Derby Cygneture Brew, one of an appropriately named bevy of swans that cropped up in Burton during 2020, probably. What actually happened and what became of them is a bit of a mystery, but the one at Burton Albion seems to be a permanent fixture.

Derby has had a Ramathon this year, another one of the civic ventures which ends with the pieces being sold by the nearest celebrity auctioneer. In the case of Derby that is the ubiquitous Richard Hanson. I felt compelled to buy a replica, which I have neither the skill nor courage to decorate permanently myself, so my favourite remains Ramases, who seems to fit nicely into my theme of sphinx photographs, which also feature pyramids, duck-taters, and everything except the old Duck-keen Whistle, perhaps. Sheffield settled for cows, but they have previously done elephants.

The most remarkable (co-)incidence of sculpture cancelling occurred on the day that I developed some colour negatives taken over a year previously. I had forgotten all about them, but my picture of the slaver Robert Milligan emerged from latency on the very day that his sculpture disappeared from Docklands. Spooky eh! A large area of the Docklands Museum is devoted to that miserable, shameful business, on which so much of our national wealth was founded, so many of our great country homes were built, and now so many reputations are being destroyed, some without any rhyme or reason, but there is a new type offset, new pc statues for old slavers.

The most notorious disappearance of course was that of Edward Colston in Bristol, but I can well imagine that Wills (the tobacco people not the kingle) will be the next to go up in smoke. That no doubt implicates PB Tubbs whose Rolls-Royce was

first owned by a member of the Wills family, and me who was gainfully employed by John Player in Nottingham, also tobacco processors within the Imperial Tobacco Group, whose name rather gives

that game away.

At the time of writing none of mine had been posted, but do Google Art UK. Endless fun!



Clockwise - Lord Burton, Dryad, Derby's Cygneture Brew at Burton Albion FC (aka The Brewers), slaver Robert Milligan when outside Docklands Museum





A penny for your blackest thoughts.

I have not established that this piece of pavement art is outside the former main Post Office in Burton, but it is one of a large series of interesting postal-themed inserts that everybody walks on without noticing.

They are a true delight and a companion to the Dorothy Annan murals that used to face Farringdon Street from the Post Office Telephones building that was the post-war redevelopment on the Farringdon Market site.

Prince Charles who may one day feature on his own stamps was photographed in front of The Sphinx, during his visit to Egypt this year. Another photograph of him appears in this issue, on top of the Goldman Sachs building, the present occupant of that site.

My relationship with Sphinxes and Orientalism is getting increasingly convoluted, for which I make no apologies. This much modified image of Ramases is set into another image which was originally made in colour around 1909, at the dawn of practical colour photography.

Christmas 1914 - The Somersets in the Great War

Two members of the family served in the Somerset Light Infantry during the Great War. These were William Sutton whose sister Irene married Cecil B Tubbs, who also served in the Somersets. The Regiment's nickname was *The Light Bobs*. Will was a regular soldier, in 1st Battalion. Prior to the war the two regular battalions served overseas in turn, so Will spent many years with the Somersets in India.

They were back in the UK at the outbreak of war in August 1914 and were overseas almost immediately. By this time Will was a Lieutenant.

The information readily available to me prior to this year was mostly from the history of the regiment in the war by Everard Wyrall. I have Cecil's copy and it has been reprinted but inevitably it is not exhaustive in its information, and one omission in particular was very obvious.

A second source, now missing, was an account made by Will of the Christmas Truce of 1914 which Wyrall passes over without mention. Wyrall was also a soldier and his account of the war is always more impassive than the agony should have brought out, and rarely if ever critical of the conduct of the war.

The third source was Cecil's two sets of audio memoirs, the first made for the Imperial War Museum which is online at IWM.

and the second was a personal account recorded by Elise Tubbs, his second wife. Both recordings were made in the 1970s at a time when the survivors were rapidly diminishing in number, memories were fading and the reluctance of many survivors to talk of their service experience had not been overcome, so we are exceptionally fortunate to know as much as we do about Cecil's war.

The truce became infamous, and was rapidly condemned by the high command, not to be repeated and not to be publicised. Fraternisation across no-man's land was regarded as likely to have unfortunate consequences. Will's original account in manuscript was found by Martin Tubbs (my father) when he was sorting the affairs of the last survivor of the Sutton siblings, Dorothy, who died in 1973. MCT was her executor and I assisted in the task of clearing the house of of piles of newspaper some of which had been used as cat litter. MCT sold Aunt Dot's moped for £10, transferred a large number of

the Reverend Sutton's books to an ecclesiastical library in York, and eventually handed the correspondence of Geoffrey Sutton to me. Geoffrey was in The Artist's Rifles, a territorial battalion which he had had joined (part-time) before the war. I have written extensively about these, which can be browsed at tubbspubs.org.uk. Dot generously left me £25 which I mis-spent, no doubt.

Finally I also had a copy of Will's obituary in *The Light Bob*, the journal of the regiment.

My sister Carolyn remembers typing the account up for Dad, but no copies seem to have survived. I was therefore very pleased to see that a very full account of the Somersets in the war has been published as *Chronicle of the Somerset Light Infantry in the Great War* by Nick Kellett, whose detailed interest in the regiment began as he toured the battlefields in the 1990s.

I am pleased to say this massive volume does included the official war diary entries for the Christmas and New Year period, and reprints a personal account from another member of the regiment.

Kellett reprints a summary of Will's very distinguished Great War career.

21st August 1914 – Embarked for France as the Battalion Adjutant

24th February 1915 – Promoted to Captain

18th June 1915 – Article in the London Gazette referring to his mention in despatches.

22nd June 1915 – Mentioned in London Gazette for award of Military Cross

11th October 1915 – Appointed as Brigade Major to the 143rd Brigade

31st December 1915 – Another reference in London Gazette to being mentioned in despatches

5th February 1916 – Posted to 56th Division as D.A.A (Deputy Assistant Adjutant) and QMG (Quarter Master General)

1st January 1917 – Mentioned in London Gazette on promotion to Brevet Major.

4th January 1917 – Report of 3rd Mention in Despatches.

11th December 1917 - 4th Mention in Despatches

29th December 1917 – Promoted to Temporary Lieutenant Colonel

1st January 1919 – Award of Distinguished Service Order mentioned in London Gazette.

His obituary noted that he served with the Commonwealth War Graves Commission in the early post-war years.

Mention in Despatches is the first level of recognition for gallantry or distinguished service. It is recognised by Oak Leaves on the ribbon of a service medal. The Military Cross was at that time awarded only to officers, the Military Medal to other ranks. The DSO is recognition of conduct of an exceptionally high order, and is ranked between the MC and the Victoria Cross.

In early August 1914 the Battalion was based at the garrison town of Colchester.

On 8th August mobilisation was completed. On 17th August they moved by train to Harrow and were encamped on the School playing fields in the 4th Division.

On 21st they travelled by train to Southampton. At 8.30 a.m on 22nd they sailed on SS Braemar Castle and landed at Le Havre. By the end of 1914 just 4 officers and 266 of those men were still alive.

FIRST BATTALION

The story of the retreat from Mons, the Battles of Le Cateau and the Marne and the onset of trench war are widely reported elsewhere, and I will concentrate on the events at the end of 1914.

By that time the 1st Battalion was in the line at the infamous killing ground of Plugstreet Wood as it was known to the men, properly Ploegsteert Wood.

Silent Night

25th December 1914 – from the Battalion diary. There was much singing in the trenches last night by both sides. Germans opposite us brought up their regimental bands and played theirs and our National Anthems followed by Home Sweet Home. A truce was mutually agreed by the men in the trenches. During the morning officers met the German officers half way between the trenches and

it was arranged that we should bring in our dead who were lying between the trenches. The bodies of Captain Maud, Captain Orr and 2/Lt Henson were brought in and those of 18 NCO's & men. They were buried the same day, The Germans informed us that they had a captured wounded officer and this was thought to be 2/Lt KGG Dennys who commanded one of the attacking platoons of B Coy on the 19th There was a sharp frost last night which continued during the day and the weather was very seasonable. Not a shot or shell was fired by either side in our neighbourhood; and both sides walked about outside their trenches quite unconcernedly. It afforded a good opportunity of inspecting our trenches by daylight. The enemy's works were noticed to be very strong. A very peaceful Day.

The truce continued on the 26th and 27th and there does not seem to have been much activity before the New Year though work on the trenches was carried out and replacement officers were brought in from the London Rifle Brigade.

On New Years Eve a message was received from the Germans

Dear Comrades I beg to inform you that it is forbidden us to go over to you but we will remain good comrades. If we shall be forced to fire we shall fire to (sic) high. Please tell me if you are English or Irishmen. Offering you some cigars. I remain yours truly camerade (X.Y).

None of this was recorded in the regimental history, probably because the official line was to ignore it and pretend it did not happen.

On 31st December they also had an visit after dark by General Officer Commanding 11th Brigade.



This hyphenless wonder appeared in 2016 on the new link road through Sinfin Moor that was supposed to herald the arrival of a new space age science park but hasn't. The wetlands will succumb to another massive tranche of new housing. The sign was replaced shortly afterwards.

Somerset 2 - From Taunton to Dettingen

Field Marshall Lord Harding of Petherton combines several of our interests without being in any way directly connected to the family.

In the first place he was in the Somersets. He was born within a few days of Cecil Tubbs, but did not transfer into the SLI until after Cecil had been wounded and on return to the war was posted to Dieppe and no longer served with his regiment.

A little more recently I lunched at the Crewe and Harpur with my father and his second wife. After a pleasant lunch she observed that it was a good find. Well, Dad had been lunching there since the 1960's so it may have been a good find, but not a recent one Ma'am.

The Harpur Crewes were the major landholders in the southern tip of Derbyshire and at one time they had about half a dozen pubs with their name over the door. Before they moved to Calke the Harpurs lived in Swarkestone where they built extensively, the most famous relic being the pavilion, a pleasure house which featured in photographs of the Rolling SwarkeStones when they were in their Tudor banqueting phase.

That pub was but one of the pubs on or near the A514 which runs South from Derby past the Ristorane La Gondola, the works of Rolls-Royce and The Nottingham Braid Company, one's des res and on to the river at Swarkestone which is even more famous than it was made by R&B when Bonnie Prince Charlie got there but no further South.

Regular customers will know that crossing the Swarkestone causeway can still be something of a trial.

The road does manage to go further than the Pretender, and one of its next calls is at Kings Newton, which was the ancestral home of one branch of the Harding family, if you are still with me.

The Hardinge Arms was another favourite pit stop for Pater.

The Gondola was the height of fashion in Derby in the 1970s and struggled on for a few decades. Its

nemesis was Gordon Ramsay who apparently invented some new swear words to express the strength of his dislike of the cuisine and it closed for ever shortly afterwards.

I have spent decades lamenting the demise of pubs, clubs and restaurants on the A514. The litany is long. The Mitre in Allenton featured in last year's newsletter, but the Crewe and Harpur and the Hardinge Arms survive.

The pronunciation of that pub's name is mildly controversial. Many locals soften the G as in dingy rather than dinghy. I think this is fanciful but am not sure.

Harding made it right to the top of the greasy pole becoming Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1952 and distinguished himself in the Malayan emergency but was less successful as Governor of Cypress, no less successful than anybody else before or since in trying to break the knot that ties the Greek and Turkish communities asunder. Mr Erdogan is on the warpath as I write.

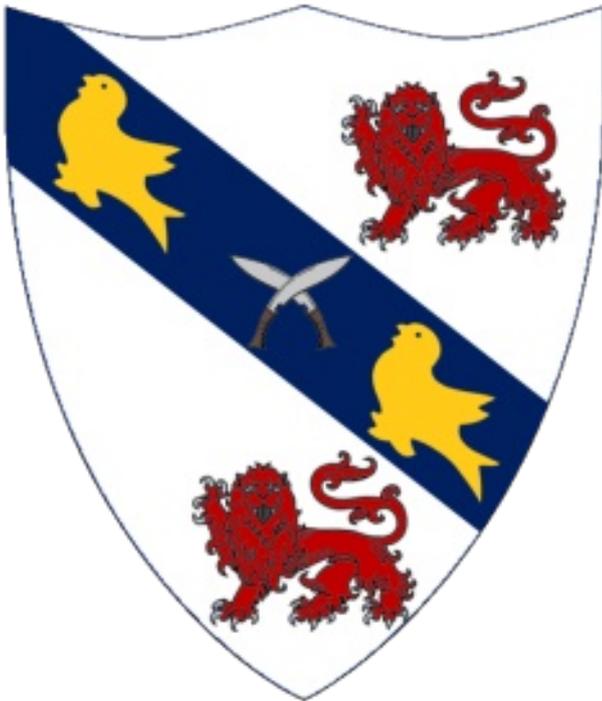
As the Somersets' most distinguished soldier he has a large display devoted to him in the regimental museum in Taunton Castle, one of the few places outside Derby to which I have travelled during the year.

On being raised to the peerage a grant of Arms was made to His Lordship, which is supported sinister by a Somerset Light Infantryman proper. Sinister is left, ie right, and proper means painted in full colour, not in one of the limited range of heraldic tinctures. Now you know!

The arms of the Hardinge family of Newton are complicated. The motto *Postera laude recens* is an incomplete quotation from Horace and can be translated as "May our present reputation endure", which is not the same as any other translation I see attempted on the net, and sadly in the case of the Hardinge's it probably hasn't. In fact the most distinguished occupant of the Hall in more modern times was Cecil Paget of the Midland Railway, hero of the Great War railway undertakings at the front. Got a K for that. He restored the Hall after it caught fire in 1859, the same year the Guildhall in Derby went up in flames. The pub sign bearing the arms has been removed, but it does appear in my 2013 photograph of the pub.



The Mitre in the crest indicates a bishop, I presume. There was a John Harding who became Bishop of Bombay in the 19th Century, but I have not yet verified the connection. The pub sign is not currently in its usual location, so this is an older picture.



Lord Harding's dress uniform is not the most celebrated item of costume in the castle at Taunton. That position is held by King George II's red silk underwear that saw him through the battle of Dettingen, the last time a British monarch led his army. I will spare your blushes. No role more infamous than the Bloody Assizes of Judge Jeffreys will ever be played by the Castle. There is a ghoulish modern diorama depicting the grizzly end of some of the victims of the purge following the ill fated rebellion by King Charles II's by-blow, The Duke of Monmouth.

The kinship of the Field Marshall to the Hardinges of King's Newton is very distant and there is no overlap of iconography in their respective heraldry. The pub sign is on the right, above.

1961

2021 marked a significant anniversary.

On Easter Monday 1961 I drank alcohol in a pub for the first time. It was a bottle of cider bought for me by Dad at lunchtime in the Swettenham Arms, noted like most local pubs for offering a choice of farmhouse Cheshire Cheese, sharp or mild.

Circumstances have not been kind to thoughts of an anniversary celebration at the pub, but the memory lives on.

Dad and I set out to mow the meadow, ie the land surrounding the house which had been left wild for a generation after the cure of Swettenham was merged with that of Brereton. The Howard Bullfinch lasted into the 70s when it was sold to a

scrapman for 50p. The JAP engine alone would now be worth £50, and complete machines sell for a couple of hundred, so whoops.

Target for winter of 2021 is to get the Mountfield running. It does not have the charisma of the Bullfinch but it must now be about 50 years old.



Despite alterations over the centuries and a not entirely sympathetic restoration by MCT executed by Jim Poynton, the Old Rectory at Swettenham is highly atmospheric, even numinous, and attracted tales of haunting. The raised areas in front of the house were the foundations of a Victorian brick extension of six rooms, which were demolished by MCT to reveal the timber framed building. Despite having lost one gable it still had six bedrooms of its own.

It had been neglected for many years. The garden required mowing with a fairly powerful machine. The illustration of the Howard Bullfinch is in its standard configuration as a rotavator, but ours also had a scythe attachment. This is a stock image, and I have not found a good picture of one with its scythe. The Bullfinch was the small version of the more powerful Howard Gem.

The photograph of the house is the Estate Agent's; the sale came far too soon for my liking. The house is now relatively a great deal more valuable than its 1963 sale price, when the village was considered to be beyond the Manchester commuter belt. It sold for £890,000 in 2015 and would now top £1m.





Crewe and Harpur, Swarkestone, one of several regular lunchtime haunts of MCT. The cairn is a memorial to Bonnie Prince Charlie who got no further than here during the '45. La Gondola then had a standard luncheon menu at £3. Its fate was later sealed by Gordon Ramsay, but bats have meant a stay of execution.



Somerset's 3 - 1915

I have already described in brief CBT's military career in 1915, which resulted in his being severely injured by machine gun bullets at some date in November 1915.

I am unable to pinpoint that date but from the Chronicle of SLI I have found the following.

The 8th Battalion was formed as part of K3, the third wave of Kitchener's volunteer armies. Kitchener was one of the few people who foresaw a long war and after appointment to the Cabinet by Asquith started to recruit large numbers of new forces.

The 8th formed part of the 63rd Brigade in the 21st Division, and remained in this formation throughout 1915 and 1916.

Other Battalions in the 63rd were 8/Lincolns, 4/Middlesex and 10/ Yorks & Lancs.

In 1914 the 21st Division trained at Leighton Buzzard (which may have given Cecil the opportunity to meet the Suttons of Eaton Bray), then at Halton (better known for RAF technical training) and Witley Camp, a satellite camp of Aldershot in Surrey.

We know that at some point CBT attended an officer's course at Worcester College Oxford, and that he was initially in 6/Somerset's, before transferring to 8/Somerset's.

Loos

The Division shipped to France from Southampton on 9th September and was constantly on the move until 25th September. This included marching 60 miles between 19th and 25th September and despite being tired, hungry, unfamiliar with the location and previously informed they would not go into action until the Loos attacks had largely succeeded, they were put into the trenches immediately. On the 25th Battalion lost 15 Officers and 271 other ranks.

It is my understanding that CBT did not go out in the first draft, but with such severe losses he would have been urgently required as a replacement. The main battle at Loos lasted from 25th to 30th September.

Armentieres

In his memoirs CBT talks of being at Armentieres. On 28th September the Battalion marched from Noeux Les Mines to Estree Blanche., where they remained until the end of September.

On October 1 they marched to Steenbecque, on the 2nd October thence to Borre, where they stayed a few days to refit.

On the 15th they moved to Strazeele. On the 24th to La Creche, finally arriving at Armentieres on 25th October.

Between 1st and 11th November the Battalion was engaged on trench work.

On 11th they took over trenches 70, 71, 72 and 73 at Armentieres.

They were relieved on the 14th by 10/Y&L and spent three days providing working parties for the Royal Engineers.

17-20th November they returned to the same four trenches in the area of "The Mushroom" near Armentieres.

On 21st they were relieved again by 10/Y&L returning to the trenches on 25th November where they remained until the 29th.

At some point between 11th November and 29th CBT was wounded.

There is reference only to casualties in the first spell in the trenches when three were killed and five wounded. There had been casualties on 10th November when a shell struck C Company's billet.

It is noted that the trenches were in very poor condition and in December heavy rain made conditions much worse, but CBT was out of action by then, until returning in 1916,

Although CBT comments that when he returned to the Somerset's on the Somme in 1916 the faces were all unfamiliar to him there would have been at least one officer he knew.

Lt Lindsay Fitzmaurice was wounded on 25th September. As Captain Fitzmaurice he was killed on 18th November 1916, the same day that CBT earned his MC and was invalided out of the trenches.

Somerset's killed at Loos are buried at Dud Corner Cemetery.

Those who died on the Ancre in the last days of the Somme offensive of 1916 are buried at the Ancre British Military Cemetery, Beaucourt Hamel.

Ben

That's Benjamin Britten. The only reason I can think why I have an original photograph of Ben (centre) and his partner the singer Peter Pears, the tenor, (with Imogen Holst, composer and composer's daughter?) is that Aunt Dorothy was doing something that involved meeting him, or perhaps just admiring him from a distance.

Dot lived in the home bought by her parents for their retirement in Melton, Woodbridge, Suffolk. Aunt Dot was known to play the violin and there are reports of her travelling to musical sessions with her violin case slung over her shoulder as she made her way a little unsteadily on her moped. That moped was later sold for a tenner by Dad.

Britten and Pears were the main force in establishing the Maltings at Snape, also in Suffolk, as a first class venue for concert performance.

So the picture remains a mystery but you get two tenners for the price of one, I hear.



The Whistling Race

The 1st Btn Somersets spent the years 1891-1908 overseas, mostly in India. In 1905 they were at Cawnpore, Bengal. In 1908 in accordance with common military practice they exchanged with the 2nd Btn who had been posted at home, Devonport in 1905. The 2nd remained in India throughout



WW1. Photographs made by Will on his passage to India in 1905, having joined the Regiment on 28th January, include a picture of SS Syria, and other pictures made at Valetta, Malta.

Deck sports – SS Syria

I think this picture beats Google, as I can find no readily accessible reference to this shipboard game which must have taken its place with more familiar ones such as deck quoits and netball. Note the painted rings on the deck in the foreground.

It smacks of being a military speciality, and I wouldn't mind a small bet that there was a mess-room version of the game which does not involve ladies, but does involve some serious drinking. The Whistling Race. The Gentlemen have to kneel about six yards in front of their partners and whistle a tune. The ladies, as soon as they recognize the tune write it on a piece of paper and (the) Gent runs to the other end of the deck.





Lt GH Goff is pictured at Malta. He was in the 2nd Battalion East Lancs Regiment which was based at Puna (aka Poonah). He went on to survive the Great War as a Major and served as a staff officer with several battalions.

Top Right. A Royal Navy Torpedo Boat in the Quarantine Harbour at Valetta. This was a fairly short-lived class of ship whose role merged with that of the destroyer. There was also a later type of very fast motor torpedo boat.

HMS Essex served out her last days on convoy duty during The Great War and was scrapped like many another ship shortly afterwards.

The Officers' Mess, presumably at Cawnpore where the Somersets were based. There is a ghost image in the background. The negatives are quarter plate glass, perhaps a little surprising as roll film had been available for more than 20 years.

An unidentified servant of the Raj.

THE TUBBS REVIEW OF BOOKS

Artists and Bohemians

Tom Cross

In Clubland the Chelsea Arts Club has always stood somewhere in between the Gentlemen's establishments of Pall Mall which include the Garrick, beloved of actors on the one hand and downmarket everywhere else including the decadent dives of Soho of which the post WW2 Colony Club was only the best known but also included the Gargoyle whose clientele included spies such as Burgess and Maclean, writers such as EM Forster and fellow Chelsea Arts Club members.

In the late nineteenth century the art world was torn at first between the English School of traditionalists (some of whom in an earlier age had been radical enough in their day, Turner not the least of them, Girtin whom Turner feared greatly more than Constable and others) on that one hand and those influenced by the successive waves of new influences on the other one, most of which began in France, of which Impressionism had the greatest influence on English painters.

The traditionalists were strongly represented by the Royal Academy and the newer schools by The New English Arts Club, The Camden Town Group and others. There was a corresponding rift in the world of photography with the Photographic Society (later the RPS) facing up to the Linked Ring and other more radical schools. All this tension went beyond breaking point in the early years of the 20th Century with the emergence of various modernist movements, Cubism, Futurism, Dadaism, Surrealism, Abstract Expressionism and ISM-ism in general.

The exceptionalism of the Chelsea Arts Club was apparent from the beginning, quite apart from being in Chelsea, then a bohemian hotspot. Towering over its earliest days was Whistler, whom one critic accused of flinging a paint pot in the face of the public. These days the average Whistler costs a great deal more than the average paint pot, for reasons that might be obvious to all but collectors of the action painter Jackson Pollock, who did fling paint about a bit. The towering genius mantle was later assumed by Augustus John, an alcoholic whose speech to the Club on the occasion of his becoming a Royal Academician was "Beware", followed

several moments later by its conclusion "Abstraction". The rearguard was held up firmly by Alfred Munnings, Churchill's friend, and one of the two greatest English painters of horses. John asserted that Munnings beat Stubbs into first place, by a lively head perhaps.

The history of the Chelsea Arts Club by Tom Cross celebrated its Centenary in 1992 and its title was carefully chosen as Artists and Bohemians, a faithful overview of the Club's clientele. While Whistler's behaviour was always unrestrained and outrageous and William Orpen, generally considered an Establishment figure, was ejected from the Club for his drunken excesses, there were members who would probably always have taken a dim view of bacchanalian excess, including Sir Alexander Fleming, it was reported by Cecil, who was almost certainly never a member. His devotion to Clubland was centred a bit further East, ending up at the Junior Carlton via The Devonshire Club (50 St James' Street, speciality smoked eels. The original Club closed in 1976).

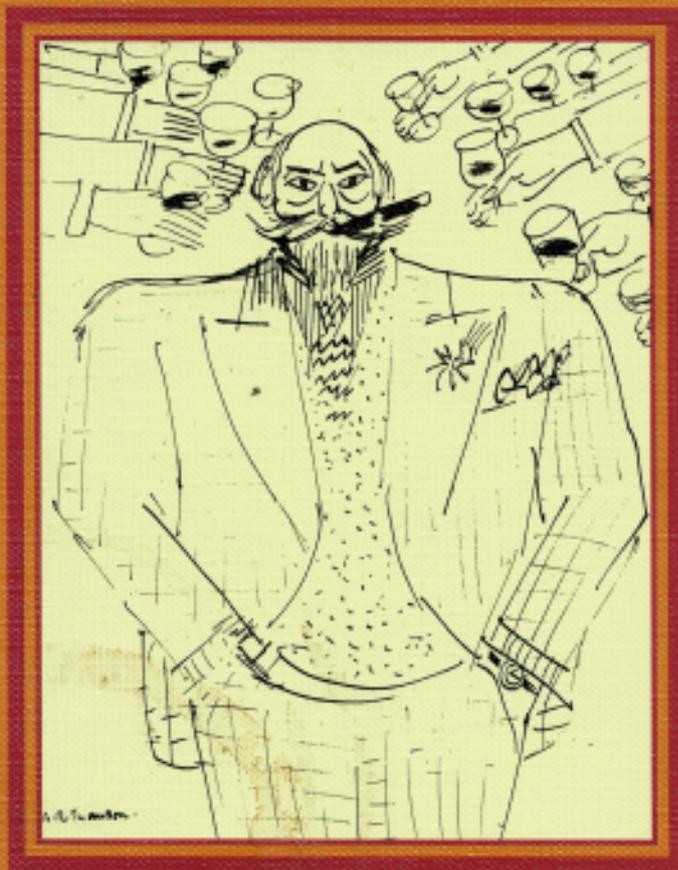
Two generations of Tubbs were members. Percy B Tubbs FRIBA lived almost in Chelsea during the years around the Great War at 2 Moore Street, near Harrods. His eldest son Grahame lived in the Cranmer Court flat acquired for AMT after PBT's death until his death in 1965, only eight years after his mother's. It is not certain that DB Tubbs was a member. He was not a practising artist, but was a connoisseur of 20th Century art and of course wrote *Art and the Automobile*.

The Club was best known in the outside world for the New Year's Eve Chelsea Arts Club Ball, the first of which was held in the Royal Albert Hall in 1919 and continued until well after WW2. The New Year's Eve balls always featured startling decorative features produced by club members. Fancy Dress was de rigueur, whereas the Club itself always had a dress code much relaxed by general standards. From the earliest years the ball was run at arm's length from the finances of the Club itself, but the Club relied heavily on its profits. Artists, like actors and some of the rest of us, are not always as solvent as they would like to be.

Cross records that GB Tubbs FRIBA became the Club's Treasurer at the beginning of WW2 when the

ARTISTS *and* BOHEMIANS

100 YEARS WITH THE
CHELSEA ARTS CLUB



TOM CROSS

My copy may have been bought by a bibulous member, The drawing of Augustus John is by AR Tomson RA, who painted both Cecil and Grahame Tubbs. I believe I visited his studio in the 1950s. As he was deaf and dumb of course we were not introduced.

younger members had been called to other colours. He remained in post for 17 years, we believe. Of course the Balls did not take place during the war and even after they resumed they returned less to the Club than was required. Despite GBT's careful stewardship he had to report that the future of the Club was very doubtful.

Only very gradually were members admitted from outside the artistic community, and the possible admission of women was as controversial in Chelsea as it was in Clubs all over the land. The wartime steward was overhead saying on the telephone "Madam, there are no husbands in this club". Some fruits of these relationships are reported in a separate article in this edition (Derwent Wood).

Cross also indicates that PBT took an active interest in the running of the Club. The only reference to him is a report of a speech he made at a 1926 General Meeting, stressing the Club's reliance on income from the balls.

What is known for certain is that Tubbs senior and junior patronised other members and in return took commissions from other members. That is what Clubs are for and why banks allowed managers to claim their golf club subscriptions as business expenses.

Memorial Tablet

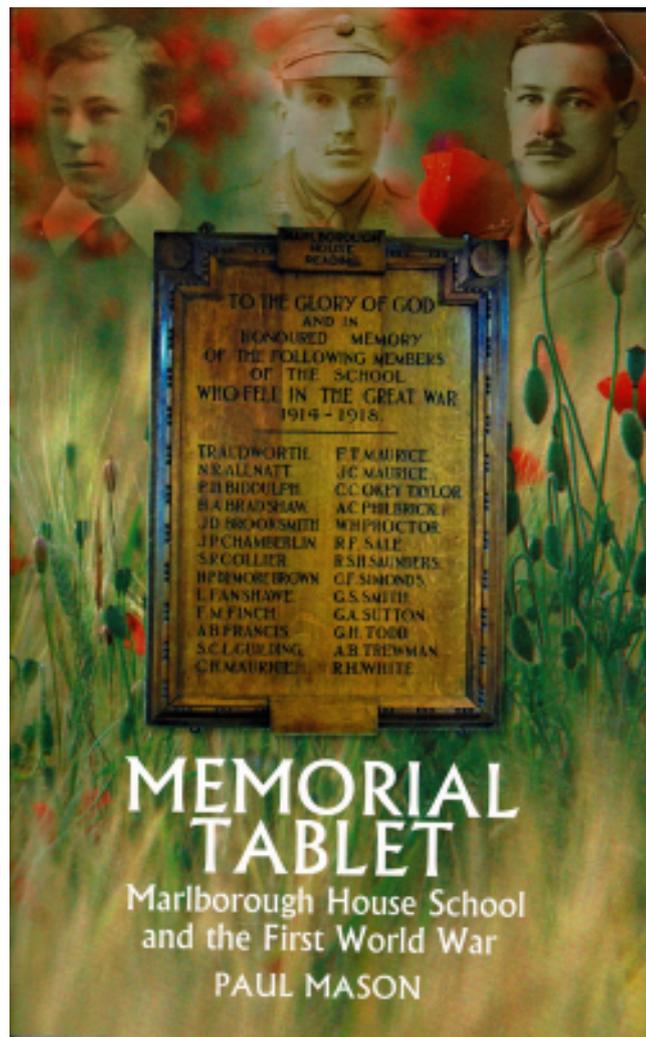
Marlborough House School and the First World War by Paul Mason

By the time that I first heard from Paul Mason I already knew of three memorials which bear the name of Geoffrey Alfred Sutton, my paternal grandmother's brother who was killed at Cambrai in 1917.

Those memorials were the village war memorial at Grundisburgh in Suffolk, which is slightly ironic. The Suttons only moved there from the parish of Eaton Bray in 1916, by which time Monk was a serving soldier and so never formally lived in Grundisburgh. Even when back in Blighty after being wounded in 1915 he preferred to spend his time in London where he could meet girlfriends and occasionally row for Hammersmith Rowing Club. That club, still in existence, also has a

memorial to its members killed in the Great War. Monk like his brothers was at Haileybury, and the massive memorial there also carries his name. Paul Mason became Head of History at Crosfields School in Reading, which is the successor to

Marlborough House, a preparatory school not to be confused with Marlborough College. He became obsessed by the memorial tablet that carries 26 names. Most public schoolboys naturally became officers on joining up and the casualty rate for officers was approximately twice that of other ranks. Reading of course was the base for the Sutton branch of the family, notably those Suttons involved in the family seed business. I am delighted to say that I was able to assist Mr Mason in his enquiries about Monk and was very happy for him to work with information I provided and he has also used the wonderful portrait of Monk that he



had made of himself in uniform,

I have written extensively about Monk during and shortly before the Great War and all the text is still available on my website.

The book raises a very interesting question quite unrelated to Monk. The first chaplain to Marlborough House was The Reverend George Ibberson Tubbs, who was an independent episcopalian, and founded an independent church in Reading which is also active to this day.

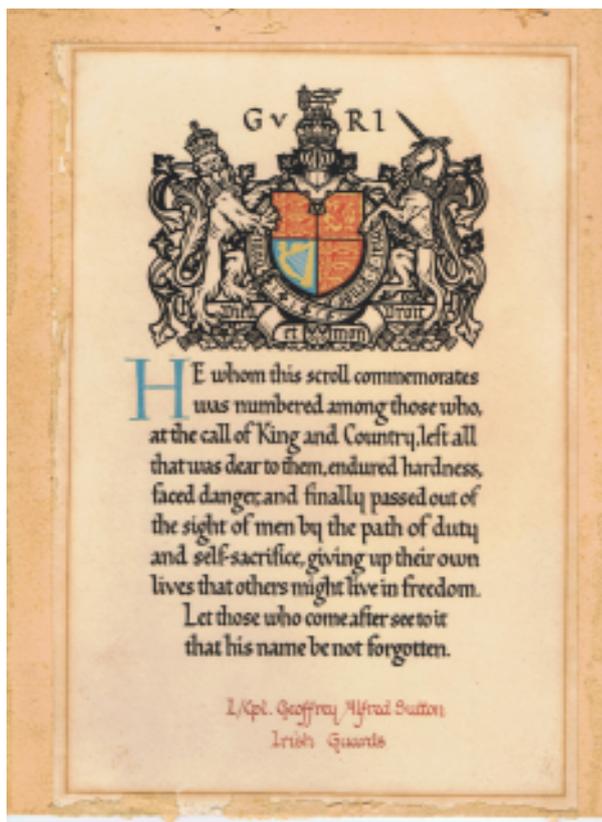
The question I had asked, long before picking up my copy of the book is whether Tubbs is related to us.

Though this seems unlikely, and as with the violin bow makers, I have not established a certain link there is a curious circumstance which suggests a possible connection.

George was the last born child of the first wife of a farmer in East Anglia. George was born in Mildenhall. That first wife was born an Ibberson. He remarried and produced many more children, mostly girls. The available online records for those two families differ in that one is retained in a non-conformist record and the other in the Church of England Parish records. Now, my beloved late Aunt Ursula told me a very curious tale, without going into the naming of names. She had spoken to somebody as Mr Tubbs, whom she thought she recognised. It turned out that this person was indeed a Tubbs who denied any connection to our line.

Lirlie believed that family had two branches born of different mothers and that the two branches were not on good terms. This family is the only one I have so far encountered that might answer. George had a son Cyril who practised as an architect. Given that he was Cyril B Tubbs, I was at first tripped into thinking there might be references to my grandfather Cecil B Tubbs. This all seems too far fetched to be true, but odder things have happened. The standard scroll sent in the name of His Majesty King George V to the fallen of the Great War. It was accompanied by the large medal known as the Death Penny. The actual war medals were sent out separately, with the separate ribbons, in a small cardboard case.

The splendid portrait of Monk was made in Ipswich when he was wearing the uniform of the Royal Irish fusiliers with the obligatory moustache for officers. Monk's last letter home was a request to his mother to send out his Salmon and Gluckstein pipe. This is the portrait which is used in the Memorial Tablet. By the time of his death he had resigned his commission and advanced to the rank of lance corporal in the Irish Guards.



Romney Marsh at War

Edward Carpenter

Though it is true that the family's involvement in the Romney Marsh area was much reduced enough of the legacy fabric was affected by the war to retain our interest.

Also one of our readers grew up in Lydd and remembers some of the characters who feature in Romney Marsh at War by Edward Carpenter, a prolific author on the area.

At a post-war celebration dinner the Mayor of New Romney enumerated some of the events which had affected the town, which includes Littlestone and Greatstone.

During the war 38 aeroplanes had crash-landed. 278 bombs had detonated.

Though the Marsh was strenuously at war from the very beginning of hostilities without doubt its busiest period was around the time of the Normandy invasion in 1944 which coincided with the beginning of the V1 and V2 bombing campaign.

The immediate seafront area came immediately under military control in 1939. In the run-up to the invasion the prohibited zone was vastly increased.

The allies had advance notice of the V1 attacks. The first intelligence was fragmentary but by the time of the attacks, the RAF had already counter-attacked both Peenemunde the missile assembly and test site and the V1 launch sites, which were conspicuous and as built were immobile.

The V2 launchers on the other hand were mobile. I have not read Robert Harris's V2 blockbuster bestseller but the blurb says it involves derring-do in identifying the launch sites. Such intelligence could only have been of the most ephemeral value.

When the attacks started anti-aircraft weaponry was brought forward from cities round the country. By this time there had been two major advances in ack ack technology. The first was radar control of the guns and the second was the proximity fuse which meant that a direct hit was not necessary. This increased what General Pile called bangs per bird to a dramatically higher level. Pile ran Anti Aircraft Command throughout the war and was one of the few generals whom Alan Brooke considered to be really worthy of his position.

During the Battle of Britain Pile worked closely with Fighter Command to ensure that friendly fire during raids was very much reduced.

The American 125th Anti Aircraft Battalion moved onto Romney Marsh and was based at the holiday camp. On 21st July 1944 A and B Batteries moved onto Littlestone Golf Course. The number of VIs that fell on the Marsh causing damage is not certain. HTT's Marlborough House was also used as off-duty living accommodation, though there were also tents on the golf course.

The chief role on the Marsh was aircraft observation. This was a vital extension of the radar system which only worked as aircraft were approaching. Once inland the observers took over and were completely integrated into the Dowding system. The water towers were obvious choices for aircraft and ship observation and were brought into that use.

The second role was mine recovery, Many mines broke lose and finished up being washed ashore.

The third role was air sea rescue and lifeboat work. The Dungeness lifeboat worked extraordinary miracles during the war. This was despite a serious argument with the Royal Navy over how lifeboats could be used at Dunkirk. The coxswain was proved to be correct, but this did not save his reputation. Disgraceful.

Other wartime activities included rounding up downed pilots from both sides, and the identification of undercover spies. A couple of real ones were identified. One notoriously tried to buy a bottle of wine in the pub out of hours. They didn't drink wine in pubs boyo. Kent then divided its loyalty between beer made with Kentish hops and cider made with Kentish apples. Since then hop growing has diminished and viticulture has blossomed in the Garden of England. I suspect that by 1940 the large scale smuggling of brandy was a thing of the past, but who knows?

Housetopper

If you are going to top a house it might as well be the House of Windsor.

Prince Charles was hosted by Goldman Sachs on a visit to the rooftop gardens of their gold mine on the site of the former Farringdon Market, once owned and redeveloped by Henry Thomas Tubbs. I am grateful to the Daily Mail for this snapshot whose background view of St Paul's closely resembles that of the Housetopper picture taken by Walter Bennington from his Shoe Lane business premises, which was one of HTT's creations.

Note that the alignment of the dome and the tower are almost identical.

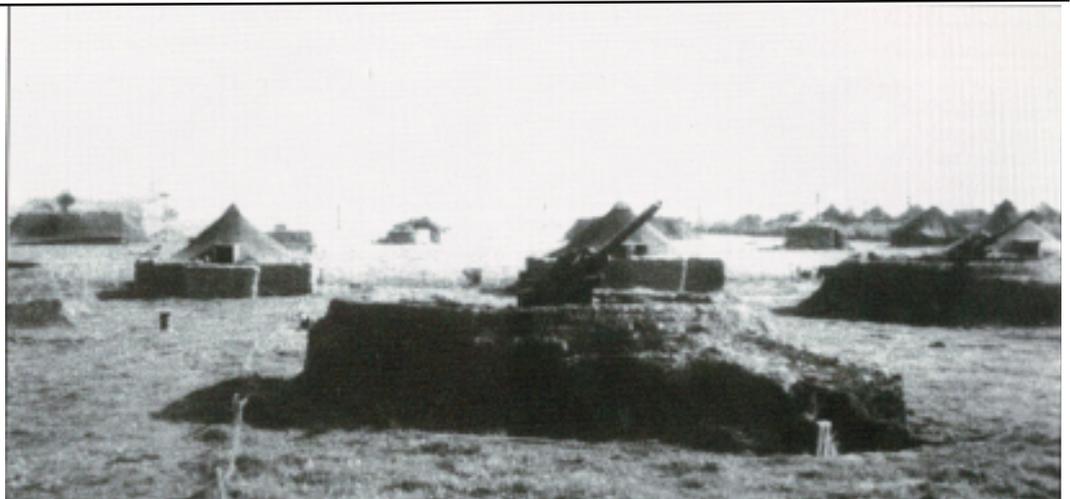
The Shard is also in the modern picture.

Views of St Paul's are supposed to be sacrosanct from being obscured by future development. All a trifle late I fear.

While The Boss is not looking directly at camera, another snapshot from the same sequence shows him as a double of Vladimir Putin, not known to be a Romanov, but just a little richer than any of that lot. A second double looks like Good Queen Kate in a blue frock.



Anti aircraft battery on the golf course at Littlestone. The guns were radar directed and were able to use proximity fuses for maximum effect.





The Hyphen in Rolls-Royce

Probably the least known memorial in Derby. It stands in the porte-cochere that projects from the front of the former Rolls-Royce offices, themselves in front of the former Main Works on Nightingale Road. Its best known feature is the Marble Hall and the stained glass World War 2 Memorial, now a replica. Claude Johnson had been Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club and was the friend of Charles Rolls who introduced him to Henry Royce at the Midland Hotel in Manchester in 1904. He then became the Managing Director of the new company and was often referred to as the hyphen in Rolls-Royce. This useful reminder that there should be one in the name does not seem to have been passed on the present generation. Though the offices stand and are in use by new occupants, everything else has gone, and the redevelopment of the site started in 2021. The Company's Derby Headquarters and nearly all the manufacturing facilities are now on Moor Lane or Sinfin.

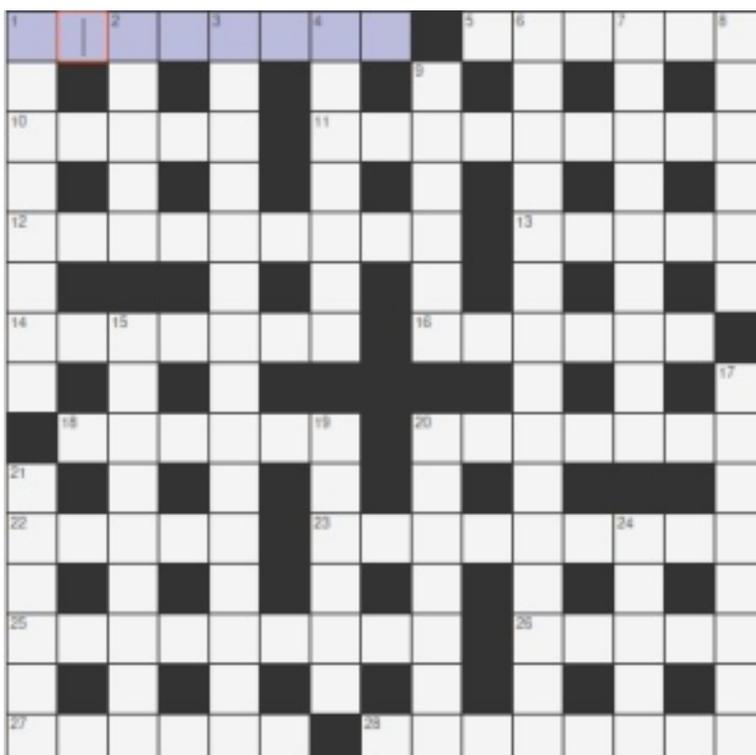
The Tubbs Crossword -2021

The solution will be published at tubbspubs.org.uk on 6th January 2022. The crossword is also available online at the same location, but your solution can not be saved.

Across

1. Falling over on some old money ?(8)
5. Soothes old brick in backwater (6)
10. Cash in old letter (5)
11. To do with bob a job say (9)
12. Vowel even in open order as is on eye (9)
13. Begin fight (4 2)
14. Rapidly rub out stains he made (7)

16. Win now or take off coat (6)
18. Allot idiot in-game name (6)
20. Chas and monicker wrote down (7)
22. Watch out for the last virus (5)
23. World body is numb (9)
25. Gripe about evil distinction (9)
26. Dark red crystal not a takeaway (5)
27. Even Ginettas have one (6)
28. No change after first denial of factual matter (8)



Down

1. Rare pint will turn turtle (8)
2. Macbeth's biographer (5)
3. Putting off wine for virtually in the act of love-making (15)
4. Compound pay for bug removal (7)
6. Jesse's cash converter (5 3 7)
7. Good morning Blues a la Francois (9)
8. Liked but disposed of (4 2)
9. Stoker's revival brought to life (6)
15. Rushing but restraining mostly (9)
17. It's all the same of the face of it (8)
19. Spey is not Old Man River for sure (6)
20. Turn aside on air made spotless (7)
21. There's one big laugh in 25 (6)
24. Short sign of Sanskrit (5)