

# THE



# TUBBS

**CHRISTMAS 2016 -** pdf download at <http://tubbspubs.org.uk/theTubbs/webPage>

**Why is a raven like a writing desk? Possible solution to Lewis Carroll's unsolved mystery. See p36.**

**Percy B Tubbs, mini biography and portrait detail pp 1-3. Two newly discovered buildings See pp 4- 6**



## PBT

This is only a brief outline of the life of Percy Burnell Tubbs (PBT) and it is still work in progress. The front page is a detail of his portrait by Philip Connard RA (1875-1958). PBT was born on 29th February 1868 and so was a leapling. Family sources vary on where he was born, Islington or Highgate. It is a fact that in 1861 his father Henry Thomas Tubbs (HTT) was living at 18 St Pauls Road, Islington which is fairly close to the site of Tubbs Lewis's London works on New North Road where it crosses the Regent's Canal. By 1871 he was living in Finchley at 299 Alexandra Grove and in 1881 he was at 1 Alexandra Grove, Finchley. I don't know if that is a different address or the same one renumbered or even a clerical error but the information comes, of course, from the Census forms. At one time he was living in the Manchester Hotel, his development on Aldersgate Street near to what is now Barbican underground station, though it isn't actually underground. I haven't found an entry for the 1891 Census so he may have been abroad, but by then PBT had married Alice Maud Waite (AMT) on 22 April 1890 at Paddington Register Office. One entirely speculative reason for a Register Office wedding is that there was an uncomfortable degree of consanguinity between bride and groom. PBT's mother, HTT's wife, was Maria Louisa Burnell. Her mother Elizabeth Ann Thompson was married twice, firstly to Thomas Burnell who predeceased her and then to John George Waite, AMT's grandfather. John George Waite was an employee of HTT. The consanguinity table has changed over the years but they seem to have been borderline rather than banned from wedlock. Whether or not this was a factor in the congenital childhood arthritis that affected at least the next two generations is not for me to say. PBT attended Highgate School, as had his father, and did not go University, as would be the norm for an architect these days. He was apprenticed to the architect William Patterson in 1883 but Patterson died in 1886 and between 1886 and 1888 PBT continued his apprenticeship with Messrs Ford and Hesketh. During this he also studied under Ferdinand Lamotte in Paris in 1884. He then worked as assistant to Messrs Franklin and Andrews, Quantity Surveyors of Ludgate Hill before setting up in practice at 77 Fore Street in 1889, by which time he was just 21 or about five if you only include real birthday anniversaries. At various times between 1894 and the outbreak of war in 1914 he was reported to be at 68 Aldersgate Street, business premises also occupied by his wily solicitor cousin Leonard Tubbs who was two years younger than PBT. In 1904 PBT became FRIBA, entering directly as a fellow. From 1906 he was architect to the firm of City Sites Development Ltd. This was not a full time occupation and the firm's history is discussed elsewhere in this issue. He also did a good deal of work for his father. One building that may have survived is a nursing home in Littlestone, HTT's dream project to outsmart Eastbourne that didn't work, though Littlestone has its charms

and is worth a visit as Charles and Edwina have found this year. More detailed research is definitely in order as the Romney Marsh website people had only the vaguest, incorrect ideas about Littlestone and HTT, I don't believe the work has been done. His firm eventually became Tubbs Son and Duncan from 1922, where the son was Grahame B and Aver Duncan was a modernist. GBT was born in 1892, Seymour Burnell in 1895 and Cecil in 1896. Beware imitations for there were other Tubbs architects at work, in particular Cyril B Tubbs who is probably not related, and did a lot of work in Bexhill but also had offices in London at one point. Unfortunately the 1901 census shows fairly clearly that Cyril B Tubbs was a son of the household and was born a year after Seymour, but that is a mistake for Cecil on the original census form, then rendered digitally as Ezcil, which offers a novel, Zappaesque suggestion for any future Tubbs' forename. The architect Cyril was much older, born 1855. Under PBT's chairmanship the Society of Architects merged with the RIBA in 1914.

Another rich possibility for research is the great Cripplegate Fire of 1906. It destroyed over 100 buildings at a total cost of £1 million, when that was a very large amount of money. I have already reported here that CBT in his memoirs appears to get the details wrong relating to corruption in the fire service, nevertheless PBT is said to have been offered a bribe to falsify evidence in his expert witness role at the six month long inquiry into the fire. I assume the records are at the Guildhall. An interesting sidelight on this is that PBT's own uncle Alfred Thomas was a Cripplegate alderman and had warned of serious fire risks in the ward previously, as reported in *The Times*. The war had a devastating effect on his career. As has been mentioned here a few times PBT's immensely useful contribution to the war effort was as a Territorial volunteer running a welfare facility known as the War Relief Council, including an office at Waterloo Station, which was heavily used as a departure and arrival point of troops on leave. I propose to cover this in more detail in a later issue (DV).

The chronology of PBT's financial ups-and-downs is deeply mysterious. There is no doubt he was a very wealthy man after inheriting property from his father but there are reports of a financial crisis at some unspecified date. The other obvious crisis was the birth of a child out of wedlock, Roy in 1918. While I propose to discuss this too at a later date, one comment made by DBT appears to be incorrect. Throughout the war, and possibly from as early as 1904, the family was at 2 Moore Street which is just behind a grocery shop on Knightsbridge called Harrod's. It is therefore now a highly desirable and very valuable property, but is by no means on the grand scale and would appear to be well down the property market from Annandale, Woodside, Finchley, the villa with a 90' frontage in Finchley which the family was occupying at the 1891 census and when Cecil Burnell (CBT) was born in 1896. Unhelpfully the digital version of Percy B Tubbs



for the 1901 census is Teony T Tubbs, another useful suggestion for the future. As you might expect there was a governess, a cook and a couple of live-in maids. DBT who came along in 1913, rather late in the day, speculates that the crisis of Roy's arrival led to a move but records show that the family were still at Moore Street in 1922. Woodside seems to have been teeming with villas that have all been pulled down and replaced with denser modern housing. It was, of course, almost in the shadow of the parental mansion at Nether Court. PBT's life was cut short by what I understand was throat cancer, but haven't seen the death certificate. He died on 3 February 1933 at which time one address cited was 16 Fitzroy Square in Fitzrovia, which sounds improbable as his probate record, showing an estate of £81,080/8/11 gives his address as 30 Eaton Mansions, Sloane Square, with a business address of 16 Harpur Street, Theobalds Road. At the time a business freeholder also had a business vote. Many folk, including HTT, would give their business address as their address, and possibly PBT had more than one of those.

PBT earned several obituaries which help in listing some of his buildings. Other biographical information here has been taken from the Directory of British Architects and his entry in Who was Who.

He built:- Banks- Barclays and Lloyds, Barbican, Earls Court, Sloane Square, South Croydon, North Harrow; Commercial premises - Canada House, Little Britain; Demerara House, St Dunstan's Hill, Godliman House, St Pauls; Shanghai House Botolph Lane; The Caslon Foundry Chiswell St. Of the Caslon work there is a separate article herein. Of the banks and commercial premises, so far I have only identified the South Croydon building as extant, though no longer a bank. I have not visited St Mary's Schools and St Paul's Hall Finchley but I can't see anything online that looks as if his work there survives.; The Chelsea Housing Scheme – this ought to be still standing but I haven't yet identified the site. Without doubt, so far, his most important surviving building in London is the Glasgow Herald Building on Fleet Street. As I never tire of saying, the Glasgow offices of said newspaper were designed by Charles Rennie Macintosh.

PBT tends to look rather austere in formal pictures, who doesn't. His face suffered some disfigurement from birth which gets concealed. he was a great aesthete, gardener, collector and was much admired by his children. PBT's most renowned collection was of works by Piranesi, including the Carceri d'Invenzione, mysterious imaginary prisons, bizarre but there you are. Prisons too are designed by architects, and they are well worth a viewing. PBT's are with RIBA, but the British Library also has sets, which I have seen there. He commissioned silver from Omar Ramsden, so little thought of in my youth and so highly regarded now; furniture from Peter

Waals whose work commands high prices, though his desk for GBT sold rather modestly. Both CBT and DBT were great collectors, CBT of silver, cut steel and wine labels/bottle tickets; DBT of almost everything a boy could wish for.

One of his hobbies was photography, an almost essential skill for an architect. Very few of his photographs have come down to us. One day I will get to inspect a first edition of the Atlas of the Commoner Skin Diseases by Arnold Moritz, for which PBT took colour photos. There's one in the Wellcome collection.

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Below:- The Fleet Street offices of the Glasgow Herald. Page 5  
Bottom right, the City Site company's property at 90-92 Saint Johns Street. Page 6 top, Clifton Street/Dysart Street



## SPQR or the four site saga

What, do you suppose links *A Constitutional and Political History of Rome From the Earliest Times to the Reign of Domitian*, a regicide and a pie and eels shop in Battersea to The Tubbs? City Sites Development Ltd, that's what, unlikely as it may seem.

DBT said that he couldn't bring himself to read the Forsyte novels of Galsworthy, once memorably televised, because it all seemed too close to home. Fortunately or unfortunately (delete as appropriate) little information has survived of feuds during or after the life of Henry Thomas Tubbs, which came to its natural end in 1917, but Sir Stanley Tubbs and his brother Percy Burnell seemed to have worked together reasonably amicably over their little venture, City Sites Development Ltd.

The Company was formed in 1906 and I have the Minute Book of the Company from its foundation up to the 137th meeting of the Directors at Lancaster Road St Albans in January 1977. That was not the very end of the Company, but the Minute Book then became full and so this tale is like the Hancock story where the last page is missing, but perhaps not so hilarious.

The first directors of City Sites Development Ltd were appointed on 1st May 1906 at a meeting witnessed by Leonard Tubbs, Solicitor. Leonard was 1st cousin to Stanley and Percy Tubbs, his father being Alfred Herbert Tubbs, HTT's brother and is usually referred to by me as the eminence grise of the family. His connection with the firm was to last longer than anybody else's ending only with his death at the age of 91 in 1961.

The Directors were:-

Thomas Marris Taylor of 3 Powis Square, Bayswater, tutor and author of the aforementioned constitutional history. He took 1000 shares.

William Hunter Kendal of 12 Portland Place – also 1000 shares  
Stanley William Tubbs (SWT) of Ellercroft, Wotton-under-Edge – 1000 shares

Joseph Rushbrooke of 146 Aldersgate Street, trimmings merchant. 500 shares

Andrews of 25 Ludgate Hill. 300 shares. LWT also had 250 shares. There was a handful of single shares involved in the initial issue which were not redistributed for several years but none of those parties seem to have been much involved in the Company.

Of these the surname of Kendal has been manually altered to Grimston, the name he was born with. Kendal was introduced to readers of The Tubbs in 2015 as the husband of Dame Madge Kendal; they were successful theatrical impresarios and Grimston was notably successful in other ventures, it is said. The Kendals remained personal friends of SWT after he married a girl in their troupe. Elsewhere in the minutes he is referred to as Kendal Grimston. Andrews has been overwritten with Arthur Thos Franklin. It is not likely this is the same person as Andrews, but the address remained unaltered.

The first meeting of the directors took place on 14th May 1906 at 68 Aldersgate Street, which housed the businesses of both PBT and Leonard W Tubbs. Present were Taylor (chair), SWT and Kendal (usually named as Grimston but I will refer to him as Kendal).

Rushbrooke became a landed gentleman, even if he did not start that way. He restored Bulmershe, Earley, Reading. We have already met Earley as the Reading suburb to which Suttons moved their seed business when the outgrew their more central site. The Court, aka Manor, has a long history and one of its previous owners was Daniel Blagrave, regicide - which is to say he signed King Charles I's death warrant, but was wise enough to skip to the continent to avoid seeing his own being read out after 1660. (The continent is that part of Euroland which does not include Great Britain or Northern Ireland)

In attendance were Percy Burnell Tubbs (PBT) Architect and Surveyor, Leonard W Tubbs (LWT) and Mr John Stephen Thompson, Secretary who appears to have been an employee of PBT and remained as secretary until shortly before his death in 1954. The Company never had any full time employees but Thompson received an honorarium for his services which included collecting rents.

The minutes show a charming lack of consistency in writing sums of money, the same sum might be written as £21:10:0 or £21-10-0 or £21.10.0d. In every case the amount is in Pounds, shillings and pence. Smaller amounts are usually written as 10/-, ie ten shillings and no pence in this case.

The property portfolio was never huge and income from it was not the main source of income of any of the participants. Its prosperity varied considerably in the early years. Offices were difficult to let during the depression and easy to let in the boom years after the Second World War when there was a shortage.

The Company suffered only minor damage during the war.

The most interesting point is that two of the long-held properties of the Company survive very much as built and they were both designed by PBT, tripling the number of known buildings by him to survive in the City. The first property was built on the Corner of Clifton Street and Dysart Street and overlooks the site of the former Finsbury Market, close to Finsbury Square. The building is really very narrow and illustrates PBT's skill at building on difficult sites where it was necessary to negotiate joint use of facilities with the neighbour, which they tried but failed to buy. The minutes record that the original design of the facings was Portland Stone but this was downgraded to Portland Cement on grounds of cost. The building does now benefit from a vertical extension.

The next building he designed was at 83 Goswell Road (The A1) which is right in the territory where PBT's father also developed much property. HTT was still alive at the time and may have provided a lead as the freehold belong to the Charterhouse and HTT had developed Charterhouse Buildings on their land. I have



found the numbering of Goswell Road and Aldersgate St confusing, and have not identified the site. It is highly unlikely it still exists, even as a site, as the area was very badly damaged in the Blitz.

The third site was at 90-92 St Johns Street near its junction with Clerkenwell Road and this building bears a degree of similarity to his Fleet Street offices for the Glasgow Herald, whose Glasgow Offices, I never tire of saying, were designed by CR Macintosh. The Company also owned premises on Hall Street and Bastwick Street for a number of years.

There was a proposal to develop on land at Chiswick which presumably belonged to PBT, though that is not specific in the minutes. As we know PBT built Compton there for CBT as a wedding gift, but nothing came of this as far as the Company is concerned. It concentrated on commercial premises and found collecting the rent from private tenants to be inconvenient and expensive.

The conduct of the Company does not ever seem to have been particularly controversial. The minutes are far too terse for us to get a real picture of how the meetings were conducted but there is one instance of Dynasty coming to town. At the 21st Meeting in 1923 SWT tendered his resignation.

Kendal had died in 1917.

"I have no alternative but to resign from the Board as I have always found it quite impossible to work with the present Chairman (Rushbrooke)

I understand it is suggested that there be a further call on the shares. Please note that I protest this call being made and I may also add that my co-trustee of the Kendal Grimston estate will find this call not inconvenient inasmuch as the present holding is not a trustee security. They have no funds to meet any further call without selling present first class securities.

The resignation was accepted but it was noted that the board had no recollection of any previous differences of opinion between the Chairman and Mr Stanley Tubbs. It was around this time that SWT was briefly a member of Parliament and shortly after that received his baronetcy, making him one of the two baronets connected with the company, the other being the aforementioned swearword Brigadier Sir Alfred Cedric Cowan Willway, who took over as a trustee of the SWT estate after his death in 1941. SWT's very complex estate will be the subject of a future article. Taylor was merely knighted. Cecil B Tubbs MC (CBT) became a director in 1941 as an executor of PBT's estate, and remained so until the end, becoming Chairman after LWT's death in 1961. Graham B Tubbs ARIBA (GBT) worked in his father's practice and was involved in the business before being appointed a Director in 1933 following his father's death.

The Chairman expressed his willingness to resign (inasmuch as the Company was very much a family concern).

This was accepted and Taylor was appointed in his place. Taylor was to remain as Chairman until his death. Lady Taylor often

attended the AGM in the years after her husband's death.

At the next meeting SWT was re-elected, Farage style. Could it be that SWT and Rushbrooke had fallen out over business matters in the world of trimmings?

As we are now focused on 1923 it is noted that around that time the Company was paying a dividend around 5%, which could have been worse. Profits for that year were £658-10-0, a large increase on the previous year, that would be around £35,000 in today's money.

Profits turned to losses during the war but it wasn't long after that before profits were over £1000 most years. Directors fees totalling about £200 were being paid and dividends were frequently 40% or 30%. A depreciation fund was set up, presumably as a means of avoiding tax. The minutes reports the annual profit or loss and dividend up to Thompson's demise. After that we only have the dividends. I suspect that the legal minds of LWT and his son Antony Weldon Tubbs who was secretary for a while ensured that the minimum possible information was minuted. I do not have any copies of the Accounts. There was a tussle with the Revenue in the 1960's over the value of the shares for the purposes of Estate Duty. The Company's valuation of 45/- was not accepted and duty was paid on the basis of 60/- (£3). It is proposed to conclude this brief history in a future article, which should take us to Battersea.





## It's a wrap to go!

A bonus picture below. Charterhouse Buildings has been under

wraps - breathed on for the benefit of future generations of froth blowers. Charterhouse Buildings was erected by HTT and was one of his most profitable ventures.





## Mercian Hymns

This year's Leeds obituary, alas, is that of Sir Geoffrey Hill. Even if you had read his full obit in *The Times* (Saturday 2nd July) you would not have made the connection that I and my cohort attended Hill's magnificent lectures with maximum enthusiasm and attention during the years of my otherwise mis-spent youth in Leeds in the years 1969-1973. The Captain stated that his appointment to a lectureship there was in 1976 by which time I was long gone. I think it shows once again that there is no point in reading in the newspapers anything that one knows anything about because it will be wrong. While Hill's poetry is profound and very difficult, his lectures were profound but immediately illuminating. He attracted huge audiences and Austicks, the Leeds booksellers, must have sold many, many copies of his *Mercian Hymns*. I had not known prior to his death that he spent long years being treated for depression and other mental problems which does not surprise me as he was always so near that edge which divides great genius from great personal difficulty.

There has been a long-running academic spat about the power of AJP Taylor, the historian, to pull in an audience. Apparently he gave lectures in Oxford at 8.30 am on Saturdays and still

managed to fill the house to the chagrin of more senior colleagues. I am not sure if today's students ever attend lectures as such but some of mine were much better than I deserved and I do recall watching Taylor on the television rehearse the immensely complex diplomatic manoeuvres leading up to the mobilization of the German armies in 1914. All done without notes. The consequence of this animus is that he never got the History chair at Oxford and the wily Trevor-Roper did.

By a curious coincidence the same edition of *The Times* carried another story worthy of being mentioned in *The Tubbs*, in connection with counter jihad. Jonathan Tubb is Assistant Keeper in the Department of the Middle East at the British Museum. He has initiated a training scheme for conservators of monuments and artifacts in Iraq and Syria that have been deliberately destroyed or damaged by Daesh (ISIS) activity. Tubb was a personal friend of archaeologist Khaled el-Assad of Palmyra who was beheaded by Isis militants. As we know the difference between a Tubb and a Tubbs is a mere clerical aberration, so we salute our kinsman whose work is premised on recovering stolen property from the kleptocrats. This article may get bowdlerised in the downloadable version

## 122 - Scarborough fair

Thirty years ago there took place the fifteenth Annual Conference of Rotary District 122 at Scarborough. District Governor Martin C. Tubbs and his wife Joyce were joined by many illustrious Rotarians and not a few members of his own family. Accredited as guests were Mr and Mrs Cecil B Tubbs, Miss Doreen Maude, Mr Mark Tubbs, Mrs Carolyn Spencer, Miss Philippa Spencer and Miss Vicky Spencer. As I recall Lancelot Tubbs was also there, then one of the oldest known Tubbs and there was still no love lost between him and Grampa, a mere 90, though heavens knows why. The inter-denominational Service of worship on Sunday 5th October 1986 was conducted by Rotarian the Reverend Canon Christopher Tubbs. His parish was at Scalby just up the road from Scarborough and so he was a Canon of York Minster. The sermon was preached by the Right Reverend Richard H Darby Bishop of Sherwood who shared Mum and Dad's wedding anniversary to the very year and which they celebrated together alternating Bishop's Tipple and Bishop's Finger as one source of festive cheer. Canon Christopher and Dick Darby were later to assist Eric (Warm Welcome) Ashby at the funeral service for Mother. Your editor was on the scene but not listed as a delegate. We stayed in a flat belonging to one of the Scalby Tubbs. On the Saturday I cycled to Whitby with the wind behind and made the journey in an hour, but returning against the wind was hard work. On the Saturday evening I visited the Stephen Joseph Theatre in the Round and

so on balance probably enjoyed the week-end as much as anybody. The conference programme, a substantial piece of ephemera is now a useful historic document which lists all delegates and their guests; it was printed by Hassall & Lucking Ltd of Long Eaton, Derbyshire – though in the discriminatory way in which life is lived the brochure claims that Long Eaton is part of Nottingham. Vive la difference. Vive le Brian Clough Way. The firm still exists and still claims to be in Nottingham. For use during his gubernatorial year Dad had a set of photographs of Mum and himself made by the ancient firm of HH Winter in Derby. A few years ago I was able to test their records and their sense of data protection nearly to destruction by requesting some copies, but they did oblige.

#friends of Derbyshire.

I have been to the Stephen Joseph Theatre in Scarborough for several performances but have never yet seen an Alan Ayckbourn play there or anywhere else. To my discredit, on my last visit to Scarborough I failed to see Barrie Rutter's current production there. He is best remembered by some of my readers as Habbakuk and became a personal friend of one's parents. I occasionally had a drink with him at The Faversham in Leeds when he was at Yorkshire Television (Queenie's Castle) and memorably he partook of our wine when coming on stage for his production of Anthony and Cleopatra at Welbeck. Apparently the consumption of wine in a theatre is as infra dig as putting one's shoes on bus seats, but we got away with it. #otemporaomores

## Mine hosts

One important find at Eynsham was Lirlie's youthful autograph book which later trebled up, secondly as their visitors' book – it also serves to remind me, as if I need to be reminded, how sad it is that we have not inherited my mother and father's visitors' book which could have placed so many events which are otherwise proving difficult to fix exactly.

There are no more than four pages of autographs and they include the usual suspects. There are five members of the Biggs family, George Goulding, Norman Garnett, various Suttons, Dulcie Bowden, some Vallats, some Maguires and others that mean nothing to me. All are bare signatures with no inscriptions.

The first use as a visitor's book dates from August 1950 by Tom Whitworth from Salt Lake City who knew he was the first guest; the third was from Hamburg.

Probably the longest stay was from 16th April – 15 December 1951 – I believe this visitor was a Siamese student, but unfortunately I can't read his signature.

CBT paid the first of several visits between 11th and 19 August 1951. He wrote "So lovely being here but equally sorry to use your house as a hotel".

He stayed again for one night 28 Feb/1 Mar 1953 and had visited the Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

Again from 2-24th June 1953, during which time he watched the Coronation on television. He was house hunting but noted that there had been a failed auction (presumably of the house at Sanderstead), offers that crashed rather than dissolved, What excitements. Nevertheless he moved into Clarendon House that year, an address of which I was not previously aware, but this is also confirmed by his Christmas Cards – see separate story. It appears to be a block of flats that is still standing.

He stayed again twice in 1956 noting a very happy time, Marion's birth to be celebrated and MCT's change of job (from Tubbs

Lewis to Berisfords) and then for a longer stay between 30th June and 21st July – though without comment.

1-2 July for the Royal Academy again.

6-8 September 1956. He was about to move again, presumably into Dollis Avenue.

One Julian M Tubbs visited between 24th and 30th January 1954. He was not yet able to make his own entry in the book, indeed wasn't allowed by his educationalist mother to learn any of the three Rs before he went to school. He remembers meeting Mons the cat who was just named Mons, not particularly after the battle or its location.

MCT visited 3-4th November and 6-7th December 1954 without making any comment.

Entries as a visitors' book cease in 1967 which seems to coincide with the move to Eynsham. Possibly there was a later volume that has been overlooked.

A high proportion of the other visitors were from overseas.

Needless to say they all made enthusiastic and polite comments about the hospitality they had received.

The third use did not last for long; in 1974-75 it was used for three entries as a hostess diary, for example on Easter Day 1975 CBT and Elise and a third party, Nicholas John Tubbs, were entertained to Ham Mould with Muscadet, and Leg of Lamb with Chénas which must have been OK (Chene = oak after which the appellation is named), geddit? Beaujolais to the rest of us. This was followed by Lemon Sorbet. After that everybody drove home happy!

Lirlie dutifully kept address books, several of them. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the numerous addresses of friends/acquaintances on Nethercourt Avenue where they lived from the time they were married until moving to Eynsham. It is difficult to imagine that many streets in Finchley these days are inhabited by people who know each other.



I am not sure who got the job of peeling the spuds. Is it Leslie or his father? I am fairly sure this is Mons and the location is probably Nethercourt Avenue whose mod cons now look rather dated.



## CBT on Tour – continued

Last year I mentioned that CBT and IET (Irene/Muv/Grannie while she survived) travelled frequently, wartime and exchange controls excepted, and that a holiday photograph invariably featured on their Christmas Card. By last year only a few of the cards had turned up but now we have several more.

I haven't seen a card for 1951 but that year they went to the Channel Islands.

1952-3 (unsigned). Address is 113 Norfolk Avenue Sanderstead, and the greeting is from Cecil and Irene, which is desperately poignant as Irene died on 9th December 1952. The picture is titled Austria 1952. I don't know if any of those cards were signed and sent. They had travelled together that year to Austria and Venice.

1953-4 (unsigned). The address is Clarendon House, 69 Gainsborough Road, Woodside Park, N12, which is within yards of his birthplace and quite close to the premises of Bernard Strawn, photographer and supplier of photographic equipment and services whose wife was Elise Strawn (nee Holland).

Photograph of the Island of Rhodes. He had taken a Mediterranean Cruise that year.

1954-5 (unsigned). The address is Clarendon House. The photograph is of a lion in the Kruger National Park. This reminds me of CBT's hilarious story of the letter which went astray, having been addressed in England to somewhere in USA when the Union of South Africa was intended, but with the obvious consequences. It may have been vice versa but remains just as entertaining. CBT had visited South Africa long before the war on business and gained some press publicity by employing an aeroplane to ferry him around.

1955-6 (unsigned). Clarendon House. Monastery of the Knights of St John, Rhodes. He had taken another Mediterranean cruise that year.

For 1956-7 (unsigned). The temporary address he gives is 18 Nethercourt Avenue which suggests his stay there may have extended beyond the September date given in the visitors' book. The picture is a tree-girt view of Notre Dame, Paris.

1957-8 As previously reported the address given was 35 Dollis Avenue and card featured Santa Sophia in Istanbul viewed from The Blue Mosque.

Undated (signed Daddy). Address is 35 Dollis Avenue. The rather splendid picture is of Semur-en-Auxois, France.

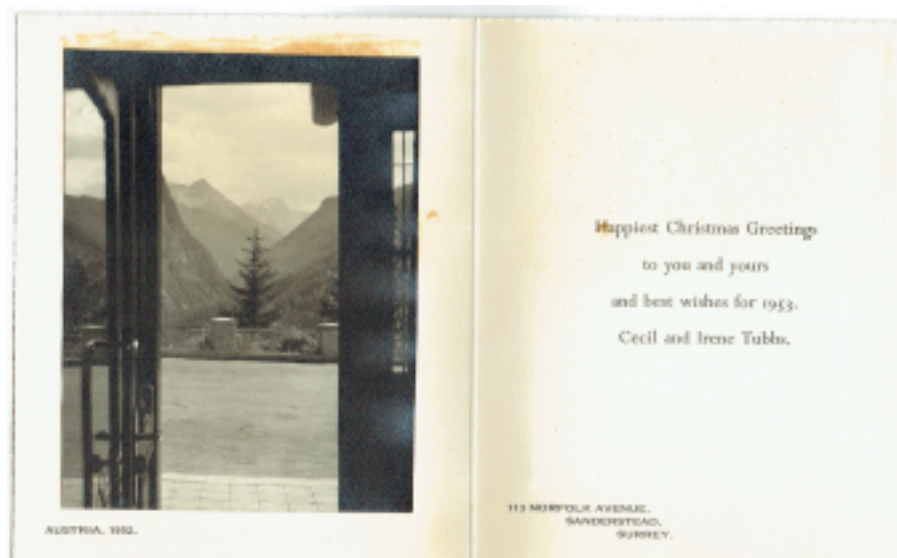
It would seem that some cards are missing here for the years 1959, 60, 61 or 62. One might guess that the photograph for next year's view of Finchley was taken in the heavy winter weather of 1962-63. Undated (signed Dad & Elise) Address is 19 Lancaster Road, St Albans but the picture is of Winter in Finchley ! (sic CBT's apostrophe). CBT and Elise were married in 1963.

Undated (signed Dad & Elise). The photograph is of a scene in Madeira.

Undated. As previously reported there was a card from Lancaster Road which featured a scene in South Island NZ.



SEMUR-EN-AUXOIS. FRANCE



Left, the almost unbearably poignant card for Christmas 1952. This copy is unsigned and I presume none were sent as Irene died on 9th December 1952. Present day estimates of the deaths caused by the Great Smog of 5-9 December that year are around 12,000 and 100,000 more made ill. It was a major factor leading to the Clean Air Act of 1956. There are still 40,00 deaths p.a. in UK due to air pollution. Her personal estate came to £5024.18.9.

Sparkling Semur! Above, a very attractive view of Semur-en-Auxois. The card itself is undated and is from the Dollis Avenue years 1959-1962.



As my Grannie died when I was just over two I'm afraid I don't remember her at all. Clearly she didn't take the same dim view of antisocial use of footwear as DB does in Germany but rarely makes the same point in the UK, on its Arriva buses for example. This is the same Company operating my bus into town as might have run them after 1940 if events had turned out differently, DB being the present embodiment of the German national railways. Mildly ironic methinks. The seats see more of trainers than jackboots but neither are much appreciated. p.s. We are really not having any of that!

## 1066 - and all that. The Hastings years.

Lirlie was born at 8.30 am on Saturday 2nd June 1923 at 5 Southwick Place W2. At the time the family was living at 123 Queens Road W2. The only time I discussed this with Lirlie she was rather disparaging about the residence, describing it as a small flat near Paddington Station and Whiteleys (the Department Store on the Edgware Road). This was briefly a bit of a puzzle as there isn't a Queens Road in W2, which is written as Queens-road in the newspaper announcement of her birth, but that was the paper's conventional way of writing addresses or perhaps the advertisers' way of saving a few shillings in wordage. There is Queens Gardens which runs into the famous Leinster Gardens – famous for having two dummy houses where the street spans the railway

line. There is also Queensway and it turns out that the present Queensway is on the alignment of Queens Road. Although there has been some redevelopment there are also older buildings so it is just possible the birthplace survives.

According to Lirlie's *Baby Days*, the physician in attendance was none other than the aforementioned Dr Arnold Moritz the author of *An Atlas of the Commoner Skin Diseases* (Think venereal). This publication which has been through numerous editions was first published with colour photographs by PB Tubbs, using, as DB Tubbs states in his memoirs, the Sanger Shepherd Process. This involves creating three different plates which can be done serially or instantaneously according to the complexity of the camera. PBT does not get a credit for this work. I need to confirm this by consulting a copy of the first edition in the Wellcome Library.



Lirlie was christened on Saturday 4th August 1923 at St Martin in the Fields by the Rev Palmer DSO. Her Godparents were Donald Drysdale Anderson who had been CBT's best man, GBT, Annie Hill Sutton and Agnes Bodkin. Mr R Bodkin was also a guest. There are several photographs of the Bodkins, who were the family's solicitors (significantly not Leonard Tubbs) and remained family friends.

One of Lirlie's earliest playmates was Joyce Ann Pinniger at the age of 2 years and 8 months. Indeed in the Christmas Term of 1927 Lirlie joined Ann Pinniger, Daphne Whiteman (?) and Dierdre O'Neill (sic) at Mrs Pinniger's School at 32 Ellesmere Road W4. This forms part of the A4 Great West Road and is near Milnthorpe Road whither the family moved when the grand new house was ready, some time in 1924.

The Towers School Croft House, Hastings -

This 8 bed freehold semi-detached house is located at Croft House, The Croft, Hastings TN34 3HH. - and is extant according to Zoopla

The Croft is just behind the High Street, a little to East of the Pier and Railway Station.

1933 - Somerville Towers School - Somerville House is in St Leonards-on-Sea which is a distinct part of Hastings, similar to Brighton and Hove or St Annes and Lytham, or more irritatingly Dalbury and Lees in Derbyshire which are always conflated, though properly they are separate, like Rutland and

Leicestershire! Somerville had been a school since at least 1909 and probably earlier.

Madame E Judson sent cards to Lirlie after she had left the School - sent from Tunbridge Wells, so perhaps Madame retired there. Croft House and Somerville House are obviously not the same building, so perhaps the school moved. The postcard of Croft House shows a large building with more than eight bedrooms I would guess.

1937 - Poltimore House is an 18th-century country house in Poltimore, Devon. The Manor of Poltimore was from the 13th to the 20th century the seat of the Bampfylde family, which acquired the title Baron Poltimore in 1831 according to Wikipedia - But by 1921, following the death of the third Baron Poltimore in 1918, the house was surplus to the family's needs, and it was put up for auction, like so many unwanted large house ion those days. Failing to sell, it was taken over by a girls' school which renamed itself Poltimore College after its new home. And when Poltimore College finally closed in 1939, the boys of Dover College moved in, evacuated to the comparative safety of Devon from their front-line position in Kent. The house has been the subject of serious efforts to conserve and restore it.

2016 has seen the death of one very distinguished school contemporary of Lirlie at Poltimore House. Jean Bloxam (nee Liver) was a distinguished racing driver born in the aforementioned St Annes whence her dashing mother used to

## Kinderszenen -Educating Lirlie



32. CROFT HOUSE, THE CROFT, HASTINGS.

Story above continues on page 13.

As discussed in the text the Towers School appears to have had two different sites in Hastings, at Croft House and Somerville



avista

House. The beach shot from August 1934 is more likely to have been taken at Pagham than Hastings, whose shoreline is to this day the home of a beach-launched fishing fleet, though the town does enjoy some tourist trade as well. #hastingsl





Madame Judson below was also involved in teaching Lirlie and maintained correspondence after she had retired.



## How! The Towers School

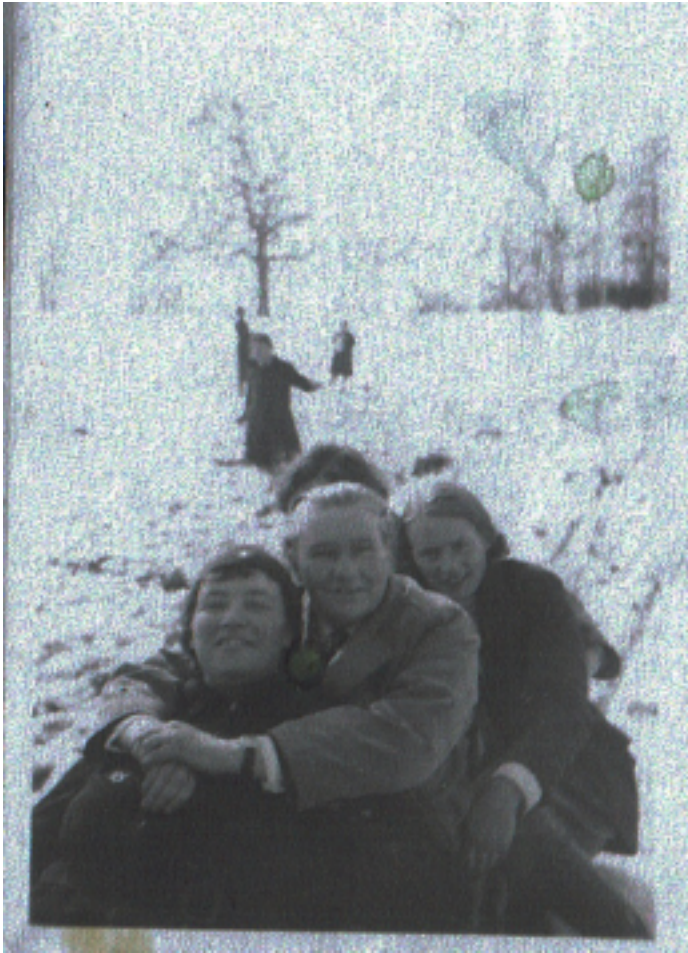
Lirlie has identified these people in the picture above for us, though they aren't all as legible as I would like.

Lirlie is immediately to the left of Michael Leighton and Pam Leighton is the bespectacled figure on the extreme left. The boy is Michael Leighton, presumably enjoying the dubious privilege of being educated in the company of a feminine majority, a tradition which continued into my own time, mutatis mutandis where the Headmaster's daughter and the daughter of a local hotelier were at various times the only girls at Tre Arddur House.

Below and opposite page lower left. Two interior views of Compton, the new house at Chiswick. I think it likely that these pictures were taken by PBT, its architect. Compton was a Cavendish family name. HTT had bought the land from the Duke of Devonshire, owner of Chiswick House.







With a little help from the demon Photoshop I have recovered something like an image above left, though it is still far from satisfactory. It appears to show a number of people on a sleigh, sledge, or toboggan, but may be something altogether different as winter costumes are not in evidence. The caption by Lirlie is "CLELIA WONTNER-WONTNER Head and deputy Head Poltimore College Exeter 1936/1937" which is as mystifying as it is explanatory. No idea who is who but there certainly was a Clelia Wontner alive at the time. My brief research into this turned up an amusing sidelight on one of my hobbies, watching Sherlock Holmes films. Arthur Wontner is said by an ingenuous author on Wikipedia to have got his role in several early Holmes films from his stage performance of Holmes imitation Sexton Blake. If you have a copy of *The Missing Rembrandt* then the BFI would be keen to hear from you, as would I. A cache in the attic maybe? Well it all amused me, which is what counts! The most memorable Wontner during my time was Sir Hugh of the Savoy Hotel. I'd be surprised if they aren't all related somehow.

p.s. If you don't already know Sexton is supposedly cockney slang for a fake, a term much used by the rogue Tom Keating who faked Samuel Palmers for amusement and reward.

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Below:- This appears to be a formal School Photographer's portrait of Lirlie.



## Imperial War Museum

One rich boon, though it cannot begin to offset the loss of Leslie, is my opportunity to peruse his copy of the Catalogue of Oil Paintings in the Imperial War Museum. Pictures from its collection have featured here before, but even a casual reading of the catalogue produces more items of great relevance to themes we often discuss here. The ratio of pictures on display to the national holding has been a discussion topic this year, sadly there is only room to show a small proportion at any time. It was too late in the day that I learned how many interests we shared and how closely in his steps I sometimes trod.

Perhaps the most surprising idea that arises is that in the 1920s the IWM collections was considered to be the most important repository of contemporary, even modern, art in the land.

It is pleasing to see that Dora Meason is represented in a National Collection. Her *Members of Queen Mary's Auxiliary Corps: At Work in the Cookhouse, Royal Air Force Camp, Charlton Park 1919* is of interest twice over. I possess her *Steyne Bass*, the impressionist view of Brighton Beach which was the gift I selected from MCT as he was leaving Brookland House. Its other relevance is that of feeding the troops. Also Philip Connard, who became a war artist after service at the front.

Another near miss in the search for an image of PBT's stall at Waterloo Station is *The Soldiers' Buffet, Charing Cross Station of 1918* by Alfred Robert Hayward, and other views of the same station. There are works of Anna Zinkeisen in the collection (who painted at Waterloo in WWI) but they are from her later war work recording the treatment of wounded combatants at the Queen Victoria Plastic (...), well if the IWM doesn't know I can't tell you, but I would assume it is to do with Sir Archibald McIndo, the pioneer of plastic surgery, and elsewhere.

Perhaps the most surprising find is a view of the interior of Congleton Town Hall, also reproduced courtesy of IWM. The building was designed by Pugin, which alone makes it worth a look. The work is *Congleton War-Working Party 1917* by J.B. Gibbs. In the early 1960s MCT used to help organise wine and cheese parties in the Town Hall, then a rather forward venture, nowadays rather passe.

David Charles Feilding, b. 1913 active 1940s, is a member of that clan which can't spell its name properly, younger brother of the 10th Earl of Denbigh.

The greatest number of exciting hits comes from the work of John Hamilton whose IWM work dates from the 1970s but concentrates retrospectively on the Second World War. The *Last Stand of the 'SS Stephen Hopkins'* depicts the best known event involving a Liberty built at Richmond, and much though I would like it to include MCT's handiwork she had already sunk before Dad started in the yards. While flying the American Flag she encountered a German Merchant Raider towards the end of her maiden voyage and refused to surrender. Both ships were sunk in the ensuing gunfight which was fought at close distance because of poor visibility, the only case of a warship being sunk by a Liberty, and so this year's Liberty picture is reproduced from the IWM archive under their non commercial license. There is also *A Corvette Picks Up Survivors from a torpedoed Liberty Ship*. Of merely personal interest to me is a view of *The Gallant Ohio*, the tanker which heroically saved Malta in operation Pedestal, arriving at Valetta supported by two destroyers. That single convoy deployed more ships of the Royal Navy than May or Cameron have ever dreamt of: 4 aircraft carriers, 2 battleships, several dozen destroyers, 10 cruisers and quite a few submarines. It was a fine hour of HMS Kenya, the cruiser that was sponsored by the good citizens of Derby. Its bell lives in Derby's Council House. HMS Cairo that was photographed by CBT at Stockholm in 1938 was one of seven RN ships sunk. Over 500 lives were lost in the operation. The Axis counted it a tactical victory but the strategic Allied win was beyond price. Another maritime highlight this year was a visit to the retrospective in Derby's City Art Gallery of John Stobart, no known relation of the haulier. He trained at Derby's School of Art in the late 1940s, as did several of my friends and former colleagues, and found work as a graphic artist before emigrating to USA, and finding there his metier, and willing clients, as a marine artist. The exhibition included an impressive seascape recreating the Golden Gate before the bridge was built, through which every Richmond Liberty had to pass to gain the open sea..

## All gas and ....

The impending retirement of Richard Chartres after 20 years as Bishop of London reminds me of the one occasion on which I met him. I was invited by MCT to the guest dinner of the Weavers' Company in the Vintners' Hall, an occasion which involved a little rehearsal of the weavers' complex way of passing the port. A room was provided for us to change into full evening dress, ie tails, and I was standing in a queue for the cloakroom to hand in my daywear next to a figure wearing a frock coat and gaiters. "These are real you know" he said. "Yes my lord". The guest speaker that night was Sir Bernard Lovell a member of the Musicians Company. Then edging towards 90 and still an

entertaining speaker, he vaguely remembered me from my many visits to the Quinta in Swettenham as a guest of Joyce Lovell, my rival in the making of cakes. I made mother's sticky bread recipe and she made chocolate cake. Though I say it myself they were both rather delicious. In the intervening 20+ years Mark Tubbs has earned his position as a Warden in the Weavers' Company and is to be congratulated on his appointment. We guess that even now he is training sheep to cross London Bridge.





The Stephen Hopkins in the foreground is almost completely sunken. Most of its crew were lost. Posthumous bravery awards were made to Captain Buck and US Merchant Marine Academy's Joseph O'Hara. Subsequent Liberty ships were named in their honour. The armed commerce raider Stier could not continue its voyage and was scuttled by its crew two hours later. The Richmond-built Liberty was heavily outgunned with its one 4" gun against six

5.9" guns on the Stier (= steer or bull), as well armed as any light cruiser.

Ladies who sew. These look more like the middle classes to me than any of the numerous folk who might have been involved in Congleton's primary trade of fustian cutting. Berisfords the ribbon weavers were in a trade more associated with Macclesfield and Coventry.



## Zeiss Ikon snapshot.

As you ought to be aware already the English historian of Zeiss Ikon for the years 1926-1939 is one DB Tubbs. The choice of dates is easy to explain. Although Carl Zeiss went into business manufacturing lenses way back in the 19th century camera manufacture was not really a part of their business until the grouping of Zeiss and four other manufacturers under the Carl Zeiss Foundation in 1926. The grouping was an example of a trend in Germany to consolidate manufacture which is most manifest in the formation of IG Farben of ill repute. The Zeiss foundation was profit-making but did not distribute them directly to shareholders and was required not to make redundancies. Research was paramount and the company always employed a large number of highly academic inventors. This business model saw Zeiss through the worst of the recession despite a severe pressure on prices. Germany was the go to nation for optics, not just Zeiss, and despite a huge optical industry in America the very high quality of Zeiss products ensured it had a market there. 1939 speaks for itself. The war demanded an almost complete turn of all optical industries over to wartime production of gun and bomb sights, binoculars and military photography both aerial and terrestrial. After the war Zeiss was split into two with both eastern and western embodiments. Somehow the East German bits survived having all their equipment confiscated by the Soviets. Both halves re-engineered the Contax. Those of us who had Praktika cameras saw its logo based on the Ernemann tower in Dresden. Ernemann was one of the gang of the four, and their brand rivalled Kershaw in the field of cinema projectors, but members of the Ernemann family remained with Zeiss in the West after the war.

Bunny's book was commissioned by Hove Cameras the premier specialist photographic publisher in England. There has been a second edition but his efforts have been goliathed by the American self-publisher .... Whose book covers the entire history of the companies from cradle to grave, and grave there was. Only Leica and Rollei survived in Germany for any time the Japanese onslaught of Nikon, Pentax, Yashica, Canon, Olympus, Minolta etc who have now been joined by the electronics and film specialists Sony and Fuji as the world leaders in camera manufacture, telephone cameras excepted. Zeiss optics are now merely a Sony brand, but reputable enough.

Both authors feature the incomparable Contax on their front covers. Bunny's is the original Leica beater of 1932. Gubas features the Contax IV which never got beyond a few prototypes before the war intervened. Mine is a West German postwar Contax IIIa. Gubas' 900 page mammoth is not the biggest volume of Zeiss history to appear so far. DBT is good value at a tenner these days.

As you aren't interested in cameras, not even Zeiss Ikon I will cherry pick a few silly facts from the book. First up is Pentax. Not suspicious? Well large numbers of Zeiss trade marks ended in X, notably the pre-war world leader in 35mm photography the Contax, but also Contarex and oodles of others. Turns out that the Ossies sold the Pentax brand name to Asahi for a bit of hard

currency, but kept Pentacon for themselves. The Penta bit refers to the pentaprism that turns an image the right way round and the right way up in an SLR camera viewfinder.

Second is Bestell Numbers. Every Zeiss product had what we would call a part number and they were traditionally two parts divided by an oblique – aka forward slash “/” thus. In the case of cameras the second part indicated the film size and image size where for example xxx/16 denoted 11 or 12 6\*6 cm images on 120 film. We prefer twelve but some early cameras couldn't quite make the long haul. Then along came computers and Zeiss Ikon issued a new range of Bestell Numbers such that the familiar 536/24 became the obscure 10.1800, to make it more computable. Now where have I seen that before, I wonder. Oh yes, Rolls-Royce whose catalogue of cleaning and overhaul materials (OMAT) not only used the obliques but also dashes, periods, indentations and goodness knows what. Rolls-Royce were in the van of computerization but did they alter their part numbers to accommodate that? They did not, leading to some very pretty algorithms for sorting the catalogue into the order that RR thought it should be in. I can't claim to have devised the algorithms but I did have to reproduce them as the technology platform changed. Zeiss Ikon! Amateurs!

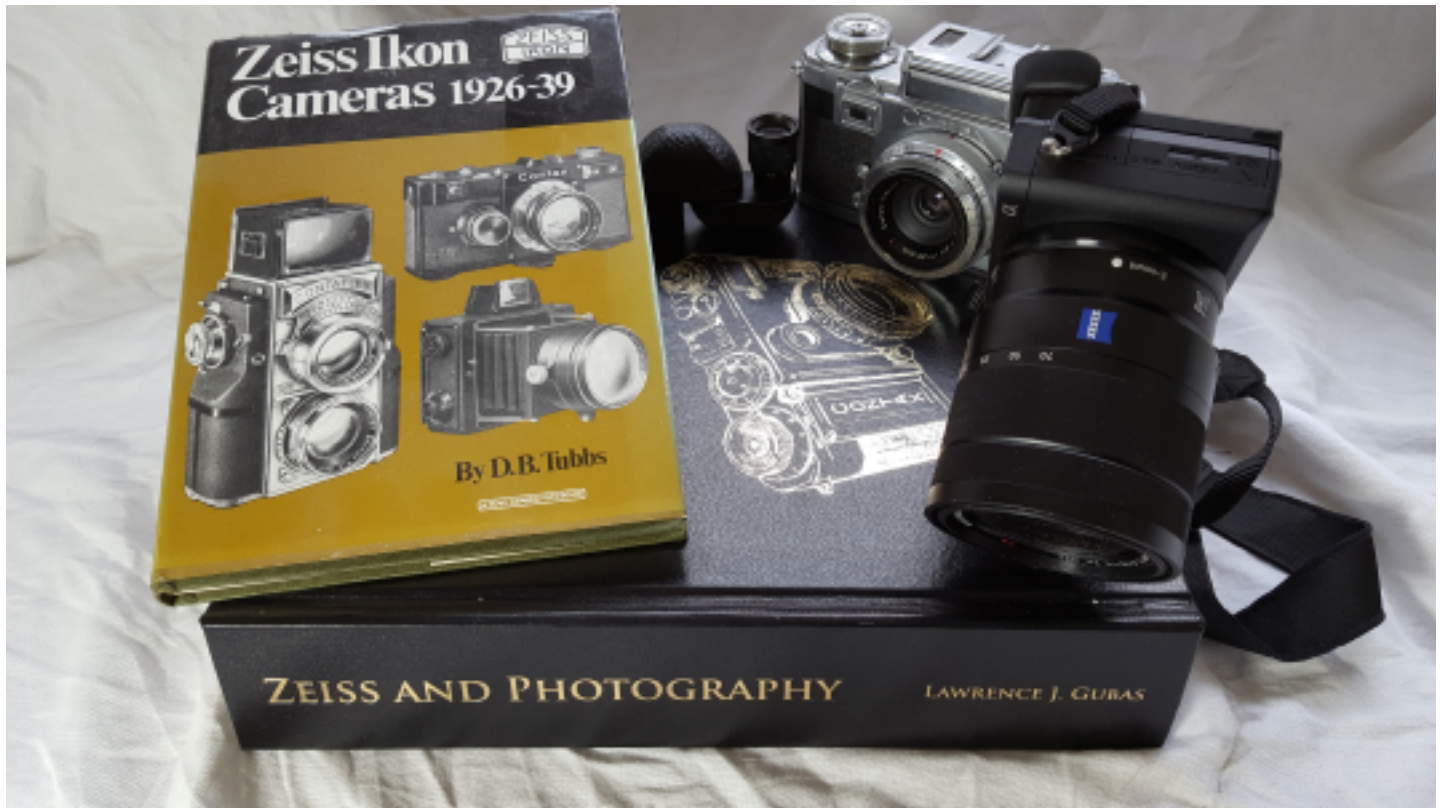
Third is a curiosity that shows how easy it is to be foolish. It was a little known fact in public Camera world that Zeiss owned the only major glass manufacturer in Germany (Schott hence shot glasses, natch) and also the two major manufacturers of shutters used by Zeiss and almost all of their competitors. Post-war Zeiss continued to manufacture cameras employing leaf shutters just to keep the shutter companies busy. Leaf shutters are usually between the front and rear elements of the lens and are fine but they have limitations when it comes to very high shutter speeds and or interchangeable lenses. Zeiss had invented their own very accurate but very complex roller blind shutter for the Contax but by the sixties the game was almost up for leaf shutters and Compur turned their mind to other things. Gubas captions his rather hazy picture as a telephone device whereas it is obvious to anybody with eyes that it is a dictating machine, as in you've got a d\*\*k to phone.

Although The Tubbs camera collection was based on collecting Leeds-made Kershaw/Soho/Marion/APeM equipment it has also paid a nod to Zeiss Ikon, Leica and Houghton Butcher, a few K\*\*\*ks and has even joined the Exakta Circle, of the kind that Matisse could draw freehand, no doubt. Bunny and others pointed to the need for rationalization of the range when Zeiss Ikon were formed. One claim is that there were nearly a thousand variations of camera/shutter/lens in 1926. By 1939 Zeiss Ikon were focusing on about half a dozen different cameras across the range from box camera to Contax and made a lot of money. Zeiss Ikon managed to produce 31 post-war variants of the Contina camera within a few years, a sure indication that their grasp on reality and profit was slipping, but I think it opens an opportunity for a Don Carl Z pastiche of Don Giovanni. Ma in Germania, Mille tre, signor Contina!



A Zeiss miscellany. The David and Goliath of Zeiss Literature with Contax IIIa the acme of postwar Zeiss Ikon photography and an example of a current Zeiss lens with the blue and white lens logo which replaced the Zeiss Ikon lens logo when they gave up on cameras, manufactured by Sony, camera ditto. I don't think there is anything sinister in Zeiss Ikon dropping the rather angular essences as seen on DBT's dust jacket for much more rounded ones,

around 1937. Not the same reason as SS cars became Jaguar, I think. The Loch Ness monster is a very natty East German Zeiss monocular device from Leslie's collection. The Gubas is the most expensive book I have ever bought in pre-Brexit euros. If only I could say the same of the cameras and they weren't noticeably cheap though the Sony also beat the Brexit crash of the ££, hooray! and has been superseded by a later model. Huh!



## What removes plaque?

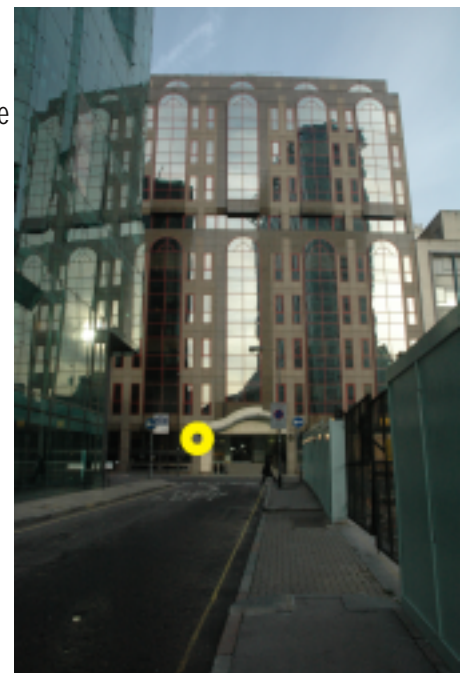
In my newsletter of 2005 I reported that I could not afford Caslon Old Face type to use in this newsletter and printed a picture of the blue plaque erected on the site of the former Caslon Foundry in Chiswell Street almost across the road from the former Whitbread brewery. That plaque was affixed to 24 Chiswell Street, though the Caslon premises were at 21-23. Since my visit in 2005 the entrance to No 24 has been remodelled and the plaque is no longer to be seen, as far as I can tell. If Caslon left the site in 1909 then it seems unlikely that PBT built for them there. In fact Caslon did build new premises out near the site of the 2012

Olympics but there is no evidence yet that the large new works is the hand of PBT but it may be. I have been in touch with the Caslon family and they have kindly sent me some pictures but nothing that explains any of these mysteries.

The yellow ring is round the plaque which clearly shows up on the full size version of my 2005 photograph.

In honour of Caslon this article is set in Caslon Old Face which is now available free.

My intention to print part of this year's newsletter in letterpress has been frustrated, mostly by the amount of time I have spent at the Derby Royal Hospital.



## The Monk's War - 1916

The story so far. Monk (Geoffrey Alfred Sutton) had been a territorial before the war in the Artists Rifles after being in the OTC at Haileybury. That stands for Officers Training Corps. Monk as a Rugby playing, rowing giant from Haileybury, one of the most military minded of all public schools should have been a natural for selection as an officer during the Great War. The problem was he had a stammer and couldn't get a commission. He went to the front with the Artists in 1915 and was wounded. There are two important themes in the Monk story for 1916. Drink and getting to be an officer. A third is the leitmotiv of Monk's indigence. He was constantly short of money and it got worse as events developed. A few soldiers have left more detailed accounts than we have for Monk, but this is fairly vivid, I believe. It is well known that other ranks often received a tot of rum before they went over the top but for an officer alcohol was often readily available and for a staff officer available in torrents. The first affects the whole family. Monk's father the Reverend Edwin Sutton trained and was ordained at Durham. After a curacy in the Durham area he became the rector of Eaton Bray in Bedfordshire, the advowson of which belongs to Trinity College Cambridge, probably the wealthiest of all the wealthy Oxbridge colleges. The Reverend Sutton is still remembered in the village for bringing order to the parish and bringing worship at the well-known parish church up to standard. His most enduring monument is the Coffee House which stands as a testament to the power of the teetotal lobby of the age. Millions of people signed the pledge in their youth; some even kept it up. It was never a platform that would hold Monk's weight. The Coffee House is now only used as parish offices.

On the wider scale, the so-called Liberal anti-drink Government had been busy passing laws that enabled licences to be removed from small and ill-found pubs. For a generation a new licence would only be granted on the surrender of one or more existing ones. For that reasons brewers who sympathized with the progressive pub movement promoted by some of the major brewers particularly Courage, and Mitchells & Butler, but were unwilling to surrender a licence would build a new pub behind the old and then demolish the latter. Local examples are the Norman Arms and Garden City in Derby. Sometimes the new would be built on a new site to exploit the demand for new roadside houses. A spectacular example of this is the Wheatsheaf at Burton Joyce built on the new bypass. The old pub was on the old main road next to the Cross Keys. Despite that pub belonging to a different brewer the Cross Keys acquired the old Wheatsheaf site to use as a car park, thereby also improving its prospects in the age of the motor car. There is one pub left. Monk's sister Aunt Dorothy photographed it for us, The White Horse – I imagine she would have thought it very brave of herself to take an interest in such a wicked establishment. The Bedford Arms closed in 1961; others much more recently.

Edwin Sutton decided that his ministry in Eaton Bray had come to its natural end and he took the living of Grundisburgh in Suffolk. The reasons behind this are entirely unclear. What is much more evident is that this was against the wishes of the rest of the family. In August Annie Hill Sutton wrote to her son stating that she dreads going (.. to Grundisborough) but ... "Dad is inexorable and we must go". There is a suggestion that he was

unhappy with attempted interference in his running of the parish. I haven't yet been able to find out how the coffee house was funded, which may have been a cause of friction. There is a suggestion it was not very well designed, possibly lacking the lavatories which even coffee drinkers might be expected to avail themselves of.

The second theme is Monk's campaign to get a commission. At the end of 1915 he was back in Blighty having been wounded. His time was divided between the Artists' Rifles headquarters at Dukes Road and their camp at Romford. Although Monk had served in France with the Artists their main role in both major wars was as an Officer training outfit. It later became part of the SAS.

Monk's older brother Will, a regular soldier, tried to influence a commission for him in the London Rifle Brigade, but nothing came of that. He got accepted by the Warwickshire Regiment (see below) but the decision was reversed at the last minute. Monk wrote to his mother (AHS – Annie Hill Sutton) on 8th February 1916 "I dare say Dad told you I was home last week-end to get my commission papers signed. When I got back I heard from the Warwicks that my commission had been stopped by the General on account of stammering, so I shall give up star-hunting and stick on as a swattie, but not in this mob though." On 26th February he wrote with a touch of sour grapes "I (am) getting very bored with this place and all leave is stopped. I never have any money except on pay day when I get the noble sum of seven bob. I heard the 2/8 Warwicks have gone down to camp on Salisbury Plain so I'm not frightfully sorry I'm not with them." The boredom came from working at Hare Hall Camp, Romford on administrative tasks. On January 5th he had written "I'm doing sort of odd job in the Orderly Room which means a good deal of running about – mostly down to the bank at Romford". On the 8th "There has been a lot of work to do on the pay sheets....anyway it is better than parading". At about that time he received permission from his CO to send a letter he had already written to the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

On the 29th February he wrote that he was in the isolation hospital at the camp with German Measles. In the meanwhile, knowing that the stammer was the impediment that would prevent him from getting a commission he also got permission to have therapy in London. On 21st March he wrote "BGH (i.e. The Brook Green Hotel – Hammersmith, aforementioned). I saw Mrs B yesterday and she appeared to think she could cure me all right in time. I spoke to Captain Padfield and he has arranged for me to be attached to the depot in London and to be free of all military duties to attend Mrs B's classes. His only military duty would be to collect his pay every Saturday. "I have fixed up to stay at £1/1/- a week which is exactly my army pay, so I'm afraid I shall be asking for a bit of assistance, now and then. I have greatly enhanced my reputation as an old soldier in the regiment by this last effort; just after coming back from sick leave too." I take this to mean his ability to swing such a favourable decision. On the 27th March Monk won again in an eight-oared race, an almost unimaginable privilege for a serving private soldier in wartime. You may recall that Brook Green is just a few minutes' walk from the Kensington Rowing Club boathouse.

By 4th April his application seems to be progressing. A Brigadier General (name unreadable) writes to 1209 Pte G A Sutton, Artists' Rifles. "Dear Sutton, Please see my letter to Col.



Lydwel. Directly I hear from him I will let you know.” A little later in April he writes “I have got to go back to the Artists shortly after Easter and go through the Cadet School there for six weeks, after that I ought to get a commission if the stammer keeps all right”. I assume that his officer training with the Artists is because of their role in training, rather than his existing membership. In the same letter he notes “I am very sorry to hear that Eric has gone west and it is rotten for cousin Leonard”. Eric was one of four out of five of Leonard Sutton’s sons to be killed during the war, as previously noted here.

1st May is his last day of that spell at BGH. He is due to go back to Romford, this time at Gidea Hall, to begin his officer training the following day. Within a few days he writes “It is a permanent commission. It only means taking up the army as a sideshow (i.e. as a territorial officer after the war). Before the war officers in the special reserve did six months training with one of their regular battalions and after that just came up for a short annual training. On mobilisation they were called up and used as drafts to their regular battalions... Of course they are trying to do in 6 w(ee)ks what used to take two or 3 years. Anyway there aren’t any whizzbangs or ticklers etc. here and there is plenty of food”. By 1st June he can report “They are making us wear officers uniform now – without rank badges of course”. An Officer was expected to purchase his own kit, but received an allowance from the War Office. There is an invoice of 26th June from Hobsons to Cadet G. A. Sutton for Officers Whipcord Jacket, Breeches, Cap & Badge, Putties, shirt collar and tie, totalling £5-11-10 less £3 cash paid on account. Hobsons of Tooley Street (on the South Bank, now the home of the London Dungeon) is a firm well known to some of my readers as they were Customers of A Sindall & Co for many years. 19th July 1916 Hobsons consign more items to Lieut G A Sutton, 3rd Royal Irish Fusiliers, Eaton Bray. Items include map case, haversack, puttees, blanket, jackets, slacks and own cap adding badge. Monk appears to have made the transition from cadet to commissioned officer.

To enable these ingoings and outgoings an officer required a bank account. 14th August 1916. We see a letter from Cox & Co to GAS at Eaton Bray informing him that his account has been set up and that it has been credited with pay from 7th June to 6 July £11-5-0 and from 21st July to 31st August £15-15-00 plus £42 outfit allowance, a total of £69. There are notes on this showing that cheques have been drawn to a total of £14-4-9 plus £27 to his mother, presumably in repayment of loans. There is a separate undated note indicating that the £27 was made up of cheques for £10 on July 12th and 18th, £4 in cash on July 20th and £3 on July 14th. But there seems to have been a further payment of £27 later – which is equivalent to over £2000 of today’s money. Cox & Co were originally agents transacting all kinds of business between Government and various regiments including payments to officers. By the outbreak of the war they had a regular banking division serving the needs of the War Office, which exists to this day as Cox & Kings division of Lloyds Bank. “Its staff numbers rocketed from 180 in 1914, to 4,500 in 1918. With a third of the original work force having joined up, the firm had to recruit women for the first time. The Charing Cross office was open all day every day during the War, cashing cheques around the clock for officers returning from the Front. The branch had around 250,000 men on its books. At the height of the conflict 50,000 cheques a day were cleared”, according to their website. The Post

Office in nearby Trafalgar Square still opens 24 hours to this day. One partly used cheque book survives. For the one short time in his life Monk was relatively solvent.

By August 10th he is at Luddon Camp, Buncrana, County Donegal and the money is already flowing back from his mother. By November there was a letter from R & A McVicker Tailors of Londonderry to GAS requesting settlement of account for £5-15-6. Apparently Ludden Camp has completely disappeared and probably never did comprise any substantial buildings. It must not be forgotten that during this period of Monk’s transition the Easter Rising took place, chiefly in Dublin. The British Army was not just recruiting and training for service overseas but had a greatly enhanced and dangerous role garrisoning the whole of Ireland. Monk’s own service seems to have been devoted only to preparation for France.

On 23rd August AHS wrote to Monk from Eaton Bray, indicating that it would have been her father’s 94th birthday but that he had died aged 63 on 28th August 1885. “Isn’t the war news splendid, surely it must end soon”. Just as the very modest achievements of the Somme Campaign were being realized and with two full years left before the end of the war she had been led into an optimism that was entirely unjustified. On 26th Monk writes to AHS from Luddon, enclosing a cheque for £27 “for those loans” and adds “I am going off in about a week for a bombing course in Dublin”... “They tell me that if I get a first in this bombing course I shall be in imminent peril of going straight out to France. They keep sending out officers in driblets about once a week.” The grim reality behind that statement is only too obvious.

Some time between then and 8th September Monk attended the bombing course at Grenade School, Elm Park, Melors(?) Road, Dublin (more probably this is Elm Park House, Merrion Road/Nutley Lane, Dublin). There is a surviving notebook with a few notes about the course. Monk is still acquiring kit and there is some correspondence about a new compass that may have been delayed or lost in the post. Essential items of kit such as revolvers, compasses and binoculars were still acquired on the open market as well as uniform.

By 3rd October Monk is in the Field with an address of 7th Royal Irish Fusiliers, BEF, so presumably he had been transferred from the 3rd to the 7th battalion. Unofficially his parents seem to have known more or less where he was. “I am very glad you are in a quiet place.. Did you know Will had moved on and was quite near to you, about (unreadable) miles off, I believe”. If by “moved on” AHS means that he was no longer with the 1st Somersets, this does not help me to precisely place Monk. If he had still been with the first Somersets then he would have been recently engaged at Saillisel. The 7th and 8th battalions of RIF merged on 15th October that year to form the 7/8 Battalion. Both were part of K2, the second wave of Kitchener’s New Army. Both were in 49th Brigade in 16th (Irish) Division. The 16th Division was engaged in the September battle of Ginchy which is only about 7 kilometers from Saillisel, both being stages in the Somme campaign. The 16th was next to the French 4th Army. Nor does this entirely square with Monk’s statement that he was in a quiet area. However according to Will’s CV, he was appointed Brigade Major 143 Infantry Brigade, subsequently holding 2nd Grade Administrative Staff appointments (GSO 2) until at the end of the War he was A.A. and Q.M.G. 59 London Division.. Now the 143 Infantry Brigade was entirely composed of Warwickshire

battalions and formed part of 48th South Midland division which was certainly serving on the Somme, but accessible sources are not clear about precisely where; this presumably explains why Monk applied for a commission in the Warwicks. In 1917 the 48th Division moved to the Italian Front.

There is a card dated 11th which appears never to have been completed or posted which set out to request the soldiers' perennial requisite:- Socks. CBT tells a story that in 1915 he requested some socks from his Uncle Stanley and Stanley sent socks for all the men in the platoon. Perhaps his association with Wolsey predated its taking over Tubbs Lewis by over 40 years. Another card of the same date with a similar request did get sent.

By the 17 he seems to be settling in. The family at home were also settling into the rectory at Grundisburgh. "It is just the same old game as it used to be only things are done infinitely better now in the way of comfort and amusement for the troops when 'resting'. For instance I saw Charlie Chaplin the other night for the first time and at one place round here there is an officers' club. Also the trenches are well made and looked after and better still we can return shelling or strafing of any kind with interest and at a pretty high rate too., which is a new experience for me altogether. Yes we all wear tin hats. Their chief use is saving your head from bumps when crawling in and out of shelters etc." Wherever precisely he was, he thought he would be there for a while. "I got the things all right. We are still in the same place and I think are likely to be here for the winter. Things are comparatively quiet here. I fancy the Hun likes the Irish as little as we do the Bavarians".

Around the 15th November Monk's world fell completely apart. A precise statement of what happened does not survive in his correspondence but family lore has it that he struck a fellow officer. I believe officer courts martial records do survive in more detail than most – it would unquestionably be valuable to research this. He immediately relinquished his commission and returned to England, resuming residence at the Brook Green Hotel. An indication of his state of mind may lie in his leaving his kit bag aboard the leave boat. "Sir, On Friday 17th inst. an officer's brown valise marked G.A.Sutton – 3rd Royal Irish Fusiliers was left on the leave boat at Folkestone Harbour. Would you mind seeing that it is forwarded to Victoria Station (SER). He received a reply the following day from Lt Col Ayto?? Assistant Embarkation Commandant that the valise has been dispatched to Cannon Street. This compares very favourably with my experience of leaving a rucksack on York Station, and much more favourably with what would have happened to any such bag marked with an

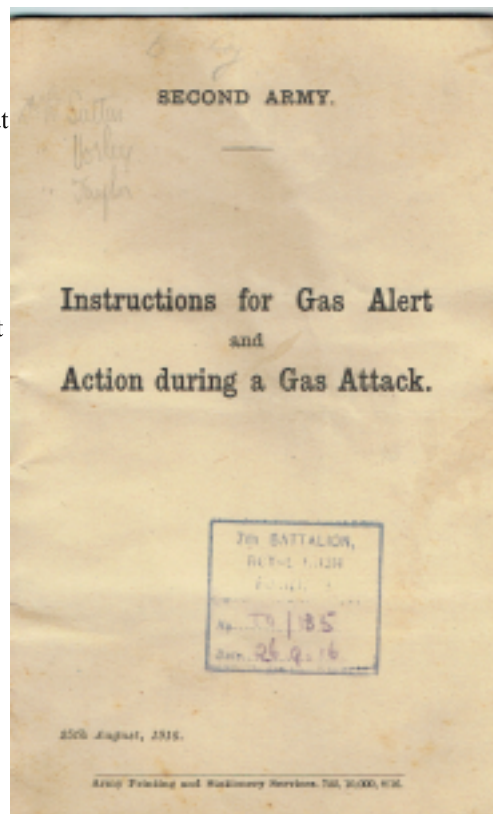
Irish connection in the latter years before Al Quaeda took over as Public Enemy No 1. The people who look after luggage do not speak English, are definitely not Lieutenant colonels, and it seems unlikely they ever return any luggage to its former owner.

Also, unquestionably, drink was involved, as his father soon became aware and disapproved mightily. AHS offered to come up to London adding "It is all a very great blow to us, simply awful – almost unbearable. I feel most strongly that you ought to make up your mind to abstain entirely from intoxicants, I know that you would find this hard because of the sociability connected with it, but many others have done it and continued as sociable and popular as ever". When I mentioned this incident to the present historian of the Kensington Rowing Club, who has visited Monk's grave, he thought it fairly unsurprising that a rowing man should get himself in such a pickle.

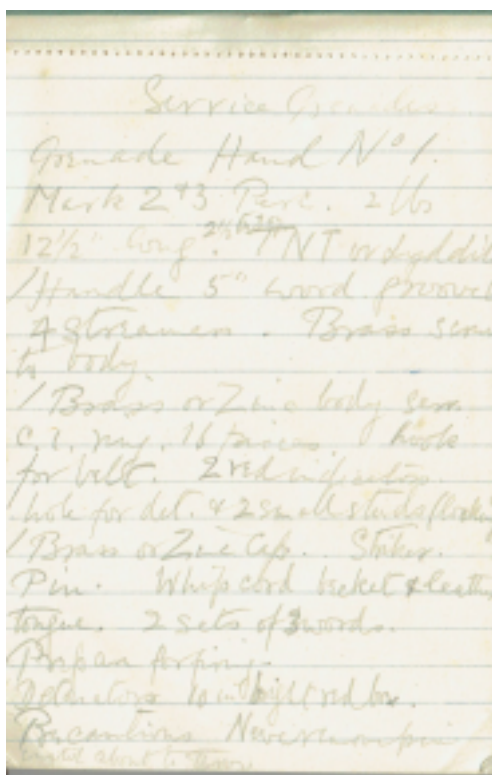
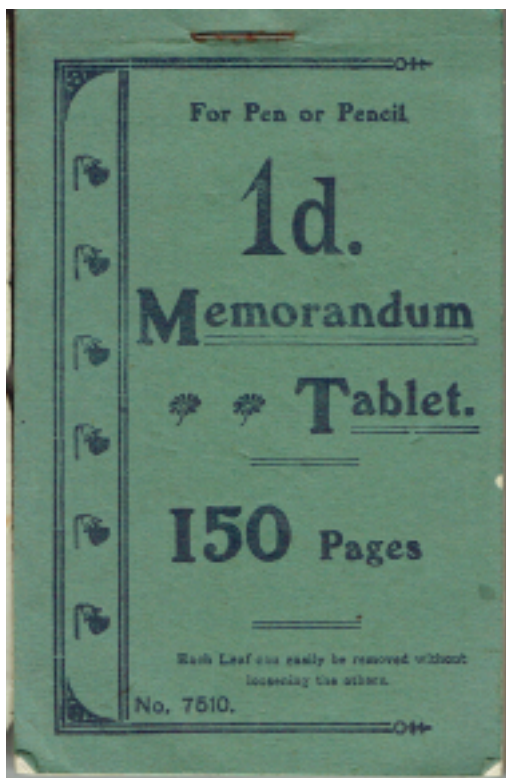
27th November Monk writes to his mother from the Brook Green Hotel stating "I interviewed the Adjutant of the Irish Guards – Lord Brassy - and told him all about it and he said he

would write to my late CO, for verification I suppose, and let me know and then I hope to join up". Nobody now knows why Monk decided to apply to join the Irish Guards, or why the noble adjutant should be so gracious as to interview a prospective private soldier, but that an Englishman should apply to join two Irish regiments surely indicates that he was somehow attracted to Ireland, and one can only speculate that his Irish romance was involved in that fateful altercation on the Somme. He wrote to the Command Paymaster, Irish Command, Dublin stating that he has relinquished his commission from 15th inst. as per the London Gazette, asking if all allowances have been paid to his account. The paymaster replies the following day that an allowance of 91 days Field pay had been advanced from 22nd September 1916. To make Monk's misery worse, his financial position now deteriorated rapidly.

In an undated letter he wrote "The officers on the Court Martial did their best to get me off but they have very little power except in the way of recommending for mercy. Haigh of course is a Scotchman and has very rarely been known to quash or mitigate the sentence of a Court Martial." Thus do the Scots and Irish get along so very well. The verdict is not made explicit but certainly confirmed the loss of his commission. As he was free to reside at BGH he may also have been discharged, and would have been liable for conscription. December 5th 1916 Monk writes to his mother from Brook Green. "I kick off down to Caterham this afternoon and I suppose I shall be on parade about 6 o'clock tomorrow with the rookies". We hope to resume this story, and something about Grundisburgh, in 1917.







Service Grenades  
 Grenade Hand No 1  
 Mark 2&3 Perc.(ussion) 2lbs  
 12½" long 2½ to 3oz TNT or Lyddite (picric acid)  
 / Handle 5" wood grooved  
 4 streamers . Brass screw  
 To body  
 1 Brass or Zinc body Serr(ated?)  
 C.I. ??? 16 pieces hook  
 For belt. 2 red indicators  
 Hole for ??? & 2 small studs (locking)  
 1 Brass or Zinc Cap. Striker  
 Pin. Whipcord ???cket & leather  
 Tongue. 2 sets of 3 words  
 Prepare for firing  
 Detonators 10 in bright(?) red box  
 Be cautious Never remove pin  
 Until starting to throw (which seems like good advice Ed)

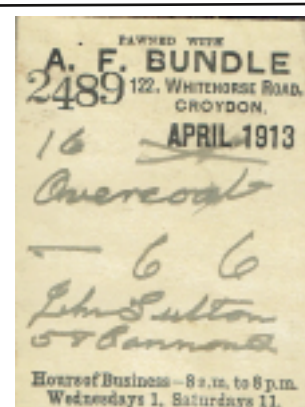
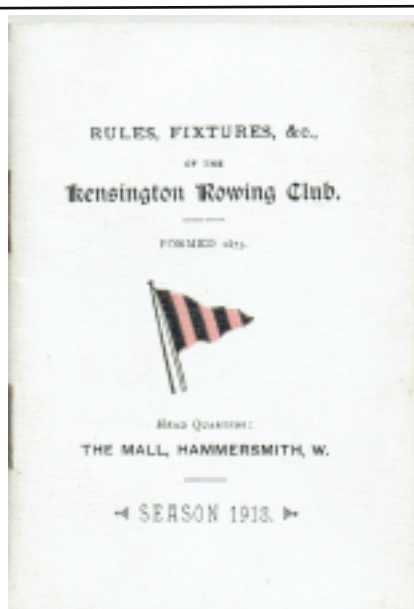
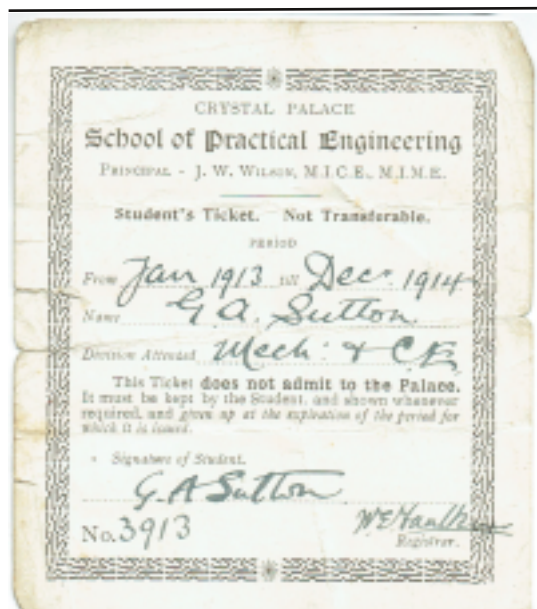
Notes from a foreign field. There are only a couple of entries in this 1d (less than 1p but a lot more valuable in 1916)

Memorandum book. Written in pencil and enhanced digitally it is still not easy to read, but I believe my version of the text is substantially correct and therefore comes from the bombing course he attended in Dublin. His sister Irene's future husband CBT also attended an officer's bombing course. The officer then

would have been expected to train the men under him.

Illustrations of grenades from that era show 10 serrated rings rather than 16.

The Gas attack instructions are dated 25th August 1916 and were issued to 7th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers on 26 September 1916. Smoking was prohibited for three hours after gas had ceased.



A few bits of ephemera from life before the war. Monk's pass for the Crystal Palace School of Engineering; a pawn ticket for an overcoat in the name of John Sutton; He was a member of the Kensington Rowing Club in 1913 and 1914. a 1/2d ticket not clipped in compliance with the regulations. I should think he was travelling between Hammersmith and King's Cross to get to Duke Road HQ; also a certified envelope from the field, addressed to Grundisburgh on 21/10/1916.





## Rolls hyphen Royce

I am at the eternal risk of boring you; you must by now be aware of my one-man campaign to highlight errors in the use of the Rolls-Royce name. There have been at least three instances recently in the immediate locality of the Company's premises in Derby, one of them actually on them. I decided to compile a list of motor manufacturers whose name should include an hyphen and found a small irony. The index of the book I consulted on the matter omits the names of all those companies with hyphens which meant that for your edification I had to skim the entire book. In the Rolls-Royce IT world we would call that a drop-off, an anachronous reference to the use of punched cards in data processing. The most obvious exception to the hyphen requirement is Aston Martin. My tentative explanation is that although Aston is a proper name its use in the name is more like an adjective, i.e. it was the Martin Car that triumphed on the Aston Clinton hill climb that gave the car its name – not a partnership. The really awkward one is Frazer Nash. Archibald Frazer-Nash apparently did have an hyphen but the cars did not. The owners refer to the BMW imports as Frazer Nash-BMW cars but I don't think that ever appeared on a car. There is a current engineering consultancy that does use the hyphen but Frazer Nash Ltd is the trading arm of the owners' club, so on balance no hyphen no cry.

That leaves a select and probably incomplete list of companies that should have the hyphen:- Arrol-Johnston, Daimler-Benz, Georges-Richard, Hispano-Suiza, Mercedes-Benz, Pierce-Arrow, Rolls-Royce, and Harley-Davidson for two wheelers. As an aside, it has been noted with glee by some that the late, great wordsmith of *The Times* Philip Howard once misspelt misspelt, by missing out the second ess. Alas we are all not only mortal but fallible.

The first picture on the right received an honourable mention in our sister publication *The Times*, but did not actually appear there, as that newspaper admitted stumbling once more over the hyphen on which it insists in its own style guide. Another photographer's version of the second passed without comment in *The Derby Telegraph*, but mine was re-used by the BBC on its Radio Derby website.

The second is one of several signs pointing to Rolls-Royce premises that are to be found on the road through the newly named Infinity Park, which was opened by the present Leader of the House of Commons and the Leader of Derby City Council using a silent motor car of some repute. At 30 mph you can even hear the political row. Sinfin has also recently been spelt as Sin Fin on another sign. Not sure if that's cod Irish or scatological. The third stands proudly outside St Edmund's church, the nearest church to Rolls-Royce premises. The freehold of my own very desirable editorial residence first belonged to the rector of Boulton, Derby. His curate once lived here, leading to my house being known as The Vicarage by locals of a



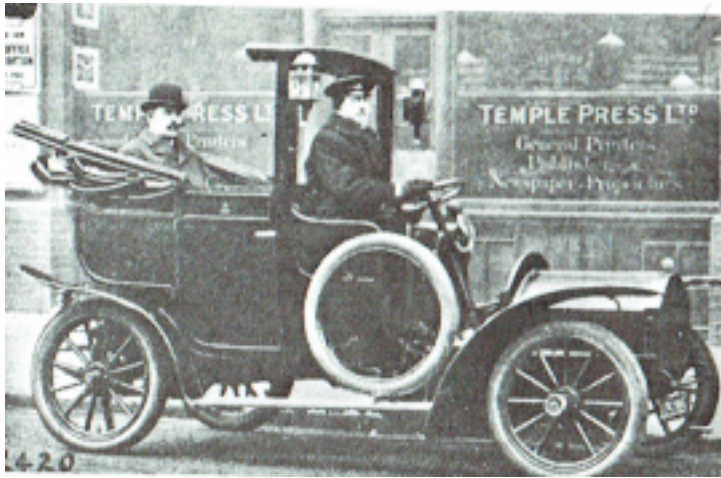
generation back. The present congregation are sheep lost to the world of orthography. We go there to put an X on our ballot papers but suspect that a high proportion of the papers are spoiled due to illiteracy. I think I would be standing on very mossy grass if I hinted that the community garden seems to be more in the care of the Good Lord than the Community at the moment. Hang down your head Pip Boaler.  
#friendsofthehyphen.





## Serendipity

By a small stroke of serendipity I came across a reproduction of this photograph taken outside the offices of Temple Press. The vehicle is an early motorised taxicab, a Unic Brasier of 1906. Built on a Georges-Richard Chassis it was introduced by Mann



Overton and was one of the first successful motor taxis, popular with cabmen, operators and customers alike. The trade turned for a while to French and American offerings after a few false starts by home suppliers. Then along came Austin and Carbodies. It had a two cylinder 10-12 H.P. engine. The window announces Temple Press as General Printers, Publishers and Newspaper Proprietors. They had already been publishing *The Motor* for three years. One address I have found for the company was in Bowling Green Lane, EC1. But in 1903 their address was 7-15 Roseberry Avenue, EC1. They exhibited at the 1903 Motor Show; their exhibits related to cycling and motor cycling rather than motoring. Their 1903 stand was next to Iliffe's stand who were promoting *The Autocar*, so perhaps that stirred them into action. Their other neighbour was a pioneer of articulated interchangeable freight vehicles, semis (pronounced sem-eyes) to our American cousins. DBT later joined Temple Press working for Roly Dangerfield on *The Motor* alongside Lawrence Pomeroy, the son of the Vauxhall supremo.

p.s. serendipity is a word on a growing list of words that have a specific meaning that is now so frequently debased that the bad

Proof, if proof were needed, that Lirlie and Leslie knew how to enjoy life. Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons is one of life's higher luxuries, situated according to Google nine miles from Oxford United FC. which may be far enough. I have no idea how one ingratiates oneself sufficiently with Raymond Blanc to be photographed en plein air with him, but here you have it.

The image has been mercilessly butchered to remove the shadow of several vehicles. The cataloguing of Leslie's pictures will eventually produce an itinerary of places they visited, which is a very long list indeed; some for pleasure, some on professional business, often combining the two of course, and never without a camera.



money has driven out the good. Serendipity was coined to define the happy act of discovering one thing while seeking for another, but in its debased usage means nothing more than coincidence, not much more than five bob in the pound I'd say. Others include chain saw, point blank, beg the question, braid, tsunami, vintage, billionaire .. and so on. #friendsoffullmoney.

## Don't mention the Germans.

Faithful readers will recall the involvement of a vehicle belonging to the Earl of St Germans in the collision which badly injured Doreen Maude, Auntie Doreen.

The recent death of the 10th Earl threw some light on the life and heritage of Peregrine Nicholas Eliot and his sister Frances, later Countess of Shelburne. It is believed that Frances was driving at the time of the accident. Perry was born in 1941 "into a family riddled with lunacy, suicide and internecine division". .. The 5th Earl's heir "killed himself during a cricket match and was only found when he failed to come on to bowl... The 7th Earl finished his days in a mental hospital drawing rude appendages on to pictures of public figures in magazines". His father was known as Old Nic, then "after moving to Tangier he became known as the Tangerine Earl; taking his telegraphic address Earls Court". Perry used to describe himself as The Village Eliot. It has taken them around 1,000 years in Port Eliot to attain their present state of battiness. Quotations are all from his lordship's obituary in *The Times*. As an aside it is random whether place names and tube stations have apostrophes but once they have them they should be retained, a bit like earldoms, so it should have been Earl's Court. Perhaps you can't have 'em in telegraphic addresses. #friendsoftheapostrophe.

## An apostate

From the school where not many people know things, it has come recently to my attention that the late comedian Ronnie Barker married Joy Tubb, who was so happy to have changed her maiden and stage name that she remonstrated with the BBC when they used it at a reunion. "I got rid of that name 40 years ago". Tut tut. Throw away your box sets. #notfriendsoftheapostate.p.s. How do you download a boxed set?

## CBT on the Somme

The battle of the Ancre was the last phase of the series of battles in the 1916 campaign in the area of the Somme. My sources are chiefly CBT's memoirs, the SLI regimental history and Gary Sheffield's *Somme*.

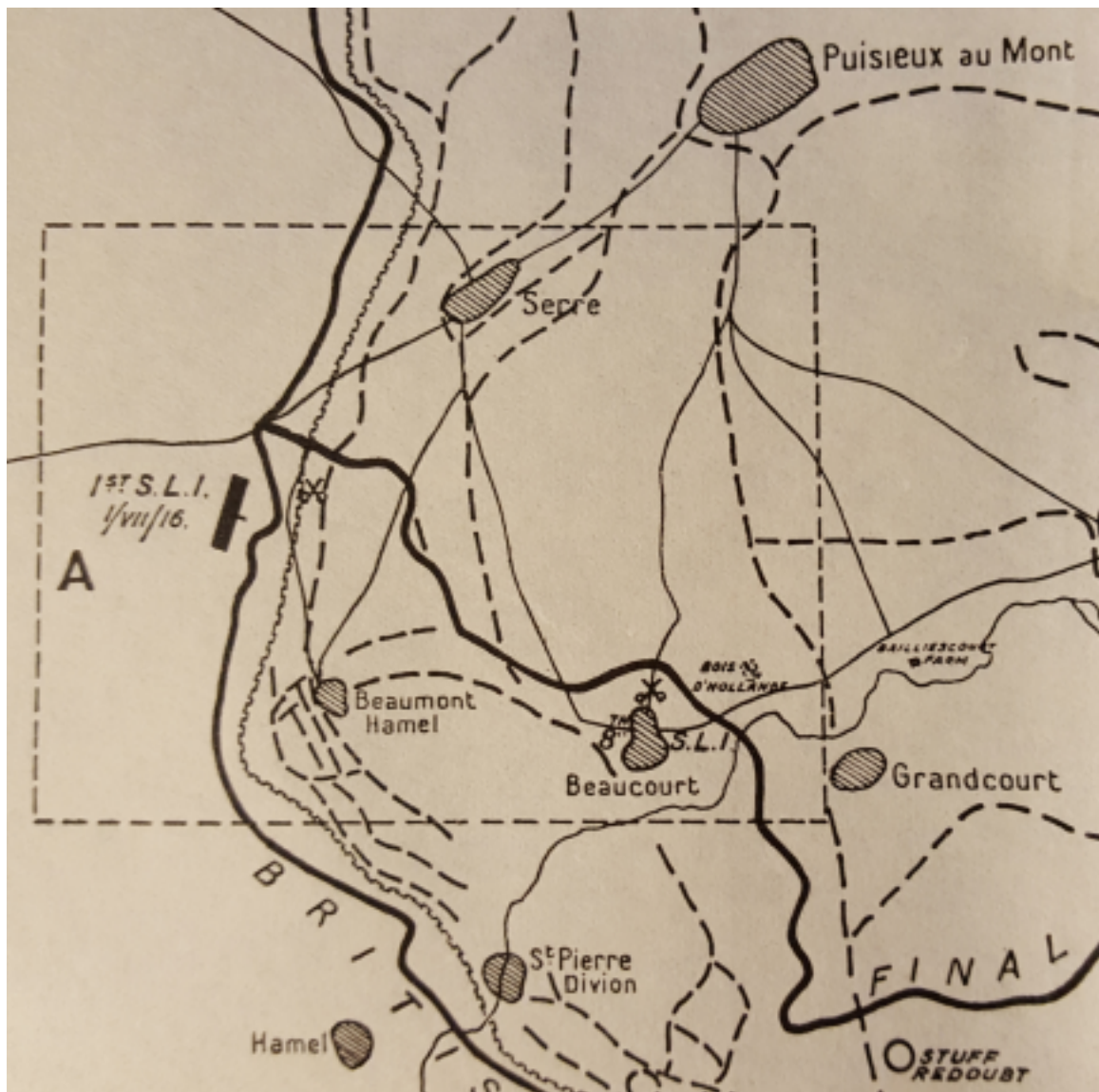
It is not clear exactly when CBT rejoined the 8th battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry after he had been injured in the battle of Loos in 1915 while the Somersets were stationed in the area of Armentieres. At the highest level it was decided that the British effort to relieve pressure on the French at Verdun, and the Russians in the east, would take place on the Somme and early July was the target date. Arguments about the battles of the Somme will never cease but it is clear that the first objective was achieved. Large numbers of German troops were moved from Verdun to act in defence on the Somme. For the first time the Germans recognised the British as a major fighting force on land, and the Somme was seen by the Germans as "the Graveyard of the German Army". The campaign saw the first really successful use of the creeping barrage that enabled men to cross no man's land in relative safety, but technical achievements were greatly outnumbered by failures to concentrate artillery and employ sufficient amounts of high explosive as well as shrapnel. Vast numbers of men in Kitchener's new volunteer army became battle hardened. Other lessons were learned about the use and concentration of artillery, communications between the Royal Flying Corps and other ground-based observers, and headquarters. All this but only at a vast cost in human lives, justified at GHQ by the rate of attrition of German forces. However scapegoat generals were dismissed and duffers survived.

After 1st July the rest of Somme campaign was fought as a series of relatively small battles to prevent the enemy from regrouping. 8th battalion, forming part of the 63rd Brigade in 21st Division, was moved from Armentieres to the Somme area in April 1916. (There were four battalions to a brigade, three brigades to a division plus a pioneer battalion, under a major general, about three divisions to a corps under a lieutenant general and usually two corps to an army under a full general). On the infamous 1st of July they were in the line just north of Fricourt and south of the Albert-Bapaume Road. In general the southern sector between the road and The Somme itself was slightly less well defended by the Germans than the northern sector of 4th Army's Somme operations, and was correspondingly more successful in achieving objectives. Indeed the 8th SLI did achieve its first objectives, but only "after they had lost 50 per cent of their effectives" (The SLI 1914-1919). A Stokes mortar "lent the Somersets timely assistance, but the officers and team were unfortunately knocked out". CBT, a Stokes Mortar specialist, was not present on 1 July, but that would probably have been his fate if he had been. With the assistance of a Lewis gun 2nd Lieutenant Kellett and 2nd Lieutenant Hall and about 100 survivors cleared numerous trenches and remained in possession of Lozenge Wood, Sunken

Alley and Lozenge Alley at the end of the day.

63 Brigade was re-assigned to 37th Division on 7th July. In late July the 8th battalion moved north and went into the line opposite Vimy Ridge, but that sector was relatively quiet at the time. They spent over a month out of the line after 6th August. They went back into the line again during September and October but "the enemy was too busily occupied in the Somme area to attack or provoke attacks in other sectors of the line". Towards the end of October they began to move south again and were billeted at Beauval on 30th October, where hard training took place. CBT states that he observed the very earliest tank operations and that probably means that he had rejoined the fray in time for the battle of Fleurs-Courcelette on the Somme, where tanks were first deployed in action, which was fought between 15-22 September. Presumably he was with the 7th Battalion, but was definitely with 8th for The Battle of the Ancre that was fought between 13-18 November. This was a few miles to the north of the battalion's July operations. The Germans had built heavy fortifications in the area of St Pierre Divion, Beaucourt-sur-Ancre and Beaumont Hamel. The battalion was nearly back up to strength with 32 officers and 778 other ranks when the 8th moved back to be in support in Beaucourt Trench on 14th November, and a few days were spent rebuilding and reinforcing the trenches. On 18th November 63 brigade was ordered to "establish strong points in River and Puisieux (German) trenches and reconnoitre Baillecourt Farms. "Snow was falling, the ground was heavy with filthy, clinging mud and the going was terrible." The SLI took shelter in shell holes, then launched their attack at 11am, though the attack was suspended for a while until the British artillery had been redirected to stop what would now be called blue on blue. While Puisieux trench was held the attack on Grandcourt failed. By 2.30pm things were so bad that CBT was ordered to "take command of A company and explain the situation to B company" Around 3.30 CBT was ordered to reoccupy the line of posts held earlier that morning. "At 7pm the 4th Middlesex began the relief of the Somersets in Puisieux and Ancre trenches, while two companies of the York and Lancs Regiment (also of 63rd Brigade) took over the line of posts. This was the operation for which CBT was awarded the MC and represented the end of his service at the front as his old war wound had failed. A few words can not possibly do justice to the gallantry of these men and their officers, but CBT's citation reads "When sent forward to take command of a company, he crossed the open many times under heavy fire, going from platoon to platoon, explaining the situation. He set a splendid example throughout." and I do not apologise for repeating them. 18th November was the last day of major operations on the Somme that year. In five months the line had advanced around five miles toward Germany at a higher daily cost in men than any other WWI campaign, including Paschendaele.





operation. The interior is dominated by the engine, with three separate exhaust branches, which gave off intolerable heat and fumes. Two men were required to steer from the rear under orders from the commander at the front. It is unlikely that CBT saw any females inside, though the tanks themselves were designated male or female according to whether they carried 6 pounders or machine guns for raking enemy trenches. In this case the round objects on the left are shells for the male version which were fired from sponsons on the side. A recent display on the battle at the former Bass Museum described them as mail tanks, carrying personal messages from the Brewers for Hindenburg,

## What CBT saw.

I have so far been unable to find a more detailed map of the Battle of the Ancre. Baillecourt Farm is mentioned in the text and is clearly shown behind the enemy line. The box labelled A is about 5000 yards \* 4000. The general location of the SLI is marked with the crossed swords near Beaucourt and the heavy vertical line in the box shows the front line at July and remained pivoted at its northern point and swung through to Beaucourt by late November, so Baillecourt Farm is still over a mile away. This map shows no progress at all north of Beaumont Hamel since the 1st Battalion's attack on that dreadful day.

This picture of the interior of a Mark IV tank is far from ideal, but proves I've been in one, and it's a real one at Bovington in 2009. The Mark IV did not come in until 1917 and was built in bigger numbers than Mark I which fought on the Somme, but is very similar in appearance and

as penned by the *Burton Male*, no doubt. Talking of brews, CBT reported that he was shown over the tank in exchange for a brew of tea and was thereby more privileged than any general in his access to the latest secret weapon.



Now why, you are asking, are we concerned with the life and death of Bill Backer who passed away during the year at the age of 89 (obituary The Times May 2016). Because he was the adman who made the famous Coca Cola ad that taught the world to buy a Coke in 1971. It was the ad that came first. The New Seekers hit was a by-product. The ad cost \$250,000 which was a scandalously huge amount at the time, considering that everyone who appeared in it was an amateur, but I don't think Coke regretted their outlay in the long run.

Yes and so what! Well the ad featured a host of young trendies who happened to be holidaying in the right place, miming the song, and at the front was Linda (Neary), who at the time was girlfriend of my former Uppingham school friend, drinking companion and Leeds flatmate Jeremy Taylor. Jeremy was more fun than almost any two or three other people put together and the shock of hearing of his very untimely death a few years ago was as big as any. We had not been in touch for a few years and it was one of those things I was always going to get round to. It was he who coined the slogan for the Uppingham undertaker – It's never too soon to call for Toon. We had an ongoing placename game of which the winner by a mile was his Nottingham, no just Altrincham!

After a false start when he worked for the opposition, Linda was one in a long procession of almost identical blondes from the South Manchester set. To my eternal regret I was not in our flat when the late and very angry jazzman Sid Lawrence called in the middle of the night to retrieve his daughter, another girlfriend. Linda is more talkative now on the Coca Cola website about her full fifteen minutes of fame than she was at the time, when she was in complete denial about it. My picture of her is lifted from

the Coke site.

At one stage JRT and I each had a top floor room above Rebecca's parents. I produced a recent picture of the frontage at 1 Harehills Place a few years ago. Here is my recently rediscovered contemporary picture of the rear. My pictures of the interior are not good enough to reproduce here. Too ambitious with a rare outing into slow colour film. In an emergency my modern digital camera takes passable pictures at 13000 ISO (= ASA) and Kodachrome is 100, good only for fair weather or tripods or daylight equivalent flash bulbs, all of which were a bit demanding at the time, especially the weather indoors!

I am fortunate to have one great picture of Jeremy playing Malvolio in an Uppingham School production of Twelfth Night in which I played a mere sea captain. This is Illyria, lady, which indeed it is. "Tubbs tu as un voix tres mur". Those were the days. Jeremy and I worked on a few plays together that he directed in Leeds, notably The Rivals in which I played Falkland, which ought to be an anagram of Malvinas or Malvolio, but isn't. I was immensely privileged to be given the part of the inspector in his hilarious production of Joe Orton's Loot. Many photographs of those were taken but I don't have access to them. There were several AmDram organisations around Leeds University and though I say it myself the standard was pretty high. I did one role in the official University Dramatic Society before concentrating on Taylor's productions at Boddington Hall.

I always thought he was destined to go into the theatre. For a while he was encouraged, he said, by Richard Johnson, the distinguished actor. I was going to write about this on Johnson's death in 2015 but couldn't bring myself to, so I suppose I am grateful to Bill Backer for finally unlocking these memories.



One of several shots of the 1951 Festival of Britain taken on medium format film (120) by Leslie Goulding. This cubist composition was taken inside Ralph Tubbs' Dome of Discovery and features two of the latest axial flow gas turbine engines, bottom left in the Air Transport display. There was also an original Whittle engine on view, which couldn't achieve axial flow because of metallurgical limitations that RR and others could beat. Despite wartime technology sharing with both USA and the Soviets Britain has maintained its place in the forefront of gas turbine development, but its history of building domes is a bit more patchy. Churchill ordered the destruction of the dome and Skylon on coming to power later in 1951.







Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of please all.'





Leeds specialised in back to backs, of both types, those like Harehills Place which were through houses with an entrance at each end, or real back to backs that were of single room depth sharing a parti wall at the rear. 1 (Back) Harehills Place is nearest

camera. The majority of those in Harehills seem to have survived. The bonus picture from this dire foray into colour is a shot of Beckie's christening cake, which was no doubt decorated by or for her grandmother.





## From Woodroyd to Meltham - A study in scarlet

WOODROYD Honley's Hidden Hamlet- This text has been scanned from that publication, abridged and is reproduced here with minor amendments and apologies to the copyright holder, Honley Civic Society. Woodroyd is that part of Honley which is on the far side of the railway station from the main village. My notes follow at the end as the story segues to Meltham.

Woodroyd Mill was known to all in the area as Edwin Brook's. The mill was opposite the chapel and lay in a dip along the line of the Lud Dyke, which fed it. The building was lower than the road - about ten feet below street level and had two storeys with a yard and dam above. The stream ran beneath the mill and the mill chimney was located on the opposite side of Hall Ing Lane to the main works, the flue from the boilers passing under the road. These were originally coal fired but were later converted to oil, stored in a prominent black tank above the mill.

The firm of Edwin Brook & Co. Ltd., of Honley Dye Works, specialised in dyeing worsted and woollen yarns, wool mixtures on cheese and cone, being the largest commission dyers of this method in Yorkshire. Initially, pieces of cloth were dyed, but latterly this changed to yarn. Edwin Brook dyed pieces in dark colours - indigo, blues, blacks and browns and employed around a couple of dozen men running the cisterns.

A cistern was a tank to dye the pieces (each piece of cloth is about 40 to 50 yards long or even 70 yards) accommodating about four pieces per cistern. There were different sizes of cistern for different jobs but most were about six feet wide and eight feet high. Later cisterns were made of stainless steel, but the originals were made of wood - greenheart. This is a type of hardwood, olive green/yellow in colour and very durable. It is so impermeable, it can be washed clean after a dyeing process was complete, without any residue to taint the next dyeing cycle.

The origins of the mill are now lost in the mists of time, but it was in existence in the late eighteenth century. However, there is no evidence of dyeing at this time.

On the night of 27th October, 1880, Woodroyd mill was found to be ablaze. Woodroyd mill was burned to the ground. It may have been at this time that the mill changed from being a woollen mill to a dye works, but details are sketchy.

The mill was sold by Edwin Brook to Edgar and George Thornton before the First World War around 1910. Thomas Woodward joined the company to become cashier and company secretary at Edwin Brook's after the First World War and remained in this position until his retirement after 43 years service in October 1962.

The cloth which was dyed was primarily heavy serge for uniforms and the major customers for the indigo dyed material were the Ministry of Defence \*1 and the Post Office. Although several dyeworks were closed "for the duration" of the Second World War, Brook's remained open and took in the work of other Honley mills.\*2

Edgar's son, John Lorne Thornton assumed ownership in 1951. He was a stalwart of High Street chapel in Honley and cemented an association between High Street chapel and Woodroyd chapel \*3

In the days of piece dyeing, there was an endless pulley with slats for the pieces taking the cloth round and round for about two to three hours. A piece was cut from the end of the cloth to check against a datum colour to ensure accuracy. All the work was done on the day shift. When the pieces were up to shade, they were passed into the washing machine with a little detergent to remove surplus. Then they went to the centrifuge for drying before being packed damp and sent down a chute to the lorry for dispatch to the finishers. The main destination for the cloth was Johnston's at Moldgreen where the finishing was done.\*4

Demand for indigo dyeing fell off after the Second World War as major orders for military uniforms diminished. As a consequence, in the mid 1960s, John Thornton went into partnership with a Czech businessman called Arnold Klinger to

employ a new technique of dyeing yarn on the cone. This process replaced the piece dyeing which had been the staple of Edwin Brook's output for decades. John Neil Thornton, John's son, became the last director of Edwin Brook and Company.

Although as many as 100 employees

worked at the mill after the Second World War, in the latter years, around 20 staff were employed at Woodroyd - two dyers and five dyehouse operatives, one colour weigher, two drier men, eight women winders, two office staff and an engineer \*5. Most lived in Honley, several in the Gynn Lane area and most having been employed there all their working lives. Wilf Oldham, at one time the mill engineer, lived in one of the mill-owned cottages opposite in Hall Ing Lane. Harold Beaumont was a cistern operator and Douglas Edinburgh, also an operator, remembers that some dyeing was for cloth to be made up into porters' waistcoats for the railway; the cloth was rougher and was made up in Holmfirth.

Powdered dyes were delivered to the mill in canisters and Stuart Hirst ran the dyehouse during the time pieces were dyed. He began as an office boy and went to night school to learn dyeing. He eventually became works manager. During the Second World War, Stuart was an ARP warden along with Frank Maude. Douglas Edinburgh recalled that the dye was very fine and could



blow about staining the operators, the indigo dyes being the worst. Jimmy Bairstow, the colour weigher had to measure out the dye powder and would add more to the cistern if the colour was not exact. When the dyestuff was added to the cistern it was then boiled up.

The land opposite the mill was the tip where ash and residue from the mill were deposited. Directly opposite the mill was the garage, a brick built building with its own heating system. It was here that the company's two lorries (and a spare) were kept. These vehicles were for making deliveries around Huddersfield. There were two Fordsons and a Morris Commercial, the regular drivers being George Arthur Booth, Fred Booth, his son, and Frank Maude. All the neighbouring cottages, three on Hall Ing Lane and two next to the chapel, were owned by the mill. Dyeing was being consolidated in Honley. Later owners of Edwin Brook, Quarmby and Sykes who were based at Spinksmire Mill, at Meltham Mills \*6, bought the company in 1971. Although the new owners carried on the business for some time, they were eager to transfer to their Meltham site, which was more modern.

The mill closed in the early 1980s and was pulled down shortly afterwards. The land was sold to Conroy and Booth, house builders, and four large houses occupy the site.

1-this is an anachronism- it would have been the Admiralty prior to 1971-

Red tractors except that they aren't red they are supposed to be *David Brown Hunting Pink*. For pink refer to Carolyn (on the

2-This procedure for concentrating work during wartime was applied throughout the textile industry. All textile production had to be approved by the ministry. See my comments on Pettits of Lutterworth in 2014.

3-John Thornton was Grandad's boss and occasionally loaned his car to Frank Maude (Grandad) so that he could visit the family, something that is almost unthinkable today.

4-There was a stentering machine at the dyeworks, which restored the dyed piece to pre-determined dimensions - so some post processing was done in house.

5-and one or was it two drivers. I believe there were two vehicles in 1950s, as opposed to the three in the 1940 photograph. FM was driving a Bedford (ML?) in the 1950s as opposed to the Morris Commercial CV in the photograph.

6- Quarmby and Sykes. There is an Edwin Brooks leaded light window in the offices at the front of the Meltham works, where dyeing has now ceased, part of which is now the David Brown Tractor Clubhouse. Though Doreen Maude did no work for the tractor division Carolyn, Anton and I celebrated her working life vicariously by visiting the large Clubhouse on the site during an open day in 2015. Enquiry there solved a very long term mystery for me. From grandad's lorry I remember seeing red tractors lined up on the hill outside the works. If you are not from Yorkshire you can recalibrate hill to near precipice. They were lined up ready for road testing.

right) whose admiration for tractors is boundless. I think she prefers yellow smoke stacks.





## The division of labour

Unless you have tried you could scarcely guess how hard it is to reproduce a banknote, nor how hard the labour would be if the authorities decided to take a dim view. I do so not out of any pecuniary interest but rather to attempt to illustrate the relevance of the present twenty pound note to the family's industrial

heritage. If I try to copy a note on my scanner it only copies half the note. If you try to edit a photograph of a note in Photoshop it abruptly informs you that it won't work with banknotes.

Less sophisticated graphics tools have had to suffice. See you when I get out.

The Folk Museum in Gloucester was the original workshop of the Kirby,

Beard pinmaking business that moved out of Gloucestershire to Birmingham around 1853 just before Tubbs Lewis moved into Gloucestershire from London in the 1860s, finding cheap labour and premises in deserted woollen mills. Kirby are probably best known for their eponymous grip but were also probably the largest manufacturer of pins. Alas Kirby Beard's London and Birmingham offices were both destroyed by German bombing and their archive of documents and very early pin-making machinery was lost.

There are several short studies of the pinmaking industry available online. From those a few things are clear, and others are not. What is clear is that Gloucester was a major centre of pin making in the era before factories and that a pin heading machine was as common in a Gloucester house as a stocking frame in Nottinghamshire. What is not clear is that Adam Smith's account is entirely correct. While he ascribes success to the division of labour it is more likely that success was down to increasingly sophisticated levels of mechanization as well as specialisation, though it is a fact that up to twenty different processes can be identified in the making of a pin. The factory system for pin making seems to have been a gradual development rather than a big bang. Each pin manufacturer developed their own machinery in secrecy and very, very few of these machines survive. The machines in the museum fall into three categories. Hand pin rivetters; machines for straightening and drawing the wire and forming the pin; machines for carding pins as in the elusive farthing pin cards.

Probably the most important development in the making of pins was the change from rivet headed pins to integral pins with a swaged head. As far as I can see the machinery illustrated on the Adam Smith banknote is a large assembly of pin riveting machines, a short-lived solution I would guess. If you wish to study a real £20 start saving up; they too will be replaced by plastic ones in the near future.

The firm of Charles Lambert and Son is said to have started in the

1790s and is said to have been trading at Kingswood near Bristol or at Charfield near Wotton-under-Edge. Now that is doubly confusing because there is a Kingswood very near to Bristol, as well as one near Wotton, and the extant pin mill or mills are to be found in Huntingford which is distinct from either, though rather small. Even more confusingly Little Bristol is a hamlet

neighbouring Charfield. Tubbs

Lewis is reported by CBT to have bought out a later Lambert when he got into difficulties and he became an employee. Until very recently I had thought that all the pins, though branded, were not easily traceable to Tubbs Lewis, but on examining the inside of a tin of Ladies



Toilet pins I find that Tubbs Lewis do claim authorship, a key fact that may enable the discovery of other pin boxes also originating at TL. There is a pristine example, identical to the one I have studied, in the Gloucester Museum. I am convinced that this was part of a collection of TL products donated by Lirlie to the Gloucester Museum some years after being shown round the works by her father, CBT. I have correspondence relating to the gift, but no precise details. This can be verified with the museum. I don't know where they obtained the boxes, and have not heard any suggestion that they made their own. Although the railway line never quite got to Wotton itself it does pass through Huntingford, Charfield and Wickwar each of which contained a TL mill, so importing them from Birmingham would have been possible but it doesn't sound much like HTT to me.

The mystery continues as one approaches Huntingford Mills. The building identified as the pin mill has a date plaque for 1829, more than 30 years after Lambert set up. There are two substantial mills on the Little Avon at that point and the lower mill looks older to me. The location of the waterwheel in that smaller building is clear, and still there according to Gloucestershire Industrial Archaeology Society (GLIAS), but less so for the larger one, without better access. There is a third range of buildings between the two which may have been industrial, commercial or residential but has been modernized. According to GLIAS the three mills were built between 1815 and 1829 " At one time one of the mills was a pin mill. Another had a spell as a bone mill. The site was the home of the Cotswold Collotype Company (Frith's postcards) before 1910 when it moved to Wotton." GLIAS designates these as Charfield Mills, though they are in Huntingford to distinguish them from Huntingford Mill which became a hotel/restaurant, but does not resolve the question of whether one of these three was TL's bone mill though it seems possible. While there, rather briefly, I did chat to somebody long familiar with the area who was unclear about what was where, but does recall meeting Mr Stevenson who was the boss at TL after



The two mills at Huntingford as well as single storey workshops and the modernised middle range looking very suntanned. The owl under the lean-to is one end of a Lancashire boiler, which may or may not have belonged here.





the takeover by Wolsey, or of Wolsey by Courtaulds. He had met Lady Durand but was unaware that she was Sir Stanley's relict, remarried. We are getting to the point where memories aren't going to help and a visit to the Gloucestershire archives to examine rate books, maps and so on is probably next in line. My guess is that all three properties belonged to TL.

I assume this is the same Stevenson with whom MCT outlined a joint business proposal which never came to fruition, some time

between 1965 and 1968.

The same GLIAS document discusses Ithell's Mill which was also a TL property of which no obvious trace now remains, but was at the site of a weir also on the Little Avon.



These are pictures of two different examples of the same box. The interior reads - contains 2oz of best pins manufactured by Tubbs Lewis Limited London and Wotton-under-Edge



Demonstrating that pin making was more armless than the making of matches which became a major industry in Gloucester (Moreland's England's Glory). The machine to the right is the

homeworker's machine for attaching head to pin and is treadle operated. Such machines were widespread in Gloucester households prior to mechanisation and the factory system





The upper machine is a Victorian pin making machine of a type that might have used at Huntingford and survived in used well in the 20th century. The much simpler device below is described as having an action like a stapler. It collects pins in the grooves

which are then forced onto cards for retail sale or use as change. A farthing pin card in Eastbourne folm museum was reproduced in an earlier issue





## PHAZE III PRESENT PETER POWELL

Thursday  
4th October



This picture which cost me a whole pound sterling ought to be of no interest at all, except for two things. One is that I shared German lessons with James Peter Barnard-Powell for several years at Uppingham and the second is that I found this little bit of ephemera in an Antiques shop. An ANTIQUES SHOP! Like

several other double-barrels Powell contrived to hide his hyphen while at Uppingham and continues to do so, even though it has become de rigeur among the almost-marrying classes these days. Powell and I both no doubt have fond memories of the late, great James Finch telling us in best Sarf London that we were as thick as a plank, no we weren't we were as thick as two planks nailed together, without a snowball's chance in hell of passing any exams. Take a detention. They were issued like sweeties but only once ever implemented. Once removed from the charge of teaching thickies like us Finch was a very civilized south Londoner. He was a published poet and cricket fanatic, but I think it was the ciggies that got him. Powell was in a band called *Orange* at Uppingham, and the future being so bright he became a Radio 1 DJ and husband/Svengali of Anthea Turner whose ten minutes of fame was selecting lottery winners, but is also extended for a narrow band of millennials for her hosting of *Blue Peter* in the early 1990's. My favourite story, possibly apocryphal, relates to a report of him and two other radio 1 DJs each with the very earliest generation of portable telephone fully occupying a lift intended for eight persons, all standees by the way. The planks were very slightly thinner in my case, though I say it myself.

I haven't found anything positive about Phaze III so I don't suppose that will ever get to be an antique. There was a Thursday 4th October in 1984 and the previous ones were in 1979 and 1973. I am not very good at guessing people's ages and I suspect that DJs are very good at choosing avatars that are much younger than their present selves. Phaze II of Powell's career is as an agent/manager for other celebs that I have never heard of. Simon Cowell? #friends of the hyphen.

## Happy Birthdays

This year's selfie was taken outside the Royal Shakespeare Company's theatre in Stratford-on-Avon on the day after the 400th anniversary of his death. This seems to have been every bit as festive as the 400th anniversary of his birth in 1664. I also visited Stratford during those festivities but a little after the actual date. It was an Uppingham School outing to Stratford and the new Cathedral at Coventry and seemed like a big improvement over life at preparatory school in the farthest corner of North Wales. The occasion of this year's visit was to celebrate the 90th birthday of Edna Hiatt who still lives in Stratford and worked for many years in the Green Room at the theatre. Selfie opps in faraway places have not been very frequent this year. At one time we visited the memorial theatre quite often. Mum and Dad were members of the Club and we often went to previews, picknicked in the car park before the performance and my job, of course, was to drive there and home again which justified a ticket. The old man's idea of a picnic was way in front of the vanguard when it came to ditching spam sandwiches and an apple in favour of a sumptuous cold collation, well lubricated, naturally. Mum was happy to oblige. p.s. His birthday is the same as the date of his passing, April 23rd.



## In conclusion

This edition and some back numbers can be downloaded from the web. The URL is on the front page. In addition some of the content is reproduced on those pages and there are some additional pictures, so it may be worth visiting, even if you have the paper edition. The solution to the Crossword will be posted there on 6th January, as usual.

This series of newsletters started after my father's death. He produced one of the more informative and less egotistical of such newsletters for a number of years. It was always my intention to make this genuinely informative about aspects of the family's past, and to suppress to a certain extent, the blowing of my own trumpet, which is not too difficult. There are certainly exceptions to that this year, for which I beg your indulgence. In the age of social media and instant gratification of almost any desire imaginable, to continue with a paper based newsletter, very loosely a pastiche of *The Times*, in a year when the *Independent* has ceased to appear in print - very few US newspapers now appear in print - is obviously an anachronism, and already unfashionable in some quarters. However I am still the editor in

chief and main financial backer (with some support from the Department of Work and Pensions) and I believe there will be at least one more paper edition before things come to a natural end. It may well reverse the trend by which this has grown from four sides of A4 to 36 this year.

Talking of which this year has been more difficult than almost any previous one, though I do believe and trust that things are beginning to return to normal after 37 fractions of radiotherapy and other treatment that is designed to minimise the risk of recurrence. However as warnings go, it has certainly been a warning; the support from our National Health Service has been beyond exemplary. Now back to the cracking of yolks. Don't put all your asks in one Brexit, says the chicken; you can't have your cake and eat it!. On which subject I managed to sneak a name check in *The Times* for reminding the world when a chicken is the right way up and another for commenting on what constitutes a pie, which makes me a best selling adviser on culinary matters, I think. Why did the chicken cross ... Because it was Road Island Red! Why is a raven like a writing desk? Because if you are to rave in print your copy must be written and arrive in time. Season's Greetings.

## 2016 Crossword

Across

- 1 Draw kris with shim for fighting (8)
- 5 Zombie does what we all don (6)
- 8 Witches attempted to but Luftwaffe succeeded (10)
- 9 When it's down it's offline (4)
- 10 Singleton to get you out of trouble? (3,3,4,4)
- 11 Words editor revised while he wasn't awake (7)
- 13 Went to press with article where king is depicted (7)
- 15 Scot! O ye wild animals! (7)
- 18 Paint is permanent but losing directions (7)
- 21 Make a harpist redo it as conductor of operation (14)
- 22 Stories set in fabled days (4)
- 23 Type of monsters I lose to boons (10)
- 24 Nurse all the lettuce (6)
- 25 Not a first effect of pater's tea (8)

Down

- 1 Held dog in family (7)
- 2 Stock of what Brunel did not do with tracks (9)
- 3 Fruit where female fears to tread (7)
- 4 Darts the old did not aim properly (7)
- 5 Go inside to make contract (9)
- 6 Speech of edict I only just released (7)
- 7 Agincourt perhaps in short that isn't permitted to know it's more effeminate than manly (7)
- 12 Sees spacecraft that King took and Gloucester kept (3, 6)

14 Her indoors says we are they (3,6)

16 The wait is the weight here (2,6)

17 Trials bullion bargains (7)

18 Pedestrian needlewoman drops part of a stitch (7)

19 Most Average. Most near (7)

20 Treats I derive from Music Hall perhaps (7)

