LONDON BUS MUSEUM

E-news
October 2026

Route 106 Heritage Day



XF 3 lays over at Ash Grove garage, flanked by RT 190 and South Notts 82 SVO, on our Route 106 Heritage Day on 3 October. Many thanks to all who supported the event: vehicle owners, crews and passengers - and especially to organiser **Tom Drake** for all his hard work and preparation. STL 2377 and RTL 139 were also on duty from the Museum that day.

PHOTO CREDIT: EDITOR

















PHOTOS THIS PAGE: DAVID BOWKER

Route 106

An open day at Ash Grove garage was held on the same day, featuring the increasingly popular LBM pop-up shop (right). The open day raised an incredible £21,439.84 for **Macmillan Cancer Support.**















PHOTOS THIS PAGE: EDITOR

Leyland serves London

All three RT family variants were out in force on the 106, including a high number of RTLs and RTWs, bringing a distinctive Leyland sound back to the streets of East London













View album 1>

View album 2>

TransportFest

Our final event of 2026 took place on 18 October and was a great success, with a wide range of visiting vehicles and over 2,000 attendees!

Huge thanks to our invaluable volunteers for their help with the preparations and on the day itself, and particular thanks to Events Manager **Deryck Fill** for his incomparable organisational skills!

ALL PHOTOS: EDITOR















More modern vehicles were well represented this year. The **LT Museum** brought their newly-restored Dennis Dart DLM 150 (left) for its debut outing

Below: **Ian Reddick** demonstrates the abilities of the Lansing-Bagnall vehicle tug using **C 4**



TransportFest





[View album 1>]

[View album 2>]

Right: not just buses! Visting commercial vehicles are now a regular feature of our event days

Below and below right: the ever-popular donated items and traders' stalls







Chesham Running Day

Sunday 27 September was a beautiful autumn day. **RT 3491** made her customary appearance at this annual event, driven by owner **Simon Douglas Lane** with conductor **Kevin Porter**. Full buses transported a grateful public in classic style through the scenic Buckinghamshire countryside.

ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE: DAVID BOWKER













Chesham





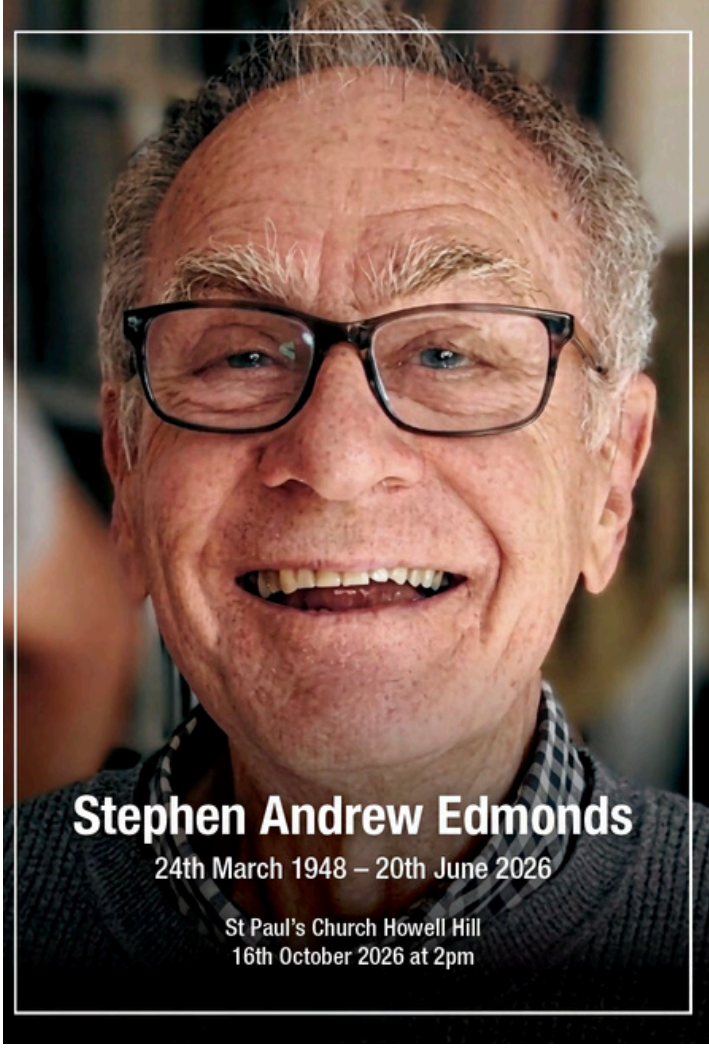




ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE: EDITOR

A Tribute to Steve Edmonds

A celebration of the life of our beloved LBM volunteer and friend, **Steve Edmonds**, was held at the church of St Paul, Howell Hill on Friday 16 October. Around 35 LBM volunteers attended and some were transported to the church on **RML 2760**. A recording of the celebration may be viewed **here**.



Many thanks to **Silas Edmonds** for permission to reproduce here the moving tribute he gave to his father during the celebration:

Returning from a school trip to France as a young teenager, dad's mature looks and demeanour singled him out for special attention from Customs Officials who proceeded to frisk and search him, inevitably finding nothing. He unwittingly provided the perfect distraction for his brother Robert and school friends, who pottered through the green channel unchallenged, despite carrying a veritable treasure trove of contraband such as cigarettes, flick knives and other salacious items. This unintentional sacrificial action made him an immediate hero who took one for the team and allowed others to prosper in their enterprises. Just to reassure you, my father was never deliberately involved in any criminal activity during his life – nothing could be further from the truth.

Dad lived a life of faithfulness, putting others first and consistently taking responsibility for the things that mattered.

Born on Wednesday 24 March 1948 into post-war austerity, dad weighed just 6lb, with nurses telling his mother that he was "very frail and vulnerable and unlikely to survive." Not the most auspicious of starts, perhaps, but in his memoirs dad describes himself as "an ordinary chap from a modest family background." His strict sense of responsibility and duty began at an early age, becoming the man of the house between the ages of four and six, while his father was away studying at Bible College. This early maturity cost him a little perhaps in personal freedom and ambition but it did have its upsides and advantages. Dad was the first member of his peer group to buy cigarettes – 10 Olympic for 1s and 4d after cashing in empty lemonade bottles obtained by his younger brother, Robert, by nefarious means.

Dad always spoke fondly of performing at Covent Garden in the Royal Opera House in 1960, as a 12 year old, in Wagner's *Parsifal* and latterly as Cobweb in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* rubbing shoulders with (Sir) John Gielgud, famous opera singers Geraint Evans and Joan Carlyle as well as conductors Georg Solti and Meredith Davies, with Benjamin Britten himself attending a dress rehearsal.

At the age of eight he noticed girls for the first time, although his success with women appears to have been rather limited, his first crush being inextricably linked to the fact that her house overlooked Mortlake bus garage – and she was so enamoured of dad that she decided to become a nun. Other girls who knocked at the front door, asking for "Stephen to come out and play," were given short shrift by his mum, my Grandma, Doris, and shooed away with "you are not playing with those girls…" It was 1956, after all.

However, in 1969, as the barricades were going up in Derry and Belfast, dad met mum on the ferry from Heysham to Belfast – they were both going to a Christian house party near Strabane. In his memoirs, he reflects that within two hours of meeting her, he knew she was the one – I think he got hit by a thunderbolt! He enjoyed winding up his future mother-in-law by arriving at her front door with a ciggie on the go, wearing a battered old army surplus jacket (complete with what looked suspiciously like bullet holes). “Oh Stephen – not that coat again.” No objection to the cigarette, though… he soon gave them up.

Mum and dad married on 31 July 1971 and my brother, Dave, and I duly arrived in 1973 and 1974. We lost dad just shy of their 55th wedding anniversary. He always said they were soul mates and best friends, supporting each other through thick and thin. Dad worked long hours in the civil service, sometimes away from home at training college, all to build a career to create a better life for his family. Whilst I think there were times when he enjoyed his working life, there were often periods when things were a slog and the only motivation was purely to provide for us all. Dad was a devoted family man. He chose his career steps based on providing opportunities for Dave and I, moving to the Wirral for our future education pathways, while enduring a toxic workplace culture in his new office. His garden and, latterly, a shared allotment provided a welcome retreat and what psychologists might today call mindfulness activities to help him deal with the stress he found himself under. He was always proud when the Christmas dinner veggies were home-grown.

Dad’s love language was acts of service and gift-giving. Friday nights often gleaned gifts for Dave and me, like a Mister Man book, chocolate buttons or Smarties and, as we got older, Star Wars action figures. If we played mum up at home with misbehaviour, she would threaten us and say, “Wait ‘til your father gets home”. Dave and I would both pretend to be scared, but in reality we just thought, “Oh - no problem”. Dad rarely showed any anger towards us. Family vacations were modest as we explored different parts of the UK via various dodgy budget B&Bs and guest houses. A family folklore quickly grew up around many of the hilarious incidents we shared, usually culminating in dad with his relentless optimism saying: “I’m here to enjoy myself because I am on me ‘olidays!” I know he was thrilled to acquire some new daughters along the way in Donna and Lorraine, as Dave and I both got married and had our own children. Dad was never happier than when we were all gathered – with his five grandchildren! And then when the extended family met up at house parties with new babies and toddlers all playing with the various generations.

My brother and I were always fascinated by dad’s record collection. When there was nothing worth watching on our three TV channels, we would enjoy the theatre of “dad putting on a record.” The smell of the vinyl and the gentle dropping of the stylus sparked a lifelong unquenchable appetite for music in my brother and me. Here we were first introduced properly to The Beatles, The Kinks, The Who, Pink Floyd, ELO, Cream and Eric Clapton, Joan Armatrading, Joan Baez and, of course, the iconic Bob Dylan, dad’s favourite. What an education that was. When mum could no longer endure the sound of Bob Dylan’s musical genius, she bought dad a pair of headphones, believing that she would no longer have to endure Dylan’s creative approach to melody. Little did she know that with his headphones on, dad would sing along even more loudly to the songs, imitating Dylan’s vocal style to excruciating effect. The more mum protested, the louder he seemed to get – fair play, dad.

As a teenager, dad had joined the band New Dawn, formed by his brother Robert and some friends. They did not set the world on fire with their music but they did accidentally destroy the new hall floor of the local girls’ grammar school with dry ice. When we were children, dad would sometimes play his “flower-power” acoustic guitar in the evenings to unwind after work and also at church youth groups. His lifelong love of Bob Dylan never wavered.

At the age of 15, dad had made a spiritual commitment to give his life to God, being born again to follow the teachings and the example of Jesus. He felt an immediate sense of peace and purpose. I know that he reflected on his spiritual life as an adventure which lasted over 63 years, epitomised in Bob Dylan's lyrics from *Mr Tambourine Man*:

"I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way.
I promise to go under it."

In his journey of faith, dad believed that God would make the provision – he just had to make the decision. His faith was a cornerstone in beating cancer in his early seventies.

After many years of relying on God's blessings in their lives together, he and mum went on several outreach trips to India and Burundi. Using all he had learned at Healing Rooms and inspired by the ministry of Dave Duell, dad had some extraordinary adventures in India with "Impact Nations" where his faith in the spiritual brought him to some unforgettable and miraculous experiences, seeing blind eyes opened and children restored to full health through the power of prayer.

As well as his family and his spiritual commitments, Dad had a lifelong love of buses and this was certainly fuelled by a strong sense of nostalgia; but I also think that buses provided a sense of the familiar and the reliable in a childhood that saw him move so often to different schools because of his father's job as a clergyman. Buses provided several rites of passage. He and Robert once found a pack of ten Senior Service on the top deck of a number 9 bus and evidently concluded that the only course of action was to smoke them all to the point of being ill. His first independent journeys (aged 11) were from the family flat in Holborn to Westminster City School on a number 38 (an RT-type at that that time). In 1961, he persuaded his mum and dad to invest in two "day-long" Red Rover tickets for Robert and himself (2s and 6d). Their odyssey, meticulously planned by dad, saw them ride all day, taking in the AEC works, the bus depot in Southall and out to Heathrow.

Years later, his exponentially growing collection of model buses (which mum was so thrilled about) were hosted in the spare room in various glass cabinets, each one bearing a story or memory of a trip that dad had taken at a particular time. He adored his time volunteering at the London Bus Museum and made many good friends there.

My father lived his life as someone whose word could be relied upon and whose commitment to family and friends was unwavering. He was compassionate and always tried to see the good in others, looking for opportunities to forgive rather than to bear grudges.

Dad - I will always be immensely proud to be your son. Thank you for the wonderful example that you set for me. You really did "build a ladder to the stars and climb on every rung." I know with absolute certainty that you are with your Lord and Saviour now. I do not know if they have Routemaster buses in Heaven but I do know that "your heart always will be joyful" and that, in our hearts, you will "stay forever young."





PHOTO CREDIT: PETER MILNER

Above: RML 2760, suitably adorned, was the transport from the Museum to the church

Below: **Steve, Deryck Fill, Simon Douglas Lane** and **Chris Heaps** enjoying the new year's lunch in January this year



PHOTO CREDIT: EDITOR

Remembering Steve Edmonds

LBM Volunteer **John Rawlins** gave his own tribute to Steve during the celebration. Thanks to John for allowing his words to be published.

I first started working closely with Steve in July 2011. We were both new Duty Managers at the London Bus Museum for the opening on 1 August. Steve appointed me - I don't recall who appointed Steve! Steve gradually expanded his role into many areas that were subsequently difficult to fill.

We worked together on a number of projects and when we disagreed, as one is certain to, Steve aways found a calm and professional solution. He was a man of vision and great detail.

He was a serious model collector and would attend model fairs. He had a keen eye as to what was a good buy to add to his collection.

We often met at Caffe Nero in Esher to enjoy coffee, croissants and conversation.

When on duty together during the past couple of years we covered many topics relating to our private lives. Steve was a man of faith and he would share with me his special experiences in faraway countries and in the UK. Some here will know what I mean.

When Steve stood down from his many responsibilities at the LBM, he continued with his Friday Duty Manager role until June this year.

He faced his health challenges with confidence and strength and was an inspiration to many of us.

We will miss him. For me he was a good man, with whom it was a privilege and pleasure to work.

God bless you, Steve.

LBM Events 2027



Route 6 Heritage Day

20 March

Enjoy free rides on historic vehicles all day in east London on our first Heritage Day of 2027

View more >



Spring Gathering

18 April

Join us for our annual transport curtain-raiser to kick off the 2027 rally season with a range of vehicles, rides, stalls and fun.

View more >



Route 107 Heritage Day

13 June

Historic vehicles will offer free rides around part of the 107 route in north London

View more >



Summer Festival

27 June

Our annual summer event returns, with visiting vehicles, bus rides, traders' stalls, food and more for all ages.

View more >



Route 85 Heritage Day

2 October

Our third Heritage Day will see historic vehicles in service free of charge in south-west London

View more >



TransportFest

24 October

Round off the rally calendar at our autumn event with a wide range of vehicles, bus rides and traders' stalls.

View more >

North London running days

Historic buses will return to the streets of London on two Sundays next month. On 1 November vehicles will run on **route 134** from Camden Town to Potters Bar (linking with the 716 to Hatfield) in aid of the **Poppy Appeal.** On 15 November it's the turn of routes 24 and 29, based at Camden Town and in aid of **BBC Children in Need**.

ALL PHOTOS: EDITOR













Please note these running days are not organised by the London Bus Museum and that the vehicles shown here may not necessarily be those running in service!

Chesham







E-news is produced for the members of the London Bus Preservation Trust and sent to those who have supplied an email address.

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From the Editor

Welcome to our new members who joined us at TransportFest!

Another busy month in the life of the LBM draws to a close, having delivered our last two events of 2026. We are extremely grateful to all our volunteers who have contributed in any way to their success, whether on the days or as part of the months of advance preparation. You are keeping the story of the London bus alive!

A wreathlaying will take place at the **AEC memorial plaques** in the Museum at 11am on Remembrance Day, Wednesday 11 November. This will be attended by members of the **AEC Society**. All members and volunteers are welcome to attend.

Thanks to **David Bowker**, **Nigel Eadon-Clarke**, **Silas Edmonds**, **Peter Milner** and **John Rawlins** for contributing their stories and photos.

Please email me any content for our next edition.

Richard

Below: **Graham Bartlett** drives the Taxi down the finishing straight at TransportFest





PHOTO CREDIT: EDITOR

Good housekeeping: our Chairman has fun trying out the new Museum floor cleaner in preparation for the workshop tours at TransportFest. It's so new, it hasn't even received a fleet number yet.