

## ***The Search For P2725 TM-B, The Buckingham Palace Road Hurricane***

*"What General Weygand called the Battle of France is over. I expect that the Battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilization. Upon it depends our own British life, and the long continuity of our institutions and our Empire. The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned upon us. Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this Island or lose the war. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. But if we fail, then the whole world, including the United States, including all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age made more sinister, and perhaps more protracted, by the lights of perverted science.*

*Let us, therefore, brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour'."*

So ended Prime Minister Winston Churchill's rousing speech to the House of Commons on 18th June 1940. In a few weeks Adolph Hitler's 'Blitzkrieg' had rolled over western Europe and the might of the German military machine stood within sight of the last stronghold of free Europe; Britain. After the retreat from Dunkirk and France's surrender, Hitler believed the war was all but won. The British defeated and without European allies, would quickly negotiate peace. On 16th July Hitler ordered that plans be made for Operation Seelowe, the invasion of Britain.

A month had passed since the defeat of France, yet Winston Churchill stubbornly refused to even consider an armistice and, instead, defiantly prepared Britain for war on the home front. An invasion would require control of the skies by the German air force, the Luftwaffe, and the outcome of a war hinged, for the first time in history, upon the outcome of an air battle.

The German air assault began on Channel shipping, then Fighter Command's airfields in an attempt to disable the Royal Air Force's fighters and wrest control of Britain's skies from the Royal Air Force. Hitler himself had initially forbid the bombing of London but, as the war inevitably escalated, on 5th September 1940 he ordered indiscriminate attacks on British cities, including the capital.

Two days later on 7th September four hundred bombers pounded London and other cities by day and by night, causing unparalleled misery for Britain's civilian population. But, in so doing Hitler inadvertently gave Fighter Command the breathing space they desperately needed, the focus of the Luftwaffe shifting away from their airfields, offering the RAF a slim chance to recover.

### ***Sunday 15th September 1940, Battle of Britain Day***

At 11 Group Headquarters in Uxbridge Air Vice Marshal Keith Park had an important guest in the person of the Prime Minister. There was no significance to Winston Churchill's visit, he was 'just passing' and thought he would call in. As Keith Park led his guest down the stairs to the operations room some fifty feet underground, he tactfully pointed out to Winston that the ventilation system would not cope with his cigar smoke. The Prime Minister clenched his cigar, unlit, between his teeth as events unfolded. Park had been made privy to intelligence that an all-out attack was soon to come and there had been an ominous lull in activity for over a week. As he ordered his squadrons into the air one after another the scene was set for an epic battle.

One by one squadrons were brought to 'Stand By' and then 'Readiness' as the enemy forces were plotted on the ops table, pilots and ground crews on airfields throughout the south-east of England awaiting the inevitable clang of the scramble bell with a mix of

excitement, anticipation, foreboding and fear. The scale of the Luftwaffe's attack was such that Park knew his pilots could not repulse it; London was in for a 'hammering'.

One such pilot, Sergeant Ray T Holmes, a volunteer reserve with 504 Squadron based at RAF Hendon in north London, had taken advantage of an apparent lull in the proceedings to grab a much needed bath. But, perhaps inevitably, just as soon as he'd lathered himself the call to 'Readiness' came – readiness for potential take-off within five minutes. Dripping wet, for there was no time to dry himself properly, as every second counted, "Arty" (as he was known to his squadron mates due to his initials) quickly got dressed and ran for the awaiting transport which would deliver he and his colleagues to their squadron dispersal where their Hurricane fighters awaited.

By the time they arrived at 11:15 the call to scramble had been received and within minutes the damp Holmes was airborne, seated in his Hurricane, P2725, squadron code "TM", initial letter "B" for Baker. "Arty" and fellow 504 pilots had been tasked with patrolling the Maidstone area at Angels 17 (17,000 feet), a small part of an unprecedented all-out aerial commitment by Fighter Command as, by 11:40 virtually the entire southern England RAF fighter fleet was airborne – twenty-three squadrons equating to 254 Hurricanes and Spitfires, leaving just a minimal four squadron reserve on the ground. It was a do or die effort to counter an all too often seemingly invulnerable German aerial armada of fighters and bombers, which today was apparently hell-bent for central London.

From Maidstone, 504 Squadron, along with eleven other squadrons totalling 127 fighters, were vectored in towards London to intercept the incoming Dornier 17 bombers, the two forces meeting head on at 16,000 feet over Brixton, South London. But fortune favoured the RAF on this occasion, as the enemy bomber force was by now unescorted, their protective Messerschmitt 109 fighter cover having turned back towards their French bases low on fuel. Now vulnerable, the ensuing combat promised to be a relative piece of cake for the RAF's eight gunned Hurricanes and Spitfires.

Piloting one of the Dornier 17s was 27-year-old Oberleutnant Robert Zehbe of the bomber unit 1/KG76. Zehbe's crew were old hands and had successfully completed several raids, including ones against Kenley aerodrome on 18th August and London on 7th September. But this time things were not going well for them. One engine was giving trouble and they began to drop behind the formation; a vulnerable position as fighter pilots enjoyed nothing better than picking off stragglers. Turning for home was a riskier option, for an ailing bomber struggling alone across the skies of Kent stood no chance.

Zehbe and his crew were 500 yards behind the formation when the inevitable first fighter attack came just south of London. Pilots of 310 (Czech) Squadron went into the fray and set the Dornier's port engine alight whilst others from 609 and 504 also seized on the opportunity for an easy kill, pouring .303 rounds into the luckless Dornier. Yet still it limped on. Fearing the end two of its crew bailed out; Ludwig Armbruster over Sydenham and Leo Hammermeister over Dulwich. Then, finally, soon after crossing the Thames at Battersea, pilot Robert Zehbe set the autopilot, commanding the aircraft to carry on relentless towards central London, before abandoning the Dornier, leaving his young gunner Gustav Hubel dead or mortally wounded within the stricken bomber.

Sgt Ray Holmes had a close shave after combat was joined when he encountered a new eccentric secret weapon Dornier. He'd closed in on the twin-engine bomber from directly astern, the stream of bullets from his eight Browning machine guns neutralising the Dornier's starboard engine. But immediately "Arty's" windscreen was covered in sticky black oil – not from the German's dying engine but seemingly from its trial defensive weapon – a rear facing flame thrower! In the bomber's wake the thrower failed to flame but did succeed in depositing sticky fuel onto the trailing Hurricane. Immediately Holmes' visibility was reduced to zero, but fortunately a combination of wind rush and prop wash

quickly removed the oil revealing, as forward visibility returned, the Dornier, which Ray was heading straight for at about 150mph closing speed. In a flash "Arty" slammed the stick forward, the negative g-forces thrusting him against his restraining Sutton Harness, without which he would have been projected head-long through the canopy. Miraculously he was clear, passing mere feet beneath the belly of the decelerating German.

Having dropped their explosive cargos on or near Battersea, for the massed railway tracks and marshalling yard within this area were their target, the remaining German bombers turned for home - all that is except for Zehbe's. Under autopilot it maintained a steady, unrelenting, seemingly arrogant path, much to the disbelief of the RAF pilots who continued to pour bullets into it, totally unaware in the confusion of the aerial combat arena that the Dornier was, in fact, by now unoccupied...

One of the Hurricanes to notice the Dornier was Ray Holmes in P2725. Holmes estimated that if the bomber were to continue its present course it would be over Buckingham Palace in a matter of moments. The Palace had indeed been bombed a few days before with little resultant damage - was this fearless Nazi now trying to complete the task?

With deft skill, "Arty" swiftly manoeuvred into a perfect position for a front three-quarter deflection shot, thumbing the brass gun button on his spade grip. But after only a second his guns fell silent, out of ammunition. With a combination of utter rage at the audacity of this arrogant enemy and frustration at his own impotence, Holmes took a snap decision. He'd hit it for six!

*"There was no time to weigh up the situation. His aeroplane looked so flimsy, I didn't think of it as something solid and substantial. I just went on and hit the Dornier. I thought my aircraft would cut right through it, not allowing for the fact that his plane was as strong as mine!"*

In a flash, with a combined closing speed in excess of 400mph, the two aircraft collided, the port wing of *TM-B* impacting the tail-plane of the bomber. The result was instantaneous and spectacular. The Dornier's entire twin-rudder tail section parted company from the fuselage which, minus the stabilising effect of this essential appendage, performed a violent front somersault. So violent, indeed, was the enforced manoeuvre that both of the wings snapped off outboard of the engines due to the excessive g-force.

Now in four individual pieces the doomed bomber headed earthwards, the main body of the aircraft spiralling down, whilst its wingtips fluttered and tail plane glided down, as calm as you like.

Through a combination of determination and skill, with a smidgeon of luck thrown in, Holmes had sliced through the Dornier at its weakest and most vulnerable point for such an attack, the slim rear fuselage. For a second or two "Arty" thought he'd got clean away with his suicide mission, for he was still alive and trusty *TM-B* was in one piece. But relief quickly turned to horror with the realisation that he no longer had control over the Hurricane, which entered into a vertical dive, plunging down towards the streets of London below. Holmes' only option was to abandon *TM-B* and take to the silk.

A resultant plethora of airborne debris, both metallic and human, was now descending at various speeds over Victoria. The first to reach the ground were two bombs and a case of incendiaries which, ironically, ended up in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Fortunately, the bombs, which had been thrown out by centrifugal force when the Dornier performed its suicidal somersault, weren't armed and failed to explode.

A terrific screaming roar was followed by an even bigger percussion when "Arty's" Hurricane came to earth. At around 300 mph P2725 impacted vertically more or less in

the middle of the busy crossroads where Buckingham Palace Road meets Pimlico Road and Ebury Bridge. With close on a ton of metal in her nose (the Merlin engine) the kinetic energy behind the Hurricane was tremendous, the aircraft punching a large hole in the road, into which within milliseconds the majority of the airframe had disappeared.

Next down was the Dornier fuselage, closely followed by its wingtips, tail-plane and Ray Holmes, in that order. The fuselage section itself performed a spiralling descent, its journey captured on news reel motion picture film, finally crashing with spectacular effect on the forecourt of Victoria railway station, whilst its tail assembly ended up on the roof of a house in Vauxhall Bridge Road.

Swinging sedately beneath his parachute, "Arty's" journey earthwards finally terminated on a block of flats in nearby Hugh Street. He landed on the roof and slid down, his deflated parachute very fortunately snagging a pipe en-route, leaving Ray's socked feet (his boots had come off when the 'chute opened due to the rapid deceleration) dangling in an open dustbin.

Less fortunate was the Dornier's pilot, Robert Zehbe. Landing near the Oval, he was set upon by an angry crowd who had tracked his descent with growing ferocity. By the time the authorities had rescued him, Zehbe had been fatally hurt and died a couple of days later, although it's unknown whether from wounds sustained in his Dornier or from the crowd. His remaining two fellow crew members were more fortunate, being taken into safe custody before the local populace could wreak their revenge.

Extricating himself from parachute and dustbin, Ray Holmes scanned the horizon for human support, quickly finding it in the form of two teenage girls in the neighbouring garden. Leaping the fence, he cuddled and kissed them both in utter relief at still being alive. Well, what else could a heroic fighter pilot do! Soon a Home Guardsman arrived, prized Ray from the girls' clutches and took him along Ebury Bridge Road to where P2725 had come to ground. Right in the centre of the crossroads was a deep crater with water cascading from it surrounded by mangled wreckage - all that was left of *TM-B*.

After pocketing a souvenir - a small piece of the Rolls-Royce Merlin's rocker cover with the letters "S-R" of **ROLLS-ROYCE** - "Arty" was led to the local Orange Brewery pub fifty yards along Pimlico Road for a swift dose of alcoholic fortitude before being dispatched to Chelsea Barracks. Here an army doctor examined his shoulder which had taken sharp crack on the Hurricane's tail when he bailed out. Following a visit to the Officers Mess for one or two more drinks and a bit of warranted line-shooting, a taxi transported the now celebrated pilot back to RAF Hendon and 504 Squadron.

Soon journalists had hold of the story and much publicity was made of this daring deed by one of Britain's "Few", such an overtly heroic act being ideal to help boost the morale of civilian London. The story was enhanced by the fact that the sight of a smashed and defeated German aircraft in front of one of London's recognisable landmarks was a very graphic one, footage of the wrecked Dornier making it onto all the cinema newsreels.

Over the ensuing years the event became legendary, typifying the spirit of the times. The fact that, incredibly, these were the *only* two aircraft to crash on the City of London throughout the entire war only served to enhance this legend.

### **The Hunt For TM-B**

Even back in 1940 the junction where Buckingham Palace Road meets Ebury Bridge and Ebury Bridge Road was a busy one and all haste would've been made to repair it and get it open to traffic again. This took a surprising amount of time - over two weeks - but once done P2725 *TM-B*'s metallic remains were entombed and forgotten.

Professional photographer Chris Bennett's imagination had been fired by the legend of this, the most famous single event of the Battle of Britain. A veteran of several aircraft excavations, Chris was convinced that there must surely be some evidence of Ray's Hurricane under the road and in 1990 decided to 'take on' the *P2725 TM-B* project. But finding an aircraft wreck in a ploughed field was one thing, no one had attempted to locate a wreck under a public road, and one of the busiest roads in London at that! Clearly, if any attempt were to be made to recover *TM-B* a great deal of effort, finance and organisation would be required.

Fortunately Chris had worked closely with the production company behind the *Time Team* television series and his photographs illustrated several books detailing the digs carried out for the programme. Perhaps the hunt for *P2725* would make a good show? But alas, the practicalities of the excavation were just too daunting, and the idea was dismissed. Regardless, over the next few years Chris pressed on with his plan and his research. Everyone wanted to know exactly where the 'plane lay, and what would be left of it underground - questions that it was impossible to answer with certainty.

Meeting followed meeting and months turned to years. Westminster Council, who found the entire project fascinating, had no objection, in principle, to an excavation, as long as their appointed highways contractor, Barhale, would carry out the work and re-surface the road. How much would such a project cost? Only £30,000 to £40,000! Then there were the other utilities such as water, electricity, gas, telephones and the police. And what about the traffic? Victoria coach station was just around the corner and any diversion would have to take account of the new 'bendy-busses' with their extra-large turning radius.

Finally the idea came to the attention of the London based independent TV production company Mentorn and their presenter/producer Edwina Silver. 'Ed' managed to interest the British TV broadcaster Channel 5, but there was a catch; they wanted it broadcast *live!*

With potential financial sponsorship now in place courtesy Channel 5 the effort to pin down the site and any buried wreckage was re-doubled. Any site visit or survey had to be made in the early hours to minimise the disruption to traffic; thus, a series of experts and their equipment made the rendezvous with Chris and project co-director Steve Vizard in the half-light of many an early dawn. Ground penetrating radar identified anomalies such as utilities but failed dismally in pinning down anything that might be wreckage or the point of impact.

Thames Water produced their plans of water mains and sewer tunnels and searched their archives for any record of repairs made in 1940. Chris's research established that at around 1940 the sewer line had changed at the area of the junction where *P2725 TM-B* would have impacted. Frustratingly no records existed to explain why, but Chris's logic deduced that perhaps *TM-B* might have destroyed the sewer on impact, the water authority at the time deciding that re-routing rather than repair was the best option. Thus, working on the assumption that the sewer may have been damaged by the crash, Thames Water assisted in underground surveys of the tunnels to look for any such repairs, but none were visible. Coloured dye was poured down manholes and revealed only a pipe that the water company had no record of at all. A mysterious old pre-war manhole cover on the junction resisted all efforts open it. When, finally, with much anticipation the cover was dug up it concealed only an abandoned section of sewer. Although uncertain it's now thought this may have once been an entrance to the pre-15th September 1940 sewer.

The only undisputable evidence of the precise location was photographic. Very fortunately the London Fire Brigade had a habit of filming events they visited, and the minute Chris located a short clip of 35mm film in the Imperial War Museum archives

taken at the junction he knew this may be the crucial piece of evidence needed. In addition, they had also taken a still photograph from an opposing angle. If the positions of both camera men could be determined and lined up with surviving parts of the buildings then transit lines could be drawn on a plan of the junction and, where the lines intersected, the wreck should surely be found. In this photo-triangulation exercise X really could mark the spot.

Although helpful there was still a significant margin of error involved as the film had only been taken at normal eye view and thus at a shallow angle. If only an aerial plan view existed showing the road repair in 1940 a precise and unequivocal X could be determined. However, despite extensive searches of all likely archives no such imagery was ever located.

With less than a week to go before the live broadcast a final make-or-break meeting was held; twenty-six people, representatives from all interested parties, gathered around a table in Belgravia Police Station. The questions were the usual ones, "what's left, where is it and what evidence do you have?". The entire venture hinged on the decision of project manager Chris Bennett and his X on the map - to go and take a gamble on the existing knowledge or postpone in the hope of finding more conclusive evidence in the future? But to do the latter could result in the project being abandoned forever...

Then yet another complication arose. The theoretical location had been painstakingly worked out and a large 18" water main was found to run diagonally through the spot. This wasn't surprising as it was known that the Hurricane had broken a water main on impact in 1940, the escaping water cascading down Buckingham Palace Road, but if the wreckage turned out to be directly under the pipe it may have to stay where it was for fear of damaging the water main. The maximum permissible size of the hole was 10 feet square, and it had to drop down directly over the crash site, the sides could not be under-mined. There was to be little margin for error and if the hole missed the target by even a foot or two it would not be recovered.

Crucially at the meeting Thames Water decided that the water main must be avoided, and so Chris was obliged to shift the hole away from his ideal position, so that instead of the pipe going through the middle it would run along one side. The already small margin for error was now eroding fast, the odds against a successful dig were stacking up and time was running out. But realising it may be a case of now or never, Chris's agonising decision was "go".

The excavation was to take place over the May bank holiday weekend, commencing on the Saturday in the hope, if all went well, of revealing wreckage in preparation to film the final stages of the dig live under floodlights on Sunday evening. On Monday the site would be re-instated, ready to be reopened without fail for the Tuesday morning rush hour.

On Saturday 29th May 2004 the road diversions were put in place, contractor's staff and plant were on site, power laid on to the site offices, and the television outside broadcast facilities assembled. After over a decade of searching and planning a Barhale disk cutter finally sliced into the tarmac of Buckingham Palace Road, in what was the prelude to the most audacious feat of aviation archaeology ever undertaken.

From experience Chris estimated that the depth wreckage could be expected to have penetrated in this environment would be ten to twelve feet. When an aircraft like a Hurricane hits the ground at speed there are huge forces involved in the milliseconds it takes to decelerate from 300 mph or so to zero. The main element that causes an aircraft in a vertical dive to burrow into the ground is the engine - the three-quarters of a ton of metal in the nose. The depth to which it penetrates depends upon speed and how soft the ground is. Some have been known to go thirty or more feet down in marshy

ground, but with *P2725 TM-B* the fact that it hit the 'metalled' road, and possibly cast-iron water main, should have slowed its progress and consequent depth.

At the moment of impact, whilst the engine is busy boring the hole the dramatic deceleration results in the relatively fragile fuselage and tail sections concertina behind it; what was once thirty feet in length becoming just four or five of mangled wreckage. The wings almost invariably smash to smithereens on the surface. Chris's hope with *P2725*, if he did get to locate any remains, was that in addition to the engine some of the fuselage and cockpit controls may also be found. But a big unknown, assuming the Hurricane *did* bury itself in the first place, was how much penetrated the ground, how much might have been taken away in 1940 whilst repairing the road and how much might remain for Chris's team to find. The fact that the entire operation would be televised *live* only added to the pressure...

Once today's road surface was removed and taken from the site, amazingly the first fragments of *TM-B* appeared; a tiny length of rubber tube and piece of aluminium smaller than a postage stamp. As the excavation became deeper more finds appeared, mixed with smashed wooden 'tar blocks' that had made up the 1940 road surface. The relief was palpable.

Although Chris had spoken to him on the phone, he had never met *P2725's* pilot, Ray Holmes. Edwina and the production company Mentorn were keen that the heroic pilot should be involved in the live broadcast, but his poor health was thought to preclude travelling to London. Instead an outside broadcast link was to be provided to Ray's Merseyside home, where he could watch the action in London and a reporter and crew would capture his reaction. Only days before the dig Ray had a doctor's appointment and the subject came into the conversation. Remarkably, the doctor's view was that with the correct medical supervision Ray would be able to go to London, if he so wished.

Again the carefully laid plans were thrown into confusion and it was decided that Ray would be re-united with past and present members of his squadron in the Orange Brewery, where he had been taken, post-crash, in 1940.

By Sunday afternoon everyone involved was in buoyant mood; the main wreckage had been found ten feet down, five feet from the centre of the excavation and *under* the water main. Indeed, it seemed the iron pipe had been repaired right over the top of the bulk of the broken Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, fortunately for Chris and his team without necessitating its removal. Satisfyingly for Chris, the engine was dead-centre of his planned excavation as proposed *before* he had to move it to avoid the water main.

At 9 o'clock on Sunday evening the opening credits rolled and the live Channel 5 broadcast began, the site illuminated by powerful lights against the darkening night. A huge crowd had gathered behind the safety barriers to see the spectacle and still more looked on from vantage points in the surrounding buildings. Right on cue the battered Rolls-Royce Merlin engine of Ray Holmes' Hurricane was lifted clear of the hole amid cheers from the crowd, sixty-four years after it had buried itself there.

Other finds included the mangled and torn brass Rolls-Royce specification plate that once was secured to the side of the Merlin engine bearing its serial number, plus a set of squashed exhaust stubs. Flattened during the impact, amazingly the steel stubs had splinters of wood from the 1940 road surface adhering to it, stuck to the hot metal during its progress through the road, the artefact a unique and fascinating fusion of *TM-B* and road.

But there was still one more fortunate twist to the night to come. Team member Mark Kirby was sifting through the spoil from the bottom of the shaft in the semi-darkness when he came across the Hurricane's 'spade grip'; almost unrecognisable in the twisted

instrument panel, but still with its brass gun button set to "FIRE". Delighted at the unbelievable find, Mark dashed across to where Chris, Steve and Edwina were chatting – and into millions of homes, for the interview was going out live.

Finally, just as things were winding down, a spontaneous cheer erupted from the crowd; heads turned to see Ray Holmes appear out of the darkness into the bright camera lights. Flanked by his wife Anne and son Simon, Ray had made it back to see the remains of *P2725 TM-B* being unearthed - the Hurricane he had left in such dramatic circumstances 64 years before.

For Chris Bennett this was the culmination of a thirteen-year obsession; to locate and recover the remains of this historic, indeed iconic, Battle of Britain fighter aircraft from beneath the busy road junction, and actually hold components from it in his hands.

Just one week later, the Merlin engine and other parts of *TM-B* took pride of place at the "Westminster at War" exhibition in Leicester Square and then were moved to the Imperial War Museum. More recently they are now on display in the RAF Museum Hendon, appropriately where *P2725 TM-B* took off from on that fateful day of 15th September 1940.

### **TMB Art Metal**

Due to the significance of the Hurricane every single scrap of material recovered was retained no matter how small or trivial. It quickly became apparent that the aluminium wreckage hadn't fared well over the years in the sub-London soil, any that wasn't preserved by *TM-B*'s engine oil being very badly corroded. Indeed, another twenty or so years in the ground and chances are virtually nothing recognisable would've been left of the Hurricane to find.

Amongst the material collected was a quantity of smashed shards of aluminium engine casing, so corroded that it more resembled old bones. As an afterthought Chris Bennett decided to have these otherwise useless pieces of historic metal melted down and cast into miniature sculptures of *P2725 TM-B* made of *P2725 TM-B*. One of the first of the sculptures, made of metal from the most famous Battle of Britain aeroplane of all, was presented to Ray's family, and another to Her Majesty The Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Such was the interest in the sculptures from people they were mentioned to that Chris decided to expand the range and create further items, uniquely always made incorporating original metal from the actual iconic subject it represented in its making – each and every item having provenance flowing in its very DNA.

Thus TMB Art Metal was born, and even the company name has provenance. The 'TMB' part clearly originates from Ray Holmes Hurricane's call sign, "TM-B", whilst the name "Art Metal" is borrowed from the name of the company in the building on the corner of Buckingham Palace Road and Ebury Bridge back in 1940. Called "*Art Metal Steel Office Furniture*", this building, which featured prominently in the background of the film taken by the fire brigade of the crash site on 15th September 1940, was a vital piece of evidence in the search for the Hurricane's resting place. Indeed without it *TM-B* would still be lying 12 feet beneath that busy road junction and TMB Art Metal would not have been created.

Ends