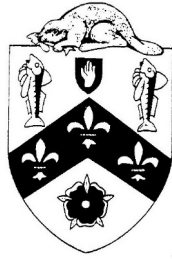


# THE



# TUBBS

Christmas 2012

Bye Bye Barclays!



Cecil B Tubbs MC by Alfred Reginald Thomson R.A. c1956

If you recall last year's front page it wouldn't be very difficult to work out that this portrait of Cecil Burnell Tubbs, if you are aware of it, would feature in this edition; however the decision to make it so has been made easier by the fact that this has been something of a revival year for the reputation of Thomson. As an Official War Artist in the 1939-1945 war his work featured in the exhibition put on by the Imperial War Museum in 2007. There is a reproduction of his 1943 depiction of A saline bath, RAF Hospital in *Art from the Second World War*, the catalogue of that exhibition. If you wish to see a reproduction of that picture it is available online at [http://www.warmuseum.ca/cwm/exhibitions/artwar/artworks/ld\\_3629\\_saline-bath\\_e.shtml](http://www.warmuseum.ca/cwm/exhibitions/artwar/artworks/ld_3629_saline-bath_e.shtml). The Museum staged a re-run of the exhibition in 2012. The exhibition was not identical and as far as I can see no new catalogue was produced. The critic in *The Times* thought that Thomson was, in a quiet way, the star of the new show. Considering that the exhibition featured work by some of the best known names in 20th century British Art that is high praise. CBT's tie is definitely connected with Haileybury but does not appear to be any of the currently published OH ties. Perhaps it is a Masonic tie?



It does not mean his work has become valuable though. The delightful picture *At the Pub* is on record as having failed to reach its estimate of £600-900 at a sale in 2010. Something tells me this is a work of the imagination rather than strictly documentary. Of course the other artist who features regularly in these columns is Charles Cundall, who painted the young MCT and UMT and who was also an Official War Artist. His most famous work is the *Evacuation from Dunkirk* which was commissioned shortly after the event. It currently hangs in the Imperial War Museum above the librarian's desk in the Library section of the Museum. It features as an exam question in school studies on both sides of the Atlantic. "This is a true record - discuss" .



This wartime double portrait of Group Captain Percy Charles Pickard DSO and Two Bars, DFC with Flight Lieutenant John Alan Broadley DSO, DFC, DFM was made by Thomson early in 1944 shortly before the pair were killed on 18th February 1944 while on Operation Jericho, the well known raid on Amiens Prison, involving daring low-level flying in Mosquito Bombers, in an attempt to liberate prisoners from the Resistance. Pickard was leading 140 Wing of the RAF 2nd Tactical Air Force, but was not experienced in low-level flying. He had earlier featured in the 1941 propaganda film *Target for Tonight*, flying F for Freddie. They were shot down by a FW-190 just as they were about to return from the raid.

### **Helpful travel advice from East Midlands Trains.**

Please use all the doors to enter the train.

We know what Comic Sans is for!



The painting is huge so the reproduction opposite does it little justice. Mention of Cundall leads to the elephant in the pool which is the absence of a reproduction of Cundall's painting of the Pool of London which used to hang above CBT's mantelpiece and which now hangs in the Master's offices at Haileybury. I will get to see it one of these days. The picture here is another, undated, view of the Thames, featuring the Royal Yacht Britannia, an image most suited to our Jubilee theme this year.

The Royal Yacht was commissioned in 1954 and dismissed to Leith in 1997



#### JUBILEE ROAD

Celebrates an earlier Jubilee, that of King George V and Queen Mary in 1935. 2012 was the fiftieth anniversary of your editor seeing Queen Mary in her Daimler in Hyde Park. Derby Council sent a man round to paint the street name signs but overlooked the most important one!

As usual this edition has some themelets. There is the Jubilee, some knighthoods, some paintings, some genuine family history, some models, a little bit about Derby and regrettably a rant about the BBC and George Entwistle. Unfortunately this crowded agenda had used up all the planned space and that left no room for the crossword, so we have had to extend by a few pages, with apologies to all of you who lead a busy life. With a bit of mucky luck, sooner or later I shall post some additional information to [//homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs](http://homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs), along with uncropped versions of the military maps and a complete reference to the location of Pond Farm in Google and Open Streetmap. Even so, you have been spared some of the dafter projects that were mooted for this year. In particular I was trying to arrange for a preserved Stanier Jubilee Class locomotive to run down Jubilee Road. That would have involved either track-laying and very considerable expense, but would have been a national sensation, or some seriously tricky photography. Unlike the Times, the editor of this journal has not yet been sacked. Farewell Mr James Harding! The uncaptioned image on page 16 is a view of the proposed South Bank Festival of Britain site by Douglas Stephen and featured this year in a V&A exhibition of design since 1949. Thank you Vanda.

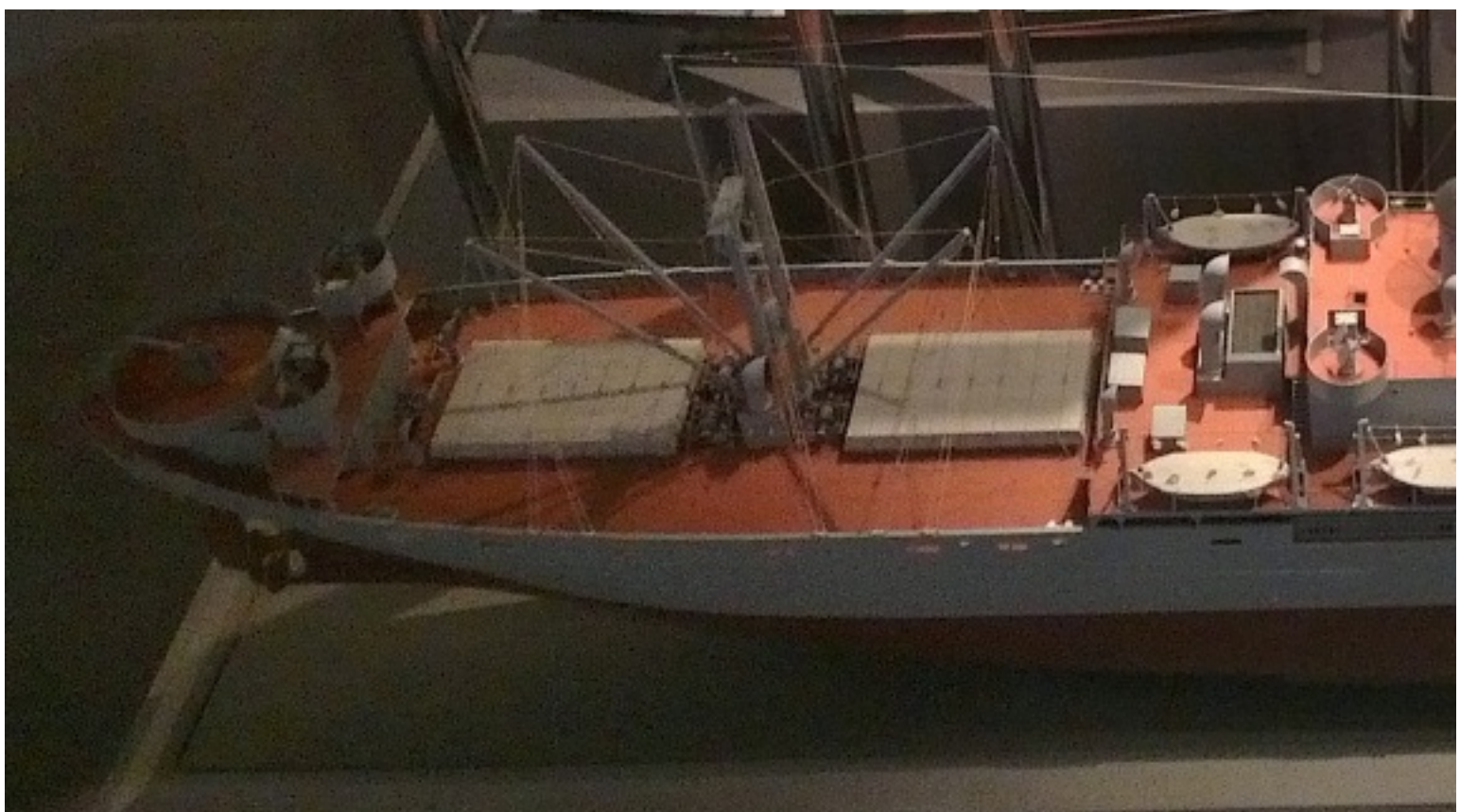
#### Knights of the round tablet.

The image of Sir Alexander Fleming overleaf is also in the Imperial War Museum collection. His discovery of penicillin was a priceless weapon in the conduct of the war for its ability to assist in the cure of infections - both those received in battle and .. ahem.. those incurred before departure to the front. DBT mentions in his memoirs that Sir Alexander frequented the Chelsea Arts Club and used to have a jar with GBT, who was its treasurer.



**Railway Barons.** This is one of several models that will appear this year, not forgetting the dancing barmaids of course. I am sorry that this model is in a glass case with a glazing bar just ahead of the bridge, which we are unwilling to eradicate with modern guile, it illustrates well the spartan nature of the Liberty Ships. This is a 1:96 scale model of the A J Cassatt. Cassatt was a Railroad King, 7th President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, famed

for tunnelling under the Hudson, bringing the Penn into New York City. The ship was built at Bethlehem Fairfield yard, Baltimore Maryland in July 1944 and survived as the AJ Cassatt for only a few weeks; Hold your peace Councillor, read on! She was taken over by the US Navy and renamed Appanoose and as such survived until 1965. Another one trip ship? The model is in the Maritime Museum at Greenwich.



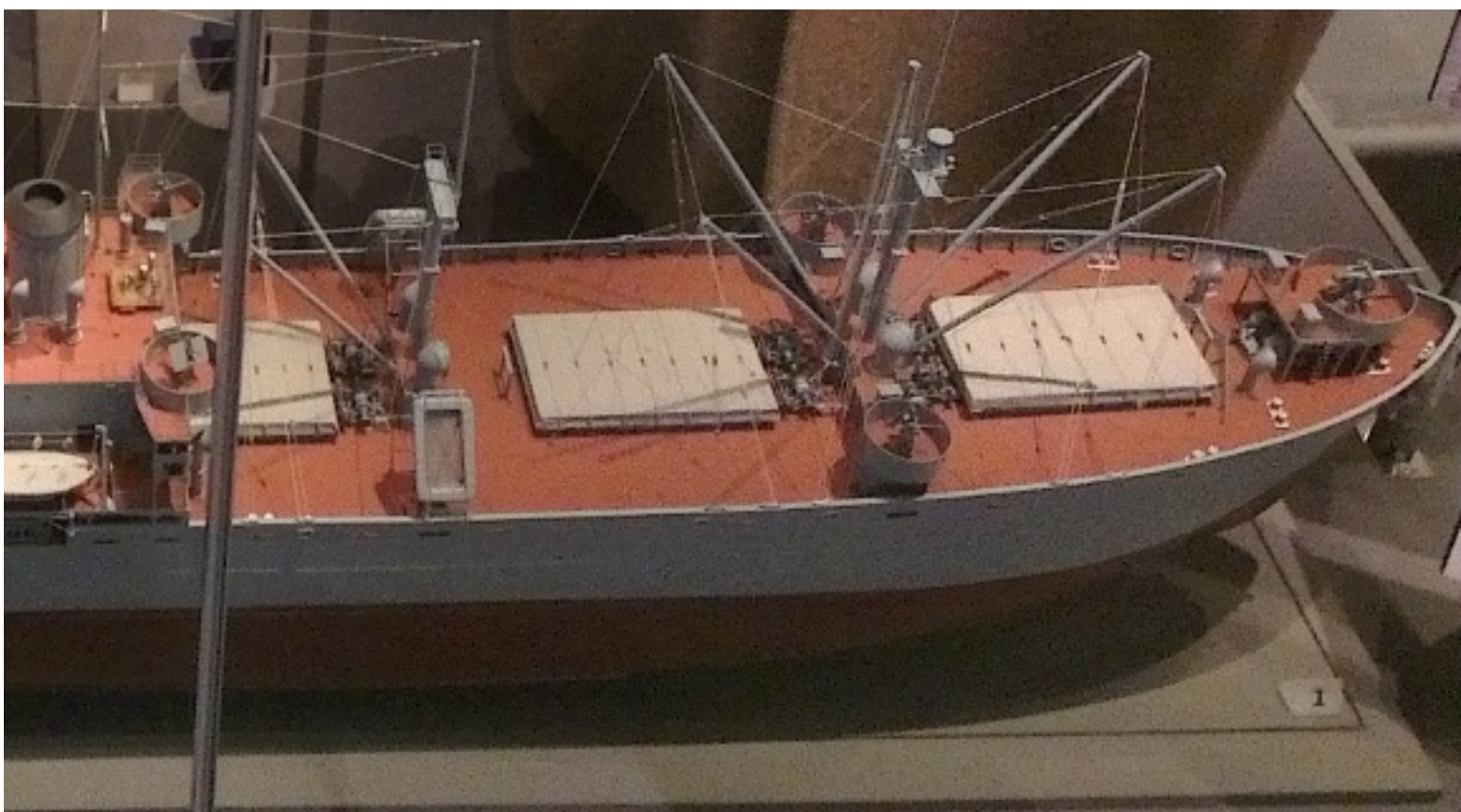
**Knights of Old** The pretty and almost completely unspoilt village of Swettenham was the centre of my life for no more than a few months of real time, given that school terms in Wales ate into thirty-something weeks of each year. In those days its whereabouts was a mystery. The hoorays from Wilmslow might occasionally have forayed as far as what they called Fred's, aka The Trap and The Mucky Duck, but primly known to the licensing justices as the Black Swan at Kermincham; is three nicknames a record? ... But the Swettenham Arms was a step too far. In those days it was still a genuine farmhouse pub, of which I believe there are now none left, not one. I took Mark Whittaker of the BBC to the Queen Adelaide at Snelston Common in Derbyshire a day or two before it closed, reclaimed from its pub and farmhouse status by newly enriched beneficiaries of a will. Now.. Mark Whittaker is a serious and gifted broadcaster, John Humphrys' opposite number in the BBC World Service until his morning program was replaced with something a little nearer cackling modernity.

Oh Good! We have got two themes running simultaneously here, the awfulness of the new age BBC and the splendour of rural Swettenham.

Step onto this page please Mark Tully, then merely an indigent philosopher, torn by doubt about a calling to the Church, and kicking his heels in a dead-end job in Manchester. Rumour has it that the attractions of the Swettenham Arms were great, the hospitality of Tubbs Pubs Unlimited always welcome. Within a few years Sir Mark, as he has become, was one of the BBC's most distinguished foreign correspondents and, with Sir John Tusa, one of the Corporation's sternest insider critics.

Excepting the late Lord Hewlett, Swettenham's most distinguished adopted son was, of course, Sir Bernard Lovell. During those years when the Quinta was my second home, and Jodrell Bank an occasional playground, it is almost impossible to imagine that amidst the tranquillity was the subject of a fiendish plot by the Soviets to brainwash its protagonist while on a scientific visit to the Soviet Union. Sir Bernard died this year aged 98 and left instructions that this story was to be published only after his death. Bryan Lovell believes that his father was under too much stress to assess clearly the threat he was under. It is chilling now to think that listening directly to Soviet cosmonauts of an evening at Jodrell Bank was a little brush with the cold war being fought out in the era of the Cuban missile crisis, mutually assured destruction and the space race, all threatening the great man's sanity!

Sir Bernard achieved the anonymous and possibly unique distinction of being personally blamed by Gross Admiral Doenitz and his Fuehrer for the reverse of German dominance in the battle of the Atlantic. HS2 radar! He developed it. Beating Hitler came about on a par with his determination to play cricket and music as well as do science. Everything in proportion! Sir Bernard is seen here leading his daughter Sue to Swettenham Church for her wedding to John Driver..





## Knights of the Road

So far it has proved surprisingly difficult to identify the different makes of lorry featuring in this picture but there is no doubt that the central figure is Frank Maude. The picture obviously dates from wartime, in fact from 1st May 1940, as the headlights have the wartime cowling and the bumpers are painted white, all in accordance with the regulations. As indigo dyers Edwin Brooks would have had no difficulty in getting the required fuel, naval uniforms being the main consumer of indigo. By the 1950s there were only two vehicles as I recall and both were Bedfords. Travelling around with Grandad between mills and dyehouses in the late 1950s meant that I had a glimpse of the trade before the decline had really set in, but while there were still steam engines running as they already had for perhaps 100 years. I am grateful to Honley Civic Society for supplying me with a digital copy of this picture.



This mildly unflattering picture recalls a trip to Runnymede, Egham, Surrey, on behalf of the beer buffs. Of course an irresistible photo-op must be taken, even though it involves squinting into ones own android. One of the better known clauses in the Magna Carta is that there shall be only one measure of ale throughout the land. Unfortunately Mr Blair and co. can't even define the size of a pint after very nearly 800 years. The T shirt depicts a copy of the Salisbury Cathedral version of the Magna Carta. The memorial at Runnymede was erected by the American Bar Association. That's the same lot that believes in extraditing mentally unwell Brits and locking them up because their own government isn't competent enough to change the passwords on its secret files! .. and charge them for the privilege! And while we are at it, whatever the wrongs of Mr Mitchell and the plebs, I still want to know why he wasn't allowed to cycle to work. And will somebody please tell them that plebs is a mass noun from the Greek. Mass nouns are already in the singular form, and those who say "Pleb" are plebeian. They should never have let us drink in the Magna Charta (sic), a public house in Lowdham, just outside his old constituency of Gedling, for fear of loosening our tongues!



### Thirty HP - Knights of the cycle lane

The next obligatory photograph of Julian and Gerald wearing silly T shirts again. G is on the extreme left and I am the one they couldn't find a blue T shirt for because they don't make them big enough. "One HP" is a slogan the firm uses internally to claim that we are all working in unison, so we are. The claim is particularly apposite on this occasion as we had just spent an hour pedalling generators to power the giant TV screen which usually blights Derby's Market place with nobody watching it, while the rate payer is coughing up £25,000 p.a. for lots of horse power to maintain it. Allegedly we were also helping to power a Queen tribute band as well, in some good cause that was vaguely related to the O\*\*\*\*\*s. Did you spot the irony that just about the only venue in London that wasn't used for sport this summer was Olympia. There was a beer festival there instead!



### INKY STEPHENS

With apologies to those who have already heard this one, there is the old chestnut:- If cold water is iced water, what is cold ink?

Well I suppose you heard that one when you were about the same age as I once was.

What, you may be asking, has this got to do with The Tubbs? The answer came as a surprise to me after looking Stephens up on the paperless web, having casually photographed this charming bygone while on a beer buffs' trip to The Keighley and Worth Valley Railway and its linear beer festival.

Charles Henry (Inky) Stephens, it turns out, had business premises on Aldersgate Street, slap bang in the middle of Hettro-land. The business moved to Holloway in 1872 and then again to near the Arsenal. Not only was Stephens very close to HTT's business premises and also to his residence on Aldersgate Street prior to moving to Finchley, but Stephens was known as the uncrowned king of Finchley with a large property on Ballards Lane, just at the back of HTT's property Nether Court. They must either have been chums or deadly rivals. Take your pick. Nibs at ten paces? The Stephens ink blot logo was well known. Somewhere there used to be a replica of it fashioned lovingly by MCT in his youth.



### George Who?

Contrary to the generally inflexible law of connection between any two people with the same surname, there is no known connection between George Entwistle and John Ditto of the querulous mod rockers. Stand up George and be counted as another bass player, for you personally were responsible for wrecking my Jubilee celebrations, and your unjust reward for doing that is that you were appointed Director General of the BBC. You also spoil it for almost everybody else, except perhaps for the participants who were too busy boating to listen to your twaddle. Perhaps the only good thing to come out of this is an increase in my regard for John Humphrys, one of your leading performers, whom I normally regard as just a little bit too cutting for his own good. I am sorry to say I did not hear your interview but according to a leader in The Times he tore your platitudes into shreds and left you to wipe your face with the bits. And alienation shall speak unto alienation. I missed even more fun when Humphrys tore you to shreds again the day before you resigned, having twisted the taxpayer out of an extra six months' salary.

The televising of the Jubilee Pageant was in Humphrys' words "a disaster". Nincompoops with no grasp of pageantry, history, sailing, mechanical propulsion, the English language or anything else were turned loose on all these things simultaneously on what should have been a glory day for all these things. Stand up Mr Nicholas Tubbs and be thanked for being one of the almost countless people who tried to make that such a splendid day. His contribution was a large amount

of trimming used to turn a rather ugly river boat into a platform fit for the Queen to use to lead the celebration. It is no credit to you George that his pre-recorded contributions all finished up in your history dustbin, unused, giving way to babies being born and bimbettes bimbetting.

The Times, in an earlier leader, also spotted your monumental incompetence, but incorrectly hinted that it would ditch your chance of promotion. The Times cleverly photographed the pageant from the viewpoint of the Canaletto painting that inspired the Jubilee Pageant. You George probably think a Canaletto is, or ought to be, an ice cream, and you have your predecessor to thank for the rate for your job being cut by 50%, with every chance that you will have performed the same service for your successor, if there is one (not quite ed!). The masters of pageantry, Richard Dimbleby, Tom Fleming et al might not have known the displacement of HMS Belfast, but they would have looked it up and got it right, not wrong by a factor of ten. They would not have said "Look at those pretty flags", they would rightly have insisted on identifying them all. They would not have called Stanier Pacific Princess Elizabeth running light engine "a train", any more than they would call the Queen a train just because she also has one behind her, occasionally. We deal only with the Jubilee, but ... Savile Row? Suits you sir! Libby Purves in The Times says that you are probably a decent bloke who has been put in charge of a sclerotic system. She is too kind!



### Fowler's Match and Seymour Burnell Tubbs

This is the name now given to the annual cricket match between Eton and Harrow, which was first played in 1822. The name dates from the match played on 8-9th July 1910 which resulted in an unexpected victory for Eton under the captaincy of R. S. Fowler who later played for Hampshire and the MCC. Of the 22 players, two served in the Irish Guards, eight were killed in the 1914-1918 war, as well as Seymour of course, and one in service in 1940 in an air accident (Air Vice Marshall Blount). The average overall mortality rate for Officers in WW1 was about 1 in 7. As you would expect they were all from very close to the top drawer, though only one of them was an Hon. at the time, John Manners - a neighbour of Mark Tubbs. Two of the Harrow players earned their own peerages. Walter Monckton became Attorney General but by far the most distinguished of the lot was Harrow's eleventh man, Harold Alexander (That's HRLG Alexander to Wisden), later Earl Alexander of Tunis who had the distinction of successfully commanding three of the most difficult Generals of the twentieth century, Montgomery (N Africa), Stillwell (Burma) and Patton (Italy), as well as winning his own outright victory at Tunis. His admiring biographer Nigel Nicholson believes that Alex was a better painter than Churchill. Though only eleventh man at cricket he excelled at cross-country running. Alex was already an aristo, but in the Irish peerage. On the grounds that there is no such thing as a coincidence I have to assume that the A.C. Straker who also played for Harrow was related to Sidney Straker of Squire-Straker steam wagon and motor car fame. If so he would also have been a cousin of Bertie Kensington-

Moir, of Aston-Martin fame, also a partner in Bentley Motors. There you are Bunny, anybody can turn a cricket conversation onto automobiles, but it is probably only one of my brothers who can do it vice versa. I have yet to check the records but I believe that Seymour left Harrow in 1911 to join Tubbs Lewis at the mills in Gloucestershire. CBT records that Seymour was twelfth man at the Eton Harrow match two years running, being unable to play both times because of injury or illness. Harrow was in the grip of a bout of measles in 1910.. Given that the 1910 match has been described by one commentator as "what might just be the greatest cricket match of all time", this is a very near brush with history, a famous might-have-been. A check with Harrow School and/or an original copy of Wisden is required. There is a photograph of young Seymour reading Wisden.

Until he shared the fate of so many of his contemporaries Seymour seems to have led a charmed life. The accompanying photograph shows him playing a King in school drama at St Cyprian's prep. school in Eastbourne. The lucky bit is not so much in being selected to be King but in being able to play opposite a real Queen. Drama, like dancing, was, perforce, a unisex activity in most schools, giving rise to much mirth and not a little embarrassment over the ages. I believe I was among the first ever to play opposite a real girl at Uppingham, and that was in the late 1960's. The girl was Prunella Gee, later a professional actress and spouse of the anarchic actor/director, the late Ken Campbell. She has played opposite Michael Caine, Sydney Poitier and Sean Connery in various films. Name-dropping? Mwaa. Mwaa! or the Shaming of the Trews!



### Ceci n'est pas un train

Another picture taken at the Keighley and Worth Valley Railway, showing Princess Elizabeth when she was a grown-up girl belonging to British Railways. In fact this model looks rather unlike the real thing, but we'll let that pass.



STOP PRESS. Some earlier copies of this edition suffered from some duplication of text from the previous page. The more we look at the picture the more we doubt the assertion made overleaf. As soon as it is available at

[homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs](http://homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs) there will be a little questionnaire. Tell us what you think.

### **Not much of a genealogist**

I have been very fortunate in my genealogical research in that I have done very little of it. Most of the original work of research into the Tubbs family was originally carried out on behalf of Sir Stanley Tubbs and written up by GBT and UMT. Work that took years and cost quite a lot of money can now be done on the internet for a few pounds a month. That is money I am not currently spending because I don't have the time to do it. I look forward to a more generous allowance of time in the not too distant future, though I am less optimistic about having the money.

I had foolishly stored my information on a system which was already obsolescent and which had no transfer, upgrade or data exchange mechanism. I am pleased to say that the adoption of Windows 7 and 64 bit computing forced me to do something about this and I now have paid to get the data converted and now use a system which will export and import data in the GEDCOM standard data format, and others. I know one or two other members of the family, on that side and also the distaff, have also been doing research much of which will have been duplicated.

Sooner or later I hope to improve the quality of what I have by adding photographs, verifying dates and so on.

Having lost contact with Sybil Hay, nee Sutton, and her family, I am unlikely to get much further information about the Sutton family directly. Basil Edwin Sutton was born on 11th March 1891, being six years younger than his military brother William who arrived at Haileybury in the autumn of 1898 and left in the summer of 1903. Will was an exact contemporary of Major Lawrence Gillespie Attlee, the younger brother of the Labour Prime Minister Clement Attlee who went to Haileybury in summer of 1896. Will has already featured in these pages, though I still wish to find and publish his wartime writings, in particular his account of the 1914 Christmas truce. If anybody knows what happened to these important papers please let me know. Basil went to Haileybury in the third term of 1904, in Lawrence House - and remained there until the summer of 1908. He became an auto engineer, becoming a GIAE in 1909, a Member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, finally becoming a Chartered Auto. Engineer in 1947. He served in the Royal Army Service Corps in France 1915-1919. His post-war career was as Chief Engineer 1920-1956 at the Thames Valley Traction Company, which was a member of the Thomas Tilling Group, based in Reading. Reading, of course, was the home of the Sutton's Seed company and where his grandparents lived. It is evident that the Sutton children spent much of their youth at Reading. For this service he was awarded the MBE in 1954. He married Winifred Edith, daughter of JH Lee of Coventry in 1917. He retired in 1956 and died at Maidenhead in 1973.



Given that the RASC was primarily involved in mechanical transport it seems that the War Office excelled itself in giving Basil a wartime job that was related to his valuable peacetime skills.

As if to show that Vorsprung durch Technik is not the only way that innovative engineering hits the marketplace, TVT were running Bristol L5G single decker buses during Basil's day. The 5 stands for five cylinder, and you thought they were a modern invention! Perhaps Basil's greatest immediate contemporary at Haileybury was Lt Col Bonamy Dobree. Dobree was Professor of English Literature at Leeds University from 1936-1955 and was still spoken of with awe and affection by older members of the Department when I went there in 1969.

If there was a member of the staff at Leeds whom I hold in awe, it has to be Geoffrey Hill, each of whose weekly lectures was a work of art. Hill is frequently acclaimed nowadays as England's finest poet, though you haven't heard of him, and he was knighted this year. Leeds was also blessed with Stanley Ellis, the dialect expert who frequently assisted the Police in their enquiries. He could place a Yorkshireman to the nearest chip shop and warned the Law that the Yorkshire Ripper tapes had nothing to do with Yorkshire.

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### Helpful advice from Derby City Bus Station

Do not attempt to board the bus after the doors have closed and the bus is moving!

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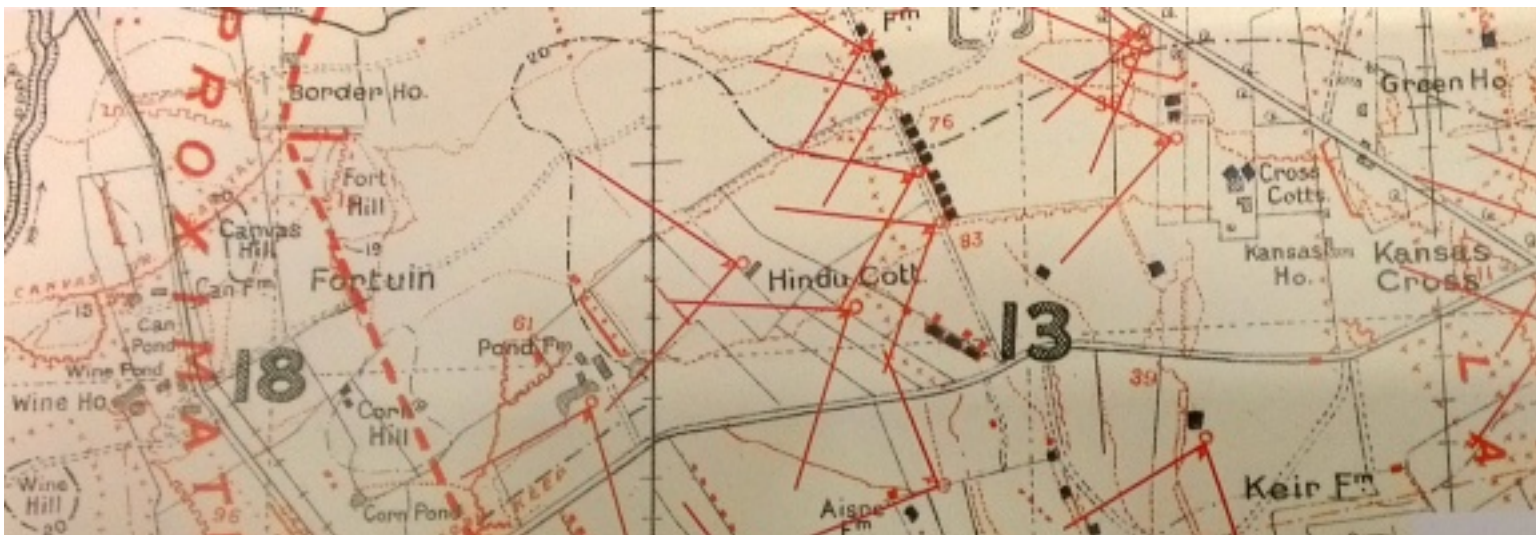
I would like to be able to say for certain that Basil was responsible for the maintenance of Old Bill, but I can't. Old Bill resides at the Imperial War Museum and was requisitioned during the war. It would not have looked as stylish as this during its wartime service. Old Bill was named after the WW1 cartoon character, Old Bill, drawn by Bruce Bairnsfather. The windows would have been covered over and the paintwork done in a style more pleasing to the military mind. I would like to say that the L5G has Basil's name on it but it doesn't. It just says Thames Valley Traction Company Ltd, 83 Lower Thorn Street, Reading. (That's the second bus depot in two years folks!) The web, which knows these things, says that Reading did not have a proper bus station until the 1960's. This leads us to believe it can only have had an improper one. I am afraid my LG5 is only a model so please don't ask for a ride in it.



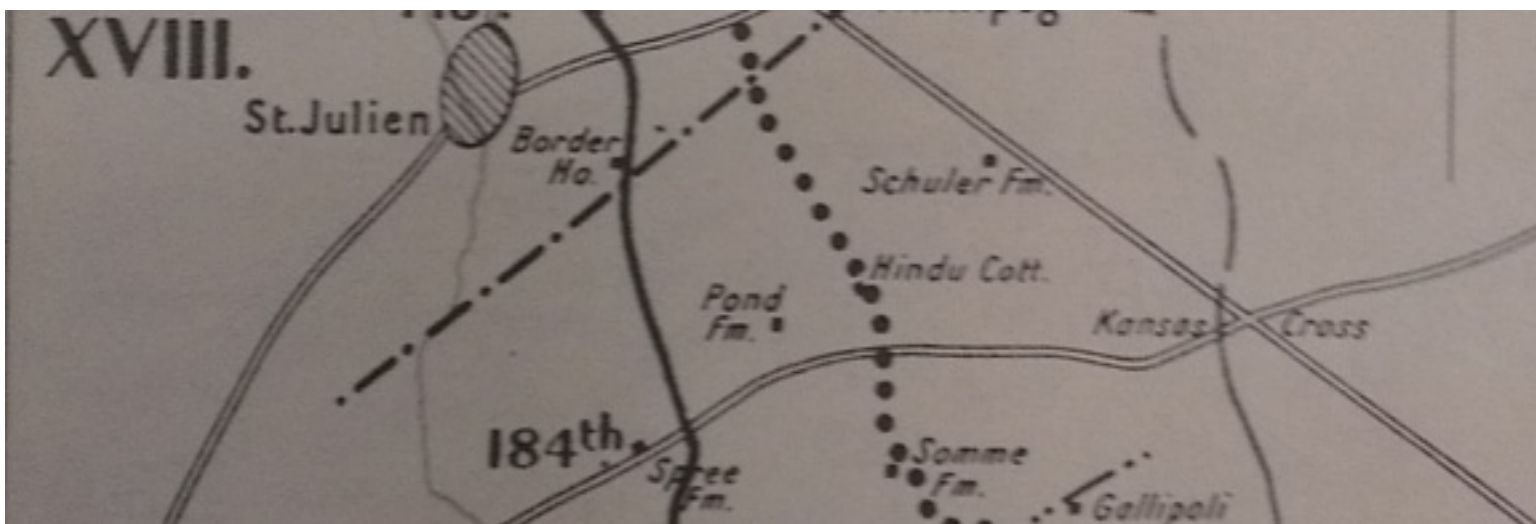
## So where is Pond Farm?

To get there you have first to ask - What is Pond Farm? Pond Farm is a name given by the War Ministry's map makers to a small farm near the regrettably named village of St Julien. Think not of premier cru, but rather of Paschendale. This is where Seymour's brief life ended. If you have ever read a word about trench warfare you might have been puzzled by the nomenclature. Surely Les Frogs or les Walloons never christened anywhere "Polygon Wood", "The Birdcage", nor indeed "Hellfire Corner". No. To understand these names and re-map them to modern names you have to find a copy of a military trench map as well as a modern map. These things are rare and expensive; few of them have been digitised and few of us have time to wend our way to Kew, when we are otherwise busy going to Egham for the beer buffs, to study the National Archives. However a brief opportunity to visit the Imperial War Museum has launched several of the stories in this year's newsletter. Mischievously Fortuin looks like a local name, and is, and of course means "Fortune", which favoured not the brave... but the village is called something else. The purpose of the visit was to identify Pond Farm and this has been done, more or less.

Having very little time to play with, there was an instant triumph. By a fluke Pond Farm is legibly illustrated in one of the many histories of the third Battle of Ypres, of which copies are on the shelf in the library at IWM. The map particularly illustrates the strong pill box positions of the Germans and the field of fire from those positions. But I am, to use the historic present, still no wiser. However some of the other names in this map, in particular Kansas Cross, rather than Fortuin, Somme Farm, Gallipoli Farm or Hindu Kott or Fokker Farm, let alone Tower Hamlets do appear on other maps. From this I deduced that Pond Farm is a few yards south east of St Juliaan (the Flemish spelling). Pond Farm is just to the right of the large figure "18" in the lower left hand third of the attached extract from that map. The 18 stands for 18th Corps, I believe, and the Roman version in the lower map certainly does,



Now we turn to the Official History and find this map of the operations of 18 and 19 Corps on 19-22 August round Langmarck. This clearly shows Pond Farm in relation to the beck (to the west), the centre of St Julien and the road. The modern farm even has ponds, it appears from Google, and there are signs of other buildings which may be the pre-war farm or possibly military construction. 2/5th Glosters were in 184 Brigade in the 61st Division. The dark vertical line shows the front on 19th August. SBT succumbed on 22nd August. The ground gained on the 22nd is shown by the dotted line.





## Marples Must Go!

This is not a reminder to pay for your television licence, but why does it feature here? This delightful image is on the exterior of one of the uglier buildings in London, made even uglier by currently being derelict, to be found on Farringdon Road a few yards South west of the Holborn Viaduct. Inside the lobby there is a plaque, quite impossible to photograph nicely which reads - This stone was laid on 20th October 1958 by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London Sir Dennis Truscott TD, in the presence of Her Majesty's Postmaster General The Right Honourable Ernest Marples MP.

Well, I suppose the first thing to say there is that Ernest Marples was neither Earnest nor 'Onorable. As a founder of Marples Ridgeway a Civil Engineering concern, he was one of a new breed of Tory MP who had first hand experience of business and made a lot of money out of post-war redevelopment. He later blotted his copybook and disappeared under a figurative cloud, thus fully satisfying the very famous slogan "Marples

must Go". This went viral in a pre-internet kind of way and there was an instance of the slogan gracing a bridge on the M1 for many years after he had indeed gone.

The Postmaster General was responsible for the Post Office, which in those days embraced the telephone system as well as snail mail. This lasted until The Iron Lady privatised the telephones and it became British Telecom.

The building stands atop or alongside the Fleet Ditch, and was formerly the home of the Fleet Prison. Cue chains jangling, heads rolling and much disease and arbitrary execution of power. Once the ditch was covered over the site briefly became the Farringdon Market, at the time the New Road was created which stretched from Paddington to Farringdon via Marylebone Station, King's Cross, St Pancras, do not pass Go, Do not collect £20,000 (Wait for it!) and go straight to the site of the Fleet Prison. The market was no longer economical after West Smithfield was furbished in the aftermath of the building of the Metropolitan

Railway, which saw the beginnings of HTT's property fortune and his building property in the vicinity of the Barbican Station (as it is now called).

The Corporation of London offered the site freehold by auction in 1893 (?) and HTT bought it. He made his usual mistake of trying to go to law over the deal which cost him a very great deal of money, in the region of yes - £20,000 - that's over and above the £90,000 + he paid for the property. Evidently HTT and sons set about redeveloping the site, there are ads in The Times which indicate they broke it up into sub-plots, like Shakespeare, but I have not yet uncovered the details or found an image of the site between the end of the market and the post-war redevelopment. I don't know if it was bombed and I have so far found the new website [bombsight.org](http://bombsight.org) to be less than helpful on this topic. Wait for the next exciting episode. I suppose you want to know where East Smithfield is. It's near the Tower of London.

# Let there be Leitz. The night of 1000 eyes!

Fiat Lux is the inscription on the statue erected in honour of Derby's foremost Eminent Victorian, Florence Nightingale. But this is not a tale about candlelight, but is more focused on writing with light - photography. It is frequently said that Ernst Leitz of Wesslar in the person of Oskar Barnack invented 35 millimeter still photography. Even if he didn't he certainly set the game afoot, borrowing the film format from the cinema. From 1925 Leitz cameras were flooding onto the market at the rate of .. oh 1500 a year in 1926 and 16,000 in 1930. Before 1925 Leitz made microscopes. After 1925 all the world's camera manufacturers want to imitate Leicas (That's LEITZ CAMERAS). The historian of pre-war Zeiss Ikon, one D.B. Tubbs points out that it took the company nearly ten years to work its way round the Leitz patents and come up with the Contax. While the Contax is an expensive toy to this day, most of these cameras earn the description The poor man's Leica. My own hard-won opinion is that Leicas are also the poor man's Leica as even a cheap one requires a considerable investment! Some are slavish copies and there are hundreds of different brands, many of them from the beginnings of the Japanese photographic industry which for years has been completely dominant in the mass market.

Somewhere I find a little camera which I always assumed must have been MCT's; it was unbranded. That suggested to me that it was not much more than a toy, but I recently spent some time studying it and although I could not identify it I realised that it was not a toy. It is a poor man's Leica. It certainly isn't a slavish copy but it is obviously inspired by by the Leica and it is a 35mm

camera when Kodaks and all the low-end popular cameras took larger format roll film. The reason is obvious if you stop to think. A larger negative can be printed 1:1 and so no ill effects are observed from enlarging the image. So if you are going to make a 35mm camera whose images have to be enlarged to be of any use, the quality has got to be reasonable. And so it is. It is the American answer to the Leica. Not a precision hand finished jewel like a Leica. It is a mass-produced sedan against a Rolls-Royce, a welded Liberty Ship against a hand-crafted Clydeside rivet mountain, a Packard Merlin against a Derby Merlin.

I turned to my American friend who interests himself in contraptions. "Oh that's an Argus Model A. My house is full of them". Argus is a mythical creature with many eyes. The model A was made up to 1941, so who knows when MCT bought it, but even new it would not have cost him much more than ten bucks, a few dollars less than they fetch now. Dad's has serial number 124528. These things turned the fortune of a so-so radio manufacturer into a major household name. GI's took their Argus to war and MCT took his on his first steps into his chosen profession of journalism. As far as I can see it is in working order and if it is light tight it will take pictures, so we will see. Their 70th anniversary in 2006 elicited a free-to-download history and user's manual, and one enthusiast on the web describes the Argus as second in importance only to the Leica itself as a populariser of small format photography. A little bit of family and social history in a small-format box of bakelite. So now you know and you wish that I didn't.



## Silly old Hektor!

So there you have it. The poor man's Leica on the left, the Argus Model A c.1940 and on the right the very poor man's Leica, a Standard Model E of 1937 with a 1935 Hektor 50mm  $f/2.5$  lens. The flash synchronization is an aftermarket modification. All the Greek myths that are fit to print.



# A Bridge to far

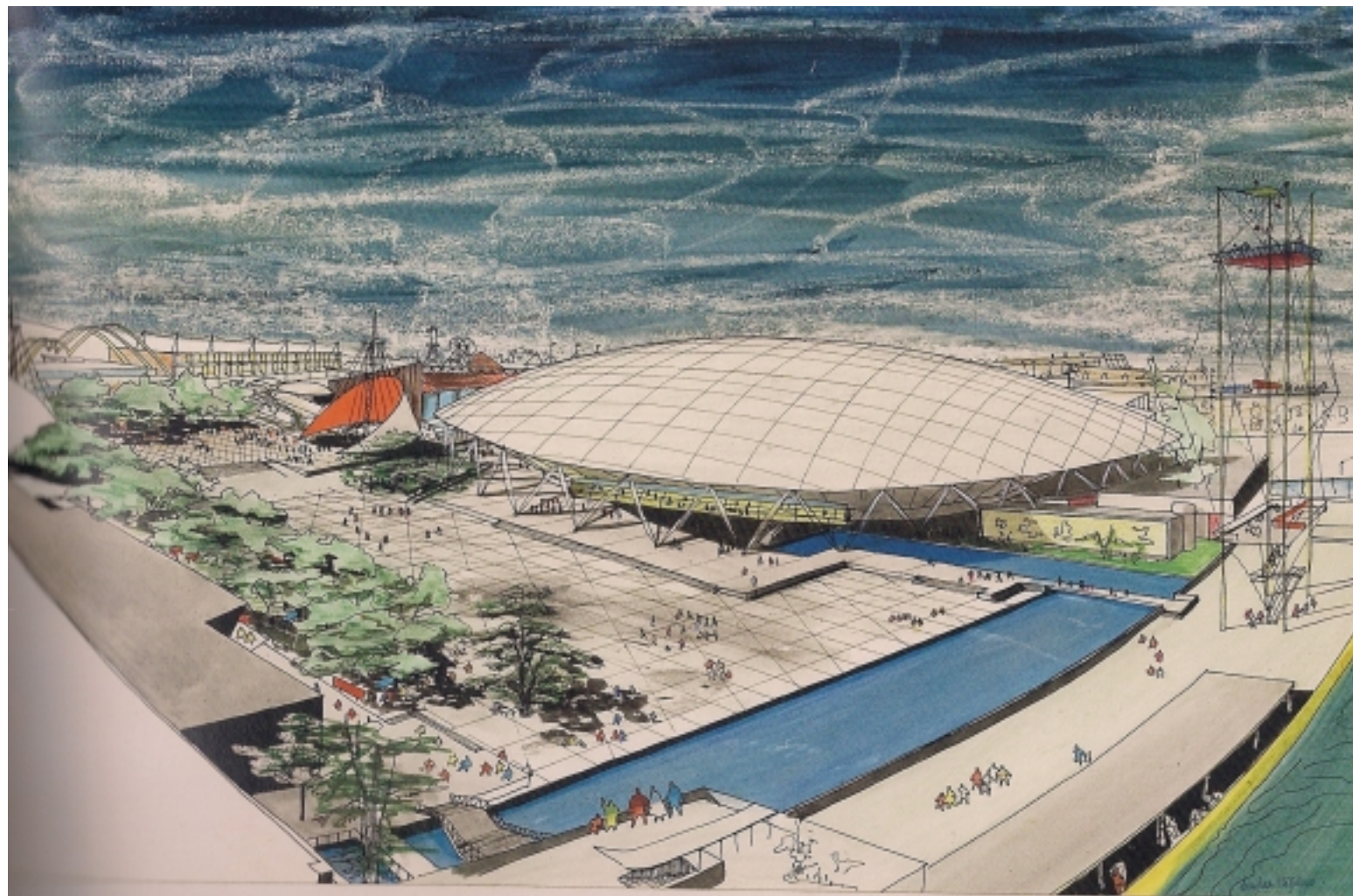


It is of course a universal truth that the point of travelling away from Derbyshire is to see what impression Derbyshire has made on the rest of the world. This applies most brutally to its limestone, which means that Derbyshire gets a little bit more widespread, lighter and lower every day. Accustomed as we are to think of Ley's as the premier foundry in Derby, its Colombo Street mess rooms now being the headquarters of Heritage Trimmings Ltd, there have been many other foundries in Derby, not least of which are several belonging to Rolls-Royce and also the Midland Railway's. Our attention this year turns to Andrew Handyside whose fortunes were much enhanced by railway business. His most famous Derby landmark is the pair of bridges across Friargate which carried the Great Northern Railway into Friargate Station and remain as bridges going to nowhere, while the former Friargate Station land remains undeveloped. A Handyside bridge adorns Cromford Station. The staircase at Nottingham Midland is a Handyside and there is Handyside work at King's Cross, though the neighbouring station of St Pancras is more famous for its Butterley bricks and ironwork - Butterley is also in Derbyshire of course. The plate pictured above is from one of his more-recently-travelled creations having been moved along the North Norfolk Railway, though there are Handyside bridges all over the world. Even more prominent is the letter box; Handyside pillar boxes can be seen almost anywhere if you are looking for them, and of course I recommend that you do. Unfortunately the maker's name is usually on the black bit near the base and so is most prone to erosion and corrosion, though some are clearly identifiable and some of them appear to have been carefully restored. This year's travels, mostly on behalf of the beer buffs have found Handyside boxes in London, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham, Keighley and Tunbridge Wells to name but a few.

Perhaps the last place you would look for a letter box would be in the British Library but there is one there - and it's a Handyside! Out of use, alas.



The photograph above is a triple-decker. While the Edwardian Handyside box is the star, of course, the cove seated in a big armchair is Charles Darwin and his alma mater, the original Shrewsbury School building is in the background. There are strong Darwinian links to Derby. Erasmus Darwin a distinguished scientific and poetical cousin of the Beagler lived most of his life in Derby. 2013 will be the year of Congletonian and Derbeian, John Whitehurst I, clockmaker and geologist



The Tubbs Crossword No 3

The solution will be published at [//homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs](http://homepage.ntlworld.com/tubbspubs) on 6th January. This is easier than last year's, I think.

ACROSS

- 1 Compo and me in small sum (6)
- 5 Tires but somehow they get paid (8)
- 9 It needs one (8)
- 10 Skype I transmit to tribesmen (6)
- 11 Shot blot (3,3)
- 12 Time between starting and finishing the crossword? (8)
- 14 Rock dishes? (8,4)
- 17 Roof age shock! Resort to start singing this (2,4,2,4)
- 20 Take cheeses and protoplasm as alternative sewage disposal unit (8)
- 22 Dissolute Russian women have one (6)
- 23 Undress four Romans in short holiday resort (6)
- 25 Tastes of good books in ingredients (6)
- 26 For short commentary I state it's desperate (8)
- 27 Brief on North Eastern circuit is smooth (6)

DOWN

- 2 Redoes it and wears out (6)
- 3 Terms of rapid particles in collider (11)
- 4 failures are not up here, Mrs Merkel (2,3,4)
- 5 UN contingent based in Herts is going off (7)
- 6 Vlad's corrupt contribution (5)

- 7 Short, dark flower (3)
- 8 Lotion's price might (8)
- 13 Ore I pleased to extract this from (8,3)
- 16 More like Double Gloucester (8)
- 18 A Cornish mesopotamian delicacy (7)
- 19 A major diversion (6)
- 21 Base of church is in sight (5)

