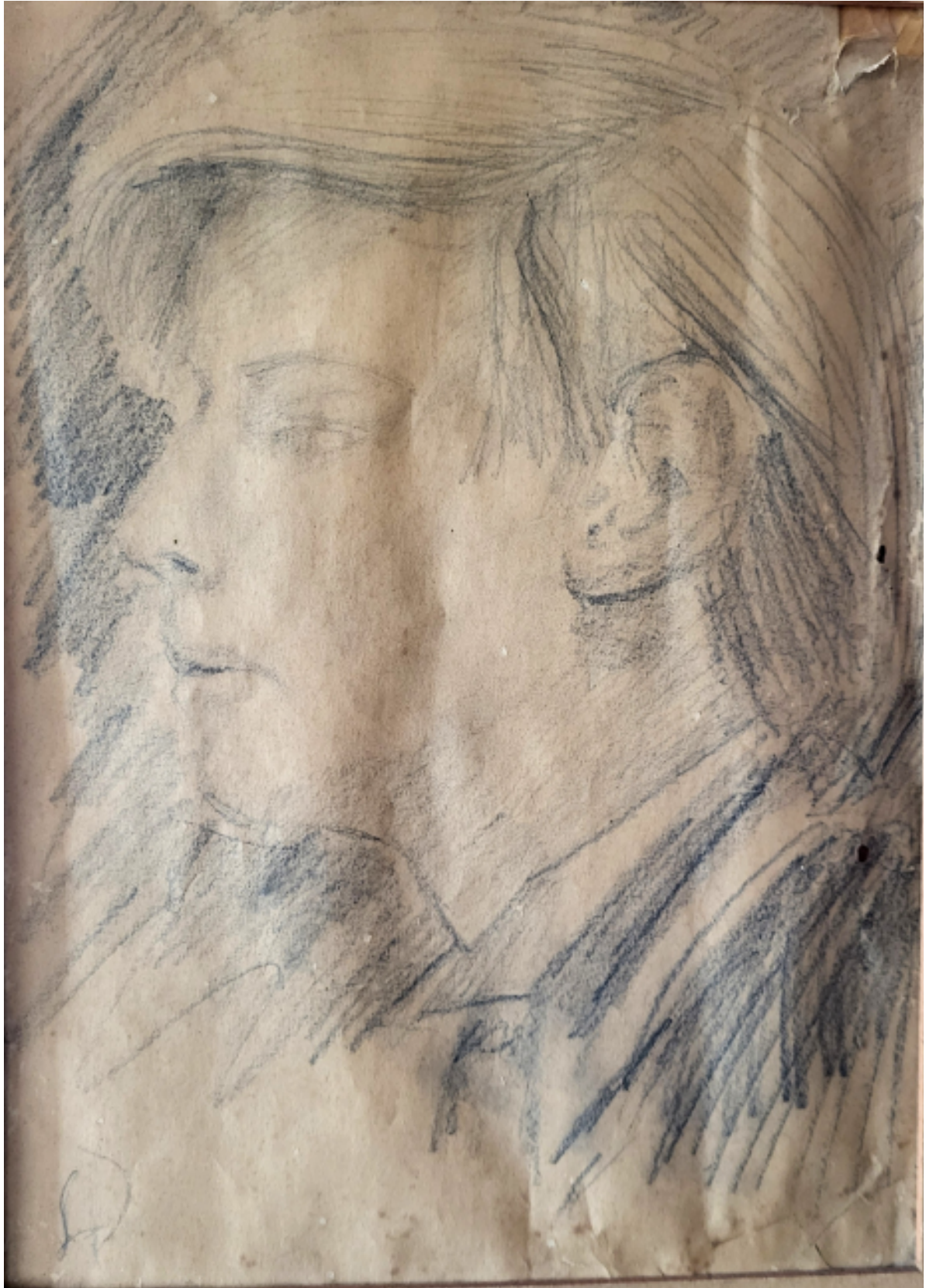


THE TUBBS

Christmas 2022



Portrait sketch

As a vanity project The Tubbs has lasted a great deal longer than ever envisaged. I have always claimed it is not about me, but I have crept in via the highways and byways of being a Tubbs. Researching the family history has been great fun and though it is not a total obsession it is an obsession shared with a few other obsessions of mine.

This year I am going the full Rupert (Murdoch the ultimate owner of The Times) and projecting myself a little bit more prominently than in most years, with Page Three girl as well. Skip to page 4, and there might even be a lissome lady on it. If you are a diligent reader you may remember I promised a return of the saucy bookplates in the GB Tubbs collection. No?

To this pencil sketch there is a story. For a few years one of my hobbies was AmDram as in School Plays and at Leeds University. At both the standard was high (self excepted of course) and indeed one of my first and lowliest roles was as The Tailor, comically bossed around by the Shrew's other half, one of his rare chances in the early stages of the play. The Shrew (Taming of Mr Shakespeare) was played by Prunella Gee who became a successful professional actress and married the anarchic Ken Campbell, one of the theatre's disruptive geniuses. That was the first performance in a school play by a real live female. Shakespeare would have been in tears. Prunella's father was a school governor who lived locally, and her brother gave himself a hard time by breaking the unbreakable school rule, Don't get caught! There was an active independent theatre group which

hovered in the shadow of the University which was to all intents professional, left wing and predominantly gay, which made for fun. It included one of the theatrical dynasty of Rappaports, but memory is a bit hazy on that one. I claim I was taught to play Cribbage by an actress in bed, but she was in bed poorly, and I merely an attendant. Bless you Liz! A wondrous Mrs Malaprop to my Falkland. The trouble with Crib is that it requires to be fuelled by large amounts of beer. You may one day admire my select collection of brewery related cribbage boards.

A later school role was the Doctor in Shaw's Doctor's Dilemma. I was a little typecast as older gentlemen, partly because most plays include older gentlemen and partly because my voice was better at acting than my body. At Leeds I played another Doctor I think in Pinero's The Second Mrs Tanqueray, originally staged by the Kendals who have featured in these pages.

A prop in The Doctor's Dilemma is a portrait, and by sheer cheek I persuaded the great Warwick Metcalfe to sketch me, something he achieved in about five minutes, a little reluctantly. Stage props are supposed to be as deceitful as the whole illusion created in the theatre. Note to film producers, do not use real guns on film sets. The wing collar is costume by the way, not uniform.

The sketch is initialled LD which stands for Louis Dubedat, the name of the artist in the play, in the cure of whom the Doctor found his dilemma. Like all Shaw's plays it is highly polemic, not to everyone's taste these days.

My admiration for Warwick Metcalfe is shared by



the School which has created a brand new Art School and gallery on its Western Campus and named it after him. I am very fortunate to have a copy of his linocut aerial view of Uppingham, also credited to Mrs M. This is a tremendous achievement, requiring a double impression for each colour on the Albion Press in the old Art School, the original Grammar School house in the Churchyard a masterpiece of control and registration. The cove in the top right corner is Archdeacon Johnson, the founder of Oakham and Uppingham Grammar Schools. I have spent many years coveting an Albion or possibly a similar press, but they are rather rare and now very expensive. Its surrogate is the much smaller but perfectly serviceable Adana 8x5. One of Warwick's most prominent works of art was the welded inn sign at the White Hart, which happily was a Warwicks and Richardsons house, one of the two large brewers in Newark. Warwick's assistant teacher was Chris Richardson, who later achieved some renown as the drama supremo at The Edinburgh Festival. The pub is long closed but it is owned by the School and has been used for hospitality, if not to the present day. Not sure. The sign no longer hangs outside the pub. I reckon it would have been stolen if it did, in which case it would no or worse, perhaps it did and was. At that time main drama productions were staged in the Memorial Hall. One exercise this year has been to verify the assertion that it is modelled on Kirby Hall in Northamptonshire, which indeed it is with suitably sombre modification. Chris was able to persuade the School to redevelop the Gymnasium as a theatre. Sadly I have never seen a production there, but have some supremely dismal memories of trying to do PE and elementary gymnastics there under the direction of P.O. Hall a Royal Marine and stern with it. Track and field sports under him were even more painful. Gymnasium remains the word in German for their Grammar School equivalent, and stems from the Greeks doing their thing in the buff. Fortunately Hall and I were spared that mutual horror. It too was built as a War Memorial, to the fallen of the Boer War. Wars take their toll of public

The aerial view of Uppingham is from the South, with the main School buildings centred round two quadrangles and a close, to the West. The Market Place sits between the School and the representation of Archdeacon Johnson. The



school boys out of proportion to their numbers.

Other members of the family have also indulged in AmDram. There is a picture of MCT with a role in a courtroom drama, Mother took a role with the Congleton players and had to wear gloves to hide her wedding ring which she would not remove, and Aunt Doreen was a long-standing stalwart of Honley Players. Jane's performance as Goldilocks in the Lowdham Christmas Pantomime was worth its weight in golden locks. Any pictures of the above would be welcomed.

I even had a business partner for a short time who had been a professional thesp and rose above my level in the business world to zillionaire status and a seat on Nottingham City Council.

Colonnade at the top is re-imaged from the the colonnaded Old School Room, the first of the buildings on the new site of the school after it migrated from the churchyard which is just out of view bottom right.

The Tubbs Review of books and bookplates

Bookplates

Bookplates belong somewhere in the realm between genuine bibliophilia, insane vanity, protection of one's personal property, and insane everything else.

As a history of the ownership of books plates fail because the previous owners' plates tend to be removed or pasted over with the new one.

The question arises, how do pristine book plates survive to be collected. There are two likely answers. One of course is that unused ones can form part of an estate to be sold but the earlier explanation is that collectors formed connections whereby they could exchange their own plates with those of fellow bibliophiles, a self-fulfilling obsession, exploited in more recent years by endless series of tat sold as collectibles that are unlikely to find buyers at car boot sales.

Anything is collectible, and in more recent years trading cards and phone cards have had large markets in which I assure you I have never indulged.

I have never bought a bookplate. There are occasionally some seen for sale and there are reproductions and modern confections to be had. In my youth I produced one of my own, not a particularly fine effort but I did use it for a bit, and

there are one or two volumes in the house which still bear them.

Graham Tubbs on the other hand was a serious collector. As a son of Percy B Tubbs he was taught to collect only the very best, in whichever field he chose, and as an architect like his father, he concentrated on the plates of architects and artists. By far the biggest subject selected for plates is the heraldic device of their creator.

By far the most bonkers is the work of Cotton, a Birmingham architect who produced a new bookplate every time he doodled. The City of Birmingham has a large collection, and I suspect that GBT's is only in the second rank below that. A day in Birmingham doing a like for like comparison might be an entertaining day out.

The GBT collection was split into two (or possibly more) at some point. The historical architectural ones are pasted into a book in more or less chronological order and includes the plates of some very big hitters in the world of architecture and landscape gardening. One of the Adams and Lancelot Capability Brown being being but two. The half that came to me is more eclectic and includes the Cottons, but still predominantly artistic, with some aristos and unidentified characters



Hays, William RA. born Ohio 1876, commissioned Viennese decadent Franz von Byros to design two plates. "A book is a friend who never changes". Jacobus (James) Gibbs, 1736 - he of the eponymous window, architect of St Martin in the Fields, and Barts hospital, so a must-include.

John Adam, one of the holy trinity of neo-classicists,

claiming gentleman status - The cross gives me peace. The daggers are actually crosses crosslet fitchy.

Lancelot "Capability" Brown, the landscaper of choice for the effortless pastoral look, to be ruthlessly contrived only at huge expense. Apart from Hays, this is just a sample from the first few pages of the Architects' bookplates. Did Hays not make the cut or was the book compiled before Gray bought it?



50 Years of the GBG

This year is the 50th anniversary of the first issue of CAMRA's Good Beer Guide. It cost 25p, half the price of annual membership of the campaign. As a student I was excited to hear about the Campaign but reluctant to part with the 50p, then the price of four pints. I have only an electronic scanned copy.

If you drink beer today and do not remember that far back you can not imagine how dire the beer crisis was by then. Tasteless brewery conditioned beers were being manufactured in what became known as megageggeries by the largest handful of brewers, who had swept up most of the traditional brewers, kept the pubs but closing the breweries.

For the record the Big Six were Allied Breweries, Bass, Courage, Scottish and Newcastle, Watneys and Whitbread, though some of those were still finalising their grandeur and their names changed only too often. The Campaign also became the Campaign for Real Ale, though in 1972 it was still the Campaign for its Revitalisation. Guinness was 7th man, with national distribution and had only sold draught keg beer for over a decade by then.

There were around 40 so-called Regional Brewers, who included the likes of Marstons, Home Brewery, Adnams and Youngs. With the possible exception of Youngs, they all had their own line of fizzy keg beer, and some of the regionals such as Mansfield and Hull Brewery were also supplying only keg or even worse, beer in bulk tanks. A few of them remain as real brewers, including Adnams.

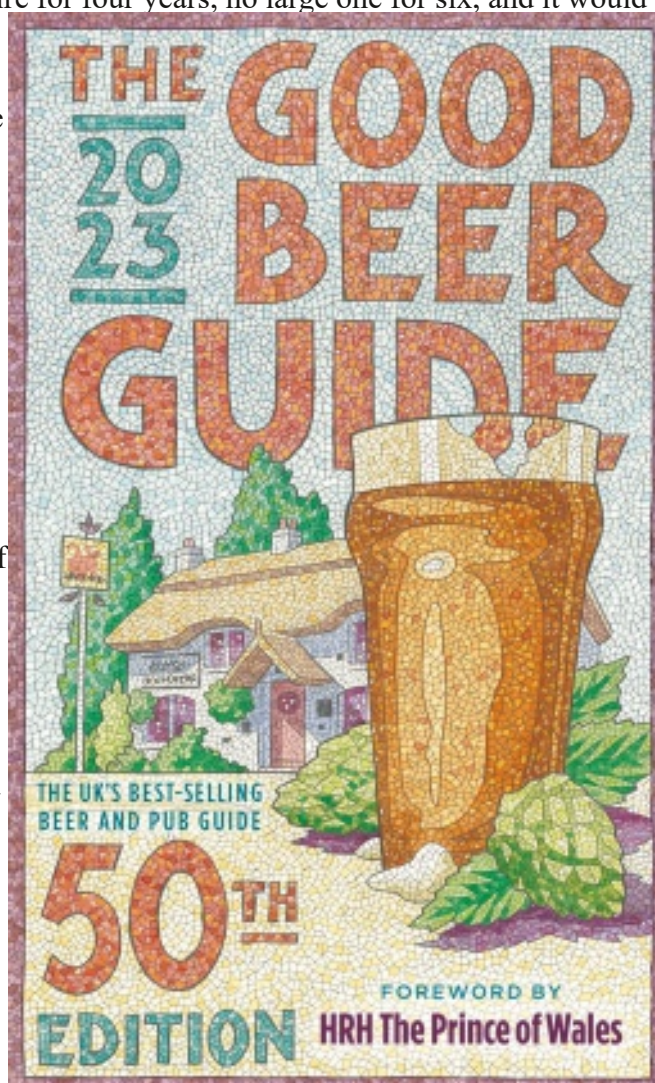
Even as a first effort the GBG issue 1 is a bit of a disappointment, with a mere 13 typewritten pages of pub listings. Many areas of the country were simply not covered by any branch of CAMRA and I do not think there were any pubs listed for Nottinghamshire or Derbyshire, where there were fine beers available from Bass, (as well as oceans of gnatspee) Marstons, Shipstone, Wards, Home Brewery and Kimberley for those with the will to seek them out.

In 1972 there had been no brewery at all in Derbyshire for four years, no large one for six, and it would be another five years before the first of the many new micro breweries opened in Derbyshire.

There has been one notorious issue of the GBG. The editor wrote of Watneys that it should be avoided like the plague. At great expense the entire print run had to be pulped and the words "at all costs" substituted. If that satisfied Watneys' honour they should have been ashamed of themselves but weren't. My brother's economics teacher claims to have two of the unexpurgated copies, which are very valuable, so that's economics for you. He subsequently became a millionaire publican and brewer. Well done Chris.

Though I have spent many hours toiling on behalf of the Campaign in subsequent years, I have to admit that it has never been an administrative miracle. It did earn the acclamation of being the world's most effective consumer organisation at one time, and the turn around in the availability and appreciation of good beer has been quite remarkable, now joined by various wines and spirits which enjoy recognition for their worth, not their publicity content.

Nevertheless there were misgivings. It was a family joke for years that the Plough, aka The World's End in Lowdham was listed as full of nautical character, even after Bill Grice had left, never having been

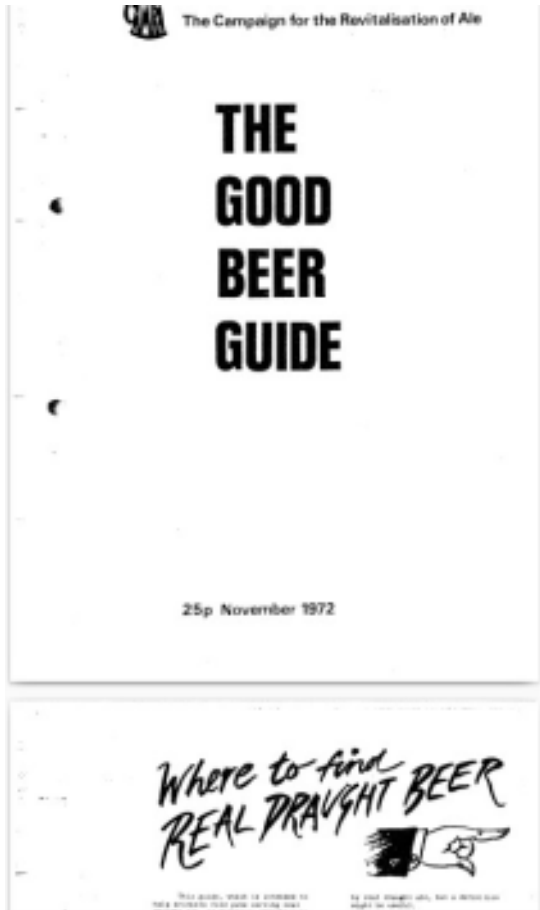


nearer the sea than a day trip to Skeggy, taking all his chandlery with him. Reader, I myself took Gertie the Goose to her new home with family assistance.

For several years I had the responsibility of typing up all the GBG entries for the East Midlands from hand written forms. By then the competition for inclusion in the guide was more or less fair, and in

recent years inclusion has been on the basis only of online appraisals by all active CAMRA members. The GBG is also available electronically by subscription for those who can navigate a way through the wasteland of CAMRA IT. Reader I will try again, now that I do enjoy the occasional beer after a long period of abstinence.

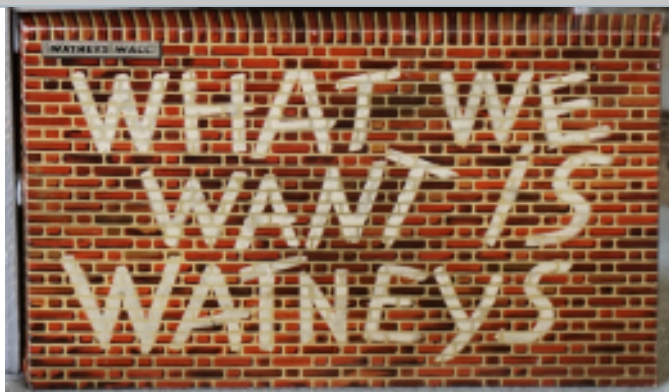
The new edition carries a forward by HRH The



Where to find real draught beer.

Not in a red barrel.

Peak perversion of real ale was what became Red, aka Watney's Red. It was probably the first keg beer of all, sensibly devised c1935 for a tennis club with only intermittent demand for beer. This was the thin end of a giant Wedge of wetness. Even more perversely your editor has amassed a small collection of items relating to this pandemic of pisswater. They were playful at their best with Watneys Wall, made a nod to their history with plates, but always beware breweries celebrating their longevity; it always means the end is at hand. Guess who put the Mort in Mortlake.



Such Such were the Joys

The joys of schooldays, the best time of one's life or a living hell. I have recorded here previously that Eric Blair had been a pupil at St Cyprian's Eastbourne, though seven years or so after the three Tubbs brothers had left there. Blair was born in 1903. What I was not aware at that time (2009) is that Blair wrote about his schoolboy experience and furthermore he shared with Seymour, the distinction of winning The Townshend Warner History Prize, a St Cyprian's fiefdom though competed for in many other schools. In those days the award was always presented by Townshend Warner himself, the distinguished head of History at Harrow. Seymour went to Harrow with a Townshend Warner Scholarship. Blair went on to Eton, which he disliked much less than his terrible judgment on St Cyprian's.

"Such, such were the joys" was only published after his death. At St Cyprian's he befriended Cyril Connolly who later published some of his work. I am not a connoisseur of prep school writing. There was a genre of jolly books for girls and more rugged ones for boys, with the best being the sometimes hilarious Jennings series. Adults writing for adults are rarely as benign. Evelyn Waugh makes it all painfully funny.

Anybody who has been to an English boys' preparatory school would have no difficulty in seeing parallels with theirs in St Cyprian's. Many Prep Schools are or were characterised by being the private property of their owners, whereas the Public Schools are in the hands of trustees or governors. Everything is driven by a few elemental forces, the profit motive, the need to obtain good examination results and the whims and prejudices of the proprietor.

The aim was to get the boys into one of the select fifteen or so premier public schools. One Blair contemporary failed to get into Uppingham, my destination, and was beaten in consequence. The syllabus then even more than now was focused on the art of passing examinations, and the limited, unrelated snatches of "knowledge" required to do so.

Blair's early interest in entomology was despised as an interest in scientific matters unworthy of a classical scholar. Nevertheless there were rewarding days out into the countryside, and to swim,

perilously, in the sea. No change there.

Mr Wilkes the headmaster was nicknamed Sambo and his wife Flip.

St Cyprian's was a school for the children of the wealthy upper middle class, whom he characterised at the time as being in the £2,000 a year league, many times the average salary at the time. The Blairs were not in that class, he was a scholarship boy and regarded as the personal property of the headmaster who was investing in young Blair so that his academic success would increase the headmaster's reputation. The children of the less wealthy were treated badly, those of aristocrats and plutocrats with fawning indulgence. Despite the theory that school uniforms are supposed to be social levellers money counted.

Blair recounts that Sambo said his parents were too poor to buy him his own cricket bat. Blair later discovered that his parents had paid ten shillings to the school so that he could have one. Compare that with the 14/- per gross that Tubbs Lewis charged for toy cricket bats for poorer folk.

Cold plunges in filthy water were a daily feature, reminiscent of the treatment of new prisoners in the Victorian era. We were lucky. It was a cold shower! St Cyprian of Carthage was a convert and martyr, regarded as a leading intellectual of the church before Saints Augustine and Jerome.

However bad it was, somebody had to pay the fees and what better way than a spot of drug dealing, Class A stuff, opium would be a good bet! Indeed young Blair's father was a drug dealer, an official of the Raj in India, which made one fifth of its revenue farming and selling the opium which it had forced on the Chinese in the 19th century; it couldn't persuade them to buy any of the Empire's legitimate manufactures. So much for free market trading which I maintain this nation never succeeded in before Brexit, despite the claims. We were aiming at captive markets in Africa and the Old Commonwealth. There were other markets in Europe and South America and the USA, but the core markets were captive.

Britain's manufacturing declined as the world's other nations either made their own goods or bought on the open market, not least from The USA and Germany.

Even the Empire under a succession of Liberal Governments saw the moral need to end the opium trade and it was wound down. When Richard Blair

finally took early retirement on a very modest pension the family settled in Southwold, nicknamed Simla by the Sea in those days. Young Blair loved the Suffolk countryside and when he took to writing for a living assumed the name of the local Orwell river.

Much as Uppingham School now revels in the reputation of Stephen Fry whom it expelled, so Eastbourne College the successor to St Cyprian's is able to boast Blair among a longish list of distinguished alumni.

Cecil also claimed that he loathed St Cyprian's and in his turn was much happier at Haileybury. When Blair's narrative came out many other old Cyprianites came to the defence of Sambo and Flip. Doubtless Seymour the golden boy with both academic and sporting prowess was much better adapted to prep school privations than many another.

Blair saw injustice everywhere he looked, as can we all. At St Cyprian's he was particular distressed at the inhumane treatment of bed wetters, who were beaten. Curiously Blair claimed that the beating cured his own problem. It was there that he first detected blind injustice, being blamed for sins and omissions of which he remained ignorant.

Unable to afford a university education Blair joined the colonial police force in Burma, where he was appalled by the conduct both of his compatriots and the local populace.

The historian Simon Schama, no friend of Empire, highlighted an incident in which Blair was obliged to shoot an elephant, which was blamed for killing a native. A large crowd seeking vengeance came to witness the execution which Blair felt obliged to carry out though he would rather not have. Schama may have overstated his case, but must be correct in judging the alienating effect it had on Blair. Blair claimed that the omerta principle applied in the colonial service disguising the widespread dislike of the colonial administration by its own practitioners. Blair (and Schama) recognised that the Liberal philosophy of civilising the Empire by instilling the supposed values of Western civilisation was hypocritical and ineffective. He quotes the famous response of Mahatma Gandhi to the question of what he thought of Western Civilisation. Gandhi, the London trained barrister, said he thought it would be a good idea.

Gorby was showing a Russian landscape painting to

Mrs Thatcher. He saw it as a metaphor for the new light shining in Russia. You will observe Mr General Secretary, said the post-colonial Mrs T, that the light is coming from the West.

He did not return to Burma after his first home leave and set out on the life of self-imposed poverty investigating and reporting on involuntary pauperdom during which he contracted the tuberculosis that killed him. It is well known that his involvement with Communists during the Spanish Civil War made him one of the first left-wingers to identify Communism as it was practised as nothing more than an extreme form of Fascism. All the same, his drill training in the Officer Training Corps at Eton and in the Burmese Police helped him establish his reputation as an effective soldier, until he was wounded.

The livestock at Animal Farm included drug mules, it seems.



The Golden Talking Shop

The Oxford Union Debates Empire, World War, Revolution, and Women , Author Edward Pearce, 2018

This is an history of the Oxford Union., and I claim the reviewer's right not to have read the book in question.

In 1913 ACC Willway (Oriol College) spoke for the motion that “Modern Trades Unionism Is a menace to Industry” and won. The previous debate was just as entertaining it seems. The motion was “that a public school education provides an adequate education for active citizenship”. One speaker claimed “Religion is taught in a school to make it as little, if at all, superior in interest to Demosthenes. SO many public school men go into the service of the Services, the Church and governorships of dependencies that they cannot be called citizens. They succeed in producing Gentlemen, but these gentlemen are lethargic and cannot be called active citizens. That particular Gentleman carried his copy of Aeschylus to war in his tunic pocket and in his maiden speech in the House of Lords spoke disparagingly of Mrs Thatcher’s privatisations as “selling the family silver”. That was the Earl of Stockton, aka Supermac.

Willway seems to have carried his golden reputation through life everywhere but the criminal fraternity and my immediate family. As an executor

of the estate of Sir Stanley Tubbs he was a director of Tubbs Lewis,. Where there's a will there's a Willway! he had no real knowledge of the industry and a remarkable capacity for bringing out expletives in the Tubbs family.

In 1939 Colonel W. published an article "Probation in Country Areas". At the time he was Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Surry, i.e. he was a clerk to the Justices, or magistrates, providing professional legal guidance to the amateurs of the bench.

He served in the Royal Signals during the war and was adopted unanimously as the prospective Conservative candidate for Gloucester in succession to Sir Leslie Boyce bart. who had served for 30 years. Boyce was defeated in the 1945 Labour Landslide. His successor Moss Turner-Samuels died in office in 1957, to be succeeded by Jack Diamond. In the 1950 General Election, no Conservative stood for Gloucester. Anthony Kershaw stood as a National Liberal in 1950 and as a Conservative in 1951, but was elected for Stroud in 1955.

As predicted before, one of these days I will attempt to write my version of the demise of Tubbs Lewis in which the Brigadier played a role as villainous as the taxman, from what I have established so far.



BRIG. A. C. C. WILLWAY-

The Abbey Habit

Well I am the last person to preach financial prudence, and I am not sure that saving with the Abbey would have been the most prudential of investments, but Abbeys were involved in habits long before building societies existed let alone before they become reckless instruments of doom.

According to its Wikipedia page:-

L'abbaye Notre-Dame de Cîteaux est l'abbaye fondatrice de l'ordre cistercien. Elle est située sur le territoire de la commune de Saint-Nicolas-lès-Cîteaux, canton de Nuits-Saint-Georges, dans le département de la Côte-d'Or, en Bourgogne-Franche-Comté. Sa construction est de style gothique et d'architecture classique du XIe siècle. Elle fut fondée en 1098 dans le duché de Bourgogne par Robert de Molesme, abbé de l'abbaye Notre-Dame de Molesme, dédiée à Marie, mère du Christ, et placée sous la protection des ducs de Bourgogne. ... and the good work of Robert de Molesme is not the only good thing to have come out of Nuits St Georges.

The Cistercians were notable sheep farmers, coming to dominate their localities and became too wealthy for their own good and were dissolved in England by Henry VIII who pocketed the proceeds and then spent them, setting a bad example to future Abbey patrons perhaps.

The Abbey at Kingswood in Gloucestershire was one such Cistercian Abbey. The County of



Gloucestershire became rich on wool and its prosperity lasted until the Industrial Revolution. Before steam power wind and water were the only means of powering mills, and mills for manufacture were a product only of the first phases of the Industrial Revolution.

Prior to that all textile operations except perhaps fulling, were carried out at home, woollen fabric being dried on open fields, one of which was on land where my mother grew up, Gynn Lane in Honley, itself named for the power gynn, engine that drove a mill.

An obvious example of a fulling mill to the present inquiry is Ithell's Mill, Charfield, Gloucestershire, originally a fulling mill for which the deeds from 1703-1885 have been deposited by Slaughter and May in the Gloucestershire County Archives (Findings reference D6909/1). That suggests to me that 1885 is when Tubbs Lewis acquired Ithell's Mill, but does not yet solve the question of what use Tubbs Lewis had for it, nor does it settle its precise location, however it is clear that it was disused from around 1903 and demolished around 1920, and was located on Lower Barnes Farm, and has been subject to a planning application by Swinhay Ltd (something to do with Renishaw I suspect) (<https://legacy-reports.cotswoldarchaeology.co.uk/content/uploads/2015/03/4301-lower-barnes-farm-historic-building-a-sessment-issue-01.pdf>). See also (OldMapsOnlineuk – Gloucestershire series LXIV mostly).

Woollen mills sprang up along the Little Avon river in the late 18th and early 19th Century and lasted a generation or two before the main woollen industry moved to Bradford. The largest of these by far was New Mills, subsequently the main site for Tubbs Lewis and presently for Renishaws).

In these pages I have already recounted how Messrs Tubbs and Lewis opened their business in 1854, built a mill on the New North Road in London alongside the Regent's

Canal, processed rubber in a separate works nearby and had their offices on Noble Street, alongside the City's Roman wall. In search of cheaper labour and now able to exploit the rapidly expanding railway network Tubbs and Lewis moved first to Stroud and then began to buy the mills along The Little Avon that were standing empty, the local populace hungry for work.

Here we are going to take a walk round Kingswood and see some traces of the Abbey and several sites that were part of TL.

Abbey Mill has a pedimented gable facing the road to Wotton, and carries the inscription "TUBBS LEWIS & Co" and above that Estd 1854, lest anybody forget. The mill race is at that end of the mill, though the machinery has all now gone. There are some sluice gates.

In the yard surrounding the stone-built mill there are single storey buildings dated variously 1899 and 1900 with northlight roofs. The Mill itself is of two storeys above ground and perhaps three double bays, so very modest by comparison with later developments. It was engaged in the manufacture of elastic cords, braids, fishing lines etc. Elastic products were always central to the enterprise, so

much so that one of Martin Tubbs' guiding principles in the production of braid was No Elastic. The other was no dealings with Marks and Spencer! Those specialisms remained with Tubbs Lewis and also with Tubbs Elastics, cousin Vincent's business.

A little further down the yard is Langford Mill, its setting a little more rural in character. It is dated 1822, is of four storeys above ground and four or five double bays. So much is the course of our island storey changed these days that Langford is not involved with manufacture or even warehousing. It is the offices of a firm of solicitors. According to TL's sales brochure No 52, Langford Mill was engaged in silk throwing, an activity that was first carried out on an industrial basis in this country by John Lombe at the Silk Mill in Derby. This was the pioneer textile mill in England, now home of the Museum of Making, a star of the Derwent Valley Mills World Heritage area, a finalist in the 2022 National Museums competition, won by the Horniman Museum which is now busy explaining its past ethnographic sins. The story is one of treachery and derring do as the Italian secrets of silk throwing were pirated by



Lombe.

A notable feature of Langford Mill is its inclusion of small pieces of gothic stonework from the Abbey. There is evidence of other poaching of these stones in other buildings in the village.

The catalogue carries photographs of most of their mills, with a general view of Abbey Mills which is difficult to reconcile with today's scene. In the background there is an edifice abuilding with a tall chimney. On the assumption that the original Abbey Mill was the oldest part of the site and so water-powered, it was not clear to me that what I see is the present Abbey Mill, and the chimney has certainly gone, they nearly all have thanks to Blaster Bates and Fred Dibnah That view is evidently taken from the side furthest from the road. The explanation is quite simple. Abbey Mill was rebuilt as now seen in 1898 after a fire destroyed the original mill, which dates the photograph.

A glance at a contemporary large scale map should help, but doesn't always. Huntingford Mill is clearly shown on the map as a corn mill, but there is no doubt that TL had a pin mill at Huntingford/Charfield.

The other abundantly obvious trace of the family's presence in Kingswood is Tubbs Turf, adjacent to Abbey Mills. This is a fairly well endowed club with a tennis court, junior football pitch with an artificial surface and a small well-tended garden with a welcome bench seat. This was originally a works amenity for employees so the link is continuous.

The maps do show other mills on the Little Avon that have no connection with Tubbs Lewis, The Kingswood map alone has: Nind Mill.; Elm Mill a disused grindstone mill; Broadbridge Mill, Penly's Mill, Monks Mill and Knowles Mill all disused in 1923. Monk's Mill may refer to use by the Abbey or it may just be a name of course.

Charfield Mills had an interesting history. Samuel Long built or rebuilt mills at Charfield Green to weave doeskin, described as "8 treadle work", i.e 8 shafts, a newly introduced fabric, and remained in business until around 1890 retaining handlooms for a long time.

Textile Terms and Definitions, 9th Edition edited by Martin C Tubbs describes doeskin as:-



A five-end satin or other warp faced fabric with dress-face finish, i.e. a wool fabric with a finish characterised by a closely cropped surface and high lustre).

According to the Charfield.org website:- Samuel Longs were finally put up for sale at the beginning of the 1890s and cloth making was replaced by Tubbs Lewis and a variety of other small businesses. Even the oldest inhabitant cannot personally remember the manufacture of cloth at the mills but many villagers have worked for Tubbs Lewis at the 'Pin Mill' and the 'Bone Mill'. The products gradually changed over the years, bone crochet hooks and bobbins being replaced by plastics but the business provided a fairly steady source of local employment. Tubbs Lewis already owned the mills at Kingswood where braid and elastic were made so Charfield Mills also supplied small items to supplement these manufactures such as large wooden reels, display racks and cards on which the products were wound and the firm was described in Kellys as wood turners. (Tubbs Lewis had a habit of tuning the description of their business according to its audience, -ed). For a short time at the turn of the century part of the mill was occupied by Frith & Company, scenic photographers and printers, who had pioneered what was then the new collotype process, a process similar to lithography capable of rendering images

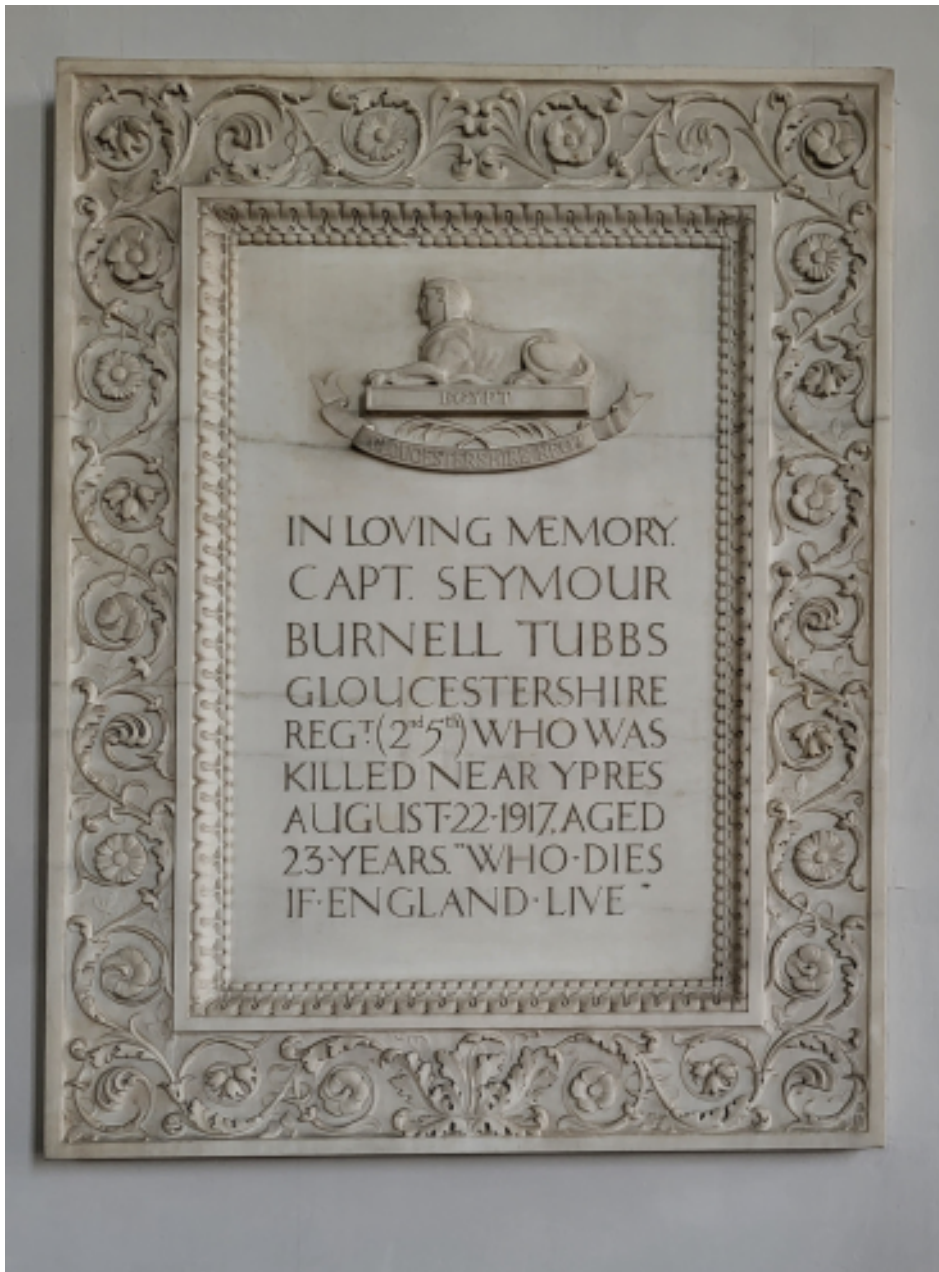
with high quality.

Frith's presence has been noted before, and collotype is an interesting topic in its own right to anybody with an interest in printing or postcards, but we will pass over that here. However on the Wootton archive there is photograph captioned:- To the Climax Generator Company Wotton-under-Edge, Messrs F Frith & Co write – We have pleasure in saying that the acetylene plant installed by you at the above mills gives every satisfaction. It is unlikely that a world-renowned photographer would use any other than their own photograph in such an endorsement, but the photograph does not appear in Frith's catalogue, sadly. Possibly the photograph was taken for or by the Climax company, that does not feature on www. It is highly unlikely to have any connection with the famous Coventry Climax Company which was formed to build petrol engines. It is likely that Frith would have used acetylene for lighting the works and possibly also process cameras or enlargers in connection with their publication., town gas perhaps not being available.

One of the mills on New Street is clearly still named after its origin as a pin mill, which is not mentioned in the Charfield.org account, and until shown the contrary I have to accept this is identical with Huntingford Pin Mill,



Though there is the site of an historic "Dyehouse Mill" just outside Wotton, The Dyehouse Mills referred to by Tubbs Lewis are within the grounds of New Mill described in Gloucestershire 2, The Vale and Forest of Dean, Buildings of England Series David Verey and Alan Brookes Yale University Press 2002 as a long low dyehouse of 1888 of stone with blue brick trim just to the S of New Mill.



Illustrations

Tubbs Turf - beside Abey Mill

The Abbey Gates

Abbey Mill , wide angle view, with Company, name on gable end and water tower

Langford Mill with fragments of monastic buildings set in stonework
Memorial to Seymour Burnell Tubbs of 2/5th Gloucestershire Regiment, inside Kingswood Parish Church

The general view of Abbey Mills from the river towards the mill itself which was being rebuilt at the time after a fire.

Residences

I have looked at the family's residences piecemeal before now, but here is a complete retrospective.

The first parental home was Glenthorne in Cam, Dursley, Gloucestershire (approximately 1949-51). Dad was repaying the generosity of Tubbs Lewis in seeing him through a textiles degree at Manchester and went to work at the mills like his father, his great uncle Stanley, and his great grandfather HTT. In the latter two cases their role was entirely proprietorial and managerial, but Cecil had to work his way up from the bottom. He became the Company's chief salesman and was a director of the Pettit's subsidiary company. Dad was frustrated by the lack of progress he was allowed to make, and both he and his cousin Vincent left TL before the end.

In the meanwhile Dad was able to overcome austerity restrictions and build a new house on Field Lane in Dursley and we lived there roughly 1952-1954.

In 1954 Dad moved to be the works manager at Pettit's in Lutterworth. For a year we lived in the only one of the family homes to have been demolished, a rented cottage with an orchard to the rear of The Court at Ullesthorpe, then flats, now a conference centre and golf course.

In around 1955 they bought The Limes in Swinford, Leicestershire. This is Georgian at the front with a Victorian extension at the back. At the time the kitchen garden was across the road but that is now a play area.

In 1956 CBT retired from Tubbs Lewis and Dad resigned and took a position as sales manager at Berisford's the Ribbon People in Congleton. They bought a large semi-detached Edwardian house on Park Lane in Congleton from John Sebire, his boss, who moved across the road to Newlands (now demolished).

Around 1960-61 they completed the purchase of the Old Rectory, Swettenham, which had stood empty for decades. Jim Poynton sometime apprentice builder and Saturday gardener was engaged full time to restore the Old Rectory. Much of the work

was not authentic but was workmanlike and it stood unaltered until very recently when the roof has been replaced as the most obvious change.

In late 1962 there was some kind of catastrophe, which is obscure. Dad had arranged to return to Tubbs Lewis that was still being run by the executors of Sir Stanley Tubbs' estate. Having resigned from Berisfords and sold the house, the job failed to materialise. Dad was very deeply upset. I would like to hear from anybody who knows more than that about it.

They rented part of the vast Old Rectory at Brereton through 1962-3 approximately, the parish long responsible for the cure of souls in Swettenham. Only a mile or so by the back lane that is private, but a lot further by road. The rent included care of the owners' ancient dog, Cluny. The Old Rectory was then in sight of Brereton Hall which was a girl's boarding school with a mixed primary class which most of us attended one way or another. Shrubbery and woodland now obscure the view.

With funds diminished but a new job at Wardle and Davenport in Leek they were able to buy High House, a smallholding in the wilds of Staffordshire with splendid views of the more inhabitable Cheshire plain. We lived there until the legacy from Uncle Gray enabled Dad to buy the broken-backed braiding company on Aberdeen Street in Nottingham.

They bought Brookland House (below), an Enclosure Act farmhouse and moved in late 1965. The most prominent of those was Lowdham Grange which became the second ever Borstal, and is a place of custody to this day. How unlike BH.





Clockwise from top left: Glenthorne 1949-50; Field Lane 1951-53; The Court Ullesthorpe (this is the court not the demolished cottage (1953-54); Swettenham Old Rectory 1961-63; High House 1964-65; Brereton Old Rectory 1963; Crantock (rear view) 1956-61; The Limes 1955-56 with my BMW R80; All dates are approximate.

Her indoors

The single woman has been a phenomenon throughout the ages. Whether as a matter of choice or pressure there were almost as many convents and other religious houses for females as there were for men. Some very privileged folk were able to come and go into and from the contemplative life more or less as they pleased, Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine for example. It helped if their wealth had funded the foundation in the first place.

There is little doubt that the slaughter of the Great War left many women stranded without a partner, or grieving over a love they had not been able to marry.

It was a standard requirement of a women in employment that she would terminate her employment on marriage, though there were exceptions, in domestic service for example.

Of Henry Thomas Tubbs' two daughters, one did marry, though the marriage lasted only until the death of her husband ten years later.

Clara Mary Tubbs was born when the family were still living in Islington in 1866. On the 26th January 1899 she married John Edward White at St Mary's, Finchley with her father of Nethercourt, Hendon (not Finchley then?) as a witness. HTT then described himself as a Justice of the Peace, yet another of his professional guises, to suit the occasion. John was described as a tea merchant, and his father as a veterinary surgeon. That is a step up from his 1861 occupation of Farrier.

At the 1901 Census John Edward was a corn merchant, an employer. His birthplace is given as Weston-Super-Mare. They were living at Elmcroft in the parish of Christchurch, with two servants. The Church is on High Road, North Finchley.

Unfortunately the road name is illegible, Holden Avenue? Almost certainly. Holden Avenue is off Woodside Park (the name of a road Your Honour) but has been extensively redeveloped, which implies the earlier houses may have been too large for

modern purposes. This is the Woodside Park area of Finchley where PBT was also living, opposite the Dollis Brook from Nether Court.

By the time of the 1911 Census she was a widow, aged 44, living at 28 Cumberland Mansions, West End Lane, West Hampstead. These ones are late Victorian or Edwardian and still stand. Mansion houses are large blocks of apartments which were springing up in London from the later Victorian age through to World War 2.

She shared her new residence with Ellen Hall, aged 41, a spinster who was born in Staffordshire and is described as a Maid Companion. John and Clara had no children.

Clara lived to a great age and died only in 1956, aged about 89.

John Edward White died in 1909 aged 49. I have not found a probate record.

A little later Clara was working with her sister in the supervision and management of the creche in Arguile Square. Clara was living there.

In later life, Clara was very comfortably off having shared an equal portion of HTT's estate with all her siblings except Stanley, who had inherited the textile business while his father was still alive.

At the time of her death she had been living at Abbey Court Hotel, 15 Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead. Probate was granted for £93,066/14/11d.

Louisa Elizabeth Tubbs did not marry. It is said that after HTT's death she took over the management of the remaining properties. She occupied several residences in the Paddington area finally settling on the splendid house in Sussex Gardens, where I picture her being entirely ignorant of the facts of life and the riotous lifestyle of the junior member of the Beaton family who took some of his earliest published racy photographs of Edith Sitwell at the family home in Sussex Gardens. Beaton's Blue Plaque is on that house. WW2 much diminished values, reparations were inadequate and it became a seriously missed opportunity to be really rich rather

If we add the probate values of the estates of Henry Thomas Tubbs children we have.

Stanley William	289,617 15s 11d	1942	13,748,000
Percy Burnell	81,080 08s 11d	1933	5,339,000
Clara Mary	93,066 14s 11d	1956	2,340,000
Louisa Elizabeth	73,348 14s 02d	1952	2,126,000
Edwin Henry	74,634 01s 11d	1935	5,347,000
Walter Burnell £	0.		



Two images of Clara, and one of Lettie, all confirmed by the later annotation of Cecil Tubbs. These are all cartes de visit, so named only because of their size, not any social habit of thrusting selfies tonto doormen's salvers.

These are all studio portraits, and it is likely that the lattice window and its surround are no more than an elaborate prop used by the studio many times over. As this is a portrait of Louisa, known as Lettie I suppose it is just possible that there is a visual pun on Lattice/Lettice (an anglicisation of Laetitia), or Lettie, but probably not.

There are collectors of CDVs, some specialise in a particular location or business, and others just buy what they like, or seek out CDVs of the great and good which were often sold in large numbers. Albums were sold with slots for placing both CDVs and the larger cabinet sized pictures. These were rarely annotated at the time, because of cause the doting owner knew who they all were.

than rich.

Another cousin who did not marry was Joyce Evelyn Tubbs, the grand daughter of HTT via Edwin Henry. She appears to have inherited the religious and missionary zeal of her parents. Bunny refers to Edwin as Bible Bashing Ted. Joyce, referred to sometimes as Coz Joyce (unless the name referred to the Sutton Joyce) lived in Littlestone, where in 1939 she was described as a dispenser missionary worker. She lived at Middleton House, one of HTT's cakey confections on Marine Parade. That is close to Firlmere the house on the terrace that Lettie retained as a holiday home. Joyce may be the only member of the family who lived permanently in Littlestone. She died in

1964. By then she was living at Fairways, Madeira Drive. That is a Residential Home to this day, close by the water tower. Her estate was £28,322. I suspect her wealth was reduced by good and charitable work, but that is mere speculation, and she was not poor by 1964 standards. Of the 11 Tubbs in the same volume of grants of probate she was the wealthiest by a big margin. As far as I know none of the others were related to us. I do not have an identifiable picture of Joyce.

London Association for the Blind

I have already reported on the little that is known about CBT's involvement with the London Association for the Blind, the support of Dame Vera Lynn and a Royal visit to the Association's Home in Epsom in 1965.

What became of the LAB? It has had no connection that I can trace with the ancient London Society for the Blind.

There are some archives at Kew (The National Records Archive) for the years 1936-1946 under reference ED 62/126 , but I have not had an opportunity to inspect those. I can only think that there would have been a sudden need for extra

support for the blind as a result of war injuries on the home front or overseas. That archive has not been digitised. It raises the question of what happened to any earlier or later archives.

The prefix ED62 applies broadly to Education (in this case with a connection to medical services in London.

There is another document of 1939 online but behind a membership registration which is summarised as

Abstract / Summary

Letter from G. C. Haines, Manager and Secretary of the London Association for the Blind, discussing changes and future plans as a result of the current political situation.

Haines clearly had similar fears in connection with the war.

None of this explains the apparent disappearance of the LAB.

Swail House in Ashley Road, Epsom now known as The Ashley Centre is run by Action for Blind People which is a national charity which absorbed the LAB.

According to the Epsom website the LAB was able to convert Worple Lodge to a home on the strength of a bequest from a Mrs Swale of Rugby and it opened in 1952, having been a temporary home of the local police station which was hit by a V1 Flying Bomb, hence the Fleeing Squad of course.



Enigma

Pleased though I was to have had a letter published by The Times (9th April 2022), in fact more than pleased, it was a bucket lister, I was heartbroken that the subject should be Enigma, the German wartime cypher machine and the system which it operated. There is accurate information on several books about the origins of the machine, the development by the Germans, the gradual process of breaking the codes, and the industrialised system implemented at Bletchley Park to decode messages and exploit the intelligence. Despite all this the general public continues to believe the myths perpetrated in the name of art by Robert Harris and the dreadful film featuring Benedict Cumberbatch as Alan Turing. Turing is widely held to be the father of Enigma code breaking, and that it had never been broken before his genius was applied to his personal baby, the Bombe.

There are grains of truth in the latter but the fact is that Enigma was first broken in Poland by a team of mathematicians and they consistently broke it up to the invasion of Poland in September 1939. Furthermore they coined the name Bomby for the very primitive methodology that Turing later developed as the Bombe.

I have seen some evidence that the neutral Swedes made significant attacks on Enigma, but do not wish to assert this is the case.

The Bletchley Park enterprise would not have been possible without the betrayal of secrets by Hans Tilo Schmidt to the French secret service, and the Bombe would have been much less effective without the support of Gordon Welchmann's Diagonal Board and a small team of brilliant cryptologists and mathematicians making their own contributions. Enigma marked the departure in cryptography from word based towards mathematical analysis, but even so some of the old timers who broke naval codes in The Great War were able to make contributions to the attack of Enigma. The most maligned character in the benighted film was Commander Denniston who was portrayed as a sadistic naval bully. He was nothing of the kind and had been a professional code breaker for decades.

No service is done to Alan Turing by ascribing to him achievements that he did not make alone. He was one of the greatest scientific thinkers of the age and deserves immortality for his work on Enigma and his theoretical work on artificial intelligence, and his persecution as a homosexual is one of the great tragedies of that age.

Welchmann's other great contributions to the war



effort included his development of SIGINT, the exploitation of the metadata supporting encrypted and even open communications.. He was able to start building a complete picture of the German order of battle without breaking a single message. In our present age when encryption standards are in front of the technology to break the codes, SIGINT is more important than ever. Welchmann was also the architect of the system of indexing and cross referencing every single piece of data in BP and was instrumental in its publication as top secret ULTRA. It was in the form of ULTRA that intelligence was distributed on a very restricted basis to those with a need to know, and on the condition that there should always be an alternative explanation for its intelligence being known. For example knowledge of a convoy would have to be confirmed by a sighting by aerial reconnaissance which looked routine, but wasn't.

Another myth about Enigma is that the Bombe broke the codes. It did not. It identified a limited number of possible keys which were then tested by a cryptographer until the solution was found. The messages would then be decoded on converted

Typex Enigma clone machines which were originally only similar to Enigma. The Germans never broke those messages because allied message security procedures were rigidly adhered to, not because the machines were inherently stronger.

Nevertheless the life of purely mechanical encryption was limited by its inherent flaws. Modern computers can break into Enigma messages in a matter of seconds, simply by trying all the permutations even if more intelligent methods are not applied.

Breaking the messages always relied on intuition and external intelligence and the intelligent exploitation of previously gained internal

The English version of the plaque (Opposite Page) reads:-

This plaque commemorates the work of Marian Rejewski, Ierzy Rozecki and Henryk Zygalski - mathematicians of the Polish Intelligence service in first breaking the Enigma code. Their work greatly assisted the Bletchley Park codebreakers and contributed to the Allied victory in World War II.

My photograph was taken on my visit in 2009

intelligence. This was the creation of a CRIB, a short piece of text presumed to be in a message, for example Heil Hitler, or Nothing to Report. If the bombe could identify the chosen CRIB then the key used was a strong possibility.

Salvaging code books and current Enigma machines in secret was a top priority, particularly for naval Enigma.

After the war Welchmann could not find suitable work in the UK to continue to develop his theory of information warfare and found employment in the USA. He insisted on publishing The Hut Six Story after the Enigma secret was out and lost his security clearance in the USA. This is the third great tragedy of the Enigma heroes, fourth if you count the mercenary Schmidt as a hero. He was unmasked and executed. The fate of the Poles, the persecution of Turing and the disgraceful treatment of Gordon Welchmann. His treatment was no better than that of Philby and Blount who were serial and very dangerous traitors. Welchmann betrayed nothing and nobody, given that the secrets were out but being misrepresented.



The three Poles had a miserable time of it after their escape from Poland, and none of them were ever allowed to work at Bletchley Park. Nevertheless their work is honoured in a fulsome memorial within the grounds of BP and it was to that memorial that my letter

referred.

As it happens I read a very early book describing their work which I found in Nottingham City Library in the 1980s and I have not seen another copy so far, but there are other accurate narratives. My account is necessarily brief and selective, but more or less accurate and free of myths.

Jennifer Mary

Jennifer Mary Stones, née Tubbs died on 7th December 2021 after last year's edition had gone to press. While none of us from Great Britain could attend, we were able to join the live relay.

Jennifer married Donald Stones in June 1950 meaning all three of the Tubbs siblings were married within the space of a year (September 1949 (Tubbs+Maude) – August 1950 (Goulding+Tubbs). Donald had been doing National Service as a medical officer. He did not favour life within the National Health Service and the family emigrated to New Zealand.

After that we only saw Stones on their occasional return visits but these days we are able to keep in touch via Facebook and email. Before the age of subscriber trunk dialling let alone free video conferencing, it was only possible to make phone calls between the antipodes by pre-booking a timed call and paying a great deal for the privilege. Nevertheless the annual Christmas call was a ritual. Dad and Jen used to exchange reel to reel tapes at one time.

Cecil visited New Zealand around the time of his retirement and there were pictures of him water skiing, if I recall correctly. La Dolce Vita can be hard on the knees! Dad visited in 1959. They appear to be drinking Australian Claret! On that trip he joined up with Mum in California and they returned together via New York.

Before their departure to New Zealand Jennifer had already been on an awfully big overseas adventure. She shared the passage to America with Martin and a few thousand other youngsters who were lucky not to have been torpedoed on passage. Such dangerous

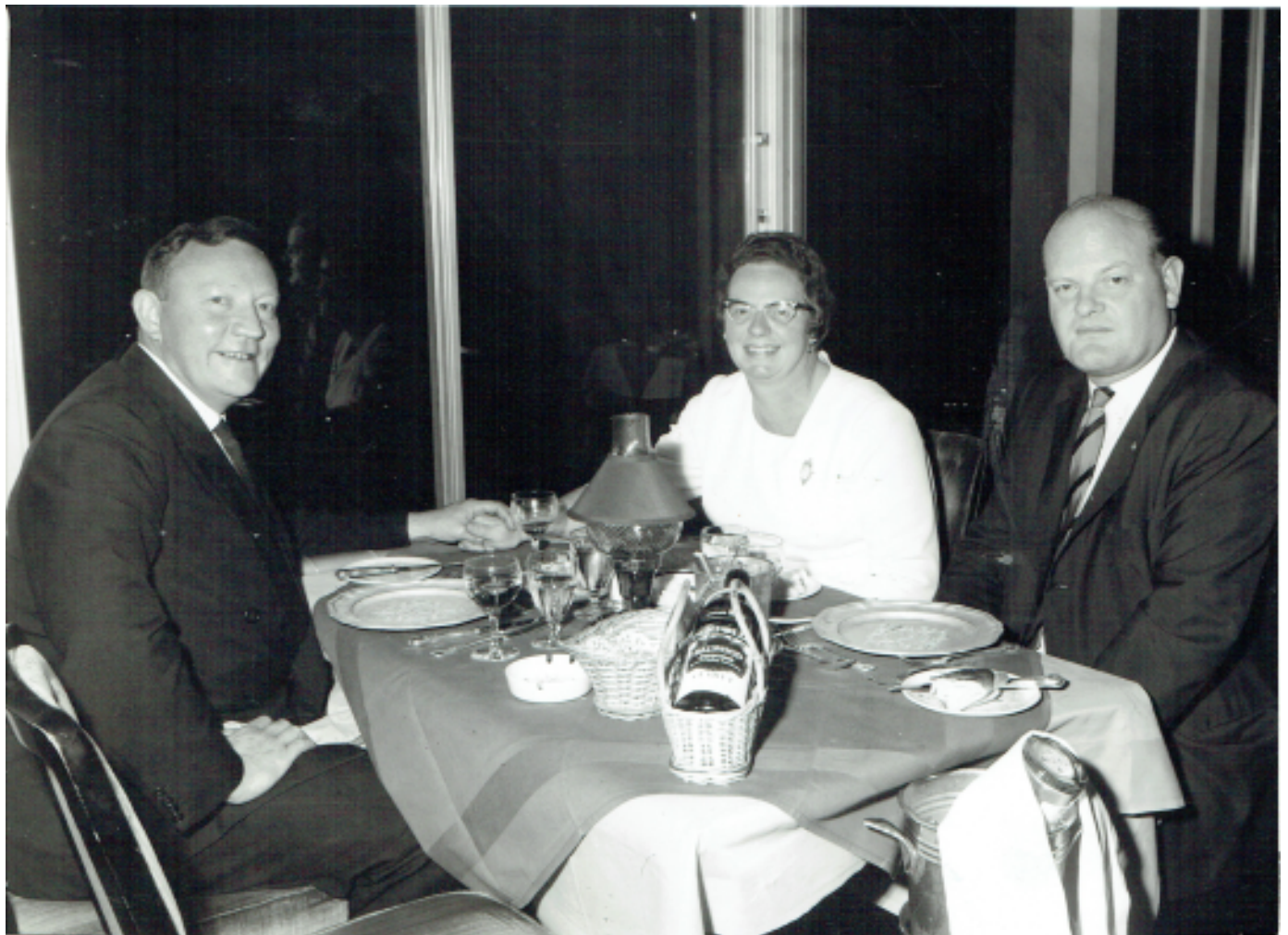
voyages were stopped very shortly afterwards. Dad and Jennifer went to High School in Salt Lake City. It seems Dad was the more fortunate one as he was able to flee the domestic control enforced by Allunt and Richard Hunt. Dad was reluctant to return I believe, but Jennifer was pining for home and soon started training as a nurse, as Lirlie the oldest sibling already was.

The Stones were blessed with numerous children, some born either side of the water, but Jennifer had to bear the hardest of all hardships with the sudden death of Nancy in 1993.

There were many tributes to Jennifer at the funeral. Because of such prolonged separation I was not able to add very much, and I always regretted not knowing her better. Visits to and from Lirlie were highlights in family life but so much easier to make between Eynsham and Gunthorpe, than Auckland and Gunthorpe.

I don't think I can add a great deal more other than to reproduce a few pictures, most of which Jen saw at the time of her 90th birthday. What an age. Few English girls get to be grandmother of a Rugby international, and many fewer of an All Black.





The Lorraine Chase

Remember her? Luton Airport's most renowned passenger.

I found this photograph in what I believe is a group of Sutton photographs, but things were a bit mixed up. I so wanted the car to be a Mors for the caption to be Mors Subite, but that was dashed.

Thanks to members of the Vintage Sports Car Club it has been identified as a Lorraine Dietrich and at the time of this picture it was being used as a Staff Car by the Army.

Shortly after that identification another one was spotted while viewing cars in a Bonham's auction. It was estimated at £125,000. It is a faithful replica of a 1905 works racer

1905 Lorraine-Dietrich CR2 Two-seater Sports-racer

Registration no. BS 8407

Chassis no. 82CE.1.CR2

This magnificent Lorraine-Dietrich was purchased in 2003 as a rolling chassis by Edwardian-era guru John Brydon (receipt for €58,000 on file) and built to replicate the 1905/1906 works racers. The car was featured in The Automobile's 'Finds and Discoveries' column (copy on file). Displacing 8,620cc and rated at 60hp (RAC), the four-cylinder Turcat-Méry engine was originally fitted to Lorraine-Dietrich chassis '8924'.

It made £138,000 including premium.

As I have written previously William (Will) Sutton, had a good war, advancing from Lieutenant at its beginning to acting Lieutenant Colonel by the end, in staff roles and so likely to have a car or be with brother officers who motored or the picture could be pre-war as he was a regular soldier. The brothers Sutton were all interested in motors. Basil made a career out of automotive engineering. There are photographs of various bikes and cars,

probably at one of the Sutton rectories. There is no evidence that papa was ever involved in motoring.

Monk held a license for at least one year. Tests did not come in until 1935, but were suspended during WW2. Many folk learned their motoring skills in the army, including Princess Elizabeth.

The earlier photograph is a post card. However that does not mean it is a commercial offering. Post Card prints and enlargements were a standard feature of photographic printing in that age. Fixed focus simple post card size enlargers were readily available. Some of the larger Kodak roll film cameras made negatives that could be contact printed on to post cards without enlargement. Reader one of these days an image will be made with the Kodak 2A that sits on a shelf here somewhere. Kershaw Laltrex please!

I recently acquired an unused "Illingworth" post card, though it has now been exposed to light, but it proves the point.



GCK 36 and friends

Unsurprisingly, given the tendency of owners to change cherished number plates on cars vintage Rolls-Royces are usually referred to by their chassis number.

Percy Tubbs' 1926 Rolls-Royce GCK 36 has appeared here before. It was for sale in extremely distressed condition around 10 years ago. The reason PBT bought that particular car, built for a director of Wills Tobacco, is that it had his favourite Tickford body, but sadly the body was no longer on the chassis. The Tickford body is a cabriolet style with serpentine side arms to tension the soft top.

The seller told me that the new buyer intended to restore the car, but I was confident it would not receive a Tickford body. I don't know if that would even be possible. Tickford was absorbed by Aston Martin a good few owners ago. The Newport Pagnall works was originally Tickford. Parts from an original body could be found, no doubt.

I have not been able so far to make a connection with the car or its owner. To my surprise the car was re-registered with its original number HC 6107 in 1983, which was the last year when a disused registration could automatically be re-registered by the DVLA to its original vehicle. Many an original number was lost at that time, including the one for my Austin quite possibly. HC 7796 for example is currently for sale at £3500. HC registrations were issued in Bournemouth. Sometimes it is possible to reclaim an original number, given the highest possible standards of proof, but I am told that is very difficult. I may have a problem with LCH 138 which belongs to my Norton Model 50 and for which I have the original buff log book. I know the original number of my Austin, but do not have enough evidence to reclaim it.

Failing the transfer of a cherished number or reclamation of the original number The DVLC will issued a so-called age-related plate, from their stock of unissued Scottish numbers. Those do not really honour the principle as cars originally issued with letters first, ABC 123 will now get a plate with them reversed CSV 123 for example.

There is usually an S in for Scotland. Ooh what a giveaway!

No new owner has been registered since then, which belies the several changes of ownership, but the number is still registered for the car.

While I only have an internet photo of the original car, there was a very similar chassis at the NEC and I also include a picture of that, Straw and all to borrow a quote from Oliver Crombad.

I am never likely to own a Royce, or drive one regularly, but Nick and I tried out two cars, one each, at the Great British Car Journey as a bit of a birthday treat. I drove the Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit and Nick tried the contemporary Bentley Eight, usually said to be the superior car. Though the cars are roadworthy (more or less – ed.), the drives are restricted to the private grounds of the former Ambergate Wire Works. Photographs are an extra, and I am sorry to say are not as good as I would have liked, he wrote while dancing on lily pads.





14th August. Team picture top at the Withybrook church gate just before Harry and Vikki's wedding. The light was fearsome. Perhaps some fill flash might have evened things out.
L-R Anton, Philippa, Elliot, Greg, Edwina, Charles, AJ, Nick, Taylor + partner.



This year's Liberty

Gotcha! This is not a Liberty Ship, and I do not mean that in the surrealist sense that it is only a picture. It is a Victory ship. Victory ships were the successors to the Liberty program (in American speak). The Maritime Commission decreed that turbine engines could not be made available for merchant ships. Turbines would have made for a much faster ship, suitable for fast convoys which stood a much better chance of evading U Boats. Convoys had to travel at the speed of the slowest ship, sometimes as slow as 5 or 8 knots (6 to 9 mph approx). The design of the Liberty was based on a British design of the 1880s but re-engineered for welded rather than riveted hull construction. Martin Tubbs worked at the Permanente Metals No 2 yard in Richmond California from 1943 to the end of wartime production in 1945 and therefore it is

highly likely that he worked on USS Red Oak Victory which is now in an advanced state of restoration at Richmond.

Liberty ships were fitted with compound vertical triple expansion engines. That is to say they were upright like a standard car engine, had three cylinders of different bores on a single crankshaft and steam operated on both the up and down stroke.

Turbines became available and the The Victory is Longer but with a similar outline to a Liberty. The funnel is taller. With their turbines they could make 17 knots against about 10 for a Liberty. The boilers of Red Oak Victory have now been fired, and one generator has been powered under steam.

In 2015 when I visited I had every intention of visiting the Richmond site, but little did I know I was sickening for a prostate cancer diagnosis and decreasing mobility was already setting in.



This ultra moderne des res on West Heath Close, Barnet is by the modernist partner in Tubbs, Son and Duncan and dates from 1932. Although I have



uncovered a few buildings by Percy Tubbs, all illustrated here in previous issues, finding work by his son Grahame or by Avar Duncan has proved even more tricky. There must be dozens more yet to be found.

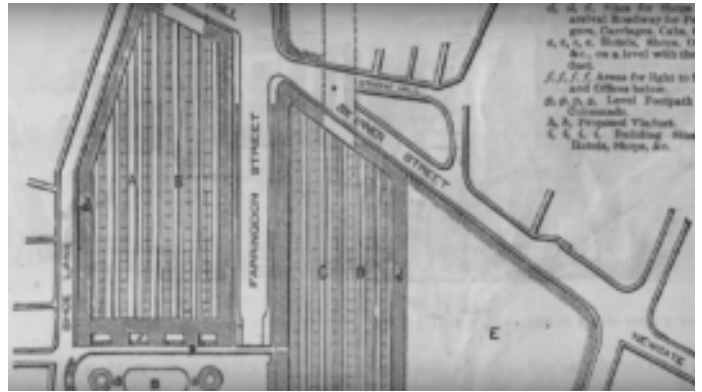
The elegant curved car canopy must be a rarity. It is a reminder that although Metroland is named for the development and promotion of North London suburbia by the Metropolitan Railway, most of the new house buyers also aspired to owning a motor car, the Porsche owners of the future?

Farringdon Market

I have covered aspects of the history of this site over the years, including its complete redevelopment by Henry Thomas Tubbs, the Post Office Telephones and then Goldilocks, Goldman Sachs, the present occupant.

The history of railways is complicated beyond the scope of this article, that of London even more so and that of unbuilt schemes more tangled than a piece of string after being left alone for 24 hours. String Theory is not for beginners.

A Farringdon Station was built but it is up the road.



This is just a might-have been, before the Farringdon Market or the Holborn Viaduct came into being.

London's Burning - Shoe Lane

You will recall that Shoe Lane formed the westernmost boundary of the Farringdon Market site bought and redeveloped by HTT.

This painting by Leonard Rosoman depicts a house collapsing on two firemen in Shoe Lane in 1940, presumably during the September raid, early in the Blitz; the whole of the former site of the market was destroyed or damaged beyond reasonable repair as were many of the surrounding buildings.

Shoe Lane is seen on the plan above. Both Shoe Lane and Farringdon Street are running South towards Fleet Street and the River Thames.

Rosoman was an alderman, and having joined the Auxiliary Fire Service served throughout the war in Europe before going East as an official war artist in 1945.

He witnessed this scene; two of his colleagues were killed and he attempted to expiate his own survivor guilt by making this IWM painting. It was exhibited in 1941.



Wot! No Crossword?

For a number of years the crossword has been available online and this year it will only be online. I recommend making a screen shot, all part of the service, printing it and doing it on paper, if you do it at all. I don't believe many folk do. With the software I am using this year you can cheat by getting the answer but you can't log in and save your work to date.

It is also traditional for me to say this is probably the last edition, though



there are a couple of major projects I wish to undertake. Most would involve visits to National Archives, Gloucestershire archives, and other resources in London, which can only be done at some considerable expense.

Nevertheless I leave you with a puzzle. Can you guess what this is a sculpture of. I took it for the ArtUK sculpture database. One Clue. High House.

I wish you a happy Christmas and a happy New Year.