

The SS Mendi - can't the tale be told? Beggars belief!

THE



TUBBS

Christmas 2014

Congratulations to AJ and Anna!



To lose two aunts this year in the space of a few weeks was a hard blow to all of us, but nothing compared to the loss suffered by Leslie. As I have spoken at length about Lirlie and Doreen at their respective funeral and memorial services I will not repeat myself. None of my copies of individual images of Lirlie will stand further enlargement. We do now have more information about Doreen's mysterious car crash which I mentioned.

The accident happened on 1st August 1956 at Teskelly Crossroads, St Germans, Cornwall, which I have identified. Two cars were involved and five people were injured all "seriously".

Doreen was the passenger of Brian Waddington Leech of Gatley, Cheshire. His car was a Standard 8. The other vehicle, a 14 HP Morris Oxford (probably of about 1927), belonged to The Earl of St Germans and contained a daughter of said Earl. I believe that an annotated reference, on the police report from which this information is taken, to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe is misleading and so precludes any further reference here to railway locomotives or deodands. The two

peerages are separate and her family name was Eliot, that of St Germans. Why his lordship didn't have Leech and Doreen executed remains a mystery. The two questions are 1 - What was she doing in a car with a bloke from Cheshire? We understand there was a strong romantic attachment. 2 If it was a holiday how did they get the petrol during the Suez Crisis? That is more easily answered. The effect

was delayed and rationing did not come in until the end of the year and was in force during 1957, affecting Mother's learner driving in that year - though panic buying, widespread theft and shortages started before then. Dad's modern Morris Oxford (same as a Hindustani taxi) was a victim of petrol theft.

This year has also seen the death of Brian Stokes, in loco parentis at Meadhurst (Uppingham) for most of my stay. I was lucky not to be the one caught by him drinking Ruddles County (real Ruddles County from Langham, not the rat's water that Greene King

make), at the Marquis of Exeter in Lyddington, whither he later retired; and the hideously early death of my alter ego Julian Hough, one half of the Two Fat Julians of Derby drinking fame. Highlights of the year have been being Treasurer of the National Winter Ales Festival that made nearly as big a surplus as the three preceding Derby festivals added together; a party to celebrate the engagement of AJ and Anna Raisey; Charles' 60th Birthday Party; driving an Austin Seven round an orchard in North Yorkshire and missing all the trees; predictably being asked to help HP get back on track with



their applications support for Rolls-Royce ho ho!; explaining the significance of T88 TFL to readers of *The Times* (think two fat ...) and wondering why it takes 28 pages to record it all.

My newest toy is a camera with a fisheye lens so prepare to be immortalised looking really silly! Google lomography. Happy Christmas.

WATERLOO WATERLOO !



This painting was reproduced in The Times' preview of the BADA Spring Fair in 2014 (copyright belongs to Sim Fine Art). It was selected for the precosity of its artist, Anna Zinkeisen who was a 17 year old student at the Royal Academy Schools. Yours for a couple of grand. While there is known to be a preparatory sketch of this work I don't know if she made other views at the station but it seems probable. She later established herself as a successful portraitist and worked as a volunteer medical artist and nurse during the second lot.

You can imagine what you get when you google Limerick. May Irwin (not the Canadian actress of the same name) married the 4th Earl of Limerick in 1890. The Earl was a professional soldier, and the 5th Earl his brother was a member of the London Yeomanry. So - was she waving across the platform at PBT and his buffet, as they piped the icing onto their respective buns, or were they cooperating? Who knows. Lady Limerick does not appear to have signed the presentation to PBT after the war. Perhaps such things were beneath her.

Note the abundance of flags - at least one belonging to a land which was not on our side in a later conflict.

The great frontage of Waterloo Station is itself a memorial to the railwaymen who lost their lives during the war, more difficult to steal than the Midland Railway's, and the station concourse was the subject of a well known before-and-after pair of posters, depicting the concourse in the second war and then in peace. The station's military history does not stop at Waterloo!

There was a young artist at Waterloo
Who needed the use of a Portaloo
She quickly drew many
to sell for that penny
and said to the men - parlez vous?

There will be a bun with pink icin' on it for the best rival limerick, not by me, relating to this story received here by 6th January 2015 that begins with the line - There was a young lady called Zinkeisen

The elephant missing from the room at this centenary of the famous Christmas truce of 1914 is any account of it that was written by Will Sutton when he was still serving at the front with the Somerset Light Infantry before moving up towards a staff position. Carolyn typed a transcription of it for MCT so there should be copies. The SLI museum denies having a copy so where have they gone? As I reported last year, the official history of the SLI passes over the Christmas period without comment - a desparately shabby piece of historical revision.

WATERLOO CHOO CHOO TWO TWO



Perhaps I should wait another five years before alluding to this, which is a mere taster of the many items of interest connected with this story - one of which is a connection to the denizens of Monks Kirby. One of the brightest writers on *The Times* was unaware of how the war lasted into 1919. The reason is simple. The War ended at the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. Only the fighting in the West came to an end in November 1918, and it was months before all the troops returned. The treaty arrangements produced one of the best tales of all. Q Prime Minister, will you be taking Lady Lloyd George to Versailles with you? A. One does not take sandwiches to a banquet!

Grandfather's Army.

Cecil B. Tubbs (1896-1988) left two distinct sets of audio memoir. A private memoir was recorded by Elise Tubbs his second wife, of which my copies are probably incomplete and the sound quality is not very good but the content is priceless. An interview with a researcher from the Imperial War 's Oral History Department, is technically much better and consists of four half hour tapes (reference 8865/04). These are now available online at <http://m.iwm.org.uk/collections/item/object/80008659> and describe how he joined the Somerset Light Infantry (SLI) with great enthusiasm as a private soldier. Having learned the eye test chart he was finally deemed fit to join up, soon became commissioned into its 8th Battalion, learned informally about bombing, went to France, based near Armentieres, in August 1915 and was severely injured in November while reconnoitring in No Man's Land. This was a novel activity in that area of the line though nearly a year into the agonising stalemate of trench warfare. Bombing here refers to small grenades such as home made IEDS, Mills bombs to be thrown or launched by catapult and, a little later, trench mortars aka Stokes Guns. Before returning to 8th Battalion in France in 1916 CBT took a formal course in bombing and was appointed Battalion Bombing Officer and Officer Commanding Headquarters Company and was engaged in the battle of the Ancre, the autumnal finale of the Somme campaign that had started on 1st July 1916 with 20,000 allied soldiers killed on



the first day. Compare that with the estimated deaths from Ebola, or my later estimate of the Spanish 'flu toll. His old injury was already troubling him severely when he was required to liaise with other Companies under fire, an action for which he was awarded the MC, but was then invalidated out of the front line again. Routine liaison with other officers had threatened a dangerous amount of social drinking and CBT had become teetotal for the duration. He was posted to take charge of a large munitions dump on the racecourse at Dieppe. The website of the racecourse records only:-

En 1913, la Société des courses de Deauville se vit octroyer l'autorisation de courir dès le dernier jeudi du mois d'août. Malgré les protestations de Dieppe, elle dut s'incliner et le meeting de 1914 se déroula dans les mêmes conditions. Pendant les cinq années qui suivirent il ne fut plus question de courses... En 1919, l'hippodrome de Dieppe-Rouxmesnil put rouvrir ; mais la situation de concurrence avec Deauville n'était pas terminée. Deauville obtint de courir jusqu'au dernier dimanche d'Août et même deux jours supplémentaires pendant la semaine du meeting dieppois. Malgré la grande implication du conseil municipal de Dieppe et les multiples démarches de la Société des courses de Dieppe, la situation perdura.

In other words a dispute with the races at Deauville weighed nearly as heavily against racing at Dieppe as the fact that it was occupied by a munitions dump

with its own railway system.

Nevertheless racing resumed in 1919. August has always been the time for horse racing in Dieppe, no doubt to coincide with the holiday influx from Paris. A star witness to the return of racing is no less than Water Richard Sickert, one time member of the Camden Town group heretoforementioned in these pages and an outside runner in the Who-was-Jack-the-Ripper stakes, a theory that is nowadays not taken seriously. He returned to live in Dieppe for a while in 1919, having first painted there in the 1880s. To my mind this is one of his finest works and I was

already struck by its magnificence before I realised the significance of its setting. The painting can be found at the Birmingham City Art Gallery. At my visit the painting was hanging in the same room as fine works by Churchill's chum Alfred Munnings, generally considered to be the best English painter of horses of the 20th century. I'd take the Sickert any day, though the image does not reproduce well.

The racecourse came off much worse during the 1939-45 war. It was mined, bombed and had blockhouses built on it. Racing did not resume until 1947.

CBT held the acting rank of Captain, which was confirmed as a permanent promotion only after he left the army. Online searches for this dump produce only reference to CBT's memoirs, though it had its



own railway lines which ought to have come to the notice of some military railway buff. He was subjected to attempted break-ins by his superiors testing CBT's security dispositions, which resulted in a successful request for the size of the company to be doubled to 250 and a reminder that his men had orders to shoot intruders on sight. His men were mostly outcasts from various different regiments. I surmise there would have been ROD (Railways Operating Department) staff and Ordnance workers in addition. Despite having the comforts of Dieppe within easy reach he remained teetotal until the end of the war, celebrating the Armistice on ginger ale and bitters.

Here began an aspect of his army career that was most unusual, I think, for an officer of only very modest educational attainment. He was frequently required to attend courts martial, often prosecuting men for drunkenness, but much more surprisingly he gained a reputation for his ability to get men off

from more serious charges.

He mentions the most serious incident in which he was involved, in fact one of the greatest UK shipping disasters of the twentieth century in home waters, and according to an evidently incomplete list on Wikipedia it's in the top 20-30 of all time maritime disasters, but the details of how he came to defend the prisoner for his life are not clear to me. It happened on 21st February 1917. SS Mendi, a steamer of 4230 tons, had been requisitioned as a troopship from the Elder Dempster line, which sounds like a genealogical offshoot of the Daily Mail Diary, but was a major shipping company. The later Merchant Navy Class of locomotive celebrated shipping lines using the port of Southampton that was served by the Southern Railway. The locomotive Elder Dempster Line was scrapped in 1968 though 11 of the 30 in its class survive in one form or another, a very high rate of survival. Its little sister *Hartland* used to reside at Dick Shaw's yard just round the corner from Nottingham Braid. Mendi was carrying a force of 800 or so black members of the South African Labour Corps and their white officers from South Africa, via Lagos and Plymouth to France. She was heading for Le Havre, escorted by the destroyer HMS Brisk, when she was struck by the SS Darro, an empty meat ship that was bound for Argentina.

The hero of the day is claimed to have been the padre on the trooper, Reverend Isaac Dyobha, who is said to have calmed the doomed men on the deck of the Mendi thus:- Be quiet and calm, my countrymen. What is happening now is what you came to do...you are going to die, but that is what you came to do. Brothers, we are drilling the death drill. I, a Xhosa, say you are my brothers...Swazis, Pondos, Basotho...so let us die like brothers. We are the sons of Africa. Raise your war-cries, brothers, for though they made us leave our assegais in the kraal, our voices are left with our bodies. - While this may be imaginary or embroidered it is surprising that it is not better known for its moral in the bitter South African struggle of the 20th century.

Sergeant Major Nichols, the defendant, must have been on the Mendi and appears to have escaped from the disaster in a rowing boat. He was charged with "Disgraceful conduct of a cruel kind" for fighting off other survivors trying to get into his

boat. There were 24 witnesses for the prosecution and 23 for the defence. CBT had to conduct the defence himself. The first barrister he briefed for the defence, named Ochs, had a breakdown caused by overwork just before the trial.

Next in the cab rank was a man named Smith who succumbed to delirium tremens, leaving the teetotal Tubbs in charge. The trial lasted two and a half days and Nichols was acquitted.

Apparently he showed no gratitude to CBT, despite celebrating his acquittal most vigorously.

The master of the Darro, Henry W Stump, had his licence suspended for a year at a separate hearing, and it remains a mystery why he did not get to the assistance of the Mendi, but there is speculation that racial prejudice may have been involved. 646 men died of whom 30 were British crew and the remainder almost all from the black community. Most of the survivors were picked up by the destroyer.

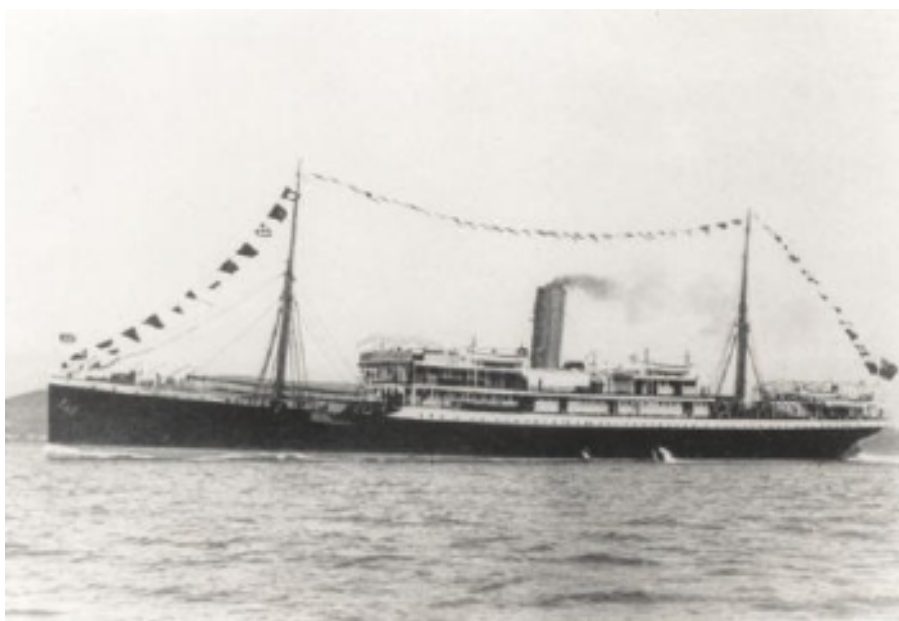
CBT's return to the consumption of alcohol may have been occasioned by the outbreak of influenza which in Western Europe followed closely on the Armistice. CBT caught the lethal strain of 'flu and was dosed with hot whisky by his batman, Sonny Jim Richardson, whose widow Leili I remember meeting in CBT's flat in Finchley around 1959-60. The 1918-1919 outbreak of 'flu is said to have killed 500 Million people worldwide. This version of the story differs from one that the whisky was applied to his leg wound, but my version is direct from CBT's memoir and is likely to be correct. CBT states only that iodine was applied to the wound. CBT mentions two other batmen in his memoirs, both with improbable names from central casting. Trigger, who appears to have been a loveable rogue

from the private Walker school of retail therapy, was killed near Armentieres around the time of CBT's injury. His batman at the time of his second term in the trenches during the battle of the Ancre rejoiced

in the name of Pike, but I am not supposed to have told you that! The fact that CBT is depicted here with a walking stick and is also wearing the medal ribbon for his MC indicates that this is when he was back on duty after his second leave for injury. There is no direct

evidence this was taken at Dieppe but it dates to that period.

There is a very sourly ironic passage in Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* in which he records how it was possible to feel secure from victimisation on the Home Front when able to wear the medal ribbon. I doubt CBT saw it quite like that.

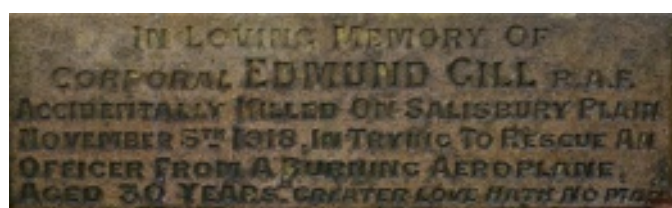


Sans Gill

I believe it a mere coincidence that my ancestors carry the name of one of the 20th century's most notorious libertines, Eric Gill, the sculptor and typographer. The churchyard of St Thomas at Thurstonland contains a number of Gill graves from the voluminous family which centred on Thurstonland, Kirkburton and surrounding villages for quite a few generations. Many were Methodists but their chapel is now in private hands.

As with all matters relating to the Gill and Maude side of the family I am grateful to Roger Gill for his tremendous and detailed work on both branches of the family, and the late Gordon Hinchcliffe for doing all the work. Roger's research has thrown up an interesting wartime account, one that is especially tragic. Corporal Edmund Gill (40436) of the Royal Air Force was killed within a week of the Armistice, on 5th November 1918. He was stationed on Salisbury Plain and, despite serious risks, went to

the assistance of an officer who had crashed at the aerodrome. The aeroplane (It's an aeroplane Bader, not a plane!) caught fire and the bombs which it was carrying duly exploded. The funeral at Thurstonland did not go to plan. An RAF firing party got off the train at Brockholes rather than Stocksmoor and missed the service. Edmund was a child of the marriage of Henry Gill (1849-1915) and Martha Adamson (1850-1930). He is the only Gill on the village war memorial. There is a memorial inscription on a family grave in St Thomas' churchyard. He would have been the uncle of the Edmund Gill (b1924) some of us have met. The younger Edmund was named in honour of his brave uncle.



Rose and Crown

The Rose and Crown in Thurstonland can rejoice in still being a pub when the Cooperative Store and the Chapel have now changed hands. It appears to have developed from two cottages that were once part of the surrounding farm complex. It exhibits a curious form of what might be inverted snobbery, but might be restoration. Typically the older buildings in Thurstonland have casement windows upstairs with numerous mullions, allowing for as much light as possible on domestic weaving before the factory system took over. All are built from the local millstone which I used to think, in my childhood, was naturally black. Local fields were probably used for drying dyed or bleached pieces.

A photograph of the pub from the 1930s clearly shows sliding sash windows, which would have been more expensive to glaze and quite the fashionable thing at the time. Additional mullions have now been inserted to make the windows look more like the local vernacular. Seth Senior brewed at Shepley from 1910 and sold out with over 90 pubs to Hammonds of Bradford and Tadcaster in 1947, so later became part of the Bass empire. I don't know if the Rose & Crown was tied, but it appears not as they also sold Bass. The modern Brass Monkey Brewery is club-based in Huddersfield. Its consultant brewer is Dave Corbie, one of the finest technical brewers, who brewed for



my friend Edward for many years. The Rose and Crown was kept by my thrice great grandfather John Gill until his early death in 1841. Drink is said to have contributed to that early demise but it is not known if this was an influence on the abstinence of the chapel-going members of the tribe.



Nottingham, The Queen of the Midlands, has seen the closure of one of its last great traditional industries. Never a smokestack town, smoking was a major source of revenue. Nottingham was renowned as a city which could survive a depression because of its diverse industries, some of which could even adapt to the bad times. It was always said to share this luck with cities such as Bristol and York (cigs and chocolate). The working man's pleasure was defined as a fag and a pint, and he wanted a fag even if he wasn't working, though in Nottingham the former was always pronounced s'grett. Nottingham had cigarettes, cash chemistry and bicycles as well as lace. Surrounded by emerging million ton pits and railway systems geared to the transportation of coal to London, Nottingham could take it during a recession, if only just.

The Imperial Tobacco Company was formed in the era of imperial preference tariffs which protected Empire trade and divided Tories and Liberals alike.

When I worked for John Player & Co for a good few months in 1969, the end was not in sight for the tobacco industry. Players had four factories in Radford. No. 1 factory sprawled from Radford Boulevard to Alfreton Road and was bounded by Player Street and Beckenham Road. No. 2 Factory was an interwar spectacular, though not sufficiently modernist to attract the attention of preservationists. All that survives of the Radford plants is the main office frontage and the clock that hung outside No 2 factory. Nos 3 and 4 lay on the same side of the Boulevard as No 2. Boulevard is pronounced bully-ward, and no other way with the greatest stress on syllable 1, none on 2 and some on 3. Practise until you are bouleverse if you get it wrong. While I have your attention, Basford next to Radford is pronounced Baseford. The one near Stoke-on-Trent is pronounced as you might expect. Don't you get me started on Southwell! You know it pays to keep your ear open to avoid putting your foot in it.

Whenever I mention that I have worked at Players the first response is always about waste. There is a long-running urban myth that the cheapest brands were made from the sweepings off the floor. This, being a myth, you will already have divined, is not true. Tobacco reclaimed from anywhere where it had failed to be used in cigarette production was returned to what was misleadingly known as the snuff mill (see photograph). There it was ground, in a hazardous working environment, to a fairly fine powder but much coarser than consumers' snuff. The duty that had been paid on the tobacco was recovered from HMG and the 'snuff' was then sent to be used in

fertiliser. I worked in the snuff mill for several months. Despite receiving an allowance of two pints of milk a day to compensate for the dust, it got the better of me and I asked for other work, not a popular request from the lowest of the low.

It was Player's proudest boast that they payed £1 million every day in tobacco duty. The cheque was conveyed in royal style every day to the Customs Office on Talbot Street. The snuff mill was part of the bonded warehouse complex which adorns Ilkeston Road and borders Triumph Road to this day and was therefore adjacent to Raleigh. It is borderline brutal/handsome and is the twin of a building that Imperial erected in Bristol. It consists of three multi-storey blocks surrounding a single-story working area which also borders Ilkeston Road. The routine in the main bonded warehouse was unchanging. It could not be opened without consent from the Customs and Excise who had a permanent office. Deliveries were received from bonded warehouses at ports, transferred via one of six manually "driven" lifts to one of the seven storage levels and there stored in closely spaced aisles. Tobacco, always shipped very dense and dry, arrived in two different packages, cartons and drums. The drums were loosely constructed wooden drums containing 900lb. Of stalk (Try getting rid of the capital O, go on) and were rolled around the warehouse. They were



stacked two-high and to lift them a side-clamping lift truck was used, so not a forklift thank you. To extract them a long bar like a wrecking bar was inserted. Lift the bar and then run, preferably taking the bar and all of yourself with you. Despite several serious accidents this dangerous practice persisted while I was there. The cartons were stacked by the same clampers. The means of moving cartons was ingenious, if labour intensive. Cartons two high and two wide would be lifted from a lorry and then two men would each place a large roller skate accurately under one of the two lower cartons. I suspect that the roller skates had a name, but I have forgotten. They were worked by a warehouseman's tool of purpose which was used to place the skates under the cartons. Then the cartons could be pushed. I am very fortunate to have persuaded Walter Wilkinson the warehouse's resident cartoonist to capture me with such an implement in my hand – see picture. They were then pushed manually to the lifts and so to their storage place. Lift drivers received a "plussage" (then about 13/- per week (I think) when the basic wage was £16/9/- , they were required to stop the lift just above or just below the floor level according to the direction of the goods; so did fork /clammer lift drivers but best of all, so did anybody who had to write anything down. I think you got about £1 for that. After processing goods inward the next day's outgoing tobacco was brought down to the ground level, and of course it could not be released until the duty had been paid. A just-in-time system would have cut out a great deal of expense. I have never tried to work out how many days' worth of tobacco were kept there in bond, but lots. The cases were opened at the warehouse before being moved up to the main factory on pallets, I think. . Most of the hands in the warehouse were permanent staff and many years older than me. They unwittingly introduced me to the complexity of Nottingham as she was spoke, with a profound and profane military twist (given that most of them had served in the forces throughout the 1939-45 war) which was quite baffling at first.

One observation I made when I was working in the bond has remained unspoken until this day. Tobacco cartons were identified by their country of origin in stencilled letters. There were other labels with more detailed information which I never studied in detail but there were always minor differences. In the late 1960's there was an embargo on import of Rhodesian tobacco. There was still Rhodesian tobacco in bond, but there were also cartons identified as from Zaire, which looked

suspiciously similar to those from Rhodesia... if you get my drift. On a lighter note Players also provided bonded storage for Alton's the cigar manufacturers whose former premises still stand on Derby Road near Canning Circus. There is nothing more enticing and stimulating on the nose than a spicy variety of cigar leaves. Sun dried, against the flue-cured Virginias used in cigarettes, those leaves remain unbeaten in my flavour memory. Pipe tobaccos are also richer than cigarette leaves and have some exotic names. Cavendish presumably refers to the local brand of nobility, Latakia to its port of origin, now more famous for being a killing ground in Syria, and Niggerhead. Don't blame me. I'm just reporting the facts. Altons were also substantial brewers in Derby. Their offices are now the Wardwick public house. I guess they are related, but don't know.

Another item of equipment used in the factory had a name which I do remember, for no particular reason. In those days cigarette making and packing machines were separate. If you want to know the guilty secret, the cigarettes were made by men and packed by women in separate rooms. Cigarettes were delivered into plastic holders open on both sides, which were hooked onto a purpose-made trolley by their ends. Each of these trolleys probably held about 18 or maybe 24 or more of these trays, and they were called Bartletts, presumably in honour of their designer. They get everywhere those Bartletts!

I thought of my employment as short-term if not casual and I was placed in the Labour Pool, which doubled as the factory cleaning force. I think Players beat big Mac with the slogan by a century. If there's time to lean, there's time to clean. Some hands in the labour pool were permanent. Some departments were much more popular than others. There were two foremen on the labour pool, Mr Nasty and Mr Nice. The latter's name was Bill Padley. By earning the grudging respect of Mr Nasty – whose name obviously escapes me, but think moustachioed Regimental Sergeant Major from central casting – postings to the popular workplaces became possible. Top of the tree was Saturday office furniture moving, with overtime. Think canteen. Best weekday jobs were in cigarette manufacture, with overtime. Less attractive work was in pipe tobacco manufacture and of course, cleaning, using industrial mountains of powder Flash. All cleaning is now a busman's holiday, to be avoided, in case you haven't noticed. Why have a vacuum cleaner when all it does is sit there gathering

dust! I suppose they would have made me redundant if I had run out of tiles and pipework to clean but I doubt it. For the 6,000 people employed at Radford it seemed like a job for life, with a pension.

By the early 1970s, when I last worked at Players. the word was out about the dangers of tobacco. Players opened a new factory in Lenton, the Horizon factory, whose closure is now announced. This was designed to be convertible to potato crisp manufacture at six month's notice. Golden Wonder was then part of Imperial. When the whole lot fell to Charlie Hanson he sold off the crisps, food and Courage brewery businesses, making the usual Hanson profit, but shrewdly calculated he

could still make a lot of money out of killing us at our own expense. It wasn't long before the whole of the Radford complex had closed and the workforce was a few hundred. Molins improved the speed of their cigarette machines from about 2,000 per minute when I was there to 20,000 last time I heard, a few years ago and no doubt a lot faster since then., with central tobacco feed and coupled to the packing machines. I never saw the Horizon factory from inside though cleaning jobs took me to practically every corner of the old sites and Sherwood Rise and Waysegoose Drive and the Wilton Cinema and goodness knows. Most of Raleigh has been bagged by the University. Goodbye Old Nottingham.



This view of the bonded warehouse does not show the main building to best advantage but includes the snuff mill in the middle distance.

Decimalisation - You know it makes pence.

If you weren't around you will probably find it hard to believe how much resistance there was to the decimalisation of our coinage. D day was in February 1971.

There were different ways of writing the old money. There were twenty shillings in a pound and twelve pence in a shilling and four farthings in a penny. These were sometimes separated by space, sometimes by hyphens, sometime by obliques/slashes and also by full stops. Often the fractions of a penny were written raised above the line, like the th or rd after dates. Thus

£14 4 6½ or £14/4/6½d represented the same amount. The new pennies were worth 2.4 times as much as an old one and were known as new pence, though the new has now been dropped. One anomaly arose as if from nowhere. Whereas pence and pennies are both plurals of penny, in practical use the new pence were never singular, so people talked of 1 new pence if not one new pee. Ghastly isn't it! My favourite anomaly came a little later when the pound note was withdrawn, replaced by a coin. The blessed Ida Cheyne of Nottingham Braid always called them "pound note coins".

Cable ties!

While on the subject of industry closing down in Nottingham

Often mentioned in ones youth was the name of Cousin Dulcie, and I never met her or understood the family connection. Dulcie was born Dulcibel Edith Bowden in 1885. She did not marry. Her mother was Edith Phoebe Moxhay, daughter of Doctor Moxhay; aka Phoebe Edith she married James Pateswall Bowden, aka James Patconnal Bowden. James P Bowden was a solicitor and was born in Dunston Bassett in Leicestershire, though I haven't been able to trace the family there. James is the link to the putative inventor of the Bowden cable. Ernest Mornington Bowden (aka Monnington) filed a patent in 1896. He seems to have been a man of many parts, describing himself as an author and journalist; he published a treatise on Buddhism, *The Imitation of Buddha*. He also published *The Pocket Guide to Cycling*.

A Bowden cable is typified by a modern bicycle brake cable comprising an inner and outer cable, exploiting the equal and opposite reaction principle, in case you were asking.

There are several grounds on which EM Bowden is confused with his more famous namesake, Sir Frank Bowden. Frank may be an exception to the golden rule of consanguinity. It is unlikely that they are closely related. Frank's father was a carpenter in London, but Frank was a Victorian phenomenon who made one fortune out in the far East before accidentally stumbling on bicycling as a miracle cure for a fatal disease, which made him very rich indeed. He was so impressed with his bike that, as the legend has it, he bought the company and turned it from a back-street workshop on Raleigh Street in Radford, Nottingham, into the largest manufacturer of cycles in the world, when there were many others, some in Nottingham but mostly in Coventry.



Pet hates are Rolls Royce (Claude Johnson was often referred to as the hyphen in Rolls-Royce. The only place it is not required is on their trade mark where the two names are separated by the conjoined RR monogram, though there are early examples where even the Company did not apply their own rule); Train Station; Can I get; One of the only; point blank range, begs the question and other technical terms used incorrectly such as chain saw for disc cutter; serendipity used as coincidence; superceded; I was like. Some of these have been defended by O. Kamm, *The Times'* pedant, but Oliver I am sure you are wrong about superceded. The war is not yet over, but we aren't winning. Something wrong with our b****y words today! There has been a spat about Tubbs' and Tubbs's - I am on the side of the moderns for a change. p.s. The wordkillers have now had a go at monogram.

This is where the confusion sets in. It is said that Raleigh were early adopters of the Bowden cable principle for brakes on bikes around 1906, though to my mind Raleigh continued to use rod brakes for a long time after that. He also wrote a book about cycling, *Cycling for Health and Points For Cyclists* in 1913. Incidentally it is said that one of the reasons Rolls-Royce failed to sell the cars they made in America is that they insisted on rod linkages for carburetors and the like, at enormous cost, when the Packards of this world had already adopted the cable principle. There are said to be other claimants for the invention of the cable; I don't believe that Bowden ever manufactured them himself, but as he had a patent he may well have got revenue from it.

Since writing this I have a little more information about Dulcie, so may return to the subject in a future edition.

James P's father, Ellis Treacher Bowden (Oh Bowden thy name is treacher!), was a parson-cum-farmer, farming 52 acres in his parish of Rochford in Herefordshire. Ellis married Maria whose maiden name, I believe, was Mornington. The only firm link I have established to date is that James P Bowden was residing with the Reverend George Mornington when he was an articled clerk, ie training to be a solicitor. I believe that Maria was a daughter of Revd George Mornington. So, all together now ... Mornington Crescent !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Raleigh cleared off to China quite a few years ago, having first spectacularly mismanaged the modernisation of the Nottingham factory. There were rumours that the robot spraying machines turned their guns on their masters! There was a large sale at which the name of Sturmey-Archer, one of the many that adorned the long Raleigh works frontage, was sold to the orient for a few pounds. Thus did Gloria make her transit on a foreign velocipede.

Only 50 years ago!

One sat ones Common Entrance Examination between February 24th and 26th 1964. Paper No 12 (yes! a dozen of them) was the dreaded Latin Paper B. Ajax, quamquam minor erat virtute ac viribus, Achillem ipsum iactationibus facile superavit. Clearly no difficulties in translating this at the tender age of thirteen, else we'd have been set to picking oakum (rather than Uppingham), so where did it all go, I wonder. Having come up with my own sober version I compared it with Google's somewhat spicier:- "Ajax, although he was less courage and in strength, Achilles, easily conquered the very jerks", which I think prevaricates on how well Achilles came out of the encounter, as well as being hilarious. Did Achilles really wipe the floor with Ajax. I think not. I still cringe at my spectacular stupidity in getting the last answer wrong in the Maths paper. I suppose it is a good examination that results in a lesson learned. The Common Entrance was the means by which public schools sorted the sheep from the goats.

The invigilator at such sittings was always Reggie Banks who was the vicar of Rhoscolyn and School Chaplain. He invariably completed the papers himself, probably to a higher standard than any of the candidates.. I am afraid that as earth's proud empires fade away the more humble likes of Reggie Banks have faded with them. Or, from the Scripture paper, "In what circumstances were these words spoken? - He hath shewed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts". You may make your answer a continuous narrative if you wish. Less Courage, more Strongarm is the beer drinker's slogan of the day. My highest marks in the exams were in that paper! Discuss.

The picture is from the 1961 school photograph and shows Banks sitting at the left hand of George and Aida Cartwright. Though I haven't searched diligently the old boy community seems to have shunned the internet. Its half sister, Terra Nova in Cheshire has recently been the backdrop to one of those court cases, dating back to my time. Credit to George - he dealt with that sort of thing



60 years ago. Jerry at school!



This sweet-natured child attended Swinford Church of England Primary School for two terms or was it a year and learned to read, write and do sums, the Three Rs that seem to escape some for rather longer.. The low tables were for the very youngest pupils. After a term one graduated to a more traditional school desk, an individual one as I recall. Whereas the upper picture is obviously a formal school photograph the bottom one is a candid snapshot and probably quite rare.

The School still exists and has grown enormously in size.



Swing Shift - Go West young Man continued - Action and redaction.

One of the most moving tales I have heard this year dates to the very beginning of the Second World War. Mr Chamberlain announced by radio on Sunday 3rd September 1939 that Britain was now at war with Germany. CBT, a soldier decorated for bravery, wept.

to the war effort and could have done so in Salt Lake, however he would have had to commute some distance to work either in construction, mining or even in the Salt Lake arms plant, but only at the cost of disrupting the household routine by having to leave very early and arrive home late in the evening. There had been a trial run of this when MCT was working in the summer of 1942. In consultation with Uncle Dick it was agreed that



For a short time it was possible for youngsters to be shipped to America or Canada if they could be sponsored by an overseas host. This was possible for MCT and Jennifer and they crossed the ocean before the sinking of the *City of Benares*, with children, and the *Arandora Star*, with Italian prisoners mostly, put a stop to such voyages.

MCT and Jennifer were staying with Grace and Richard Hunt (Allunt and Uncle Dick) at 2684 East Hillside Drive, Salt Lake City. He finished at East High in June 1943, getting at least a B in all his exams. I understand that he failed the draft because of his disability, but don't know when this was. He wished to make a contribution

he would go to California and seek work in the shipyards, speculating that this might not even last a year if the demand for ships eased off. In truth he was ready to break away from the Hunt household in the way that young men are. In a later letter he says that Hunt family life is unrational (sic), even somewhat tyrannical and blames this for the tension between Allunt and Jennifer, who was also growing up of course and ready to try out some more adventurous things than she was allowed and had responsibility for the Hunt children without the necessary authority – says MCT. There was talk of getting Jennifer on the waiting list for a voyage back to

the UK. Young Tubbs, Master of strategy, predicted that The Atlantic would be clear of the enemy by late 1944. In fact enemy submarines were operating in the Atlantic until the end of the war but much less effectively than before Allied counter-measures made the job extremely hazardous.

In his letter home dated June 18 1943 he describes some of his activities in Pi Kappa (strictly pi kappa alpha - it's just Greek for P-K-A - it's a fraternity or boy's club not a revolutionary faction - see picture – their facebook page seems to be about as well-thumbed as mine) some of which sound more politically correct than others. I wonder if they are still allowed to indulge in Goat Week. Sadly the hugely elaborate printed year books from that era have been lost, twice in the case of one volume for which MCT once obtained a replacement. They are now valuable collector's items and even reproduction volumes cost considerable sums. I recall that in one somebody had written against MCT's picture that he was the best second fiddle ever, a reminder that he was once a keen musician playing violin and clarinet and improvised home-made instruments as well. Probably no irony intended. Letters from home could take as little as twelve days to arrive from England, but sometimes took



very much longer. MCT's letters are sent by Air Mail via Atlantic Clipper for 30 cents and some carry an examiner's (censor's) label on the envelope.

He travelled by bus with a return ticket in case things went wrong, from Salt Lake, stopping briefly at Reno in Nevada. By July 25th, just one month later, he gives his address as 128 29th Street, Richmond, CA. He had a private room in a typical suburban low-rise timber-clad dwelling with front lawn and bluebirds. (The picture from Google appears to be 125 29th Street, and the house numbers are not consecutive so 128 may have gone, but you get the idea). Despite a delay in getting work because he had not brought his passport with him he started within a day or two as a shipfitter in No 2 yard. He was earning \$1.04 per hour, working 3.30 to

11.30 pm, the Swing Shift, and reckoned he would save \$25 per week. The swing is from day to night. By November he was already on \$1.21 and in prospect of rising to Journeyman Shipfitter on \$1.32. He had a badge bearing his number 54680 and his photograph. How long was it before such badges were generally issued in the UK? He was missing the use of a typewriter, but his handwriting then is considerably more legible than it later became. It was said that I was the only person at Nottingham Braid who could readily read his writing. By September 20th He had already signed on for his Commercial course, resumed typing his letters and learned the fundamentals of Greig shorthand, which is the standard in America where it had edged out Pitman which was standard in UK. He was saving to see him through University and he was beginning to think of journalism rather than something more academic, but was already planning to go to college in the fall of 1944. He had already been acting as a part-time reporter in Salt Lake. He could see this might be a risky profession and hated the thought of becoming a mere ambulance chaser but fancied himself as another Hannen Swaffer, a leftward leaning spiritualist who was a prominent journalist in Fleet Street.

Editor: - Who said the parade was spectacular?

MCT:- No one. The parade was spectacular

Editor:- Listen. The parade had floats covered with flowers. You saw that. If someone said it was spectacular then say so. Describe what you saw and what happened, not what you felt.

Although he had injured himself "missed by hammering" (missed?) he was enjoying his work and particularly rejoiced at seeing the Red Ensign break out on one of the ships they had delivered. Unfortunately I can't identify it. By the time he started No 1 Yard had already delivered about 75 Libertys (It's a name and that is the correct plural, says I) and No 2 yard had delivered about 175. The building of 250 ships was a significant milestone, entitling the yard to join the 250 Club. Despite the risk of examination his letters try to be open about the rate of production at Permanente Metals. There are only two topics on which he is noticeably silent. One is the dames. He assures his father that he is not in any hurry to marry, but is that the whole story I wonder? In the shipyards Rosie the riveter is more likely to have been Wilma the Welder, but who knows? I don't see any mention of regular worship either. He insists that he does not waste his time frequenting bars as do most of his colleagues, and promises his father he

will read more improving novels – more in quantity I think.

There is a persistent myth that all Libertys were dangerous, subject to breaking up. It is true that in the early days a few did. At first the novel technique of welding rather than riveting was blamed, but the problem was solved by changing the composition of the steel so that it did not go brittle in cold waters and increasing the distance between frames to make the ships less rigid. All the same one of the later ships to fail was delivered from No 2 yard around the time MCT joined. Practice makes perfect!. In fact the dates I have for these ships is the date they were delivered which was after they had been fitted out and trialled, so perhaps he is blameless for that one. That was the *Joseph Smith* which was sunk by Royal Naval gunfire after just six months' service. The most notorious failure is the *Richard Montgomery* which grounded for mysterious reasons, probably it was overladen, and broke in two (later three) off Southend. It's still there and contains rather a lot of high explosives.

By October 1943 his touch typing is improving and he is beginning to make friends (There is no known causal connection between these two facts). He has visited the Peases who had long been friends of the Hunts. MCT had been reading Howard Pease sea stories for many years. I have previously reported that his copy of *The Tattooed Man* was inscribed to him by the author in 1935. Pease, a man of the extreme right, was trying to interest MCT in going to Stanford, which is not far from San Francisco. This letter has been censored.

Information about ship production has been very neatly excised. Whether that means the FBI opened a file on him is not known. He reports that Allunt was coming to stay for a week and would attend a launching.

Launchings were good for morale and a nod to the vanity of those who may have sponsored a ship.

Curiously the ships bore names while on the stocks but the names were removed for security reasons before they entered service. Later Uncle Dick visited while on business.

By February 1944 he had been trying to get a part-time job ("from the waist-up") as a reporter on the local paper but there were wartime restrictions on the number of people civilian companies could employ. MCT was one of the few people who realised how trivial rationing and US wartime restrictions were by comparison with UK privations. He writes of greater tension between Allunt, Jennifer and the Hunt boys and comments "An Atlantic crossing is a gamble but the record of the Cunard White

Star Line is nearly impeccable. It's dangerous to cross Hillsden Drive". He is also concerned about his mother's ominous health problems.

MCT comments on the Presidential campaign Truman v Dewey, the 1948 re-run of which notoriously resulted at first in reports that Dewey had won. He seems to favour Dewey over Roosevelt and Truman, presciently pointing out that Truman may well have to replace FDR. Truman he thinks is a corrupt machine politician and Dewey a fine lawyer. Almost everybody has forgotten that Dewey's 1944 running mate was called John W. Bricker though that permits MCT to comment that Bricker is of presidential timber.

Yule be sorry!

In the New Year he reports that he had felled a drunken Christmas reveller in the shipyard who had already broken the jaw of another man with the monkey wrench he was still swinging. MCT believed the miscreant would pass some time in St Quentin. Guess who'd get the sack these days! Part of his Christmas was spent with a car-owning friend on the nearest thing to a literal wild goose chase which finished with them having to pull the car out of a ditch. They went miles out of their way as an unofficial taxi to several servicemen trying to get home for a few hours of their 24 hour leave. MCT does not say whether they ever found the goose on which they planned to dine. Probably not. His best Christmas present that year, he said was his appointment as leaderman with a salary increase of 15%, though he was more pleased by the recognition of his ability. He claimed he worked with one woman who said she didn't care at all about the money. Her sons were serving in the Pacific and she was there to build ships for them.

The last Liberty was delivered by No 2 yard in April 1944. Admiral Land of the Maritime Commission, who ordered these ships, commented "If you want fast ships, fast shipbuilding, fast women or fast horses, you pay through the nose". The Libertys were not fast but were delivered economically. The successor to the Liberty was the Victory fitted with more powerful reciprocating steam engines than Libertys (i.e not turbines) giving them a top speed of 17 knots against about 10 for a Liberty. No 2 yard produced 89 Victories before contracts were cancelled.

By the end of 1944 his address is 2340 Piedmont

Avenue, Berkeley, 4, CA. He redecorates his dilapidated room despite admitting to only a sketchy knowledge of the principles of plastering. Berkeley is the neighbourhood containing the eponymous College just south of Richmond. Divided by a common language the Americans pronounce it the same way as berk – a term said to be derived from a commonly used Cockney word derived from its association with Gloucestershire aristocracy and their equestrian pursuits - via the same name, but is not generally printed in polite society. George Berkeley was a bishop+philosopher, a member of the aristocratic tribe and much derided by Doctor Johnson, but his name is commemorated by the college.. MCT is still working in the shipyards. His courses are basic, he says. Western European History – taught by Dr Kerne: French, taught in French by a M Dondo, is his main reason for wanting to get back to school: News Writing and Reporting, taught by the night editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. This was a highly practical course. He reports that he is longing to come home and he expects the work in the shipyards to dry up very shortly.

Swing Shift became the title of a rather folksy account of work in the yard at Richmond by Joseph Fabry (Strawberry Hill Press, 1982). There are other accounts with similar titles. A more earnest sociological study is *Wartime Shipyard A Study of Social Disunity* by Katherine Archibald (University of California Press, 1947). Archibald worked in the yards. MCT reports that most people were content with their work and that when he became leaderman he had a team containing “three Negroes, two Chinese, one Mexican and one native Californian”. He thought that only the Chinese needed to

be watched. That will probably be the same people who will shortly be marching up Pennsylvania Avenue to ask for the White House keys, a scenario I have been predicting for some time, somewhat to the alarm of some of my American friends. Archibald’s story is much bleaker, but they were both there so I suppose it depends on your outlook. Taking a comment at random, she says “Education, particularly higher education, still retained in shipyard opinion its feudalistic character as a useless mark of caste and privilege”. I think MCT kept quiet about his education. The shipyards are where the Oakies driven from their farms by the dustbowl finally found work that paid a living wage, after failing to get work in the orange groves and vineyards of California (*Grapes of Wrath*) and finding that going any further west would result in their getting rather wet. MCT had saved \$1500 in little over a year. Never again was he found to be so prudent!

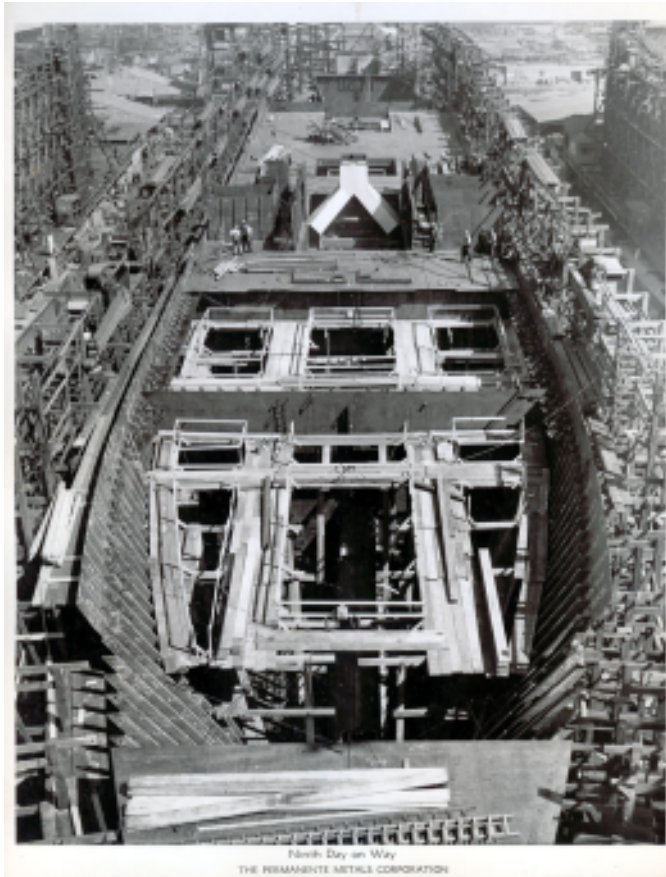
I recall two visits from Uncle Dick to the United Kingdom. The first was to Swinford (c1955), when he travelled with Allunt of whom there are photographs, the second to Gunthorpe, which coincided with the Apollo 8 space mission when the far side of the moon was first seen by humans. Uncle Dick, ever the geologist, had to stay up all night glued to the television. He may also have visited High House c1965, but records of visits have gone beyond my reach. Grrr!

This year's picture of Jeremiah is a large scale working radio-controlled model spotted at an exhibition at Butterley which focused on military models.



Nine Days' Wonder

This picture of a ship on the ways was made on the 9th day of construction of a ship at No 2 yard and appeared in a book published by Kaiser. The whole series of 21



days can be found on some web pages devoted to Richmond shipbuilding. The view is from the stern. http://www.sanpedro.com/Kaiser_Richmond/Kaiser-Richmond_1.htm. There is a full-length promotional video on You Tube that was also made by the firm. There is also plenty of other literature about Liberty ship building including *The Liberty Ships*, a complete

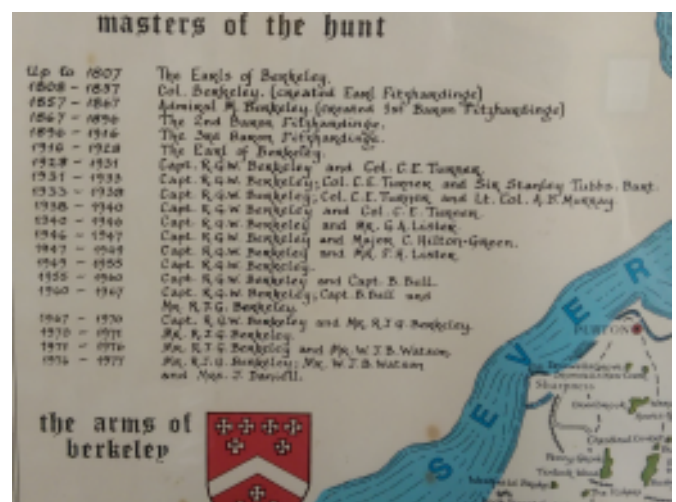
Masters of the Hunt

Last year we mentioned the Meynell. This year we mention Berkeley several times. Inside one of the many doorways leading into Berkeley Castle is a map, published by the hunt supporters, of its territory, together with a list of masters. DBT's memoir states that SWT was a joint master of the Beaufort. This does not disprove Bunny's statement, but I am not convinced he was correct. It is said that the Duke of Beaufort could hunt on his own land all the way from Gloucester to London. This shows that SWT was third joint master of the Berkeley from 1931-1933. I have been trying to obtain a copy of the current edition of the map. This dates from 1977. Joint mastership was merely a reward for sponsorship.

inventory of all the ships. A good number lasted the twenty five years that was the normal span for commercial vessels for many years. A large number were retained by the US Government as a reserve fleet which was used both in the Korean and later in the Vietnam wars, but their condition gradually deteriorated and they were all scrapped apart from the Jeremiah O'Brien. Another one has now been restored.

With the tagline He's back from Casablanca Humphrey Bogart made a wartime propaganda feature film in 1943 for Warner Bros entitled *Action in the North Atlantic*. Interspersed with the usual models and special effects are some genuine scenes of Liberty ships which feature large in the story. Just before the final credits a number of launch ceremonies are shown. These clips have also appeared in other documentary accounts of wartime America. The film makers seem to have been careful/careless take your pick, to show a variety of shipyards. The *Irving S Olds* was a bulk freighter, not a Liberty, and was launched on 22nd May 1942. This ship was not broken up until 1988. Co-starring with Bogey and Raymond Massey you can see Libertys which include :- *John Fitch* launched at No. 2 yard at Richmond in September 1942, scrapped in 1967; *Richard Bassett* launched June 1942 at Bethlehem, Baltimore and scrapped in 1962; one of two ships which included the most biblical of names, *Zebulon Pike* is seen on the stocks at Calship Los Angeles and was launched in May 1942, but I shouldn't have told you that either! Also identifiable in the same shot are *Abiel Foster* and *Henry Knox*, both launched in the same month. Just a year later *Henry Knox* was torpedoed off the Maldives and sank but is immortalised thanks to Hollywood. My copy is available on loan.

Oddly there are signs everywhere forbidding photography inside but the rule does not seem to be enforced.



Saving Captain Sutton

On the centenary of the outbreak of the Great War the national press gave a great deal of cover to many aspects of that dreadful conflict. One thing is clear, the war touched every family in the land and many families have inherited their memory of that tragedy.

I visited an impressive collection of wartime meories including a display prepared by Mark Tubbs, in Granby Village Hall. One newspaper topic was families who lost many members. Leonard Goodhart Sutton lost four of his five sons in the conflict. LGS was the youngest son of Martin Hope Sutton the principal genius of horticultural science who made the family name the best known of the Victorian seedsmen. Martin's Brother Alfred, his business partner, is our direct ancestor. Leonard Goodhart, trained at Cirencester, and was himself regarded as one of the nation's foremost experts on growing flowers. He was active in civic life and was three times Mayor of Reading including the two first years of the war, 1914 and 1915. He raised three companies in Reading for the Royal Engineers, was awarded the CBE for his wartime services and it is reported that he turned down a knighthood. When he died in 1932 the family received a telegram of sympathy from the King and Queen.

LGS married Mary Annie Seaton (she appears to have been known as Minnie) who died in 1900, possibly connected with the birth of their daughter Emily May Sutton who grew up to be married and produce yet more cousins.

This may all seem rather distant now but these young men were cousins to my grandmother and part of the extended family in Reading.

Eric Guy Sutton MC (b. 26 Jan 1895), the second son and first to die. He was at Rugby School. He was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in 7th (Service) Btn Sussex Regiment. Having decided against a military career he was travelling overseas in 1914, studying horticulture and returned from California to enlist. According to his Commanding Officer he always rightly put duty first and earned his nickname of the Iron Duke. He was gazetted MC on 2nd October 1915 for conspicuous gallantry on the night of September 12th 1915 near Armentieres, when with another officer he entered a mine, which was filled with gas following an explosion, in order to rescue a man whose life was saved. He was mentioned in dispatches on 1st January 1916 and killed on 8th April at Hulluch. He is buried in Vermelles British Cemetery.

William Victor Ross Sutton (b 4 May 1897) had been farming in Saskatchewan but returned in 1915 to enlist in the Berkshire Yeomanry and served with the BEF in Palestine. He was a 2nd Lieutenant promoted to Lieutenant in October 1916, a month before his death in Ramleh, present day Ramla, where he is buried in the Ramleh Military Cemetery. Despite the similarity of names Ramla is in present-day Israel and is distinct from Ramallah the de facto capital of Palestine. WVRS is incorrectly named as Wilfred in the Sutton History; I do not know if this is a typo or if that was a nickname, but I think it is a mistaken identity for yet another cousin Wilfred who was also a casualty..

Alexander Gordon Sutton (b 1 Nov 1898) was the youngest son. He is named Alec in the Sutton History. He joined the OTC (Officer Training Corps) at Repton in 1913, was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in 2nd Battalion The Rifle Brigade and was with the BEF from November 1917. He was killed on 2nd or 3rd January 1918 at Passchendaele and is buried in Oxford Road Cemetery, Ieper, West Flanders. His CO had to report that he had not had time to really get to know Alec. Sadly that is not surprising or rare.

Eustace Martin Sutton (b 23 April 1896) was the third son. He was a lieutenant in 35th Divisional Signal Company, Royal Engineers and was killed at Clery near Peronne on 24th March 1918 in what appears to be a last ditch scrap with men assembled from the headquarters company. He is honoured on the Memorial at Pozieres. The careers of the four doomed sons are summarised in de Ruvigny's index of the fallen. This labour of love was started by the aristocratic de Ruvigny when it was still thought that it would all be over by Christmas, not knowing that would be Christmas 1918. The job got on top of him and there are no more than 7,000 entries out of many more casualties, but all four Suttons are listed along with their photographs.

Leonard Noel Sutton was the firstborn (1893-1965) and rose to the rank of Captain in the Berkshire Yeomanry, which for some reason had dropped the Royal from its regimental name. After the fourth wartime death in the family he was mercifully released from front line service and survived to become a leading member of the family firm, though he had already been lucky to survive so long by then. There is a tale that his ship was torpedoed on his return to safety.

The Monk's War

We left Geoffrey Alfred Sutton last year in London. He was mobilised by the Artist's Rifles as the war broke out and spent the rest of his life as a serving soldier.

I will return to the full, curious narrative in a future edition (D.V.). This year I will concentrate on one narrow aspect which reveals one astonishing fact.

You will recall that the hilarious cartoon postcard *Une Locomotion Nouvelle* was sent to Monk care of the Kensington Rowing Club. Earlier this year Beckie and I were walking from Hammersmith tube station along the Mall to Chiswick to visit Chiswick House, on a beautiful summer's day.

The walk is dripping with things of interest, not least the site of the Doves Press, the scene of the infamous inundation of the whole of its stock of type by one of its partners, Cobden-Sanderson the book-binder, when enraged with the other, the superior craftsman and designer of the type, Emery Walker, who was a fellow socialist with Morris. It also includes Kelmscott House, William Morris's London base, named after Kelmscott Manor which was more of a trysting ground for Rosetti and Mrs Morris than anywhere Morris cared to stay all that much. Jane retired to live at the Manor after Morris's early death. Oh and a blue plaque for Eric Ravilious and two different Andrew Handyside post boxes on the same street, and some of the most curious street furniture you ever did see, but we digress!

We also passed the club house of the Kensington Rowing Club. On my return I was able to contact the club's archivist who knew a good deal about Monk, from the rowing point of view. There is a photograph in the club house of the winning boat including Monk which occasioned the postcard. There is a brass memorial plate to all the members who lost their lives during the Great War, including Monk.

The astonishing fact, though, is that the archivist has visited all the graves of those former members and was able to send me a picture of Monk's headstone, which Mark has visited and I have not, yet. The photograph of Monk was sent from the club. It is slightly misattributed as it describes him as Corporal Sutton of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. I will untangle that for you in a future edition.

Also pictured is the Brook Green Hotel, Hammersmith



where Monk stayed on several different occasions. At the time of our visit the greenest part of the Green was the laurels on which the hotel appeared to be resting.



North of the Park

One of the most damning put-downs in the world of location, location is "North of the Park", the only park in question being Hyde Park. That puts Marylebone, Paddington, Bayswater and Holland Park into a dark



shadow beside the obvious brilliance of Knightsbridge and Mayfair. The latter wins because it is east of the park, though in general east is a term of abuse in London.

Stanley William Tubbs was quite capable of making up his own mind which address suited him and he selected a Nash terraced pied-a-terre overlooking Regent's Park, not far from the Mosque that Winston Churchill had built to placate the Muslims of the Empire, with the Gods on his side and on his pediment, and a tremendous view. As a fellow of the Royal Zoological Society with his own permanent admission ticket, this was an obvious pick. When I looked it up on Zoopla earlier in the year its estimate was £13 million That's £1m per room. complete with mews. Not bad for a terraced property. There are three blue plaques on the terrace. Ralph Vaughan Williams whose 2nd Symphony encapsulates London

perfectly; the blessed Anthony Salvin, architect of the fairy-tale Harlaxton Hall, at number eleven next to SWT at Number 9; and HG Wells, an author. Everybody thinks he's the greatest genius of them all but I find him entirely resistible along with all his pseudo-scientific tribe. No 9 is roughly behind the left hand column in the picture on

the next page.

Sussex Gardens is a real curate's egg these days. The eastern end is mostly now hotels, some of which look a bit disreputable, but who am I to judge. Luminaries such as Winston Churchill once lived thereabouts and it's so convenient for Paddington Station dahling. The gardens themselves, at the western end, are quite small but form a delightful square-ish square at which can be found 221, now sub-divided into basement and the rest. This became the home of Aunt Lettie (Louisa was her real name) after the death of her father, HTT, in 1917 which was followed by the closure of Nether Court in Finchley. Aunt Lettie, a doughty spinster learned to manage the tangled property empire

of her late father. She lived there long enough to write to my parents congratulating them on my birth. In the end she was defeated by the depression and then Hitler, otherwise there might still be a turn out of it in these parts. The residue of her will took an unexpected turn for the better and benefited the cats rather than the family. There is a blue plaque at 223 with the gay red door, next to her residence, 221 with the black door (natch!) - for Cecil Beaton, no less. The mind boggles at the juxtaposition of a Victorian grand dame with unimpeachable morals and a profound ignorance of the facts of life, and the flamboyant bisexual Beaton, like CBT an old boy of St Cyprian's, Eastbourne. This was Beaton's town house from 1926 to 1934!



The view below is from a wedding photograph, the second wedding of Stanley William Tubbs. His first marriage was in 1901. Ellen Emma (nee Prescott) died in 1919 (more 'flu?) and he married, secondly, Evelyn Sherbrook Crane in 1921. Aunt Evelyn was from an ancient dynasty and her father was a baronet. I suspect that Aunt Lettie, SWT's sister, is the lady seated left of the bride as viewed in the picture. After Sir Stanley's death in 1941 she married again and became Lady Durand. The arrangements made to provide for her and the Tubbs family after his death are complex. Leonard Tubbs proposed a revision to the scheme which on the face of it was supposed to benefit the Tubbs element while Lady D was still alive. I am still trying to understand this, but it seems to have been a prelude to the sale of Tubbs Lewis and to MCT being left in a very disadvantaged position. More of this later.



Grateful Dead.

As you know by now when we have picked up a theme we are reluctant to let it go. Last year we touched on the staff in the Philosophy Department in Leeds University. I am sorry to report that during the past year we have lost the two Professors who were in chairs during my brief stay there. Peter Geach has died at the age of 96. Geach was in the first division of contemporary philosophers and was married to another, Elizabeth Anscombe who also used to grace extra-mural philosophy sessions from time to time, but held a chair in Cambridge, so they did not ordinarily live together. Two anecdotes escaped his obituarists, one of which is certainly true and the other probably apocryphal. We will start with the latter. It is alleged that he was at one time a warden in a hall of residence and returned to his room to find a strange female in there. He flew into a tower of rage at the intrusion, completely failing to recognise his wife! Perhaps he had been in the Fenton which was the unofficial watering hole of the department. The second story has been the subject of a complete book called *Wittgenstein's Poker*. Ludwig W is in the top one of the premier division of philosophers of all time, though he

has his detractors. Geach helped to edit and translate his papers and Geach was probably the last person alive who had witnessed the scene when W lost his temper with Karl Popper, picked up the poker from the grate and threw it at him. Popper, I hardly need to remind you, was the author of *The Open Society and its Enemies* and the proponent of the theory that scientific theories can only be falsified, never verified. He indirectly influenced the new age right of the late 20th Century, Reagan and Thatcher amongst them. Had the projectile been launched more accurately it could have triggered a third world war, under chaos theory. Geach had a pet theory which he frequently uttered – it was , the sentence “Everybody is loved by somebody” using the language of predicate logic as initiated by Frege and others. You must understand that he was not saying the proposition is true, but rather that it is probably meaningless or impossible to formulate. OK If you want the serious stuff go back to the Blue and Brown Books or even the public obits. Roy Holland has also passed on. He never managed to impress me but had the reputation of being a very rigorous and witty philosopher and an excellent teacher, but only of able pupils, so there!

Danelore

A day out to Congleton was at least as enjoyable as a day spent in Derby supporting Rolls-Royce technical publications in the old days. I was spotted lurking at the rear of Crantock which was home from mid 1956 to about 1961. MCT bought the house from John Sebire, his new boss at Berisfords, the ribbon people. Rather than being threatened with a shotgun I was invited into the house, which has changed very little since our day. The greatest changes in the area have been at the rear. There is an accommodation lane that runs behind the main property and there was a kitchen garden on the other side of the lane. Many of these substantial plots have now been sold off and built on but Crantock retains

its rear garden and there are still the footings of the greenhouse that stood next to the extant potting shed. The modern concrete garage has been demolished and a new double garage built on the other side of the lane. The poplar has disappeared and the Sebire's swing had gone even by the time that Mr and Mrs Joe Norbury bought the house over 40 years ago. The bay tree in the front garden thrives, and the Minton floor tiles have been maintained in good condition.

I also visited Victoria Mill, near the River Dane, where Dad had his office, the subject of a pamphlet by John Sebire - it is now largely an antiques centre. I also bought a copy of Stephen Sebire's update of the Company's complicated recent history. To my

amazement there are two pictures which feature CBT, who never worked for Berisfords of course, and one which includes MCT. My souvenir of the visit, a camera so rare that it is not listed in the blue book and therefore probably worthless, came in at considerably more than one sou.

Since then I have seen one similar at the motor museum in Bourton on the Water - not what motor museums are supposed to be for. Offers invited!



Cambridge Blues

For those of us who might have failed to gain entrance to Oxford or Cambridge the Gloucestershire village of Dursley comes to the rescue, for its suburb of Cam has a bridge. On visiting Uppingham a few years ago I noticed that an end-of-term revue was being performed called How to get into Oxford and Cambridge, which just goes to show how easily the casual murder of the English language escapes even the academically minded. Most people struggle to get into one or the other; few get into both. As suburbs have little suburbs so do little suburbs have even lesser ones. Woodfield is a small area between the centres of Cam and Dursley, and today it is almost entirely covered with new housing and schools. My parents' first marital home was Glenthorne, Woodfield, Cam, Dursley; without a road name I have so far been unable to pinpoint its location but I am reasonably sure that the house has disappeared. I only have one photograph that is definitely of Glenthorne and it is not possible to deduce very much about the size or shape of the house. Despite postwar restrictions on private housing development MCT was able to buy land and get permission to build a new house in Cam on Field Lane. I set out to identify the house during the course of a short visit to Gloucestershire this year, and made a miserable fool of myself, incorrectly identifying the site and briefly



coming to the conclusion that the parental house had been demolished and replaced by new build. However I have strong evidence for the provenance of the building and thanks to Google have located it a few doors down the road from where I was looking.

The original garage has now been incorporated into the house. A new garage has been built on the area where the caravan used to be parked. That is the van that allegedly

pushed the parental Morris 8 down the hill into a pond causing the infant Tubbs to bump his head, thus losing all intellectual advantages in life, according to its mother!



With apologies for including yet another picture of me, this one was taken in August 1952 at Glenthorne. There seems to be a curious mix of rustic door and modern concrete tiles.



Per ardua ad astra

The beer buffs of Derby have been campaigning for real ale for nearly as long the interval since my last visit to Germany. The fair City of Derby is twinned with the fair city of Osnabrück.

Derby's buffs have been putting on beer festivals since 1978, and are rather good at it, though I say so myself. The real ale revolution has never really begun in Germany, though there is a wide variety of quality beer available, though dispensed by deprecated methods, and a huge number of long-standing traditional breweries, particularly in Bavaria, which sometimes acknowledges itself to be part of Germany. Osnabrück's own brewery was swallowed up by DAB, one of the giants. Osnabrück hosted its first ever beer festival this year. This was unlike either a Camra beer festival, where the organisers buy the beer, or a Münchener festival based on the volume supply



of a few local beers. It was a congregation of small stalls set up by numerous brewers and beer suppliers. There was entertainment, no admission charge and fairly high prices. As organisers of the Derby beer festival five of us went over with the encouragement of the twinning organisation and we were given a reception by the Mayor, which we shared with some ladies from Littleover, and a free sightseeing tour and a free bus pass, so quite the

little home from home and were introduced to some of the festival organisers, so it was all quite enjoyable despite the railway chaos that briefly left us stranded in Dusseldorf and Wuppertal and somehow reminded me of being somewhere else.

I would have loved to shake the hand of the man who on a visit to Germany was asked if he had ever been to the city before. Oh yes, he replied, in 1943! It is fair to say that Osnabrück came off a great deal worse from the ministrations of the RAF than Derby did at the hands of the GAF. Despite its importance as a railway centre and the home of the Merlin engine, Derby was only lightly bombed a couple of times; the real damage was done by the Council.

My take on the RAF's motto is turned on its head as my bomber's eye view was taken from the steeple of one of Osnabrück's several large churches after an arduous climb of course, a

privilege afforded by the twinning office. It also has two cathedrals. One of each. Its main claim to historical fame is that it was where the peace treaty that ended Germany's 30 year religious civil war was signed in 1648. It started with the Defenestration of Prague as any fule nos. That

nearly involved Frederick of Bavaria whose wife was a Stuart (mother of Prince Rupert), so we did our bit there as well. Ever since then Osnabrück has prided itself for its moderation and tolerance. The former SS headquarters from a period of enforced intolerance now houses a museum, with an extension by Liebeskind, to a talented Jewish artist, Felix Nussbaum, who fled Osnabrück in the early 30s but only got to Belgium, not far enough in the long run.

Smart car - small, motorised, affordable (?), rusting transport ?

Of the demise of Antoinette Lusty Tubbs I can only bring myself to say two things. One is that I had a brief, unpublished, brush with the *The Times'* Pedant, aformentioned. His translation of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* was *Speak only good of the dead*. My translation is much more accurate and goes, *Say nothing of the dead unless it is good*, so I shan't say anything. The other is that a modest legacy from my father held over pending her death has now been converted into a mountain of perishable metal that currently takes the form of a 1938 Big Austin Seven saloon. Big is entirely relative. The

engine and wheelbase of the car are both a little larger than the original 1922 Seven, the car that did for mass motoring in the UK what the flivver did in America. It turns out that the Big Seven marque registrar lives less than a mile from me and he carries a stock of spares. He

informs me that the headlights are non-standard, probably from a go-faster Austin 10. It has lost its original number EUW 612 and the replacement number is not very authentic, being the wrong way round. So three of the 200 or so definite survivors worldwide live locally. Austin 7s are a bit like Beethoven; they have never gone right out of fashion. There are quite a few more doubtfuls on the register. I can't say why the attraction of owning a pre-war car is so strong, but every time I read of an event that took place in that year or later I think that the car, originally registered in Central London, could have been there or thereabouts, (or was it up on chocks somewhere for the duration?) not a sentiment that automatically arises with the various post-war vehicles that I own, some of which are in danger of actually working. It perfectly fits in with my 1935 house (Jubilee Road - geddit?) which still has most of its



original garage, one of the few left on the road, as it were. I have owned a 1957 Norton Model 50 since 1996. Every time I spend money on it it turns out to be as much as I spent on buying the bike in the first place and there are still plenty of retail opportunities left. Maybe next year! The 1978 MGB I acquired from Mark in 1999 is alive and well for the first time in a few years. Offers invited!

Since then Nick has done something similar and bought a Rover 3 litre, the acme of Auntie cars before the brashness of American v8 engines or the stupidity of British Leyland changed the fortunes of the marque for ever.

It is the driver's responsibility to ensure the vehicle is roadworthy of course. It isn't hard to obtain a tax disc for an historic vehicle because there is no requirement to obtain an MOT certificate if the vehicle dates from before 1960, and the tax amount is NIL, this one is a bit special. Only an historic vehicle is likely to be taxed on the last

day of any month and this one was issued on the very last day that tax discs were being issued, 30 September 2014, but if you look carefully it is actually dated 31 September 2014, making it positively the last one ever issued I should think. Offers invited!



Pettits

The firm of George Pettit was founded in Lutterworth in 1861 and built substantial premises on New Street. The firm remained in the family and in 1946 the shareholders were George R Pettit and John Hallam Pettit who each held 2231 Ordinary Shares and 2000 Preference Shares and Kathleen Muriel Pettit and Norman Frederick Pettit who each held 100 shares. They were makers of narrow fabrics in the fields of haberdashery etc. which put them in direct competition with Tubbs, Lewis.

By 1946 George Pettit was ill and Norman, of the next generation, was still serving in the forces in the Far East. The family had applied for his early release, without success.

The family had interests in property including land at Primethorpe and Peatling Parva. The archive at Leicester Records office (DE3799) which is the source of all of this information has a section on property at Broughton Astley, which I have not investigated. There was also a cinema, The Roxy Cinema Ltd (Nottingham), which by 1946 was losing money, as much as £40 in a week.

There was a Roxy in Nottingham on Ribblesdale Road, which is at the junction of Thackeray's Lane and Mansfield Road in Sherwood. I recall reading that there were over 70 cinemas in Nottingham, yet by the mid 1960s it must have been down to about fifteen. The Savoy on Derby Road must be the only one left working as a cinema. Another firm in which they were involved was Carrington Pictures Ltd.

The business must have been offered for sale informally and they received an approach from Tubbs Lewis. The offer is in an undated copy of a personal letter to Jack (John H) Pettit from Leonard Tubbs of Leonard Tubbs & Co who by the merest coincidence was also chairman of Tubbs Lewis. The offer consisted of £10,000 for the premises, £22,000 for the plant, machinery and vehicles (excluding Jack's car), £5,000 for goodwill and trade marks plus stock at valuation which came in at £2831.9.6. The deal was conditional on TL taking over all existing contracts and subject to obtaining the necessary licences from the Ministry. Jack was to be retained as a consultant on £500 p.a.

One trademark was "CLIVE – knicker elastic, washing and boiling, always reliable, finest art silk and rubber ". It makes IKEA look uninventive! Art. silk is rayon.

The existing firm was to go into voluntary liquidation to avoid transferring tax liabilities to TL. There were formal meetings held on 28th October 1946. The firm agreed to sell its assets to TL and then voted to go into voluntary liquidation. A new company with the same

name was formed and which was wholly owned by TL. The directors of the new company were Leonard Tubbs, and ACC Willway plus RE Yeabsley CBE about whom I know nothing, CB Tubbs MC and TB (Tom) Wallace MBE.

Although the official grounds for the need to sell the business were the illness of George and the unavailability of Norman there is one rather alarming letter of 8th February 1946 in the archive from Ripley Lace to Pettit's asking for settlement of an "enormous" overdue account of £1957.19.3 A trading account for part of the year shows a net loss.

The firm of Lion and Moseley were customers in Sydney, Australia but had a London office run by Charles Cahan. He wrote to Jack on 4th December 1946 saying that Tubbs, Lewis appear to us to be nice folk, which I take to mean that Cahan had been talking to CBT. In an earlier letter Cahan reminisces that by coincidence RS Moseley had taken a lease from Tubbs & Lewis on 22 March 1890– I take that to be at Charterhouse Buildings which were small warehouses.

There is evidence that the firm was trying to keep up with technology and certainly bought some new equipment. There is an invoice from Crowthers in 1930 for five 24B (Saurer?) elastic looms with fittings. MCT went to Pettits from Wotton in 1954 and was there until resigning in 1956, so this little bit of history impacts directly on the family which moved to Ullesthorpe in 1954 and Swinford in (I think) 1955. CBT also retired in 1956, around the time of his 60th birthday. I understand that they rowed about this and other matters, particularly the City Sites Development Company (of which more anon), but know nothing of the details. I was taken into Pettits a couple of times by my father, but only on Saturday mornings as I recall, so I do not remember any activity.

This is part of the only industrial building on New Street and was almost certainly Pettits, give or take a green door.



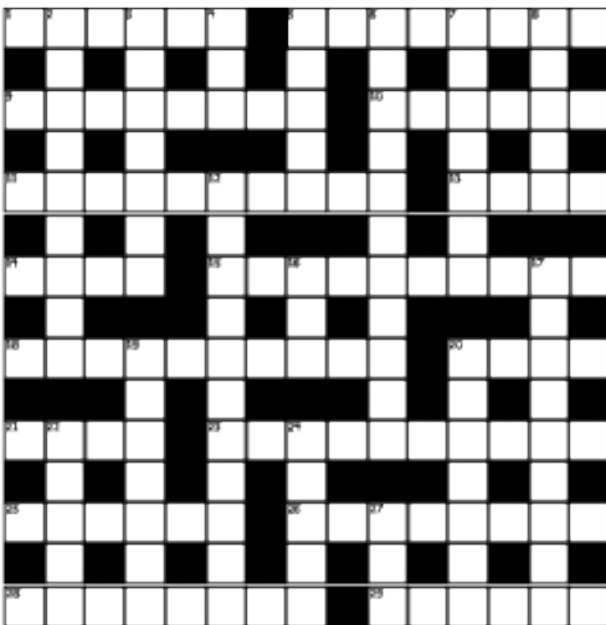
Compton or the ex plots of sheer luck homes.

This year's selfie was greatly assisted by my finally having the necessary type of camera to make such things easy without needing long arms, a tripod or a mirror. The land that became Milnthorpe Road was bought by HTT from the Duke of Devonshire. Chiswick house, designed by Wm Kent and milord Burlington, passed direct from Burlington to Cavendish by inheritance. PBT inherited some of this and built Compton there for CBT and IET as a wedding present, presumably paying for that by selling off the other plots. According to Lirlie the house was deeply impractical but rather elegant. I recall seeing photographs of it but it is now long gone,



The Tubbs Crossword - No. 5

The solution will be posted at homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs on 6th January 2015
One across. Ignore the position of the black space.



Across

- 1,5. Even busting is a way to go (3,6,5)
9. River and effort got to work (8)
10. Female had worried about becoming goddess (6)
11. Educate casts to fill space here with rolling stock (5,5)
13. Throw coin at river to reach this end of water (4)

covered over with a multitude of smaller buildings which are no doubt very practical.

I thought Compton was the name that the Bachelor Duke of Devonshire gave to his love nest in Brighton, but can't find the evidence, so why PBT or CBT thought it was a suitable name for a marital home remains a mystery, but it is a family name with a Burlington connection.

As you can see from the picture the road debouches onto the A4 and is convenient for Heathrow, if that's the sort of thing you like. Milnthorpe is in Cumbria and I can't see an obvious connection.

Increasingly I prefer English vernacular building to the neo-classical as did William Hogarth, the Englishman's Englishman, who wins when it comes to the naming of roundabouts in Chiswick. Nevertheless the partnership of Burlington and Kent set the fashion for the slave-owning set. Hogarth had a rather rude nickname for the architect. As usual I wish you all a Happy Christmas, and if you are in with a prospect of doing so, make the new year a prosperous one.

Hands up who knows what a Wayzgoose is. I think I've deserved one after this little lot. I hope you have not only enjoyed reading it but learnt something.

14. Catch it in merganser (4)
15. As guerdons repay use of facial protection (4,6)
18. Call on pet to set off alarm (4,3,3)
20. How to miss the ball with such a kick (4)
21. Picture it in wimps (4)
23. Fifth gears on tarmac? (10)
25. Actors work to get these on seats (6)
26. Medicine to formulate to spec? If I can (8)
28. Get round network to separate (4)
29. For example British bovine gets lion house (3,3)

Down

2. Art. of music not in this state (9)
3. Slandering by compounding crime with an error (7)
4. Drunkard is short of staffs (3)
5. Flavour your old language in brief (5)
6. Hearing in the dark Mr Lear? So myopic (11)
7. Chained to a platypus (7)
8. Ein Reich, ein Volk but got wise on reflection (5)
12. Get in the swim in the altogetther (11)
16. First of the Sauternes, Epernay and Chablis are not necessarily so (3)
17. Bijou on such a small page? (9)
19. Laic nutcase (7)
20. Of course not putting on the road (7)
22. Instruments found on prison wing (5)
24. Follow in small space little gitl (5)
27. Sight of unknown in sounds of ease(3)