

THE TUBBS

Christmas 2019

1948 - London Olympics - Surprise winner!



1879 - Waite's players disbanded

Our front page picture is of the family of Frederick and Mary Elizabeth Waite with their three children George, Mary Elizabeth and Alice Maude. FA Waite died aged only 38 in 1879 when AMT was just 7. I guess this group dates from about 1873 and is clearly modelled on the royal family though dear Prince Albert had already been dead for over ten years.

OK Let's get my little jest out of the way.

In London The John Player tobacco company for which I worked on several occasions used to sell cigarettes in London by weight, The brand was known as Player's Weights, though by my time they were packaged in 10s or 20s like other brand.

Incidentally here's a thing for you that not many people know. Prior to our entry into the Common Market British cigarettes were taxed by weight. That may well be why the suspicious little Cockney Sparrow insisted on buying by same. The consequence was that many UK brands were small cigarettes with a lower tax burden. Still high mind. Almost all of the wholesale cost of a cigarette was Excise Duty. Under Common Market rules the taxation is per stick and consequently the tiddlers disappeared rapidly Those of us who smoked up-market brands in those days were hoping for a reduction in tobacco duty in line with Common Market regulations but there was an exemption which left the tax amount unchanged. The boon from Europe came with chocolate. Foodstuffs were and still are exempt from VAT, but chocolate had been subject to Purchase Tax. The financial benefit was most obvious on large blocks of chocolate. Those were the days!

Much of the material in this short article has appeared here before so this will be something of a synthesis, assembled in the light of a blinding glimpse of the obvious – a BGO – a delightful phrase I inherit from my father.

I have already commented on the badge of the Somerset Light Infantry the regiment in which both Will Sutton and Cecil B Tubbs served. Will was a regular officer in 1st Battalion and Cecil a territorial in 8th Battalion, so they did not meet during the war but became brothers-in-law when Cecil and Will's sister Irene were married.

The badge includes a bugle-horn as well as the motto



Jellalabad. The bugle-horn refers to the role of the light infantry as highly mobile soldiers, trained to skirmish; they had to respond rapidly to signals made with the bugle-horn. The French light infantry were known as voltigeurs which sounds too good even for Joanna Rowling. So far so good. I had also observed that the armorial device used by Frederick Augustus Waite, AMT's father, was also a bugle-horn, but had completely failed to make the connection.

A Wait or Waite (the word predates consistent English spelling) means a town band. Doh! Almost every town had

them, London in particular. The very pleasing trend of reviving Early Music means there are now active Waits bands recording the sort of repertoire that every citizen would have been familiar with in the late Middle Ages and Renaissance era.

I presume that the highly popular cult songsmith Tom Waits is aware of this connection, though guess his name is a happy piece of nominative determinism.

There was a great deal of keeping things in the family. I have already explained that FA Waite's father was an employee of Henry Thomas Tubbs and that Waite senior's mother was also the mother of Maria Louisa Burnell. The effect of this was that Percy Burnell Tubbs was related to Burnell both through his mother and his father.

FA Waite must have been among the first of our tribe to attend university and became a barrister at law. I have found Tubbs who were clergymen and presumably went to uni. but I am not certain they

were directly related to our branch of the family.

Despite the fact that neither Tubbs, Burnell nor Waite were of obviously aristocratic pedigree they had all come up in the world sufficiently to adopt some aristocratic trappings that included coats of arms.

The fourth name in this family chart is Case. FA Waite's bride was the daughter of a prosperous operator of coaches and horses with premises off Gray's Inn Road near the Calthorpe Arms. The married Waites lived at xx Gordon Square, just south of Euston. It is perhaps a sad consequence of FA Waite's early death that his ambition to build a library was incomplete and so I possess several unused bookplates carrying the Waite bugle-horn device.

The Waites lived at 10 Gordon Square, not as fashionable then as now. The square is festooned with the blue plaques of the 20th century Bloomsbury set who preferred it to Kensington.

Toot toot!



1949

My parents were married on 3rd September 1949, precisely ten years after Mr Chamberlain had declared a state of war with Germany.

Martin was the first of Cecil and Irene Tubbs' three children to marry. The later matches both took place in 1950. The wedding was at Brockholes Methodist Church which was for many years the regular place of worship of Joyce Maude, her sister Doreen and their parents Frank and Ann Gertrude Maude. The brisk walk from Honley to Brockholes is just less than a mile and would take less than 20 minutes each way. The family had been connected with the Methodist chapel in Woodside which was then still operating I believe. That was nearer, in fact almost next door to Frank Maude's place of employment. Why Brockholes was preferred I know not. The event was filmed on 9.5 mm stock by Gordon Hinchliffe, Joyce's first cousin.

I joined them on many occasions and sometimes attended Sunday School there. My parents were demoninational floaters for a few years. They finally settled on the Church of England and MCT became a reader around 1961 and kept his licence until after his move to Essex. Doreen also transferred her loyalties and became a fixture at St Mary the Virgin, Honley. Carolyn and I made a brief appearance at Brockholes in 2015

and picked up a few strands of local reminiscence. Memories are longer and the network of friendships and acquaintances more tightly knit there than in many parts of these islands.

I had the film scanned to VHS many years ago which seemed like a good idea at the time but VHS now seems like the least satisfactory of formats as 4k, 6k and 8k digital formats come into everyday use. Without doubt the visual highlight of the film is cousin Paul Smelt, already extremely tall, at the age ten, dancing a little jig in front of the wedding car which presumably came from the local garage on the main road which may well have been where Frank Maude started to learn the motoring business around 1910 when he left school.

The parallel of Martin and Ursula looking happy outside St Just in Roseland twenty years earlier is inescapable. The 16mm film of the Hunt wedding is even more degraded in its copy to VHS. My copy is probably a copy of a copy and VHS is not a digital format so there is loss each time it is copied.

The Reverend Norman Garnett conducted the ceremony. His daughter Jill remained a friend of my parents and yet another family connection whose comings and goings have been lost as we never got hold of the parental visitors' book.

Rationing was still in force and it is likely that sacrifices were made to tailor for the event and supply the cake.

1899 - RMS Teutonic

Teutonic was the first White Star ship to dispense altogether with masts and rigging. In 1873 White Star lost *Atlantic* because of miscalculations over the amount of coal remaining after a storm. The story of the survivors is quite heroic, the miscalculations and lies told by responsible parties, inexcusable. By the time *Teutonic* was built the bunkers were big enough for all eventualities and no sails were required. *Teutonic* looks similar to many of her successors built before the age of the ice cream confections of modern cruise ships. She was the last White Star ship to hold the Blue Riband, for the fastest Atlantic crossing, being capable of about 20 knots. That was before turbine engines of course.

Turbines first troubled the world at the Spithead Review of 1897, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee event. If you don't know about *Turbinia* it is worth googling as it is a very important event in naval history.

Teutonic was the first White Star Liner to have three classes. First class was an improved version of what

was generally known as cabin class, or in this case Saloon Class. If you weren't in a cabin you were in steerage. No truth in the suggestion that is cattle class because of the steers!

She was built with armed capability, and appeared at the Spithead Review of 1889 with 4.7" guns, which was about the maximum unless fully fledged multi-story gun turrets were built into the design. She was then disarmed and left for her maiden transatlantic crossing. She was rearmed for the 1897 review and served as a trooper during both the Boer and Great Wars.

She sailed from Liverpool approximately once a month, with sister ship *Majestic* and other ships (*Britannic* and *Germanic*) making up a weekly service from Liverpool, via Queenstown (Cork) to pick up Irish emigrants to NY. She would drop the emigrants off at the reception centre (later on Ellis Island) before berthing at the main quays on the Hudson.

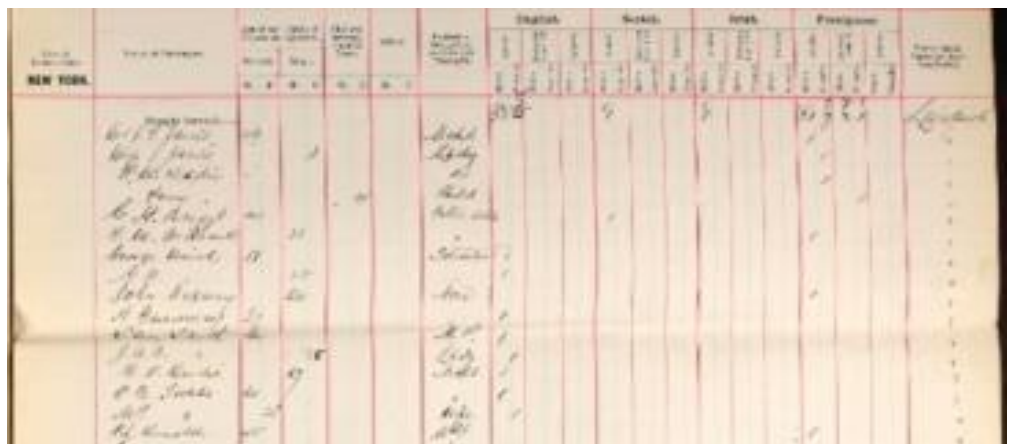
She was relegated to second line service in 1911 when *Oceanic* and supposedly *Titanic* came along and was scrapped in 1921. Those were probably the last liners to be built without turbines.

I have recently been shown a scrap book that is in the family. Whether it would describe itself as a

commonplace book or an autograph book or something else I am not sure.

The dates are quite widely spread from 1899 to 1911 or even later, though there are several that relate to the *Teutonic*, a crossing that took place in November 1899 homeward bound for which Mr and Mrs PB Tubbs are shown on the Saloon Class passenger list. All the names are there but they are not all easily legible.

For example, I have identified one person who signed it and that is Harriet M Holcombe who is on the 1901 Census living as a boarder at The Priory Bournemouth. At that time she was 57 and single and living on her own means. She was born in Farnham in Surrey; that would have been around 1844. She signed the book on 24th



March 1900 giving that address. On the following day Joyce ER Holcombe also signed it. Her entry is in (I think) Spanish. I am not sure yet who she was. There were many residents at the Priory and each one appears to have had their own servants.

Priory Road has mostly been redeveloped but it starts pretty close to the sea.

Harriet's father was a doctor of medicine born around 1817 in Pembrokeshire and the family seems to have moved about a bit. For example in 1881 they were living in Toxteth Park Lancashire (near Liverpool).

In 1871 she was living with her uncle William Holcombe in Paddington. He was a solicitor.

I picked on her to start with as her name is clear. Some of them will need a bit of guesswork to decipher the signatures accurately.

What the family connection to Bournemouth is I don't know. One guesses that they already knew Miss Holcombe though people you meet on a liner are perhaps a bit more random, some of them Americans of course. It looks as if they travelled out separately. PBT seems to have been on a so-far-unidentified Leyland Line steamer in September of that year and AMT (whose book this must have been) on RMS *Germanic* in October. The day

had not arrived when Duke of York, Teutonic and Germanic were unacceptable names for British Ships, or Battenburg for members of the Royal Family

SS Rangitane

Before air travel the Ocean liner was the vital link across the oceans and there were of course regular services between Great Britain and the Empire. *SS Rangitane* was one of three sister ships built for The New Zealand Shipping Company by John Brown of Glasgow. Cecil B Tubbs appears on the passenger list for the departure of *Rangitane* for NZ in April 1932 from Southampton. It looks possible to me that Cecil's voyage was booked in the company of the next travellers on the passenger list given that one of them is a Draper and the others lived in Sanderstead.

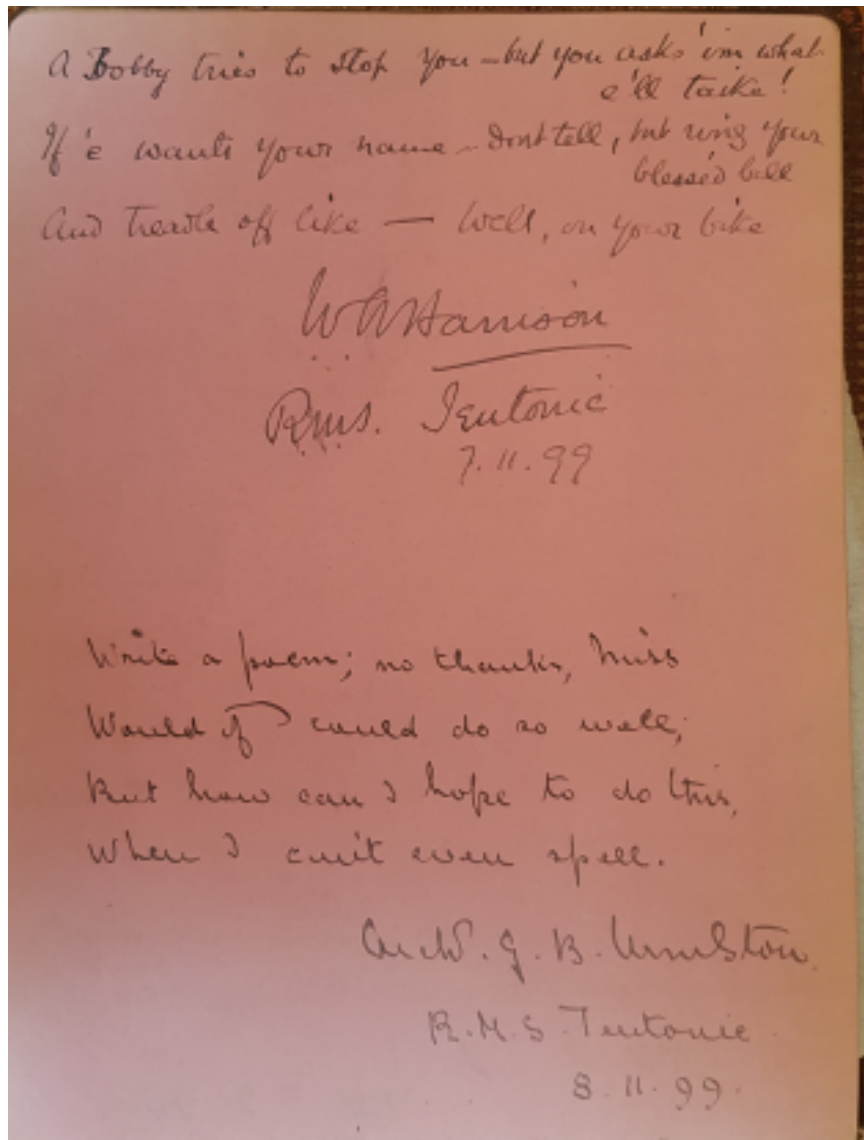
Rangitane later came to a bad end. 300 miles out from NZ she was intercepted by a German commerce raider *Komet* in May 1940 and after a brief skirmish which gave her time to radio her problem and position in contravention of German orders, but in line with Admiralty instructions, she surrendered. Several crewmen and passengers were killed but the majority were taken prisoner. Some were later dropped on an isolated island so that they could be picked up. The remainder were interned in Germany but were well treated by the crew. The Germans raided *Rangitane* for supplies and then sank her by gunfire. *Komet* was one of the oddest of naval hybrids. Built as a merchantman she was requisitioned at the beginning of

the war and armed as a Commerce raider, so far not so rare. However the Germans sought leave under the Molotov Ribbentrop pact to pass ships into the Pacific by the northern route, and *Komet* was strengthened to have some icebreaking capacity. *Komet* was the only ship ever to reach the Pacific under that agreement, having assumed various disguises on passage and with considerable assistance from the supposedly neutral Russians and Japanese. On a later attempt to get into the Pacific via the Horn she was intercepted and sunk by the Royal Navy in the Atlantic after a set piece chase, not unlike the Bismarck operation. So dangerous an enemy was *Komet*. On *Komet* On Blitz

Only when air travel became the normal mode of travel did the shipping lines really turn to pleasure cruising to make their ships pay their way, though cruising was certainly not unknown before the war, witness the tour by the Tubbs and Maguire families of the Northern Capitals in 1938, just before air travel once first became the Allies' favoured way of visiting some of them. Cecil remained devoted to the pleasures of liner travel.

You may be surprised to know that one White Star ship built before WWI survives in restored condition. It is the small scale tender *Nomadic*, sister ship of *Traffic* which has been restored by Harland and Wolff and can be found in Belfast. They were built to ferry passengers from ship to shore at Le Havre which was too small for the giant new ships of the Titanic class.





On yer bike

Some politically incorrect sentiments written into AMT's book on RMS Teutonic on 7th November 1899.

A bobby tries to stop you, but you ask him what e'll take!

If 'e wants your name don't tell, but ring your blessed bell,

And treadle off like ----, well on your bike!

Despite the above AMT is still seeking poetic contributions on the following day.

Write a poem, no thanks miss,
Would if I could do so well
But how can I hope to do this
When I can't even spell

1929 - Masters and Commanders

Mahon, and the Sophie surrounded by her own smoke, firing both broadsides all round and one over in salute to the admiral's flag aboard the Foudroyant whose imposing mass lay just between Pigtail Stairs and the ordnance wharf. This tiny snatch of narrative from O'Brian's Master and Commander sets the scene for a trail of discovery that starts in Falmouth Roads, rather than Mahon round whose harbour I have water-skied, the only and only occasion that I have so defied gravity.

The 16mm film taken by Richard Hunt at the time of his marriage is an astonishing record of the event and times past in Falmouth area. Unfortunately my VHS copy is a severely degraded version of the story but nevertheless the most astonishing thing in it apart from my aunt leaping is the sight of HMS Implacable and HMS Trincomalee, moored at Falmouth. Though not directly related to the family history there were questions requiring answers, some of which I can supply thanks to the internet. My edited version of the film can be viewed on my YouTube channel.

FALMOUTH'S FREEMEN. MR WHEATLEY COBB, NAVAL ANTIQUARIAN. PRESERVER OF BATTLESHIPS OF THE NELSONIAN ERA. Mr. George Edward Wheatley Cobb, who wisely became the preserver of the battleships of Nelsonian era, *Foudroyant* and *Implacable* now at Falmouth were presented with the freedom of Falmouth on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Wheatley Cobb was born at Nythpa, Brecon, in 1858, the son of the late Mr. J. R. Cobb F.S.A., of Nythpa. and Caldicot Castle. The new freeman has received the highest honour at the disposal of the Town of Falmouth in recognition of his interest in naval and other maritime matters, which has resulted in the old relic of Trafalgar, the *Implacable*, moored for preservation, and the training frigate for boys, the *Foudroyant*. also finding a berth in the port. He was educated as a solicitor, but has not practised for some years and is now the directorate of several Welsh companies.

The World's Oldest Two-Decker

Like his father. Mr. Cobb is an antiquary of some note, his interest being more particularly centred on naval antiquities.



He has always been greatly interested in naval affairs, but, as previously mentioned, especially the "old wooden walls" of the Nelson era. In 1892 he made a strong appeal for the preservation of the old *Foudroyant*, Nelson's favourite ship, which had been sold to a German shipbroker. The attempt to arouse public interest failing, the ship was purchased by Mr. J. E. Cobb and restored and refitted at a cost of £25,000. She was then exhibited at various ports but June 16, 1897. she was wrecked at Blackpool. On this occasion Mr. Wheatley Cobb and the crew narrowly escaped with their lives. Immediately afterwards Mr. Wheatley Cobb bought the present *Foudroyant*, then known as *H.M.S. Trincomalee*, which had been sold to be broken up. After renaming her after Nelson's old warship and carrying out several years' work on her Mr Cobb brought her to Falmouth, where, with the exception of a short interval at Milford she has since remained.

The *Foudroyant*, which was built in 1817, now serves as training ship for boys for either the merchant the naval service. She is kept up by the generosity of Mr. Cobb who when not at Caldiot Castle, Mon., lives "on board with his boys, who have, from time to time included Falmothians. Recently. Mr. Cobb brought from Devonport to Falmouth the *Implacable*, which, he says, has remarkable history and which, in herself is hardly second to the *Victory* in her historic associations. This famous old ship, after serving for 105 years, was to be sold in 1908 and broken up. Mr. Cobb—as one would naturally expect knowing his love for the "old wooden walls" and Nelsonian associations as manifested by motto displaced on board the *Foudroyant*, "Remember Nelson" made strong appeal to the late





Murky snapshot from the VHS video of Richard Hunt's 1929 16mm film of his trip from the USA, his wedding to Grace Prior and life on the river at Falmouth. Wheatley Cobb picture previous page

King and the then First Lord of the Admiralty, for the *Implacable's* retention at Devonport. When the Admiralty ultimately decided that they were not prepared to spend money on the maintenance of the *Implacable*, Mr. Cobb proposed that she should be lent to him. and after a correspondence lasting nearly three years, agreement for this was signed, and the *Implacable* fell into Mr. Cobb's hands last March. On September 12 1912 she was towed to Falmouth and moored off St. Just. Very extensive repairs will be needed and these will be slowly proceeded with; and Mr. Cobb hopes that next year the ship may be occasionally thrown open to the inspection of the public. Mr. Cobb desires it to be known that he is being helped in the maintenance and restoration of the ship by a generous lady who is interested in the training of boys for the sea.

In a letter to lord Knollys respecting this fine old monument the sea Mr. Cobb stated : Seeking the King's Interest. " The King's gracious interest in the Navy is so well known that I venture to submit to you the desirability of bringing to His Majesty's notice that in October there is ordered to be sold at Devonport a ship that in historic interest is hardly second to the *Victory*. The ship in question the 74 gun of line of battleship *Implacable*, the oldest two-decker in the world and the last surviving French prize. She is the only remaining 74 gun ship, and one of the few ships in history that twice over passed from the enemies' hands into our own. As the *Duguay-Trouin* she was building at Toulon in 1793, when that town and its dockyard were surrendered to the British by the French Royalists. When that place was evacuated she was set fire by Sir Sidney Smith, but on the entry of the French the fire was extinguished. " The ship was completed and saw much service under the French flag. She was in the allied van at Trafalgar, and after exchanging shots with the *Victory* escaped with three others. Quite a fortnight after the battle all four were captured by a squadron under Sir Richard Strachan. Her active service as a British ship extended over 40 years. In it she captured a large Russian 74 in the Baltic. In her last commission she was the smartest ship in the Mediterranean Fleet, and carried a cock at her masthead. For many years past she has been part of the Lion training establishment at Devonport. Should his Majesty see fit to order that the *Implacable* should survive as a representative of the 74's which formed the strength of the fleets of Nelson, the gracious act will be hailed with gratitude by all his loyal subjects, who treasure the great traditions of the Navy." Mr. Cobb is much interested in the controversy which has long been waged over the tactics of the Battle of Trafalgar. In January, 1911, read a paper on the subject at the Royal United Service Institution, in which he took up new ground and opened a fresh field for discussion. He has also written elsewhere on Naval matters, ancient and modern. Local institutions caring for seamen, and particularly the Seamen's Mission, find in him a cordial supporter. Now named *Trincomalee* once again, she is in the National Historic Ships Collection at Hartlepool, where I visited her in

August. She is presented as a complete ship though some of the artefacts are modern fakes. Most of the guns are plastic mouldings but a few were rescued from the real *Foudroyant*. She is afloat, the oldest such warship in Europe. The entire ship can be visited including the impossibly low-ceilinged hold and powder store. This is all a great deal more realistic than some of the surrounding displays which are hokum and fakery on a big scale. The Royal Navy might like to note that common printing presses and their variants require a platen to work. Not much interest in my complaint about that.

Implacable was scuttled off the Isle of Wight in 1949. Neither the Royal Navy nor the French could afford to retain let alone restore her, with the cost then estimated at £150,000. There is a second disgrace in the making. The former Humber Ferry *Wingfield Castle* is mouldering away in Hartlepool without any immediate prospect of being properly conserved and displayed. Her condition is too dangerous for anybody to board her, by the modern standards of health and safety.

The burning question then is – Does Wheatley Cobb (pictured xxxxx) feature in the video. I can't be certain but I think there

wedding which might feature our hero. The probability of Cobb and Prior not being chums is nearly zero. The quality of the video makes positive identification tricky.

The notice of the wedding in the local paper read:-
HUNT—PRIOR.—July 6 (1929) , at the Parish Church, St. Just-in-Roseland, Richard Nash Hunt, eldest son of the Rev. George E. Hunt, D.D., of Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A., to Grace Prior, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E Prior, of St. Mawes, TREDINNICK (which must be near the present day Tredinnick Dairy Holiday Home).

If you haven't done so now is the time to read *Master and Commander*. The film with Russell Crowe is a reasonable attempt to recreate the atmosphere but not the infinite care for detail and intricate plotting carried by O'Brian through an entire series of 20 and a bit novels, all of which contain fictionalised versions of real events.

A note on terminology. Purists do not prefix the name of ships with *The*. A name is a name and is never prefixed with a *The*, but custom and practice is allowed and *The* is everywhere

Don't shoot the messenger.

This page is from AMT's book. Everybody surely knows how to do the cake walk. Incidentally it took me quite a while to decypher the phrase Perp Walk which I first heard in the context of Mr Trump's vulgarity in his treatment of visitors

below his social level, which is most of us apparently. A perp walk is a parade by perpetrators of crime who have been apprehended and are subjected to the rigours of a photo op. Innocent until proven guilty, unless the BBC has been tipped off that you are to be arrested.



2019 - Daks over Europe

Whatever deja-vu really means doesn't matter, other than to say that history repeated itself a little on the 6th June, which is the anniversary of D Day, that D Day. All military operations have a D Day and an H Hour but only one of those has fixed itself on the world's memory and that is the beginning of Operation Overlord, the invasion of the Normandy beaches by troops of the American, Canadian and British Armies.

In 1994 Jeremiah O'Brien was the only large ship to have been at the original beaches and the fiftieth anniversary celebrations. Others are afloat, such as HMS Belfast but could not be there. In order to reach the beaches in 1994 Jeremiah had to undergo the most thorough refit she had ever had. The cost was dizzying. It can only be estimated as there were significant donations of time and services but the real cost in treasure was several million dollars. 25 years on that is not an exercise that could be repeated.

A fleet of Dakotas, aka DC3s assembled in America to make their way to the 2019 commemorations. After several costly, failed attempts to make Combined Operations work the allies finally made a reasonable fist of it in Normandy, informed by the landings in Sicily, Italy and the American landings on Guadalcanal. The paratroopers and gliders mostly landed in the right place and were relieved more or less on time by the seaborne invaders. The harbours were built, the petrol was pumped in PLUTO and Mr Hitler was still convinced it was a feint.

In May 2019 Jeremiah undertook her Veterans trip into San Francisco Bay, under the Golden Gate Bridge for a brief splash in the Pacific Ocean, as usual, just as she did in 2015 when I

joined. Jeremiah was built in Portland Maine in 1943 but has spent most of the last 70+ years in San Francisco Bay, first on wartime service, then in the Reserve Fleet and since 1980 in preservation. Jeremiah was the one ship in the Reserve that was really maintained in good but deteriorating condition. She is the one ship that was inspected by Admirals and she was sailed from the Reserve to her new berth in The Bay. My father bought a copy of *The Last Liberty* by Walter W Jaffee. Captain Jaffee was on the 1994 voyage and revised the book as Jeremiah O'Brien to include the story of the epic 1994 voyage and its prelude. I bought an autographed copy from Jaffee aboard Jeremiah, breaking my resolution to carry no more weight than was absolutely necessary. I still managed to keep my world within a single shoulder bag for a whole fortnight of travel. Try it! If I go camping even for a night or two I could fill my car twice over. It all used to fit on the back of a motor bike. My neighbour tells me that he was posted while in the Royal Air Force to Wales where he loaded DUKWs with wartime surplus ordnance, mostly bombs. The bombs were loaded into ancient freighters which were towed out a short way and then scuttled. The munitions still surface from time to time. Other munitions were dumped in the Irish Sea just where Boris wants to build a Brexit beating bridge. In their turn many Libertys from the Reserve were scuttled to assist the growth of coral reefs. A touch of global warming should see that one off in future as the coral can no longer grow. The greater threat to shipping is the Richard Montgomery which grounded and sank in The Thames estuary, broke into 3 and contains 10,000 tons of alarm clocks for the good people of Southend-on-Sea. Just prior to the actual 1994 Normandy commemorations Jeremiah moored in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Visiting there



on Navy Day turned out to be another epic journey, compounded in its difficulty by our ignorance of Football. It is a game M'lud, for gentleman played by cads, known by Americans and very, very old public school boys as soccer! The almost successful cads and bounders go to Wembley to play for the privilege of getting rich in the Premiership, which I always thought was called the First Division, but like first degrees the first division has been somewhat relegated. In 1994 the play off was between Leicester City and Derby County. This resulted in an M1-long tail-back of scarves. It took me nearly six hours to drive my father to Portsmouth. Leicester won 2-1. This was the last full day we ever spent together. This is where the two tales merge again. While Mr Trump kicked off the 2019 D Day commemorations, the play-off this year also involved Derby County. Friends of the M1, beware, or Cave! as we public school boys never actually used to say. The absolute highlight of the day was my father explaining the precise differences between the main weld lines on Jeremiah and those he built at Richmond near San Francisco. Standard Libertys were to all intents identical but the differences in cranes and available space in the dozen different yards where they were built demanded slightly different details of pre-assembled components, resulting in different weld lines. I wish I had a recording or even some detailed notes because that is



knowledge which is now lost. There are many photographs and movie clips of Liberty construction. Kayser made a documentary based on the Richmond yards. Other types were also built at Richmond included LSTs (Landing ship, tanks in No 4 Yard) the necessary supply of which governed the precise date of Overlord going into action. Richmond's LSTs doubtless went into the Pacific.

The same uniformity of specification was applied by the American industrial might to everything from Bofors Guns to B29s. Guess who invented the concept of uniform manufacture. Yes The Redcoats used the Land Pattern Musket. The patterns applied to every single component. All the same we were still tailoring machine parts two hundred years later to accommodate our clapped-out machine tools and misguided sense of craftsmanship. American-built Packard Merlins were said to be slightly superior to their British-built sisters, mostly because of superior machine tools, building in the tolerances, rather than having merely to allow for them.

We toured Jeremiah, enjoyed the Glen Miller Band and took a few pictures. We returned via the M40. In the age when speed cameras were beginning to proliferate I took the unilateral decision to go for it and made the return stage to Leicester in 2 hours, including emergence from Portsmouth Traffic and the everlasting roadworks on the downs. That gentle reader is the last time I deliberately flouted the speed limits, but untroubled by cameras. The plan to sample some Hoskins beer in Leicester was a failure. The brewery had just been put into liquidation, ending the daft and irresponsible attempt of the funeral merchant who owned it to use it as a vehicle to build a property empire. Destiny with Dignity my foot!

My video clip on You Tube shows the propeller shaft of Jeremiah being turned. It is entitled Not the Titanic which is a thinly disguised allusion to the Titanic film which used similar but better-lit pictures of Jeremiah's engines to stand in for those of the Titanic, which were also triple expansion engines. Harland and Wolff who finally closed this year were not masters of the new turbine technology which would have made Titanic a more economic and powerful ship, but would not

have improved its durability. Wartime exigencies in 1941 demanded that triple-expansion engines would be fitted to Libertys. There were about a dozen builders of the standard pattern engine. At 10 knots they do not sound

like a fast ship but they could lead or keep up with all but the swiftest of convoys. Some of the old ships that finished up in Cardigan bay could barely make 6 knots. Warships consumed the supply of turbines in America until the prospect of victory permitted a change of design. The Victory ship was a lengthened Liberty with the luxury of turbine engines, increasing their speed to around 16 knots. Richmond built 83 Victory ships.

Unable to commune with Jeremiah on the 75th anniversary Nick and I went to Duxford to see the largest possible fleet of Dakotas, DC3s, C47 Skytrains or whatever else you wish to call them. I would avoid the americanism Daks, as it smacks too much of brown trouser flying to those who recall the Daks brand. Although we were not able to see them flying in formation it was a magnificent day spent on one of the few Battle of Britain airfields that is still operational. A great deal more Pluto than Mickey Mouse and very moving.

Des Res

This year's former residence is The Cottage to the rear of the Court, Ullesthorpe, Leicestershire. There is no chance of locating the building itself. Nor do I have any good photographs. It is the one former family home known to have been demolished. There has been extensive landscaping for the present-day golf course. At the time of our living there in 1954 the Court house itself was flats or apartments many of which were rented by RAF types posted to Bitteswell. Test pilot Don and Dr Les Griffiths were residents and became lifelong friends of the family.

Of RAF Bitteswell Wikipedia states "In 1943 a factory was built next to the airfield where Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft assembled aircraft manufactured at Baginton, Coventry. This continued to assemble, test, and maintain aircraft until 1983. In 1947 Armstrong Siddeley established an Experimental Flight Section at Bitteswell for the flight development of jet engines installed in flying test beds. "Lincolnshire may be Bomber County but there have been no fewer than 13 RAF bases in Leicestershire, of which Bitteswell was formerly Denbigh property. "In 1956 the airfield was purchased outright from the Air Ministry", a transaction which allegedly caused some dissent in the Denbigh camp. Legend has it that the Fairey Gannet was the plane most being rested at the time, a noisy bird with the strikingly elegant but complex Armstrong Siddeley double Mamba turbo prop engine. A snake-bird straight from the mediaeval bestiary. Rolls-Royce gradually

mopped up its aero-engine competition, taking on DeHaviland, Bristol and Armstrong Siddeley in due course.

This snapshot of a 1955 Ordnance Survey Map shows The Court with a range of buildings at the end of a short track. My memory puts the Cottage at the point of my arrow. The late, lamented Midland Counties railway line ran just at the back of the field which was at least in part the orchard which, family legend says, produced the apples for Dad's cider which wiped Ullesthorpe off said map for several days. I take the orchard to be the field with trees on the map. The station closed in 1962.

It was once on the main route from Derby to London via Leicester and Rugby. Spot the difference between my two photographs of the railway museum at Shackerstone.

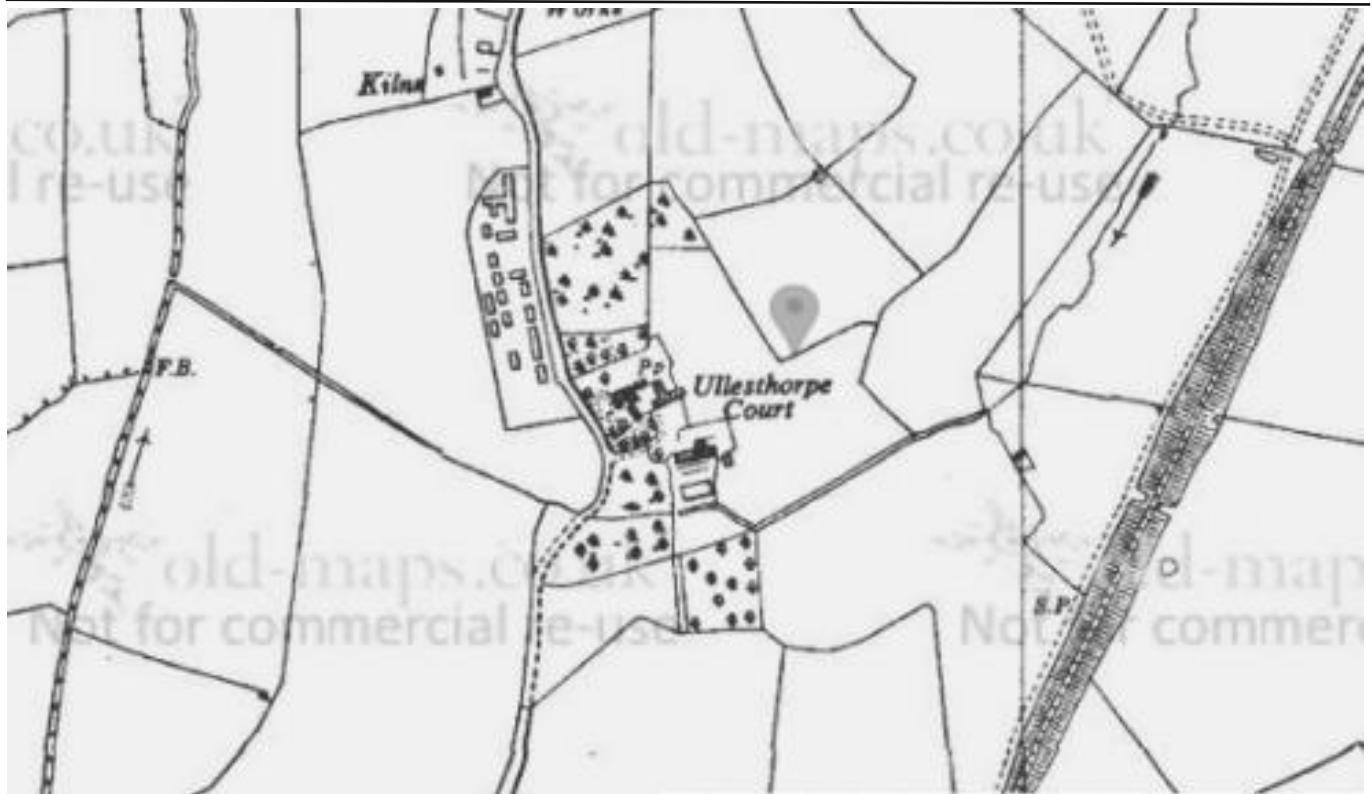
At some time around 1900 The Court appears from the maps to have expanded from being a farmhouse to the more substantial building now visible from the road, though its earlier origins do seem to leer from behind the later frippery.

Dad moved to Leicestershire from Wotton to be works manager at the family's fairly recently acquired subsidiary, George Pettit and Sons of Lutterworth. See my website for information about the firm.

<http://tubbspubs.org.uk/theTubbs/Pettit.cshtml>.

We resided there only for a year. The Stones came for Christmas 1954 then we moved to the truly beautiful The Limes in Swinford. The practical but inelegant Victorian extension is happily invisible from the front. It has been my fate that our stays in really beautiful houses have all been short and the converse is sadly true.





Ullesthorpe station right. Its totem sign has disappeared from the museum at Shackerstone since my 2009 visit, and replaced by Derby, a much larger station m'lud. Derby's other station was Friargate which closed at the same time as Victoria in Nottingham, the line's other terminus



1829-2019 Barbican and Farringdon Market

We won't accuse the 1980s Barbican development of being the dreariest or most brutal in London, but it is somewhat reminiscent of same, which is nameless, colourless but probably not odourless, and now Grade II* listed, bless it. It acquired a fearsome reputation for being inscrutably complex to navigate. This is partly because it is on several levels and therefore difficult to present clearly on a map. The builders deployed the Minotaur solution, laying down coloured stripes on the floor that led to selected destinations. On my first visit none of them led to a pub, which was a crushing disappointment. It mixes high rise housing with many cultural delights, including the Barbican Centre, both theatre, gallery and concert hall; the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and a garden; and it is graced by the single survivor of an earlier age, St Giles Cripplegate.

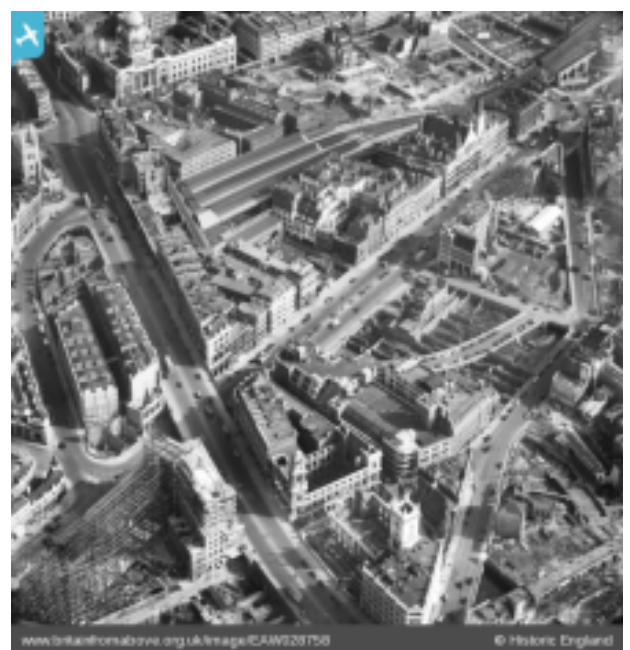
A visit to this beautiful church demonstrates that medieval Gothic loses nothing by being surrounded by modern concrete. It was a visit here, to Milton's burial site that piqued my interest in the effects of the Blitz on the area over which my great great grandfather had taken so much interest, and was the source of much of his great wealth. Inside the church there was a rather grubby little photograph of the Blitz devastation. At the time there simply was not the online access to photographs that there is now and I could not find any others until much more recently. Published photographs naturally tend towards

the area around St Paul's, just a few hundred yards away, memorably photographed by Herbert Mason of the Daily Mail. Mason was on firewatching duties at the Mail, off Fleet Street. As previously reported Ralph Tubbs headed the firewatchers at nearby St Pauls. In 1940 most commercial properties in the City were abandoned at night without firewatchers, which greatly increased the fire hazard. CBT reported in his memoirs that he was unable to find his way to Noble Street on the morning of 30 December 1940, after the second or third most devastating fire and bomb damage of all the Blitz in London.

On Easter Sunday Beckie and I visited the area with three very specific targets in my mind. We found the area almost deserted, despite the local residents having a holiday.

Target number one was the murals of Doreen Annan. Qui? Yes, they provide an indirect but very real link to the family's enterprise. We need to set Scene I a little further away, just south of the Holborn Viaduct.

I was taught in my youth that the streets of London are still laid out very much as they had been in the middle ages; that the pattern of land occupation was a limiting factor on the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire of 1666. While there is some truth in this there are also so many variations from the rule that they are hardly exceptions. One was the establishment of Farringdon Road; associated with that was the building of the Holborn Viaduct around 1860. The viaduct spans the Fleet valley and carries the road that links Newgate in the east to Hyde Park in the west. That was the ancient route travelled by



Above left, detail of Farringdon Market site when in use as the Market. No photograph has yet been found of the HTT development of the site. The postwar aerial photograph shows the market site with Farringdon Avenue making a curving

diagonal. The City Temple Church (not The Temple) is in the right foreground, Holborn Viaduct crosses top left to bottom centre and Farringdon Street lower left to top right. For the modern development see page 31.

the condemned on their way via Oxford Street to execution at Tyburn, near the present Marble Arch.

The Fleet River, often referred to as a ditch now flows underground north-south toward the Thames approximately on the alignment of the present Farringdon Road. The Fleet Prison had been somewhere around the present site of the City ThamesLink Station. First came the Regent's Canal connecting the Paddington terminus of the Grand Union Canal to Limehouse Basin in The City. Farringdon Road was established to connect the City with the New Road, the inner ring road that connected Paddington, Marylebone and King's Cross. Then came the trains. The Metropolitan Railway opened in 1863 and was extended from King's Cross towards Barbican and Aldgate in 1865. I have mentioned these developments before because they are critically important in several respects to the history of the family. A vitally important feature of the eastward extension of the Metropolitan was a link to the main railways lines north, rail access to the new West Smithfield Markets and other goods depots beside the line, including a depot at Whitecross Street close by St Giles, Cripplegate. There was another goods depot on the former Castle and Falcon Yard, at the back of Tubbs Lewis' head office, abutting London Wall, though I can't see this had a rail connection. By London Wall I mean the ancient City wall, not the current street name, which is mostly a modern confection that also comes into the story.

The Farringdon Market never really flourished in the face of competition from Borough Market and Covent Garden, let alone Smithfield. It was a fruit and vegetable market which replaced the Fleet Market and perhaps a less structured pattern of trading on the streets which incorporated the later Farringdon Road. The market was open only from about 1829 at the great cost of around £250,000 on a site 232'x150', lying between Farringdon Road, Shoe Lane, Stonecutter Lane and Plumptree Street. This is about 1.5 of our English acres, but see below. By 1875 it was reported that revenue was barely £200 per year and it was resolved to move the trade to a fruit and vegetable section at West Smithfield which is more associated with livestock. The Wikipedia entry quotes Mayhew the author

of London Labour and the London Poor (1851) describing street vendors buying watercress at the market. The Wikipedia entry closes with the decision of the Corporation of London to close the market.

It was another fifteen years before the site was sold at auction. Here we pick up the story as found in St James's Gazette - Saturday 19 March 1892

SALE OF FARRINGDON MARKET. Mr. James Green (of the firm of Messrs. Weatherall and Green) offered the site of Farringdon Market for sale yesterday at the Mart/Tokenhouse-yard. There was a very large attendance. The property, which is freehold and covers an area of nearly an acre and three-quarters (mot 1.5 acres then, ed) , was acquired by the Corporation of the City of London in 1824 under an Act of Parliament. As to the conditions of sale, Mr. Green slated that the property was offered with all the advantages which were vested the Corporation at the time they obtained the Act. He was submitting it as a freehold building site, [fairly unusual as the Corporation usually retained freehold and granted a ground lease ed.]. Any purchaser would have a perfect right to build over the burial-ground forming part the property. Whatever powers the Corporation had he was now disposing of, but whoever bought the property would do so with his eyes open. The area was a most exceptional one, and in his experience of thirty-five years as auctioneer he did not remember a freehold property of such extent in the City being offered for sale in one lot. There was no right of pre-emption.... The property, which was situate in the ward of Farringdon Without [outside London Wall ed.], had an area of 76,000 superficial feet, and it was acquired by the Corporation at a cost of £180,00. It had been valued by Sir Horace Jones, the late City architect, and subsequently by his successor, Mr. Peebles, who was a most cautious man, at £100,000 and a reserve price had been fixed. The first bid made was for £50,000, which was speedily followed by another for £60,000; the next offers being £61,000, £65,000, £66,000, £67,000, and £70,000, which was soon increased to £76,100. A few further remarks from the auctioneer increased the bidding to £80,000 and when an advance of £400 had been established he stated that the



The foundation stone was laid by the Lord Mayor in the presence of the PostMaster General, The Right Honourable Ernest Marples MP in 1958. One of nine Dorothy Annan murals still in situ in 2009



It could be a little Goldmann!

The Masters of the Universe are touchy about preying eyes outside their new sandcastle, especially those with cameras. This is Golden Socks' new edifice on the site of the former Farringdon Market the later Tubbs and subsequent Post Office developments on that site (see pp 14-15 above). The Annan murals faced along Farringdon Road at street level. This

picture was taken around 4pm on a Sunday afternoon. The lights are burning because A- they were left on all week-end or B- because the gold diggers never cease their labours? Take your pick. The picture was taken from the higher level of the Holborn Viaduct. The main entrance, as anonymous as the rest of the building is at the far end, with a second major entrance on Shoe Lane, at the rear.



property was now in the hands of those present and would be sold. After £85,000 had been offered, the bidding proceeded rather slowly and mainly by advances of £100; the offers proceeding from two quarters. The property was at length sold for £98,100 to Messrs. Charles and Tubbs, of Gresham-street, on behalf of a client.

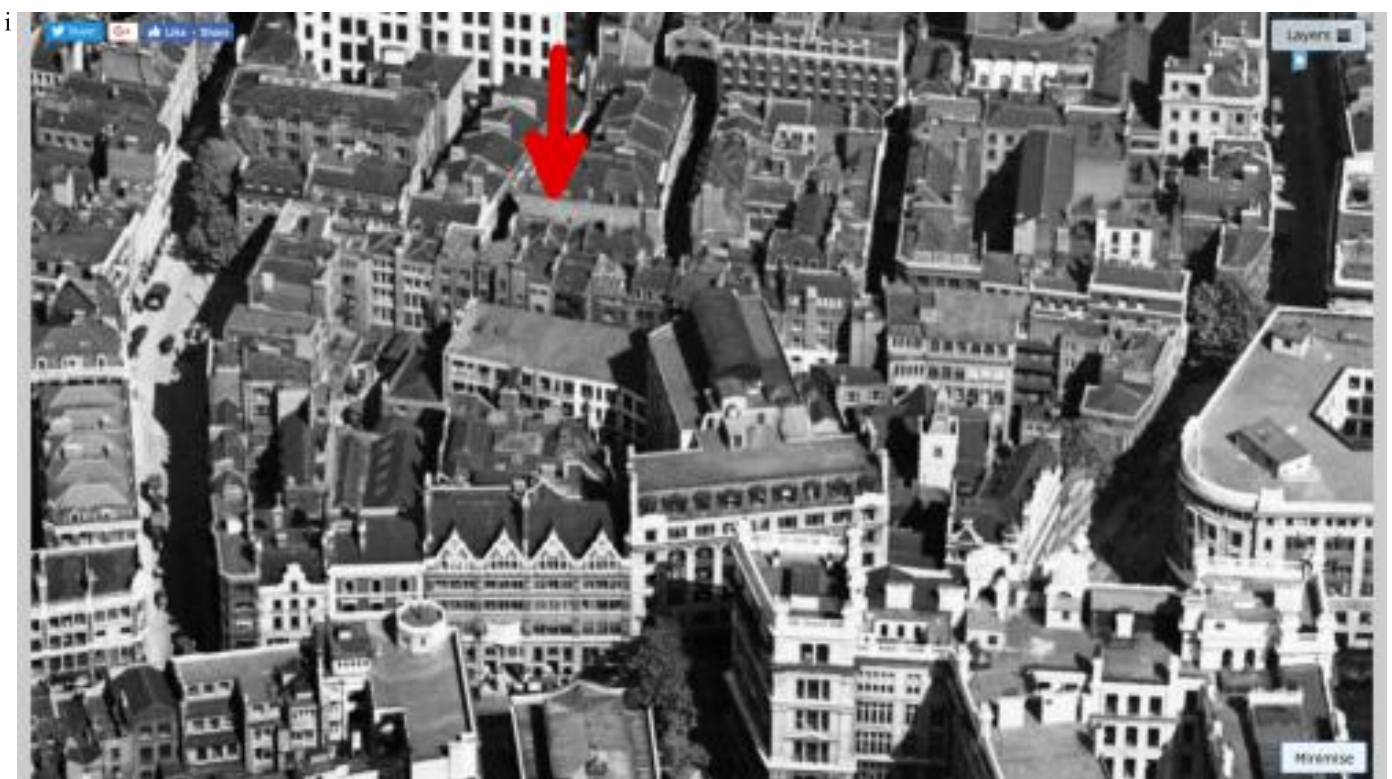
That client of course was Henry Thomas Tubbs, father of Walter Burnell Tubbs who was the brother-in-law of his partner Richard Charles themselves auctioneers, surveyors and estate agents. Despite the observation of the auctioneer that good title was being passed by this sale HTT was not satisfied and took the Corporation to Court. In a report which I can no longer find HTT continued to be on a losing wicket and was obliged to complete the sale at the further cost of £20,000, very much more than any normal mortal would have been able to pull out of their back pocket at the time.

I have yet to find any photographs of the developments made by HTT on the site other than a post-war aerial photograph which clearly shows their street plan and the alignment of his creation Farringdon Avenue. There are advertisements from Tubbs and Charles who had an office on Shoe Lane, later Tubbs on his own at 68 Shoe Lane. I found a near miss while pursuing one of my other interests, photographic history. The Linked Ring, a group of late 19th century pictorialist photographers, included Rooftopper (nothing new about avatars), who specialised in roofscapes, had his studio on Shoe Lane but he manipulated his pictures and I don't believe he photographed the market site. It is reasonable to assume that by the time of the Blitz there was little or no family financial

interest on the site but it remains of interest nevertheless.

Post-war redevelopment seems to have been delayed to around 1955 when the new building was to be London's largest telephone exchange. Around 1960 Dorothy Annan was commissioned to produce a set of nine painted tile murals to ornament the facade on Farringdon Road and that was on display there until the building was scheduled for demolition. I visited the site in 2009 and photographed only a couple of the murals and caught a glimpse of the foundation stone in the entrance lobby, then closed. By then the weeds were encroaching. It reads "This Stone was laid on the 20th October 1958 by The Lord Mayor of London Sir Dennis Truscott TD in the Presence of the Right Honourable Ernest Marples MP". We may doubt just how honourable that is. The infamous Ernest Marples was the subject of the proto-viral "Marples must go" campaign. When he did go he mysteriously disappeared. Exit pursued by taxman. Lord Marples as he became is not to be confused with Lord Marples of Thornbridge Hall (and the present day micro brewery) who adopted a title to which he had no right.

It was with a happy heart that I learn that the murals have been moved to Cromwell High Walk in the Barbican, that they enjoy the protection of statutory listing Grade II, that they are under cover, open to public view and well lit. Top marks to somebody. Annan spent much time researching the work of what was then the General Post Office (GPO). It gradually separated from the Royal Mail and became British Telecom in the Thatcher years. The old Strowger automatic telephone exchanges were replaced by System X and later computerised developments, all much more compact than their mechanical



ancestor.

The viewing of the Dorothy Annan murals highlighted the importance of murals in British art and I learn that around 60 murals were directly commissioned by the Arts Council for a Festival of Britain competition in 1951. Other more site-specific murals were commissioned independently. Despite the fact that the process became an open war between Alfred Munnings for the traditionalists and Sir Kenneth Clarke and others for the modernists the travelling exhibition of the pieces was considered a success at the time. There was also a spat between painters and sculptors and another about the choice of judges, so just a snapshot of everyday life in Culture Corner. Traditional murals were painted fresco, that is to say on wet plaster using egg based tempera colours. Modern critics accept that the borderline between normal studio paintings and murals is rather vague. The specification for the 1951 murals gave a minimum but not a maximum size. Some critics observed that large works were very much out of fashion at the time. In part this was influenced by the shortage of artists' materials after the war. 1951 competitors were provided with canvas by the council but were expected to sell their work privately, so it wasn't all socialist paradise.

Annan's murals for Farringdon road being on tiles are strangely not considered to be murals by the purists, though in my opinion they meet the strongest criterion for being murals which is their design for a specific client and site.

The festival itself is a lasting topic of interest to this publication because of the important contribution of the aforementioned Ralph Tubbs, who designed the Dome of Discovery, the most important of the buildings erected specifically for the festival, which was destroyed on the orders of Winston Churchill as a socialist conspiracy (Mr Churchill returned to power at the 1951 General Election, replacing the very left wing administration of Mr Atlee, an Old Haileyburian). That nice Mr Cameron, Mr Brexit Blunder himself, failed to do the same for the feeble Millennium

Dome. Fire destroyed the 1851 Crystal Palace, but not until 1937. That was the one that started the whole phenomenon of large scale public exhibitions featuring industry and the arts alongside each other. Many of the visitors arrived on cheap excursion tickets in London at those stations on the New Road. This was the first major national event in history to be greatly boosted by railways. The second was probably the American Civil War.

One of the submissions in 1951 was by John Armstrong who designed murals in 1933 for Shell-Mex House on The Strand, and posters for the Shell Company. One of this year's projects has been to photograph Shell memorabilia, much of which nowadays is colourful reproduction ware at prices which normal mortals can afford, unlike the originals. Others are to be found at Brooklands about which there is a separate article in this issue.

Inevitably the likes of Shell are now going out of fashion but the 1930s was a golden age for mass motoring and commercial aviation and Shell were its poster boys. Shell-Mex House was a target for the Extinction Rebellion campaigners swarming Waterloo Bridge at the time of our visit. They were glueing themselves to the railings, using environmentally friendly adhesives no doubt.

Sod's law predicts that any building visited by me to be photographed will be clad in scaffolding and hidden behind trees, if the site hasn't been bombed of course, which is the case with Shell-Mex House this year, itself the subject of a Shell poster, by Henry Rushbury. It is on the Victoria Embankment facade in particular, almost adjacent to Waterloo Bridge. Did you know that Admiral Doenitz set up the headquarters of the Kriegsmarine in Shell Mex house in Berlin? It was damaged but not destroyed and survives. Target Number 2 was the precise location of 29-30-31 Noble Street. I believe they are under the arrow in the aerial picture.



Slow Horses

Astonishingly a building which featured here last year has come to my attention as the inspiration of a series of spy novels. Matt Heron is blurbed as the true successor of Le Carre, though I think this unproven.

His plots are complex, fractured, far-fetched and always imbued with humour. His subjects are the Slow Horses, the rejects from the front line of counter espionage, who are put out to dry or in one case dry out. The unorthodox ironist and leader of a team of dysfunctional misfits triumphs over the jobsworths, traitors and conspirators of the headquarters office, fictionally located in Regent's Park (see below), and its enemies. Herron was working in the vicinity of the Barbican and passed the black door at 126 Aldersgate Street every day.

Let us be clear about this much at least: Slough House is not in Slough; nor is it a house. Its front door lurks in a dusty recess between commercial premises in the Borough of Finsbury, a stone's throw from Barbican Underground Station. To its left is a former newsagent's, now a newsagent's/ grocer's/ off-licence, with a DVD rental a blooming sideline; to its right the New Empire Chinese restaurant whose windows are constantly obscured by a thick red curtain.

Nice punctuation Mick; we all remember DVD rental don't we? There's something about a door. Think of the mysteries revealed to Alice in Wonderland and then of all the mysteries that remained mysterious. Heron's imagination had gone to

work. Eat your heart out Doctor Freud!

As reported last year there are discrepancies between the existing building and the description of the Tubbs and Lewis development at that street number but the street numbering there dates back to before HTT's property dealing, and may even be among the earliest. given that the former headquarters of the Post Office is no more than a couple of hundred yards away.

As also mentioned this is one of very few buildings in the neighbourhood to have survived the Blitz.

I reproduce the snapshot from Google StreetView which appeared here last year before the Herron had flown into my vision, and my more recent picture which shows the door more mauve than black but between a CTN store and a take away, so here we are. Lente, lente currite noctis equi!



Battle of the Styles.

As the Hanoverian monarchs had four goes at getting it right before giving up and changing their name twice in the next century, finishing up as Windsor, I am sure you will forgive me for revisiting their eponymous terrace for the first time since 20??.

Let us turn to *Metropolitan Improvements or London in the nineteenth Century*. This important tome was published in 1827. Written by James Elmes with many illustrations by Thomas Shepherd, the book is a snapshot of the best and latest things in London as the Classical Revival was at its apogee. It began in England with Inigo Jones at the beginning of the 17th century and is still with us in a very small way thanks to the present Prince of Wales and a few stuckists. The book is dedicated to his Hanoverian predecessor George IV, by then King but previously Prince of Wales, and later Regent during his father's indisposition. Regent's Park and the canal which borders it were named for the Regent, and the Park was the latest thing. Just six years later Pugin would publish *Contrasts* and the Gothic revival would really be under way, launching what became known as the Battle of the Styles for the rest of the 19th Century. Much of the book not devoted to the Park describes Regent Street. Prinnie had no personal or financial involvement in those developments, any more than Queen Victoria built embankments.

The book is available online in facsimile but I am fortunate to

have inherited Leslie Goulding's copy; it is fortunate never to have been dismantled for its hundreds of plates. I will put a link online after 1 Jan 2020

Elmes is not uncritical of Hanover Terrace. He writes:-

Our next object is the handsome row of mansions on our left, named after his Majesty's continental kingdom and hereditary dominions, HANOVER TERRACE, which is also a design of Mr Nash's, and in a more grammatical style of architecture than that which we have now left. It has a centre and two wing building, of the Doric order, the acroteria of which are surmounted by statues and other sculptural ornaments in terra cotta. The centre building is crowned by a well-proportioned pediment, the tympanum of which is embellished with statues and figures in a wretched style of art which the architect would do well to remove. The style of architecture employed by the artist is Italian or Palladian and remarkably well adapted for the description of dwelling houses. The latter point is one which Pugin would soon vigorously dispute, but the properties have fared well and are immensely valuable. When Stanley and Ellen Tubbs lived there they were as highly regarded as ever. Other residents of the terrace have been Ralph Vaughan-Williams, HG Wells and Anthony Salvin, himself a distinguished architect.. Those three worthies all have their Blue Plaque on Hanover Terrace.

Salvin is notable for Harlaxton and Thoresby both in Nottinghamshire. I was introduced to the magic of Harlaxton



by the aristocratic Lucinda Lambton on the tele – I find to my delight that Harlaxton was the setting for the Peter O'Toole film of one of the funniest plays I have ever seen, *The Ruling Class* by Peter Barnes. Just to clear up any possible misunderstanding, the Hanoverians held sway in Hanover in northern Germany, not Hanover Terrace. Their title was Elector. That is to say they elected the Holy Roman Emperor of whom critics observed from the safety of distant lands that he was neither Holy, Roman or an Emperor.

Elmes did not get his way either. Goering had an eye for degenerate art (*entartete Kunst*) and was kind to Regent's Park. Acroteria are statues on a plinth, placed at the extremities of a building- a name straight from the Meaning of Liff, useful names for things that need a name.

Hanover Terrace has unrivalled views of the Park itself, the home to Regents Park Zoological Gardens of which Sir Stanley was a patron with a permanent pass, according to DBT. While we are admiring it our mind may turn to the rear where we find the Mews, the Mary Anne view of a Queen Anne House but there probably isn't a Hanoverian equivalent. We have partially solved a little mystery.

DBT in his memoirs states that his grandfather's chauffeur was named Tumber. Tumber may well have been HTT's chauffeur at one time but the 1911 Census shows that Tumber resided in the Mews at the rear of 9 Hanover Terrace implying he was groom or chauffeur to Stanley rather than his father. There were two Tumbers brought up to the trade of groom, father and son, both Alfred. It is not known exactly when Alfred or his father upped the horses from one to those with an RAC power rating.

Alfred Tumber aged 44 in 1901 (b c 1857 in Tunstall Kent (which appears to be the epicentre of Tumbers) resident with son Alfred W Tumber aged 23 in 1901 who was a coachman/groom born in London Marylebone, living at Ossington Buildings, Marylebone.

Bingo-ish! At the 1911 Census One of the Tumbers was living at 9 Hanover Terrace Mews behind the residence of Stanley William Tubbs, though the 1911 census gives the name of the occupier as Mrs Tubbs. One suspects Stanley was looking for a residential qualification elsewhere. The main census form though does recognise Stanley as the head of the household. The other Tumber was also still in service at 3 Baker Mews Portman Square. The resident of 3 Baker Street appears to have been a Miss Gordon (possibly secretary) of the Travellers Aid Society. Dare one ask? The present instance of the chastely named Travellers Aid Society appears to be a modern role playing fiction. With a joining fee of one million mazoomahs. The picture reproduced in DB Tubbs' unpublished memoir states that the photograph of HT Tubbs' Charron motor is outside Nether Court and that the figure in the background may be Tumber. If so that would be the younger Mr Tumber. There are strong ground for not accepting the location. All the doors at Nether Court are set in a version of arched Perpendicular Gothick, which you now know all about. I am confident this is somewhere else, but that leaves many ivy-clad possibilities.

Bunny thought the face behind him was Tumber's, the chauffeur, and that the car was HTT's Charron outside Nether Court. As discussed it is almost certainly not Nether Court. A modern photograph of a Charron is displayed for information only. It is later than the veteran owned by Peneleope Tubbs' father in the post war years.

Thoresby Hall in Nottinghamshire was designed by Anthony Salvin, one of the three former residents of Hanover Terrace to have a blue plaque. Damient Hurst's case will rest on the future



It is conventional to distinguish between Gothic Revival on the one hand, which is honest imitation of medieval Gothic and Gothick which is the pastiche applied to buildings, such as Nether Court, which the Plantagenets knew not of. Next time you pass or visit a National Trust estate look out for the cottages and gate houses and decide if they are neo-classical or gothick. Googling cottage cornée returns only the online version of the book. Curiously both styles are said to have their origins in trees, man's first building material. Classical is based on columns, their proportion and what can be put on top of them, known as entablatures. Gothick also employs columns, but soars towards the heavens, often fanning out like trees.

Cottage cornée anyone? Contrary to the expectation that is a pie made with corned beef, I feel confident it is a typographic error, like Spike Milligna. Elmes discusses the changing meaning of the word villa over the centuries, and no we are not talking football at Spaghetti Junction. To the Roman a villa was a country estate, a "City of palaces temples and theatres with an hypodrome" etcetera. By 1827 The villa was "the mere personal property and residence of the owner, where he retires to enjoy himself without state. It is superior to the ornamented cottage, standing as it were between the cottage cornée of the French and the mansion or hall of the English... Quite unlike those merchant's and sugar-baker's boxes which crowd the sides of Clapham Road and Kennington Common. We think that "Cottage ornée" was meant and whither would

be better than where, Mr Elmes. This style was greatly popularized by JC Loudon who in 1833 published a book of ornamental cottage designs mostly in the Gothick style. Loudon is celebrated in Derby for laying out the Arboretum at the expense of the Strutts, which was one of the first public parks in England open to everybody. These days that includes drug fiends and ladies of the night. An Englishman's home may be his castle and in it he has the right to be as snobbish and sarcastic as he likes about anybody else's. My own former des res exhibited slight traits of the fashion with its ornamental barge boards and shutters.

To round off our own little romp through the battle of the styles, it is worth noting that the very first Gothick revival building in England pre-dated Pugin and Loudon by 80 years. It was Strawberry Hill at Twickenham, built by Horace Walpole, eminent son of the most eminent of the early Hanoverians, Robert Walpole. Robert is generally reckoned to be the first of our Prime Ministers.

If you thought that Hanover Terrace had now given us of its best, I can add that it remains controversial to this day. Damien Hirst occupies the right hand wing. He now has planning permission to build a vast underground extension with a ten ton lift for the raising and lowering of his artworks. I surmise it will not be long before there is a tunnel direct to the animal homes in the Zoological Gardens, thereby enabling our Dame to cut out the middleman when it comes to obtaining the raw material for his future tankbusters.



2019 - Old King Kohler and The Asset Strippers

More of the Architecture foundation course for you.

You won't remember but a few years ago a blockbuster series on tv was Heimat, in German. It told the history of 20th century Germany through the eyes of one family and its varying fortunes. The family smithy was first a source of solid prosperity and later abandoned. The final shots showed this once productive beacon of pre-Industrial Revolution technology as a tourist attraction, left behind by the Wirtschaftswunder of the 1950s, the complete rebirth in western Germany of pre-war industrial enterprise and prosperity. The firm of Kohler AG was one which prospered again after the cataclysm.

Imagine dear reader my shock at seeing a German S&G machine in *The Asset Strippers* at Tate Britain. Heimat come to Millbank. You can mock at sugar refiners endowing great art houses; at Boots founding the local university to the mockery of DH Lawrence who cruelly called it cash chemistry; at the present day problems with oil and Big Pharma sponsoring the arts.

Dare I say the shock was increased more than twofold by the sight of a second S&G in the same installation.

S&G is Sander und Graff. Two German gentlemen designed a flatbed knitting machine whose columns of uniform stitches provide the warp. The bearded or latched needles sit in a needle bed. The patterning is either in the weft or in ornamental facings such as cord which form the warp in what usually becomes a warp faced trimming according to the design. The maximum width of the trimming is usually governed by the ability to throw the weft across the width of the warp, usually carried on a reciprocating bar.

Various techniques have been used to perform this. Pegs on linked chains are one, cams are another. The true genius masterstroke, probably the only real invention ever to improve the S&G machine after its invention was Peter Allen's oscillating arm, swinging through about 180 degrees, like a windscreen wiper. It dispenses with the bars carrying the weft that are operated by the patterning mechanism. The length of the arm is more or less limited only by the width of the machine and the speed at which it can run is faster than conventional by several orders of magnitude. A quite incredible and very profitable sight.

I am not saying the S&G machine is dead but the present demand for its products is very low from the traditional lampshade, novelty hat, funeral and furnishing markets. Nottingham Braid used to run about 30 S&G machines. I don't believe they ever had any made by Kohler who made these museum pieces.

The installation is itself a comment on the decline of industry.

While most people can recognise machine tools the S&G machines were met with indifference or incomprehension and I spent a few very emotional minutes being what the Americans call a docent, teaching the passing public the basics of trimmings manufacture.

Grown men do cry, in the wilderness.

The setting, by the way, is a perfect illustration of the adaptation of classical orders to modern buildings. Within some rigid classical rules there were many variations and a surprising amount of latitude, given the apparently narrow framework of orders. The Ionic order is the one with the curly scroll at the top of the column. It can be combined with leafy Corinthian to be called Composite. Now you know.

My picture was taken on a real German camera, thanks to PPI mis-selling. The strong 20th century domination of the German optical and photographic industry was one of the first to lose way after the post-war revival. It ceded priority to the other post-war wonder economy in the land of the Rising Sun. It was an avoidable disaster. The winning designs and technology were there but were suppressed by the old guard at the western half of Zeiss. One by one they dropped out. Kodak stopped making their high quality German cameras. The last real German Rolleiflex was made around 2014. Then there was one. There are a few ageing camera collectors in the United Kingdom, but the growing market is China. After centuries of needing opium to be stuffed down them to be interested in buying anything European they are now buying up the whole of Europe including its heritage as fast as they can go, once they have finished with Africa

1979 - H Jepson and A Sindall

Having bought the Nottingham Braid Company in 1965 MCT then bought H Jepson Ltd, of Ascot Drive Derby in about 1968. Jepson was a long-established trimmings manufacturer who was based at Station Road in Kegworth before moving into Derby on the Ascot Drive Industrial Estate. Though all the roads on the estate are named after racecourses do not expect to travel on any of them at racing speeds, especially not when the Council has closed them off for three months. Despite the clue, this is not where the racecourse stood. That was near the Derwent not far from the Cricket Ground.

The boss at Jepson's was Peter White. For a short time MCT drove White's former company car, a Rover 3 litre. Somebody persuaded him that the car had a major fault and it had to go, but I drove it quite a few miles and there did not seem to be much wrong with it.

After the sale of the Nottingham site the braid and trimmings businesses were both at Ascot Drive. The building was rented from Peter White. It was not a masterpiece of modern construction methods, though it still stands, empty now for a few years. I have tried to find some evidence of the earlier

activity of H Jepson, but no joy so far. After MCT bought the business of A Sindall, against the advice of the accountants, the company name of H Jepson Ltd was changed to A Sindall Ltd. Nottingham Braid moved to Gresham Road, next to Rolls-Royce Main Works around 1980 and the Sindall business later moved there. The main office corridor became a ropewalk. Its machinery later became the foundation of Heritage Trimmings Ltd., under the direction of Nicholas and Karen Tubbs., the sixth generation trimmings entrepreneurs. Nick learnt the art of passementerie from Cecil Sindall who was I believe umpteenth generation trimmings manufacturer. Sendall is an old French word for silk, though Cecil thought he was a thoroughgoing Brit. The Huguenot silk weavers of Spitalfields have left a legacy of properties now too valuable to contemplate. They outwitted and outwove the traditional London Weavers whose Weavers' Company failed to keep control and went into a long decline, though now somewhat revived thanks to the efforts of Mark Tubbs, Martin Tubbs with a little help from others of course.

Though I did trace Sindall back a few generations I have found nothing so far for White or Jepson.

The Sindall works on Middleton Road, Dalston, London E8

was documented and catalogued by The Greater London Industrial Archaeology Society just before it was finally closed. There is a published account in their journal.

On a smaller note of despair I see that ric-rac braid is now woven. Yuk! A precursor of the S+G incident was to see a three section braiding machine being quietly ignored in the otherwise excellent little museum at Strutts Mill in Belper, former part of English Sewing Cotton. A similar experience at the Manchester Museum, where weaving machinery is naturally much more prominent. More docents please!

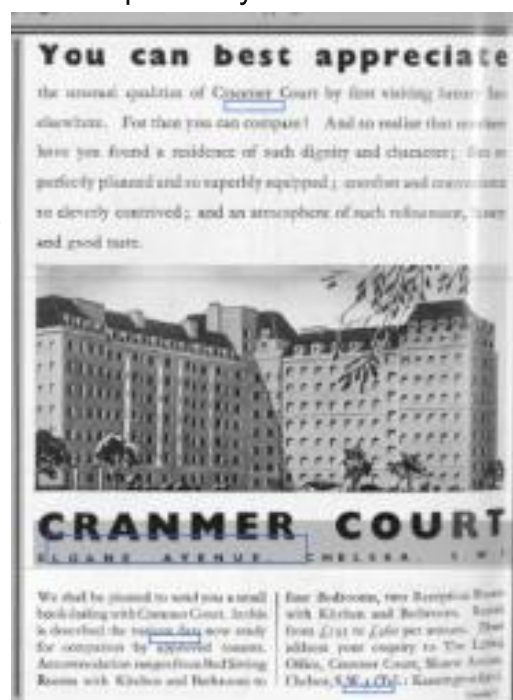
A crochet knit trimmings machine in the disturbingly novel context of the Tate Gallery (left) . A trimmings factory without any trimmings machines, but they were about to be installed. c1979 (below)



Cranmer Court

When widowed in 1933 AMT and her unmarried children moved to Cranmer Court when it was new; according to Bunny the leases were cheap as they had not sold well.

Gray continued to live at Cranmer Court after AMT's death until his own in 1965.



Memories of Ompaq Island



This picture has more resonance for me than for most folk.

It is the 40% scale model that used to grace the entrance to Heathrow Airport. It was removed when Concorde stopped flying.

We had christened the location Ompaq Island as there was a distressed ad for Compaq computers on the same spot. Little did I know that I would later work for Hewlett Packard (HP) who bought Compaq not long after I worked at LHR. HP's COE the Presidential hopeful Carly Fiorina got fired for that misadventure. Sales of Personal computers were about to peak as they got to the point you didn't need a new one every 18 months and not all that long before everybody was doing it on the cell phone. So HP bought Palm. Whoops! Remember them? Thought not. HP execs were made to use them, but that lasted about a week. Later HP got into Services (hence me, a serviceable sort of chap) just as the pressure was to go downmarket, cut-price and not in England. If the winner is the one who makes the least mistakes they still need divine guidance. For sure.

For a short time I occupied the office in the BA Engineering building immediately next to the Concorde servicing bay at LHR and used to see Concorde close-up every day and often had to give way when having negotiated Ompaq we were

heading for the staff car park as a Concorde was being towed into position in the bay. For me spotting G-BOAC was far better than any Norbert Dentresangle. As a visitor getting that staff car park pass was one of my major career achievements! The first time I went to Brooklands the model was languishing at the back of the site but it has now been installed as the gate guardian. There is also a real Concorde at Brooklands. No site in Britain (OK. The World) can begin to combine the history of motor sport and aviation as deeply as Brooklands. That is despite the fact that many of our present-day racing circuits are former RAF bases. The present day museum complex includes a part of the legendary banked circuit including the junction of the outer circuit and the start and finish straight which ends adjacent to the club house. Numerous pre-war sheds and huts are now well preserved including those of luminati such as Malcolm Campbell, fellow Old Uppinghamian and Meadhurstian (Meadhurst is one of the boarding houses in Uppingham). My immediate thought on seeing the clubhouse urinals was that Malcolm Campbell had busied himself here. This took me back to the facilities we shared at different times in Meadhurst. My small part in their final replacement was to take a series of graphic photographs showing their dismal state. The Governors were impressed and funds were provided for an upgrade! Sadly my negatives are lost.

Brooklands

The one member of the tribe who has direct links to Brooklands is naturally DB Tubbs who must have attended and reported on many meetings there but he also had his own competition history having entered in a Junior Car Club Trial in 1934 in his MG M type. There is an online report of the event in the Motor Sport Magazine. "Incidentally, Mr. Secretary Dyer dealt with his 350 entries in the calm, workmanlike manner which always ensures the success of J.C.C. events." With 350 entries the odds against Bunny being mentioned in dispatches were long.

His unpublished memoirs report that the M type, the car that saved the MG company from oblivion was somewhat over-rated. It was unreliable when pushed as hard as Bunny obviously wished to and its alleged horse power rating was far short of its actual output. Bunny's chagrin was heightened because he had a picked a Bugatti Type 13 Brescia of 1924 for £40 but Gray ruled that out; a newer MG at £80 would be more reliable surely! Gray was Bunny's legal guardian between PBT's death in 1933 and Bunny coming of age (25) in 1938. Nevertheless Bunny it gave a lot of people an affordable entree to motor sport along with the Austin 7; that must have been more fun than most people ever get with their trousers on. Many of those competitors were female by the way, but generally wore trousers for motor racing. At the 1934 event for

example "L. Levy, driving a Midget, beat Miss Evans in an L type Magna at a speed of 67.30 m.p.h.". The Magna was the six cylinder big brother of the MG Midget, naming which gave rise to them being known as Triple M cars, Midget, Magnette and Magna. In case you are not au fait - the MG might now be worth £30,000 to £40,000 and the Bugatti more like £1 million. Why Bugatti kicked off with a type 13 and MG with M is anybody's guess. M probably stood for Midget of course but then MG went back to C and skipped M the second time round. Only photocopiers and Ompaq computers have more obscure model numbers.

Barbara Cartland was at the centre of the social whirl which went with Brooklands. If you are up to reading a satirical account of a day's motor racing in the 30s read Evelyn Waugh's Vile Bodies.

Vickers Wellington

The world of historic flying would be much poorer without the flying replicas that were built for Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines, a film set at Brooklands, but the real titan of aviation there was Vickers whose mass production of Wellington bombers ensured Brooklands' record as the airfield from which the most British maiden flights took off.

Brooklands now has one and a bit Wellingtons, the bit being the fuselage section which has been replaced in the reconstruction of the Loch Ness Monster that emerged largely intact in 1985. It was found by those looking for a different shape of monster. Thank you Nessie hunters. All but one of the crew survived.

Much as the Liberty ship Robert E Peary was built at No 2 Yard in 4.5 days, so was a Wellington bomber completed at Brooklands in 24 hours. The film is on You Tube. The Liberty exercise took place a year before MCT started there, but the collective memory of that incredible achievement must have been a constant spur to high output.

Motor racing stopped at Brooklands on the outbreak of war; later the site became quite run down and the remains of the banked circuit were in a ruinous state, reminiscent of the dereliction at Bletchley Park. Miracles have been achieved and though it is not possible to race there some vintage enthusiasts do get a chance to turn their wheels on part of the world's first purpose built race track. I walked a few yards of it. Having been motored round the Brickyard in Indianapolis, the world's second, I have to say I prefer Brooklands, but that is sheer, blind prejudice.

McEvoy

Reader I also built an aeroplane at Brooklands. It is not of a type with a strong record of actually being able to fly, alas. Another small hut at Brooklands was the base of McEvoy's motor cycle racing activities, whose Zoller car supercharger business moved to Derby, as reported here last year. 'Colonel' Michael McEvoy was a leading member of the Derby &

District Motor Club and was involved in the very earliest negotiations for the Opening of Donington Park as a motor racing venue, a working arena for Bunny from the early days pre-war right up to the 1980s when Bunny provided commentary on VSCC racing from Starkeys Bridge, something that does not regularly happen at meetings these days. What impressed us most about that was Bunny's ability to absorb beer all afternoon without need for any discharge. His nut and bolt knowledge of every car competing and its history was small change by comparison.

It makes no odds that my plane was assembled at Brooklands on April 1. Here seen at an advanced stage of build.



1919 - The Station Company. The end of the line.

For details of the formation and operation of the Station Company please download my 2017 newsletter or see a substantially similar web version at tubbspubs.org.uk. Manning Foster, the contemporary historian of the Company wrote:-

The work at Waterloo was carried on for about 4 years, Lieutenant Tubbs being in command until December, 1918, when pressure of other work made it necessary for him to send in his resignation. From that time Sergeant Burrett, who was appointed Acting Company-Sergeant-Major, was in command until the disbandment of the Company.

We have speculated that it was the birth of Roy Carlton in October 1918 which caused the domestic discord that occasioned his resignation. Though the Armistice was in place by December PBT must have known that the returning troops would have very similar needs to those who passed through Waterloo during the war.

However that is not the last event relating to the Company. As early as February 1919 a presentation was made to PBT of a silver salver accompanied by an illuminated certificate expressing thanks. PBT bound this in with a number of other documents which accompanied the presentation or represented thanks from the Commanding Officer in London, General Feilding, a member of the same family as the Earls of Denbigh, the ones that can't spell as their kinsman Henry Fielding the novelist pointed out.

The most prominent autograph signature accompanying the presentation is Earl Haig, as he was by then. During the war he was General Sir Douglas Haig, Field Marshal from January

1917. Haig spent much of the rest of his life attending to the welfare of his men. Widespread disrespect for Haig really only came in the 1960s with *Oh what a lovely war* and Alan Clarke's *Lions led by Donkeys*, which distorted the story badly. The Poppy Appeal was for many years known as the Earl Haig Fund.

Haig is or is not credited with the developments that led to the allies winning the war in 1918, according to which history you read. Perhaps the most astonishing thing I have learnt this year is that the Creeping Barrage, credited as one of the most important techniques of the war was first introduced to the BEF not by Haig, not by any general but by the future Field Marshal Alan Brooke, then a mere Lieutenant Colonel in an artillery battalion attached to an Infantry division. His division achieved all its objectives on the first day of the Somme. Brains help.

It seems likely that other seniors in the Station Company operation were also recognised but I have no evidence for that. At one time the book and the salver became separated, the book coming via CBT and the salver from Lirlie who had not fully appreciated its significance until I mentioned it and it emerged from the depths. The understanding I gave her was that it would be presented to a museum but my only attempt so far resulted in a deafening silence. It is not hugely valuable. Local superstar tele-auctioneer Hanson did not put a value on it all much over the bullion value of the silver. It is a great deal more important than that. An analysis of all the signatories would reveal an unknown microcosm of WWI activity that has only been documented at the top level, like so much of the rest of history.



Two pages from the document compiled by PBT after the presentation was made.

The first signature is Haig of Bemersyde, the title taken by Sir Douglas Haig, though the Hsigsd of Bemersyde were another, more illustrious branch of his clan. The second, Sir Francis Lloyd, the GOC London district during the war.

The third signature is Lieutenant General Feilding, a member of the Denbigh family, later GOC London.

The second leaf has the signatures of Beatty and Ypres at the bottom. That is Earl Beatty the commander of the Battle Cruisers at Jutland and later First Sea Lord.

The last signature is Ypres, better known as Sir John French the first commander of the British Expeditionary Force as the British Army was always known in WWI. There were three battles of Ypres during WWI, none of them convincing allied victories. It has always seemed an odd choice of title.

On the same page we see the signatures of lesser known folk such as Beryl Wilson of the Waterloo Buffet. It is the astonishing breadth of contributors which makes this document so interesting

113

The home of the CB Tubbs family during the years 193?-1952 was 113 Norfolk Avenue in Sanderstead, now a suburb of South Croydon but historically part of the manor of Selsden and Sanderstead.

I was fortunate that on visiting this area I got talking to the present owner of 113. She has some boundary issues with the neighbours which date back to before the Tubbs occupation and she very kindly sent me the text of a legal document which was attested by CBT on behalf of his late wife Irene that they had had full enjoyment of the disputed territory. Those documents had turned up in a jumble sale in the Midlands and the purchaser forwarded them to Sanderstead.

I am intrigued to find that that one of the most significant occupants and developers of the manor which dominated the area until the inter-war development was Abel Smith who probably means little to you but from the first scent of his name I realised he must be connected to the Smiths and Collins of Nottingham and indeed he was.

Smiths Bank in Nottingham's Old Market Square aka Slab Square, is the oldest bank branch in the country (probably). It was founded by descendants of of the Collin who was a Civil War gunner, merchant, goldsmith who turned into a banker. It is also said to hold the oldest bank account in the country which I take to be the account of the Collins charity but that is just a guess.

The Smith empire also extended to Derby. The former National Westminster Bank on the Market Place was known as Smith's Branch.

Collins Almshouses were on Collin Street in Nottingham which is the south side of the Broadmarsh Centre and quite disgracefully were demolished to make way for that unpleasant development which also destroyed the magical Drury Hill, no end of caves and some bits that were less worthwhile. The first bit of the Broadmarsh to be built was the multi storey car park and that has recently been demolished.

Collin Street is unremittingly bleak these days. My interest in

the area covers the history of the railways which ran above the Broadmarsh, to be replaced by the present trams on the same route, a very minor involvement in the building of the Broadmarsh Centre, the many caves now destroyed and the unforgivable destruction of Drury Hill

My view includes a wing of Nottingham Castle, presently undergoing a major refurbishment. The Collin ancestor of the Smiths made his name as a gunner, firing on the Royalist stronghold castle from St Nicholas' Church during the English Civil War.

The present almshouses are in Bramcote beside the A52 so friends of that road pass them as they wend their way towards the stretch that is now known as Brian Clough Way, presently a car park carefully contrived by Derby City Council to demonstrate its aptitude for incompetence and savage disregard of the amenities of its populace. Makes no difference if they are Left or Right.

Smith Payne and Smith moved, or more likely extended their business to London around 1765 and snapped up the Selsden Park property when its owner went bankrupt. Bankers are good at that. The Cromptons mopped up most of Derby over the years. Apparently the late Queen Mother was related to the Smiths, who moved on in 1877. One of the later owners extended the house and converted it to a hotel in the 1920s, which is its present use I believe. The Smiths' bank was absorbed by what is now the National Westminster Bank.



Banklays

South Croydon benefited for many years from having a branch of the Nat West's rival, Barclays Bank. The National Provincial, and Westminster banks merged in the early 1970s. The South Croydon branch was designed by Percy B Tubbs and is the first of several banks he designed which I have been able to positively identify (Love the double negative. Ed) . You wouldn't want to go there these days! It is a funeral parlour. The age of the present Barclays in Sloane Square is right for PBT but it is not really in his style. I have identified the site of

the former rival District Bank in North Harrow. Can his Barclays building have been far away? There is a candidate but it is in rather a large block. His building on Barbican has most assuredly disappeared along with almost everything else on what is now largely Beech Street, perhaps the most dismal street in London, now an underpass. The name Barbican has been transferred from a street name back to the whole area, a reference to the fortifications on the perimeter of The City.



Caslon

The jury is still out on the work that PBT is reported to have done for Caslon. Caslon is one of the two really great names in English typography before the 20th century. The other is John Baskerville. By 1873 the Caslon dynasty had died out and the business was inherited by his employee Thomas Ward Smith whose sons owned the business until it was taken over by Stephenson Blake in 1937. Their premises were on Chiswell Street, best known as the home of the Whitbread Brewery, another rare survivor of the Blitz on the Barbican area.

The Smiths changed their name to Caslon-Smith and later just to Caslon. Sidney Herbert Smith was one of

three Smith brothers who became partners in the business in 1896. It was SH and Stella M Caslon who attended CBT's wedding in 1922, and so the Caslons must have been more than mere clients of Cecil's father. After moving the works to Hackney Wick around 1901 they moved office along Chiswell Street, itself an extension of Barbican, from Numbers 22-23 to Numbers 82-83, nearby and much smaller. I now speculate that it was in connection with this move around 1909 that Percy Tubbs became involved.

In commemoration of the family's connection with Caslon this article is set in Truetype Caslon Old Face Roman.

Derby does it

... badly as a rule. With enormous fanfares Derby launched its eBike scheme. If the battery is charged there is a fair amount of pedal assistance but lo and behold the Sun does not shine on Derby every day and the state of charge of the batteries, more used to a life in sunny California, was usually very low.

Many honest citizens were unable to work out how to return the bikes and lock them safely. This gave an opportunity to other honest folk as they could get a free ride if they did return them properly. There are now schemes, in London for example, for bikes which do not need to be tethered.

I do not know if London experiences the Derby syndrome where everything is an opportunity for crime. I suspect it does. The bikes became mules for drug deliveries. In order to evade

surveillance it was necessary to disable the GPS system which was also powered by the battery. The rate of vandalism led to the withdrawal of the scheme.



Ad Astra (revisited)

One of my interests in the history of photography is aerial photography and the equipment that was used to make the photographs and the unparalleled bravery of the men who flew repeatedly over enemy territory in unarmed aeroplanes.

Collecting aerial cameras is out of the questions as they are large, rare and expensive but nevertheless. You may recall my ghoulishly cheeky picture of a parasol photographed from the steeple of the Marienkirche in Osnabrueck, Derby's twin city.

Per ardua ad astra, Towards the stars the hard way.

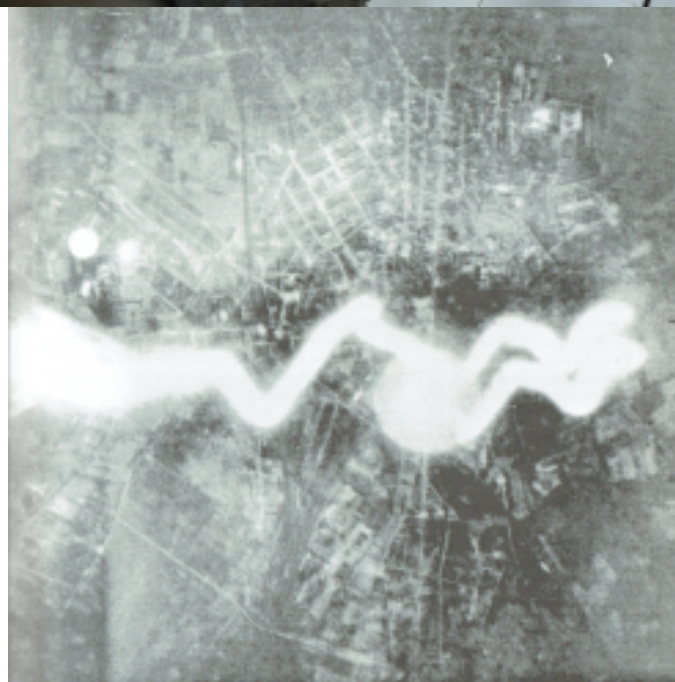
The aerial photograph has the distinction of being the highest taken at night by the RAF during the 1939-1945 war. It was taken on the night of 18/19 April 1944 from 36,000 feet over Osnabrueck from a Mosquito of No 8 Pathfinder group. It was an experimental operation and photograph designed to test the viability of using a long exposure combined with a photo-flash which illuminated the ground, whereas the snake is the progress of a target indicator flare dropped from another Mosquito. Truth is stranger than fiction! They also dropped a few 500 pounders though it was not a regular bombing raid.

Such wide scale photography required regular raids of a different nature – on the stock of silver held in Fort Knox.

The point of the 2014 visit was to see, enjoy and encourage the first ever Beer Festival in that city, hence the beer tents in the picture, which we did with gusto and received a civic welcome from the burghers of Derby's twinned town in the Rathaus on the other side of the Marktplatz..

Sadly old age or something has caught up with me and the enjoyment of beer drinking and beer festivals is in the past. A little light research but few visits to the pub.

This picture of an red Astra parasol at the beer festival was taken in Osnabrueck from a steeple about 35,700 feet below the aerial shot and almost exactly 60 years later



Tommy goes for Gold

Talking of pubs ... Tommy Who?

Not the deaf dumb and blind child of the rock opera but self-taught and deaf all the same.

You already know that A.R. (Tommy) Thompson R.A. painted a whimsical little fantasy supposedly based on The Grapes, down Limehouse way, as they say. You do, because it appeared in this newsletter in 2012.

It seems that the present joint leaseholder of the pub is none other than the chief Luvvie himself, Ian McKellen. As is so often the way with new owners, the previous clientele is reported to be a great deal less than grunted.

Thompson you will recall, painted both Cecil and Grahame Burnell Tubbs. Grahame, who lived at Cranmer Court was a patron of the art world. Both portraits hang chez moi and I hope they will stay in the family for a good while yet.

Being an autodidact did not stop him from being the last ever winner of an Olympic Gold Medal for painting. Must be in the Book of Guinness Records! Roll on synchronised doodling. He was a wartime salaried employee of the Air Ministry, an accomplished muralist and designer of posters, and an

Olympian! Possibly the first Olympian eligible for a Paralympian competition who won in the able-bodied category.



Halliwell Mill

What's in a name?

The painting of the Nottingham Braid Company's premises has featured here before. Technically it was on Aberdeen Street, but the letterbox was on the corner of Handel Street and Aberdeen Street in Nottingham's Sneinton township, near to Sneinton Market. Handel Street was the major road, on the tram route and most folk would think of the factory as being on Handel Street, if they think of it at all. Handel is the German

for trade, but I suspect the name came from the composer, though in reality both are written Haendel (alternatively Händel pronounced hendel, so know you know). MCT commissioned the painting of the Nottingham Braid works in 1972 some time after the door at the corner had been replaced by brickwork, creating a small office where previously there had been an entrance lobby. Indeed this was around the time that the works migrated to Derby. It may even be that the painting was made from a photograph. The artist was one Gordon Jump. It consisted of four floors including the basement. The machinery on the top floor was out of use and only a selection of the plant was re-located to Derby.

Dad also bought this painting of Bolton's Halliwell Mill. The likely reason for that is

not obvious until you find out that its precise location in Bolton is Handel Street. The Mill was rebuilt around the turn of the 20th Century following a fire and is generally known these days as Falcon Mill, for which local knowledge I am much indebted to David Mason and Margaret Koppens of Bolton. There was a Halliwell at Tre Arddur House but the connection is not proven. The picture of the mill hung in MCT's office. The colours here are wrong but it is from this photograph that the Boltonians identified the mill for me.





Afterwords

It is now traditional that I predict the present edition will be the last. This year I think there will be one more, all being well, with some of the unfulfilled ideas developed a little.

Well of course the highlight of the year was the wedding of Anna and Elliot but this publication is still pretty well stuck on



pre-history.

With Charles' 65th birthday following on it has been one long, hectic social whirl, the sort where it is difficult to partake and photograph at the same time.

2019 Crossword

The crossword may also be accessed online at tubbspubs.org.uk. At the time of writing though it is not

possible to save one's solution between sessions. There is also a PDF of the crossword alone at the same location

Across

1. That is to say parliamentarians are grimaces (6)
5. Distinguished Scientist No. 8 in squadrons (8)
9. Foreign but always foreign under water (8)
10. Bookman with bad review in NT (6)
11. Non U, complex paper ornament (4,6)
13. I say (4)
14. short X is IX mm weapon (4)
15. Surprised as weight I lost (10)

17. Disbelief in PM? Measure of minor order. (10)
19. Talk up in trophy pentathlon (4)
20. At sixes and sevens as Jonah. Oops! (4)
22. Chinese Luggage to cut it short in a word (10)
24. Not a verse not a virtual technology is looking at you abroad (6)
25. Family of screamer is one from Oz (8)
27. Scamp? No sir back in jail (8)
28. Rat flies drone to back of set (6)



Down

2. Commie offensive in Vietnam goes by the board (9)
3. of the ears? (7)
4. Think in short you are caught in two directions (3)
5. All together now!. Birkenhead disempowered. (9)
6. Matter of taste experienced by Gravity in a big way (11)
7. Veg? Spurn it (7)
8. Disprove alternative to 7 (5)
12. Picture America as artistic phases (11)
16. Big bang with No time for Northern exploits (9)
18. pocket half a nicker (7)
19. As tempera is developed so is drawing (7)
21. Surprise dream state for wives (5)
23. Go to work on 21's guardian (5)
26. Not Swedish or Danish in short. (3)