Goodfellow and Steven is one of Scotland's longest established bakers, founded in Broughty Ferry, Dundee by the remarkable partnership of Margaret Steven and David Goodfellow in 1897.

A century on...

Cover photos:
On the front is the company's first shop at 75 Gray St, Broughty Ferry. On the back is David Goodfellow, the author's grandfather and co-founder of the business, outside his aviary in the late '30s.

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Bread in the bones — a history of Goodfellow and Steven, bakers David Goodfellow

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A history of
Goodfellow and Steven
bakers
1897-1997

David Goodfellow

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A day in the country for (from left) Margaret and David Goodfellow, with their daughter Mary and friends

Preface

It is usual to talk about a family in terms of a tree which grows ever outward, but I prefer to see myself not on the end of a branch, but as the confluence of a great many blood lines which, like the tributaries of a river, have mingled in my veins. It is in this way that I propose to consider the origins of Goodfellow and Steven, formed by David Goodfellow and Margaret Steven in 1897, who then married in 1900 and mingled their blood lines; their children and their children's children, all being, so to speak, both Goodfellows and Stevens.

Before I talk of the business and the family which are so inextricably mixed, I propose to look separately at the early history of the two families.

This book, however long and involved it becomes, must be incomplete, for it is compiled by one who only appeared when the business was already 33 years old and who was not taking notice right away. You will find it to be a gathering together of recollections and reminiscences by members of the family, related anecdote and facts from the business' records. Had I only had the interest or the time to question my grandparents when they were alive, what a wealth of information I would have got that has been hard to find, possibly lost altogether.

Also, you will find that the old custom of naming children after grandparents, parents, uncles and aunts has led to there being a plethora of Andrews, Davids, Georges, Williams, Alexanders, Margarets, Marys, Elizabeths and so on, thus

bringing potential confusion to the reader, but through which I shall try to steer a clear path.

This book could only have been published with the help of a great number of people. To all those who assisted me with anecdote or reminiscence, my grateful thanks. Thanks are also due to all those people who I have not mentioned, but who, throughout the century, have contributed so much to the image and reputation of Goodfellow and Steven. But very special thanks must go to Eleanor Mathers, who managed to decipher my manuscript and put the material into readable shape; to my son Scott who undertook the work of publishing this book and also to my wife Audrey for showing a good deal of forbearance.

Finally a note on sources. Virtually all the material used in the preparation of this history in the company's possession or in my own family papers. Other sources, apart from public records, have been acknowledged in the text.

David Goodfellow
Broughty Ferry
April 1997

The new van at the top of Whinnie Brae, 1907

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The old bakehouse at Balintoul

Chapter 1

Origins

It was William Cobbett, writer and social reformer, who said 'we are all, who are anything else, deserters from the plough' and this applies to the history of both the Goodfellow and Steven families. Both came from the countryside in that movement of population from the rural areas to the towns, brought about by industrialisation in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The Goodfellows

The name Goodfellow is recorded in Fife, Angus and the Mearns to a greater extent than elsewhere in Britain. The earliest reference I have come across is to John Goodfellow, a canon of the priory of St Andrews, who in 1560 converted to the Protestant faith and became a parish minister in Angus.

However, the first Goodfellow we know positively to be an ancestor was David Goodfellow, born in St Andrews around 1650. His son William and grandson Andrew were also born in St Andrews. Andrew married Grisel Mitchell and their son David Goodfellow, born in 1731, married Elspeth Lawrie, daughter of the miller at Dewars Miln, Kincaple, near St Andrews, in 1771. Their son Andrew was born in 1782 and married Janet Clark.

Why Andrew left St Andrews and settled with his wife in the parish of Bendochy, just to the north of Coupar Angus, is not known, but when their son, also Andrew, was born there in

1814, the father is referred to as a ploughman and hand loom weaver. No doubt this was the weaving of linen thread from locally grown and processed flax and it would be quite common in those days for the weaver to also be employed in agriculture.

The 1841 census of the Liff and Benvie parish, which includes the village of Lochee, tells us that Andrew Goodfellow, 59, hand loom weaver and his wife Janet 55, were living there with son Andrew, 25, a linen warper and daughter Mary, 20. By the 1851 Census, young Andrew, now 35 and a mill overseer in Pitalpin works, is married to Elizabeth Paterson, also 35, and they are living in Colvilles Land, Turnpike Road (now Ancrum Road) Lochee with three young sons.

The marriage of young Andrew to Elizabeth Paterson is an important event as it brought the bakery trade into the Goodfellow family.

Elizabeth's father, David Paterson, was born in Glamis parish in 1767 where his father William (born 1725) was a tailor at Bridgend of Dean. David went to London as a young man, but nothing is known of his time there, despite enquiries into the apprentice and journeyman records of the Worshipful Company of Bakers. We do know that in 1790, at the age of 23, he was admitted to Baker Incorporation of Dundee and is described in the 'lockit buik' (a padlocked record book) of that trade as 'lately from London'. In 1806 he was elected deacon of the baker craft in Dundee and was at this time a successful baker in Fish Street, described in old family papers as 'wealthy and prosperous'. In 1808 he was elected boxmaster of the Nine Incorporated Trades but suddenly, in 1810, all mention of him in the trade records stops. 1810 was the year in which his wife Janet Souter died and also in which he was required to find £1,300 when a man for whom he stood caution (guarantor) failed. This very large sum broke him and his business and he returned to London.

In London he worked as a baker for an Arbroath man, William Machir, and married his sister, Catherine Machir. In 1812, in London, a son William was born, his first child, as his first marriage had been childless. By 1813 he had returned to Lochee, then an industrial village on the outskirts of Dundee,

and opened the first bakery there behind his shop at 97 High Street. A daughter, Janet, was born in 1815 and another, Elizabeth, in 1816. David Paterson died in 1817, aged only 50. His bakery passed into other hands but is still there today, although in a derelict state.

His daughter Elizabeth, when she grew up and married Andrew Goodfellow, had six sons and three daughters. Four of the sons were apprenticed to the bakery trade and at least two of them, Andrew and David, to Liddle, a Lochee baker, whose wife Betsy Machir was a relation of their mother's.

Elizabeth and Andrew's third son David Martin Goodfellow, born in 1849, set up in business at 147 High Street Lochee, living above the shop, with the bakery behind (since demolished). He married Mary Shearer from Burrelton in 1869 and his eldest son David, my grandfather, was born in Lochee in November 1871. David Martin Goodfellow was a very religious man and a strong tee-totaller and it is said that his refusal to sell his bread to licensed grocers was a factor in his moving to Muirhead of Liff in 1883, where he built a house with a bakehouse behind. This bakery, though now converted to a dwelling house, is still quite recognisable on the Meigle road just west of the junction with the Coupar Angus road.

His wife Mary died at the age of 32, before the move to Muirhead, leaving seven children. The youngest two remained with relatives while the other five moved to Muirhead, where David Martin remarried soon afterwards.

David, my grandfather, learned his trade in his father's bakehouse, but with three younger brothers working there as well, David, who did not always see eye to eye with his father, moved to Broughty Ferry to work with his uncle, Stewart Goodfellow, also a baker.

The Stevens

The Steven family came from Carmyllie parish only a dozen miles from Broughty Ferry. David Steven married Jean Morgan, daughter of John Morgan, tenant in Newton of Carmyllie in 1730 and the youngest of their four sons, Patrick was born in

1739. A flax dresser to trade, he married Mary Boucks (born 1751) a twin daughter of James Boucks (born1728) and his wife Elspeth Milne in Drummygar.

Patrick and Mary had seven children, three boys and four girls. The boys: David (born 1776); James (born 1778); George (born 1786) were all three apprenticed to the joinery trade and each became a country wright: David in Lethendy, Perthshire, where he married Grace McKay; James near Arbroath but I have not been able to find out exactly where; George at Chapelton a few miles west of Arbroath where in 1820 he married Janet Kyd (born 1799), daughter of George Kyd the tenant of Chapelton Farm and his wife Mary McLeish. The cottage at Chapelton with the adjoining wright's workshop still stands on the north-east corner of the crossroads at Chapelton.

George and Janet had five children: Margaret (born 1822); Thomas (born 1826); James (born 1827); William (born 1831); Mary (born 1833). It seems likely that Mary was born after the family had moved to Dowrie Bank in Arbirlot parish where George continued as a wright. The house and the joiner's shop there have been demolished but old plans held by Panmure estate show them to have been between Nether Kelly farm and the shore and accessed by a road, now just a track, to the north of the farm. Here in 1834, quite soon after their move, tragedy struck. Both George and Janet died of typhus fever, leaving five orphans, the eldest only 12 and the youngest a year old. I do not know where all the children were reared but the family was split up among uncles and aunts. Thomas, the oldest boy, then eight, went to his uncle David Steven, a wright, and his aunt at Lethendy and in due course was apprenticed to the joinery trade with his uncle and his cousin George who was 11 years older. Thomas, on becoming a joiner, worked for some time in Glasgow in the 1840s before returning to Blairgowrie and setting up business.

Cousin George, after his father's death, when he himself was 55 and the year was 1870, was to take his family of wife and seven adult children and his eldest daughter Agnes' husband off to Guelph in Ontario where he and his sons became successful

building contractors at a time when that area was developing fast. Despite the loss of one son and two daughters in a boating tragedy in Guelph, George lived on to the age of 90, full of years and honour. Of his descendants, his great great great granddaughter Katy lives with her husband Kent Sinclair and their two young sons in Charlottesville, Virginia, USA and communicates and visits regularly.

Margaret was brought up in Arbroath and was in domestic service there for some years before marrying the widowed Robert Brown, manager of the gas works in Arbroath. Margaret and Robert had two sons, James born 1863 and Thomas, born 1865 and some of their descendants are living today in the Lake District, the Birmingham area and in Aberdeen.

James Steven, the second son, was also brought up in Arbroath and was apprenticed to a joiner. We hear something of him later as he was to assist his brothers in their joinery and contracting business.

James never married and lived latterly in Brook Street, Broughty Ferry where he died in 1902.

William, the third son, was only three when his parents died and he too was reared in or near Arbroath but whether along with Margaret and James and baby Mary, no one has been able to tell me. Like Thomas in Lethendy and James in Arbroath, he too was apprenticed to a joiner. Were James and he apprenticed to their Uncle James? Perhaps, but it is unlikely we shall every know.

Baby Mary was also brought up in the Arbroath area though very little is known about her. I understand she married but died without family.

William next appears on the scene in 1860, aged 28, and we find him designated joiner and his address Lochland Street, Arbroath marrying, in Perth, Mary Stewart (born 1839) daughter of the late Alexander Stewart, baker in Balintoul, Bridge of Tilt and latterly in Dunkeld. William and Mary are destined to be the parents of Margaret Steven, co-founder of Goodfellow and Steven.

The Stewarts from Bridge of Tilt

At this point it seems right to say something of the Stewarts who brought the baker blood into the Steven family. Mary Stewart was born in 1839, the second child of Alexander Stewart (born 1801) and his wife Janet Rattray whom he married in 1837. Alexander was a baker in Balintoul, the Eastern end of the village of Bridge of Tilt which today merges into the village of Blair Atholl. It seems likely that the small bakery that exists there to this day, now serving as a garden shed, had been run by his father before him but Balintoul was in the Lude Estate whose records have been destroyed so there is no sure way of finding out.

Researching into Stewarts or Robertsons in the Blair Atholl area is extremely difficult as most people seem to be either Stewart or Robertson!

Here I must acknowledge the great assistance given to me by Mrs Mary Rhodes of Didsbury, Manchester, who through the Tay Valley Family History Society, learned of my interest and shared with me a lot of her detailed research into Stewarts in Blair Atholl.

A year or two ago, while I was looking for the remains of the old bakery in Balintoul, I called on a lady who assured me that the two level building I had identified was just a shed and she showed me the inside of the upstairs part which was beside her back door. However, she referred me to Hamish Stewart the retired postman. A very fine old man, he readily confirmed that the 'shed' was an old bakery 'but not in my time'.

Back to the owner of the shed, she doubtingly showed me into the lower level of the building and she spotted before I did, the bricked up front of a Scotch oven. The oven is indeed still there and the lady's patio is on top of it. A room about 14 feet by 12 feet with a loft above and the oven adjacent. The village bakery.

Janet Rattray we know came from Dunkeld but her address on the marriage banns is given as Blair Castle. Almost certainly she was a nursemaid or a housemaid there but the castle's domestic records do not go far enough back to confirm this.

In 1848, little Mary Stewart, then aged eight, sewed a

sampler which I discovered rolled up among some effects of my grandmother's which had passed to my mother. Into this sampler she had worked a form of family tree giving the initials of her parents, brothers and sisters, grandparents and great grandparents. Marriages are shown by a red heart sewn between the two sets of initials. According to the Dundee Museum, samplers such as this are rare but two other examples known of, both come from Blair Atholl (one in the castle the other in possession of Mrs Rhodes) and it seems likely that all three stem from the same school sewing teacher. Mary's grandfather Charles Rattray and his wife Mary had other children and among their descendants Charles Rattray, one time cigar manufacturer in Perth and his sisters who lived in Tayport.

The descendants of that family, Donald Scott in Cornwall and Constance Scott (Shields) in Melbourne, Australia, are still in touch with us. Interestingly, a nephew of Janet Rattray, another Charles Rattray, married Margaret Milne, daughter of James Milne, who had owned and operated a bakery in Brook Street, Broughty Ferry. Charles ran the bakery for some years in the 1880's but was unsuccessful. Their family were well known in Broughty Ferry and some readers will remember the three very tall Miss Rattray's who lived in Hill Street and in their later years were regulars in Goodfellow and Steven's tearoom into the 1960's.

When David Goodfellow and Margaret Steven came to occupy the bakery, it was still known and referred to in deeds as Milne's bakery.

Mary's father, Alexander Stewart, had brothers and cousins whose descendants include Robert Stewart who owned the greenhouse and domestic heating engineers in Queen Street and whose son Duncan owns Stewart Heating and Plumbing in King Street.

Another connection was 'Border' Stewart who farmed a holding near Gagie.

Fond of a dram, he would come into Broughty Ferry, put his pony into Simpson's stables beside the railway crossing and then

visit several public houses before setting off home. It was apparently common sight to see the pony trotting homewards with the man himself fast asleep in the back of the cart.

The story goes that not long after David Goodfellow married Margaret Steven, he met 'Border' at the level crossing in Broughty Ferry who said to him: 'You'll be Davie Goodfellow? Maggie and me's connecit.' Grandfather no doubt wondered what kind of family he had married into!

Forty years on, I myself can recall the same Border Stewart getting on the train which my sister Margaret and I used regularly, in a rosy state, and getting off at Gagie. A kenspeckle character, he had the doubtful distinction of being before the court for the seventy second time on his seventy second birthday.

However I digress. Back to Mary Stewart. In 1848, she was sewing a sampler in Bridge of Tilt but by 1851 the census tells us that Alexander Stewart born Blair Atholl, is now a baker in Dunkeld on the south side of the High Street just east of the Scottish Horse Regimental Museum.

Had he moved there with the encouragement of his father in law, Charles Rattray? It seems likely, but we do know that by 1860, when his daughter Mary, then 21, was married to William Steven, both Alexander and his wife Janet were dead.

The three brothers Steven seem to have kept a close relationship, for the next time we meet William and Mary is the record of the births of their seven children born between 1861 and 1872. All but the youngest were born in Jessie Street in Blairgowrie where William had found employment with Thomas his eldest brother.

Thomas, as we found earlier, had finished his apprenticeship to his uncle in Lethendy and after gaining further experience, had set up in business in Blairgowrie. He had married Janet Reid in 1847 and by 1860, when William and Mary came to Blairgowrie, Janet had given birth to five children, two of whom had died as tiny infants. The survivors were Elizabeth, ten, Mary, five, and William, three.

They were to have two more children, both boys: Thomas born 1860; James born in 1863. James died in 1872, aged nine,

and Thomas died in 1886, aged just 26. Tragedy indeed, for scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough and tuberculosis took a huge toll of young people in those days.

William and Mary fared equally sadly for their first three sons, William, Alexander and Charles were dead before their first daughter Margaret was born in 1868, followed by George (born 1870) Janet (born 1872) and James, born in 1879 after their move to Broughty Ferry.

It is quite remarkable that of the seven children of Thomas and Janet, only four survived to adulthood and none married and of the seven children of William and Mary, only four survived to adulthood and only Margaret married.

Since starting up in business as a joiner and contractor around 1847, Thomas had been very successful and by 1860, he was well established having obtained contracts to build many churches, mansions and lodges throughout Perthshire and Angus. However, it was the rivalry in their lifestyle between the Dundee Jute families that prompted the young Gilroy to plan Castleroy 'that greatest of all the jute palaces' on the top of Forthill in Broughty Ferry, next to his parents mansion of Dunalistair.

The house was intended to, and did, outshine the huge Carbet Castle of the Grimmond family which had developed piecemeal around the older Kerbet House, lower down the hill in Camphill Road. The architect of the new house was Andrew Heiton of Perth and the contract was worth £35,000. The sum included the great house, the stables, the gate-house and the perimeter wall. Today, only the gate-house at the end of Hill Street and sections of the wall remain.

This large contract was secured by Thomas Steven and required the setting up of a joiners shop in Broughty Ferry to make all the doors, windows and panelling required and William, the younger brother, came to Broughty Ferry and acquired or set up a joiner's shop in Brook Street just where Brooks public house is now. (Before the establishment of Brooks in the late 1970s, Bob Samson the joiner used the old shop as a french polishing department. I regret now that I did not know of

the connection when I was in there.) It seems that about this time, William's brother James came to Broughty Ferry to join him. William's family stayed for some time in Blairgowrie before making a permanent move to Broughty Ferry. After the completion of the Castleroy contract, William stayed in Broughty Ferry running his own joiner and contractors business.

Thomas in Blairgowrie was a much more extrovert character than his brothers. In 1859 he is giving a 'spirited' address at a large public gathering to honour the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns and in 1863, he presides at a banquet attended by 80 gentlemen to mark the marriage of the heir apparent, Prince Edward to Princess Alexandra. Later that same year, as Bailie Thomas Steven, he presents an address to the foreign secretary, Lord John Russell who, while visiting Meikleour House, visits the town. In his response, Lord John makes a landmark speech on British foreign policy.

Over the next forty-odd years, Thomas continued his successful business, his local politics and his interests in literature and in writing poetry. I have in my possession a silver salver inscribed: 'Presented along with a purse of sovereigns to Thomas Steven J.P. Blairgowrie on his retiring from the office of Chief Magistrate. As a public testimonial to his worth and in recognition of his valuable and long continued services to the burgh. 15th December 1887' and I am writing this sitting at what was his dining table listening to the tick of his grandfather clock.

When Thomas died in 1906, only his daughter Mary and his son William survived him. Mary died two years later but I well remember William as a fine old man, referred to by his cousins in Broughty Ferry who he visited or was visited by regularly, up to the time of his death in 1937, as Cousin Willie.

Things in Broughty Ferry were not going so well. William shared with Thomas a love of literature but was a much gentler character and certainly not such a good businessman. In partnership, he constructed the houses on the north side of Queen Street between Gray Street and the Eastern School and, no doubt, many other local buildings. It was suggested at the

centenary celebrations of Broughty Ferry East Church in 1962, that when the new congregation built their church in 1865, he had had a hand in the building of it. Certainly the architect was Andrew Heiton, the designer of Castleroy and the timing was right, but there is no real evidence.

However, it was in the East Church, then of the Free Kirk, that he and his wife worshipped and where their family were christened in succeeding generations, including seven great grandchildren. By the late 1870's, he was unwell, no doubt a contributing factor in the failure of his business, and he died in 1883 at the age of 51 leaving Mary, his 44 year old wife with their four surviving children, the eldest of whom, Margaret, was 14 and the youngest, James, only four.

Not very much is known or was ever related about the next 14 years or so but Mary had a struggle to bring up her family. William's brothers no doubt assisted as did other members of both his and her family. The boys were both apprenticed to the joinery trade. Margaret worked for a good number of years with Smibert the baker in Gray Street. She certainly recalled coming to the shop door to see the Tay Whale in 1883.

Sister Janet trained to become a children's nanny and she was to make that her career. I can recall my father telling me that he found his grandmother, Janet and Margaret's mother, very severe (he would only be five years old when she died) but that she had had a very hard life.

Not just a waxed moustache: David Goodfellow in his early '20s

Chapter 2

Goodfellow meets Steven

Somewhere in the mid 1890s, David Goodfellow, a young man of 24 or 25, came to work with Smibert's, having had a disagreement with his uncle Stewart Goodfellow who had a bakers business just by the Gray Street rail crossing. The bakery he occupied, still in existence, is used as a store by Macpherson the chemist, and can be clearly seen from the level crossing in Gray Street. The chimneys of the old Scotch ovens are still identifiable and the old ovens are still there. It is said the vibration of trains passing so close behind caused soot to fall from the crown of the ovens on to the goods while baking, and this was a contributory factor to Stewart going out of business in 1908.

In the close-knit community of Broughty Ferry, it is almost certain that David already knew Margaret Steven and it is likely that they were attracted to each other — and not only as potential business partners.

However, these two, both in their 20s and both with strong views on product quality and presentation, considered they could run a better business than any of the other bakers in Broughty Ferry.

Conveniently, 'Milne's' bakery at 242 Brook Street was standing empty at that time and they acquired a tenancy of it in 1897. This was a large bakery built by James Luke, a Dundee baker, in the 1830s with five large Scotch ovens, a flour loft and stables. Facing Brook Street was the baker's shop and house

above but these had been let separately, the shop to Mr Fletcher, a grocer, who was succeeded in time by Matheson and then John Allison. The shop is presently occupied by Betty White, fishmonger and greengrocer. It was a condition of the tenancy of the bakery that Fletcher be allowed to stable his horse in the bakery stable, later turned into a store. However here was a bakery more than big enough for a new business, but without a shop. The problem was solved by renting a shop at 75 Gray Street where business was commenced.

This shop will be remembered by many as Neilson's greengrocer's shop and then a pet food shop. It is now the baby and toy shop.

For the first ten years of the business, the freshly-baked goods were wheeled from the bakery pend in Brook Street in racks with tarpaulin covers, along the pavement, round the corner and down to 75 Gray Street.

Financing the start up in business was not easy. David put in £30 which he had saved and Margaret £150, a £50 loan from her mother and a £100 loan from her uncle Alexander Stewart, who had emigrated to Argentina and was successful in the sugar refining business. This latter loan was to be repaid to Alexander's elder sister, Margaret's mother.

These sums were sufficient to purchase the necessary equipment, including a horse and harness and van; and credit from suppliers enabled them to stock sufficient flour and other ingredients with which to operate.

David's father, David Martin Goodfellow, was a rather fierce and abrasive character with whom David had disagreed before leaving Muirhead. However David's brother William, whom I knew when he returned from the USA as an old man of eighty five in 1959, told me their father gave David baking advice when he had fermentation problems in the early days and used to travel down to Broughty Ferry occasionally. I remember David, my grandfather, telling me that his father's favourite snack in the bakehouse was a cookie hot from the oven, torn open, filled with brown sugar then squashed firmly against the table top. David Martin died in 1910 when only 61.

With David in the bakery and Margaret in the shop, both imposing their own high standards, the business soon prospered and by the end of their first eighteen months in business (31 May 1899) the accounts show that the £150 borrowed capital had been repaid to Margaret's mother from the trading profit on the year's working of £446 18s 1½d

The assets of the company were shown as 'Shop Fittings etc., Utensils in Bakehouse, Horse, Van etc., Harness etc.', at £304 5s 0d and cash in bank as £125 2s 5d. In the following financial year which was shortened to 9 months by bringing forward the year end date to 28 February, the profit is shown as £484 0s ½d Cash in Bank £146 19s 1½d.

Business continued to prosper and a note in the accounts to year end 28 February 1901, where the capital investment of the partners has increased to £487 11s for David and £457 16s for Margaret, informs us that 'Miss Margaret Steven married Mr David Goodfellow on 23 October 1900'. In the profit and loss section are the following:

'Prior to October, cash paid for house furnishings etc, £333 3s 9d. From date of marriage, cash paid for housekeeping estimated at £3 per week, say £51 0s 0d.'

I know from my father that David and Margaret set up house in the top floor flat of the new building at the foot of Gray Street and it was there on 20 August 1901 that my father, their eldest son was born. He was named William Steven after his mother's father.

The accounts, beautifully handwritten by Charles Scrimgeour, accountant, 84 Commercial Street, Dundee (a brother of the yet to be famous Neddy Scrimgeour), continued to give good news to the partners. In a printed footnote to the year end 28 February 1903, accounts which show a trading profit of £890 2s 2d, David has written: 'This year was particularly good, owing to both flour and lard having been purchased on favourable terms'.

Housekeeping expenses were now at £27 10s 0d per month

By 29 February 1904, the partners had another good year with gross profit on the years working of £683 6s 10d and their

capital investments had increased to over £1,000 each. The assets are described as 'Shop Fittings etc., Machinery, Utensils etc., in Bakehouse, Horses, Vans Harness etc., £1,294 0s 9d'. Note the plurals! Also included is Muir Villa (purchase price £400) with a bond for £250 on that house among the liabilities.

Muir Villa appears to be another name for Lebanon Place, situated on the south west corner of the King Street and St Vincent Street crossing, overlooking the bowling green and with a good view of Broughty Castle. This was a spacious first floor flat with its own door on to King Street.

The Goodfellows, with their young son William, moved there just before their second son David was born on 4th May 1904. A daughter, Mary, was born there in 1907 and their third son, Alister, in 1908.

From this same period in the early part of the century, we have a lot of material, happily preserved in the bottom drawer of an old desk, which demonstrates the intense vitality of the partners in their determination to succeed. There are small booklets and leaflets offering Christmas goods, lists of entrees, sweets and ice cream bombs which were offered for parties. There are healthy eating pamphlets encouraging the eating of brown bread and a customer newsletter. There is also a wealth of jotters and notebooks filled with pencil sketches by David of proposed new products and books of photographs of wedding cakes, decorated shortbread and gateau, all the work of David himself. David's natural artistic talent helped him to be a very fine cake decorator and much of this skill must have been self taught.

David had joined the Scottish Association of Master Bakers (SAMB) as far back as 1901 and I see in the minute book of the Dundee Division 1905-1919, which I hold, that he became a committee member in 1905. In that year the national conference was held in Dundee.

In an addendum to the minute of the meeting recording the setting up of committees to arrange the conference activities is a report that tells us a good deal about social life in 1905.

'The following was the attendance at Various Functions.

Excursion to Monikie	345	@ 7/6d
Excursion to Monikie	4	@ 4/-
Dance Kinnaird Hall	132	@ 4/-
Dance Kinnaird Hall	92	@ 2/6d
Sail by Ferry Steamer	242	@ 1/-
Lunch Kinnaird Hall	250	@ 3/-'

In the following year, the committee agreed 'to arrange for the holding of Technical Classes in May and June, Mr. Borella to be teacher'.

Borella was a renowned cake decorator in the baroque style that was fashionable at that time and its seems quite likely that David was influenced by him.

This old minute book, to which I shall refer again, is a mine of information on the trade and social life of the country and covers the very difficult war years.

Around 1905, James Gibson, who ran a business in Brook Street which catered for parties in the big houses of Broughty Ferry, retired and the partners bought a considerable quantity of cutlery and other silverware, possibly some dishes and certainly several recipe books by such great names as Herman Senn, Francatelli, Urban Dubois and the popular Mrs Beeton.

Also included was at least one wedding cake stand of enormous proportions, which we still use. The letter G, which was engraved on much of the cutlery and the big stand, did very well for Goodfellow.

David, apart from his baking, his decorating and his watercolour painting, was also a very good and enthusiastic cook and a wide range of delicious entrees and sweets was offered to customers.

Three duplicate books from the 1911-24 period, with a gap between 1915 and 1918, record quotations given for functions as diverse as sunday school picnics, club dances, weddings and private dinner parties. For example this one to Miss Grimmond at the very grand Carbet Castle in January 1914:

‘Dear Madam
We beg to offer to supply Cold Supper as follows
For 60 People

MENU

Braised Turkey
Roast chicken
Ox Tongue Moulds in Aspic
Galantine of Veal
Chicken Croquettes
York Ham
Salad

****

Trifle
Fruit Jelly — Chartreuse — Jelly
Strawberry and Banana Creams
Decorated Meringues
Apricot Souffle

******

Fruit
Ices as per list
Tea, Coffee, Cakes etc.
Lemonades and still lemonade

We supply 4 Waitresses and other assistance and all dishes, cutlery, Linen and tables. Table decorations to be done by yourselves.

Price £16 10s 0d.

We are yours truly
Goodfellow and Steven’

and rather differently, for the opening of the Eastern School...

'August 7th 1913
James H. Langlands Esq., Architect
31 Murraygate, Dundee

Dear Sir
At Mr Fleming's instructions, we beg to offer to supply Tea at the New School for 250 to 300 people. One buffet table and a few small tables throughout the hall. Tea and assorted cakes. All equipment, Waitresses etc., For the sum of £6 — (Six pounds)
Trusting to be favoured with the order. We are
Yours truly
Goodfellow and Steven'

Not all was work, however, for the accounts to February 1905 inform us that David had bought a boat. 'Household expenses, including Life Insurance and cost of yacht etc., £361 2s 11d'. In this year also is the first mention of income tax being paid: '£115 11s 6d for year and former years'.

These are the first accounts to carry stock sheets and a listing of trade creditors, the largest sums being due to A&R Tod Limited of Leith, flour importers (£101 8s 0d) and Watson and Philip (£79 6s 4d).

Of the 42 companies listed, only Watson and Philip, Scobie and McIntosh, James Fleming and Cadbury Brothers are in recognisable existence although when I joined Goodfellow and Steven in 1954, more than half of the number were still suppliers.

Among the one hundred and forty items of stock listed are butter 11d (4½p) per lb, sugar 2½d (1p) per lb, almonds 9d (3½p) per lb, sultanas 4d (1½p) and 5d (2p) per lb. Also listed is a quarter puncheon of syrup, bales of hay, bales of straw and scuffle nets.

The yacht was anchored to the east of Broughty Castle, almost in sight of the house and was looked after by Alex Knight, who was known as Quack in the Ferry. It was a source

of family enjoyment until the outbreak of the 1914 war, by which time painting had become David's principal relaxation.

Living so near to the river and the old railway pier where Ye Amphibious Ancients Bathing Association had their hut, it was not surprising that all three boys became good swimmers at an early age. At the age of six or seven, newcomers were obliged to jump into the deep water between the two piers that formed Broughty Harbour and were supported by older club members until they could swim. Throughout the summer months, an early morning dook was the order of the day.

William, my father, was a very good swimmer but of the three, Alister was the best and took part in several Tay swims from Broughty Ferry to Tayport when a young man.

My uncle David, the baby boy of 1904, recalled to me an outbreak of scarlet fever in the family which young William and probably Mary had caught but he had not and he remembered being farmed out to live with Tom McRae, the foreman baker, who lived in the house above the Brook Street shop beside the bakehouse.

David or D as he was called, all of three years or so, had resisted going to the Rattray relatives in Tayport or the kindly family of Charles Scrymgeour in Newport. He remembered, more than 80 years after the event, going down to the back green at Lebanon Place and turning somersaults to amuse his big brother and wee sister who were recovering. Their mother had gone into quarantine with them in order to nurse them through the dreaded infection.

Margaret's mother, Mary Steven, lived a short distance away further up St Vincent Street and no doubt, like most grandmothers, she was a great help.

I have a letter written by Annie Rattray (Mrs Scott) to my father at the time of his wedding and in it she recalls helping his grandmother to look after him. However, my father told me that his grandmother refused to take him out because he was too wild. He was only five when she died in 1906.

The accounts for the year ended February 1907 show £100 being held in trust for both Janet Steven and her younger

brother James at 4 per cent interest — no doubt legacies from their mother's estate.

During 1907, and perhaps in some way, due to these legacies, there was a very unhappy episode. Margaret's brother James, who was employed in Goodfellow and Steven and was engaged to Bessie Neilson, the principal shop assistant, formed a partnership with David Dron, the bakery foreman, and acquired the bakehouse and shop across Gray Street that had been Smiberts and all three opened for business as Steven and Dron. James' share in this was £300, his own legacy of £100, a £100 loan from his sister Janet, withdrawn from Goodfellow and Steven and £100 from the same Uncle Alexander in Argentina who had helped Margaret in 1897. There was not unnaturally great ill-feeling engendered by this move and within a year or so James, in remorse, had sold his share and gone off to Canada where he died while still a young man.

David Dron moved to Aberdeen shortly afterwards and became a very successful baker and businessman there. The business of Steven and Dron continued in other hands for another fifty years or more.

We see something of the doings of David Goodfellow's brothers in the accounts. James had a loan varying between £15 to £97 over a number of years from 1900. A baker to trade but a bit of a rolling stone, he went abroad (there was a great long snakeskin rolled up in a drawer in my bedroom when I was a little boy that had been sent home by Great Uncle Jim) and ended up in Canada where he ran a business which catered for the gangs of workers building the Canadian Pacific railway, moving his business across the country as the track was laid. He corresponded with my father and mother and with my Uncle D until his death in the late 1960's, an old man of over 90.

In the accounts for year ended 28 February 1907, we see a loan of £150 to brother Alexander, also a baker, almost certainly to assist him to set up in business. He was first in business in Blairgowrie and then moved to Jesmond, Newcastle where he ran a successful business with several shops. Both these loans were repaid in installments by 1912. David's brother, William,

who worked with his father in Muirhead had a loan of £50 in 1900 repaid by two years later. This coincides with the time of his marriage.

During 1907, the business acquired a motor van which event was reported in 'Reres Echoes' by Flagstaff in the ***Broughty Ferry Guide*** of 26 April 1907.

'Goodfellow and Steven are up-to-date, if not more, in securing a motor car for message delivery. The motor is attracting considerable attention as it spins along the streets. In resorting to such a speedy method of fulfiling orders, the enterprising firm demonstrate their desire to give their customers the promptest attention which should find its reward in an accession of business.'

The following week an advertisement appeared in the same publication:

MOTOR DELIVERY
To ensure
Smart Delivery of Goods required for
Lunch and Early Teas
We have at Our Command the services of a
MOTOR VAN
Especially Designed to facilitate the
Smart and Careful Delivery of Same.
GOODFELLOW & STEVEN
75 GRAY STREET
BROUGHTY FERRY
Telephone No. 129

The Van, a De Dion Bouton, Registration S87 must have been one of the first commercial vehicles in Dundee and although the photographs suggest it was a bit of a toy, it was good advertising as the newspaper excerpt shows.

Also, during 1907, the business invested £600 with the Harbour Trustees at 3 per cent and a further £600 with the Gas Commissioners at 3¼ per cent. The accounts of 28 February 1908 show the partners' capital in the business at £1,850 each.

By 1908, after ten years, the business was evidently thriving but the shop was too small, communication between shop and bakehouse was still by trolley down the street and the bakery, which they did not own, was in a poor state of repair. Then, in 1909, the property from 77 to 87 Gray Street came up for sale. There were three shops, a printing shop and three flats above.

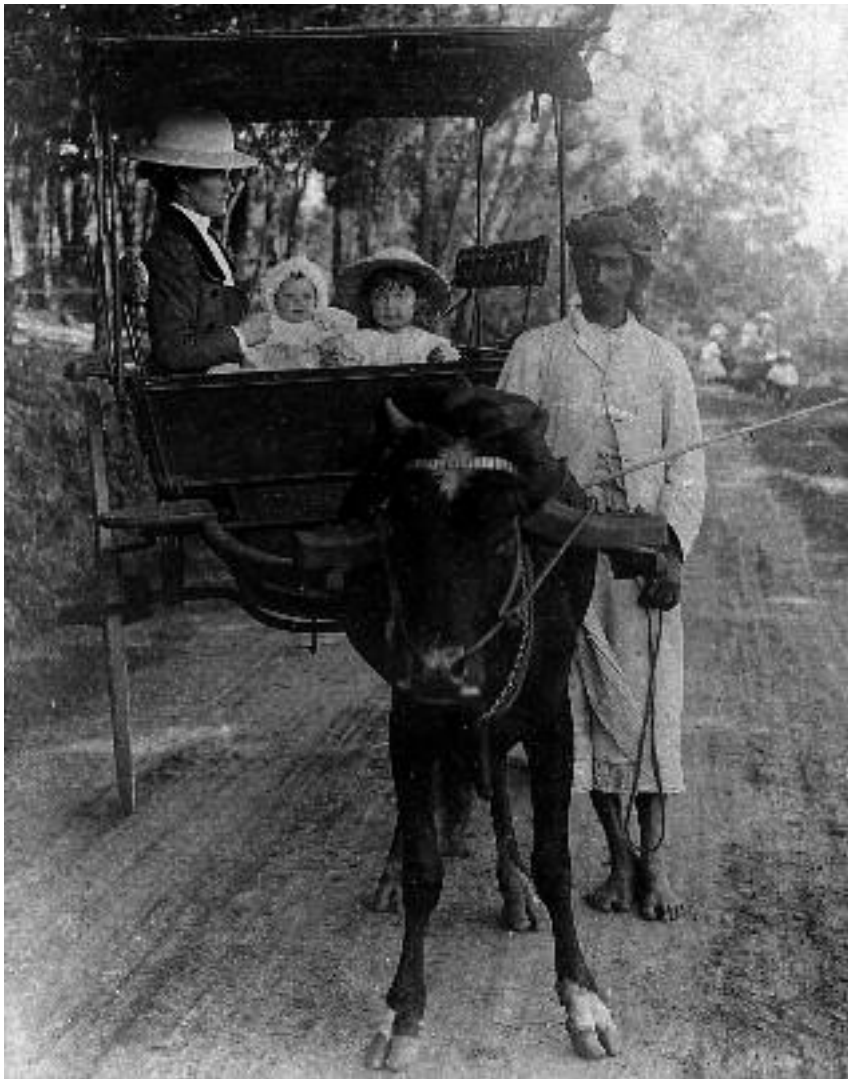
The building at 77/79, with two flats entering from 81, was tenanted and could be left as it was. But, with alterations, the printers shop at 83/85 would make a large shop, deep enough to include a small tearoom, and the single storey flat above could, by adding another floor, be made into a house for a family of six.

David and Margaret took the plunge and purchased the property for £3,050. To finance this big purchase and the required alterations, they took out two bonds on the property totalling £2,100 and obtained loans from Watson and Philip and their accountant Charles Scrymgeour of £500 and £300 respectively.

The money invested outside the business was drawn back in. The alterations eventually cost £1,510 but the transformation of the building was striking. The new shop was opened during 1910 with its beautiful mahogany, marble and glass fittings and terrazzo floor, a large curved window shop front as it is today and a small tearoom at the back.

Margaret and David and their four children moved into the new house upstairs. Sitting room, dining room, kitchen, scullery, cloakroom and accommodation for a live-in maid were on the first floor and there were four bedrooms, bathroom and linen room on the top floor. The new shop and the house above were, like the bakehouse, well up with the times in having electricity installed.

After the purchase of the new property in Gray Street and the formation of the new shop and house above, it is not surprising that the accounts for year to 28 February 1911 show a reduced profit on trading, which was insufficient to cover the cash withdrawals of the partners by some £50. In a note to the accounts, David explains:



Margaret's sister Janet was every inch the Imperial nanny

'Note — The difference in profits between the present and the previous year suggests the placing on record of the reasons for such disparity in the figures. The profits for the year 1909/10 were £728: for year 1910/11, as exhibited by this Balance Sheet, £528 — a drop of £200. Compared with 1909, the Flour Market of 1910… was easier and therefore advantageous, but the increase on the Wages Bill for the year rendered such advantage to be nullified — or nearly so.

'Accounting therefore for the drop of £200, we find that increases in the prices of Lard, Oil, and Sugar; Interest on Borrowed Money; Extra Advertising; Increased rental and Taxation, as well as other minor items charged to Revenue are sufficient explanation.

'The consumption of Flour in 1910 was 19¼ sacks less than in the previous year.'

By the following year, household expenses had been reduced as had cash withdrawals and there were no lawyers or architects fees to pay, leaving a surplus of £133 to be divided between the partners' capital accounts. By the year ending 28 February 1913 and the year following the benefits of the new shop showed themselves in considerably increased surpluses.

There is a lot of evidence both verbal and photographic that shows David and Margaret were loving and caring parents but now that the house was right over the shop, Margaret took advantage of this to free her apron strings from some of the demands of four children and returned to more direct control of the shop. Maggie MacDonald, a Broughty Ferry girl, was employed as a servant cum cook cum children's nursemaid.

However, this was no ordinary household for it was run as an adjunct of the business. I remember even after I moved with my parents and big sister into that house in 1934 and for a short time beyond, before my mother got her way, a main room on the first floor was used as a store for the shop and tearoom. This was strangely called 'the empty room'.

Another practice dating back to these early days and probably not seen as unusual by other baking families, was the staff breakfasts. On Saturday mornings when the start was even

earlier and the shop staff even busier, the shopman and the shop staff came in shifts to have a bacon and egg breakfast at the kitchen table, as did one of the bakery packers.

Young William had attended primary school in the old Eastern School in St Vincent Street (which, since 1912 or thereabouts, has been the St Aidan's Halls), but was now at the Grove Academy along with young D. Mary and Alister were not yet at school.

Around this time we have photographs of family picnics and yacht trips, very often accompanied by Jimmy Scrymgeour, son of accountant Charles, who though a year or two older than William, was a great friend and great fun.

My father used to recount tales of Jimmy's practical jokes and I myself remember him, a middle aged man, still able to create mayhem in my mother's well ordered lounge by encouraging my sister and I, who knew better, to play 'Run Rabbit Run' — which involved throwing cushions. Jimmy was a much-loved Newport resident and writer and teller of humourous tales right up until his death in the early 1980's.

In a letter to me in December 1980 acknowledging the traditional gift of 'cake and shortie' he wrote:

'I'm 84 now and I have the happiest memories of visits to 81 Gray Street and being companion to Willie, David and Alister. The three Goodfellows had a bath on Saturday night. Since I was a guest, I forget if same was compulsory for me. If I remember rightly, they did not wash again until Tuesday morning!! Explanation — Sunday — washing unnecessary as they had had a bath the night before. Sunday was of course a day of strict decorum and since they didn't dirty themselves, then they were really as good as new on Monday morning, thus rendering lavation that day superfluous. It is within the bounds of possibility that parental supervision may have interfered with this boyish technique!'

David's sister Elizabeth (Auntie Bessie) and Margaret's sister Janet were occasional visitors on holiday but the boys found that the teacher and the children's nurse were a bit too strict.

As parents, David and Margaret were strict but very fair.

David, less serious-minded than his wife, was brimful of ideas and ploys and my father recalled his mother being very angry that the boys were taken out of bed and up to Dundee to see Watson's bonded warehouse ablaze.

In July 1911, he organised a caravan trip with a difference, for himself, William, ten, D, seven, and Jimmy Scrymgeour. A local newspaper printed a photo and underneath reported:

'Above is a snapshot of the Equipage of Mr David Goodfellow, Broughty Ferry, starting out on Wednesday for a month's caravanning through the Trossachs and back. He has hired a horse and ordinary lorry and has surmounted it with a stout waterproof tent, designed by himself and equipped with folding hammock beds, cooking utensils etc. His two sons and their chum James Scrymgeour form the rest of the crew. Mr Goodfellow remarked that the neighbours smile, but he thinks he knows how to spend a vacation!'

Holidays for all the family together were out of the question, for either David or Margaret had to be at home to steer the ship. However the children, with one or other parent or sometimes on their own, had holidays at Newton Street, Blairgowrie with Margaret's cousin William Steven. In the early days, cousin Willie was still running a joiner and building contractors business with a joiner's shop and woodyard at the bottom of his large garden and entering off the next street.

Having lost his father and two remaining sisters between 1904 and 1908, this rather shy gentle man in his mid-50s, fond of music and literature and now looked after by a housekeeper, was lonely. He enjoyed the visits of his younger cousin Maggie's lively family.

It does seem quite remarkable that David could go off and leave his busy bakery for the month of July when, on top of the regular business, Broughty Ferry was full of holidaymakers and thousands of Dundee day visitors during the holiday week. This must be a tribute to his bakery team under Geordie Heggie, foreman, on the breadmaking night shift and Jeck Ritchie, foreman on the cakemaking and confectionery day shift.

There was a long running feud between these two foremen

but 'The Mistress' from the shop would have kept a tight grip on the whole business. This was indeed a partnership of equals. My grandmother hadn't the time to be a suffragette, but with a strong liberal outlook and intelligence, she was of the stuff they were made of.

Combined with the strong characters of both David and Margaret Goodfellow was a strong religious faith and a strict tee-total life style. David was known to explain that if you had been brought up in Lochee in the 1870's and had seen the misery caused by drink, you too would be a tee-totaller.

When asked the reason for someone's 'troubles', my grandmother would often reply: 'Drink and its attendant evils'.

Other examples of good precepts in the children's upbringing were 'No butter on your bread with bacon and egg', 'No butter and jam, one or the other'. These were not examples of frugality, just the same sort of rules that present day healthy eating experts propound. My father also told me that one day a week the boys polished their boots using the polish that was already on the brush.

Young D returned from the Grove Academy one day with obvious signs of having been in a fight. Quizzed by his mother, he confessed that he had been fighting with a classmate. Her response was to tell her errant son to bring the other boy home for dinner the next day. No doubt unwilling, but not prepared to cross his mother, D came home with David Spence, a farmer's son from Bractullo (Brackley) near Carrot Hill, the next day. The two boys became lifelong friends and his holidays on the farm influenced D into making farming his career.

David instilled in his sons the need to be observant and Alister recalled that from a young age they were sent to the shop or the bakery to see what they could see. If they returned and said 'nothing', they were sent back again. This developed their ability to look critically and proved invaluable to all three.

In 1912, tragedy struck the family. Mary, a pretty wee girl aged four and a half, took ill with appendicitis which developed quickly into peritonitis. My uncle D, who was then seven years old, told me that to minimise the noise in the sickroom for the

seriously ill child, Gray Street, from Brook Street to the Long Lane, was covered with moss litter.

It is hard to imagine anything similar happening today and demonstrates the closeness and common sympathy there existed then in the small community of Broughty Ferry. D also told me just a few years ago that when Mary died, he and my father were fetched home from Sunday school.

My father, who was ten at that time, never spoke of it. The family were distraught and I don't think my grandparents ever got over their loss.

To this day there is a little marble cross in Barnhill Cemetery 'In memory of little Mary from the employees'.

DC Thomson

The holiday of a lifetime: David and the boys set out for the Trossachs in 1911

Alister on the company's delivery van

Chapter 3

War and peace

David still took a horse-drawn retail van round the country at the back of Broughty Ferry, finding it a great relaxation from the hectic life of the bakery. One day, soon after the outbreak of war, he was selling to the gamekeeper's wife at the door of her cottage in the grounds of Pitkerro Estate. The proprietor, Colonel Dick, who was a former leading light in the Territorial Army, passed close by with a shooting party. A number of pheasants were raised, there was a fusillade of shots but no birds fell. The gamekeeper's wife shook her head and said: 'God help us Davie when the Germans come'.

Perhaps on some of these visits, David saw his young half brother Tom who was a ploughman in the bothy at East Pitkerro farm. D remembered visiting his uncle there sometimes on a Sunday (when he could have been only about ten or 11 years old) and Tom showing him how to find water hens' eggs by the side of the Lammerton burn, just cracking them into his mouth and swallowing them raw. Young D was obviously impressed but wouldn't try it for himself!

Tom was soon away to the war with the Scottish Horse and having served in Gallipoli, where he was one of the last to be evacuated, he was sent to France and was killed very soon afterwards.

Young Alex and Jessie Stewart, the second family of Margaret's uncle Alexander in Argentina, came to spend a holiday from their English boarding schools. With the advent of

war, Broughty Ferry became their home during the school holidays for the next four years and in Alex's case, right through his further education.

The effects of the war soon started to bite. Young men were taken from the bakery and raw materials became scarce. My father told me that food was scarcer and bread darker than at any time in the 1939-45 war.

Jeck Ritchie, the day shift foreman, was called up but before he left, a stout bakery recipe book was purchased and in it he wrote out all the recipes that were in use in the bakery. This book is still used as a basic reference book.

The accounts for the year end 28 February 1916 record under assets 'inexhausted funds from customers for gifts to prisoners of war £15 1s 0d'.

Profits were very small during the war years but these same accounts show an investment of £100 in 4½ per cent War Loan. In the following year, the loan from Charles Scrymgeour was paid off, but during 1917, David took out a mortgage on his own life for £200 against a life policy. A new horse was purchased for £43 and £12 received for the one sold.

In 1916 William and D moved to Dundee High School, my father set on an engineering career and D bent on farming. Young Alister followed them there a year or two later.

In a memo to the accounts for 1917, David explains an increase in trading profit to £666 12s 3d as follows:

'Compared with the previous year's profits, the increase in those of this Balance Sheet is accounted for in something of a saving on the Wages of Vanmen called to the colours; the delivering of bread being curtailed to a considerable extent, customers calling at shop and paying cash for supplies.'

A further element in accounting for the increase is to be found in the success obtained by the rearing and selling of pigs and poultry. The stock sheets record:

'At Hen run and in Store 25 Fowls, 1 Pig, 6 Store pigs, 4 Bags Bran, 8 Bags Common thirds, 2 cwts Poultry feed — £37 16s 8d.'

It is an interesting fact that in accountancy terms, horses were capital items and pigs and hens were stock!

Although there is no record of when the stables and adjacent ground at 312 King Street were first rented, it seems to have been about 1915 or 16, which fits in with the first introduction of pigs and hens. D, a boy of 13, took some part in looking after the livestock and they were referred to as D's pigs. A visiting cousin from Newcastle went right down in the boys' estimation when he refused to be taken to see the pigs, remarking: 'I don't know when I last saw a pig and I don't care if I ever see another'.

Some horses and a pony were moved into King Street and the vans, both horse and motor, which had been kept in a rented shed behind Glass the wireworkers in Brook Street (now part of the Bank of Scotland car park), were moved there also. However, the stable at the bakery was still maintained, housing at least one G&S horse and Mr Fletcher's. My mother recalled that when staying at Gray Street in the spare bedroom, she could hear the horses stamping their feet throughout the night. It was only after the stables were bought in 1921 and alterations carried out that all the horses were moved there.

After D went off to college in 1922 I am not sure who looked after the pigs. Alister, I know, took care of the ponies, the vanmen would have looked after their own horses and George Heggie, the bread foreman, kept pigeons in the loft over the pig sty for many years, right up until my own memory. But who kept the pigs?

They were certainly gone within a few years for by 1928 pigs and hens had disappeared along with the horses and ponies, which had been replaced entirely by motor vans. The stable midden which David included in a painting of the stables in 1921 or so had been replaced by a petrol pump! George Low, who joined the company in 1936, remembers a notice posted in the petrol pump shed written in David Goodfellow's hand:

'SMOKING — it will give you thrills if you persist in smoking WILLS, Blow up your body and your soul — and if you live — you're on the DOLE!'

About 1926 Willie, my father, took over the considerable garden ground, once the tennis courts of Ferry House and turned this into a highly productive garden, the sandy soil being much

Alister with a company pig

enriched by the residents of the mini-farm. At that time, just across King Street, the Barn family kept a dairy and had a byre with several cows on site. This may have provided another source of manure. Later on, right up until the late seventies, when the garden ground was sold off, an annual lorry load of manure came from D's farm.

Apart from the difficulties of running his own bakery, David had been active in the local affairs of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers, particularly since 1914 when the employees who at that time negotiated wages at a local level, demanded an increase in wages of 4/- per week on the 34/- per week 'Loaf Bread Bakers' rate and a reduction of one a half hours in their 51 hour working week.

The negotiations went on throughout 1915 and a series of meetings of the Committee took place in the Royal British Hotel (rent of the room 2/6). Negotiations came very near to breaking point and David took the precaution of lining the attic-top loft above the bakery stores with beaver board and covering the floor with linoleum to create a dormitory where some of his staff could stay and work in the event of a strike.

Fortunately, the matter was settled and David's somewhat dangerous scheme was never put into action but the lining and the linoleum were still there until demolition in 1997. The reasons for the strong line taken by both sides were the shortage of labour due to enlistment and very strict government controls on the prices of flour and bread. Again in 1917, there was even greater pressure from the Union of Operative Bakers and by this time, David was Secretary of the local association. The old minute book records, in David's own hand, a very difficult period of restriction by government and pressure from employees and also exposes the differences between the small employers and the larger employers and the co-operatives.

The Bread Order of 1917 was a particular headache for bakers. Trying to discourage bread sales, it stipulated that 'no bread which has not been made for a least 12 hours shall be sold or offered or exposed for sale'. After considerable argument involving the local chief constable, The Ministry of Food and the

Food Controller, it was deemed that a morning roll and a butter biscuit fell into this definition. Bakers who baked rolls, kept them for 12 hours and then reheated them were found to be in breach of the law. Another rule allowing the production of cake but banning pastries set off another row. Had the war not been so serious, the situation would have been Gilbertian.

David and Margaret were fortunate that their sons were too young for war service, William being just 17 when it ended. Earlier that year, he had left school and started an apprenticeship with Cooper and Greig, ships' boiler makers and also started evening classes at the technical college. William had also got himself a girl friend, Jean Speed, who was received by both his parents like the daughter they had lost seven years before.

Jean was the second youngest of the family of Peter and Mary Speed who hailed from Errol but had moved to Dundee when Peter got employment with Dundee Harbour Trust. The oldest of the family, David, had been killed at Arras in May 1917.

The accounts covering the last year of the war (to 28 February 1919) show a trading profit of £715 12s 4d with a nett profit of £243 13s 7d.

The accounts for the following year, when restrictions had been lifted, show a successful year with a net profit of £2,348 17s 8d. The mortgage on David's life was cancelled and £425 was invested in 'Victory Bonds'. Capital purchases were small; two cash registers £132 15s. Two second hand vans were sold for £30.

In these same accounts, the stock sheets show that from 1905 ingredient prices had risen by 2½ to 3 times; the greater part of this increase having taken place over the 1914-18 war years. (By 1925 some prices had slipped back a little but the overall increase in prices from pre-war remained over twice).

Another striking difference shown in these stock sheets is that instead of their being 16 varieties of specialised flours in stock, as before, there are only two varieties: GR flour and imported flour. I can only guess that GR stood for General Release! The pre-war specialised flours, which mainly re-appeared after the war, were both home-milled and imported and were each, by

careful selection of the grist, designed for a particular purpose. There were bread flours, roll flours, pastry flours, cake flours, scone flours, biscuit flours etc., with names such as Millennium, Brown's Hungarian, Tenerife, Golden, Everest and more mundanely perhaps, White. This last was a Dundee-milled flour from a firm called John F White Ltd of the Dundee Flour Mills at the foot of Roodyards Road, Dock Street.

In 1919 David became chairman of the local division of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers. The brought him on to the executive committee of the association which had headquarters in Edinburgh. This involvement with the association's affairs was to go on through himself, his sons and his grandsons, unbroken for the next 76 years.

David had reason to go to London to judge at a Bakery Exhibition in the Royal Agricultural Hall in Islington and took his 16-year-old-son D with him by DP&L boat from Dundee to London. D was greatly impressed by the London waiters and when he returned home, was demonstrating to the family how they carried dishes on the points of the fingers of one hand. The demonstration went wrong resulting in D breaking an apple pie over Alister's head!

The year 1920 saw the 20th anniversary of David and Margaret's marriage and it is interesting to note that throughout that period each maintained their separate partnership account which by this time stood at £5,000 in each capital accounts

The profit and loss accounts by this time were no longer showing household expenses but were recording cash drawings of partners. This year was also successful, showing a profit of £1,534 16s 5d. Investments in War Loans, Victory Bonds and the Dundee Town Council Water Commission totalled £925. A Hobart Cake beater was purchased for £225 and a Reid Cake beater was sold for £40 That Hobart 80 quart machine was in constant use until 1980 and its replacement then cost £6,000.

The bond for £1,400 over the Gray Street property which had been taken out in 1910 was repaid.

1921 saw a net profit of £2,108 and investments were increased by loaning £2000 to Dundee Town Council Police

Administration at 6% interest. A motor van was purchased for £146, a set of tyres and tubes for £41 13s 0d, 6 silver-plated cake stands for £11 5s 0d and a van horse for £45. Whether this was the horse in question, I cannot say, but the story was told that when his father was needing a new horse, young D by this time a student of agriculture, was sent down to Longair, the carrier in King Street, to look at the horse that was offered for sale.

D took a few minutes to point out all the faults that the horse had, whereupon Mr Longair said to him: 'Laddie, you'll ken an affy lot less aboot horses in ten years time'.

In this same year, for £500, the partnership purchased the old stabling and ground that had been tennis courts, entering from 312 King Street. These were parts of the old Ferry House estate which had been broken up, the house itself becoming the Castle Hotel and much later, an ex-servicemen's club which it is today.

1922 then saw the completion of the company's first quarter century and this was marked by the staff with a gift of a solid silver fruit bowl inscribed 'to Mr and Mrs Goodfellow from their staff 1897-1922'.

Both Margaret and David were demanding employers. David had a short temper but in a man so bent on things being right, there was little room for anything less than perfection. Margaret was more likely to point out the error of an employee's ways. There was a saying in the '30s: 'You go to the master for the sack, to the mistress for a lecture and to Mr Willie for your job back.' Alister's approach was nearer to that of his mother.

But both partners were very much respected by their employees. David was no doubt the inspiration for the staff picnics which were held once a year on the Victoria Day holiday. The business would hire charabancs (from Beatt and Ferrier I imagine) and staff, their families and picnic hampers were loaded. The venue would be different each year. I have the vaguest recollection of peacocks in Pittencrieff park in Dunfermline and of Edzell Castle. George Low remembers a picnic in Monikie in 1936 or 37, almost certainly the last held.

A state of the business report at this time would have highlighted the partnership successes in the quality of their

products, their fine shop, their delivery service and their excellent staff relations.

It would have reported with satisfaction that in that year they had purchased the two shops and two flats at 244/248 Brook Street, adjacent to the bakery on its west side and to the shop on its east side, thus allowing the shop and bakery to be joined by a covered passageway. At the rear of the two shops was the printer's shop where the weekly newspaper, the Broughty Ferry Guide had been printed and this was later to become the new tea room.

The report would have noted also that the capital account of each partner now stood at £6,700.

On the down side, the report would have pointed to the state of the old bakery, which was rented. It would have referred to the bad state of the roof, the cramped working conditions and to the valuable space still taken up by a stable! The report would also have regretted that neither William, a young engineer working in Sunderland and D, an agricultural student in Glasgow, were to be coming into the business and that young Alister was still only fourteen.

Nevertheless in that year, a new store was built on part of the newly-acquired back green and alterations were made to the stables at King Street. These included the construction of a studio for David at the east end of the great loft above the stables. This was accessed by a wooden stair from the stable below and a north light roof window, a teak sink and a gas fire completed the job. There it was that David escaped to paint still life or finish the landscapes he had begun in the surrounding countryside. Around this time he became an active member of the Dundee Art Society and in over the following years visited Cornwall, Essex, Galloway and the Western Highlands on painting holidays.

On 9 August 1922 there was a fire in the stable at the bakery and although two horses died, almost certainly through smoke inhalation, there was little structural damage. Even in 1997 the blackened joists showed through the emulsion paint above where the mangers had been.

In Spring 1923 the partners were faced with a big decision. Since the end of the war they had spent a lot of money on buying and altering adjacent property and also on the purchase and alteration of the Ferry House stables in King Street. Now they suddenly had the opportunity to purchase the bakery and two shops in Brook Street with a flat above.

This property, Nos 234-240, could be purchased for £1,850 but there was a lot of money needing to be spent on the bakery. David put it to his eldest son William that he was uncertain about this further expense unless he, William, was to join the business.

Not a baker but brought up in a bakers' household beside a bakery and with engineering experience, he could be a great help to his parents. William agreed and I know that this was to the delight of my mother who wanted her young man settled in the area. Even at their young age they were looking towards marriage.

So the property was purchased at Whitsunday 1923 for £1850 and a further £4,380 was spent on remodelling the bakehouse during that and the following year. Out went the stables, Mr Fletcher whose horse had been a required tenant under the lease was now himself a tenant of the Goodfellows and had to find other stabling. A new roof was constructed over the old bakery and when complete, the old roof was removed from underneath. This was an expensive project but it resulted in the very minimum of shut down time in the bakehouse.

At the same time, the new store recently constructed on the east gable of the bakery was demolished and the material used in an extension of the bakery, the width of a new oven similar in style to a traditional Scotch oven but heated by steam tubes. The oven builder was Andrew Gillespie and the cost £458 11s 0d. A new store was created where the stable had been and a staff changing room with bathing facilities was built. The accounts record the purchase of a Tornado fruit washing machine for £120. This highly efficient device worked with zeal and a great splashing of water for over 40 years. Also purchased was a 5hp motor to drive the shaft hung along inside the new roof from

Goodfellow and Steven Bakers, 1905

Bakery staff, around 1920

which by means of pulleys and leather belting the various bakery machines were driven.

Since the first acquisition of property in 1910, a property account was kept and by 1923, the partnership was renting out eight shops, one being to Goodfellow and Steven at £66 15s per annum and six houses, one being to David Goodfellow at £32 17s per annum plus a bakery at Brook Street and a stable at King Street, leased to Goodfellow and Steven at £92 and £20 per annum respectively, the nett profit from the property account being some £250 a year.

Not content with the big undertaking of re-modelling the bakehouse, the proposed new tearoom on the site of the printing shop behind 244/248 Brook Street also went ahead during 1924 and cost a further £1,571 to construct and £275 to equip. The tearoom was designed as a gallery in which to hang David's watercolour paintings.

The accounts record that as well as installing a central heating system, Robert Stewart and Son also built a greenhouse on the roof above the new tearoom and heated it from the same system as the tearoom and shop. William, even at 23, was a keen gardener and this idea was almost certainly his.

However, in spite of good trading, all this expenditure had to be financed and we find that by the end of 1924, the partners had their first bank overdraft of £967 3s 0d from the Royal Bank of Scotland and loans from Charles Scrymgeour of £580 and from young William Goodfellow of £200.

It is interesting looking at these developments to note the names of the various tradesmen employed. Most of them were Broughty Ferry and the work seemed to have been well spread. Joiners included D&W Coullie, Robert Samson, J&P Suttie and Charles Ogilvy, painters: Wm Webster and JL Blair, plumbers: Smith and Beats and Murray and Son, slaters: Robert Paul and Wm Brand and Sons, masons: James B Archer and A Thomson and in the new tearoom, James Gillies provided blinds and polished the woodwork.

All the works undertaken in this period were supervised by James H Langlands who was the company's architect until his

retiral in the late '60s. A civil engineer as well as a careful architect, my father always maintained that nothing built by Jim Langlands would ever fall down!

The set of accounts to February 1925 is the last of the series that stretched back to year one. These have proved an invaluable source for me of events and progress in the business. My uncle D who has provided me with so many reminiscences was by this time mainly away farming, so it may prove difficult to write on with such chronological accuracy.

About 1924 and not long after the bakery re-modelling was finished, George Heggie the bakery foreman took quite seriously ill and for a period of six months or so, William, my father, a lad of 23 and not a time-served baker, was put into the bakery as bread end foreman.

No doubt he received a lot of guidance from his father but the responsibility for production in the wee small hours was his. This stint was of enormous importance to him for not only did it turn him into a very knowledgeable baker, but it gave him credibility with the staff as a man who knew what he was talking about. Alister was a boy of 16 or so, had just left school and was about to set off on his training. A picture of the staff in the bakery taken about that time shows both the brothers in baking clothes.

Out of the 14 other staff in the photograph, six were still there in the mid '30s when I was starting to take note and three, Jim Drysdale, Willie Craig and the shopman Dave Hendry, were there when I joined in 1954.

After the big developments of the 1921-24 period, there was a necessary pause to consolidate and though the bakery was constantly being updated, the only major work was the replacement of one of the six Scotch ovens in 1929 by a draw plate, capable of baking 21 dozen 4lb Scotch batch loaves at once. The reduced weight 1lb 12 ozs (800 grms) loaf we know today, was at that time referred to as a half loaf.

1925 brought an enquiry to old Willie Steven (Cousin Willie) in Blairgowrie from Agnes Dawson in Uttica USA seeking to establish kinship.

There was indeed a relationship. Thomas and William, the fathers of Cousin Willie and Margaret Goodfellow were cousins of this 83-year-old lady's father George Steven who had emigrated to Canada with his family in 1870. This was to lead to lots of correspondence and many visits, the first of them by two of Mrs Dawson's grand daughters in 1937. Two years ago, my eldest son Scott visited Agnes Dawson's great granddaughter and her family in Charlottesville, Virginia.

During these middle years of the 1920s, D was at agricultural college in Glasgow staying in the YMCA hostel in Bothwell Street. Alex Stewart, a few years older, also stayed there while 'learning the business' with Merrilees and Watson who were leading manufacturers of sugar refining machinery. Alex played hard, so far away from home and D told me that although he wakened Alex before going off to college, he was quite often still in bed at lunchtime! Shortly afterwards Alex returned to Argentina and despite the closeness of the families in the war years, all contact seems to have withered thereafter.

D left Glasgow in 1926, going on to a dairy course at Auchencruive in Ayrshire and later that same year Alister also went to Glasgow where he attended the Scottish School of Bakery in the Royal Technical College. He was there for two years, also staying in the YMCA hostel, and completed his course with distinction.

He returned to Broughty Ferry for a spell before going to Germany to complete his training.

1926 was the year of the General Strike, which must have affected the business to some extent with interruptions to supplies and some of the staff joining the strike.

Dave Hendry our shopman used to tell me about grandfather's sister, Auntie Bessie working in the bakery making hot-plate scones during the strike.

This I found hard to visualise and still do, for the person I knew was an erudite, pedantic and argumentative retired school teacher. But I, like her nephews and their families, looked on her with affection. An English teacher at a girls school at Leeds, she must have been on holiday in May 1926.

William and Jean, my father and mother, married in April 1927 in Mathers Hotel. D was best man to his brother and my mother's youngest sister Ina was bridesmaid.

The young couple set up house at 309 King Street, a rented ground floor two-bedroom flat directly opposite the King Street garage and garden.

Grandfather's uncle, the Reverend Alexander Goodfellow, an old man of 76, attended the wedding with his wife, doubling up with a visit to the Church Assembly in Edinburgh. Alexander, a younger brother of David Martin Goodfellow, had been apprenticed as a baker but as a young man left the trade and was ordained as a minister in the United Free Church of Scotland. He was minister of the UF church in South Ronaldsay, Orkney for 50 years from that church's foundation and, as far as I know, that was his only charge.

Childless, he and his wife had raised his brother's second youngest child Elizabeth (Bessie) from the age of three after her mother died. A notable relic of their presence at the wedding is a handsome bible with a most beautifully illuminated inscription on the title page gifted to my mother. Alexander kept a scrapbook of family events and I am greatly indebted to him and to the custodians of his book, my second cousin Roy Robertson and his wife Barbara, for information about the early Goodfellows.

On midsummer's day in 1928 my sister was born and was named Margaret Steven after her father's mother. Everyone was delighted and not least my grandparents, no doubt reminded of their own little girl.

Notes passed almost daily from Gray Street to King Street with instructions to my mother about the child's welfare. I have quite a number of these in my 'family archives' and they show an almost obsessive concern.

The birth of a first grandson two years later (myself) didn't seem to elicit quite the same degree of enthusiasm.

D was now ready to become a farmer in the full sense but this was the start of the depression and a very bad time for farmers. He took on a post as a temporary farm manager at Burnton,

Laurencekirk for six months but was at home for long periods, acting as a sort of personal assistant to his father; taking him out of the nearby countryside in the afternoons to paint, often leaving him there for an hour or two and returning to bring him home.

David had never learned to drive motor vehicles, which seems surprising for a man so active and so forward-looking and who, from the age of 36, had owned one of these new devices.

In 1928 David, who was well recognised in his trade not only for his skills as a craftsman baker and cake decorator, but also for the quality of his business, was invited to write a series of articles for ***The British Baker***, a weekly publication.

This series, entitled 'A week's work in a Scottish Bakery' was published in five installments between 23 November and 21 December 1928 under the pseudonym of Andrew Fairservice. This article seems to have been lost in the family but was brought to Alister's attention in the 1960's by an old Fife baker, RN Gatherum of Chalmers Street, Dunfermline who found the pages of ***The British Baker*** when clearing out his bakery on his retiral.

Many years after I gave a copy to my fellow directors and to D who I thought would be interested. D told me that as a 24-year-old farming student, between jobs at the time, he had written down these articles while his father dictated the text and decorated wedding cakes at the same time! The fee from ***The British Baker*** went to the scribe.

These articles depict an era that is gone but there is still something there for the would-be successful small baker.

Also in 1928, a Miss Jamieson from the United States called in to Broughty Ferry. She was a friend of Mrs Dawson's daughter and was on a sort of 'spying mission'. In her report back to Miss Dawson dated 21st September 1928, which found its way back to me from the USA in 1974, she writes:

'Went to Broughty Ferry and called your Mrs Goodfellow, saw her and Mr G also the eldest and second sons — very fine people. They have a big bakery business and tearoom, oldest and

youngest sons are in business with them; very nice boys. Oldest one is married and has one child. The middle son has studied agriculture and as he's going in for farming, is at present employed by the Government as a potato inspector. Very nice young man came to the train with me. The youngest one was away so I did not see him.

'Mrs Goodfellow is quite good looking, 6ft tall and an out of the ordinary woman, is very intelligent, a good talker, is a bit of a socialist and has her own ideas about things. She and I had a long walk together on the Esplanade. Mr Goodfellow is a very nice man, he seems considerably younger than his wife but that may be because her hair is white and his hair is dark — and no grey in it at all. He is a bit of an artist and has a studio and paints pictures in his spare time. I saw some of his pictures and thought them quite good. They wanted me to come back Sunday and go to Blairgowrie and see this Willie Steven who corresponded with Mrs Dawson but I could not do it as my time is short.

'Mrs Goodfellow's father came to Broughty Ferry years ago and helped to build Gilroy Castle but was unfortunate in business.'

It is an interesting pen-picture of the business and the family: a snapshot with a one afternoon exposure. The picture of my grandmother is quite perceptive but grandfather's intensity doesn't come across. Of course, she only saw him for a very short time.

The picture of Mrs Goodfellow that so many people still recall to me is of the tall white-haired lady with a bun, wearing a white overall and reaching into a large glass jar with a lid that sat on the shelf at the back of the counter to give them a biscuit. All children that came into the shop were given either a Peek Freans Nursery Rhyme biscuit or an Italian drop, which was a butter sponge biscuit with sugar nibs on top made in the bakery. This 'free gift' must have been one of the most successful marketing gimmicks ever for it targeted and secured the loyalty of the next generation of customers. Why did we stop?

Apart from this apparent generosity, both Margaret and

David were truly generous in their support of people who were hard pushed to make ends meet and many a parcel of goods found its way to the big family or the old person living alone on very little.

In 1929, Balnuith farm at Tealing became available to rent and young D, at 25, with some assistance from his father, was started off on what was to be a long and notable career in farming.

Willie, in the business, was now taking on a lot of administrative work from his parents and records show that he was buying, writing advertisements, quoting for catering functions and looking after the office. It was also his job to open the shop each morning at 6.30 am and he was there with an assistant selling rolls until breakfast time when other staff came in.

On a visit to painting school in Kirkcudbright around 1930, David met the famous artist, potter and book illustrator Jessie M King and commissioned from her a cover for a telephone sales brochure. Willie launched this telephone ordering and delivery service, which seemed to be the modern thing as telephones became more and more widespread, but he told me that one of its effects was to stop people coming into the shop — and then buying on impulse.

The Glasgow style hits Dundee

Chapter 4

The ’30s

In 1931 Alister was in Bergsdort, Germany where he worked in the family bakery of August Knocke and also in Cologne, attending the A Heckmann Confectionery Craft School. From there he went to Wolfenbuttel to the Private School for New Confectionery Art run by the well-known confectioner Bernhard Lambrecht. He spent a month at each of these schools and obtained certificates from them.

In April and May of 1932, David, now 60, was able to realise a dream and go on a painting holiday to Majorca. He and an old friend sailed from London to Marseilles then by another ship to Palma. The friend, who was not an artist but was content to potter about and pursue his hypochondria, caused David a good deal of amusement and some frustration. In the six weeks he was away, David wrote 21 letters to his wife and I have them all. Starting ‘Dear Maggie’ and ending ‘love Davie’ they are warm and newsy, describing (and often illustrating with small drawings) the things he had seen, the places, the donkeys, the ladies’ dress, the people he had met, the hotels, the roads, the bakers’ products and the inside of a bakehouse. During that holiday, David produced some 30 or so sketches, many of which are very good.

When he returned home, he wrote an article for the Year Book of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers which described many of the events and reflects many of the observations which he made in the letters. I recall my father

saying that his father was fortunate in being able to pursue his hobby to the extent he did because his mother was more content to look after her side of the business and a few days holiday in Blairgowrie or at Crieff was all she wanted.

David's great grandson, my son David William Scott, on a visit to Majorca 60 years later, visited the Hotel Miramar in Puerto Pollensa where David had spent the second half of his holiday and found, in conversation with the proprietor, that her grandfather had been running the hotel in 1932 — and even more surprising that she could produce a painting signed 'D Goodfellow, Broughty Ferry'.

Also in 1932, D married a Broughty Ferry girl Margaret (Peggy) Lyon. Alister was best man and Peggy's sister Jenny was bridesmaid. In the following year their son John was born.

Tuesday was the market day in Dundee, when farmers congregated in the city square to buy and sell. D usually looked in to the bakery on that day and when John was old enough, he was often left at Gray Street to play with my sister Margaret and I while his father was at the market.

Fred Knocke, a baker's son, came from Germany on an exchange visit after Alister's time there and he lived with the family in Gray Street for some months. A month or two after he came, he alarmed the conservative eating habits of the Goodfellows by offering them slices of German sausage which he had been keeping in his suitcase. Poor Fred was killed ten years later on the Russian front.

In that same year, 1933, Alister married Mary Inglis from Port Seton and they set up home in Castle Terrace.

1934, when I was three years old, was the first year that I have any recollection of events. I remember grandfather going off to Tangier on a painting holiday.

Only one letter from that holiday survives; it was written on 28 April 1934 to my father and in it he describes the problems of the intense light and also writes: 'I mean to try a market but it means a lot of figures which is not my strong point'. The resultant painting, ***Marketplace in Tangier,*** is considered one of grandfather's best. He goes on 'Will (his hypochondriacal friend)

is behaving himself well, he has his usual chemist's shop and amuses himself with consuming enough drugs in a week that would do me for possibly seven years! He did not forget insect powder but has not had to use it yet'. David's only further foreign painting holiday was to Bruges in Belgium in 1938.

Soon after his return from Tangier, in May 1934, he became President of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers. Also in that year, he and Margaret purchased a large house, 12 Douglas Terrace, overlooking the river and, after dividing it into two big flats, they moved into the upper one.

My father, in charge of the purchase, told me that the price of the house and alterations was fearful, £4,000, and that he had never told his father the real cost.

This move was my grandfather's idea for he wanted to reduce his involvement in the business. My grandmother had no wish to leave the centre of things and her beloved shop in Gray Street.

The flat had big rooms with high ceilings but, exposed to the south west, it was not so warm as Gray Street. It had a good north-facing room as a studio and a big garden where David had an aviary constructed for his new hobby, keeping exotic birds. At one time he had about 60 birds and later created special winter quarters for the most delicate varieties in a lean-to shed against the warm bakery wall.

I have recollections of staying in the Gray Street house while my grandparents were still living there. There was a celebrated incident when early one Sunday morning my sister and I were playing in our bedroom on the second floor and in a childish argument, we each threw a cherished toy belonging to the other out of the window on to a two-foot-wide ledge.

We each, aged five and three, went out on to the ledge to retrieve our own possession and it was whilst there that we were spotted by Mrs Grieve who owned the paper shop opposite. I can see her yet — transfixed, afraid to shout out and then my grandmother appeared in her nightdress just as we climbed back into the room. We never saw our toys again! I can also remember Sunday lunch at Gray Street with tea and toasted cookies in the afternoon.

The principal result of my grandparents move, as far as I was concerned, was that my parents, my sister Margaret and I moved to Gray Street into the much-loved house above the shop.

With their three boys now married and in homes of their own, it was seen as necessary to look at the structure of the business. In a partnership, every time there is a change in the partners, everything has to be wound up and a new partnership agreement set in place, so it was decided to bring William and Alister into the ownership of the business by dissolving the original partnership and forming a limited company.

Each of the boys was given 1,000 shares and 100 shares were given to Margaret's cousin Willie Steven, by this time a man of 77 who was finding it a struggle to live on his small capital. This holding enabled him to be made a director and paid a director's fee. The remainder of the 10,000 issued shares were divided equally between David and Margaret. The company now had four active directors and one non-executive director.

The minute book refers to David as the governing director. William McAra was appointed auditor and the company auditors to this day are McNaughton and McAra.

The day this new financial arrangement was anounced in the newspapers, one of my mother's sisters returned home to find her mother in great consternation. 'Something terrible has happened to Goodfellow and Steven,' cried the old lady. 'They're needing money, you'll have to phone and see if we can help!' And she blamed my mother's generosity: 'That'll be Jean and her parcels,' she concluded.

My maternal grandmother was a gentle soul, unlearned in business matters and she thought her free weekly parcel of goodies had brought financial ruin.

Now that the family were no longer living under one roof, Sunday was the day when the three boys and their wives and families came to lunch. This was the only non-business day of the week and other guests were sometimes invited including any young men, sons of other bakers, who were working in the bakehouse for a spell to gain experience. Among these I remember Eric James from Southend, Bert Fisher from Belfast,

who married my mother's youngest sister Ina, and Olaf Asklund from Gotenburg, Sweden. Later on, a very young addition to the lunch parties was Alister and Mary's young son Alister David Inglis who was born in October 1937. A feature of the visit which followed Church was an inspection of grandfather's current painting. Sunday was his big day in the studio. He did not join the almost statutory visits to the cemetery in the afternoon but did usually go to the evening church service.

These regular Sundays at Douglas Terrace were broken with visits to cousin Willie at Blairgowrie. The family new year party (Christmas was a working day until the '40s) continued to be held in the dining room at Gray Street but the growing family, plus relatives and two Polish soldiers whom D's and Alister's families had befriended, increased the numbers beyond the 14 our table could accommodate and for most of the '40s the party meal was held in the tearoom.

However, back to 1935. Before the end of his term as President of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers, my grandfather attended the English Baker's Conference in Llandudno and my grandmother and my mother (at Grandmother's insistence) accompanied him. My father stayed at Gray Street but my sister Margaret and I went to Douglas Terrace to be looked after by Auntie Bessie who was now retired and living in Tayport. Auntie Bessie was unaccustomed to small children and nearly drowned Margaret and I in the huge bath at Douglas Terrace. We had to stand up to keep our heads out of water! This few days break turned into a three-week ordeal, for grandfather contracted a septic throat which turned into an abscess known as a quincy throat. Before the days of antibiotics this was a serious complaint and he was quite ill in a hotel in Llandudno being nursed by his wife and daughter-in-law.

My grandparents had a resident maid and a matter of great interest to Margaret and I was Lizzie's young man who went off to fight Franco's fascists in the Spanish Civil War in 1936. Happily he returned, married Lizzie and took up his work with the Dundee town council again.

By the late '30s, David and Margaret had relaxed a good deal

of their direct control of the business, handing over more and more responsibility to William and Alister. Margaret was still there daily, dressed in a white overall, supervising the performance of her shop staff, keeping an eye on the quality of the products and speaking with customers while David continued to supervise the products of the bakery while keeping some of the cake decorating work to assist Alister, by this time managing the bakery and also the cake decoration.

David, however, with so many interests, found it easier to take more time for his garden, his birds and his painting. 1937 saw a big exhibition of his work being held in the Victoria Galleries in Albert Square, Dundee. This was considered a great success. The proceeds from the sale of programmes (2d each) and from the only sale ever of his paintings (a dozen), went to the Dundee Royal Infirmary.

1937 was also Coronation Year and apart from designing special products for the shop, David was the chairman of a special committee of the Broughty Merchants' Society. As well as the streets being decked with bunting and with the householders own decorations, a large bonfire containing rockets was lit on Coronation night along at the 'dump', now referred to as the Esplanade. I can remember sitting on the railway embankment watching the huge blaze. My grandfather told me that his idea for a floating bonfire had been turned down by the authorities as 'too dangerous'.

This matter of ideas was a big feature of David's character. There are lots of notebooks and jotters filled with little drawings of suggested tarts, cakes and pies and scrapbooks filled with cuttings from trade magazines or other company brochures. When he went on a journey, he used to say he liked 'to get his train fare'. By this he meant that he looked for an idea in another baker's window, the hotel trolley or wherever from which he could justify the cost of his journey. Hence the notebooks with the drawings of cakes, but also little sketches of people, buildings and scenes that attracted his attention.

Along with all his other activities, David also found time to involve himself in the affairs of the Broughty Ferry Merchants'

Society from its beginnings in the late '20s and through the 1930s. He was President from 1932 until his death in May 1941 and during that time and up until 1979 when the tearoom closed, general meetings of the society were held there.

The minute of a special general meeting of the society on 9 June 1941, attended by 43 members, records an appreciation of David Goodfellow.

'Everything in which the Society concerned itself had his whole-hearted support and it would be difficult to estimate the time, trouble and expense he devoted to the many activities in which the Society had a direct share or was interested in setting afoot. Among those may be mentioned the Carnival, the Musical Festival, the opposition to the Town Council's proposal to withdraw the buses from the Strathern Road route; the construction of a swimming pool; the proposal of the Town Council to amalgamate Wards X and XI with consequent reduction of Broughty Ferry's representation on the Council from six to three members and just at the time of his death, the promotion of a Fire Watching Committee under the emergency legislation. In all of those, some of which meant attendance in Court and all of them the expenditure of much valuable time, Mr Goodfellow did not spare himself. Not only in the welfare of the Society and its immediate concerns did Mr Goodfellow manifest great enthusiasm but also in the welfare of the Committee as a whole .....'

At a meeting of the executive and general committee of the society held two weeks later, it was unanimously agreed to appoint William Goodfellow to succeed his father as president. On this occasion it seems that William declined the offer but in due course, William, Alister and I served as committee members and as presidents of the society or as reconstituted in 1962, The Broughty Ferry Traders' Association.

David Goodfellow outside his aviary at Douglas Terrace

Chapter 5

I remember

The first part of this chapter is edited from articles originally written by me in the late 1970s for Good News***, a staff newsletter edited by my cousin Ronald. As such it is more a personal reminscence of the 1930s than a chronicle of events.***

I am old enough to remember, through the eyes of a small boy, the business of Goodfellow and Steven before 1939 when the war changed so much forever.

I remember the warm bakehouse with lots of men and boys busy making things (no women were employed there in those days), the tearoom kitchen, the loft above the bakery ovens, so hot that you couldn't stay there for long.

I remember in the bakery the great leather driving belts that reached up to a shaft drive fixed along inside the roof. When the single motor driving the shaft was switched on, the belts were driven but beside the drive wheel of each machine was an idler wheel which was turned by the belting until, like a primitive clutch, the belt was eased onto the drive wheel of the mixer or divider.

This electric motor that drove the shaft and through it all the large machines, was out in a part of what had been the stables until the early 20's and was, when I remember it, the fruit store. In this store the drive mechanism also operated a fruit washing machine of great antiquity. This former stable became the bakery weigh-up store.

There were in the bakery great two hundredweight barrels of lard (100 kilos); bogies filled with coke, long peels hanging on brackets above the oven mouths, and each oven mouth had a light bulb on an arm that was swung round after the oven door was opened and which lit the inside of the oven.

These Scotch ovens, five in a row, were part of the wall that carried the roof when the bakery was built around 1835. Another Scotch oven, heated by steam tubes, was built on in 1924.

The Scotch ovens were large stone-built caverns with a flat sole of paving stones and with a domed stone roof. To the right of the doorway, which was quite small, was an open coke fire. The oven flue was to the left of the door and when the oven was fired (heated up) the hot air from the fire travelled round the domed oven and heated the stonework.

When sufficiently hot, the fire was damped down, the sole of the oven was then cleaned with a 'scuffle' (strips of jute sacking attached to a ring on the end of a long pole which were then dipped in water and then used with a whirling action on the sole of the oven to bring all the ash and dust to the oven mouth. This was a skilled operation). When four of these Scotch ovens were removed in 1954, the stonework formed a sizeable part of the inclined cycle track at Caird Park.

It had been the practice to bake many things, batch bread and morning rolls included, directly on the stone oven sole. This gave a very good crust or sole on the goods but the process of setting these goods on the sole from a peel was very slow and by the time I remember, rolls were being baked on pans and one of the original Scotch ovens had been replaced by a steel draw-plate oven. This was particularly to bake batch bread but it was also very useful for tin bread or slab cake.

The confectionery department was upstairs in what later became the store. All flour was carried up the stone stair to the loft and was put down to the bakery by means of a wooden chute. From the flour loft, a ladder went up to the top loft where, as I have described, my grandfather prepared a dormitory. In the confectionery, perhaps surprisingly, was a large coke-fired

hotplate with meringue storage presses built in underneath. The scones, pancakes and so on were made first thing in the morning before confectionery work began. The small room at the head of the stair to the confectionery opened from the main area at that time, and that is where my grandfather could usually be found decorating cakes.

The people who worked in the bakery and shop and on the vans played an important part in the building of the company's reputation. Those who were important to the business in its early days and those who were memorable to a small boy, may not necessarily be the same and I am not in a position to select. However, I can record those who were memorable to a child and among those, quite a number had been with the company since early days.

George Heggie was the bread department foreman in the 1930s. He and his wife and family lived in the house at 246 Brook Street next to the pend and he kept pigeons in the loft at King Street where my sister and I used to meet him when he was tending them. At that time we lived across from the garage at 309 King Street.

The pastry foreman was John (Jeck) Ritchie who had been in the bakehouse since before the 1914-18 war and we still use, as a basic reference, the recipe book he wrote out before he went off to the war.

Willie Craig, who was a deputy to George Heggie, had joined from school during the war and he went on to be the first holder of the title, bakery manager, a position he held from the early '50s until his sudden untimely death in 1958.

The cake man was George McMillan and I can clearly recall him mixing sultana cake, and Fred Murray who was the comedy star of Broughty Ferry Opera as well as having a very fine tenor voice which he used more seriously in the East Church choir. Fred left to be a salesman for leather machine belting but returned in the 1950s as the first weigh-up storeman.

Upstairs in the confectionery finishing department, perhaps the most congenial place for a small boy (usually looking for something to eat), were Jim Drysdale and Adam Donald, and in

the decorating room with the door ajar so that he could see what was going on, Grandfather, decorating wedding cakes or making sugar flowers. Sometimes I would be given the responsible job of putting the squares of paper on the nail on which he would pipe flowers.

At that time the hotplate, a great big coke-fired one about 8 feet long, was upstairs in the confectionery and if I went to the bakehouse early, Jim Drysdale would be making scones before he started on the creaming of sponge fingers, cream buns, chocolate eclairs, meringues etc. At one time, before the introduction of an air whip machine, the cream was all whipped by hand. Jim, a man of few words but of great kindness and tolerance, had a great capacity for work. He was looked on as a friend, as was Adam Donald who chatted to us children.

On Saturdays, as during holidays, to earn a few pennies, I would go round to the confectionery to carry trays to the shop. Being upstairs there was no question of wheeling goods in racks. Trays were carried by twos, one on the head and one on the shoulder and as goods were packed in the bakery ready for the counter, the trays from the confectionery were narrow, made of oak. Great care had to be taken, particularly with fruit salad tarts, that they were carried level. Sometimes I had helped to prepare these tarts or rather to assemble them as each piece of each kind of fruit had a special place in the tart, topped by a thin slice of red apple before being covered with thickened juice.

There was one unfortunate accident that I can still recall.

There were two silver dishes of fruit salad for a special order to go to the shop and I was given these on a board on my head. Going down the stairs the obvious happened. I tilted the board as I looked down and the dishes slid forward tilting the board even more and two silvers and the fruit salad shot down the stairs ahead of me. I don't think I got all the blame for that.

At the foot of the stairs, apparently most of the time, worked Matt Carey whose job in life seemed to be breaking eggs — hundreds of dozens of them. Up in the loft we still have a number of the wooden egg crates dating from that time. Matt also worked in the scullery washing utensils.

Charlie Pattie was in these days employed preparing baking tins and pans and helping to keep the bakery clean. During the war when many of the staff were called up, Charlie became a 'dilutee baker', reverting to his former duties when the war ended. Charlie had spent more than 30 years with G&S when he died after a minor eye operation in the 1960s.

Operating between the bakehouse and shop and sometimes on the van or driving my grandfather (who did not drive) there was Dave Hendry, full of tales and tricks. He could stand with a board balanced on his head and by wiggling his scalp/ears/eyebrows, could rotate the board full circle. This was great stuff for children but I suspect he didn't perform in front of 'the Mistress' (my Grandmother).

The boys in the bakery at that time were Jim Craig, John Murphy who became a shift foreman and latterly bakery manager from 1975 to 1980, David Grant, Tim Lorimer, Alec Neil, Alec Goodfellow (no family connection as far as I know) and Bob Drysdale, younger brother of Jim, who later made such an important contribution to the company's image with his cake decorating skill. All these young men were called up during the war and happily all returned.

On the vans John (Jeck) Dand worked long hours on a retail sales van. He returned long after the office was shut and brought his cash bag up to the house where it hung in the kitchen till morning. John Dand had a tremendous sense of humour and seemed to be always cheery, even in bad weather. He had been with my grandfather since before the First World War from the days of horse-drawn vans. It was recounted that sometime in the pre-war era, John handed in his notice to my grandfather explaining that he was 'going into gentlemen's service'. Within a month he was back, seeking 'to return to gentleman's service'! The other van men were Will Allison, who served in both wars and a young, fair, curly-headed youth called George Low. He, too, went off to the war to the RAF and returned for another year or two till 'retiring' in 1984.

The shop (for there was just the one) was a very busy establishment presided over by my grandmother. Most people

had a great respect for her which bordered on being afraid. Business-like and forthright with strongly held and voiced opinions, she was nevertheless a very generous and kind person.

Shop girls in these days wore white wrap-around cotton overalls with purple piping round the collar and a G&S monogram on the top pocket.

This top pocket held a pair of scissors — essential equipment when each customer's purchase was tied with string or, if large, was wrapped in brown paper and then tied. Along the line of the counter and above the order counter were reels of cotton string hanging by chains. In these days a regular stock purchase of string was several hundredweights!

I remember lots of names and faces quite clearly from the pre-war years, although I'm sure they were not all there together. Among the more senior, and whom I just remember, was Mrs Gall, widow of John Gall, a very promising young confectioner who had died just before my recollection. (His sister Miss Gall was in charge in the tearoom at that time). Miss Butchart, who ran the paper shop in Queen Street with her sisters, Nessie Lowden who had the sweet shop in Brook Street, Miss Roebuck, Nora Nicoll, Betty Lane who married Jim Hay a young baker's son from Auchenblae who came back to Broughty Ferry and to the bakery around 1960 and worked there till retiring in 1975, Nora Jack who returned to us from Australia as Mrs Hill in the early '70s, Charlotte Beattie, Cissie Guild (whose brother Peter was an apprentice in the bakery and whose son, David Keddie, is well known in Broughty Ferry), Maud Philip, whose brother Jack, an apprentice before my recollection and who, like Jim Hay, came back to G&S in the '60s and retired in the mid '70s. (Jack's wife Netta was for many years a valued member of the outside catering team).

Other faces I recall include Mina Low (sister of George), Marion Ramsay (sister of Jimmy) now Mrs Norman Fraser, Barbara Dand (daughter of John Dand), Helen Polson, Kathy Simpson and Greta Simpson. It's a long list and maybe I have got someone out of place who will be incensed to be put into the pre-war era. If so, I apologise.

In the tearoom I have already mentioned Miss Gall. The other regular member of staff was Miss Sheriff who battled on through the hot summers and the hot kitchen till long past what we now call retirement age. The rest of the tearoom staff came from among the shop staff and I particularly associate Charlotte Beattie with this.

My sister and I quite frequently had a high tea in the tearoom as did quite a few Broughty shopkeepers at that time, for almost all retail shops were open till 7 pm and even later on Saturdays. My sister, Margaret, did not like the poached and scrambled eggs which were on the menu. She preferred fried eggs, which were not because Grandmother would not have the smell of frying in her shop. However, if the coast was clear, Margaret got her fried eggs!

Quite a number of the shop staff who would be staying on till closing time also came through for tea and when customers had gone there was a bit of hilarity. I can remember being shown how to do the Lambeth Walk and the Palais Glide down the middle of the tearoom.

The office, a much more serious place, was quite small and occupied space where the back shop racks now are. Miss Robertson, probably the most conscientious of employees, carried forward ½d underpayments and calculated wages to several places of decimals without the benefit of calculators. Also in the office until she married was Annie Drysdale (sister to Jim and Bob).

Many of these people carried on into the '40s and '50s, many got married, moved away, some returned years later to visit or to come back to work. All in some way presented the image of Goodfellow and Steven to the customer. The bakers by their products, the shop girls by their manner and efficiency.

Living above the shop

Living above the shop with close proximity to the bakehouse had its benefits and its disadvantages for all of us.

For my father it was close to his work, but a bit too close sometimes for we had a night bell, an extra loud one which

though perhaps not enough to waken the dead, was certainly loud enough to waken all those sleeping in the house. This was rung by the bakery foreman if there was a problem with machinery or by the police on a Saturday night if they found a window unfastened or a light left on. On rare occasions it was rung because father (or, years later, I) had forgotten to take the night shift wages round on a Thursday evening. These were made up in the office then kept in a safe in the house.

On the plus side, the house was connected to the shop's central heating system and so was the rooftop greenhouse. Coke supplies for the water heating boiler in the kitchen were brought up in hods and the outside stair was washed down daily by the shopman. However the garage for the car was nearly a quarter of a mile away in King Street.

From my mother's point of view, there were a good number of guests to be fed — often young bakers' sons for breakfast. I particularly remember Olaf Asklund who came each morning to the bakery in a black coat which had to be hung in our house to keep it free of flour. He came for breakfast which for him was a big slice of home-boiled ham with two soft boiled eggs broken over the top. At the end of each meal, he would rise from the table, stand before the fireplace, bow, and thank us for the food.

Lunchtime too brought special guests who were suppliers to the baker trade and over long years had become firm friends of the family. These men would sometimes appear at short notice after the meal was planned. These were really guests of my grandparents but we had inherited their visits with the house. Chief among them were Robert Paterson from Edinburgh, a supplier of dried fruits and cherries and an amateur artist who at some time or another, sketched my grandfather, Cousin Willie and my mother. I can remember him also coming to Sunday lunch at Douglas Terrace. The other regular luncher was old Captain Duncan from Glasgow, also a supplier of bakers' sundries who came about once a month. Unlike Robert Paterson, who came by train, Captain Duncan had a car but had to take great care in planning his route as he was unable to reverse!

Cousin Willie was also a regular visitor on Thursdays. He was brought to Dundee by the representative of Dickie and Son the joiners' merchants in Commercial Street and from their warehouse he was collected by someone from the bakery who was sometimes accompanied by me. Lunch was taken at Gray Street or at Douglas Terrace. My father usually saw him on to a bus later in the afternoon.

However, all this additional catering was not as difficult as it may seem to have been. We had a resident maid up until the war started and we also had Mrs Lawson who had been with my mother daily since my sister Margaret was born. She was very attached to us kids and I remember her with great affection.

Mrs Lawson, under mother's supervision, was a good cook and with the close proximity of the bakery ovens, many dishes such as roasts, fish or steak pies were baked there and brought almost straight to the table. Sweets were of course often available from the bakery but my favourites were Mrs Lawson's steamed puddings, Eve's pudding and baked rice. We also had bread pudding and sago, tapioca and farola milk puddings, usually with raspberry jam! Margaret hated milk puddings.

Living above the shop was a good place to stay for there was always plenty going on and plenty places to play. There were the various bakery lofts, the flat roof with the greenhouse behind the house that covered the back shop and tearoom, but running about on that brought stern words from Granny Goodfellow. The back shop and office were busy places and we were not encouraged there but the cellar below the shop, filled with paper bags and boxes was another play area. The stoke hole below ground where Dave Hendry tended to the coke-fired central heating boiler was dirty and filled with fumes. The stables and garden ground at King Street were another wonderful place to play.

The house, despite my mother's efforts, was still very much a wing of the business and I recall, as a small boy, helping at the end of each month to sort out all the invoices in piles all round our big dining room table by company names. That table is now the company's boardroom table. After they had all been sorted,

my mother then wrote them up in a ledger and added up the columns. She had been a clerk in Steven the ironmongers in Castle Street in Dundee before she married and her speed in addition was remarkable.

Once a week, bang on 2 pm, the doorbell would ring and the man from Lowson the clockmarker and jeweller across the street was let in. He came into the sitting room, wound up the clock then proceeded to wind up other clocks in the house, shop, tearoom and bakehouse.

Each evening, van men brought their van bags to the house if they were late in getting back. Jeck Dand was always late and would sometimes come in for a crack between eight and nine in the evening. Before the days of night safes, the daily takings were brought up to the safe in the house by my father when he closed up the office.

The door of our shop, which was just below one of our sitting room windows, was a favourite stance for beggars, usually men unemployed because of the depression, who would sing or play a fiddle. From my earliest memory, grandfather would wrap a few coppers in a piece of newspaper and we were given this to throw out of the window to the entertainer. This practice continued right up to the advent of the second world war. Much later, one summer evening, we were having a sing song around the piano in our sitting room and pennies were thrown in through the open window!

Mentioning the shop door recalls to me wakening in the morning and hearing the shop door banging as early morning customers came in and out. Windy weather and the shop back door being open rendered the control springs unable to cope and the big heavy mahogany and plate glass door would bang violently. My grandfather told my grandmother 'that door will land in the street one day' but it still hangs after ninety years, the only damage done to it being by congregating youth in the 1990s who deliberately smashed three of the small bevelled plate glass panes.

Bakery staff 1924

Willie Goodfellow — my father

Chapter 6

War again

The approach of the Second World War obviously brought memories of the shortages and the restrictions of the 1914-18 war and William and Alister took steps to keep up stocks of flour, milk powder and so on and for that purpose, rented the old stable block of the burnt out mansion of Rocknowe in Reres Road. I have a memory of visiting that store with my father shortly after the war started, when, due to a serious roof leak, the flour stacked in the stalls of the old stabling was rendered useless.

My father, William, was the chairman of the local division of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers at the outbreak of war in September 1939 and as such, was also on the executive committee of the national body.

He became a member of several Government advisory committees and was offered a fulltime job with the Ministry of Food. He turned this down but accepted the post of Emergency Bread Officer for Scotland with responsibility for the eastern half of the country. In the event of the disruption of food supplies by enemy action, his job was to arrange the production of bread in unaffected bakeries and to have it taken into the stricken area.

To assess the potential in his region, he visited almost every bakery in the east of Scotland. William's own area was never really tested but as a member of the national committee, he was back and forward to London almost weekly, down one night and back the next.

In the bakery, all the young men were taken off to war; some retired men were brought back in and some bakery labourers were allowed to be used as production workers and were classified as dilutees. Women were employed in the bakery for the first time.

There were restrictions on flour confectionery production and maximum prices per lb were imposed. Bread flour got darker as the extraction rate of flour from wheat was pushed up. Pre-war white flour had around a 70 per cent extraction rate, the National loaf was around 85 per cent. Petrol for van deliveries was also greatly restricted and the company's delivery service to customers was discontinued. The only vans being used were for wholesale deliveries.

It was found necessary at one time to restrict the sale of pies to two per customer. Queues formed outside the shop before certain products were to be available and customers were let into the shop in a controlled stream through the front door and ushered out the back door into the close at 81 Gray Street. There were not however any bakery goods on ration during the war years. Supplies were controlled by adjusting the allocations of raw materials to the bakers. In spite of controls on prices and production levels, the war years were reasonably successful because there were virtually no unsold goods, advertising was unnecessary and delivery costs were minimal.

A few months into the second year of the war, David was still active part-time in the bakery and also busy devising new products that were tasty but used less of the scarce ingredients. Quite suddenly he took ill, the diagnosis of appendicitis was too late and like his little daughter thirty years before, peritonitis set in. Despite an operation to remove the appendix, he died a few days later.

As a ten year old boy, I remember the arrival of David's brother Alex from Newcastle to attend the funeral. He looked so like our grandfather that sister Margaret and I were quite upset. The funeral in the East Church, where he had been an elder for many years, was packed and the service at the graveside, where I was given a cord, is still fresh in my memory. At the meal

afterwards in my mother's dining room, I remember being quite angry with a man who told a joke.

My grandmother came to live with us in Gray Street for a short period after grandfather's death and was reluctant to move back into the big empty flat at Douglas Terrace from the house she still really considered home. It was only on the arrival of my aunt and uncle, Ina and Bert Fisher, bombed out of bakery, shop and house in one fearful night of bombing on Merseyside, that she moved back to Douglas Terrace with a very old friend Miss Mary Strachan as a companion. A dear old lady who knitted splendid socks, Miss Strachan's father had been born in 1815, the year of Waterloo. This may have little to do with the story of Goodfellow and Steven but the span of time has always intrigued me. Similarly, grandfather, when a boy, had met a man who fought at Waterloo.

My grandmother, now managing director, was perhaps more accurately the company chairwoman. She visited the shop daily from mid morning, often lunched upstairs and sometimes did not return home till after closing time. Her sons and daughters in law were good to her and it was rare for her to be alone on Saturday evenings or on Sundays after church.

Alister made as much as could be made of some of the unfamiliar raw materials that became available; Swefat (a mixture of vegetable fat and sugar) and powdered egg and sugar egg. He always kept in mind the best quality that could be produced. In season, the bakery took to bottling local gooseberries and plums which were then used to good effect in fruit tarts. The use of royal icing was banned and other icings severely restricted. I can recall Uncle Alister covering the sides of a cake with thin white cardboard to make a wedding cake, the ingredients for the cake having been brought in by the customer.

The end of the war saw William taking on the presidency of the SAMB and at that same time, the local division of the Association presented him with an inscribed gold wrist watch in recognition of his chairmanship through the war years.

Then, after the war, the world food shortage and the

problems of feeding displaced persons in Europe brought rationing in bakers' shops for the first time. Everyone was issued with Bread Units (BUs), creating another difficulty for the baker. My father was called upon to investigate why a bakery in Freuchie in mid Fife was not making any returns. When visited and quizzed by father, the reply was: 'Bread units? We've nae heard of Bread Units in Freuchie'.

Gradually supplies began to return to normal and allocations of materials were done away with although certain commodities were still rationed right into the early 1950s. The young men who had gone off to war returned by the end of 1946 but there was full employment in the country and skilled, trained bakers were hard to find and the dilutee arrangements continued to operate.

In the brave new world of the immediate post-war period, expectations of the workforce were high and William spent a lot of time helping to bring about a National Working Agreement that would replace much of the local bargaining that had gone on before and during the war. There is no doubt that replacing 52 local agreements with one that set out working conditions, pay and holidays, was a great step forward. However in retrospect, one sees that an agreement that was appropriate for a large bread plant might prove if not unworkable, at least unnecessary in a small craft bakery.

In this immediate post-war period while rationing was still in force and rich decorated cakes were prohibited, an arrangement was made whereby customers brought in sufficient butter, sugar and dried fruits to make a four pound Christmas Cake. All this material was pooled and cakes were made which were topped with a thin almond paste then white iced and decorated on top only. One Christmas, 1945 or 46, I remember some 1500 of these cakes being produced.

In April 1945, Alister and Mary's second son Ronald was born. Alister was by this time involved in association affairs and also in the revitalised Dundee Bakery Students Association, a branch of the national body which had been formed to encourage the development of craft skills by bringing well

known craftsmen to demonstrate to bakers.

These demonstrations, held on Saturday nights in bakeries and colleges, were well attended by men working a five and a half day week but prepared to give up part of their Saturday evenings once a month during the winter to improve their skills.

Alister himself was one of these very able demonstrators and I remember helping him and his assistant, our confectioner Jimmy Ramsay, when they came to give a demonstration to the Glasgow Bakery Students Association in the bakery school while I was a student there.

Alister, on becoming chairman of the Dundee Master Bakers in 1947, joined his brother Willie on the executive committee of the association in Edinburgh. From the outset, bakery training was a major interest and it was to remain so throughout his 30 years as a member of the executive. Allied to this was his exhibition work, competition judging and expertise on craft matters.

William, my father, was invited to join the British Confectioners Association, an honour which his father had also been given in the 1930s. Originally intended as a group for 60 confectionery craftsmen, the qualification for membership was widened to include those running a business with a reputation for outstanding confectionery work. In 1947, my sister Margaret and I joined our parents on a BCA visit to Switzerland centred on Zurich.

Alister was also invited to become a member of the BCA and in his 30 years as a member, contributed much to their meetings and exhibitions.

In spite of their involvements outside the business, William and Alister still had lots of energy and felt the development of the business was hampered by the physical restraints of the old bakery. Home on a school holiday, I accompanied my father and my Uncle Alister when they looked over the disused factory at the Milton, Monifieth with a view to converting it into a bread factory. Had they decided to go ahead, it is almost a certainty that I would not be writing a centenary history. The large flour millers were just starting on their battles to acquire large bread

producers and we would have been taken over and 'lost' in the '50s or '60s.

1948 saw the first branch shop being opened at 13 High Street, Monifieth. This was a shop which we were supplying with goods wholesale, and when the proprietor Miss Yule, retired, we took it over and turned it from a small general store and sweet shop into a baker's shop.

In June that same year, Dundee was host to the then peripatetic Royal Highland Agricultural Show and father, with the aid of my sister Margaret as a site supervisor, took on to cater for a dozen hospitality tents. Margaret had just completed a course at Edinburgh College of Domestic Science.

In summer that year, I left school and was signed up to go to The Scottish Bakery school in Glasgow where Alister had studied 22 years before. Father had been persuaded by Professor Todd of the college that I was just the boy for the new four-year course in bakery technology he was promoting. This course, which I started in October 1948, contained all the practical work and bakery theory that was in the bakery craft course but also a wide range of science and engineering subjects and business administration.

In 1950, William was giving evidence to a commission on night baking on behalf of the employers' side of the Scottish National Joint Committee. The principle already in force in Scotland that no employee be required to work more than 26 weeks of nights in any year, was more or less adopted in the findings of the commission.

At the end of that year, my grandmother suffered a stroke which left her seriously handicapped in movement and speech and a few days later she suffered a further, fatal, attack. I found it very hard to believe that this strong positive character who had played such an important part in the life of all her family and the business, could just disappear. It is a great pity that grandmother had such an aversion to having her photograph taken for all we have is a wedding day portrait and a few snapshots.

Margaret Steven on her wedding day

Shop staff, Gray Street

Chapter 7

A time of change

During my time at college, I was employed by the business and paid £5 per week which covered my digs — £3 3s per week inclusive of evening meal and full meals at the weekend. When I came home for the weekend, father would pay my train fare for as he said 'I wouldn't like you not to come home because you couldn't afford the train fare', a reasoning that I have applied with my own sons and sometimes has seemed to cost me dear!

During holidays from college, part of my time was spent in our own bakery but I also spent six weeks with Montgomeries' Bread Factory in Glasgow and at my Uncle Bert's bakery in Crail which he had purchased in 1946. There they set batch bread on the sole of a Scotch oven. I had a go at setting part of the batch but cannot claim to have been very successful at that highly-skilled job.

In summer '51, Father told me that he wanted me to take charge of a large marquee wedding reception we had undertaken at Bridge of Cally. He had set the whole thing up and the staff were experienced. Nevertheless, I think he took a big risk for I was almost totally inexperienced at this sort of event.

All went well however, the man was George Low and the waiting staff, under old Miss Spence, included Mrs Craig, Mrs Banks, Miss Barron, Mrs Philip and Mrs Bell. The last four named would still be going out waiting when I finally joined the business after National Service.

In summer '52, Alister was installed as president of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers at a conference held in Dundee and shortly afterwards I left College with an associateship of the Royal Technical college (ARTC Hons) and was whisked off to the Royal Artillery for two years National Service. While I was away, one of the first post-war modernisations was the replacement of five of the Scotch ovens by a 36-pan reel oven and a 16-pan multi-deck oven, both fired by gas. Also constructed alongside the reel oven was a large proving press. This new equipment greatly speeded up the production of morning rolls and butter biscuits, which were at that time a large sale.

Also, while I was away, the opportunity arose for William and Alister to buy the business of Carnegie Soutar in High Street, Arbroath. This had been a well-known business with a good restaurant and a function suite that could take 120 people but it had passed into the hands of the Watt Hepburn group when Mr Soutar retired and from lack of competent management had fallen away considerably. Negotiations were completed and the business was taken over in March 1954. It was operated as a separate limited Company, Goodfellow and Steven (Arbroath) Limited, the brothers having equal shareholding. Willie Craig, the foreman bread baker in Broughty Ferry was appointed bakery manager there and Alister took up the challenge of bringing the ailing Arbroath business back into success under the Goodfellow and Steven name. Alister found skilled men in the Arbroath bakery and soon developed products which were added to the range in Broughty Ferry and Monifieth while goods from Broughty Ferry came daily to Arbroath. The restaurant however, was a new challenge and it blossomed under Alister's imaginative management.

Alister's move from the Broughty Ferry bakery was only possible because he had trained people to take over many of his tasks. Chief among these was Bob Drysdale, a younger brother of Jim. Bob had been an apprentice in the 1930s and on his return from war service, Alister had spotted his potential as a cake decorator and set about developing his skill. Bob played an

important part in the success of the company in the '50s, '60s and '70s.

In October 1954 I joined the business full time. One of my first duties was to do a time study on the night shift's bread production. These figures, along with those from other selected bakeries, were then used to adjust the amount of the bread subsidy.

Bread subsidy had been introduced during the war to stabilise the price of what was still seen as a basic food and it was continued until 1977. Price control continued until 1979. The subsidy and allied price controls were a great assistance to the large bread bakers who, with their lower unit production costs, could be profitable whereas the subsidy was generally insufficient for the medium to small bakery. This led to many of the medium-sized family-owned companies being taken over by the flour millers who were anxious to secure their own outlets for their flour.

This fate would almost certainly have overtaken Goodfellow and Steven had they entered the wholesale bread trade in a big way. As it was, our wholesale trade in bread and rolls was whittled away but with a strong retail base which was being expanded, we were able to survive.

During my first few years in the business, I found myself acting as a sort of personal assistant to my father, gradually taking over more and more of his jobs: writing order lists, buying, shop management, speaking with customers, some of the outside catering organisation and a good deal of the execution of it. It seems, looking back, that every Saturday afternoon was spent, along with Bill Peggie our catering cum van delivery man and a team of the 'girls', dishing up soup, steak pie and trifle at wedding receptions. With a large kitchen in the Arbroath restaurant, supplies of soups, prepared potatoes and vegetables, certain meat dishes and some sweets were transferred to Broughty Ferry. Steak pies, roasts and hams were cooked in the bakery as were most sweets.

On one memorable occasion, supplies were in transit from Arbroath when the van capsized at a big dip in the road just

East of Ardestie. I was summoned and dashed out to the site. Arthur Wilkie the driver was sitting at the side of the road with his head in his hands and the van was on its side. A ploughman who had been working in the field nearby assured me 'yer driver's a richt, but man, he's been affy seek!' Some two gallons of broth had run out of the van and over the road!

1956 is remarkable for two events. My father, frustrated by the lack of space in the bakery, said to me one day: 'I'm going round to ask Jim Bowman if he will sell me his old printing shop'. This building lay along the west side of our bakery and occupied about a third of the back green area of the building at 228/232 Brook Street. It was bounded on the west by Bowman's Lane which was known locally as the Dummie's Close. Within a very short time, he was back, cock a hoop because Jim Bowman had agreed to sell the whole of the back area.

Encouraged by his success, he then negotiated the purchase of the small tenement at 105/107 Long Lane with its back green which adjoined the south side of the back green between bakery and shop which, if developed, could give us access to Long Lane. Planning permissions was duly obtained to build a 2,000 square foot extension to the bakery on the west side and this enlargement allowed for the biggest alteration since 1923. The confectionery department was moved downstairs and the stores and staff changing rooms each took over a part of the vacated space upstairs. The new extension was opened in the Spring of 1957 which, with the purchase of two new reel ovens and the movement of other machinery, cost about £15,000.

The next stage visualised by William, Alister and myself was to develop the other site, giving us a despatch department and van access to Long Lane.

Despite repeated planning applications and two appeals to the Scottish Secretary over a period of nearly 25 years, this development was never approved. Looking back, the apparent success of 1956 in acquiring these two properties delayed us from moving our bakery to a 'greenfield' site, perhaps in the early 60's; 35 years before the move was almost forced upon us.

The second event in 1956 was the formation by the SAMB of

the 40 Group, more accurately perhaps, the under 40 group. This idea was promoted in the association by Alister along with John Copeman, editor of the Year Book and Archie Clark of McKenzies' flour millers, Montrose, who had experience of similar organisations in the USA and in the milling industry here. I suppose I was softened up for the job and accepted the jobs of secretary and treasurer.

Alister's son Inglis was meanwhile completing a two-year course at the Scottish Bakery School where both his father and I had studied and he followed this with practical experience with Sayers in Liverpool and also with Tim Thompson in Pudsey, a brilliant confectioner and chocolateer. He rounded off his experience with some time with Grays in Banchory. In 1958, he joined his father in Arbroath, where over the previous four years, he had been a Saturday and holiday assistant in both the bakery and in the restaurant kitchen and servery.

That same year, my parents came racing back from a holiday in South Devon when the bakery manager, Willie Craig, dropped down dead on the bowling green. He was just 58 and he and my father had known each other since they were boys. Following this the bakery management was split between two shift foremen, John Murphy and David Grant, who had been with the business since pre-war days.

My father took ill soon afterwards. He had rarely a day's illness and had enjoyed a full and active life with an interest in trade and local affairs; he had served terms as Deacon Convenor of the Nine Incorporated Trades and as Lord Dean of Guild, he was vice-president of the Dundee Rotary Club, a keen gardener and a very keen angler. He underwent a major operation and died a few days later, just a few months after his 58th birthday.

Among the many tributes from trade and local friends and associates, was a very fine one from James Dandie of the SAMB.

'Few men,' he wrote, 'can have rendered more service to any trade than Willie Goodfellow and his leadership will be sorely missed. His record of service, commencing shortly after the start of the last war, extended over a period of some 20 years and is

unparalleled in the history of the baking trade. Possessed of all the qualities so necessary in a spokesman and negotiator, and gifted with outstanding capabilities, he was the natural choice to represent the trade at the many conferences with Government departments during and since the war, and the employers in their negotiations with the workers.'

However the business had to go on and my five years as my father's personal assistant proved very valuable. Fortunately, with Inglis now in the business in Arbroath, Alister was able to divide his time between the two businesses. My father's death left Alister as the sole director and to remedy this situation, Inglis and I were each made directors of both the companies. Alister was managing director of both.

In Carnoustie a shop which we had been supplying wholesale at 54 High Street was purchased in 1960.

In 1962, Audrey Buttars and I were married and set up home in the top flat of Loftus House at the top of Gray Street. Our three sons were born in 1963 (Scott), 1965 (Ian) and 1967 (Martin).

Inglis married Rhona McLeod in 1965 and their daughter Louise was born in 1966 and son Andrew in 1967.

After a long search and many inspections of properties, our first Dundee shop was rented at 24 Union Street in 1969. This proved very successful and quickly built up a good trade. The property was purchased a few years later.

Also in 1969, Alister's younger son Ronald, who, like his brother had holiday and Saturday jobs in the Arbroath bakery, but had forsworn the practical bakery life to spend five years in becoming a chartered accountant, joined the business after a further year of professional accountancy, took on the office administration and the role of company secretary. Also in 1969, Ronald married Katherine Hynd and they set up home in Balgillo Road.

In 1971 a shop was opened in the then new shopping centre at Camphill Road, Barnhill and a joint venture was entered into with Arbroath and Broughty Ferry butcher, Jack Lamb. This was the creation of Abertay Meats Ltd in a specially equipped section of the old stable premises in King Street and a wholesale

company, designed to supply the needs of the two bakeries and the restaurant. Other complementary business was sought in the hotel and catering trade as well as the supply of cold meats, steaks, roasts etc, for our own quite busy catering activities.

In 1974, my mother died suddenly. Following my father's untimely death fifteen years earlier, she had become involved in the affairs of the business which had caused her a good deal of worry and distress. Had my father lived longer, life for my mother would have been very different

Also in 1974, Ronald and Katherine's daughter Shona was born.

The Gray St shop in 1997

Chapter 8

A new chapter

A state of the business report in 1974 would have highlighted that the company was very busy but its wage and overhead costs were too high. Worryingly, it was not making profit and, through a lack of up-to-the-minute management information, seemed unable to adapt to the rapidly changing economic situation as high inflation brought big increases in wage rates and ingredient prices. The Arbroath company, due to changes in lunching patterns and to the rise of hotels outwith the centre of the town, had lost a good deal of its trade. The report would have highlighted the inefficiency of running two bakeries and would have reported that the reduction in business to the Arbroath restaurant was causing problems to Abertay Meats Limited.

Early in 1975, at the instigation of Inglis and Ronald, the directors decided to employ a bakery consultant, Mr John Kincaid of K&S business consultants, who had done work with several bakery companies we knew.

This contract produced an analysis of where we were and where we were going and proposals were put forward to address many of the problems. These were, in the main, accepted by the directors though there were differing views on whether we were throwing out babies or bath water. However, the basic principles of craft bakery production and the quality of the ingredients were never compromised.

Among the proposals was a restructuring of the board of

directors. Alister became chairman, myself managing director, Inglis, sales director and Ronald continuing as financial director. John Murphy was appointed bakery manager and Ann Stuart, daughter of Robert Stuart of Stuart's of Buckhaven, the well-known Fife bakers, was appointed shops supervisor.

The two companies in Arbroath and Broughty Ferry, though still separate entities, were run more closely together and there were alterations made to the range of goods being produced and to the style of restaurant service. Shop staff training became a high priority under the supervision of the consultants.

All in all, there were some hard and unpleasant decisions taken and in retrospect, there was perhaps too much cut back with a consequent need to rebuild, but overall the medicine worked and the company was saved from continuing losses which could only have had one result.

In the office, the purchase of a programmable calculator enabled Ronald to set up a much more sophisticated product costing system and a weekly management information sheet, both of which enabled us to keep our costs constantly under review.

The wholesaling of sliced and wrapped bread had been discontinued and an expansion of retailing was identified as the way forward. To help finance this, the two shop properties let out at 234/236 Brook Street were sold and shops were opened in Albert Street, Perth Road and existing shops refitted.

In 1976 I was invited to become vice president of the SAMB and also became a member of the Industrial Retailers Committee.

In 1977, the year in which I became president of the association, Alister retired from the executive committee after 30 years continuous service and was made an honorary member of the association. He was also chairman of the BCA at this time. Alister, like his father and his brother Willie, had occupied important positions in public life, being convenor of the Nine Trades of Dundee and president of Arbroath Rotary Club — as his son Inglis was after him.

Although not in good health, Alister determinedly worked his

way through all the company's recipes, metricating them and preparing them for computerisation. He also maintained his customary close supervision of the bakery production and in particular, of cake, on which he was an expert. Each batch of cake was cut in the presence of the cake baker and its character and appearance analysed.

Sadly, Alister's health did not improve and he died in January 1979 at the age of 71. Writing in ***The British Baker*** the following week, the SAMB director, James Dandie, paid tribute thus: 'One of the best known and leading craftsmen in the baking industry, his services to the industry covered a wide range, but he was probably best known in the fields of exhibition work and competition judging; as an adviser on craft matters; and on technical education and training of young people, in all of which he was an acknowledged expert.

'He was an automatic choice as a confectionery judge at London exhibitions and Scottish competitions in the '50s and '60s (he was vice-chairman of judges at Olympia in 1959 and 1963) and was the association's representative to, and chief examiner in Scotland, for the City and Guilds of London Institute for many years, personally handling the arrangements for examinations at Scottish centres and putting in a great deal of work in that connection.'

The third generation of Goodfellows in the business were now on their own.

Just previously to Alister's death, the bakery manager John Murphy died, still a year or two short of retiral age. John had been with Goodfellow and Steven since leaving school, apart from war service. He was a very loyal member of the management team and was greatly missed. His successor was Bruce Duguid, a young man who had been trained under John and was fully capable of stepping into the position.

In the early 1980s the decision was taken to close the bakery in Arbroath and to concentrate all production in Broughty Ferry. Three members of the bakery staff moved to Broughty Ferry to work. The restaurant remained open for a short time but it too was closed and the premises in the lower part of the High Street

sold. After a move to temporary premises, we were fortunate to be able to purchase a part of the Fairweather shoe shop in the pedestrianised precinct in the upper High Street. This was a good move for trade had moved away from our old site but business in the new site has remained good.

In 1984 we purchased our first shop in Perth at 37 Scott Street and this was followed by Old High Street in 1986 and 50 High Street in 1988, the last having a small café upstairs. This shop was unfortunately only available to rent.

In 1985 the directors had a switch around of jobs. I remained as chairman and took over responsibility for all the company's properties. I continued as buyer of all ingredients and packaging as I had been for 25 years. Ronald took over from me as managing director, with an added responsibility for marketing, and Inglis took over as production director.

In the years that followed I became very much involved in Broughty Ferry and Dundee affairs. I had been a member of the committee of Broughty Traders' Association for many years and in 1984 I became president and remained so for five years.

I served as convenor of the Nine Trades of Dundee as my father and Uncle Alister had been before, also serving as convenor of the industrial relations committee of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers for seven years up to 1995. I am still a member of that committee. Currently I am Lord Dean of Guild of Dundee, a position my father held from 1951-5.

Inglis was also convenor of the training and education committee of the SAMB and served a three year term as chairman of the British Confectioners Association. Ronald served as a director of the Dundee and Tayside chamber of commerce and was president in 1991. All three of us served as chairman of the Scottish Bakery Training Group, an association of independent bakery businesses across Scotland.

In the next few years, the directors gave a good deal of thought to the future of the company and its shareholders and decided to alter the company structure to allow for the transfer of shares to family members not actively engaged in the business but also to leave the control of the corporate planning

in the hands of those who were working in the business.

To achieve this end, Goodfellow and Steven Limited was changed to Goodfellow and Steven Group Limited which retained all the properties and, at the same time, a subsidiary company was created named Abertay Bakery Limited to whom all the trading assets and liabilities were transferred.

The bakery and shops properties occupied by the new subsidiary were leased to them from the parent company. At this same time, the bakery manager, Bruce Duguid, the shops manager, Pat Dye and the office manager, John Thomson, were invited to become directors of the operating subsidiary.

Soon after this the three directors of the parent company, Inglis, Ronald and myself, agreed that we would not block share transfer to our descendants, so long as each of us kept at least 17 per cent of the shareholding, thus giving us a minimum 51 per cent of the total. Following that agreement, shares were passed by me to my three sons and by Inglis to his son Andrew.

From the mid 1980s it was seen that the out-of-town supermarkets were to radically alter the shopping habits of the public and that many traditional shopping areas would suffer. In order to combat this perceived loss of trade, Inglis was to investigate opportunities for acquiring other businesses of an associated nature, both bakery and service, which might render us less vulnerable to a loss of shop sales. He was also given the job of developing the wholesale market for tinned Dundee cake and other similar products.

The first of these projects proved a tough nut to crack and no companies were identified where our valuations matched their expectations! The wholesaling of tinned cakes took a long time to develop but a foothold was established in the market which is today beginning to produce results. You can now buy our mince pies in Harrods, for instance. These products are marketed by Goodfellows of Dundee Limited, a marketing subsidiary for the bakery.

However, I am jumping ahead.

Inglis' son Andrew had been training at the Aberdeen Technical College during 1985/86, followed by a two-year

bakery course at the Thomas Dantry College in Leeds. After training in other bakery businesses he joined the company in 1990 and in 1993 Andrew and Judy Coghill, an Edinburgh girl, were married

In June 1990 John Thomson, who had been a director of Abertay Bakery Limited since February 1988, retired and returned to his native Edinburgh. Pat Dye, the sales director, and Bruce Duguid, the bakery manager, also left in quick succession, Bruce to own his own bakery in Carnoustie. The first of these losses was anticipated but the other resignations were a blow to the company. Perhaps we were not able to meet the expectations of these two ambitious people.

Andrew, with no real management experience, was pitched into the job of bakery manager and did a good job.

However the problems of operating in an old bakery locked into central Broughty Ferry with one 11-foot-wide pend entering off a very busy street were becoming greater by the day. Deliveries were now arriving in 60 foot juggernauts and tankers which had to run hoses across the pavement in order to pump flour into silos in the bakery. Added to this were the increasing demands of environmental health officers for a greater separation of processes within the bakery.

Early in 1992 we decided to buy a virtually new building on the enterprise zone land at West Pitkerro, just a mile and a half from the bakery. Over the next two years, a new bakery was built on to this, giving us a 1500 square metres 'state-of-the-art' building including a large store with room for silos and a fork lift, a computerised weighing-up room for making up the recipes, an insulated and air-conditioned bakery with sections for meat and dairy products — and a staff canteen.

The move to the new bakery took place in January 1994 and has proved a success. We now face the millennium with a modern bakery and plenty of room on the new site for further development.

However the sale and demolition of the old bakehouse was also a sad occasion. Standing on the roof of the old tea-room, on the spot where my father had his orchid house, I can now look

down and see the footings of the old Scotch ovens used by my grandfather and replaced by my father and uncle. There has been a lot of nostalgic reminiscence among family and staff, past and present.

In 1995 my youngest son Martin, an archaeologist then working as a museum curator in Edinburgh, asked if he could join the company. This he did in May, on returning from his honeymoon, and he and his new wife, Alison Smith, moved into a flat on Gray Street next door to the shop. For his wedding, Andrew produced a magnificent cake modelled on one made at the turn of the century by my great grandfather. After a six month 'baptism of fire' in the bakery, and a series of courses in cake decorating, food hygiene and management Martin is now marketing manager.

With my own retiral from day to day responsibility due on my 65th birthday in October 1995, the directors invited Neil Sharp, a retired accountant well known to all of us, to join the board of Abertay Bakery Limited as chairman. Soon afterwards Ian Mudie, a Dundee-trained baker with considerable management experience, was appointed bakery manager.

I handed over my responsibility for buying to Andrew and for property management and pricing to Ronald, who had relinquished the role of managing director to Inglis in February. Ronald also took on the marketing of the Goodfellow's of Dundee wholesale products and there are now signs of good business to be done in America, to add to that developing at home!

A 'state of the business' report at the end of the first hundred years would note that the company had, for the first time, solved the perennial problem of space, with a brand new bakery. It would also note that the quality of the ingredients was as high as ever and the company committed to producing freshly-baked goods every day. Any fair report would have to draw attention to the much higher turnover of staff in the shops and bakery nowadays, which makes maintaining a highly-skilled workforce ever more difficult.

But unlike so many old family businesses, Goodfellow and

Steven is still firmly in the hands of the Goodfellows (who are, of course, also Stevens!). The total shareholding is held by eight of us, with five as directors and 80 per cent of the shares now in the hands of the fourth generation.

And lastly, our centenary report would acclaim the arrival of a potential fifth generation in the business, just this March, and congratulate Andrew and Judy on their new twins, Heather and Alister.

Over the years, despite many mistakes and misjudgements, the family has obviously done quite a number of things right. We have been fortunate that some of the qualities of the two remarkable people who founded the business have been passed on to their descendants and that a sufficient number of these descendants wished to carry on in their parents' footsteps. The dedication and determination of these people have enabled the business to survive.

It has been said that a family business has the seeds of its own destruction built in from the beginning. Goodfellow and Steven has shown that where the demands of the business remain paramount, it is possible for it to stay family-run even as the relationships widen with each generation.

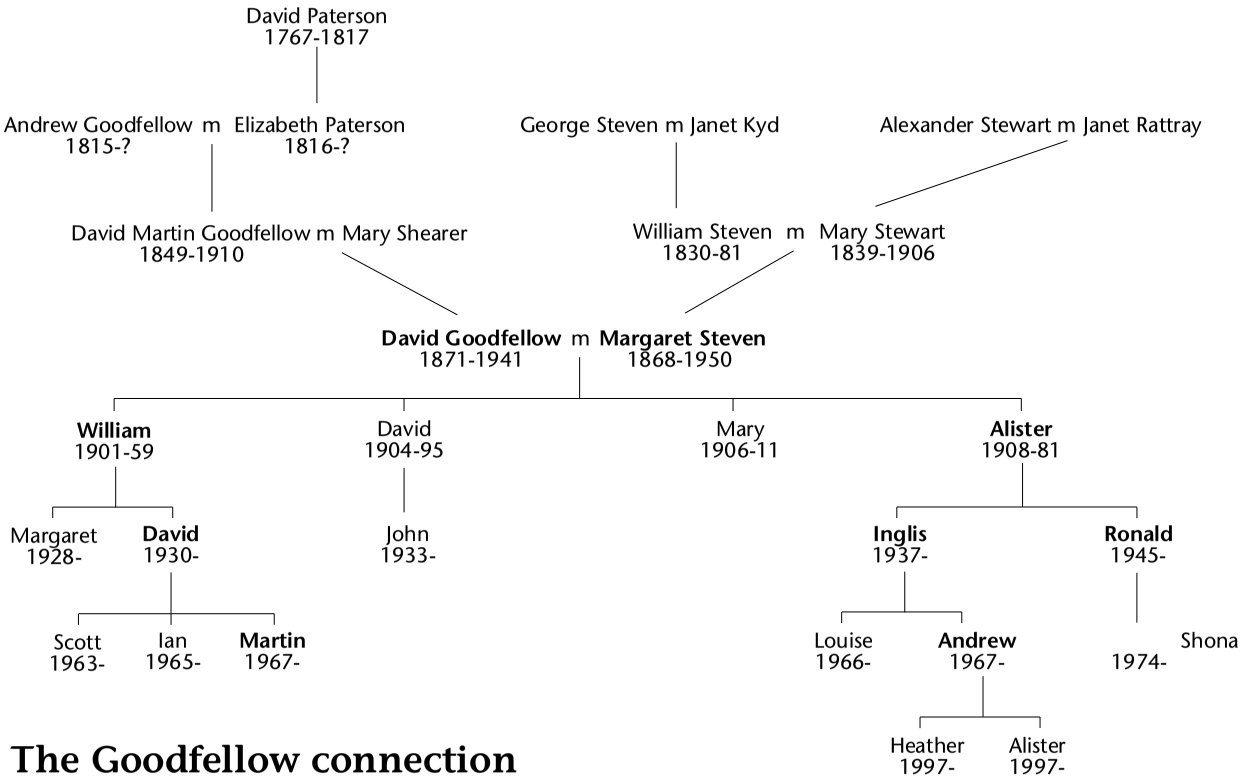
Finally, a word about the greater family. D, the last surviving member of David and Margaret's family, died in December 1995, aged 91, loved and respected for the warmth of his nature and the wisdom of his words. His many years of service to the Scottish Farmers' Union had been recognised when he was made a CBE by the Queen in 1967. He is survived by his son John, daughter-in-law Nan, two grandchildren, Marion and Roger, and two great grandchildren.

My sister Margaret has been a widow since the death of her husband Bill Bruce. She has four daughters, Virginia, Janie, Judy and Lucy, and seven grandchildren.

Audrey and my eldest son, Scott is a journalist and Ian, our second son, is an architect. Both are in London. Inglis and Rhona's daughter Louise follows the family tradition and is a catering organiser. Ronald and Katherine's daughter Shona has completed her law degree and is now in her diploma year.

In April 1997 the living descendants of David Goodfellow and Margaret Steven total five grandchildren, 12 great grandchildren and 11 great great grandchildren. Their legacy is their association with a business that carries its name and reputation with pride, and in the paintings of David Goodfellow, which are still, almost all of them, within the family.

The directors 1997: Inglis, Andrew, David, Martin, Ronald



The Goodfellow connection

(those in the business are shown in bold)