

Les Tubbs adore les Appledores

THE



TUBBS

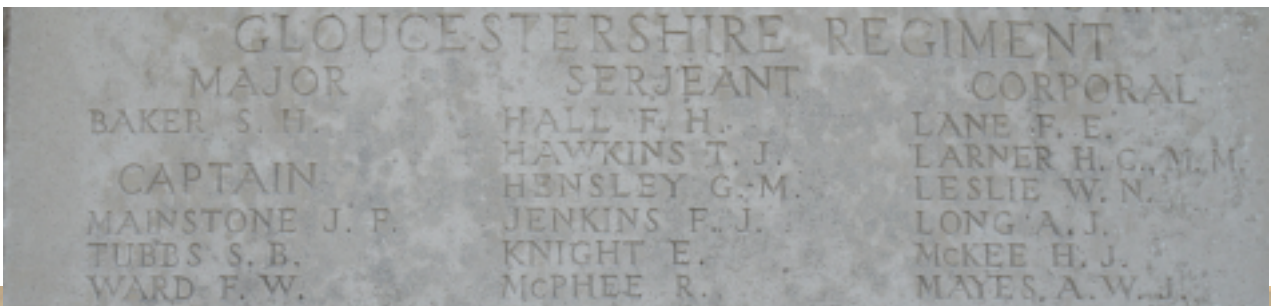
CHRISTMAS 2017 - pdf download at <http://tubbspubs.org.uk/>



Although it is impossible to say too much about the bravery of Seymour Burnell Tubbs and the many who fought and fell in the Great War I have already covered his short and golden life but with a tragic end. I have made two documentary videos that have been posted to YouTube and a further one depicting the little ceremony performed by Penny Tubbs who planted a lime tree in his memory on the centenary of his death. On the day before the anniversary Penny, Carolyn and I visited the Glosters Museum down by the docks in Gloucester. It is an almost unbelievable fact that Penny is Seymour's brother-in-law and we challenge anybody to name another living individual whose brother-in-law or even any relative of the same 'generation' served in the Great War. There are no bets or prizes but I reckon my money would be as safe there as anywhere else, I do. If you have not already seen either of the videos please do go to www.tubbspubs.org.uk and follow the links to the YouTube documentaries.

Seymour's primary memorial is tablet 72 at Tyne Cot near Ypres/Ieper. The tablets commemorate those with no known grave. Tyne Cot is the largest of Commonwealth War Grave Commission sites. His name is on the town memorial at Wotton under Edge and there is a dedicated memorial to him. We were not able to visit it this year, but believe it is in Charfield Parish Church, where his memorial service was held - unfortunately nobody from the parish has yet confirmed this. Apart from Seymour there are three other major stories in this edition relating to the Great War, a fact for which I do not wish to apologise.

The photograph below shows both Seymour and his brother Grahame (Gray) with the shooting team of St Cyprian's School Eastbourne. Gray is sporting a watch chain, though not the delicate gold one I inherited from him. Close examination of Gray also shows that he is wearing a built up shoe on his left foot, a consequence of his childhood arthritis.



Goodbye Old Nottingham

We have already mentioned the impending close of John Player's Horizon factory at Lenton in Nottingham, which has now happened. It was built in the early 1970s to make cigarettes using all the latest plant and equipment, replacing four old factories in Radford. It was also designed to be flexible so that potato crisps (Chips to some) could be made there if the demand for tobacco failed. In fact the market for tobacco products is still buoyant because the third world is more easily able to afford the things, but it isn't profitable to make them in the UK any more.

This story brings together three of my major interests in Nottingham. First, I worked for John Player, as reported here. Student holidays jobs in 1969 and on were well paid and taught me new skills, such as understanding the good folk of Nottingham whose accent and dialect was not easily grasped by a middle class boy with an education in Standard English, Oxford English, BBC English, Received Pronunciation, the Queen's English or whatever you care to call it. It's still English but an increasingly minority sport these days as the varieties of known English multiply and Estuary has taken over as the lingua franca. Second, John Players held a sale of some artwork and advertising material that was handled by

John Pye Auctions. I remember John Pye as the man from whom Dad and I bought for £8 a Victorian Gothic oak dining table that would now be worth more than £8 if the dog hadn't bitten its legs. We viewed the table in his house at Oxton, Nottingham. It was in use as his own dining table. "The wife says if I sell anything more from the house she will divorce me", and she did! To whom the £8 would now be payable is anybody's guess, alas. Did Mark 'Crackpot' Cracknell buy it to keep at Brookland House? If he did then it may still be in Gunthorpe. Third, John Pye's head offices have been in Shipstone's Northgate Star Brewery which last brewed in the 1980s, since the brewery closed. Beautiful building, beautiful beer, though not so widely available in our part of the county as Home Brewery's very different but equally palatable slaking beer. All gone. Are we embittered? Yes. Home Brewery Bitter has been revived this year by a local microbrewery, as has Shipstones Bitter, but my unexpected abstinence has meant that I haven't tried for that Proustian moment yet. On the debit side one of the last remaining Home Brewery inn signs has disappeared along with the building that supported it. The Continental Cellar was a tasteless kitschy beer keller in the basement of a car park that I am pleased to say I never visited but the Home Brewery sponsored sign on



the railside had been tempting the thirsty traveller for a couple of generations, long after it closed down.

Advertising and promotional material in cigarette packets such as collectible series of cards were a very important part of the business, and there were sets in the sale. Ordinary sets are not particularly valuable, fetching about as much as a duty paid packet of cigarettes.

Some time around 1955 I was given a cigar box of assorted Cigarette Cards by Mr Crisp, beekeeper of Swinford, Leicestershire, said to be about 90 years old then. I always found the small size and relatively coarse printing of cigarette cards to be a little off-putting and I never did have any interest in the sporting heroes who dominated the field much of the time. The game later moved onto gift vouchers. Good looking gals with a ciggie, now that's different, or it used to be. Nottingham's

Queen of the Midlands title was partly based on the alleged pulchritude of the fairer sex in that part of the world. Whether fair or nor there were a lot of them at work in the Radford factories.

One set of cards that is almost complete but not in good condition is the Uniforms of the Territorial Army. Fortunately one card that has survived is the 1914 uniform of the Artists' Rifles, as worn by one of the subjects of this issue, which is rather dominated by Great War topics.

This year's Format photography festival which is based in Derby also had an exhibition at Nottingham Castle which featured some industrial subjects including this pair of almost identical photographs, though they are separated by around 10 years spanning somewhere in the 1950s to 1960s. My photos



are crude shots through glass of the exhibited prints. The Molins machinery is making cigarettes and there are two rows of them, each machine about twelve feet long; in those on the right the tobacco flows from the hopper nearest the camera and is metered onto a belt where it is introduced to the continuous roll of cigarette paper (to die for by aficionados of the

Camberwell carrot) which is printed and cut all in a continuous process. The better, B&W picture clearly shows the brand being made is Medium Navy Cut which is not a tipped cigarette. Where a filter has to be introduced the filter is double length and the filter is wrapped and glued and the cigarette is completed when the filter is cut in the centre. The machines on the left are seen from the delivery end. I think the white drum nearest camera is a spare roll. The active roll can be seen on the right hand machine at low level. The demise of the cigarette industry in this country has also resulted in the closure of British Celanese at Spondon, Derby whose major product was the white tow that forms the filter.

The hoppers here are being fed from the overhead ducting, I think. In the cigarette making rooms where I worked the majority were manually loaded from the front and the tobacco would be brought to the machine in a four wheeled tub. This meant that a large variety of brands could be processed at the same time. At the time of my employment these machines were making about 1800 cigarettes a minute. I understand that later machinery was running at nearer 20,000. The meters employed radio active isotopes and so each machine carried the black and yellow radioactivity warning sign, though this was at a very low level and I have never heard any criticism of danger. I suspect the greater risk was in the tobacco, though this was not so widely accepted then as it is now. At that time packing was an entirely separate process in a nearby room to minimise the time the cigarettes were exposed to air. Later the process was integrated I believe.

Goodbye Old Nottingham.



A tale of two Appledores

It is an immutable truth that not a yard of railway track has ever been laid without some historian recording its every detail. You will no doubt be grateful to me for tracking down the history of the New Romney extension. As I rather expected, this small volume has disabused me of the idea that the extension was created at the behest of Henry Thomas Tubbs when he was a considerable landowner in Littlestone on Sea whose identity is partly shared with that of New Romney. The truth is just as interesting and is a folly even more monumental than the desire to outdo Eastbourne at Littlestone.

You have almost certainly heard in passing of Sir Edward Watkin. His two grandest uncompleted follies were a rival to the Eiffel Tower which was partially built at Wembley and a bull-headed attempt to dig the Channel Tunnel without the approval of Her Majesty's Government or the other lot. Apart from which he didn't have sufficient funds. As a kind of insurance policy he proposed to establish a new port at Dungeness. This too did not happen. Nevertheless Watkin was not all gas and no gaiters. He did succeed in building the Great Central Railway extension of the Manchester Sheffield and Lincoln Railway to Marylebone. That was something of a white elephant though as a fourth North-South route through England it would be invaluable as a spare while others are being upgraded. One railway was not enough for Watkins' unbounded ambitions. He was also chairman of the Metropolitan Railway whose origins play a significant part of the background to Henry Thomas Tubbs' property speculations in the City of London. Two not enough? Then he was also Chairman of the South East Coast Railway which included the line from London through Ashford to Hastings. It also passed through Appledore.

Without the immense additional boost that a new port might have given to traffic in the area, the Romney Marshes offered slim pickings. Although the marshes had gradually been drained, the population was sheep. They are less frequent railway passengers, Looking Glass land excepted. There was some real traffic to be had to the military base at Lydd and there was the prospect of some tourist traffic to Greatstone and New

Romney. For a railway man the area did offer one immense practical advantage. There was an almost unlimited supply of the eponymous stone that could be used as ballast and as part of any embankment that might be required. This also furnished some trade to the pottery industry.

A new company was formed, the Appledore and Lydd Railway Company and its chairman was Watkins' son, which maintained a polite fiction that all this had nothing to do with the SECR. It is unlikely that this little deception fooled the SECR's deadly rival the London Chatham and Dover Railway which also had eyes on the area and as was almost always the case there were schemes proposed that were no more than tactical moves to outwit the opposition rather than real intentions. The new railway did have the very enthusiastic support of the residents, few though they may have been.

From the beginning the line was operated by the SECR. The branch from Appledore via Brookfield to Lydd opened in 1881 and the extension to New Romney which had always been envisaged opened in 1883. This is indeed around the time that HTT and Joseph Lewis acquired land at Littlestone. The land they owned did not at first include the warren which now houses Littlestone Golf Club, which they bought from New Romney Council and later transferred to the club. The club's history has it that Perks a railway engineer and MP and a director of the Lydd Railway encouraged Tubbs to buy land and develop a course in order to benefit the railway, which sounds likely and alters the view put forward within the family that HTT requested the railway extension into New Romney. DBT's memoirs do cite the club history. The line did eventually benefit from traffic to Dungeness nuclear power station; nuclear waste is still removed by rail, though it does have to make a short road journey to reach the present terminal, and there was a holiday camp nearby. The extension to New Romney closed in 1967. After Watkins' death in 1895 the SECR and LCDR ceased their rivalry and both eventually merged into the Southern Railway in 1923, 'cos they 'ad ter. The awfulness of the successor Southern Railway has this year given rise to a musical, so New Romney is probably well out of it.



There is still a railway station at New Romney, of course. It forms part of the coastwise Romney Hythe and Dymchurch Railway which never had any pretensions of reaching Paris.

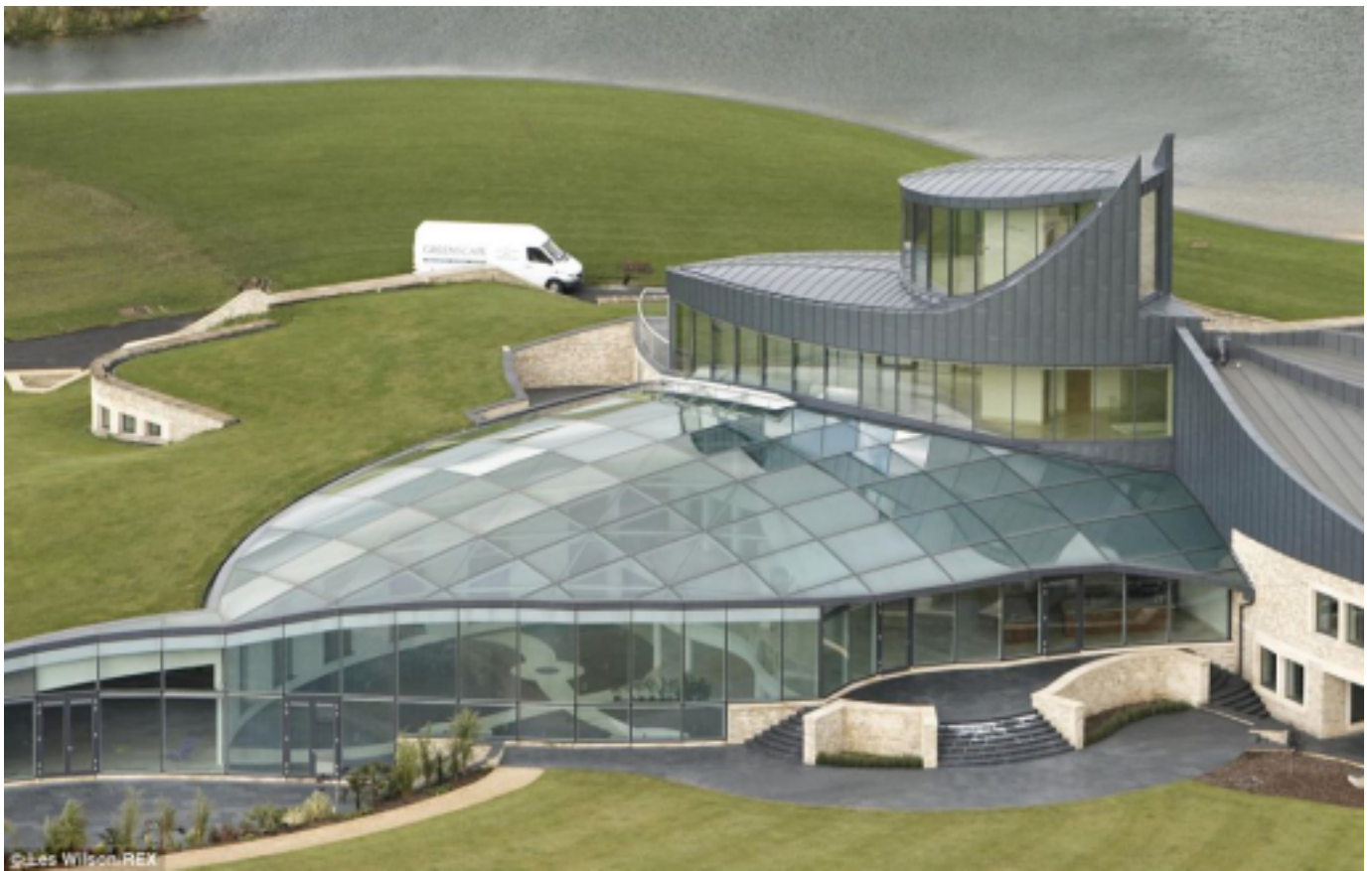
Appledore 2

Our second Appledore is much juicier, but entirely fictional. The Sherlock Holmes legend shows no sign of going away though the most recent *Sherlock* series was by far the least endearing of the four to date. Many (especially Oliver Kamm of The Times) decry Holmes' talent to deduce but they overlook the fact that Doyle and his mentor Bell did indeed pull off the most staggering acts of observation and deduction. One of Doyle's most complete villains is Charles Augustus Milverton the blackmailer, brilliantly brought to life by Robert Hardy and re-engineered for our present century as a "Bond-like villain" Charles Augustus Magnussen in *His Last Vow*. Magnussen's hyper modern fictional lair is Appledore. In reality this is Swinhay House, built for Sir David McMurtry

the chairman of Renishaw, the UK's largest supplier of metrology equipment. Its Gloucestershire headquarters is New Mills (aka New Mill) near Wotton, which was for nearly 90 years the Gloucestershire headquarters of Tubbs Lewis. I suspect, but don't know for certain that Swinhay House is built on land that belonged to TL. It is said that McMurtry and his family found the house to be so overwhelming that they decided not to live there. 20m. oncers down the river, the Little Avon River which with its tributaries is what powered the mills that so attracted Tubbs and Lewis to the low cost, low wage economy of agriculturally depressed Gloucestershire.

His last Bow

Incidentally Robert Hardy, who took his own last bow this year, formed another link to the family in his support for the archery and reenactments at Tewkesbury and unveiled a statue in the town and joined in declaiming a poem with Penny Tubbs written by the family's favourite penny-a-liner.



So, What'sup folks?! Is it a question or an exclamation? Who knows, but it is a frequent greeting from some of our colonial cousins and now "So" begins every sentence you hear, and not just from the transatlantic zone. Is it novel? Not really. One translation of Beowulf, one of the most ancient poems in the earliest form of the English language translates its first word "Whaet" as "so", so giving us the same translation of two current verbal tics. Clearly there is nothing wrong with starting a sentence with so and it has been going on for a long time. Explanations vary from the purely logical use of so as a consequence of something "so be it"; to a substitute for er or erm among folk who mumble; to the very strong declaration in Beowulf that this is an epic story; to a touch of scorn from Ms. Robinson. Most likely it has just crept up on us as a

fashionable way of starting a sentence from sources now unknown. It is often used as the last word in a sentence in some vernacular idioms, e.g. in the English Midlands and Ireland. Perhaps fashion among farmers there dictates that a sentence should be topped and tailed. So as ye sew, so shall ye reap, so I am, foolishly, a moderately keen collector of Watney's breweriana. The Good Beer Guide is still published annually, still on paper. The brewer's presence has almost disappeared off the face of the Earth, Mann's brown ale excepted. Their vile keg beer nearly drowned this island and engendered the ultimate putdown, which kept the lawyers busy until an edition of the GBG was pulped at Grotney's behest. As with all good cliches, "Avoid like the plague".

City Sites Development Ltd - part 2

The story so far. City Sites was founded in 1906. Despite being thought of by most as a vehicle for the Tubbs family including Stanley William Tubbs, Leonard Tubbs and Percy Burnell Tubbs there were several shareholder/directors from outside the family including Stanley's close friend William Hunter Kendall (the husband of Dame Madge Kendall), Sir Thomas Maris Taylor an educationalist and author and Joseph Rushbrooke a wholesaler of dressmakers' sundries. At first Percy B was only a professional adviser though he later became a shareholder and director as did two of his sons, Graham Burnell who as an architect took over the professional role after his father's death, and Cecil Burnell. Cecil's second wife Elise also became a shareholder and director. Leonard was a solicitor and for most of the Company's life meeting took place at his offices. After Leonard's retirement and death in 1962 his son was the legal adviser and minute taker. For none of the parties involved was this a full time occupation. The business made profits varying between small and handsome almost from the beginning. Some losses were incurred during the 1939-45 war but despite some bomb damage none of their properties was lost. Two properties in the portfolio were designed by Percy, those at Dysart Street and 92 St John's Street. Following Sir Stanley's death in 1941 trustees were appointed to manage his estate which was not due to be settled until the death of his second wife Evelyn who was to enjoy the income during her lifetime but the capital was then to be divided among various members of the Tubbs family. His trustee Brigadier ACC Willway became a director of City Sites as well as the major wealth producer, Tubbs Lewis Ltd. This complicated the company's affairs as it was necessary to negotiate with the Estate Duty Office (of the Inland Revenue) over the value of the company for probate. Until 1952 the secretary was a Mr. Thompson who was evidently an employee of PBT's architectural business. After his death the minutes were never as detailed, and when Leonard's son took over they become extremely terse. Last year's narrative ran from the foundation of the company up to the 60th AGM and the 119th Ordinary meeting. 120th Ordinary meeting, 3 June 1970. Decision not to pursue purchase of freehold of 92 St John's St, but to leave it to the long term leaseholders to settle. 121st meeting 29th June 1970. Accounts approved. 62nd AGM, 29th June 1970 approved final dividend of 31% less tax. 122nd meeting, 12th January 1971. For the first time the minutes are typed and pasted into the Minute Book. Leonard's son Anthony Tubbs had resigned as secretary and Elise Tubbs was appointed. New Bank mandate. (Anthony Tubbs was

struck off on 13th August 1971. Bunny reported that he appeared in court wearing his old Etonian tie, but to no effect.; his brother Brian was reprimanded but not punished over Anthony's misuse of client funds). This also marks a break with the firm of Leonard Tubbs as solicitors to the company. 123rd meeting at 73 Basinghall Street, 1st July 1971. Messrs Scadding and Bodkin, 19 Goodge Street, W1 appointed solicitors. Bodkin was an old friend of CBT, then chairman of City Sites.

Further dividend of 31% declared. Woodman Cox reported they had to do extra work relating to change of solicitors and Leonard Tubbs and CO were to be approached for a rebate. New discussion re 92 St John's where a possible offer or offer of partnership in joint development with neighbouring property.

124th meeting 11th August 1971. Previous offer re St Johns was withdrawn but selling the interest in the property to be pursued. Leonard Tubbs and the Company decided not pursue claim and counter claim.

62nd (sic) AGM 11th August 1971. This should read 63rd AGM. Further 31% gross dividend.

125th Meeting at Junior Carlton Club, Pall Mall 28th March 1972. (CBT had become a member of the Junior Carlton as the membership of the defunct Devonshire Club was transferred there). 92 St John's and 1888 Lavender Hill, sale approved for £45,000, free of Solicitors and surveyors charges. All parties to view further investment possibilities and review insurance valuations frequently due to high rate of inflation.

126th meeting, 38 Finsbury Square, 19th July 1972. Interim dividend of 31%. Seals to be applied to sales of properties and £10,500 to purchase 195a Richmond Road, Putney.

127th Meeting JCC 24th May 1973. Negotiations in hand to purchase 276 East Barnet Road, East Barnet for £40,000.

128th Meeting 38 Finsbury Square, 14th September 1973. Final dividend of 19p per share. Barnet purchase completed bar sealing.

129th meeting, 19 Lancaster Road, St Albans 27th February 1974. This was CBT's residence. Share transfers approved.

200 shares from John Dudley Stoward and Peter Roy Taylor to Mrs Priscilla Campbell, 200 from same holders to Jeremy John Franklin, 200 from same source to Jonathan Michael Franklin and 200 to Mr Virginia Viola Palmer-Tomkinson (Whoopie that's the late Tara's Mum!!! But what she's doing here is a bit of a mystery).

64th (sic) AGM at 38 Finsbury Square, 19th September 1973. Accounts approved and adopted.

130th meeting, 19 Lancaster Road. Agreed to sell 195a Richmond Road for £17,500, purchaser being the sitting tenant. Overdraft had been extended from £19,000 to £23,000

to make payment of the final taxation liability re 92 St J. No dividend to be paid and agreed to sell one or more of the Company's properties.

65th AGM 38 Finsbury Square, 16th December 1974.

Accounts approved.

131st meeting Michael Howard had died on 11th December 1974. Martin Cecil Tubbs appointed director.

132nd meeting JCC 10th June 1975. No dividend approved.

Mandate altered to include MCT to Lloyds, 58 High Holborn.

66th AGM, 38 Finsbury Square, 8th September 1975.

Accounts approved.

EGM 38th Finsbury Square, 29th September 1965. Offer to purchase all of the Company's freehold properties for £48,500 be accepted.

133rd meeting, 19 Lancaster Road 1st April 1976. Bank facilities increased of £4000 but 1951 Upper Richmond Road and 345 Barking Road East Ham mortgaged to the bank.

134th Meeting 19 Lancaster Road, 30th April 1976. Seal

affixed to mortgage deeds.

135th meeting JCC 5th October 1976. Modest dividend of 10% despite adverse net current assets.

136th meeting 38 Finsbury Square. 1580 Shares from Mrs Patricia Eleanor Bullen (formerly Howard) and other executors of Michael Howard to Mrs Patricia Eleanor Bullen. AN offer for East Barnet property received of £29,000 received and accepted.

67th AGM 38 Finsbury Square 19th November 1976.

Accounts approved.

137th meeting 19 Lancaster Road 27 January 1977. Sale of East Barnet to Eric Gilber for £29,000 (i.e. a loss of around £11,000) Sealed and License to assign Unit No 2 (Not sure what this means).

This is the last page in the minute book and so in true Tony Hancock fashion the last meetings towards the sad end and dissolution of the Company are not available to me.

A Bridge too near.

The Gunthorpe I know and don't always love for its rather nimbyish conservatism is typified in two crass decisions that were made in the village, one much more embarrassing than the other. An almost endless series of whist drives was held to raise funds to pay for the ever so slightly gimcrack village War Memorial Hall, neatly painted in pink and furnished with THOSE back-breaking plastic moulded chairs. The village cricket team played from a tiny pavilion that would have been outclassed by any known duck house and a sensible plan was proposed to build a new pavilion that extended and glorified the village hall with the real prospect of raising funds through licensed sales, in much the same way as nearby Caythorpe village prospered. This fell apart because of the failure of the Cricket Club and Village Hall Committee to agree terms.

The second story is quite hilarious but for the fact that my mother was one of its unwitting dupes. The village was unkindly known by some as Gunthorpe-and-Toilets. This arose because of an unfortunately worded road sign. The present sign points to Gunthorpe and Riverside.

The toilets were a fairly squalid block that catered for the needs of the occupants of a small caravan park and any tourists who never got as far as either of the pubs. Mansfield Brewery, the owner of one of the pubs also claimed to own the land alongside the river and its pub, The Unicorn. The village tried and failed to register this as common land but approved a scheme to have new and improved lavatories built on the land. This so enraged the commoners that the half-built edifice mysteriously disappeared one night, a genuine Clochemerle

event that ought to be as celebrated as the overnight demolition of a McDonalds by José Bové, a French national hero with the stature of Joan of Arc and other deluded Anglophobe warrior giants. Mother resigned from the Parish Council. I must add that I had left the village some years earlier and have nothing but a very good idea who the heroes are.

The village was surrounded by other ludicrous signs, famously there were about 21 at the junction of the lane from East Bridgford and the by-pass at the far end of the bridge, all designed to confuse the motorists, and one at the other end of the village proclaiming the bypass, that was probably not designed at all. Surely that place should have been renamed Eastbridge, but we did mention conservatism, didn't we? Prior to 1927 the main road wound its way through the village from a Victorian Bridge near the lock to its present junction with the bypass that was supposed to cater for the vastly increased flow of motor traffic, but omitted to make a roundabout at its junction with the A46 Fosse Way until many decades later, at which juncture the junction was proven to be atop the Roman camp of Margidunum. Only then were the notorious tailbacks reduced which may well still have contained Roman wartime traffic. A46 delays had to wait another 25 years for effective road improvement.

In 1987 the village went en fête to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the bypass and its concomitant bridge; naturally this was seen as an opportunity to parade some vintage and classic machinery which assembled at Newbridge Garage, cunningly named for the bridge. Our One Star picture depicts MCT sporting the ex Cotton and Allied Textiles Industry Training Board Canon AE-1 camera which now graces my

own shelves. He is talking to Andy Stewart who was then the local Member of Parliament. It is customary but usually unnecessary to note on these occasions the scandalous increase in the cost of living in the intervening 30 years, but it seems unavoidably prominent in this picture. The car is of course a Model T Ford and was used to drive Stewart around the village and over the bridge, but I don't appear to have a memory or record of whether the Ford was towed all the way or managed some self-propulsion. Stewart had been an ardent supporter of the Union of Democratic Mineworkers whose members continued to work in the 1984 Scargill strike by the NUM. The consequence was that most of Nottinghamshire became a fortified recreation of Margidunum, with policemen from London earning £1000+ net in overtime every month. Convert that into petrol at £1.66 per gallon! It was almost impossible to travel anywhere near a pit without being stopped and questioned. The gradual realization that all the UDM pits would soon close as well as the Yorkshire ones may well have hastened Stewart's departure from Westminster. Gunthorpe Bridge was a welcome deterrent to mining activity under the river. No subsidence without subsidy was the war cry of the semi-detached Nottinghamshire taxpayer (Well it was now -ed)

Gunthorpe's Facebook Page has suggested that there would be an 90th birthday Festschrift by Kip (aka Richard Mills) but I have not seen anything. The 1987 edition neatly covers the first 900 years from 1086 so Richard should gallop through a

mere thirty.

In my youth Gunthorpe was actually a textbook example (I read it in one dear reader, so I did) of an extended village, ribbon development before the word was known, with practically no building or roads away from the main drag. It ain't like that now folks!


Of course another sad aspect of this tale is that we have had no chance to see if Dad's pictures on the day were any better than mine, as we have not inherited his many photographs.

There were also many good things that can be said about the village, but I am not necessarily your chosen bringer of good tidings. Community spirit rose manifold in the face of adversity by flooding. The Church has flourished and been extended, though currently lacks a full-time vicar. The two pubs were then both unbreachable pillars of the community, if not exactly watertight, but those pesky tourists did get everywhere, with parking restrictions only on bank holidays. The village continues to attract visitors and there are three restaurants over and above the original two pubs, one the former school, one attached to the toll both and a new building by the lock, called Biondi's which conjures images of blond locks or tresses, even act tresses.

We visited Sunny G to see the new plaque for Mum's magnolia tree in the Church grounds, and took coffee. I reminded advertiser Bob Spouge that he gave me the Lyon's tea advert from the front door of the old Village Stores, when the whole thing was replaced, but even that shop is now long gone.



GUNTHORPE BRIDGE
1927 - 1987




DIAMOND JUBILEE


Sunday, 15th November, 1987

50p.

**MORE REWARDING THAN
ROBIN HOOD**



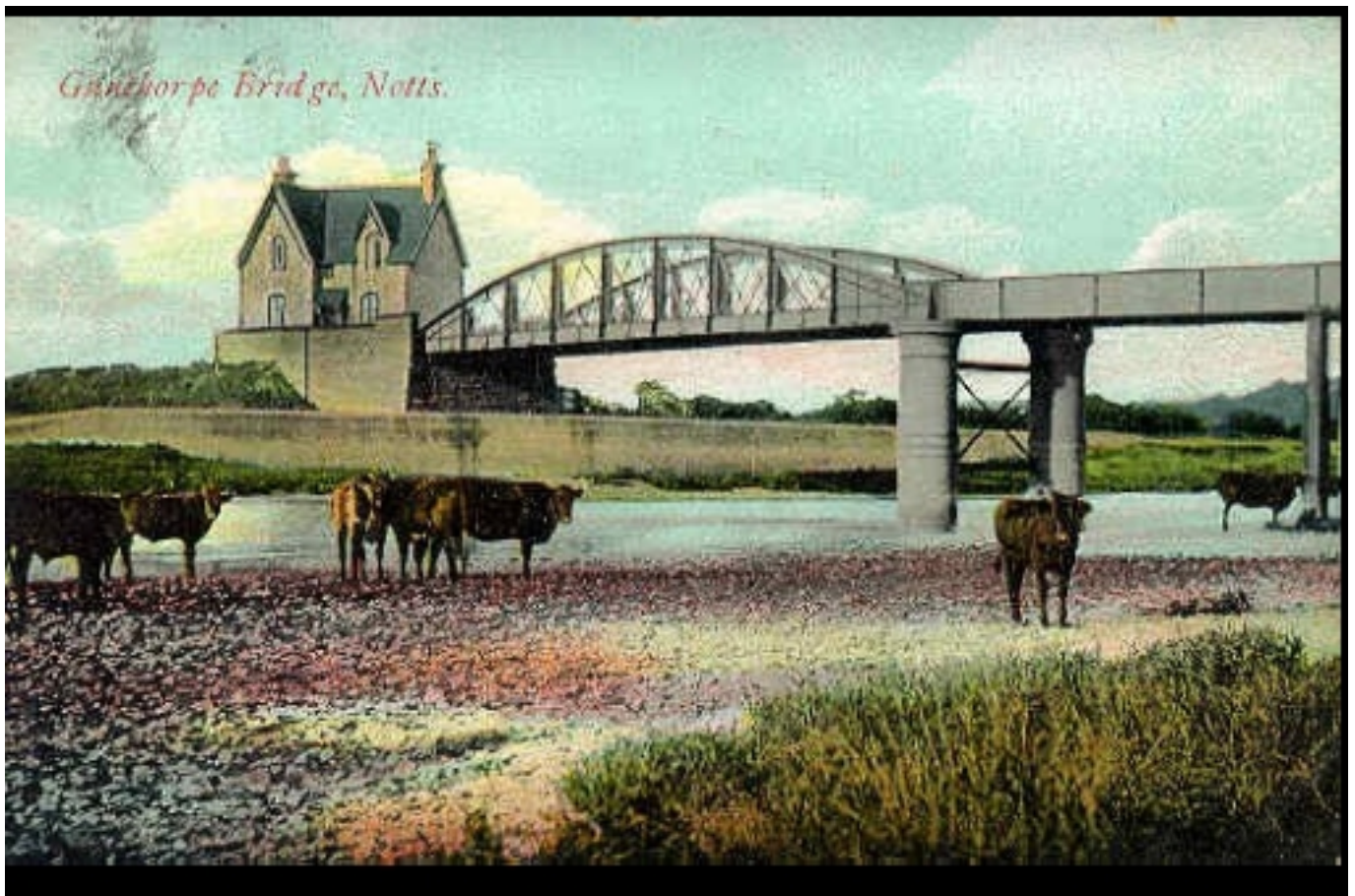
Home Ales
Nottingham's
other local legend



Over Sixty Years Service to the Village

H. W. SPOUGE
Telephone (0602) 663639

Self Service Shop and Post
Office also your Local Agent
for Imperial Laundry
David White Shoe Repairs
Crystal Carpet Cleaners



Scratching back numbers.

The random way in which newspaper cuttings surface from underneath carpets and elsewhere is just the sort of thing to set an idle mind off in unpredicted directions.

A booklet largely made up of newspaper cuttings and complete newspapers, focusing on major events, arrived from Eynsham. It is not completely clear which party compiled these; they date from 1937 through to 1945 and I guess it was Leslie. We pick one from 80 years ago.

The Sunday Pictorial of 12 September 1937 is incomplete and was not a commemorative issue but throws interesting light on the British Press's understanding of Soviet tyranny. One Robert Valentine Bell aged 28 was due to stand trial in Moscow for espionage. I have been unable to trace the outcome of this. Was he exchanged? Was he an SIS agent? (SIS = MI6, but Bell does not appear in its history by Keith Jeffery). Did he serve time? Surely if he had been shot we would know more about him. But tagged to the story is news of various Soviet diplomats being recalled to Moscow and never being heard of again. Less than four years later the Soviet tyrant would, in the course of a few revolving moons, be an ally of Hitler and then of the western allies. So-called fellow travellers were praising Stalin's paradise and some still do, but the truth was not so very far beneath the surface. Also Len Hutton scored 121 and Stoke City beat Derby County 8-1; some things never change.

Another interesting issue is *The Daily Sketch* of 20 April 1945. Hitler had another week to live and the war in Europe would be over in less than three weeks, but the final battles for the Dutch and Baltic ports and Berlin had barely begun. Even so much of German occupied territory had been liberated. There is a well known picture on the front page of Joseph Kramer, the beast of Belsen now sitting in chains, a neat complement to pictures in the same issue of POWs at Stalag VIIIIB also being forced to wear chains. There are two more stories about returning prisoners of war, one much better known than the other, but both had astonishing tales to tell, one with a post war story that rather touched me.

Douglas Bader was already very famous before he disappeared over France in 1941 and nothing during his captivity diminished his reputation as a determined trouble maker. He returned from Colditz and demanded one last bash against the Hun before the end of the war. He was not granted his wish, but he did lead the RAF in its flight over the VE Victory parade. All this is recounted in the book and film of his life *Reach for the Sky*, the latter starring Kenneth More, who later re-grew his legs, but you read the first cut of history in the Sketch.

The second story concerns 'Will O the Wisp' Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Daniel Wintle MC, who had become a prisoner

of the Germans after entering occupied France through Marseille(s) and going on a self appointed spying mission. Wintle was a grade I eccentric whose post war claim to fame was just as astonishing. I quote from Wikipedia.

Wintle made legal history when he brought a legal action against a dishonest solicitor named Nye, whom he accused of appropriating £44,000 from the estate of Wintle's deceased cousin, by inveigling her into leaving the residue of her estate to Nye in her will. To publicise the case, in 1955 Wintle served time in prison after forcing Nye to remove his trousers and submit to being photographed. He pursued Nye through the courts over the next three years, losing his case on two occasions. By 1958, Wintle ran out of money and had to present the case himself. On 26 November 1958 the Lords announced that they had found for Wintle, the reasons for judgment being reserved. In its subsequent written reasons, the House of Lords held that the burden was on the solicitor Nye to establish that the gift of the residue of the deceased cousin's estate to the solicitor in the will that he had drawn was not the result of his fraud, and that he had failed to discharge this exceptionally heavy burden so that the trial jury's validation of the gift to Nye could not be allowed to stand. Wintle thus became the first non-lawyer to achieve a unanimous verdict in his favour in the House of Lords. Was he closely related to Julian Wintle the producer of the tv series *The Avengers*? We should be told, but haven't been. Ring any bells? If you don't know why that story inspires and exasperates me you are, dear reader, a very lucky person.

..and finally a couple of nice nice trivia question for you.:- Who was in the leading carriage in the procession of Prime Ministers and Empire representatives at the Coronation of George VI and Queen Elizabeth (later the Queen Mother) in 1937? HNH Yang Di-Pertuan Besar of Negri Sembilan., so there.

What links Colonel Wintle with Hugo Meynell, one of my philosophy teachers who has previously appeared in these pages? RV Jones the very brilliant scientist who worked in scientific intelligence during WW2. He was an Intelligence colleague of Wintle and reports that Wintle once demolished his former home with the assistance of a motor car. To calm its resident down he disappeared to the pub to buy a bottle of sherry, his usual remedy for misfortunes. Jones was a good friend of the Meynells and was staying at their grand house, Hoar Cross in Staffordshire, when they were obliged to listen to Chamberlain announcing a state of war on 3 September 1939. I thought you would like to know.

Two more questions arise. One is why did Queen Mary not become the Queen Mother (not the Queen's mother, but the King's of course) and the second is what are the odds of the word inthronization being used about the next Coronation?

We have already touched several times upon Cecil B Tubbs' role as a bombing officer during The Great War, and



expressed disappointment at the lack of good illustrations of a Stokes Gun, however some new pictures illustrate this much better than anything previously available to me.

A frustrated trip with Beckie to Lambeth Palace whose website should take lessons in clarity from the Book of Common Prayer turned into a visit to the Imperial War Museum, but two stops away on the bus.

Having been satiated with visits to World War I sites and museums during my short trip to Ypres/Ieper/Wipers I was hardly ready for another one. I had even been able to take a fairly good photograph of a Stokes Gun at the Flanders Fields (name in English) Museum in Ieper, but my expectations of finding a better one were surpassed with this cutaway example at the IWM.

You may recall that the mortar was by no means a new weapon. Their primary use had been in sieges where balls could be dropped into enemy territory but in WWI they became adapted to trench warfare as anti personnel weapons. The Germans had the dreaded Moaning Minnie, aka Minenwerfer or mine thrower. In the early stages of the war the British used a variety of explosives that could be thrown or even projected by catapult, as illustrated in the stock picture. CBT in his memoirs discusses all these early types of weapon but then went on to become one of the first battalion bombing officers equipped with the new Stokes mortar. The Stokes gun is that rare thing, a civilian's freelance invention that was adopted by the military. The war office was inundated with madcap ideas and naturally reluctant to adopt inventions from outside its own ranks. Its simplicity is

blinding. It is nothing more than a tube and a frame for positioning and aiming the gun. The stroke of genius was to incorporate the simple striking mechanism in the round, rather than have a complicated trigger mechanism on the weapon. The actual explosion was then delayed by a number of seconds according to the fuse being used. Subsequent designs of trench mortar have generally adopted the same principle.

The display seems to have paid off the idea that mortars were improvised from jam tins, though they may have been. The grenade shown here is a mass produced device nicknamed the jam tin for obvious reasons, that is to say, obvious if you are over 50 or is it 60? Jam didn't always come in midget plastic tubs that you can't open. The later Mills bomb was a far more reliable weapon and safer for the operator. It is thought that 70 million Mills bombs were used in WWI.

My own picture of a catapult was marred by the museum lighting, but amazed me.

It seems unlikely that the Stokes gun in the IWM saw service at the front but I was assured that used examples are still occasionally unearthed and that there might even be a black market for them, if you are interested.

Sir Wilfred Stokes must have been related by marriage to the founders of Ransomes and Rapier, the Ipswich engineers best known for making railway turntables and the mechanism for the revolving restaurant in the Post Office Tower in London.





Wilfred's nephew Wilfred Rapier Stokes also worked in the firm. In 1951 they also made the famous W1400 walking dragline for Exton quarry in Rutland that was then the largest one in the world. Ransomes also founded Ransome and Marles the bearings company of Newark but it was always a separate business.

The gun in the Ieper Museum is in good condition and displayed with a mortar round in its box.

Another item of interest, but not specifically relevant to the family DNA, is this excellent German poster for a propaganda film. "The U boats are out!" it proclaims, and my picture is all the more chilling for the juxtaposition of a real naval mine.



Beware low-flying Spitfires. The number of airworthy ones grows and is now around 54, but this static example at the IWM reminds one of the mouldering Gate Guardians at RAF stations round the land, most now closed, as well as the real reason it is there. We owe so much to The Few and the many others.



Thurstonland and Brockholes Methodist Chapels

Last year saw the 180th anniversary of the building of Thurstonland Methodist Chapel and the 110th anniversary at Brockholes, though there had been Methodist worship in Thurstonland from the earliest days of the movement. There were "Class Meetings" from 1777. A chapel was built in 1810 which was shared with Church of England and Independents. None of the original 38 subscribers in 1810 can be identified as ancestors. After some disagreement among the various parties in 1834 it was resolved to build a new Methodist Chapel. Of the first year's cash expenditure of £549/8/0½d on building it is perhaps surprising to see £8/11/8½d included as "Ale and Estimates" Sundry Items. Abstinence was not closely bound up with Methodism as it later became. Much of the cost was contributed by "boining", the conferring of boons or non pecuniary contributions.

In the early years the musical contribution would have pleased the Anglican traditionalist Thomas Hardy for it was by fiddle and a Bass, only later by harmonium before an organ was installed in 1874. By that time there is plenty of evidence of Gill involvement in the life of the chapel. On 19th May 1899 a Memorandum of "Choice and appointment of new Trustees" was signed and sealed. New trustees included Henry Gill and John Gill Jenkinson. This was revised in 1912. Henry Gill continued in the role and was joined by Edmund Gill.

The 1936 Centenary souvenir publication included contributions from Mrs Jagger, the historian of Honley. An elderly member of the congregation James H Hoyle recalled arriving in Thurstonland in 1858 and remembers Luke Gill as one of the choir singers from his early years, alongside John Hirst Mitchell "Sweet Singer of Israel" and Jonas Walker the 'cello player.

The Rev C Irving Benson then of Melbourne Australia recalls "I have eaten bread in five continents but I vow there is no bread made anywhere like that in Thurstonland". He regarded "That queenly lady" Mrs George Gill as the best of the bakers and she "granted me the high privilege of turning the churn and treated me to a piece of oatcake and pat of fresh butter. Do they still hang oatcake from the ceiling?". Now there's a question I can't answer but suspect it is "No".

Benson also recalled managing to lob a snowball down Luke Gill's chimney and being the more ashamed because Luke's rebuke was so reasonable. I am Luke's 1st cousin three times removed, but not as reasonable.

As depopulation took its toll Thurstonland was proud to regard Lockwood (near Huddersfield) as its adopted offshoot for many Thurstonland folk settled there and founded a new chapel. The pressure of depopulation was the demise of cottage weaving and the long decline in agriculture, caused in

part by the repeal of the Corn Laws. Brexiteers beware!

Thurstonland also contributed to the population of Brockholes whose population rose rapidly from just four or five households, after the advent of Messr Joseph Sykes to Rock Mills, and even more so after Sykes rebuilt following a fire in 1876. As at Thurstonland early worship was at Cottage Services. A small Mission Church was erected in 1895 by the combined efforts of the Holmfirth and Buxton Road Circuits, at a cost of a little over £100. As soon as this was paid for it was planned to build a larger more permanent place of worship. Land was acquired from Sir Thomas Brooke. Trustees from 1901 included Henry Gill and Joseph Gill. As at Thurstonland much of the work was contributed by boining. One of those whose contribution was valued at £20 was Edgar Gill.

25 Memorial stones were laid on 30th September 1905. The new chapel was opened at a ceremony on 1st September 1906. The chapel was formally opened by Mr Sims of Leigh who observed he was a Lancashire Methodist, but appreciated Yorkshire Methodism because it was practical. On 27th October there was a tree planting ceremony. Among the list of planters was Master Leslie Gill of Wooldale – laburnum; he also contribute eleven shillings. From the general list of Donations and Subscriptions we see George Gill of Thurstonland contributing two guineas.

Sadly the chapel at Thurstonland closed and is now a private residence like so many others throughout the land, but Brockholes chapel flourishes.

Martin Tubbs and Joyce Maude were married there on 3rd September 1949. I occasionally attended Sunday School there having walked with the family from Honley, of course.

THE NOTTINGHAM BRAID CO. LTD.

Established in 1911



*has crossed many bridges
since then*

*and congratulates Gunthorpe on providing
such a magnificent example for 60 years.*



Gresham Road — Derby



The Monk's War. The story so far.

After leaving Haileybury College Monk attended the School of Engineering at Crystal Palace where he studied railway engineering and diving. He joined the Artists Rifles as a territorial and played Rugby for a junior side of the London Irish and was a successful rower with the Kensington Rowing Club. He mostly resided at the Brook Green Hotel Hammersmith, near the rowing club. He was a member of Leander. He went out to France with the Artists in 1915 and was injured at St Julien (within a mile or so of where Seymour Tubbs would be killed two years and many more lives later). After his convalescence he got treatment for his stammer and also worked in the pay office of the Artists at Colchester. Sufficiently cured of his stammer he got a commission in the Royal Irish Fusiliers. After training with them in Donegal he went out to France in the autumn of 1916 and shortly afterwards was involved in an incident involving drink which led to his resigning his commission and being court-martialled. He then applied to join the Irish Guards and was interviewed by Lord Brassey its Colonel. His family had moved from Eaton Bray in Bedfordshire to Grundisburgh in Suffolk. December 5th 1916 Monk writes to his mother from Brook Green. "I kick off down to Caterham this afternoon and I suppose I shall be on parade about 6 o'clock tomorrow with the rookies". I find there are two or three old members of the London Irish down there as privates, so I'll meet somebody I know.

December 8th 1916. 5th Coy Irish Guards, Caterham. GAS to AHS. "I have been down here three days now and have started to learn the goose step and other things a young soldier must know".. My style and title by the way is 11686 Pte G A Sutton, address as above."

Undated letter from GAS 5th Coy Irish Guards, Caterham, Surrey. "Please don't count too much on my getting reinstated, the only chance is commendation on the field and that wants some doing besides a lot of luck. It takes at least 10 weeks to pass out of the depot and then if you are alive you have to survive the battalion at Warley before you can chance your arm in France. Sorry to hear Dad is not well."

December 17th 1916. GAS to AHS from 5th Coy Irish Guards, Caterham. "I don't know why you should think the London Irish here are likely to get me into trouble. If I want trouble I can find it without anybody's assistance. As a matter of fact the two of them here are both very staid respectable city men and with large families." He is overdrawn at the Cox's Bank and says that he has taken up boxing and hopes to win a sovereign by knocking out a large Scotchman next Tuesday.".. "I find the gold stripe very useful". i.e. Monk had been promoted Lance Corporal.

Questions in The House

Perhaps this is the point to note a very curious episode which I find utterly astonishing. I quote from Hansard, a parliamentary question and its answer.

HC Deb 05 July 1917 vol 95 cc1311-2W 1312W

§ Mr. FITZPATRICK

asked the Undersecretary of State for War if he is aware that recruits in the Irish Guards who are at present undergoing training at the military quarters, Caterham, Surrey, complain that the non-commissioned officers in charge make them run up and down in the sun until they are ready to fall down from exhaustion, and if any of the men make any mistake while drilling they are placed in the guard-room and charged with being idle on parade and receive as punishment three pack-drills for one hour each evening round the square; that as a result several men have to be removed on a stretcher to hospital from time to time; and what steps the War Office intend taking to put a stop to this method of training?

§ Mr. MACPHERSON

No, Sir; I am not aware that there is any foundation for the suggestions in the hon. Member's question. Men are not doubled up and down the parade ground aimlessly. If a man continually makes mistakes and shows that he is not trying, he would be brought before his company officer. If the hon. Member would care to visit Caterham, the commandant of the depot would be glad to give him facilities for seeing anything he wishes.



Monk liked beer and mermaids. He had trained as a diver with Siebe-Gorman while at the Crystal Palace School of Engineering before the War. When he put his mind to it he was a competent artist. His watercolour of sailing wherries is another lost treasure.

There can only be speculation about this but the obvious inference is that the Irish trainees were being given a hard time because of bad feelings about the Easter Rising of 1916. Monk does not seem to have been uncomfortable in his role as a junior NCO, but the question always has to be asked why Monk got involved twice in Irish regiments. Was it merely because of his friendship with Irishmen such as Nolan and the

London Irish or had he come to form political views about the Irish Question. Is the fact that Monk was English a reason why he was steered into the Irish Guards as potential NCO material both to give the men a hard time and act as an additional security buffer between the army and its possibly dissident recruits? The fact that the Undersecretary of State for War denied the allegations is no reason to believe that there was no smoke and no fire, nor do I know if Mr Fitzpatrick took up the offer of inspecting the barracks, but as

we see here Monk was there at the time and he was an NCO at the time. Fitzpatrick was the Irish Parliamentary Party member for Queens County Ossory, which is part of present day County Laois, in the Midlands of the Irish Republic. The IPP was a moderate Nationalist party, ie it favoured independence from the UK to result from negotiation rather than an armed struggle. Monk rapidly rose to Lance Corporal which is not surprising as he was an experienced soldier with experience of command. He complained several times by way of an excuse for delays in writing home that NCOs were especially hard done by as they were constantly required for guard duty, but

that is what soldiers do, guard duty and complain, so I don't think we learn a lot there.

December 22nd 1916 . GAS to AHS. "I was beaten in the semi final by a Grenadier (Guard) who knew a thing or two about boxing."

February 6th 1917 Monk's old friend Nolan writes to him from 33 West 16th St, New York City. Assuming Nolan was an Irish



This fine portrait of Monk shows him as an officer in 1916. The print has probably deteriorated a little but is in the pictorial style, a little more diffused than a standard image

resident he would not have been subject to being drafted, but I find it hard to drop the hypothesis that Nolan had moved from Ireland to avoid political if not military complications.

2nd February 1917. 5th Coy Irish Guards, on their notepaper. "I wonder if Dorothy will make much money at her new job... She might even get an air bloke for a husband". In the event of course Dorothy never did get a husband, nor Monk a wife. "The Grenadiers by the way are our deadly enemies. It appears they ran and left the Micks in the lurch on some occasion in France". This sounds like dangerous banter.

11th February 1917 on Irish Guards notepaper. "I am thoroughly fed up with the war but I am afraid that that is a fairly common complaint. I can hardly believe now that I was longing for it before it came... I think the Yanks

will soon be stuck in it now and I suppose they should help a lot, in the way of carrying food etc though I don't suppose she will do much fighting in Europe if any at all". Tell that one to the Marines. USA did not officially declare war until 6th April. He continues "We are well able to look after ourselves. When this squad goes out I fancy 'Tom Ger' as they call him here, will be getting very uncomfortable". That is a nickname for Fritz, Jerry, Les Boches etc which seems to have been localised and short lived. "I am expecting to get leave in about a fortnight or three weeks, so if you can spare a bit from the loan before then I should be delighted."

11am 24th February 1917, St Matthews Day, Grundisburgh. "I am glad I sent you the WO (War Office) papers before settling it, as there may be some mistake. If it is all right I suppose it must be paid, so let me know, and we will settle it." You don't say a word about when your leave is. Do not forget that you must come home. It will be lovely to share you. I have heard from Will... He has got settled down at GHQ (?) on his senior staff course." Mama and Papa had called on the Pelham Aldriches. Aldrich was a retired Admiral who was well known as an explorer and provided naval backing to several important scientific expeditions. As newcomers to Suffolk they were getting to know their neighbours as well as their parishioners.

26th February 1917. Caterham. He had been boxing again and won one round but was beaten in the semi finals. "I don't think I'm much of a boxer". Monk notes "That War Office Thing is a bit of a jar. I thought I had finished with them". I guess this is to do with his indebtedness.

28th February 1917. Grundisburgh. "Do you think there is any chance of being reinstated soon. Would it be any use to apply for a commission? Will says that officers are tremendously wanted at the front. I would like to write to Sir D Haig, but I suppose that would be no use." ... "Basil is very thankful the frost is over for he seems to have had a terrible time with burst radiators."

5th March 1917. 5th Coy Irish Guards, Caterham. "We have been very busy passing out this week and that means a lot of shining and extra parades. "I will get leave about the middle of this week".

17 April 1917. On Irish Guards notepaper. It looks as if the war will be over before I see France again. There is news about Will, which appears to be his Engagement.

14th May 1917. Warley barracks. "No you can't do anything about the £4, but if you can send me a few shillings occasionally I would be very grateful". "When are they getting married by the way?"

May 25th – Warley Barracks. Thanks for note. Hopes to arrive Woodbridge about 5.30pm. Probably this was the leave he had hoped to get in March, though the lack of correspondence between 15 March and 17 April may be because he did have leave then.

6th June. Warley Barracks. I have been passing out (again) today and have had rather a lively time but so far as I know I seem to have done all right so far. We have another day of it tomorrow and then I'm finished with the School of Instruction.. Could you send me a toothbrush I left behind. It is rather a dirty one though very useful all the same.. (Soldiers often use toothbrushes for kit cleaning- ed) You never get any peace with the stripes on.. I am writing this on the coal box". I am not aware that Monk got a second stripe but he would have worn one stripe on each shoulder. The OH Register lists him as Lance Corporal.

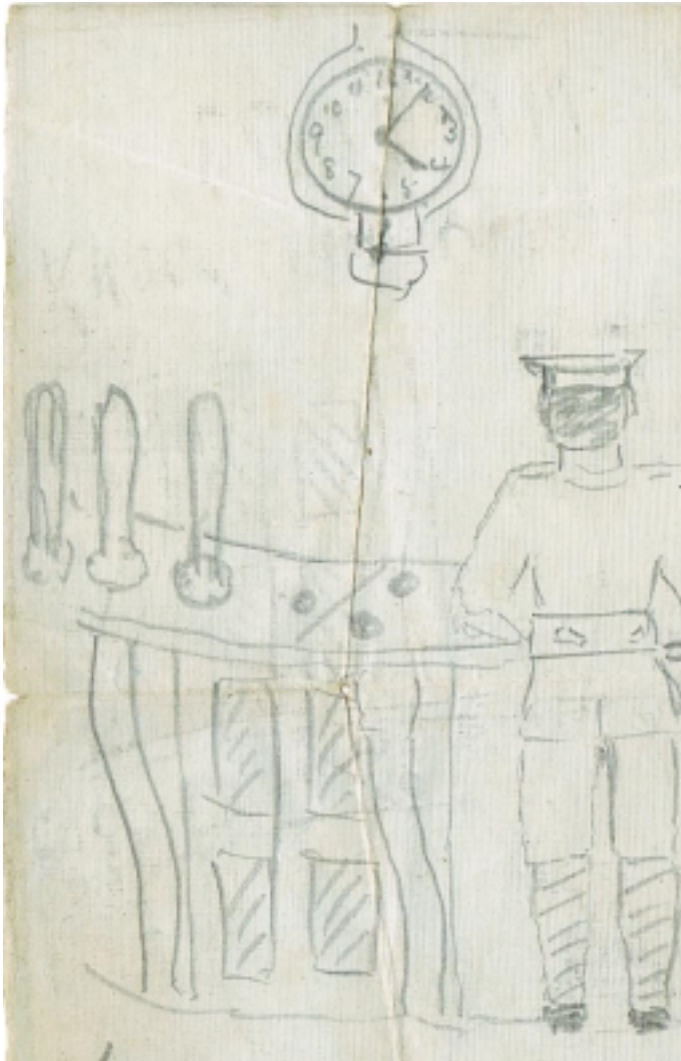
12th June Warley Barracks. Thanks very much for the note, also the cigarettes and handkerchiefs, all very useful. Splendid news about Messines and Wytschaete. The Messines ridge had been captured following a spectacular series of mine explosions. This was an early success in what became the 3rd Battle of Ypres, and one of the few attacks that was less costly for the allies than it was for the Germans. The 16th Division, Monk's old division was involved in the attacks. This was an Irish Division and so he was referring to the Royal Irish Fusiliers. "Apparently in just the same place that I left them. I am afraid there will be very few that I know left".

June 24th – Warley Barracks. Is due to go to Tadworth on a course of anti gas measures. Claims a 10/- gift from his mother was missing from the envelope.

26th June 1917. London District Anti Gas School, Tadworth, Surrey. "Did you find the note?" – ie the 10/- note. His card was posted to Marshalls Hill, Shinfield, Reading but was forwarded to Grundisburgh. I don't know which Sutton family was resident in Shinfield.

This cheque book soon got Monk into trouble as he had received officer's field pay in advance when he resigned his commission. Until his mother settled his debts he was being pursued by the war office for repayment of money which he had, of course, spent.





This drawing is titled "Knock him off long un", a reference to Monk's great height, and his ambition to solve his financial problems by boxing. I don't know who drew this but I do know that five past four is as good a time as any to enjoy a beer in time for 4.30 pm, the hour at which *The Times* goes to press and is used in the masthead of its editorial pages to this day. I suppose it is fanciful to recall that the almost mythical long pull is a generous half pint of beer given by way of 'treating' customers, an illegal practice - sadly.

17 August 1917. Tadworth Camp. "I arrived all right after standing all the way from Ipswich and found plenty of room as a draft had gone out last Monday".

19th August 1917. "There is rumoured to be a big one (draft) going in a week or so."

24th August 1917. Tadworth Barracks. "I am glad to hear Will has got leave and hope Barbara and himself have arrived safely by this time. I am afraid there is no chance of leave as a draft is going soon. I am glad they have managed to square the railway men in time. It would have meant guarding stations and bridges and would have been a frightful bore, unless it happened to be in London but I think they are frightened to have Micks in London, or too many of them anyway." To this day Micks is an acceptable term for the Irish Guards though it is generally found to be pejorative in any other context. It must be stressed

that the Micks were volunteers as there was no conscription in Ireland.

29th August 1917. No 4 Coy, IG, Warley Barracks, Brentwood – on IG notepaper. You see we are back here at last. We left Tidworth on Tuesday, so probably passed Will somewhere near Ilford, if he came up on the 2 o'clock. We had a terrible time the night before. Several tents including the mess tent were blown away, but eventually fixed up. The coffee bar marquee collapsed., destroying a lot of cigarettes., but the canteen stuck it bravely till almost exactly the moment we finally marched off, when it quickly caved in as if it thought it had done its bit..... yet as we paraded in the morning we were inspected as if we were going on King's Guard." "That was a short leave Will got. I suppose next time there will be a reception and river of fizz". That might be thought of as a bit provocative to his abstaining parents. There is an official rumour that we are for London shortly to take over duty. I hope it is true. Wellington Bks (The home of the Guards regiments on Birdcage Walk near Buck House) would be very handy though I don't fancy mounting guard at St James's". This seems to be a rumour that persisted in spite of the settlement of the railway dispute mentioned on 24th August.

8th September 1917. Warley "Fancy Will hoping for a month's leave! I imagine I shall be across the water by then. That pipe in the case is mine. I find that one pipe is enough for this job and amber mouthpieces are out of it altogether. I wonder if you could let me have a little money.. I am broke and look like

always being so as the rise in pay appears to have been chucked out.. We have a new scheme for air raids now. Since the Naval barracks affair we have had to dig trenches outside barracks and whenever an air raid is on we have to get in them. As the raids are nearly all moonlight stunts it looks as if it will be bad for the soldier. It seems a pity to go and die in a trench when you might do it decently in bed"

17 September 1917. Warley Barracks on Irish Guards notepaper. "I got the 12/- all right thanks. I am for the draft all right, and we leave here on Wednesday, so far as is known so I shall be back with Old Jerry again shortly. I am glad Will has found a fairly genial spot and hope he will successfully dodge things till the wedding which I hope will not be in Cardiff. I should have thought London was the best place if not their own place in Ireland. I am glad you have had some tennis. There is not much news about and I suppose henceforward there will be less. Love to all".

22nd September 1917. A.P.O. S12 (Army Post Office) Passed Field Censor 53 (?). "We kicked off on Wednesday. The voyage wasn't much to write home about " (ho ho ed!). "My address is 1st Irish Guards, Guards Division Base Depot, BEF We shall be leaving here shortly for the batt, but I think they will send on any letters all right". Presumably 1st Irish Guards is just an address of convenience for he shortly gives his

address as 2nd Irish Guards.

In the Field.

1st October 1917. Field Post Office. Received 10th October. "I have left the GBD (Guards Base Depot), so I expect I won't get your next letter for some time. The address now is 'No 1 Coy, 2nd Irish Guards, BEF.' If Will is where he was last year I know the place all right. I'm not much further from him than I was then, but as communications go it might be in America". I don't want anything in the line of food or clothing, but if you could send me a little money now and then it would be very useful."

12 October 1917 Field Post Office, a Field Service Post Card. Received October 16th. "I am quite well", "Letter follows at first opportunity", "I have received no letter from you lately". Postmarked 13 October 1917. "We are just out from a highly successful little scrap with the Ger, in which we advanced about a couple of miles, with very light casualties. The actual show was quite good fun, like walking up rabbits, except for the shell fire. (The night before) "We had to get into position in flooded shell holes in pouring rain after ploughing across about 4 miles of the same sort of country I wrote to you from the Base, giving my address".

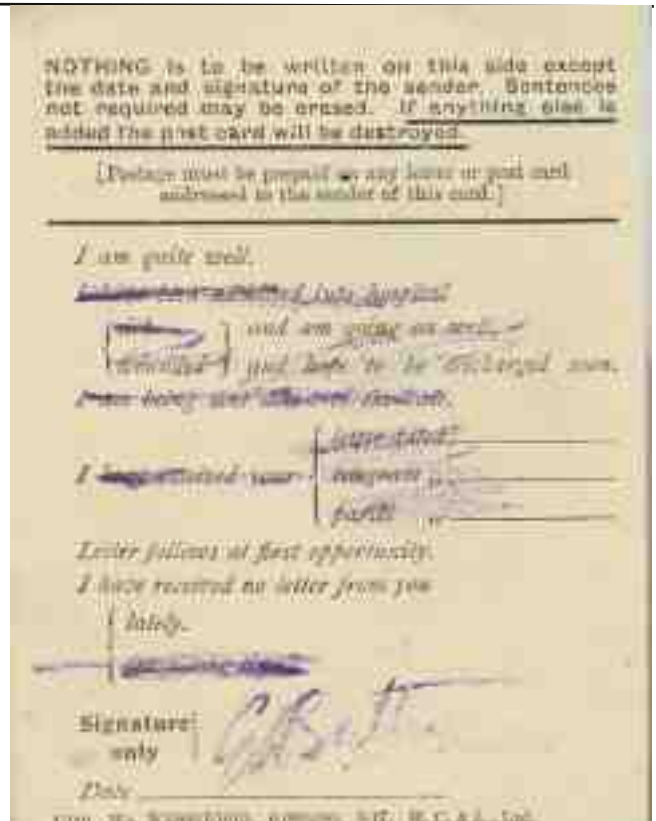
"The Micks went over the top in huge form and in fact were right through in front of our own barrage, notwithstanding the filthy night before. This batt. Never uses rum in the line so there was no Dutch courage about the business. There's no doubt this is a great mob.

"By the way don't send any parcels out – we really hardly need them but a postal order now and then would be very useful".

20th October. I have got all your letters now except those addressed to the Base but they will come along all right I expect. I got the 10/- all right thanks. I fancy po's (Postal Orders) are easier to change

20th October 1917. AHS notes it should be dated 22nd. "We are scrubbing and shining here as if we were going to mount guard at St James's: still it is better than the line. Our attack was early in the morning of October 9th. We had to cross a river just in front of Fritz's front line.. I am sure the Ger never dreamt we would chance it. However when we kicked off everything went beautifully, and I really quite enjoyed it..

"I was delighted to see Fritz getting some of his heavy stuff back at himself, but I must say he takes it pretty coolly, especially his machine gunners, who stuck it well, but happily did less damage than they might have done and did in other parts of the line. I forgot to mention last time that my Coy Commander was killed early in the show. He was an O.H. (Old Haileyburian) and was in Lawrence (boarding house) two or three years with me. (This was Lieutenant Claude Everard Robert Hanbury, a native of Slough - who is buried in



Canada Farm Cemetery, Belgium, possibly related to the brewing family of the firm of Truman, Hanbury and Buxton). Our officers were rather unlucky, most of them going out, either wounded or killed early in the show. I think there is no more news now, except I am hoping to get some Rigger and think the war will soon be over".

Kipling's history of the 2nd Irish Guards states he was a Captain, which may mean it was a brevet rank. Kipling set himself the task of writing the history of the Irish Guards, perhaps in expiation for the loss of his son. There are allegations that John Kipling felt obliged to join up after pressure from his father, but his health and eyesight were not really suited to soldiering. Kipling's archive is kept at Haileybury, his old school and Monk's.

Kipling's account of that action

The rain gave over in the night and was followed by a good drying wind. Zero of the 9th October was 5.20 A.M. which gave light enough to see a few hundred yards. An intense eighteen-pounder barrage was our signal to get away. Four barrages went on together—the creeping, a standing one, a back-barrage of six-inch howitzers and 60-pounders, and a distant barrage of the same metal, not to count the thrashing machine-gun barrages. They moved and halted with the precision of stage machinery or, as a man said, like water-hoses at a conflagration. Our two leading companies (3 and 4) crossed the river without a hitch, met some small check for a few moments in Ney Wood where a nest of machine-guns had escaped the blasts of fire, and moved steadily behind the death-drum of the barrage to the first objective a thousand yards from their start. There the barrage hung like a wall from

the French flank, across the north of Gruyterzaele Farm, over the Langemarck road and Koekuit, and up to Namur Crossing on the battered railway track, while the two leading companies set to work consolidating till it should roll back and the rear companies pass on behind it. The dreadful certainty of the job in itself masked all the details. One saw and realised nothing outside of one's own immediate task, and the business of keeping distances between lines and supports became a sort of absurd preoccupation. Occasionally a runner passed, very intent on his errand, a free man, it seemed, who could go where he chose at what pace suited his personal need to live; or the variously wounded would lurch by among the shell-holes, but the general impression in the midst of the din was of concentrated work. The barrage held still for three quarters of an hour, and about half-past seven the 2nd Coldstream came up through our Nos. 3 and 4 Companies who were lying down, curiously unworried by casualties, to carry on the advance to the last objective which was timed to take place about eight. No. 3 Company was told to move up behind the Coldstream and dig in a couple of hundred yards behind Nos. 1 and 2 as a support to them, where they lay behind the second objective, in event of counterattacks. Unluckily a French gun on the left began to fire short, and that company had to be withdrawn with some speed, for a "seventy-five" that makes a mistake repeats it too often to be a pleasant neighbour. Battalion Headquarters came up as methodically as everything else, established themselves behind the first objective, strung their telephones, and settled down to the day's work. So far as the Battalion was concerned they suffered no more henceforward than a few occasional shells that do not seem to have done any damage, and at six in the evening their two leading companies were withdrawn, with the leading companies of the 1st Scots Guards, and marched back to Dulwich Camp. The remaining two companies of the Scots Guards passed under the command of the C.O. of the Irish (Alexander – later Earl Alexander of Tunis, but already an Irish hereditary peer -ed), who had been slightly wounded in the course of the action. The four companies then were in direct support of the troops at the third objective waiting on for counter-attacks which never came. On the dawn of the 10th October, Battalion Headquarters moved forward again to the second objective line, but except for some low-flying enemy planes, the day passed quietly till the afternoon when the same French "seventy-five," which had been firing short the day before, took it into its misdirected head to shell No. 1 Company so savagely that that had to be shifted to the left in haste. There was no explanation, and while the company was on the move the enemy put down a two hours' barrage just behind the second objective. It has often been remarked that when the Hun leads off on the wrong foot, so to say, at the beginning of a fray, he keeps on putting his

foot into it throughout. Luckily, the barrage did not do much harm.

The Welsh Guards relieved in the late evening, and by eleven o'clock the whole Battalion was safe in Dulwich Camp with an amazingly small casualty list. The only officer killed had been Captain Hanbury. Lieutenants Close and Bagot were wounded and also Alexander and Father Browne, these last two so slightly that they still remained on duty. Of other ranks they had but twenty dead, eighty-nine wounded, and two missing. 1st November. Envelope only. Field Service censor 3575. Received 4 November. 10 November 1917. Field Service Post Card. "I am quite well". "I have received your letter dated Nov 3rd". Letter follows at first opportunity".

The move to Cambrai

This signifies that the battalion was on the move from the Ypres sector, marching from there to the attack that was supposed to result in the capture of Cambrai.

17 November 1917 . Envelope sent while on Active Service in the field. Contents ?

20th November 1917 (Can't read date but must be 1917 as he was in in England on that date in 14, 15, and 16)– In the Field. Monk reports that he is still trekking (which also fits the description of the route march) and the hide is getting case hardened already and he will be comfortable soon. He has lost his pipe and writes asking for another. He specifically requests a Civic Salmon and Gluckstein with a long straight stem and no silver mounting. This company became part of Imperial Tobacco which had retail interests as well as manufacturing. The pipes were originally made in France and finished in England, so if he got his pipe it was quite possibly a re-import back to France, but it is most unlikely he was there to enjoy it. 21 November 1917. Envelope passed by censor 3575.

Probably the above letter.

Kipling's account of the attack.

As you might expect from the winner of the Nobel prize for literature, the account sometimes surpasses the standard military narrative by miles. One comment he made of events round about this time for example was "Battles are like railway journeys in that the actual time of transit is as nothing compared to that wasted in getting from door to door."

The Battalion spent the night of the 26th working its way up to the front line, through Flesquières where bombs were issued, two per man; then to La Justice by Graincourt; and thence, cross-country, by companies through the dark to the Bapaume–Cambrai road, where they found the guides for their relief of the Scots Guards. Just as they reached the south edge of Bourslon Wood, the enemy put down a barrage which cost forty casualties. Next it was necessary for the C.O. (Alexander) to explain the details of the coming attack to his company commanders, who re-explained it to their N.C.O.'s, while the

companies dressed in attack-order, bombs were detonated and shovels issued. ("There was not any need to tell us we were for it. We knew that, and we knew we was to be quick. But that was all we did know—except we was to go dancin' into that great Wood in the wet, beyond the duckboards. The ground, ye'll understand, had been used by them that had gone before us—used and messed about; and at the back, outside Bourlon, all Jerry's guns was rangin' on it. A dirty an' a noisy business was Bourlon.")

By five in the morning, after a most wearing night, the Battalion was in position, the 2/5th West Riding of the 1st Brigade on its left and the 1st Coldstream on its right; and the Wood in front alive with concealed machine-guns and spattered with shells. They led off at 6.20 behind their own barrage, in two waves; No. 1 Company on the right and No. 2 Company on the left, supported by No. 3 Company and No. 4. Everything was ready for them, and machine-guns opened on well-chosen and converging ranges. Almost at the outset they met a line of enemy posts held in strength, where many of the occupants had chosen to shelter themselves at the bottom of the trenches under oil-sheets, a protection hampering them equally in their efforts to fight or to surrender. Here there was some quick killing and a despatch of prisoners to the rear; but the Wood offered many chances of escape, and as our guards were necessarily few, for every rifle was needed, a number broke away and returned. Meantime, the Battalion took half a dozen machine-guns and lost more men at each blind step. In some respects Bourlon was like Villers-Cotterêts on a large scale, with the added handicap of severe and well-placed shelling. A man once down in the coppice, or bogged in a wood-pool, was as good as lost, and the in-and-out work through the trees and stumpage broke up the formations. Nor, when the affair was well launched, was there much help from "the officer with the compass" who was supposed to direct the outer flank of each company. The ground on the right of the Battalion's attack, which the Coldstream were handling, was thick with undestroyed houses and buildings of all sorts that gave perfect shelter to the machine-guns; but it is questionable whether Bourlon Wood itself, in its lack of points to concentrate upon, and in the confusion of forest rides all exactly like each other, was not, after all, the worst. Early in the advance, No. 2 Company lost touch on the left, while the rest of the Battalion, which was still somehow keeping together, managed to get forward through the Wood as far as its north-east corner, where they made touch with the 1st Coldstream. Not long after this, they tried to dig in among the wet tree-roots, just beyond the Wood's north edge. It seemed to them that the enemy had fallen back to the railway line which skirted it, as well as to the north of La Fontaine village. Officially, the objective was reached, but our attacking

strength had been used up, and there were no reserves. A barrage of big stuff, supplemented by field-guns, was steadily threshing out the centre and north of the Wood, and, somewhere to the rear of the Battalion a nest of machine-guns broke out viciously and unexpectedly. Then the whole fabric of the fight appeared to crumble, as, through one or other of the many gaps between the Battalions, the enemy thrust in, and the 2nd Irish guards, hanging on to their thin front line, realized him suddenly at their backs. What remained of them split up into little fighting groups; sometimes taking prisoners, sometimes themselves being taken, and again breaking away from their captors, dodging, turning, and ducking in dripping coppices and over the slippery soil, while the shells impartially smote both parties. Such as had kept their sense of direction headed back by twos and threes to their original starting-point; but at noon Battalion Headquarters had lost all touch of the Battalion, and the patrols that got forward to investigate reported there was no sign of it. It looked like complete and unqualified disaster. But men say that the very blindness of the ground hid this fact to a certain extent both from us and the enemy, and the multiplied clamours in the Wood supplied an additional blindage. As one man said: "If Jerry had only shut off his dam' guns and listened he'd ha' heard we was knocked out; but he kept on hammer-hammering an' rushin' his parties back and forth the Wood, and so, ye see, them that could of us, slipped back quiet in the height of the noise." Another observer compared it to the chopping of many foxes in cover—not pleasant, but diversified by some hideously comic incidents. All agreed that it was defeat for the Guards—the first complete one they had sustained; but the admitted fact was that they had been turned on at a few hours' notice to achieve the impossible, did not spoil their tempers. The records say that the 2nd Guards Brigade with the rest of the Division "fell back to its original line." Unofficially: "We did—but I don't know how we did it. There wasn't any Battalion worth mentioning when the Welsh Guards relieved us in the dark, but stray men kept on casting up all night long." The losses were in proportion to the failure. Of officers, two were killed—Cary-Elwes, just as they reached their objective, by a bullet through the head, and A. F. Synge shot down at the beginning of the attack, both of them men without fear and with knowledge. Three were missing, which is to say, dead. Four were wounded—The C.O. (Colonel the Hon. H. R. Alexander), the Second in Command (Captain the Hon. W. S. Alexander), Captain Nugent, Adjutant, 2nd Lieutenant W. D. Faulkner, Assistant Adjutant Captain Sassoon and Lieutenant O'Connor, these last two being company officers in reserve who were kept with Battalion Headquarters, were unhurt. Twenty-five men were known to be dead on comrades' evidence; one hundred and forty-six

were missing, of whom a number would naturally be dead; and one hundred and forty-two were wounded and brought back.

Total, three hundred and twenty-two.

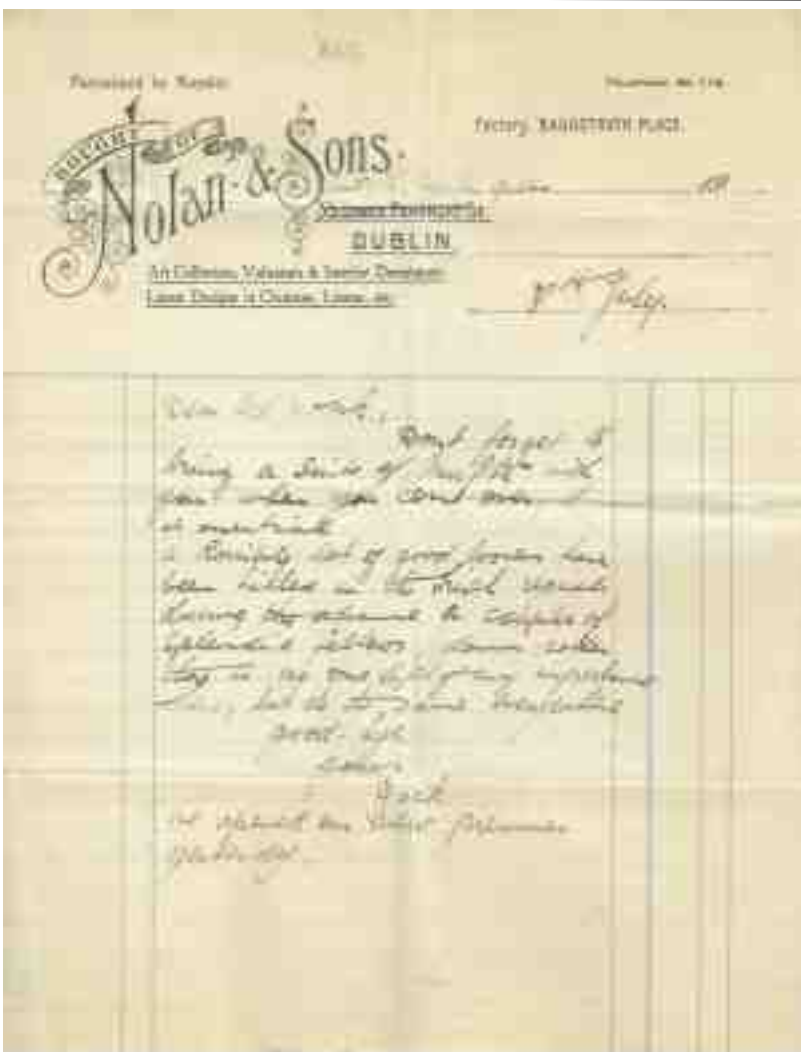
Of the 322, Monk was one of those killed. He is buried at Ontario Cemetery, Sains-Les-Marquion. His name is on war memorials at Grundisburgh, Haileybury and the Kensington Rowing Club.



Alexander's statue is outside the Guards' Museum London



Most of the items of Monk's ephemera, correspondence aside, that survive date from before the war. This is natural because they would have been left at home when mobilisation came, which it did as soon as war was declared. Organisations such as the London Irish rapidly called extraordinary meetings to decide on their wartime policy. Here are his instructions for mobilisation which include the Place for Orders, which was being hung up ready for instant reference.



One of the few surviving letters to Monk is from Jack Nolan whose family business in Dublin was fashionable. The advertisement is post war. Jack worked for the business in New York in the later stage of WWI, which I speculate was to avoid the political and military problems affecting Ireland. Monk visited Nolan, perhaps at the new St Stephen's Green address in Dublin when he was on the Bombing Officers' course in 1916. "Don't forget to bring a suit of mufti" is Nolan's advice!!!!



More back numbers

... or the thickness of columns. My cousin has initiated me into the significance of Bunny's nom de plume of Kingpin.

Scrutineer, a writer on *The Motor*, presumably went to play his part in the dictators' downfalls and Bunny took over.

"When the Scrutineer's away the kingpin will play".

I have never been a regular reader of the modern motoring press and so had missed the April 1955 edition of *The Motor*, a copy of which recently fell into my hands. The dismal fact is that it recorded the death of one racing driver, Alberto Ascari and of course appeared only a few weeks before the

catastrophic Le Mans 24 hours race of that year in which one driver and over 80 spectators were killed. Mercedes withdrew from motor racing for the next 35 years.

The *Motor* laments that no Grand Prix had been won by a British driver in a British car since Seagrave's victory in a Sunbeam in 1924. I believe that Mike Hawthorne who was involved in the 1955 smash was the first to repeat the win in 1958 in a Vanwall. He had already won a Grand Prix in a Mercedes, and only a tiny handful of his fellow Brits had won any of the major races (Grandes Epreuves and or Grand Prix) in the interval (Campbell, Seaman and not many others). Hawthorn later died in a motoring accident.

What was Scrutineer up to?

Complaining about the wasteful digging of holes in the road; not much changes there. He also noted that as the thickness of columns surrounding windcreens had reduced, the girth of the rubber strips to fix the glass had increased, resulting in no reduction in blind spots – yes I know the blind spot is in the eye not the windscreen, but the perfidious Englishman has transferred the damned spot away, from his own genetic responsibilities to the motor trade, less obviously human.

The leading letter mooted a Congestion Charge for London and forecast complete gridlock if nothing were done, rather than just partial gridlock. That's a mere 48 years before the

charge came into effect. A letter from the ferry operator Townsend was justifying the basis of charging now being the overall length of a car rather than its wheelbase as previously, blaming egregious modern overhanging American-influenced cars such as the Standard Vanguard. You could buy a new supercharger for your Ford Prefect for £65 or a whole old Austin 7 for £50, the standard rate for quite a number of years. I paid £2 for my copy, in good condition. Did it pay me to wait? Well inflation since 1955 is about 24 fold (hence folding money of course), so the 1955 price of 1/- (one shilling, 5p) would now be 24/-, 16/- or 80p less than £2, so it clearly pays

to buy early and then hang on to your copy and you'll get all of your money back. The present day price of *The Motor* is ... the bad news is that the last edition appeared 25 years ago but an annual subscription to *Autocar* which bought, and later closed *The Motor*, will cost about £2.50 an issue. Buying an Austin 7 might have been the better bargain. The real joy of old magazines then and now though is the quality of graphic design of the advertisements. As previously noted the connection between Tubbs and Dangerfields, the owners of Temple Press went back to schooldays. There is another curious connection to Temple



Press. When I went to Leeds University in 1969 I was placed in a shared room with Tony Turner whose father was also a sporting journalist on *The Motor*. Tony, like Mark Tubbs and their fathers before them, is a senior member of the Weavers Company, proving that the Old School Tie still knows how to get knotted.

MCT's first car when he joined Berisfords in 1956 was a Morris similar to the one illustrated. Its best remembered episode was being robbed of its precious petrol during the Suez Crisis. The model had great longevity as the basis of the Hindustani which ceased production only in 2014.

Smalltalk

As the world gets increasingly odder from my viewpoint I learn that PDA no longer means Personal Digital Assistant as it did for a few years before the smartphone took over. It does however now mean Personal Display of Affection, as discouraged of politicians. As I learnt this at the same time as a photograph of an Android is in the final of a photo portraiture competition themed on what it is to be human I am merely more confused. Is my PDA an Android?

When I joined Rolls-Royce (the hyphenated aerospace engineers) the induction courses which accompanied our technical training (remember training?) became known to us as TLA sessions, concentrated lessons in the Three Letter Acronyms which permeated RR business jargon. A quick google reveals that almost all three letter combination you can think of, that's a lot, are recognised either as an abbreviation, initials or a TLA. FLAs are a little rarer but I did once delight in reminding beer buffs that one of theirs, RAIB which stands for Real Ale in a Bottle, also means Rail Accident Investigation Branch.

The distinction between initials and TLAs grows weaker by the day. Is 'OS' 'Oh Ess' or 'Oss? Is the programming language in which I once became quite proficient Tee Cee Ell or Tickle?

The originators favor (has to be an American spelling in this context) the TLA rather than the initials but the same difficulty runs with SQL or Sequel – Oh perhaps I have to explain? Structured Query Language the almost universal language used to access relational databases or RDBMS. Unfortunately nobody has yet invented Prequel, but perhaps they will.

Programming language names have moved away from dreary initials and Acronyms (Algol, BASIC, COBOL, dBase, EPL, Fortran ... etc to ZPL, well somebody had to) though some have morphed such as c++ (Cee Plus Plus) and C# (Cee Sharp) from humble c (my field for 20 years on and off), successor to humble b (one for my biologist readers), cosy Smalltalk, to sexed up names like Pascal, Python, Java and its insular neighbour Kotlin. Java is in ... er Java and Kotlin is near St Petersburg, which always reminds me of my favourite Stalinist joke. Where were you born? St Petersburg. Where were you married? Petrograd. Where do you live? Leningrad. Where is your family burial plot? St Petersburg.

Fortran was almost the first third generation language, that is to say one that could easily be learnt and used by intelligent folk who were not necessarily geniuses or hardware specialists. It stands for Formula Translation and is still in use in a highly developed version by mathematicians, engineers and scientists. It is the language that was taught to Doreen Maude and self-taught by Leslie Goulding.

Rolls-Royce excelled itself in computer programming as in all other things by maintaining specialist departments in both

COBOL in Bristol (Common Business Oriented Language) and PL/1 (Programming Language One), the superior language used in Derby systems. In other words RR couldn't iron out the differences which went much deeper throughout the whole business than program (US spelling) language snobbery between the Bristol and Derby divisions, division being a very appropriate description. Both were IBM systems by the way (That's Big Blue, International Business Machines, so much sexier than Hollerith Tabulating Machine Company, its earliest name).

Did I mention that I was briefly also a SAS specialist? Nothing to do with LRDGs, Layforces or Fordshire as it appears to be known by its residents, but a sassy Statistical Analysis System, that delayed the introduction of spreadsheets into general use at RR by at least a decade and a half. Now I wonder what happened to Supercalc, when did Lotus last blossom? Am I now one of its eaters?

Despite all this my favourite programming language name, of the ones I have deployed, however briefly is yacc! Can't guess? Yet another C Compiler, so barely a complete language but did actually have some general use, but so arcane it hasn't even made the Wikipedia list.

Perhaps the wittiest, though I have had no involvement, is Janus which turns out to be a pair of languages named for Janus the two headed God who looks both ways and gave his name to the first month of the year that also looks back at the old one. This is what you have been waiting for, everybody should do some coding, I'm told - Smalltalk (allegedly - it is not one of my hobbies):-

```
show: 'Hello World'.
```

That's the standard programmer's introduction to any programming language to prove it can communicate with the outside world.

In c, an older language it is all a bit more verbose. You have to tell it how to talk outside the box, and you also need to tell it where to start and stop.

```
/* Hello World program - include input-output files */
#include<stdio.h>
/* main program starts here*/
main() {
    printf("Yakety Yak. Don't talk back! Happy New
Year!");
    return 0;
} /*All done let's go home*/
```

Having long advocated a social medium for drinkers called Off-your-Facebook I have now noticed the need for a network for technophobes called inked-in; one for pub fans Inn-StagRamHartLeopardLion; for Midland foodies Snapchat; for treehuggers Whatsap. Given that a medium is also an Irish term for a half pint of beer, I feel sure they would be happy ones

1917 - Station Companies

This year is the centenary of establishment of the Station Companies of 6th Battalion City of London Regiment.

Voluntary work at the stations started in 1915 but was not put on a formal military basis until 1917. All the mainline London stations were involved in the handling of troops, going out and returning. Victoria saw 6,000,000 journeys and was most closely involved in handling men going to the front but Waterloo was second handling large number of men on intermediate movements. The Station Companies have their historian in AE Manning Foster. His history, *The National Guard in the Great War* covers all the activities of the National Guard, now largely forgotten. Of these perhaps the most important was the welfare activity at the mainline stations.

The history is online at

https://archive.org/stream/nationalguarding00fost/nationalguarding00fost_djvu.txt

the 6th Battalion was originally the 3/6th battalion and was formed into a group, rather than the normal order of battle. The 1/6th became part of the 56th Division and this London Division was entirely formed of London Battalions and must have been the active division most closely associated with the Station Companies. The 6th was regarded as part of the G.R. (General Reserve).

This article owes a great deal to Manning Foster who was also author of *Christmas Carols of England*, founder and editor of *Bridge Magazine*, and *Bridge* correspondent of *The Times*. Of another work, a set of essays one Wodehouse-ian reviewer wrote "Mr. Foster is sometimes instructive, but he is not humorous, and the non-humorous essayist is, we take it, a mistake. We have, indeed, a definition of humour. It should "awaken thoughtful laughter—the laughter that blends with tears." We apologise for the fact that there are few laughs in this piece which we therefore forbear to call an essay.

But quite apart from their direct work in the defences of London, in trench-digging, in guarding vulnerable points, in guarding prisoners of war and many other duties, the Volunteers were enabled to assist the active prosecution of the war overseas in two special ways. First by taking on work previously done by regular soldiers, thereby immediately releasing younger men for service abroad, and second by themselves joining up.

But apart from the work undertaken by us in common with other volunteer corps, there are two special achievements which will always stand to the special honour of the National Guard, since they are exclusively and uniquely National Guard work. First is the splendid Station work, the importance of which cannot easily be exaggerated.

THE STATION WORK

NO achievement of the National Guard has so captured the

imagination of the public as the Station Work of meeting at the London termini sailor and soldiers returning from the front on furlough. And no work has been under-taken with greater zest, enthusiasm, and keenness by the men of the Guard. The Station work was started by the National Guard in 1915. Prior to this there had been no regular military organisation to provide for the needs of men on their arrival in London. The Y.M.C.A., an organisation that came out splendidly during the war, were the pioneers in the work. But they had, of course, no military organisation and could only place a very limited number of workers on the station. Individual members of the public, seeing the need, had in some cases stepped into the breach. Amongst these pioneers was Mr. H. J. Grimwade, who, for some time before the Guard took up the duty, had been doing similar work on his own in mufti and was well-known in the neighbourhood of Euston Station for his zeal and energy. Mr. Grimwade has always been an indefatigable station-worker. He had a particularly happy knack in handling difficult cases, and it was only natural that when a Station Company was formed he should play a prominent part in the organisation.

The credit for the suggestion that the National Guard should in its corporate capacity undertake this work is due to Mr. Percy B. Tubbs.

The work had a military side and a human side. On the one hand there was the fact that the National Guard being a quasi-military body whose members are under discipline, soldiers undoubtedly appreciated being met by our uniformed men in preference to the ordinary civilian. The National Guard uniform signified something very real to the soldier. It stood for the brotherhood of arms. It indicated that the man he was meeting was not just a casual stranger but one with keen and vital interest in the soldier's life and welfare. Assistance, guidance, and advice from a National Guardsman were welcomed and respected, whereas they might have been regarded, coming from a civilian, as an impertinence or at least unwarranted interference. The work done by the National Guard in this respect was work of national importance. Every day large parties of men on leave from the front arrived at London stations. Many of them knew nothing of London or how to reach their destinations. Some of them desired to get to the War Office or India Office to get money, others wanted to go either to Cox's Bank, or if Canadians to the Canadian Headquarters, Millbank, to get cheques and orders for payment cashed. Many desired to send telegrams, and the average "Tommy" trying to write out a telegram is a hopeless proposition. Even when he succeeds after many endeavours and great waste of time and telegraph forms, his wire is generally unreadable, while he has seldom the faculty of condensing what he wants to say into a few words.

Then there was the case of the Channel steamer being several hours late — a very ordinary occurrence — and not arriving in London until after midnight—Soldiers from the front, home on short leave, hurrying to their families in the North or in Ireland found when they reached Euston that the last train North had gone and that they must wait until the morning. Most of them were hungry and dog-tired, dirty and longing for a wash-up. Well, the National Guardsman stepped in, took them to a Y.M.C.A. hut in Euston Square where they could get food, good eggs and bacon and a monster cup of tea, wash and shave. The National Guardsman looked out trains, wrote out telegrams, and left them with a feeling that London had a welcome ready even after midnight.

And then there was another aspect. There existed amongst us numbers of harpies, working in groups, whose whole objects were to rob and wreck the soldiers passing through town. They aimed particularly at Canadians and Australians because they had most money. The men in some of these gangs dressed themselves in khaki and wore bogus ribbons, V.C. and D.S.O. decorations. What wonder then that the young Tommy often responded to their greetings. They drugged drinks, sometimes they used ether to get the soldier into their power. This is not melodrama, it is sober fact. Hundreds of young soldiers have

been ruined by these scoundrels. The work of the National Guardsman was to prevent the soldier from falling into these undesirable hands, and without in any way encroaching upon police work or interfering with police arrangements, to ensure that each and every Tommy should have the right kind of welcome. The most satisfactory feature of the work was the gratitude of the soldiers. They appreciated immensely the work of the members of the Guard, and many incidents, humorous and pathetic, are on record in this connection. The desire to do something in return was characteristic of the soldier. The cases where the services of the Guard were regarded as a matter of course, as a very slight return for what the men in the trenches were doing for us at home, were few and far between. The soldier always wanted to give something. So he would offer his trophies of war, a German's helmet or some souvenir picked up on the battlefield, to our men, and was often quite hurt when the gift was good-naturedly declined, for we had to realise that these gifts were originally intended for the folks at home, and to see that the soldier, out of his kindness, did not part with them before he reached his destination. The intense sense of gratitude on the part of the soldiers for service, we on our part felt it a privilege to be able to perform, was one of the many revelations that this work brought home to us.



SOME STATION STORIES

DURING the war I was for some four years in the Station Company of the National Guard. As may be expected I experienced many curious adventures, both grave and gay, and my surprise can be imagined when not long ago I heard a man retailing one of my experiences as a good story, quite oblivious of the fact that the hero of the incident was sitting beside him. One evening a colleague on duty with me came to ask me to use my persuasive powers with an awkward Tommy that he could make nothing of. I approached him and tried my hand. He was penniless and had had no food since the morning he assured me. I tried to coax him to the Y.M.C.A. hut, but stoutly declined anything savouring of charity, and my assurance that the N.G. had funds for meeting cases such as his would not move him, so as a last resource I offered to lend him half a sovereign." Oh ! that's another matter," he said readily, as he dived into his kit bag and produced a note-book and pencil, in which he carefully recorded my name and address. As one of them very forcibly put it to his comrade who was going on leave :—" When you get to Blighty, Bill, look out for them old blokes with the red bands on their arms — they're no bally good for soldiers, but they'll treat you like a mother ! "

In the Spring of 1917 Colonel Cobbett applied to the Army Council for permission to form a separate Company to carry out the work, but it was not till October, 1917, that the Authority was received, and the strength of the Company fixed at 4 Officers and 200 other ranks, and this was to supply the wants of Victoria, Waterloo, Charing Cross Underground, Paddington, Euston, King's Cross, and St. Pancras.

The Officers appointed were : —Victoria F. W. Shannon, Capt., O.C. Station Co. Euston H.J. Grimwade, Lieut. King's Cross and St. Pancras Oswald Bell, Lieut. Waterloo Percy B. Tubbs, Lieut.

It was soon found that 200 men was not sufficient, and a number of applicants were taken on as supernumeraries, but they could not be properly enrolled. Repeated applications were made to the Army Council for permission to increase the strength of the Company, and the applications were backed by the G.O.C. London District, but it was not until November 20, 1918, ten days after the Armistice had been signed, that an Authority was issued by the Army Council granting 2 more Officers and 200 other ranks, but it arrived too late to be of really any effective service, excepting that it allowed all the Supernumeraries who had been for months on the waiting list to be properly enrolled. The two Officers appointed were : H. Carr Gibbs, Temp. Lieut., and E. T. Malley, Temp. 2nd Lieut., and were attached to Victoria, as Capt. F. W. Shannon had been seconded to the Army Pay Department, Sergt. Lester being promoted to Co.-Sergt.-Major. No one but those who have been engaged on the work, day after day, week after

week, have any idea of the strain that was thrown on the staff, many of them starting work at midday and frequently, owing to the short supply of men available doing the two shifts, did not finish till the early hours of the following morning. Night after night, whilst London slept, the Station Company was at work. To make matters worse there was no orderly room available at Victoria for men to wait in during the winter months, and they had to stand by for hours awaiting the arrival of the trains, which were at times delayed from various causes, bad weather, enemy activity in the Channel, Hospital trains, etc., and it was not till April 17, 1918, that the National Guard Hut was erected and lent free of charge by Messrs. Humphreys, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, in the Station yard, on a piece of ground generously conceded by the S.E. & C. and the L.B. & S.C. Railway Companies. In June, 1918, a special timetable arranged for the Victoria men, giving the times of trains to 81 of the principal stations in the United Kingdom, was compiled by Sergt. Nicholas, and edited and printed by Pte. Batten. It was issued monthly at a nominal charge of 6d. per copy. The work from time to time varied, and the number of men on leave rose and fell, following quietude or activity at the Front. In the Spring of 1918 (when the German's last great offensive began) the number of men was daily increasing, when suddenly all leave was stopped and men who had passed through Victoria homeward bound one day were recalled by wire and were back in London the next day and as speedily as possible were sent back to France. The Station Company was fully employed in taking these men to billets, till the railways could despatch them for the Front. There was at all times work to be done. 'Bus strikes and Tube strikes always entailed extra work on the Company, as the men on leave had to be cleared as fast as they arrived at Victoria so as to make room for those who came in late at night from all parts of the United Kingdom and were returning to France in the morning. In the late Autumn of 1918 all the miners from the Front passed through Victoria, and one could not help noticing the splendid condition they were in, and notwithstanding all Mr. Smillie has said about them, they were quite able, had they so desired, to do a full day's work. The Labour Corps were next dealt with at the rate of 500 men each night, this was in addition to the men on leave. They had to be sorted into groups of from 10 to 20 men in a group and dispatched to Labour Camps all over the country. In all over 6,000,000 men on leave from overseas have passed through the hands of the Station Company at Victoria, to say nothing of the drafts met on arrival at other London termini and conducted late at night to billets near Victoria, or the men and drafts for home stations which were looked after when passing through. After the Armistice, repatriated prisoners of war and demobilised men were cared for, the latter being dispatched with all speed to their dispersal

camps. That the services of the Station Company have been fully appreciated by the men of the B.E.F. will be seen from the following letter :—There was always an unwritten law with the Station Company, no man, whether an officer or ranker, was to be left stranded, no matter what the hour of the night might be, and often the " G.R." on his way home after a late night's work has found officers and men unable to find accommodation, and has seen them safely housed before turning in himself. In 1916 the Army Pay Office was in Regent Street, and the men wanting pay had to be sent there in batches of 16-20 men by 'bus to Old Bond Street and then marched to Regent Street, each party in charge of a guide. Later, the payoffice was removed to Buckingham Palace Hotel and then the men were conducted there, the Green Cross Guides assisting in this work. Towards the end of 1917 it was decided to remove the pay office to Victoria Station, and the work was being pushed forward by the railway company so that it could be opened before Christmas, when suddenly it was stopped owing to objections raised by the Y.M.C.A. to giving up a large room

which was to be used as the office, and 'twas not till the end of January, 1918, that it was opened and in full working order. This was of immense assistance to the Station Company in dealing with the leave trains, to say nothing of saving the tired men three-quarters of a mile walk and an hour's delay to get their pay, and they could now be dealt with systematically on arrival, refreshments at the free buffet, money exchanged at the boxes on the platform, over the bridge to the pay office, and thence to the underground railway, to be sent to their destinations. A train of 800 men could be dealt with and cleared in 20-25 minutes. A large staff was always necessary at Victoria, especially when " Full Leave "was on, as that meant 14 to 15 trains with about 8,000 men per day. One day in October, 1918, we had 15 trains with 8,215 officers and men, and French money to the value of £36,000 was exchanged on the platform. Occasionally trains would arrive with only a short interval between them, and one evening five trains with 3,200 men arrived within 35 minutes, and these were all successfully dealt with, without an accident. In this month 225,000 men on

C'est magnifique et c'est la gare. Named for a military defeat, that of Citizen Bonaparte, the great frontage of Waterloo is itself a memorial to the Company's fallen servants in the Great War. This well known poster is one of a pair created by the Southern Railway after World War 2.



leave from France arrived at Victoria, in November 215,343, in December 250,280. One of the first air raids in September, 1917, started five minutes after the arrival of a train with 800 men, the station was rushed by outsiders and the lights were turned out and the men had to be cleared as best we could. There were some anxious moments during these raids. Steel helmets were purchased by the Victoria section for the use of their men. During the summer months American convalescents were met at Victoria and conducted to the other stations.

Clothing. — Men arriving from France, unable to obtain fresh clothing prior to embarkation at Boulogne, were told to apply to the National Guard at Victoria (July, 1918). Arrangements were made and the work undertaken for the R.T.O. by the National Guard. Over 5,000 orders for clothing were issued before the W.O. discovered in July, 1919, that the Station Company had been doing the work. Sometimes for two to three weeks no clothing was available as the depot had run out of stock and the orders had to be made out to the nearest depot that the men were going to. Transport of Men across London. — In 1916 the trains arrived very late at night, and motor 'buses were then used to convey the men to Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Paddington. Later the motor transport volunteers did the work. Time after time men could have been quickly cleared from Victoria if the National Guard had been allowed to use the empty W. & D. Post Office lorries for this purpose. These lorries came from Regent's Park loaded with mails for the troops in France and returned there empty. Less than half a pint of petrol and not more than twenty minutes' delay would have sufficed to load them with forty men on their return journey and deliver them at Euston, etc., and thence to Regent's Park empty, — but the powers that be said No.

Supernumeraries. — Victoria has always been fortunate in having a fairly large number of old members who used to work at the station during 1916 and the early days of 1917 when the platoons of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Battalions supplied men. Having signed on as "A" men they were unable to join or to be transferred to the Station Company, but they have always taken every opportunity available to help the work forward, and they have been of very great assistance in "carrying on" during the spring and summer of 1919. Paddington came under the control of Victoria, and only a small staff, under Sergt. A. Clifford Smith, was available at this station, the night work, after 8 p.m., being undertaken by another organisation called "Station Guides." Charing Cross Underground was worked from Victoria, and during 1918 and onwards Liverpool Street was looked after by the Victorian section. For administrative purposes the Station Company was attached to the 6th Battalion. For similar work there should be two full Companies, each of 225 officers and other ranks, one

Company taking Victoria, Charing Cross Underground and Waterloo, and the other Company taking Paddington, Euston, King's Cross and St. Pancras. The Captain O.C. Station Company should make his headquarters at Victoria; two Lieuts. and Co.-Sergt.-Major should be at Victoria, one Lieut. in charge at Waterloo and one Lieut. as a spare for Victoria, Waterloo.

RECRUITING. — The following conditions of Service were given to applicants at Victoria in 1918: — 1. Men buy their own uniforms, pay their own expenses and also ids. per annum to the Company fund. 2. Men over military age must give a minimum of two attendances per week, afternoons or evenings, and also a Saturday and Sunday- attendance once in three weeks. 3. The hours of attendance at Victoria are 1.15 to 6 p.m. and from 6 p.m. till we finish. (Frequently midnight and after.) 4. Men of military age, 40 to 51, are only accepted after they have been medically graded, and they must produce a written authority from the tribunals giving them permission to join the Station Company. 5. The service has to be maintained the seven days of the week. 6. Men can be enrolled at Victoria for Waterloo, Paddington, Liverpool Street, Euston, King's Cross, and St. Pancras; the hours of service vary at each station. 7. Men who are Special Constables will not be accepted unless they can put in the full number of attendances. 8. Men of military age (tribunal men) must put in at least 12 hours' duty each week, this means 3 attendances per week at Victoria. 9. Men must be British born of British parents. The above conditions were drawn up as some of the earlier applicants came with the idea that they were conferring a favour in offering themselves, and when asked what time they were prepared to give to the work, would reply, "Well, I might be able to do a couple of hours once a week," and were much surprised when told what was expected of them. It was always pointed out to a man that it was not a condescension on his part to join, but a duty to help the fighting men who were keeping the roofs over our heads, and unless he could take up the work with that idea ever before him he would not be of any use to the Station Company. The work could never have been carried on except for the loyal support theme gave to their officers and N.C.O.'s. Recognition by His Majesty the King. The following verbal message was delivered by His Majesty the King to the General Officer Commanding, London District: — "Will you please inform Colonel Cobbett that I am very pleased to see the National Guard on Parade to-day, as it gives me an opportunity of thank-in them for the excellent work which they have done at railway stations during the War. The above message was given on the occasion of the National Guard lining the road opposite Buckingham Palace when the Dominion Troops marched past His Majesty on Saturday, May

3, 1919. Victoria Free Buffet for Soldiers and Sailors. — In October, 1917, the funds for carrying on this splendid work were almost depleted, and a special appeal was made through the Press by Lieut. -General Sir Francis Lloyd for help, with the magnificent result that over £25,000 was collected, and towards this amount over £300 was given by members of the National Guard, Victoria section.

WATERLOO STATION Officer in Charge : Lieut. PERCY B. TUBBS

THE work at Waterloo differed in many respects from that at the other terminal stations in London. There were more camps on the London & South-Western line than on any other railway. More naval men passed through Waterloo than through any other station; nearly the whole of the American army that came into this country arrived at Waterloo as well as the main portion of the Canadian troops, whose principal camps were situated at Bramshott and Witley, both on this line. The Indian troops were also stationed in camps at Hampton Court, and therefore used Waterloo ; in fact all the services were dealt with, including numerous nurses from the United States and elsewhere. The actual number of men arriving on leave from France was not so great as at Victoria, but the Waterloo contingent received and dealt with practically the whole of the men going out to or returning from Salonika, the East, and Italy, moreover the members of the National Guard on duty were extremely busy from morning to night, whether men were actually arriving on leave from the front or not. All manner of enquiries had to be dealt with on Waterloo : a Happy Portrait behalf of service men and women in transit, the best method of getting to different parts of London or elsewhere, the location of hospitals, huts, hostels ; the addresses of officials and organisations, etc. On several occasions members of the National Guard on duty were called upon to act as stretcher bearers, while those possessing a knowledge of foreign languages found themselves in frequent demand. Contingents of American and other forces were personally conducted to their points of departure and provided with much useful information en route. It would be impossible to enumerate all the activities of the Station Company, but mention might perhaps be made of a very important reform which came into existence as a result of the efforts of the National Guard. The arrangements for the payment of troops had been of a most unsatisfactory character, resulting in great loss of time and sometimes of money. At last an opportunity presented itself for getting this unsatisfactory state of affairs commented upon in the press. The Morning Post and Glasgow Herald took the matter up enthusiastically, and after the facts had been published in these papers and a leading article printed suggesting the necessary changes, an arrangement was come to

which led to most harmonious co-operation between the National Guard and the Army Pay Office. It was at the instance of the National Guard that forms were provided for the men so that they might despatch their pay books direct to their Regimental pay-master and receive, in return, any sums standing to their credit. Tommy and his relations were most grateful for this help, as it enabled them to receive his money at their home address without fear of being robbed in transit. ANOTHER item which deserves to be recorded consists in the steps taken to secure the compilation of a map of London showing the Rest House and other accommodation for soldiers and sailors. Arrangements were made with the Civic Survey of Greater London (which had recently been initiated) for the preparation of a map giving this information. The sheet was printed and posted at all railway stations, Y.M.C.A. huts, etc. Its exact title was " The Soldiers' and Sailors' Map of London, made in January, 1916, for the City of London National Guard, by the Civic Survey of Greater London." Even after hostilities had ceased troops continued arriving and departing throughout the day, and a large number of enquiries still had to be dealt with. Consequently many of the Company who had been looking forward to a well-earned rest, finding that the men in transit for demobilisation required almost as much attention as those arriving on leave, continued at their posts. To a large extent, the men and officers assisted — perhaps quite rightly — accepted the service rendered as no more than their due ; but from time to time the members were encouraged in their work by very hearty expressions of thanks on the part of both officers and other ranks. IT is difficult to single out all those who did specially well, but Sergeants Bramall, Lincoln, Aldred, Burrett and Corporal Trevenen were most assiduous in the work. Among other enthusiastic workers mention should be made of Sergeant Kahn, Corporals Harris, Ward and Bradshaw, also Privates Simpson, Anderson, Higgs, Jackman and Crichton. 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. Naturally their duties at Waterloo brought the National Guard into very close contact with the Union Jack Club, and the staff were most grateful for the assistance given. The late Major Wilkinson, Colonel Strachey and General Gasgoyne expressed their very great appreciation of the services rendered, and each in turn made the remark, " I don't know where we should have been without the National Guard." Ruddigore of Euston Indeed, there is little we have not been asked to do, and our existence has been more than justified. Owing to labour difficulties most of what has been

accomplished by G.R.'s during the past three years would have been left undone. Parliament itself has acknowledged the value of station work, whilst thanks have also come from the War Office and the General Commanding London. Over and above that, soldiers and sailors have been intensely grateful — scores and scores of letters testify to the fact — for the help it has been our good fortune to have been able to render.

Letterpress is the printing technology made popular by Gutenberg which remained the mainstay of all printing until the 1970s, and is now almost exclusively the domain of hobbyists and cranks. I learned a good deal about it at school and have always hankered to pick it up again. The options are to join in classes at a local studio, travel a considerable distance to places such as Jarrold's museum in Norwich or dig deep and buy a press. Having wasted hours trying to find a modest table press at all, let alone at a favourable price, I have bought an Adana hand press, the staple press of small scale printing for generations. My fellow Uppinghamian, but not contemporary, Stephen Fry made a fine documentary about Gutenberg and assisted in the reproduction of a replica Gutenberg press and some of his type, both of which involve high levels of skill beyond me (double helix thread), but watching it again was the final straw. Presses are costly but the price of type is horrendous, but then that's what hobbies are all about. It turned out that my eBay purchase was from a former Spanish practitioner, ie a Fleet Street printer with considerable earnings, not necessarily taxed. It was these practices which drove the likes of Eddie Shah and Rupert Murdoch to break out of Fleet Street and introduce new technology. My vendor is of course a reformed character, and bought the press to make a little money on the side when he was an apprentice. He earned enough from it to pay for a British Thompson automatic press, and I guarantee you there aren't many of

those left. I have not carried out my threat to print part of this newsletter by letterpress but I have printed the text of my Christmas card and still have one or two little jobs in mind. It is not quite like riding a bicycle in respect of skill retention, but a few of the little knacks of the trade have already come back, made themselves useful and things are improving. I have also bought and refurbished a 1935 Adana HS1 (for a few £billion less than HS2) which is probably the smallest press ever made, though it is quite capable of printing letterheads and business cards. Cost of new rollers? Ouch! The present owners of Adana are Caslon, descendants of the 18th Century printer and typesetter, and related to the Caslons who were also clients of PBT. It was a small world before the likes of Bill Gates and Donald Trump further diminished it in their respective ways.

I had already committed myself to the aforementioned purchase when I went to Flanders in May, in fact I collected the press on the return leg. Another impetus to resume printing might otherwise have been a visit to the Casemate brewery and bar (name translated) which is in the arches of the city fortifications of Ieper where once the Wipers Times was printed. It is a nice irony that the fortifications were actually built by Vauban for Louis XIV in a city not noted for its Francophile or Francophone tendencies, though the City is rather proud of them. The only people who call it Ypres are the French.

Cutting to the chase

Then ultra rare and now probably extinct. This Glasgow-built Caxton Meteor parallel approach heavy platen press was donated to Uppingham School around 1964, by an old boy, natch. The perforated guard once saved me from being devoured by the machine tie first. Fortunately both ink and tie were black. Letterpress equipment was withdrawn from the school with indecent haste once a shiny new litho machine had

been acquired. Only Warwick Metcalfe's Albion remained in the old art school, on which Warwick occasionally printed large lino cuts in several colours, work which required very considerable skill. Unfortunately the similar but slightly less rare Phoenix in the background is covered with plastic sheeting. Despite detail differences this is essentially the same process as Gutenberg used. The only connection with modern technology is type design and the language of type and composition, the points system, for example which replaced an earlier delightfully arcane system of sizes including bourgeois, brevier etc. p.s. a chase is a metal frame holding the type in the press.



One of the most enjoyable days of the year was spent with Wendy and Pouri Rakete-Stones on a trip to Haileybury. They were in Europe to support their son, also Pouri as he played for the Baby Blacks, the New Zealand under 20 side that whooped England in the finals in Georgia. A trip to Haileybury gave them a chance to see some more of England that is slightly off the beaten track, have their ears pounded by me on the price of sealing wax and the length of string and assist me in achieving a long-held ambition to see Grampa's painting of Tower Bridge by Charles Cundall which he left to the school, but nobody is quite sure when, i.e it may have been during his lifetime. It now hangs in the headmaster's own apartment so an appointment was necessary but the School was most obliging and as one of their protegees was in the England side there was a lot there for Pouri to talk about as well as pictures. We were able to see Monk's entry on the school's vast Great War Memorial; it was among the more military minded of the great public schools. My visits to pubs are now rather rare but for Wendy and Pouri a proper village pub lunch was a first and they, like President Xi have now tasted Greene King's IPA. GK must be very grateful to David Cameron for opening up the flood of IPA to China, so much more gracious than opium, we think. One mystery remains unsolved. I was, and remain convinced that the tie worn by CBT in his portrait by Thomson (cf 2012 edition) is a Haileybury Masonic tie. That is the one tie not known to the Haileybury archivist. The modern lodge

does not have continuity with that of Grampa's day.

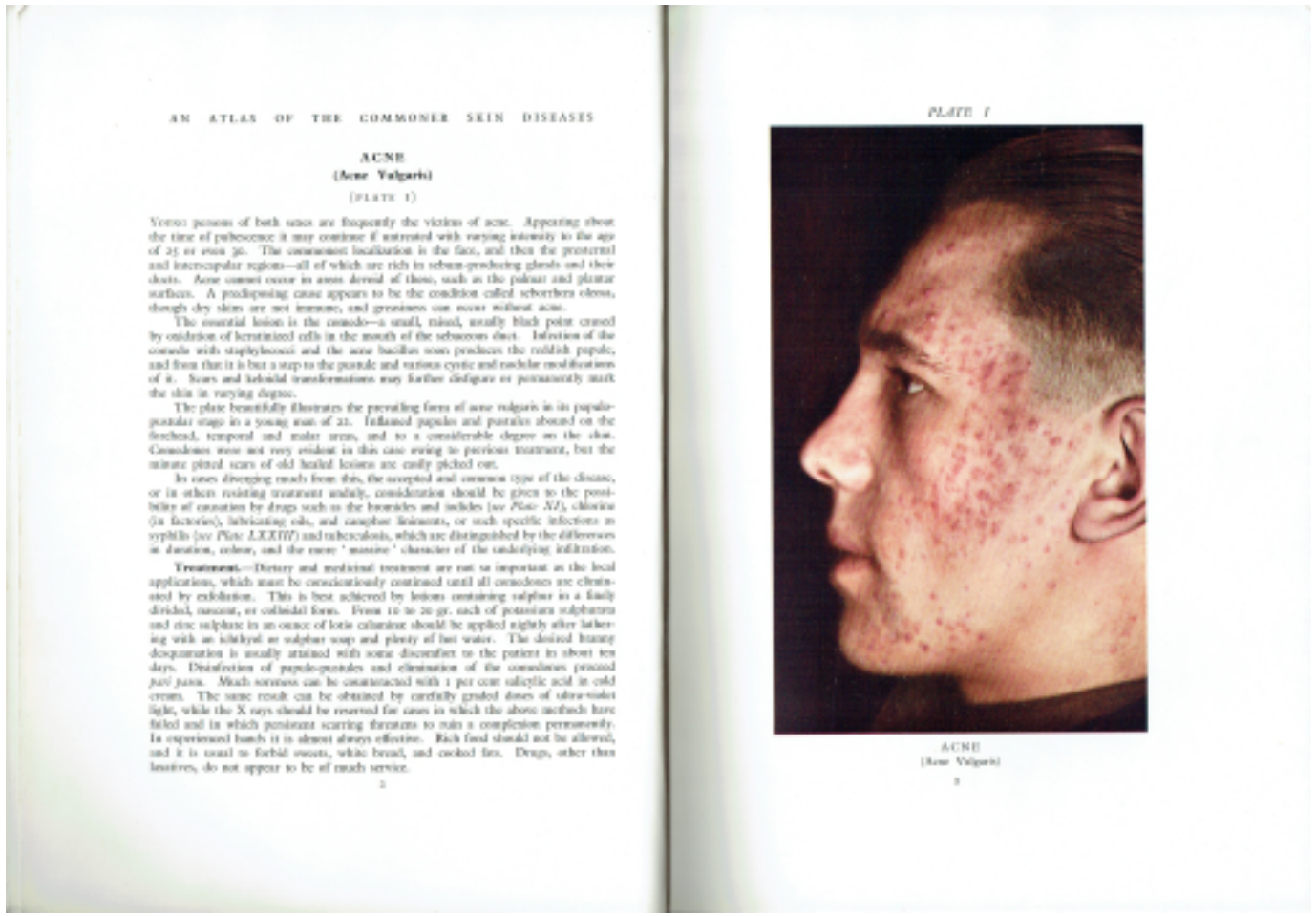
One of the most surprising events of the year was the arrival from cousin Liz Royle (nee Tubbs) of a VHS tape which contained footage of a meeting of the Royles, Liz's father Gerald Tubbs then 95 and my father MCT in 1996. The film was shot in Great Horkesley and included some rather indistinct footage of Cundall's wonderful picture of MCT and Lirlie which is lost to the family and of which there was no record known to me. That correspondence also resulted in my visit to them in Rye and our joint trip to Littlestone Golf Club, which was jolly good fun and on Ladies' Day to boot.

Fortunately the world has moved on from VHS quality, but this is all we have. Incidentally while it seems absurd to think of digital videos as footage there is a strong anatomical link, digit being related to fingers and footage to feet. If the handshoe fits!



I have at last carried out my threat to buy a copy of the Atlas of Commoner Skin Diseases, and a rattling good read it is. The photographs in it are cited as being made under the supervision of Dr Arnold Moritz and according to Bunny's memoirs those photographs were taken by PBT. The book was not published until 1934, the year after PBT's death and Moritz is cited as being involved in earlier publications. As the Sanger-Shepherd process was involved, there would have been three negatives, one for each of the primary colours. This would have eliminated the need for colour separation at the stage of preparation for the press. It is just possible that the books have

been conflated, but to reproduce colour photographs then with an accuracy to satisfy medical men was a major achievement. The book was printed by Jarrolds, aforementioned. Medical, botanical and avian books are usually illustrated with drawings and watercolours, usually reproduced by lithography, the precursor of offset photo lithography which now rules the world of commercial printing. Lirlie's Baby Book records that she was delivered by Moritz. I assure you this is one of the less alarming photographs in the book.



Another early foray into colour photography, though this is early only in the personal sense. All but one roll taken on the Brownie 127 of my youth was in Black and White but this was Kodachrome and never saw the light of day until recently. The sitter is barely remembered, alas. The chapel at TreArddur House has gone, as has the lawn in the foreground which has grown houses and died. Bryn, Welsh for Hill, in the background, still stands as do the majority of the school buildings out of sight on the right.

Grundisburgh

Last year I promised to say a little about Grundisburgh, a village I have visited but once, with MCT in the 1970s, and great grandpapa Sutton was still remembered by folk we spoke to. It is not known why Edwin Sutton moved from Eaton Bray to Grundisburgh, four miles from Woodbridge in Suffolk whither he retired after the war, and where his unmarried daughters Gwen and Dorothy lived the rest of their days. The advowson of both parishes belonged to Trinity College. These postcard views are all relevant in that Edwin is pictured sitting among a group of parishioners with an unknown common interest. The rectory speaks for itself and the Village War Memorial can be seen in the view of the Water Splash and the Parish Church. It bears the name of Monk, Geoffrey Alfred Sutton, who never really resided in Grundisburgh because of

his war service.

I am modestly confident that the player sitting second from left is also Edwin, in his college days. He appears to be holding a book. With a dog as twelfth man it might just be faith before works, but at least they are all serious about their kit.



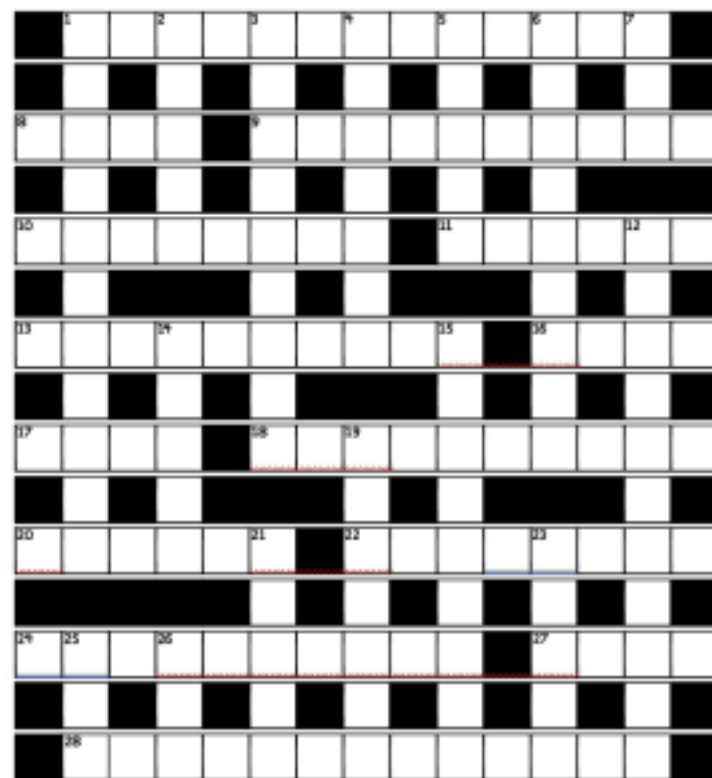
I have always enjoyed selfies in moderation, but this year's picture of the Editor is a professional job and copyright belongs to the Derby Evening Telegraph as was. It was taken on the happy occasion of Reg Newcombe's 70th birthday.



Sadly Reg died this year. A fellow designer Julius Thalmann also died aged 91. Julius escaped on the last Kindertransport from Munich in 1939 and so it was a very special privilege to know both these talented gentlemen. I also happen to know

Vicky as well!
 One of the few useful things I did as Chairman of Derby Camra for 6 years was to enable its first Winter Beer Festival to take place and booked the Assembly Rooms, an event which subsequently grew to fill the Grade I listed Roundhouse and was for three years (2014-2016) The National Winter Ales Festival, all of which were very successful.

2017 CROSSWORD



Solution at tubbspubs.org.uk on 6th Jan 2018

ACROSS

- 1 Knowing Station 101 is hop on route ... (13)
- 8 .. ergo big space(4)
- 9 The parson's singing?(5,5)
- 10 Stop! wet weather. Hold!(8)

11 Talk round(6)

- 13 Users of different stripe to fore(10)
- 16 Mad artists schooled back there(4)
- 17 Could be inner cathode(4)
- 18 Leftovers bad aim renders (10)
- 20 I'm your man(6)
- 22 Business has a go on holy water(8)
- 24 I throw half a ton and spice up cunningly(10)
- 27 Tie vector to snowman(4)
- 28 Roly poly storing E.C. excess weight (13)

DOWN

- 1 Staffs arena with gritty produce(11)
- 2 It's in front of you, on paper ...(5)
- 3 Now!(9)
- 4 Short sharp shock in birch perhaps for pupil(7)
- 5 Bowman's switchback on copper(5)
- 6 Pocketed and suited perhaps(9)
- 7 Did your easel start colouring?(3)
- 12 Makes for sure, wintered away from the East(11)
- 14 Of foot perhaps or naval service(5)
- 15 Turn dirty, turn clean laundry (4,3,2)
- 19 To bother Mum I go inside(7)
- 21 One with thick skin that makes money(5)
- 23 Get 'em in the groove with writers (5)
- 25 Example of half a horse to eat at breakfast perhaps(3)
- 26 Holly's partner that welcomes clubber(3)