

TEN TASTY THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR CHILDREN !

THE

Christmas 2013



TUBBS

ostinui, ostinuis, ostinuit





Royal Mail Mini Stamps

LONDON UNDERGROUND

FULL
STORY
PAGE 7

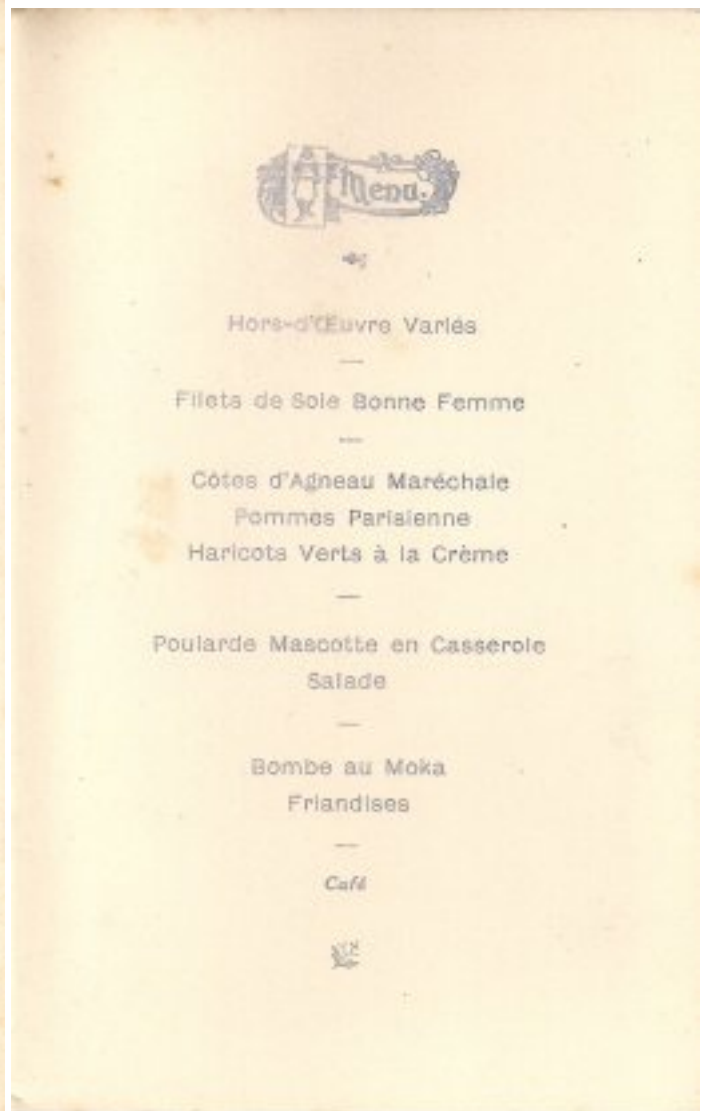
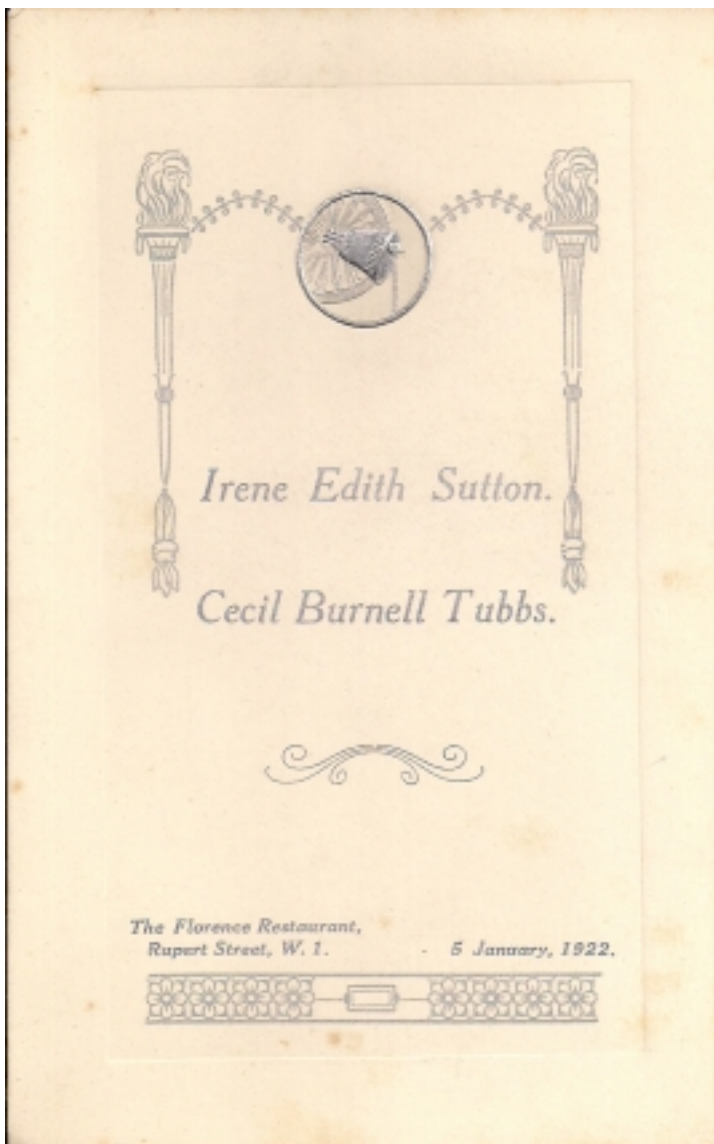
SMALL BOMB IN SOHO

This year's cover photograph is of Irene E Sutton, your editor's grandmother. This very winning likeness has an excellent pedigree. It comes from the firm of Bassano Ltd. Mr Alexander Bassano, whose family originally hailed from Bassano in Italy, was the leading photographic portraitist of his age but retired around 1904 and died in 1913. The business moved to 25 Old Bond Street in the 1870s. In 1921 the firm moved again into 38 Dover Street. The most enduring image produced by Bassano is that of Lord Kitchener which formed the basis of the famous recruiting poster. Kitchener had an almighty squint but of course this does not appear on the famous poster with its very direct gaze. It is therefore a reasonable assumption that this photograph was taken around 1921, for it is definitely from the Old Bond Street studio. Bassano's

entire collection of glass negatives now resides in the National Portrait Gallery's collection. Irene Edith Sutton and Cecil Burnell Tubbs were married at St Martin in the Fields on 5th January 1922. That of course is now Trafalgar Square, the fields having mysteriously disappeared.

Much of this year's issue will relate to the Sutton branch of the family. I apologise to those few of my readers for whom this branch does not constitute part of their direct lineage but I trust you will find some interest in it all the same.

I am not sure if "Sole Bonne Femme" is a traditional wedding day witticism or I am reading too much into it. Nor can I be sure that the wine flo'd freely because the Suttons were all teetotalers, of which there is more to be said elsewhere in this edition. There is another copy of this menu which I intend to review later..



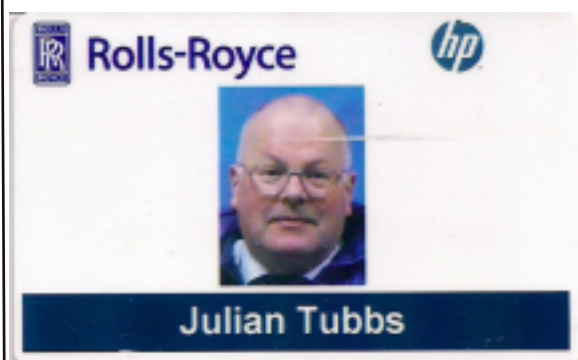


The illustration of the Florence restaurant, available for just £10.00 (<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Photographic-Florence-Restaurant-Mary-Evans/dp/B008QYVSRQ> free ad so no breach of copyright thanks) at Amazon dates from around 1903 but I am convinced that the tableau is from the same series as that shown in CBT and IET's wedding photograph. Isn't the internet wonderful? Marriage usually has financial implications. On 25th September 1922 a Mr Thomlinson (?), an agent of the Phoenix Assurance Company Limited, 11 Dale Street Liverpool wrote to CBT from a private address "Shirley", Dinerth Road, Colwyn Bay. "Having embarked on the sea of matrimony ...in the event of the possible ... ". etc. This episode resulted in one of CBT's most often-repeated tales. The joke is that he was refused life assurance because of the severity of his war wounds. He only survived for another 61 years.

BTW Irene must be pronounced as three separate syllables. It is from the Greek word for peace. Oddly Irene Adler, The Woman in the Sherlock Holmes tales is usually pronounced traditionally with three syllables but more modern gels are usually just down to two. Cecil rhymes with wrestle though in the USA and certain aristocratic quarter of the UK it rhymes with thistle.

The Tubbs

By the time you read this there is a very strong probability that I will have retired, some 20 pay days earlier than expected. I know of only two people at my place of work who have lasted to the age of 65 in recent years and many have gone at a considerably earlier age. In the current climate that HP have created it is a race to the door between those who are volunteering to go and those who are threatened with compulsory redundancy within the next few months. I just hope HP's performance is making Rolls-Royce happy but I rather doubt it. HP have dropped out of the Dow Jones index, replaced by Nike, the more sure-footed performer, another Goddess. The firm describes itself as being "In Recovery". It has sacked two chief executives since they took me on. My part in its downfall should cease on 20th December.





LONDON's BURNING

This photograph of St Paul's, shamelessly cribbed from the internet, is one of the most famous of all wartime photographs. The very necessity of using it to illustrate the Blitz has probably pushed other photographs taken around the same time into regrettable obscurity. The photograph was taken by Herbert Mason, a Daily Mail staff photographer who rushed into work while off duty to take a series of photographs, many from the roof of the Daily Mail buildings in nearby Fleet Street. The significance of this episode to The Tubbs has not gone unrecorded. With commendable forethought the Dean had rising mains and supplementary water tanks installed before the war and then advertised in the journal of RIBA (Royal Institute of British Architects) for volunteers to join the fire watch. John Betjeman, poet and architectural connoisseur, was one who volunteered. So was Ralph Tubbs, who became a team leader allocated to the roof level and who instituted a rigorous programme of training, including exercises in finding one's way around the complex building without benefit of light. One suspects that Tubbs had a better aptitude for fire-

fighting than John Betjeman. Members of the Dome Patrol were selected for their head for heights and a leaning towards acrobatics. They also had to be over the age of 40 so they were unlikely to be called up. In that raid of 29th December twenty eight bombs fell on St Paul's. The American broadcaster Ed Murrow reported that St Paul's was burning to the ground. The Cathedral also survived a direct hit in the very heavy raid of 16th April 1941.

There are conflicting claims as to when the picture was first published. Max Hastings, a former editor of the Evening Standard and the Daily Telegraph, who should know, claims it was censored and did not appear in public for 17 days, though in fact it appeared in the Mail on 31st December, but very few people knew at the time how much heroic work had gone into saving the "undamaged" Cathedral. I am grateful to Mark Tubbs for the loan of *The Blitz* and Ms Juliet Gardiner, its author, for the above information and for other information on the Blitz in this issue, some of which is quoted verbatim.



The above photograph is captioned "Large bomb site near the Barbican" and is from the Museum of London collection. Unfortunately I am not able to identify precisely where that puts it but it gives a good idea of the very widespread destruction around the Barbican area most of which occurred on the same night that St. Paul's so very nearly succumbed. The photograph dates from 1954. I am not sure if all the bomb sites have now been redeveloped but as reported here previously the Charterhouse Buildings site was only finished in around 2008. I did spot but can no longer locate an image of the Barbican tube station that was damaged in the same raid. HTT's former residence, The Manchester Hotel, which he built in the 1870s stood on a site almost immediately South of the Barbican station on a plot surrounded by Aldersgate Street, Long Lane and Cloth Street. A photograph of the hotel, damaged or otherwise, would form the crown jewels of the collection but nothing has emerged so far. The story is told that HTT and his partner Joseph Lewis bought up land that was recovered after the building of the Metropolitan line extension from Farringdon to Moorgate which opened in 1865, which included the Aldersgate Street station now known as Barbican station. There is some circumstantial evidence that this isn't quite true. What is certain is that there was a scheme of slum clearance in the 1870s and it is

possible that the site was not available for redevelopment until after the tube line opened. The Metropolitan is a cut-and-cover line and you can see daylight from the platforms of the Barbican station. No part of the original line is a deep tube proper. Juliet Gardiner discusses the destruction of the Barbican area in as much detail as the fire at nearby St Paul's.

After a brief unofficial Christmas truce bombing resumed on 28th December 1940 but the 29th was a full bomber's moon.

The square mile of the City of London was largely deserted, offices churches and warehouses padlocked. The population of the City was around 5,000, no greater than a large village or small town. Within half an hour of the start of the raid the GAF (Luftwaffe) reported that they had started 54 major fires. 120 tons of High Explosive bombs and 22000 incendiaries were dropped on the City. "The whole City has been labelled a Fire Zone" one historian had declared even before the Blitz had started.

To make matters worse the Thames was at an unusually low ebb, depriving the fire fighters of water. A strong westerly wind blew through the streets, whipping the flames to a greater frenzy... It seemed as if the City was doomed. The numerous fires joined together to form two major conflagrations, the worst of which ravaged half a

square mile between Moorgate, Aldersgate, Cannon Street and Old Street. In the operations room in Redcross Street Fire Station in the middle of the Barbican, the heat was so intense that the paint was blistering on the walls, while they continued to work. 80 horses were killed at Whitbread's brewery in Chiswell Street, near the Barbican. 160 people died, of whom 16 were firemen. There are quite a few half square miles in the Square Mile. It's open to interpretation.

There was nothing to do but evacuate the entire area from Gresham Street in the south to Golden Lane in the north, Aldersgate in the west to Moorgate in the east. If you have been following my perambulations round London over recent years you will immediately recognise that this is the Headquarters of the City activities of the Tubbs family. Gentle reader, your patrimony went up in smoke and flames that night. CBT reports in his memoirs that he could not recognise the scene, nor find his way to his

workplace the next morning – No two week Christmas breaks in those days, even in peacetime! CBT's reaction is one that was shared by many thousands of city workers and became a commonplace comment on that night's devastation. That workplace, Tubbs Lewis' offices on Noble Street, was destroyed that night; the damage in Noble street revealed the foundations of the ancient City walls for the first time in many centuries, and so they are still on view to this day, one of the very few bomb sites now left un-rebuilt. The lease reverted to the Corporation of London and TL received compensation of £4,000, a large sum but about a week's rental income at today's prices. The worst of it is that arguably the damage was avoidable. The art of fire watching was in its infancy. An incendiary bomb was no blockbuster. They could be picked up by hand and if put out quickly might cause very little damage, though of course only at the risk of being killed by high explosives.



This photograph of Aldersgate Street (left) dates from 1879 and is in the Museum of London collection. It shows 17th century buildings which were recorded almost immediately prior to their demolition. Unfortunately I don't know exactly where they were on the road in relation to the Manchester Hotel site.



Another photograph of Blitz damage on Aldersgate Street. This one was taken during the war. Damage in the area was by no means limited to that one raid. Destruction also came again with the advent of the V1 revenge weapons in June 1944. What on earth did he think he was avenging?

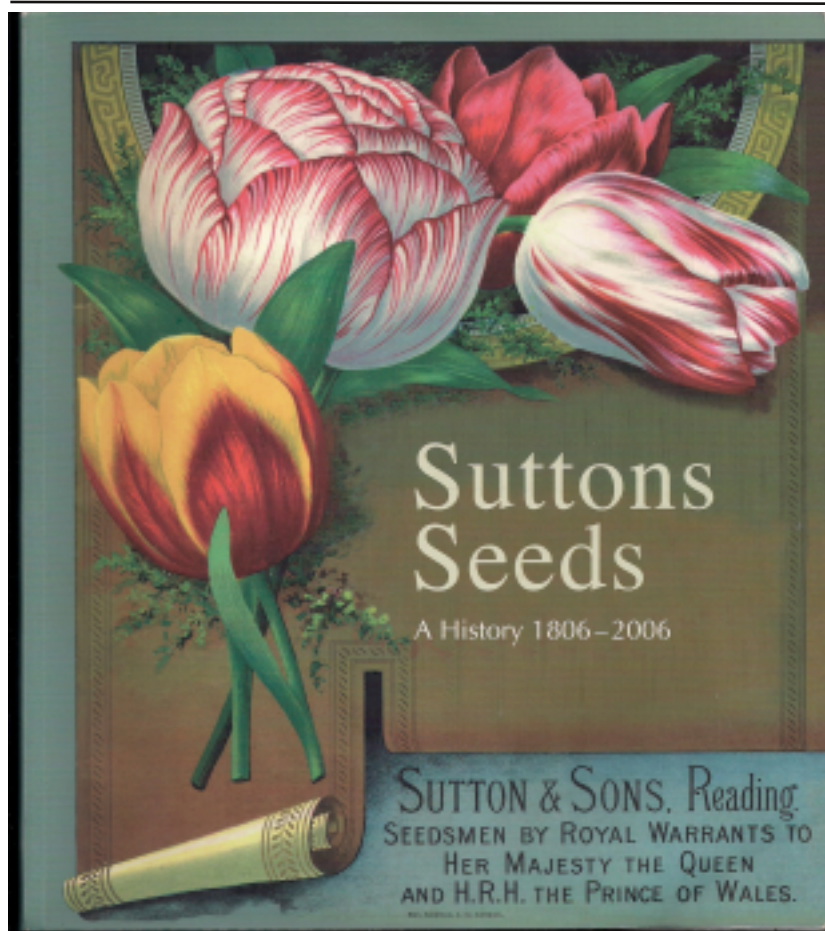


This splendid engraving is copied from *The Underground Pioneers* by Andrew Emmerson and was originally published in the *Illustrated London News* on 2nd December 1865. According to the author Charterhouse Square is seen on the left and Rayne Street is carried across the new railway in the foreground. This means we are looking east towards Aldersgate Street station. It is evident that there are buildings on the south (right hand) side which are standing very close indeed to the line of the railway. Even allowing for artistic licence it does not seem to me that the Manchester hotel site was cleared in order to build the station.

Pheathers and filosophy

All male Meynells are called Hugo; have been since the Conquest. During that time they have been based at Meynell Langley in Derbyshire, where they played a part in the invention of hunting as an organised sport and founded the Meynell Hunt. How they distinguish themselves from one another within the confines of their family is a mystery to me. The Hugo I knew (he lives yet) was a tutor in the Philosophy department at the University of Leeds, a department much occupied with the philosophy of religious ideas, the Professor of Logic being a Roman Catholic and Hugo standing in for the opposition. Despite the fact that the Meynell Arms is just down the road I had not much thought of him, or his father who won the VC in an Afghan Campaign, until I read in *The Times* of the death of a Dunn-Meynell. That his first name was Hugo was enough

to confirm his connection to the ancient lineage. He added the Dunn in memory of his mother and perhaps to distinguish himself from his philosopher cousin. He was best known as Chairman of the International Wine and Food Society; what caught my attention is that his father Hugo Dunn-Meynell, became a feather merchant in the City with premises on Fann Street (Had to be there didn't it!). The land mine that destroyed his premises was described by *The Times* as "a catastrophe that covered a large area of the City in feathers", though I am not sure whether *The Times* thinks the feathers worse than the mine. I remember seeing ostrich feathers in the premises of E Hecht. H Bestimmt, feather merchants of Hoxton, used to be customers of Nottingham Braid. Fann Street, near the Barbican of course, also had properties then still owned by members of the Tubbs family (AMT?), but also destroyed in the Blitz,



World wide web root

It is clear that Suttons were well out in front in the field/garden of Public Relations and Marketing and exporting. They had offices in Calcutta, for example. This little box, made by Huntleys for the secure packing of seeds, and the more decorative one underneath which I couldn't photograph properly, were just about the only evidence of Suttons on display in the Reading Museum at the time of my visit and there are no copies of the book available there as far as I could see. My favourite sighting of Sutton's publicity so far is in pictures of the late, lamented Trent Railway Station, at which I used to change trains on my way to school. Crewe, change at Trent and Leicester, Oakham. Were I a year older I would just have made it to Uppingham Station. Oh Mr Porter I wonder where I went/ I wanted to go Uppingham/ And they dropped me off at Trent!

Earley History - The Three Bs

Now we are really talking History. I had completely missed the original publication of Suttons Seeds in 2006 in celebration of the bicentenary, making Suttons one of the longest established companies in the country with a continuous history, though there have been no Suttons involved since the 1960s. The Earley history of the company is not a misprint. The firm began trading from the Market Place in Reading with its gardens surprisingly close to the centre of the town. Inevitably they grew out of this site and re-located their headquarters to the Earley suburb close to the river Thames around 1960, though they had owned and used that land since around 1870. The Earley History Society produced this splendid volume as a collaborative effort. You can buy a copy at full price from Suttons or you can get a copy for very little by dint of a little light bulb browsing. Suttons decamped from Reading to the West Country in 1976. Up to that time Reading was known as the town of three Bs, beer, biscuits and bulbs. Simonds, the brewers, were first taken over by Courage Barclay and Perkins and then moved out of the town centre around the same time and opened their ghastly megakeggery which mercifully closed in 2007. Yes those vicious banking thugs were also engaged in brewing at one time. The Barclays were the successors to Mr Thrall the husband of Dr Johnson's girlfriend. Huntley and Palmer were the biscuit manufacturers and they too have flown. The Edwin Suttons were friendly with a family named Palmer and I suspect there may be that connection. As the book is so readily available I won't cover the history in any great detail but would like to pick out a couple of interesting items.

The first is the uncomfortable truth that the founder of the firm was an habitual drunkard, though perhaps not of his own choosing. Suttons of that era seem to have been a little frail and John Sutton was prescribed, yes prescribed, a daily dose of port to sustain him. Unfortunately there

were side effects. Despite this he only shuffled off his creaking gaiters in 1863 by when he was around 86. It is hardly surprising that his descendants all turned out to be militant teetotallers. John was a unitarian and as with so many early entrepreneurs there was a strong non-conformist strain in the family though of course the Rev Edwin Sutton was firmly inside the Church of England, and perhaps the most militant of all the teetotallers in the family.

The great genius of the firm was undoubtedly Martin Hope Sutton VMH FLS. VMH is the Victorian Medal of Honour and is reserved for distinguished horticulturalists. FLS is Fellow of the Linnean Society, so these are genuine distinctions. He was John's oldest son. He was an autodidact of some ability and started trading in seeds on his own account as a youth before joining the firm along with his brother Alfred from whose seed we descend. The firm established its national reputation with its presence at the Great Exhibition of 1851 and by its work in supplying disease free strains of potato to be grown in Ireland following the ghastly famines of the 1840s. The firm erected vast marquees at shows throughout the land.

Martin Hope, then, was a scientist as well as being a

businessman, who came to the notice of Prince Albert and advised on planting at Windsor. The firm has held Royal Warrants since 1871, the first granted by Bertie the Prince of Wales, later ERVII.

The firm seems to have generated substantial wealth for its partners without ever quite rising to the need for conspicuous consumption.

No blandish for Miss Awkward

After Martin Hope perhaps the most interesting character thrown up was Edith Sutton JP (1862-1957), one of Edwin's many siblings.

Edith was a suffragette and socialist firebrand. It has been suggested that she was the first female ever to be elected as a Borough Councillor anywhere (unopposed), shortly after the law was changed in 1907 and she held her seat, appropriately for Battle Ward, until 1931, finally resigning from the Council in 1945. She joined the Labour Party in the 1920s. She finally became mayor in 1933-34, the same year that her cousin Leonard Noel was deputy Lieutenant of the County of Berkshire - though it is suggested that her gender and her politics postponed this honour for some years. Since you ask, the battle was in 1688 and was the only large mainland action during the Glorious Revolution.

The Bucklebury connection.

When it comes to snobbery I am sure I can do just as well as anybody else. The village of Bucklebury in Berkshire has escaped the notice of almost everybody apart from its inhabitants until one of them tied the Windsor knot. The Middleton residence in Bucklebury is large and handsome, I am told, but it isn't Bucklebury Place. That was built in 1890-1893 for Arthur Warwick Sutton, one of the three sons of Martin Hope Sutton to be involved in Suttons. In an idle moment I shall study the progress of the apostrophe in more detail. In 1867 we have Suttons' Catalogue and also Sutton's Amateurs' Guide and in 1889 we have Sutton's Amateur's Guide. By 1968 it was just plain Suttons. Arthur Warwick took responsibility for the vegetable side of the business, becoming a partner in 1876 and a

senior partner in 1913. The house has been divided into apartments.

Between them the Suttons owned some substantial properties. AWS occupied Sutherlands (Reading?) from 1884 to 1888 before handing it to his nephew Leonard Noel. Others include Cintra Lodge and Hillside. The history cites Leonard Goodhart Sutton (AWS's youngest brother) and later Noel Sutton as residents at Hillside. Alfred Sutton (my great great grandfather) and family eventually settled at Greenlands in Redland Road, which I assume is the site of the present hospital buildings.

Bucklebury place became the home of the Fireside Club, described as 'the most influential social organisation during the pre-1914 years'.

Unsurprisingly it had a strong religious ethos. There is a fine picture of a garden party in 1906 which was clearly a grand and elegant affair.



I imagine you could spend some time guessing what this little confection is for, and if I told you it was made in The West Riding that might put you off the scent. It isn't anything to do with textiles. It is a machine for ruling the lines on ledger paper, exercise books and the like. It was made by Shaw's of Honley. It is just a glorified desktop which allows numerous nibs to draw lines simultaneously and there must have been thousands at work at one time. This one is in the Jarrold Museum in Norwich. There is another in Nottingham that used to work in Bulwell Town Hall. Your editor's first ever paid work was assisting in the printing of exercise books for Sisson and Parker of Nottingham.



Harehills

Two views of Harehills in Leeds 8. The upper picture features Rank Kershaw's works, now the site of a Mosque. It was taken around 1981 and this image was bought from Leeds City Libraries. Petrol was 99p per gallon. The Stylo shoe factory shop can also be seen beside the petrol station. The lower picture is recent and features 1 Harehills Place, the former Bremer residence just a few yards behind Kershaw's works.

P-pick up a Penguin

The name of Kershaw would not impinge deeply on the Tubbs family history if it had not been for the fact that Beckie's father, Mark Bremer, was apprenticed to Kershaws at the time I was a student, of sorts, living in Leeds in various houses under the shadow of Kershaw's works on Harehills Lane, now the site of a mosque. The delightfully named fford Green public house down the road was said to be the biggest outlet for Tetleys on their estate. We tried to assist. It is now offices and showrooms, so they are still missing me. Hands up if you know where Yorkshire's finest is now brewed. Yep! Wolverhampton. By that time Kershaws was part of the Rank Organisation under the directorship of the fearsome John Davies who had rescued the Rank Organisation from near bankruptcy in the early 1940's. Rank's primary interest in Kershaw's was probably its wish to vertically integrate, and also to get its hands on some nice contracts with the military. Rank Organisation were distributors of films and owners of cinemas, which later led them into Bingo and other leisure activities. How a cinema organisation could get into difficulties when most people went twice a week is anybody's guess. Their trade mark of course is the big brute beating the daylight out of a gong, which one is told was in reality made of plaster of Paris. So many childhood illusions, alas! And where did they get the noise from? It can just be seen in its stylized logo form on the attached picture, purchased at some cost from Leeds City Libraries. One of Kershaw's main lines of business was the production of cinema projection equipment. This was sold under the Kalee brand. The name derives from the initials of A. Kershaw and Leeds, their home, and they were making projectors from at least 1906. Later the Kalee equipment was branded by British Thompson Houston, so possibly Kershaw's involvement was then just the optics. BTH features most prominently in history through the dotty antics of Lady Houston (with two Os Lord Hattersley) who sponsored the Schneider Trophy aeroplanes developed by Supermarine and Rolls-Royce, but they also made printing equipment bless them and were later sponsors of Whittle's jet engine development when the Air Ministry was in denial, so dottiness has its uses. They provided the site in Lutterworth for Power Jets Ltd, Whittle's company.

Who made Marion?

Kershaw had been making cameras for a long time, though this is masked by the Blue Book, the camera collectors' handbook. They list camera production only under Marion & Co Ltd, which makes the whole story a little inscrutable to the outsider, but you are in luck because I have penetrated this mystery. Marion et Cie were stationers based in Paris in London as early as 1862. The Blue Book lists Marion cameras from the 1890s and then as being made by Kershaw in 1905 using a Kershaw patent mirror reflex mechanism. Marion was based at 3 Soho Square, London and the telegraphic address of Noiram (geddit?) was retained after the later merger. The building still exists looking much as it did. Soho was therefore only ever a brand name. Kershaw and Marion/Soho became formally linked on the amalgamation of seven companies which formed Amalgamated Photographic Manufacturers aka APM in 1921. This soon demerged into two separate organisations, APM and APeM. Amalgamated Photographic Equipment Manufacturers eventually became part of Ilford, and all its constituent companies were more concerned with film than camera manufacture. The directors of Kershaws were said to be keen ornithologists and later Kershaw/Soho cameras are found with names such as Myna, Pilot, Penguin, King Penguin (Kershaw Soho (Sales) Limited), Curlew, Raven and Peregrine. Commentators, bloggers and netwits tend to concur that these

were all manufactured by Kershaw in Leeds, and a trade advertisement of 1925 confirms this claim. In 1925 the senior range of folding Kershaw roll film cameras rejoiced in names such as Altrex, Beltrex, Celtrex and Deltrex. Can you spot a theme folks? I have yet to see any of those for sale and so they are rarer than later models. By the 1950s Kershaw give their London address as 37-41 Mortimer Street. There are other names though, such as "B" and Cadet, which makes me think that the Myna should have been called Maja, but then I am not an ornithologist. The Rajar No 6 camera is fairly easily found. It is said by Blue Book to be one of the earliest Bakelite cameras, from around 1929, though the Rajar company was APeM rather than APM. No 6 refers to a proprietary Rajar film format with charming wooden spools. I assume that other formats will turn up. Two Rajars can be found in what was then India, now Pakistan so we are breathing exotic air here. The National Museum of the Image is only a little helpful in identifying and dating these things; I am sure a return visit will be required to do some research in their archives. 40 years of Amateur Photographer 1920-1960 anybody?

After the war Kershaw designed a camera to rival Zeiss and Leica in quality but without ripping off the Leica designs - there is a book describing 300 Leica copies, flattery if you like - the book fetches more than most Leica copies. Post-war Reid Sigrist of Leicester produced a Leica copy which retailed at £91, it says in the ad in the gents at Loughborough Central Station, sold with a lens by Taylor Hobson, also of Leicester, long the manufacturer of the Cook lenses used by the cinema film industry, including Hollywood. £91 would have been about two months' wages for most folk. Ads for cameras in the gents? Next they'll be advertising something for the weekend in day nurseries. Taylor Hobson also became part of the Rank Organisation, though it escaped and there is an independent company to this day trading under the Cook name. By the mid 1950s upmarket Kershaw cameras were being sold with Taylor Hobson lenses. Curiously the Leicester Industrial Museum at the Abbey Pumping station concentrates on Kalee equipment (i.e. from Leeds rather than Leicester) and there is currently nothing on display from Taylor Hobson. There's more of it at Armley Mills in Leeds. They have a good number of Leicester's Imperial Good Companion portable (portable? Have you ever tried carrying one? You need a sherpa) typewriters, but not one like mine of 1963. It's all getting to be a bit of an obsession and the number of Kershaw folding cameras in the Tubbs collection, exchanged for electronic folding money of course, will no doubt trouble my executors for a day or two. Most Kershaw Soho folding cameras are low to middle quality; they are not very rare and are not hugely expensive to collect, you'll be pleased to know. Like Reids, Kershaw reflex cameras are probably out of my price range..

The Tubbs has been collecting cameras since 1965, starting big with a whole plate mahogany Thornton Pickard and wisely holding off for a long time after that, most recently concentrating on folding cameras of English and German manufacture, especially Kershaws. I've worked out that of clockwork toys cameras are the best value because when you take a picture it's all your own work to keep but when you tell the time from a watch it's anybody's and you aren't even holding it for the next generation. I first bought a Kershaw a few years ago at the late lamented Sydenham collectors' camera shop which was a favoured haunt of DBT as well as me and dangerously close to the London Tubbs' residence. This year wisdom has departed by a window with a small aperture and shutters, which are usually stuck. I am also grateful for some handsome donations. Foth-Derby anybody?



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BRONZES.



What's your French Fancy?

Three Soho Square survives very much as it appears in the advertisement of 1925 of which I can only find a low resolution copy. Kershaw's works are in the middle on the right. Number 3 is now the headquarters of the British Board of Film Classification and so maintains its link with photographic artistry. Unfortunately Soho Square is currently the site of some building work and it isn't really possible to photograph the whole building, so you get a nice quizzical look from a young lady instead. In contrast to this scene of vice the French Protestant Church is on the northern side, of the square, off to the right. Plus ça change...

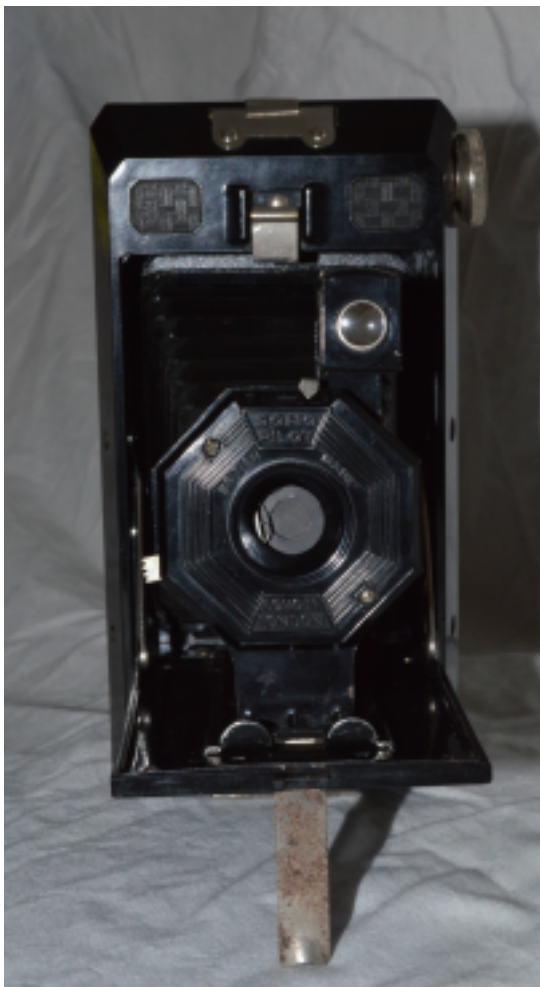




EVR - A Kershaw miscellany

The Rank EVR was not the first reel to reel video recorder. In fact they were rather late on the scene and I don't know whether they were a commercial success at all. The earliest video recording equipment made in this country was by Rutherford, allegedly in the old malthouse opposite the Royal Oak public house in East Bridgford, Nottinghamshire, formerly one's local. The same family also started the short-lived Westcrown Brewery in Newark. The present generation of Rutherfords also dabble with running pubs as well as some other rather dubious property investments, allegedly including a notorious car park in Derby, where clampers abound and the release fees would eliminate the national debt. This caption will probably not appear in its entirety in the version of this document posted to the web as I value my legs, quite unreasonably. Hello Stefan. The EVR was photographed in the Bradford Museum of the image. The Kalee/BTH projector is in Leicester and the beautiful Bakelite Soho Pilot is in the personal collection of The Tubbs. We have established that Kershaw made binoculars during the war, which nowadays fetch high prices, also opera glasses at other times.

Revisiting this delightful topic has allowed me to notice that not a few portraits in our family albums are printed on paper supplied by Marion, which almosts compensatesw for the misery of not knowing who they were.



DEAR JOHN,

We think you should be sacked because:

You have made The Nottingham Playhouse the best English theatre outside London.

Because: You are a devoted, hardworking, loyal, creative, intelligent man.

Because: You will not be bullied.

Because: You have consistently filled the theatre for four years.

Because: Your disgusting taste in ties shows you up to be what we've always suspected.

Because: Your actors and your staff have every confidence in you.

Because: Nottingham people enjoy the plays you present.

Because: You failed to put on The Mousetrap, Chou Chin Chow, and The Desert Song - thereby not satisfying the taste of ourselves and our good ladies

Because: There were no amateur productions for our children to take part in.

But most of all we think you should be sacked because: You brooked no interference from stupid, boring, ugly, puritanical, empty-headed, snobbish, empty-handed oafs like ourselves, who hate your sort of theatre and all it stands for.

Yours sincerely,
Supporters of the Theatre Truss.



Dear John,

John Neville died in November 2011 and unfortunately this notice had to be postponed until the present edition. Neville was the Director of the Nottingham Playhouse from 1961 to 1967, taking a huge salary cut from his usual West End matinee idol rates, and worse, he had to persuade fellow actors to appear for less than they were worth, which led to to The Affair. His later years in Nottingham therefore coincided with the arrival of The Tubbs in Nottinghamshire. In that period Nottingham was absolutely the leading regional repertory company and the new theatre that was opened in 1963 is one of the outstanding buildings of the 20th Century, long listed II* by English Heritage. While Neville is not quite as well known as Burton and O'Toole, having generally preferred the theatre to film, his most famous outing was when he and Burton alternated the roles of Othello and Iago in the West End, thus ensuring that everybody would go twice. In Nottingham he excelled as Angelo in Measure for Measure with Dame Judi, as Doctor Faustus and so on. The photograph in the poster is of Neville in Mr Marilyn Monroe's (Arthur Miller) Death of a Salesman.


The official history of the Nottingham Playhouse


makes no mention of the reason for his going. Wikipedia and online obituaries have no more than a one liner noting that he resigned over cuts in the Arts Council grant. The real scandal, which rocked Nottingham for weeks, is that the Directors of the Nottingham Playhouse Trust would not back him. This poster, my copy, was produced anonymously of course but not by friends of Cyril Forsyth, a heavyweight local political fixer who was head of the theatre board. Note the correct use of colons in the list! The hand of an academic maybe? One upshot of the scandal was the formation of the Nottingham Playhouse Action Group. The Playhouse Supporters Club became militant, though its original purpose was merely to avoid the Lord Chamberlain's proscription of Sunday performances and anything slight risque.. MCT was the Chair for several years, though it was Ted Thomas throughout the scandal era. There were rumours of domestic strife in the Neville household. Neville emigrated to Canada but did return at least once to the Playhouse, in 1999, to perform Krapp's Last Tape by Samuel Beckett. Reader, I was there. Not a dry eye in the house; even the master's eyes were a little moist.

Nottingham Playhouse
presents

krapp's last tape
by samuel beckett

cast:	
krapp	john neville
director	martin duncan
set and lighting designer	wolfgang göbbel
costume designer	antony mcdonald
assistant director	garry robson
stage manager	jane eliot-webb
deputy stage manager	deborah constable
sound	jeremy roberts
wigs & make-up	campbell young

 Sign Interpreted Performance
Fri 12 March by **Anji Gregg**

 Audio Described Performance
Thurs 11 March by **Sue Reaney**

The performance will commence approximately 30 minutes
after the conclusion of Endgame. There is no interval.

For one shilling (5p) anybody could have bought a pamphlet, *The Neville Affair - the facts* setting them out as seen by most theatre supporters apart from the the theatre Trustees. This was written by a number of Nottingham University academics with a deep interest in the theatre. With one creditable exception, a Council nominee who resigned, the theatre trust defied the wishes of almost everybody including the formidable Jennie Lee who was Chairman of the Arts Council. She hinted that greater funding would be possible the following year. Perhaps I ought to learn how to update Wikipedia.

Another poster features in the story. A poster poem by Christopherher Logue entitled *I shall vote Labour* was deemed too scurrilous to be sold in the theatre's shop and the board ordered it to be removed, which Neville and Peter Stevens the theatre Administrator refused to do. Well it is rather scurrilous so perhaps I won't reproduce it here; the estate of Logue is zealous in protecting his copyright anyway, as if I would, but I do have a copy; there is a 1970 counterpart called *I shall vote Conservative*, of which I don't.

I would not have been able to vote in the 1970 General Election if the age limit had not been lowered to 18 in that year, by which time I was 19.



This little stocking filler is probably lese majeste but it is from the set of stamps issued to commemorate the 150 years of the London Underground.

Grove of academe

As one zillionaire plans to build a new version of the Titanic, another plans to rebuild the Crystal Palace. We have already mentioned the Crystal Palace in these pages, en passant. The original design was sketched out on Derby Midland Railway Station (there are no t***n stations in the world of The Tubbs) by Joseph Paxton who had already pioneered the construction method in the gardens of his employer, the Duke of Devonshire, probably the greatest example of an employee outshining an already distinguished employer since Milton worked for Oliver Cromwell, or indeed since Thomas Hobbes worked for one of the Duke's ancestors as a tutor.. The Crystal Palace was first erected in Hyde Park. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was one of the most significant events of the 19th Century, in two important respects. It displayed and promoted the commercial, especially British, exploitation of science and technology. Its greatest legacy is the complex of museums at South Kensington, V&A always intended as a repository of excellence rather than just a museum, Natural History and Science. The other is that it was the first instance of mass transportation of the populace by railway, pre-dating the other more sinister use of railways pioneered during the American Civil War. The problem with exhibitions is what to do with the leftovers. O2 Palace anybody? The Palace was carted off to the top of Annerley Hill and gave its name to the neighbourhood, only then being developed as the suburban paradise it still is. Among many other things over the years the Palace grounds were used for athletics and motor racing.

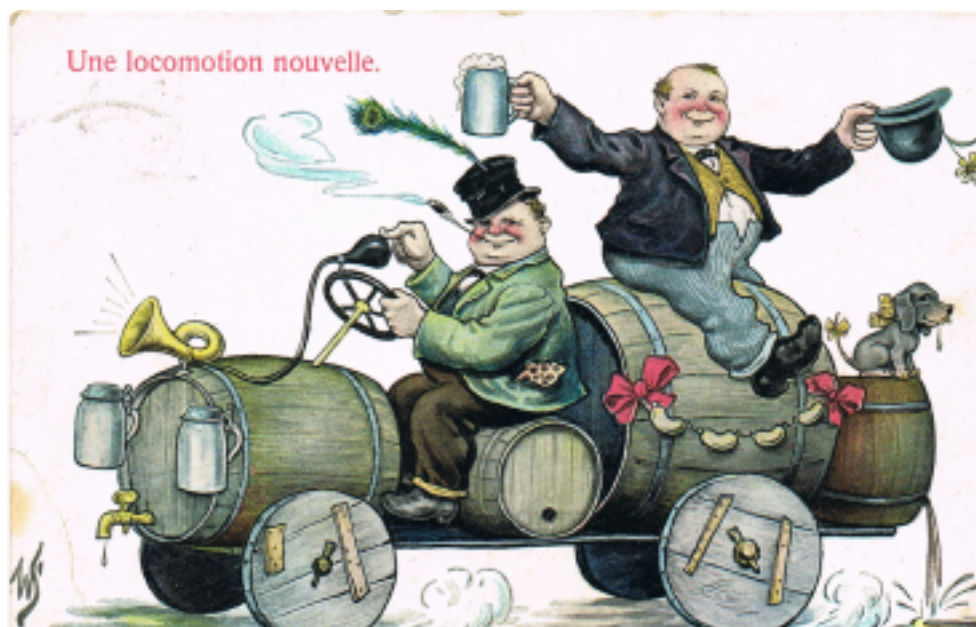
Sir George Grove was much more than the author of the eponymous Dictionary of Music for which he is

best known today – Oh yes he is! He gave concerts in the Crystal Palace and was the Secretary of the Crystal Palace School of Engineering. He died in 1900. There was also a School of Music. Sir Arthur Sullivan taught there. Distinguished students of the various institutions include Rene Jules Lalique, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Geoffrey de Havilland and Reginald Walter Maudslay. The only remaining part of the whole Palace complex, formerly part of the school, is now the Crystal Palace Museum. The Palace burned down in 1936, one of the most visible fires in London between 1666 and 1940, witnessed by MCT, but I am not sure from whence.

Monk (Geoffrey Alfred Sutton) was enrolled at the Crystal Palace School of Practical Engineering from January 1913 to December 1914 in the Mechanical and Civil Engineering Division as student Number 3913. Monk failed to surrender his Student's ticket as requested. "This ticket does not admit to the Palace",

On June 22nd 1914 we find a Certificate signed by a Director of Siebe, Gorman & Co Ltd. Submarine Engineers to the Admiralty &c &c.

This is to certify that Mr GA Sutton, a student under J W Wilson M Inst CE (He was also a MIME) at the Crystal Palace School of Practical Engineering has received practical instruction in diving at our works and is, in our opinion, so far as the actual diving part is concerned, capable of making examination of subaqueous work in connection with Harbours, Docks, Piers, Bridges, etc. Other records suggest that he was training to be a railway engineer. One wonders why Monk was not drawn into the Royal Engineers with all his engineering skills. Must be that military mind at work again.



This postcard was sent to Monk c/o Kensington Rowing Club from Ostende, Belgium on 20th July 1914 - just a fortnight before Germany invaded that neutral country thereby ensuring that Britain would enter the war. I haven't yet identified the sender who signs with a monogram that is not readily readable, but is evidently a rowing chum, and one with his mind in the right place.

Great Expectations

It is said that although there are numerous individual properties in London with a greater value, the street with the highest average value of residence is Kensington Palace Gardens. The average was said to be about £31 million but that was a few weeks ago. The highest individual property on the street is valued at around £100m. It should therefore come as no surprise that one gentleman to build a property with that address was one George Moore. Who he? George Moore was born in Mealsgate which history knows only as a station on the Maryport-Carlisle Railway. He became a partner in Copestakes, as CBT refers to the firm in his memoirs, and subsequently acquired the mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens. George Moore went on to use his fortune for philanthropic purposes. I would like to think he was related to GE Moore the philosopher but have not yet established the connection.

According to an 1865 Commercial Directory the London firm of Copestake, Moore, Crampton and Co were warehousemen for: “lace and sewed muslins, scotch and Manchester goods, cambrics & lawns, crapes, gossamers, velvets, stays, artificial flowers, millinery, baby linen, mantles, outfitting, shawl & haberdashery, umbrellas & parasols” At various times they had premises at 5 Bow Churchyard, London E. C. ;50 Cheapside London E.C.and Bread Street London E.C.

The senior partner in the firm was one Sampson Copestake. The firm changed its name to Copestake, Hughes, Crampton & Co. in 1877. At some other time (still to be established) they were called Copestake, Lindsay, Crampton & Co. By an improbable leap, we also go down from the City to South Wales. The Panteg Steel Works was started by Sampson Copestake Junior situated in the village of Panteg, adjacent to Sebastopol, whose Working Men’s Club I have visited several times and lived to tell the tale, and Griffithstown, in the district of Torfaen, South Wales. The steel works was founded

in 1873, and operated for just over 130 years until its closure in 2004.

I don't know much about Crampton but I find it impossible to dismiss the idea that he was related to the engineer Crampton whose eponymous design of railway locomotive was briefly adopted by the Maryport and Carlisle amongst others. They were built by the better known locomotive builders such as Stephenson, with a large pair of driving wheels (one axle) aft of the firebox, so reducing restrictions on the size of said driving wheels and allowing speeds of 75mph to be achieved in the days when 75 mph on the roads would have had you in Highgate Cemetery, chokey or Bedlam hospital, whichever came first, and was fairly giddy even for the railways.

How did this firm get to be so wealthy? Partly by exercising parsimony to a degree. Underprinting is one of the more arcane interests in the world of philately. Ordinary stamps are printed on the reverse with the owner's mark, to ensure that any unauthorised use of company stationery could be detected.

Henry Thomas Tubbs was apprenticed to Copestakes. I guess that he was a premium apprentice. His father was a respected tradesman and HTT had been to Highgate School, so he was no pauper. Apprenticeship in The City was not a prelude to the workhouse. Like every other apprentice of his era he would have been expected to work for twelve or fifteen hours a day for next to nothing, but he would have been learning all the time how to make unprecedented amounts of money in the rag trade without getting his feet wet, and so it comes as no surprise that he was in business on his own account with Lewis by 1854 when he was just 24.





1913 -1914. Prelude to the Monk's Tale and Fugue

The Derby of 1913 is perhaps the best remembered of all historic racing events for the tragic reason that Emily Davison, a suffragette, was killed when she ran out in front of the horses. In truth this ticket has very little to do with the Derby. I suppose it had to be launched from abroad for legal reasons. The race would be remembered more favourably by the family if Monk had won £6000 for his investment of 2/6d (12.5 p), though I strongly suspect his father would have disapproved of the very idea. Terry, the name of the promoter invites speculation. See the story on p20.

From about the end of 1913 until his death near Cambrai in 1917 we have a great deal of information about Monk's whereabouts and activities, more than for most people anyway, for much of his correspondence has survived. He went to Haileybury in the autumn of 1907 and left at the end of 1911. His entry in the Haileybury register falls between the son of a field Marshall from Korea and a future emeritus Professor of Economics at the University of South Carolina. His father was a man who composed his sermon notes in Ancient Greek. It is clear that Monk had not inherited his father's great academic gifts and his alma mater would not have thought very highly of his attainment of the rank of lance corporal in the Irish Guards. In fact he did briefly carry the King's commission, but we will come to that later.

We know that by February of 1914 he had joined the Artists' Rifles. The Artists originally formed in 1860. Lord (for a day) Leighton PRA was one of its first commanders, so the artistic connection was by no means fanciful and Monk was certainly a draftsman and water colourist so this may have been part of its attraction. After various reorganisations it became the 28th (County of London) Battalion of the London Regiment on 1 April 1908, still a territorial i.e. volunteer part time outfit. Many regiments contained a mixture of regular and territorial battalions. It was a popular resort for ex public school men and was reportedly open only by invitation in the period before the war. During both wars the battalion was used as a training school for officers and over fifteen thousand men, mostly officers, passed through the Artists during the first war. Soon after the start of the war arrangements were made to permit territorials to serve overseas, but there was no chance of a territorial battalion being in the first wave of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF). Strictly speaking territorials are there to defend the home territory rather than to serve overseas.

We also know that by April of 1914 he was a member of the London Irish, one of the best known Rugby Football Clubs, and perhaps the first sight we have of

Monk's fatal fascination with things Irish.

He was also a member of Leander, the fourth oldest of the premier rowing clubs, founded in 1820 at Henley. Despite the fact that his father wrote to him on 1st July 1914 advising him not to row in the heat of summer he received that hilarious postcard from Ostende on 20th July congratulating him on his success the previous Monday, or perhaps it was a cool day. The grim irony is that the invasion of Belgium by Germany was the *casus belli* that put an end to the sending of jolly postcards from Ostend for the duration. Monk had been rowing for Kensington Rowing club based at Hammersmith. During this period he moved several times. His father wrote to him again in October, under the mistaken belief that he was being posted to Egypt or India. "Be careful of your health. Don't take liberties with sun, but profit by the experience of others". I fear that my great grandfather, despite his brilliance, did not quite understand the workings of the military mind or its ability to profit by the experience of others. Perhaps Monk no longer needed to live in Crystal Palace, but there is a strong suggestion that some of his moves were designed to avoid his creditors (hence fugue!). Monk was for ever indigent. On the 28th July, the very day that Austria declared war on Serbia, Monk received a letter from the Trade Protection Association, debt collectors in other words, hounding him for 3/8d (18p) owed to the St. James' Sanitary Laundry. The letter was marked as being opened in error and was forwarded to him.

On 12th July Irene E Sutton (my grandmother) wrote from St Catherine's School Bramley, Guildford to her brother at 7 Belvedere Road Crystal Palace, but the letter was forwarded to the Crystal Palace School of Engineering, so probably Monk really had done a flit. Irene reports that she was amused by reading "Some experiences of an Irish RM". Those of course are the tales on which the 1983 television series starring Peter Bowles was based. Somerville and Ross were in fact Edith Somerville and Violet Florence Martin, originally writing as Martin Ross. Irene comments "I

thought you might possibly be interested in these Irish people”, so Monk’s interest in Ireland is known within the family.

On 2nd September London Irish wrote to Monk inviting him to a General Meeting on 17th September, at the Irish Club (in Camden). The meeting is to discuss “the question of carrying out our Club Programme during the present season....If you are unable to attend ... fill in and return to me the attached sheet by 16th inst”. The sheet invites the member to declare they are available if required to play in any of our Club Games during the present season. I think the London Irish suspected that the Kaiser has rather messed up the fixture list.

Monk was a ladies’ man, despite his perpetual lack of funds. On 29th (June) 1914 Monk receives a letter from Leighton Buzzard addressed to Dear Sutton boy at the Brook Green Hotel, Hammersmith. It is possible that the Stevens family were running the Unicorn Hotel in Leighton Buzzard, which still exists. “I write to you thusly but I dinner ken your name (sic). “ “Dolly Hills tells me your name is Monk. Is it?” On 2nd July Peggy (just Peggy already) Stevens writes to Monk from 32 Hill Street, “Dear Monk, I think I’ll call you Monk too, may I”, inviting him to a strawberry tea at the Slade. “I just wished I

was on the river today”. No doubt Monk had been showing off his musculature. Leighton Buzzard is near to Eaton Bray where the Edwin Sutton family was living. Peggy was a student at the Slade, top of the tree in terms of artistic training, under the formidable Henry Tonks who was also medically qualified and was shortly to recoil in horror at the medical trauma of the western front. The Brook Green Hotel in Hammersmith also still exists. Monk returned there at intervals during the war and there is a suggestion that he knew the proprietor personally. A letter from another female, Irenè, not my grandmother, enquires after Jack Nolan . I don’t yet know much about Nolan, but he seems to be the link that is crucial to the Irish connection. His family had an upmarket interior decorator’s business on St Stephen’s Green in Dublin. Nolan decamped to New York during the war, which suggests to me that he was keeping out of the way of the Ascendancy. There is absolutely nothing positive in the correspondence that explains Monk’s fascination with things Irish. Whether this is his natural reticence to discuss important matters with his parents, the need to be discreet or perhaps we are reading too much into it, I can not say. Dark rumours heard down the years seem to suggest the middle possibility.



You may recall that in 2011 I mentioned numerous sites within a few yards of St Pancras Station that were of interest. Of the Erechtheion

I illustrated only the Athenian original in a reproduction of the bookplate of PBT. I did mention that it is copied in the Church of St

Pancras, but what I had overlooked at the time was that there are actually two copies of the caryatids at the church and the one at the rear is best viewed from Dukes Road. Since then I have added Dukes Road itself (not to be confused with Duke Street) as a point of family interest since it houses the former headquarters of the Artists' Rifles. The exterior is unaltered. The frieze reads 20th Middlesex Artists RV (Rifle Volunteers). In the cartouche is the double portrait of Mars and Minerva (more gods and goddesses). New St Pancras replaced an earlier church demolished to accommodate the station.

True story

Passenger:-Does this service go through to Wirksworth?

Driver:- No sir, it goes only as far as Belper.

P:- But it says on your website that it goes to Wirksworth.

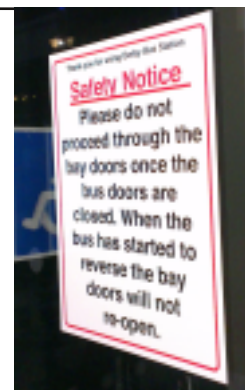
D:-It is not my website, sir. I advise you to use the printed timetable.

P:- But it advertises on that bus over there

"Surf before you ride"

D:- Yes sir, and it also says "Don't be a sucker in much larger letters!"

Unfortunately I had already boarded the bus by then and was unable to take a picture. In fact the taking of pictures in Derby Bus Station is not permitted, hence the rather secretive shot of the much improved notices. See 2012 issue.



Ellen Terry my dear. What's on?

I often wondered if there was a family connection to Frank Thornton, the actor aka Captain Peacock and also somebody in the 25th pressing of the summer wine. The reason for my speculation is that he shared his stage name with an actor who definitely was of our blood. Captain Peacock left the stage on 18th March this year and from the obituaries there is absolutely nothing to suggest a link, however I have uncovered a little about our kinsman, Frank Thornton Tubbs who was generally known professionally as Frank Thornton. He is a son of HTT's brother, Richard Thomas. I don't think I can improve on the glimpse into FTT's character given in the following quotation.

Another application was made yesterday (says the Melbourne "Argus" of 28th September) to Mr. Justice Holroyd In the action that is being brought by Mr. W. E. Herbert Terry, actor, against Mr. Frank Thornton Tubbs, generally known as Frank Thornton.

The statement of claim alleged that on the 12th of June, 1897, at Charters Towers, the defendant maliciously spoke and published of and concerning the plaintiff, the following words :-" Ladies and Gentlemen. I want to show you what an unmitigated cur this thing Mr. Terry is. If you (meaning the plaintiff) say a word I shall order you off the stage. You have committed perjury. You swore a false affidavit to the effect that I was leaving the colony, which is a lie, and you will be arrested for perjury. This thing (meaning the plaintiff), ladies and gentlemen, tried to have me arrested, and throw you all out of your engagements. You (meaning the plaintiff) are only fit to be melted and poured down a drain-pipe." To this the defendant pleaded a denial of the words ; that according to their natural and ordinary signification they were true in substance and fact ; and that they were spoken without malice, and on a privileged occasion.

FTT married in London in 1873 but he appears to have had

children in Blythswood, Glasgow (I presume. There doesn't appear to be any other), before he emigrated to Australia. I don't currently have access to the emigration records to verify this. The Terry dynasty of actors includes the famous beauty Dame Ellen who married, first, GF Watts the leading Victorian painter then twice again and is said to have had numerous affairs. She was the mother of Edward Gordon Craig the theatrical producer and sister of Fred Terry. W Herbert appears to have been marginally less distinguished, though perhaps being poured down a drain pipe would be too severe a punishment. I presume that the promoter of the 1913 Derby Sweepstake, another Terry, is not of the clan, but would be pleased to hear otherwise.

There appears to be something of an histrionic streak in the Tubbs blood, though generally more by association than profession. There will be further exploration of such links in future editions, if you are very, very lucky.



In the meanwhile who could this be? The album from which it is taken was extensively annotated by CBT but he leaves no comment against this. Could it possibly be HTT in fancy britches? I am not sure; HTT is always photographed with his own beard and it was not white until he aged.... but it has to be one of that lot.

Donald Hay

Donald Hay is reported to have died in 2011. Donald married William Sutton's daughter Sybil shortly after the war. At the time he was private secretary to Winston Churchill, then leader of the opposition. He later founded a business in Exeter supplying ecclesiastical requirements, such as candles. Sybil and her twin brother Tony both served with distinction during the war and were reported to be amongst the oldest twins in the country celebrating their 90th birthdays in March 2011. I regret to say I have had no contact with the family since meeting them in Exeter around 1985.

Hindsight

A moment's more thought last year would have allowed me to work out that last year's pictures of the Royal Yacht dressed overall date from 1954. HMQ first boarded the yacht in Tobruk of all places, a little after Mr Rommel had left it, during its maiden voyage and returned to London to a festive welcome.

battle to acquire the former Granada site on Quay Street in Central Manchester, the offices of which were designed by one's cousin Ralph Tubbs. It took a half page picture of Ena Sharples and Jack Walker for Times journo Deirdre Hipwell to explain in a paragraph that the proposal was to turn it into a maze with meatballs. The 14 acre site has now been sold for a reported £23m but not to Ikea. The historic office buildings will not be saved.

Drop the dead donkey meat.

In March the Times reported the latest round in the



In case of emergency do not break glass! From The Tubbs collection

Ten tasty things to do with your children

My first major literary outing this year was to point out to *The Times* that this was dangerous advice. Nobody else had noticed, it seems, which is odd because as with this edition it was on their front page! My reference to Dean Swift's *A Modest Proposal* earned me a namecheck in that august rival. The proposal was to cook and eat the excess infant population of Ireland, in case you didn't know. My other contribution to their efforts related to John Donne another literary figure, so I suppose you should consider yourselves lucky this is a topic I generally avoid here.

Top marks if you have noticed that this year's headlines are generally in **Times New Roman Bold**.

The rain in Brent is wetter than the Trent.

This year's selfie is living proof of the fact that this publication will go the ends of the world to get the story, even in a downpour and even if it means sitting down in a puddle. Would you have been smiling? Tubbs Road has an unique distinction apart from the obvious one. It is said to be the street in Greater London with the slowest moving traffic. How they stopped and stared! It is near Willesden Junction which is in Harlesden. Vaut le voyage! It may be named for Alfred Thomas Tubbs. I will try to find out.





Wool Fall

This year's major Leicester controversy has been about the site for the reburial of the late King Richard III, however Leicester has seen other distinguished departures. Beware, this article contains strong language! You've perhaps read *Wolf Hall* which concentrates on the fall of Thomas Cromwell, but Cromwell's mentor Cardinal Wolsey's downfall is also covered in detail in the modest 999 pages of that amazing novel. So you know that Wolsey died in the Abbey at Leicester on 29th November 1530. Having fallen from power and had his wealth confiscated, his many enemies were conspiring to have him prosecuted. Prosecution in the name of Henry VIII was unlikely to have a happy outcome for the defendant. While cardinals are best known for their hats, in Leicester the name of Wolsey means socks. Hosiery made of wool, cotton and silk is the key branch of the textile industry in the East Midlands. The stocking frame, the earliest form of mechanical knitting machine was invented by the Reverend Lee of Calvo (Calverton, the next village to Lowdham to the north) in the 1580s. He failed to get patents and the widespread use of his invention only began later. The next great development of the knitting machine was the circular knitter and these were chiefly used in the manufacture of hosiery after the industrial revolution. Around 1750 Thomas Wood established a hosiery business in Leicester. Robert Walker became a partner in the 1840s and the company name was changed to Robert Walker and Sons. The company built new premises on the edge of Abbey Park around 1910 and the name was changed to Wolsey. Following the death of Sir Stanley Tubbs in 1941 the direction of Tubbs Lewis was in the hands of Brigadier Willway under the chairmanship of Leonard Tubbs, who was a solicitor with premises on Aldersgate Street - formerly shared with PBT. Cecil

Tubbs retired from Tubbs Lewis around the time of his 60th birthday in 1956. Martin Cecil Tubbs worked for Tubbs Lewis also to 1956, having joined after leaving UMIST in 1948. I believe the firm paid some of the costs of the University course. MCT was negotiating to return to Tubbs Lewis in 1963 when the firm was sold to Wolsey and the offer was no longer open, by which time he had resigned from Berisfords and sold the family home, the beautiful Old Rectory at Swettenham.

An anecdote, unrelated to the main theme, is that when MCT was negotiating to return to TL one of the houses he looked at, which I remember visiting, belonged to Sir Stanley Hooker. In 1962 Rolls-Royce had bought the Bristol engine company specifically, it was said by wags, to regain the services of Hooker who had left Rolls-Royce after the end of the war following a dispute with Lord Hives. Hooker did return to Derby but MCT never got back to Gloucestershire. Having developed the supercharger for the Merlin engine throughout the war in Derby, Hooker worked on the Pegasus engine in Bristol which eventually powered the Harrier. Bristol was split up to its car making, airframer and aero engine divisions. The airframer became part of British Aerospace. The best anecdote about Hooker is that when he visited China he found that the Chinese had been given jet engine technology by the Russians during their brief friendship with the Chinese; the Russians and Americans had been given it by the Brits under wartime agreements. The Chinese still couldn't get theirs to run ten years later and Hooker showed them how in five minutes. Wolsey remained independent only to 1967 when it was bought by Courtaulds, then still in elastomeric expansion. Courtaulds were still using the name of Tubbs Lewis in the 1980s and were trading in Coalville in Leicester. By then Courtaulds under the successors of

Frank (Lord) Kearton was building its self-acknowledged reputation as the best mill-closer in the business. Amazingly Wolsey survived all this and became independent of Courtaulds in 1996 through a management buyout, only to be bought again, by Matalan, in April 2002, hence my policy of boycotting Matalan, who use the Wolsey brand I am told.. It's not a feud. It's not a vendetta, it's just a retail option.

The main block at Abbey Park has been converted to flats and the older premises were in the process of being demolished at the time of my visit in August 2013. If you are at all interested in the technology visit the working museum in Ruddington, Notts. And now the end is near, of this I'm certain/ I know who is to blame, his name is Kearton. There are probably more verses before the final curtain to this

ditty.

Strong Language? In the Tubbs household the words Willway and Kearton were used as expletives. Quite frequently. Usually W*****y was fully qualified as Brigadier ACC Willway TD JP. TD is the territorial decoration and you got it for being an officer in the TA for fifteen years or so, which means that you had too much time on your hands which means that you weren't running Tubbs Lewis properly. QED! Lord Kearton's Wikipedia entry doesn't even mention Courtaulds, despite the fact that he worked there most of his career and was chairman from 1964 to 1975, but it does claim he was born in Congleton.



I expect there may be further discussions here in future editions about the Leicestershire connections in the family's industrial history.

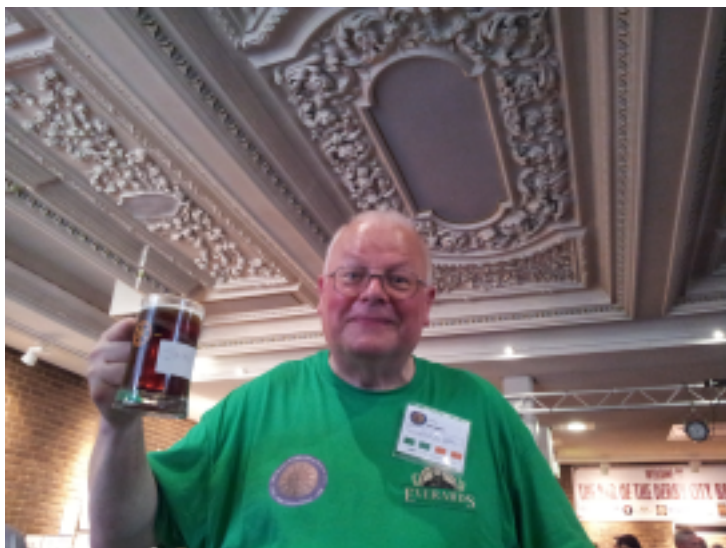
Dial W for



Talking of Congleton, there must be quite a few people who have lived in both Congleton and Derby but of those born in Congleton, I can think of only two, namely Nicholas Tubbs and John Whitehurst. The latter's tercentary was celebrated this year. Apart from being a distinguished instrument and clockmaker he was a pioneer of modern geology. The picture below tells several stories, not least of

which is of the plaster ceiling that is attached to the modern Assembly Rooms in Derby designed by Sir Hugh Casson of Festival of Britain fame. The ceiling was originally in an earlier house on the site now occupied by the Assembly Rooms. Tasteful. Very tasteful.

The shirt carries the 2013 logo of the Derby City Charter Beer Festival (inset above).



Very close but not quite a cigar. The drain cock artfully obscures the fact that the name is STUBBS, a variant, I believe. I apologise for the commas. Seeking correct labels on exhibits, especially private entries, is a very rarely rewarded with success. It's a petrol powered, water-cooled, stationary engine, in case you can't tell.



So we have maintained a few long-running themes. We have been to quite a few sites in London ranging from the Barbican as usual, with a special mention of Fann Street as usual, to St Pancras again, Soho Square, Bond Street, Rupert Street, Hammersmith, The Crystal Palace in two different places, and plenty more to come (Ha, an Oxford comma!) and Brent. We have got to Derby Bus Station again (They don't keep fires at fire stations you know!) no thanks to Derby City Council and Network Rail for messing up the roads to it, also:- Bassano, Bradford, Bucklebury, Congleton, East Bridgford, Glasgow possibly, Harehills, Leicester, Leighton Buzzard, Lutterworth, Mealsgate, Melbourne Oz, Meynell Langley, Ostende (There are variant spellings), Reading, Trent Station and Winsford. There has been no previous mention of Junction 27 of the M1 to which HP threatened to exile us all before it decided to make us redundant instead. Apologies to anywhere I have left out.

We have mentioned some poets, some philosophers,

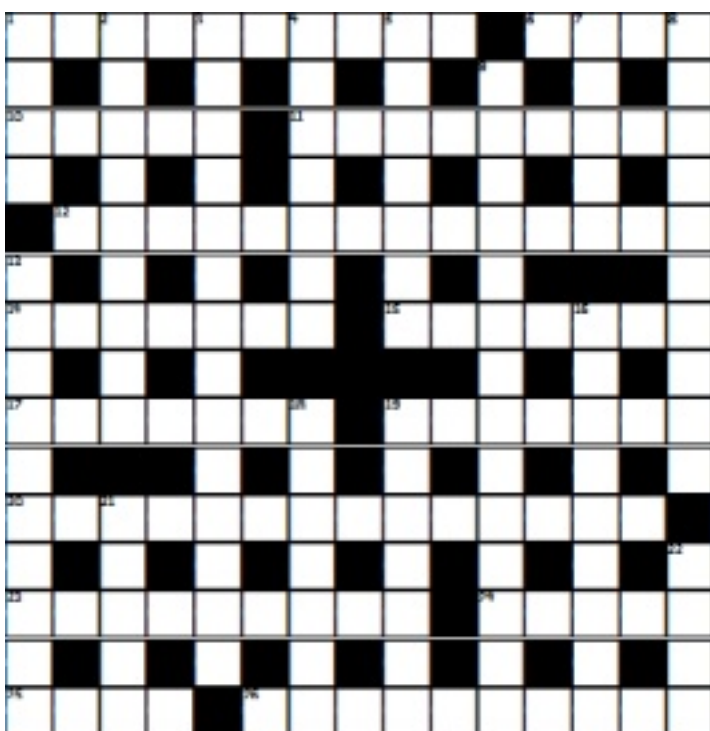
Winston Churchill, two former Presidents of the Royal Academy plus GF Watts, two clergymen, a former Dean of St Paul's - also a poet - and a former Dean of St Patrick's Dublin - Oh go on he is slightly better known for writing Gulliver's Travels, a musicologist, several feather merchants, John Whitehurst and some actors. Perhaps we ought to do request stops. There would be lots more pictures of cameras if only space permitted. Did I ever mention a L***a IIIg? I think we also included a few family members. Happy birthday to the Metropolitan Railway which is 150 years old though our bit has two years to wait and Happy Christmas to you all, whatever your age.

Why buy the Reader's Digest?

As usual it is my intention to post this edition in pdf format to homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs and the solution to the crossword will be posted on 6th January 2014, leisure time permitting.

There is one deeply obscure word in the crossword solution and there are at least two proper names.

The Tubbs Crossword Number 4.



Across

- 1 Has dear Merlin flown in one? (10).
- 6 A dish for the bordello (4).
- 10 Pedros' so much waste (5).
- 11 Farm a sea ware we hear (9).
- 12 Yon Turk dancing for such a cause (4 3 7)?
- 14 Confluence of Ure and Tyne we hear forms train (7).
- 15 Half way to being a Spanish Admiral is a

Pomeranian witch (7).

- 17 A cat ran into geranium lake (7).
- 19 Viz rodent at church which will score (7).
- 20 Gas CH said for catering in refectory (8 7).
- 23 Virgil and unsuitable weapon for poet used without directions but with care (9).
- 24 Tax we hear for old cars?
- 25 Old More's nemesis became wealthy (4).
- 26 It's them, to the letter (10).

Down

- 1 The bird has flown, or it hasn't (4).
- 2 I have, it is said the credit of being this (9).
- 3 How to give it all away (4 10).
- 4 No man could ever be so innocent (7).
- 5 Scalene projection forms knots (7).
- 7 Turbot will not be another swimmer (5).
- 8 Thin and watery seasonal character (5 5).
- 9 She said she gets it but doesn't (14).
- 13 A bra may be seen here for sale (5 5).
- 16 As Proust was when at work? (3 2 4).
- 18 Deluge for ER VIII perhaps was taught (7).
- 19 Do you mind listening to this mag. for blind (3 4).
- 21 Made a great investment, came first and was very good (5)
- 22 Got you Cleo! (4)