



WE NEED MORE MERINGUES!

Reminiscences about Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd
and the town of Arbroath at the time.

By Ronald Goodfellow

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FOREWORD

I have been asked by Martin Goodfellow, son of “Bread in the Bones” author David, to write about Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd. David, who was based in Broughty Ferry wasn’t involved to any extent in the running of the Arbroath company which is why Martin has asked me, the “young Mr. Grace” of the company to record my memories.

These are my recollections of having spent weekend and holiday times working in various parts of Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd from the mid 1950’s until 1963.

From a precocious son of the boss to hopefully a reasonably helpful part of the team I remember affectionately the premises, the members of staff and the town of Arbroath during these times.

I remember many of the staff and can bring a picture of them to mind and whilst I refer to them by name, I wouldn’t initially have called them by their first names. For some members of staff, I don’t think I ever found out their first name and for one or two, I’ve forgotten their surname. I apologise for any names which have been mis-spelt.

The timings of when all these people fitted in to the story and when changes to the property happened escape me.

I enjoyed working in the confectionery and must have said to my father that I would like to be a baker. I was told in no uncertain terms “There are enough bakers in the family, you’ll have to become an accountant!” With a singular lack of personal ambition I did what I was told.

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Having left school in the summer of 1963 I was indentured to the firm of Moody-Stuart & Robertson in Dundee as an apprentice C.A. In those days you worked in the office Monday to Friday and went to evening classes some week nights and Saturday morning classes to study for the Institute's exams.

Therefore my frequent involvement with Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd came to an end in the autumn of 1963.

In compiling this I have been assisted principally by Ernie Gerrard whose vivid memories of that time have added significantly to mine as I developed the story. Ernie provided me with a sheaf of notes he'd made in which he was very complimentary about me. Whilst his comments were kindly offered and appreciated, I shan't repeat them here. I also acknowledge the assistance of Brian Cargill, a philatelic friend of long standing who put me in touch with Ernie. I thank the Rotary Club of Arbroath and numerous other people for their assistance in providing information and/or confirming things I wasn't sure about. My wife Katherine kept me right acting as proof reader.

Ron Goodfellow

RONALD GOODFELLOW



Brian Cargill on the left with Ernie Gerrard at the Arbroath Music Festival 2014. The picture is re-produced by courtesy of Jim Ratcliffe Photography.

RATIONALE

We boarded the train at Broughty Ferry station and went straight to the restaurant car. The soup was being served by smart waiters in white jackets as the train pulled away from Monifieth station. I think that was the only time I've had a proper meal on a British train. I remember little of the rest of the journey to Aberdeen.

That was in 1953 or 1954 when I was eight or nine years old. We were going to Aberdeen because my father Alister Goodfellow was going to a meeting in an office there. My mother was left in charge of me and whilst not remembering what we did, I expect I was trailed round shops like Esslemont & MacIntosh and Watt & Grant. A small boy's favourite pastime – not!

We all met up in a tearoom later that afternoon before returning on the train to Broughty Ferry. I learned later it had been a lawyer's office and that the business of Carnegie Soutar Ltd had been the subject of discussion. At that time the company had been in the ownership of Watt Hepburn, an Aberdeen businessman who had various businesses in his entrepreneurial portfolio from a chemical company, textile and woollen mills, a chain of restaurants in Glasgow to Carnegie Soutar Ltd in Arbroath High Street.

My uncle Bill (Mr. Willie to the staff) and my father had run Goodfellow & Steven Ltd since my grandfather's retirement and a new generation was coming through. I have no idea whether the purchase of Carnegie Soutar Ltd was a speculative acquisition or was because of a planned expansion on their part. My cousin David was about to join the company full time

in 1954 and my brother Inglis was in his final year at school with the intention of coming into the business.

The company Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd was formed and the share register shows that 500 shares each were issued on 21st April 1954 to William Steven Goodfellow of 81 Gray Street, Broughty Ferry and Alister Goodfellow of St. Evox, Westbarn Road, Barnhill.

The business of Carnegie Soutar Ltd, comprising a Bakery, Shop, Restaurant and Ballroom was now to trade as Goodfellow & Steven. My father took over the running of the business whilst uncle Bill who was shortly to be joined by his son David, remained in Broughty Ferry.

In 1958, my brother Inglis had finished his training at the Scottish Bakery School and had been on several work experience placements with other bakers before joining his father in Arbroath.

Sadly in 1959, Uncle Bill died suddenly and my father had to split his time between Broughty Ferry and Arbroath as Inglis began to take up the reins.

PROPERTY

The property at 118-122 High Street viewed from the street, consisted of a four storey building but it was two storey at the far end. The frontage was about 30feet.

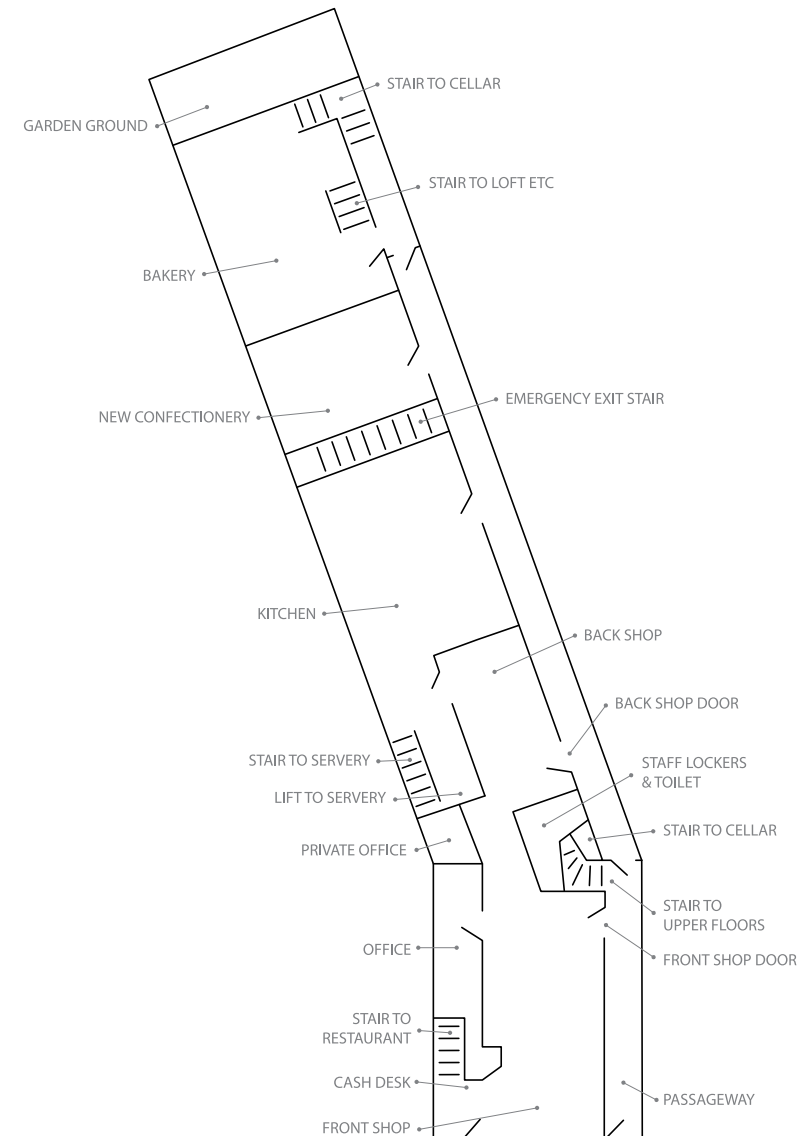
On the ground floor was a capacious shop from which a rather grand wood-panelled staircase led up to the restaurant. Under the shop was a cellar of similar proportion in which there was a coke-fired boiler for heating water and central heating.

There was a screen between the front and back shops which comprised of leaded glass squares, most of which were mirrors but many were plain glass. This afforded those working in the back shop to see into the front, whereas customers were not able to see through to the back because of the majority of mirrors.

Just behind the back shop the footprint of the building turned through some fifteen degrees to the left and progressed straight thereafter to the end of the site some 120 feet further. A six foot wide passageway at 122 High Street ran the entire length of the property. All deliveries came in down this passage with baked goods for the shop off-loaded from the van, coming in the front shop door just behind the back shop screen.

Behind the stair leading to the restaurant which was opposite the main run of counters, there was a cash desk where customers paid for the goods they'd bought. This led backwards into a small office, behind which was a small private office entering off the back shop.

Drawing of ground floor.



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In the passage beyond the door into the shop you came to another stair to the restaurant and ball room and the upper two floors. This stair acted as access to the ballroom or doubled as an exit from the restaurant after shop closing time when that stairway was closed off. Continuing down the passage was the entrance to the stairway down to the cellar and beyond that the back shop door through which products from the bakery and confectionery were brought.

At the far end of the back shop was the order department where customers' pre-orders were bagged and boxed and which were then expertly wrapped in stout brown kraft paper and tied with string. Orders were handed out through a window in the screen to save the customer waiting in a queue at the counter.

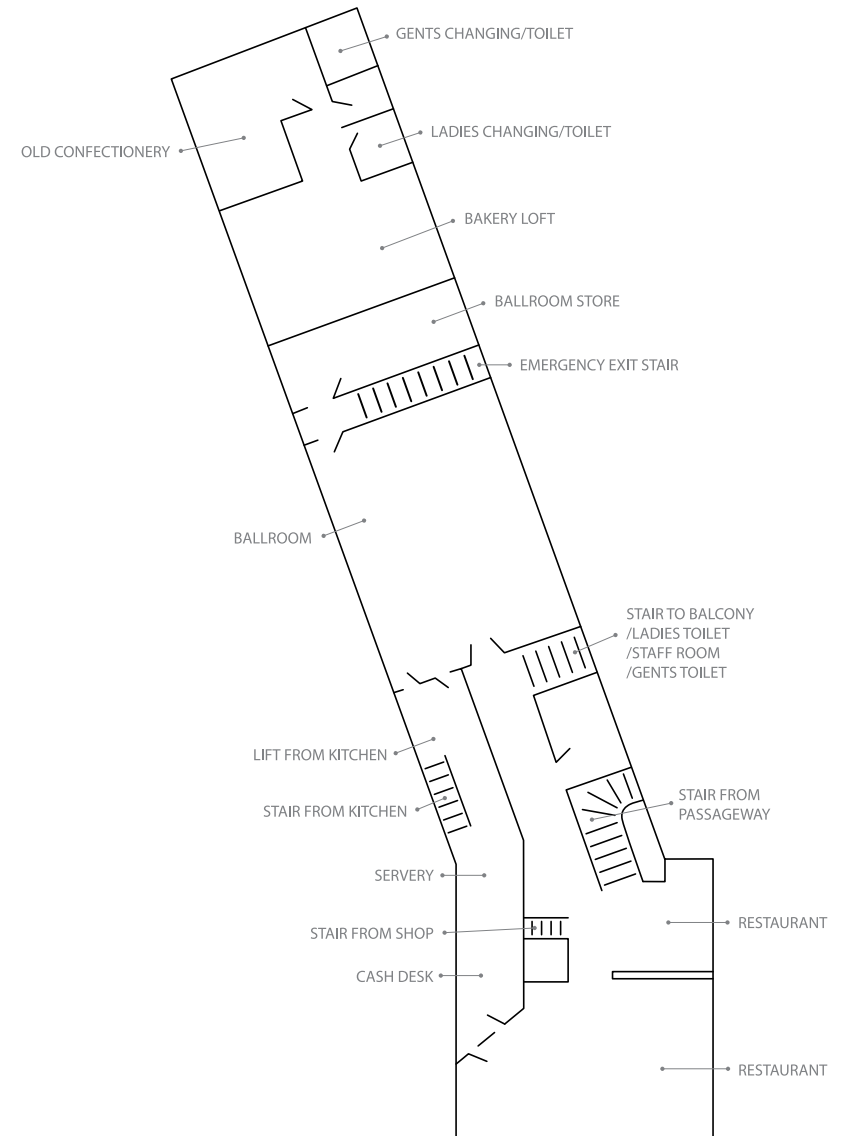
The far back shop only occupied half the width of the building. You went through a door into the kitchen to a storage area and a dumb waiter lift which connected to the servery above. From this point an internal stair led up to the servery. The main area of the kitchen, the full width of the property had a central square of cookers and food processors whilst round the walls of the room were situated refrigerators, tables, washing-up sinks, deep fat fryers and large tanks which were filled with cold water to cool down pots of soup.

Beyond the kitchen, there came down into the passage an emergency exit stair from the ballroom and beyond that the bakery end of the building. The ground floor was originally all bakery with the confectionery being on the first floor at the very end of the building. There was a large loft area above the bakery. After a few years, a section was taken from the bakery to create a larger confectionery on the ground floor. Also at the far end of the building a stair led down to a stoke hole where another coke fired boiler provided hot water for the bakery. In later years both these boilers were replaced by gas fired boilers.

At the very end of the property there was a small plot of garden with a

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Drawing of first floor.



garden shed. In the early years, some vegetables were grown.

The passageway running down the side of the property beyond the back shop was open to the elements and a cover was erected to make better use of it. This allowed vegetable racks to be put up outside the kitchen door and the rest could be used for bicycles which many of the staff used to come to work.

On the first floor the main restaurant had windows overlooking the High Street and there was a smaller area of four tables where the stair from the shop came up beside the cash desk. Under the previous owners it had been called Café Moderne which name did not appeal to my father and it was dropped. However, generations of Red Lichties knew it as that and it stuck! The servery was a long thin room area which gave access to the restaurant at the front and the ballroom at the back, the dumb waiter lift entering towards the rear. From the top of the stair coming up from the shop, a passageway led to the ballroom past the gents toilets.

The ballroom, the full width of the property, was quite a grand looking room with a balcony all the way round. It could accommodate up to 100 people for a function.

At the far end of the ballroom a door led out to the emergency exit stair down to the passageway. Opposite that door was another door which was created into a section of the bakery loft which was used to store the folding tables and other equipment from the ballroom.

Lady guests in the restaurant and ballroom had a further two stairs to get past the balcony to their loo!

The Post Office telephone number was 2214 with an extension in the private office. Later a second exchange line (4332) was added. A separate intercom telephone system was rented from Telephone Rentals, a phone being installed in each of the departments. In addition, a T.R. time management system (time clock) was installed, one unit in the bakery for

bakery and confectionery staff, the other located in the kitchen at the foot of the service stair to the servery for shop, office, kitchen and restaurant staff. Linked to this system were slave clocks throughout the building.

Above the restaurant there was a three-bedroomed flat, which my parents would use if they were to be late in the business or had attended a function in Arbroath. I would use the flat to stay on Friday nights prior to going to work in the confectionery at 6am on the Saturday.

On the third floor, the attic flat was let to a Mr. & Mrs Smith. He was a railwayman and Mrs Smith worked as a functions waitress.

The company also owned a garage property in Convent Street, part of which was in a dilapidated state. It was a large area and there were signs of it having had stabling accommodation, however, it was only used for garaging two vans.

BAKERY

The bakery had made a full range of products to service the shop and restaurant but with Broughty Ferry bakery (the Ferry) also producing it was possible to rationalise and products were exchanged. Arbroath continued to make all its rolls and savoury goods, whilst bread, teabread and many cakes were brought from the Ferry. In return Arbroath sent back biscuits and several varieties of cakes.

At the start of this process my father was attempting to document the recipes being used in the bakery but was frustrated when the foreman Alf Scott who listed the main ingredients in exact quantities, but on being asked about smaller ingredients or seasonings the answer was always “a puckle by guess.”

The bakers were Jock Peebles who’d served as a Royal Marine, Arch Black and Jake Ironside and the apprentice, Tommy. Later, Douglas Wright joined as the apprentice. Other names mentioned by Ernie are Ian Cargill, George Reid, Alec McLaren and John Boath.

Originally there were two scotch ovens but they were replaced by a reel oven and a deck oven was added later. Rather than try to remove the scotch ovens by barrowing the stone and rubble the length of the property out to the street, they were collapsed into the cellar below, leaving enough room to get to the coke boiler.

Alf Scott was the first man in on night shift and his first job was to fire up the reel oven. On one occasion when he went into the bakery to do

that, the pilot flame had gone out and because he had no sense of smell, didn’t smell the gas. He leaned in under the oven door with a taper to light the pilot when the gas exploded and Alf was thrown the length of the bakery. Needless to say, he was off work for many weeks recovering.

Coconut, Banbury and Cinnamon biscuits which were made in Arbroath were “exported” to the Ferry. These were all made by rolling out the paste mixture in the trusty Morton brake between two polythene sheets. The top sheet was pulled off and two people would flip the whole sheet over to allow the other sheet to be removed. Jock Peebles with a hand held cutter would stamp out the biscuit shapes with the speed of a machine gun and with precise judgement so he cut the shapes leaving only a wafer thin piece of paste between the cuts.

On the packing tables were Liza Wright, Nan Stirling and Nan Hall who were later joined by Susan Coutts. They transferred the products from the baking pans onto shop boards or packed the biscuits into cellophane bags. Also as part of their job they doubled as pan-cleaners and utensil washers.

The van driver was Arthur Wilkie and later Alec Christie. Jim Wright was store-man and sometime vanman. Again, Ernie assists with others who were vanmen, Sid Beattie, Bill Mitchell, Jim Watson and Jimmy Buick.

A larger van delivered morning goods to one or two wholesale customers in Arbroath before it was taken to the Ferry carrying products made in Arbroath and bringing back the reciprocal trade. A smaller van, I remember a half ton Morris Commercial FRG 196, was used less frequently for a backup on the Ferry run during exceptionally busy times or to deliver to catering functions which included the dreaded Sunday school picnics.

After I commenced my C.A. training, I frequently went to Arbroath for lunch with my parents having come back from classes on a Saturday morning. By then I’d passed my driving test and Inglis seized the opportunity to get me to do the Sunday school picnics. Small sausage rolls were heated

in the bakery oven, an urn of tea had been made in the kitchen and pokes with a buttered scone, a sair heid and a chocolate biscuit had been assembled for the number required.

Armed with my permit to drive along the West Links in Arbroath in case the parkie stopped me, I went in search of the picnic. Sometimes a swarm of kids saw a bakery van and had it surrounded – one time I had nearly started dishing out the goodies when an adult from another group came across, recognising the van, and said “Shouldn’t you be coming to us?” There were often several Sunday School picnics on the West Links at the same time.

Some kids came with their own mugs for tea, others used paper cups but all proceeded to do an immaculate demolition job on the edibles. Once things had quietened down, the Sunday school teacher would often say the cringe-making “Three cheers for the baker man!”

Returning to the bakery, Arthur was responsible for stoking the boiler under the bakery to which coalmen had to carry sacks all the way from the street, some 60 yards. It was a strange mixture, coalmen faces and clothes blackened by coal dust passing bakers, aprons and hair white with flour dust!

Many of the stores were supplied from the Ferry and these were put on a trolley to be wheeled down the passage before being carried up to the loft. Flour deliveries were made by the supplier and their employees carried the 140lbs (63.5Kgs) sacks all the way. There was a funnel in the loft so that the flour could be tipped out and fall down a flexible tube to weighing scales in the bakery below.

Whilst there was no direct contact between the coal dust and the flour dust, such an image today would be unthinkable as would be the level of flour dust which was the norm. Dusting the table or dusting the pan was what a baker did to prepare the table surface to have a sheet of pastry laid on it in order to prevent it sticking to the table top or similarly to a

baking pan. The baker would take a handful of flour and rather like the biblical image of sowing seeds, would swing his hand round in an arc and with great dexterity release flour from his grasp in such a way as it created a thin, even cover of flour on the table or pan.

I was shown how to make brown scones and on a Saturday afternoon when the bakery was finished working, I would occasionally make a small batch, for home consumption only. I was always amazed at how much cleaner my hands not to mention the finger nails, were after I’d been working the dough!

Pie shells were also made in Arbroath for their own use. Originally this was in a small room behind the two ovens, however the Waddell pie machine was moved to a section of the bakery loft where conditions were better for the shells to dry out.

I can remember that was a job for Tommy the apprentice, but latterly Nell McGregor made the shells.

When a touring circus came to town, it occupied the Low Common. We had been asked to provide a retail van and I went on some occasions with Alec when the van was allowed inside the circus perimeter and parked close to the mobile caravans. It was an exciting adventure for a boy to see the circus artistes in real life and also nearby, the caged lions and other animals.

CONFECTIONERY

Originally the confectionery was at the far end of the building with a window overlooking the small back garden and view out towards Brothock Bridge. To the left you could see into the cavernous heavy engineering factory of Keith Blackman. Iron axle and wheel sets for locomotives could be seen in the yard outside the building.

This was where Ernie Gerrard worked with his long suffering assistant Helen Ferguson whom he teased relentlessly. Helen wasn't the only one to be at the receiving end of Ernie's teasing. He reminds me of the time when we were having a break and I was eating a bridie. (Staff were allowed to take mis-shapen or other defective products for their pieces – the bridie I had, had opened along the edge in the baking.) He had got to it before me and added mustard into it and I ate it with my mouth stinging! I told my father about the excess of seasoning in the bridie and he immediately withdrew them from sale. Needless to say, on sampling, he didn't find there to be anything wrong with them!

Unfortunately, the teasing stopped for Helen when she was diagnosed with cancer and Ernie supported her as she became increasingly unwell and less able to do her job.

After some years the confectionery was moved to the newly created space beyond the kitchen in the passageway before reaching the bakery.

Choux pastry cases, strips of pastry, meringue shells and plain sponges were supplied by the Ferry and the first job in the morning was to whip up

6 pints of cream and pipe it into the éclair cases and cream buns as well as the cream sponges. Confectioners' custard was made and spread on the pastry strips. A pot of fondant had to be "brought down." This meant that a chunk of fondant icing from the supplier was cut from the slab and put in a pot with a little water over a low heat. This required constant attention whilst moving the fondant in the pot as it melted down from the near solid state, continually breaking into the block with a wooden spatula. Use too much heat and the fondant would lose its sheen on the finished product. Ernie must have built up strong arm muscles doing this task many times a day. I'm sure this had a beneficial effect for his leisure activity, playing the "tooter" as he called it (Euphonium) in Arbroath Instrumental Band.

I digress – the white fondant when ready would be spread on the top pastry of the custard slices, and with addition of chocolate would then go onto the éclair and some of the sponges which had been creamed. Coating the top of a cream sponge with chocolate fondant called for consummate skill. Firstly you had to pour enough fondant onto the top of the creamed sponge cake, pick it up in one hand and with a pallet knife in the other hand, work the fondant round toward the edges. This was done by rotating the sponge on your fingertips whilst dragging the pallet knife down to draw the fondant to cover the edge. Too much fondant and it would run off the sponge, dragging too little fondant out to the edge could break the surface of the sponge. On top of all that if the fondant was overheated, when it cooled it would show what was called a bloom – a misty non-shiny appearance. I tried this on a few occasions but was never very good at it – Ernie was an artist!

After the shop and restaurant had been supplied with their daily requirement of these cakes and meringues, work started to make small cakes which were supplied to both businesses. These were chocolate haystacks, strawberry, pineapple, ginger and caramel souffles and Lucerne tarts. Two varieties of small jap cakes and a gateau were also

produced. Jap cakes were made using two discs of a meringue mixture with pulverised hazelnuts in the mixture.

Ernie's claim to fame is that he was the originator of the Chocolate Violet. During quieter times in the winter, he would experiment with different flavours and combinations and one day took a jap biscuit, piped a bulb of buttercream onto it and dipped the cake into chocolate. The addition of a violet petal to the top gave the cake its name. The product was manufactured in the Ferry because they had a chocolate enrober.

My father had done his bakery schooling in the late 1920's and one of his friends from those days was James Kenneth, who incidentally had later been the manager in Keiller's bakery immediately next to 118 High Street. He and Jim kept in close touch during their respective careers, Jim setting up in business in Ayr. I think it was through his contacts we had a Swiss confectioner, Dieter Uhlmann come to Arbroath for a few weeks – he may have been responsible for introducing the Lucerne tart. This was a very labour intensive product – short crust pastry shell, a squirt of rasp jam, a piece of sponge cake, buttercream which had chopped walnuts and chopped glace cherries folded through it was spread evenly into the tart case. The top of the cake was dipped into chocolate, chopped walnuts were sprinkled onto the chocolate and when it dried, given a dusting of icing sugar and a star of buttercream to finish it off.

Dieter's skill as a confectioner was demonstrated when he made a chocolate model of an artillery gun for Inglis who was an officer in the Royal Artillery T.A. The model was kept at the battery for some time. Dieter immersed himself in Scottish ways, going to a Dundee United match and coming back with dubious additions to his English vocabulary. Dieter asked Ernie about "first-footing" so he turned up on a scooter to go to Freda Ferguson's house. Unfortunately Dieter didn't see a roadworks sign and ploughed on through the area being repaired with Ernie clinging on for dear life! It is conjecture that Dieter had been indulging in some pre-event practice for the first-footing.

Back then, fruit and vegetables were not available year round and the strawberry season was about six weeks long which meant a huge increase in production for the confectionery. I was there most days having cycled down to the Ferry and got the Arbroath van which arrived about 9 am. On a Friday evening I sometimes caught the train to Arbroath and stayed in the flat prior to starting work in the confectionery at 6 am on the Saturday morning. On one or two Saturdays in the summer, I can remember we produced as many as 100 dozen strawberry tarts for sale in the shop and restaurant – quantities which are almost unbelievable for one outlet today. Producing that sort of number had the whole table-top space being used, however, when the shop phoned to say they needed another two dozen meringues A.S.A.P. it meant a temporary interruption to the "production line." This could happen two or three times on a busy Saturday morning.

The strawberry season finished and there was a short gap before the rasps were ready. Raspberry tarts did not sell nearly as well as the strawberry ones.

Students whom I remember were employed during the summer were Raymund Chroscicki and Grant Baird.

I remember an ignominious incident with strawberry tarts. I had been well used to carrying two shop counter boards from the confectionery to the back shop, one resting on my right shoulder and the other balanced on my head without any support, however if a problem arose my left hand could come to the rescue. I had become so used to this I could carry boards on my head in perfect balance. One day I decided to carry three boards, two as described and a third supported about waist level with my left hand. O.K. you've worked out what's coming – as I got to the back shop door I had to push it open with my foot and the board on my head became unstable and I didn't have a hand to steady it! I don't think my father or Inglis ever got to hear of the catastrophic scene which followed.

At Christmas and New Year, we would make trifles for customers to use as

their sweets for the festive meals. Customers brought in their own glass bowls and there were probably as many as 50 or 60 trifles made. Sponge sheet soaked in sherry enhanced syrup was layered with jam, custard being spread over top. The final decoration was to spread whipped cream over the top and pipe stars and whirls which were decorated with glace cherries, angelica and vermicelli. I think the process was that a record of the weight of the customer's empty bowl was kept and when it was weighed after being filled, the charge was based on the net weight.

Again after I commenced my C.A. training if I was in Arbroath on a Saturday afternoon and the shop or restaurant were running short of cream meringues I would be asked to make some more. This depended upon there being meringue shells left in the box and there being some whipped cream left in the confectionery refrigerator. Only very occasionally would I have to put on the airwhip machine and make another batch of whipped cream. On one such occasion, service engineers from Denholm Ovenbuilders were in the bakery servicing the reel oven. Having made up and put two dozen cream meringues on a shop counter tray, I went to take it the shop. One of the men said "A Meringue." I stopped and asked what he'd said, thinking he'd wanted a meringue. He replied that that would be very nice but what he'd said in discussion with one of his colleagues, was "Am Ah wrang?" It may be an old joke, but it actually happened to me!

Back to Jim Kenneth – his son Chisholm had been sent to bakery school in Switzerland and came back enthused with making chocolate Easter and Christmas figures. I imagine Jim must have got my father interested and Inglis took on the task, the former confectionery being brought back into use for this purpose.

Father Christmas and Easter bunny clear plastic moulds took over! The tempering of chocolate was even more critical than bringing down a pot of fondant. The solid chocolate had to be melted slowly over an indirect heat and brought up to a specific temperature and then the important

tweak. It had to be allowed to cool a few degrees before being brought back up to temperature.

The figure moulds were in two perfectly matching halves held together by strong clips. Chocolate could then be poured into the mould and care was taken to ensure it coated every surface within the mould. Then the mould was held upright, over the pot to allow chocolate to drain back out. As the drops became less frequent the mould was returned to the upright position and placed on a square of greaseproof paper. The remainder of the draining chocolate formed a base for the figure.

After an hour to 90 minutes as the chocolate inside the moulds cooled and solidified a muffled cracking sound could be heard as the chocolate pulled itself clear of the inside of the mould. The last tweak in the tempering was what gave it this ability. The clips were removed and the figure came out of the mould easily. If the tempering had been wrong, the chocolate wouldn't free itself from the mould and to clean the mould for re-use had to be done with extreme care not to cause any blemish on the inside surface. On one occasion the tempering had gone wrong for Inglis and the figures were not releasing themselves from the moulds. I was tasked to remove the chocolate from the mould but was a little too vigorous with my efforts and finished up scratching the inside of some of the moulds which could not be used again. Inglis was very annoyed at me but I put it down to him being annoyed at himself!

Easter eggs were formed in metal moulds, each half being laid on greaseproof paper. When ready, the mould should come away without any difficulty. One half would be filled with different sweets, Smarties for example and the other half would momentarily be held on a warm plate enough to melt a little of the surface. The two halves were then brought together and within moments a perfect bond had been formed.

SHOP

On entering the shop from the street the customer could see on the right hand, inside the window display a line of counters which displayed keeper (non-daily) products. The main run of counters facing had counter trays with savoury goods, teabread, cakes, pastries and cream goods. On the back shelves were loaves of bread both sliced and unsliced along with bagged and loose rolls. On the left was a small counter with a set of scales for weighing biscuits. Biscuits came in tins about eight inches square and ten inches deep. These tins were housed in a rack which was tilted. The tin lid was removed and a hinged glass lid was put on so the customer could see into the tins. The chosen kind of biscuits were taken from the tin by the assistant and weighed in the scale pan. Choices of biscuits were between Carrs of Carlisle, Macfarlane Lang, McVitie & Price and Huntly & Palmer

If I had arrived on the van from the Ferry on a Saturday morning during term time I would often work in the shop stacking the shelves and replenishing the counter trays.

Whilst the bakery and confectionery had provided many products, the van contained bread, teabread and pastries which had to be trayed-up for the counter as the shop was becoming very busy at 9 am. The quantities of teabread sold have shrunk dramatically from these days as customers' tastes have changed.

Irene Robb was the manager with Dorothy Smart and Rita Souter the assistants and following them Netta Ball and others. Mrs Parker and



With Irene Robb at a staff dance.

WE NEED MORE MERINGUES!

Mrs Ogilvie were the order department and once finished assembling customers' orders, would come forward to serve in the shop.

There could be as many as 50 orders on a Saturday with hugely more at Christmas and the New Year. I don't remember any customer names except Mrs Gibb of Montquhir. She was a farmer's wife and a very regular customer and the farm name sounded so exotic. It is between Crombie Country Park and Carmyllie – if that's exotict?

Rita Souter impressed on me on more than one occasion that her name was spelled with an "e" and did I know that a souter was Scots for a shoe-maker? I'll never forget it Rita!

In the late 1950's, long distance foreign travel was most unusual and I recall Dorothy Smart going to New York and remember getting a postcard she sent to me from the Statue of Liberty.

Dot Colquhoun who retired a few years ago as manager of 211 High Street remembers that when she started working in 118, Jeanette Phipps was the manager at the time.

There were many schoolgirls and university students who worked part-time during holidays and on Saturdays. Some whose names I can bring to mind are Freda Ferguson, Margaret Cargill, Margaret Vannet and Marysia Tymiec.

Another lasting memory of the shop was Mrs. Parker towards the end of the day exclaiming painfully in her Glasgow accent "Aw R-o-a-nald, ma feet are killin' me!" The self-same Mrs Parker didn't call my father "Mr. Alister" as the rest of the staff did, merely referring to him, and addressing him as "faither!"

RONALD GOODFELLOW



*Looking out to the High Street from behind this window
bed display in the 1970's*

OFFICE

Miss Nicoll was in charge of the office working with Joan Wilkie and Helen Pert.

The principal function of the office was to man the cash desk and maintain credit accounts for personal and wholesale customers. Another daily job was to print menus for the restaurant. The menu for the day was typed onto an octavo (A5) stencil. In a beautiful highly polished wooden box was a screen printing frame onto which the stencil was placed. Thick goo-ey ink was squeezed from a tube and a hand roller moved backwards and forwards on the screen above the stencil, to print the menu onto the card below. The screen was lifted and another card placed beneath for however many menus were required.

I spent some time in the cash desk covering for lunch breaks. Customers would be given a little chit of paper with the total of their purchases marked on it. When they turned round from the counter the cash desk was facing them alongside the stair up the restaurant.

My earliest memory is that there was a small typewriter ribbon tin at the side of the till which had farthings in it. I do not remember what was priced which needed farthings in the change. It was presumably needed if someone bought a single or an odd number of morning rolls. Could they have been priced at three farthings each? (Less than one third of one pence) The farthing tin disappeared very soon.

A pan loaf, I think was priced at 11d or 11d ha'penny, less than 5p, so

most purchases were made with coins.

Pound notes would occasionally be tendered and I can remember the colourful variety of Scottish notes.

Bank of Scotland, British Linen Bank, Union Bank of Scotland, Commercial Bank of Scotland, North of Scotland Bank, National Bank of Scotland, Clydesdale Bank, Royal Bank of Scotland. Very occasionally an English fiver would be tendered which wasn't far short of a large sheet with black printing. There's no way it would fit into a till drawer section without being folded at least twice.

The number of Scottish banks declined during this period. The Bank of Scotland took over BLB, the Union was merged with the Bank of Scotland in 1955 although their notes remained in circulation. The National and Commercial Banks merged when they were affectionately known as the Natty Coms. They were eventually taken over by the Royal. Clydesdale and North of Scotland Banks merged and some years later, the "North" was dropped from the title much to the chagrin of Aberdeenshire.

Miss Nicoll was another person who notably, went on a long distance holiday to see relatives in South Africa and there were gasps of amazement at the thistle-like flour head she brought back and showed everyone – a protea. I don't suppose that would be allowed today.

Other members of staff in the office were Mrs. Sands and Mrs Eileen Cargill. By now the screen printing box for producing daily menus had fallen victim to progress and a Gestetner duplicator was used, still using stencils. It produced the menus, price lists and other forms for both companies. Mrs Cargill was the directors' secretary and typed letters using the tapes recorded on a Dictaphone. In the Ferry, directors would dictate their letters into a hand held recorder and send the tapes to Arbroath with the daily van run. The following morning the letters would be in the wallet from Arbroath. Compared to today's E-mails, however, it was a lengthy time-consuming process.

KITCHEN

Mrs Pert was the principal cook with Mrs Robb and Marion Smith as assistants and washers-up. Ernie's daughter Anne worked during holidays in the kitchen. There were others who worked in the kitchen but as I didn't spend a lot of time there, regrettably I cannot identify who they were. Food for lunches was prepared and sent up to the servery where there was a large bain marie and hot cupboards to keep the food warm. I don't remember there being any cooked to order dishes at lunchtime. Only cold salads would be assembled to order in the kitchen.

The situation was quite the reverse for high teas. Orders taken by the waitresses were written on a small chit and sent down in the dumb waiter to the kitchen where they fried eggs and the fish and chips. I can remember steel buckets of chips waiting to be fried. Potatoes had been peeled in a machine which bruised off the peel, the kitchen assistants would gouge out the eyes and then place the peeled potato onto a metal squared grid. When the handle was pulled down, the chips would fall into the bucket.

Occasionally if they were short-staffed or during exceptionally busy periods I would help out by being a runner, collecting the orders when the buzzer went to say the dumb waiter was coming down. In reverse I would collect the plated high teas, putting spacer rings between the plates and a cover on the top one, tucking the order chit under the edge and sending the stack up to the servery.

Catering for functions in the ballroom and for outside catering events

kept the kitchen very busy. The kitchen in Arbroath was essential in providing the soups and many of the cooked main dishes for outside catering functions undertaken by David Goodfellow from Broughty Ferry.

I can remember, again in later years once I'd passed my driving test, Inglis asked me to go and collect crockery and equipment which had been used for a house party near Forfar. It was winter time and there was quite a lot of snow about although the roads were basically clear. Returning to Arbroath in FRG 196 I'd just come out of Colliston, where, at the ridge between there and Condor, there was a snowdrift across the road which had not been cleared. The van hit this lump and lurched sideways and for a moment I thought it was going to coup, however, it stabilised but not without the boxes of crockery being thrown across the inside of the back of the van. I seem to remember there were only a couple of broken plates.

I will not embarrass the memory of Arthur Wilkie by recounting the van problem he had as described by David in "Bread in the Bones."

RESTAURANT

The restaurant on the first floor was managed by Miss Butchart who was in post when Carnegie Soutar Ltd was sold and she gave an insight into the regime under Watt Hepburn. In the later years of his ownership, there was little spent on refurbishment and she said she'd had to make tablecloths by sewing together cotton flour bags. My mother used to tell this story but I would have to say I didn't see any of her handiwork.

My cousin John reminds me of a story recounted by my father which he was told by one of the waitresses relating to the previous owner. Apparently Watt Hepburn had been in the café and picked up a sugar spoon which he thought was too large and enquired "Faur'd they spoons come fae?" to which she replied "They came from Aberdeen, Mr. Hepburn." The waitress was told to parcel them up and send them back because "maist fowk only tak ane spoonfa in their tea!"

Miss Butchart was a tall imposing woman with a sweet smile and a soft voice, but she wasn't to be tangled with. The waitresses working with her were Betsy, Jean and Cath – apologies to them, I don't think I ever knew their surnames! As they retired, Agnes Law, Nessie Beattie, Adeline Smart and Jess Taylor became the permanent staff.

Just inside the servery door from the restaurant were racks and drawers for crockery, cutlery, teapots and etc. There was a Jackson hot water boiler which was a fearsome piece of equipment. As water was drawn off to fill teapots and water jugs it hissed and spat which was followed by a whoosh as the internal gas ring re-ignited to raise the temperature of the water coming into the tank.



With Agnes Law and her husband at a staff dance

It was replaced by a sleek stainless steel electric unit made by WMF. Watching antique programmes on the T.V., I now know that WMF didn't only make tea/coffee machines! Another name from these programmes is Walker and Hall. The teapots, milk jugs and I think some of the cutlery was made by them.

In very quiet times, the waitresses took turns in polishing the teapots and silverware which had the initials C.S. in them. I think if they'd have had the Café Moderne name on them, my father would have had them scrapped!

The dishwasher was Miss Chisholm, a diminutive lady who could only just stretch into the tubs. Dishes were washed in one tub of soapy water in which revolving brushes did the cleaning, plates were held between

two revolving brushes and cups plunged onto a dome headed brush. Between the two tanks was a flat surface where a wooden rack would receive the washed crockery. When the rack was full it was immersed in the other tank which contained water close to boiling point. After a minute in there, the rack would be placed on the draining board, where because of the temperature of the rinsing tank the crockery would be dry in seconds.

Further along the servery was the domain of Doris Tymiec. From the bain marie and hot cupboards she plated up what the waitresses needed for their customers. There was a choice of soups on the menu, four main courses, one of which would be a salad and two sweets, with ice cream always being available.

At the foot of the menu was a special 2 course business lunch which was priced at 1/9d (9p). Many people came from local businesses for their lunch. One such was Ian Spalding an imposingly tall gentleman who worked in D.T. Wilson's furniture shop lower down the High Street. Ian played the part of Robert the Bruce in the Arbroath Pageant. He was usually accompanied by a young colleague whose name I've forgotten. Another regular was Harold Leuchars from Cuthberts the Ironmonger in Commerce Street.

On market days, the farmers' wives would also come into town and some would come in for lunch. Perhaps they went on to peruse the wares in Soutar the Eagle, a department store on the same side of the High Street and sometimes the farmer and his wife would return for high tea. Harold Leuchars and his business partner would have their high tea on these market days when Cuthberts remained open into the evening.

As the high teas lasted beyond shop closing hours, the stairway from the shop was cordoned off and customers would exit by the stair leading down to the passageway.

It was reported that during the Glesca fair, the population of Arbroath

doubled. It was by far the busiest of the Trades fortnights. High teas were the busiest time as there was not the choice of restaurants which there is today and pubs were just that, not doing pub grub as they do now. Holidaymakers would have to queue to get a table for high tea. Sometimes they were queuing on the stair up from the shop, but when the shop closed, the queue had to be ushered up to re-form in the passage towards the ballroom. The ballroom itself was pressed into service and set out with tables as an overspill restaurant.

The adjacent property above Mr. Smith's ironmongers shop was purchased and the first floor area was incorporated into the restaurant. This extension was called "The Cedar Room." Furniture, you guessed it, was made using cedar wood by Messrs. F.G. Pearce of Broughty Ferry, furniture manufacturers. For a time Ernie Gerrard and family were the tenants in the flat above the Cedar Room. I doubt if he used his bike to get to work!

Another restaurant manager in the later years was a Miss Watt who had been a head waitress in the Seaforth Hotel. Elizabeth Watt went on a long-haul holiday to Australia where she saw a product she'd not seen before – cheese cake. It was barely known here at that time and Inglis tried to make it. Having done so successfully, cheese cake became part of the confectionery's production. I confess to having no memory of this but Ernie tells me the shop sold considerable quantities of it. It is now commonplace being supplied by food service companies to hotels and restaurants.

BALLROOM

The ballroom could be used as a venue for Weddings, Dinner Dances and catering for bus parties.

In the summer, the Arbroath staff went on their own bus trips on a Sunday. I remember going on one such trip which took us to Macduff. We had lunch in what looked to me like a scout hut but the highlight was to go to the open air Tarlair swimming pool. High tea was provided in the same place we'd had lunch. On the way home the bus stopped at Inverurie for a comfort break and several of us broke loose to buy fish suppers. I fell asleep on the bus as it returned to Arbroath.

I've been guilty of digressing again – back to the ballroom.

Several members of staff held their wedding receptions in the ballroom.

When a wedding party was about to arrive, the passageway was swept and a red carpet rolled out from the street along to the stair up to the first floor. Whilst the carpet was down, members of staff were not allowed to wheel their bikes out from further down the passage. They had to wait behind intermediate doors until the bridal party and guests had come in and the carpet removed.

The ballroom would seem to be the obvious choice for the staff dance, however, as it meant some staff would have had to work and miss the function, it was more often held in other venues such as Seaforth Hotel, Clifftown Hotel and the Woodlands Hotel in Barnhill. The Arbroath staff were very supportive of their staff dance and to begin with there was a



An early staff dance, probably the first, which was held in the Seaforth Hotel. I am kneeling in front of my parents. To their right, sitting between my Aunt Jean and Uncle Bill is Miss Butchart. To the right of Uncle Bill is Irene Robb and on the far right is my Cousin, David. To the left of my mother are Ernie and Margaret Gerrard: Ernie recalls being asked to sit in front because he was the organiser of the event. On the far left is Mrs Petrie. I can only identify about a third of the people standing behind the seated row, many of whom came from the Ferry. The gent with the glasses in the very back row is Willie Craig, the Bakery Manager in the Ferry.

large travelling support from the Ferry. As the years went by, only a few stalwarts came from the Ferry.

The premises were not licensed, so if a bar was required by the customer the publican of their choice would arrange the necessary permit and bring his stock into the ballroom.

For dances, the band would either set up at one end of the ballroom or more often they would do so in the balcony.

Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd. didn't only take over the large staff working in Carnegie Soutar Ltd., it "inherited" the Rotary Club of Arbroath who had held their meetings in the ballroom since 1942. Previously, the Club had met in the Garret, tearoom premises of Soutar the Eagle which was obliged to cancel the Club's booking because of wartime food shortages. Quite how George Soutar of Carnegie Soutar Ltd. was able to access sufficient provisions is unknown!

The Rotary Club met in the ballroom at lunchtime every Thursday – my father was invited to join Rotary, as was Inglis some years later. Both, in time became presidents of the Club. Because of their membership I got to know many of the personalities who were members in the late 1950's and early 1960's.

Jack Lamb the Butcher - Bob Bertram, the owner of D.T. Wilson the Furniture Shop and Auctioneer - George Hitchin the general manager of Francis Webster - Gordon Neill the Solicitor who'd been a Spitfire pilot in the war – Robin Fairweather of the Shoe Manufacturers - David Goodwillie the Painter and Decorator – Lyall Manson of Arbroath Laundry – Charlie Smith and George Henderson both Dentists – Bill Lakie of Craiks China Shop in Millgate (still a member today) – A. Linton Robertson the Vet - Derry Sangster the Jeweller – A.K. Adamson and Frank Thornton both Outfitters – George Jarvie the Chemist – Pat Anderson of Thomson the Ironmonger – Tom Buncle of the Arbroath Guide and Ed Nicoll of the Arbroath Herald those being weekly newspapers both then produced in Arbroath



One of the last staff dances held in the Cliffburn Hotel in 1974, I've changed a little from the first one but I still wear kilts! To the left is Mrs Parker (her husband kneeling and waving,) my father, Nessie Beattie, my wife Katherine, my mother and on the far left, Ruby Parker.

Waitresses for the Rotary and other functions or indeed the overspill restaurant in the summer were brought in on a part-time basis. Mrs Petrie, Ruby Parker and Mrs Smith who lived in the third floor flat along with a Mrs Russell, both of whose daughters were also able to come in for evening functions, along with a number of others whose names I regret I've forgotten.

At a wedding or dinner dance, there was nowhere for the guests to go while the room was cleared after the meal so it was imperative this was done extremely slickly. Waitresses cleared the tables and whipped off the table cloths. The trestle tables were collapsed and carried through the emergency exit door at the rear of the ballroom and into the Ballroom store.

The last thing to be done was to roll up the central carpet which was stored under the legs of the chairs at one side of the room. Four or five of the waitresses would bend down to start rolling up the carpet but more often than not many of the chivalrous gentlemen guests at the function would lend a hand and take over the final task to reveal the dance floor.

FAMILY CONNECTIONS WITH GOODFELLOW & STEVEN.

At various points I have mentioned members of staff. There were many family connections in the staff and the business benefitted from such loyalty. The ones I list are primarily from the mid 1950's to the early 1960's but there are probably more in later years.

Susan Coutts whose daughter worked in the shop when it was transferred to Goodfellow & Steven Ltd

Helen and Freda Ferguson – sisters

Ernie Gerrard and Anne – father and daughter

Mrs Pert & Helen Pert – mother & daughter

Mrs Robb & Irene Robb – mother & daughter-in-law

Alec Shepherd married Nan Stirling

Mrs Smith and Mrs Russell and their daughters

Jess Taylor and Dot Colquhoun – mother and daughter

Doris and Marysia Tymiec – mother and daughter

Arthur Wilkie and Joan Wilkie – father and daughter

Jim, Liza and Douglas Wright – father, mother and son

SUPPLIERS

Today we hear about “food miles” and “carbon footprints” but my memory is of dealing locally wherever it was possible. I well remember Willie Keillor who had a market garden at Woodley Farm, Millfield, a small hamlet just outside Arbroath and who supplied root vegetables during the year and strawberries in the summer. Willie was an expert in marketing techniques – he’d always put the best looking berries on the top of the punnet! Ernie insisted on inspecting all the berries when Willie brought them in. Strawberries were also sourced from Kinblethmont, opposite Letham Grange. Some of the raspas were bought from Will White at Kinaldie who was brother-in-law of my Aunt Peggie of East Newton Farm.

Arguably the closest supplier was Hoods’ Nurseries at the top of Ponderlaw at the junction of Springfield Terrace with Clifftown Road. In the season, their tomatoes would be delivered into the back shop and the smell from the stalks was almost intoxicating and the taste was exquisite. Nothing you can buy today merits comparison with Hoods’ tomatoes.

Butcher meat for the bakery came from A.D. Hunter, butchers of 1 Millgate Loan and Jack Lamb for the restaurant. Fish came from Pert’s the fishmonger. Ice-cream was made by Nelson’s in Dundee. In the early days flour was purchased from McKenzie’s Flour Mills in Montrose. My father knew Archie Clark the manager of that firm very well, however, when Archie came to tell my father that McKenzie’s had been sold to one of the big millers (I don’t remember which one), he moved his purchasing to Robert Hutchison of Kirkaldy. Despite Archie’s promises of continued good service under the new owners, my father’s ears were deaf to his pleas. This was because at that time the big millers, Ranks, Spillers and Westons (Associated British Foods) were buying up many independent

bakery businesses as a means of securing their customer base and he didn’t want to be associated with them

Archie and his sister, who were both unmarried lived in a house in the main street of Edzell. Unfortunately for them, when returning home, their car left the road while descending from Cairn o’ Mount and plunged down to the stream below. Their pet Labrador managed to get out of the car through a broken window and climbed back to the road. It sat at the roadside and the following morning a passing motorist got out to see why the dog was there with apparently no-one around. Archie and his sister had both died.

Arbroath Laundry at Gallowden laundered tablecloths and supplied roller towels for the Towelmaster machines. Vehicles were serviced and fuel purchased from Law’s Garage in Marketgate. When you went into the small office to sign for fuel bought, one of the proprietors sitting beside an overflowing ashtray would reach to get another fag. As soon as he put his hand into the pocket of his brown overall coat and touched the fag packet he started to cough uncontrollably. Frequently with his coughing, he would blow out the match with which he was trying to light the cigarette and only once he had it lit and taken a deep drag did the coughing fit subside.

Commercial travellers from other companies would call in to the shop to see my father and later, Inglis. Macphies which were then based in Glasgow before moving to Glenbervie, Watson & Philip, Milroy Chemical Company and Ingram Brothers, sugar merchants before these two merged, James Fleming fondant supplier and others. The one rep. whom I remember was Sandy Cunnison who lived in Broughty Ferry. He represented the Southern Oil Company (No! not motor oil – the edible stuff.) Sandy was a very dapper gentleman, smartly dressed in a suit with waistcoat and spats over his shoes. He would travel back to the Ferry on the train and would offer round his Passing Clouds a luxury cigarette which was oval shaped.

ARBROATH AT THAT TIME

It is strange – when you are young you accept what you see around you and rather presume it has always been that way. It's only as you get older, you become aware of how much times change.

The lower part of the High Street from Kirk Square down to Hill Street/Commerce Street used to be the main centre of the town. Shops in that area were Stevensons Dry Cleaners, Woolworths, Thomson's and Smith's Ironmongers, Curry's, Soutar the Eagle, Ferrier the Florist, D.T. Wilson's Furniture shop, Keiller's bakery and tearoom, Jack Lamb the butcher and R.C. Murison. This latter shop was a grocer, wine merchant and Italian warehouseman. It sold a range of fresh products, cooked meats, butter, cheese, teas and coffees. Loose goods in bins under the counter would contain flour, sugar, rice and other dry products which were weighed into stout paper bags. The shop had a high ceiling, perhaps as much as ten feet, and the back shelves were covered in all manner of packeted goods. There was a ladder to allow assistants to get up to the products on the higher shelves. As with Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd, none of these, many of which were privately owned businesses are left today.

In more recent times, the Keiller's shop & tearoom referred to above, traded as Andrew G Kidd. Keiller's had been taken over by Crosse & Blackwell in the early 1920's. Their ultimate parent, the Nestle Corporation developed the Keiller brand of sweets, manufacturing Toblerone for a time in the Mains Loan factory in Dundee. Keiller's bakery and tearoom chain was sold on to Allied Bakeries Ltd after it had bought the Dundee family business of Andrew G. Kidd sometime in the late 1960's.

On a Saturday afternoon groups of girls would walk up and down the High Street wearing curlers in their hair covered with a headscarf. This was preparatory going to the dancing in the Marine Ballroom later that day where their ambition was to make a click.

Another shopping area was the West Port between Millgate Loan and Keptie Street where the outfitter A.K. Adamson had a large shop. Probably the only shop from that time which is still there today is Fleming the butcher.

If I was to going to stay in the flat overnight, I might go to the cinema. There was a choice between The Picture House across the road from the shop or the Palace in James Street. The Picture House remains in operation as the Gala Bingo Hall whereas the Palace was demolished, there now being houses on the site.

During school holidays I quite often had my bike in Arbroath which afforded me great freedom. After work in the confectionery which finished about 3 o'clock, I would go with Ernie on little trips as he took a circuitous route back towards his home in Clifftown. On a couple of occasions we went for a game of snooker in Cadman's Billiard Hall in the West Port. I fear I was not popular with his wife Margaret as Ernie spent the time with me, his children, Neil and Anne had to wait until he got home.

On other such overnights stays, I would cycle up to St. Vigean and then onto a public path and follow the track of the Friockheim/Forfar branch line. I don't think I remember seeing a train on that line although apparently freight services lasted until 1965.

When I used the trains between the Ferry and Arbroath it would be on a double unit diesel railcar which was known as "the diesel" distinguishing it from the main line trains which were still all hauled by steam locomotives. Steam engines continued to be used for freight services. Adjacent to the north bound platform in Arbroath station there was a large area of tracks and coal merchants stocks backing on to the wall at Helen Street. In this

area the Carmyllie Pilot would be sitting with steam up. This engine was used on the Carmyllie branch line which left the main line at Elliot junction to service the slate quarries there. There were no passenger services on the line by that time but when the Metal Box factory (now Presentation Products) was built at Elliot, a spur was taken into their yard. I only ever saw that branch in use on a very few occasions. The engine would leave the main line and come to the road where it stopped. There being no level crossing gates, a footplate man would climb down onto the road and stop the traffic by waving a large red flag. Once the traffic halted he walked across the road in front of the engine with the flag held high. The train never consisted of more than the engine and two wagons and it stopped once the last wagon had cleared the road to allow the footplate man to signal the traffic to move again and to walk up the track and climb back up onto the footplate.

Whilst on the subject of steam power - Ian Fraser a trained engineer and steam enthusiast used his traction engine to go shopping in the High Street. It was quite a sight, heads turning to see what was creating such a noise. Jinglin' Geordie was its name. The metal wheels were covered by wooden slats and these clattered noisily on the road as the engine was driven. There was a puny sounding steam whistle which was quite superfluous given the noise the road wheels made although he did use it to announce he was about to move.

There was a branch railway from south of the station to the harbour but this was disused and the almost level track was used as overspill parking for shops in Millgate.

The fish market at the harbour was a daily event as the fishing boats were day boats and no market could start until Betsy Swankie showed up. She was a diminutive lady with a mountainous presence and would stride along the harbour in her wellington boots and rubber apron. Today, her fish merchant's premises are Sugar & Spice at the Fit o' the Toon.

On Tuesday afternoons in the summer the Miss Arbroath competition was held at the outdoor swimming pool at Marine Parade. On a couple of occasions one of the vanmen whom I remember had done part of his National Service in Korea, gave me a lift to the pool on the back of his motor bike. I don't know how my parents got to know of this but suffice to say I was de-barred from having any more experience of being a pillion passenger! At the pool, all swimmers had to come out of the water whilst the competition was on, girls paraded round the pool before being judged and the winner given the Miss Arbroath sash.

When the outdoor pool wasn't open, I'd sometimes go to the town baths in Marketgate and enjoy pretending that I could dive elegantly from the springboard and the various heights on the diving board. Keeping a watchful eye on everyone was the Baths Superintendent who would remonstrate with over enthusiastic youths and threaten he'd cuff them in the lug, an acceptable and effective means of maintaining order if they didn't desist from whatever behaviour they'd been up to. It wasn't until later in life I got to know this kindly gent, Ron Marr who was nominally the secretary of Arbroath Philatelic Society but was responsible for leading it over many years.

In 1959 the Lichties won promotion to play in the First Division which brought hoardes of football fans to Gayfield. The greatest number were from Rangers and Celtic with the latter being the less raucous. The Lichties' tenure of a place with the big boys was short-lived, however, they did "go up" again in in 1971/2 season and remained there until league re-organisation three years later. In the 1973/4 season they won at Ibrox for the first and only time. Katherine and I had put our first house on the market and some people came to view it and I missed the Sportscene programme which showed highlights from the match.and they didn't even put in an offer!

CLOSURE

Change eventually caught up with Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd. Fewer people were eating lunches, high teas were becoming a thing of the past, the ballroom being unlicensed, car parking in the centre of the town becoming increasingly difficult and the need to further rationalise bakery production all led to the inescapable conclusion that the business had to close. This was especially poignant for me as most of my teenage memories belong there with all the people, many of whom lost their jobs.

In the minute book recording the business at the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders in 1975 it was reported that “the Chairman went on to explain that because of the continuing deterioration in the trading position the Directors had reluctantly decided to cease trading in the Company. This had been brought about by the closure of the restaurant facility in the premises and because the Company’s associate Messrs Goodfellow & Steven Ltd had modified their production schedules it was possible for them to incorporate production in their bakery premises. The Directors had reached agreement with Messrs. Goodfellow & Steven Ltd that they should take over the running of the shop and kitchen within the Company’s premises.

In a Board Meeting Minute from 26th June 1975 it is recorded that the Arbroath Company would cease trading on Saturday 13th September and Goodfellow & Steven Ltd would take over the running of the shop and kitchen from Tuesday 16th September, the rest of the property being isolated from the parts remaining in operation. The Company itself would be maintained in existence purely as property owners, receiving a rent

from Goodfellow & Steven Ltd. This allowed the loan on the property purchase to be paid off.

The last meeting of the Rotary Club of Arbroath in the ballroom was held on 27th September 1975, prior to their moving to the Seaforth Hotel. Sometime later the first floor restaurant and ballroom was let out on a three year lease to Halliburton Manufacturing and Services Ltd as a social club for their employees.

The shop continued to be run as a branch of Goodfellow & Steven Ltd. Some five or six years later, Inglis in discussion with Robin Fairweather of Fairweather’s shoe shop, explored the possibility of moving into part of their large premises further up the High Street. It was a convenient solution for both businesses and it was agreed Fairweather’s would split their shop in two, Goodfellow & Steven Ltd buying 211 High Street from them, from which the successor company still trades today, the last link with a much greater presence in Arbroath.

The building at 118/122 High Street was sold on 12th January 1982 to Caltrust an Ayr based property investment company. Sadly the whole property is in a sorry state now, the upper floors above what is now the Salvation Army charity shop seeming to be unoccupied and in desperate need of maintenance. Viewed from the Abbeygate centre car park on what used to be the Keith Blackman foundry site everything of the bakery and confectionery has been demolished. The kitchen/ballroom wall was rendered following the demolition however, that block is now derelict

After the closure of the restaurant, Jess Taylor moved down into the shop and some people had continued their work in Broughty Ferry.

Mrs Cargill travelled by train every day and worked there until she retired.

Ernie Gerrard also moved to the Ferry but left to follow his new career, that of a brass instrument tutor with Tayside Regional Council.

WE NEED MORE MERINGUES!

Douglas Wright worked with Goodfellow and Steven in the Ferry. After a spell away he came back as deputy bakery manager before leaving a few years ago to work nearer home.

When 118 High Street closed, the contemporary shop staff moved into the 211 High Street shop.

RONALD GOODFELLOW

SUBSEQUENTLY

After Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd ceased trading, it remained a dormant company and was still on the Companies Register.

On 1st February 1988 the companies were re-organised so that Goodfellow & Steven Ltd became Goodfellow & Steven Group Ltd, the holding company and Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd became Abertay Bakery Ltd, the subsidiary.

All trading operations were devolved to Abertay Bakery Ltd. Later, the company minute book records on 9th November 2006 – “for marketing reasons, it was determined to change the Company’s name to Goodfellows of Dundee Ltd.” This was because the Company had its sights on selling Dundee Cake into the wholesale market.

So, the company that was Goodfellow & Steven (Arbroath) Ltd is now manufacturing and trading through its own 20 shops from Edinburgh in the south to Stonehaven in the north and currently through some thirty eight shops within a shop in Scotmid stores as well as selling a restricted range into some supermarkets.

WE NEED MORE MERINGUES!

IT'S ALL CHANGE!

.....however, why don't you add your own personal memories and photos of Goodfellow & Steven in Arbroath; or indeed Broughty Ferry. We'd love to see them and add them to the archive!

Please email to:

info@goodfellowscakes.co.uk

Or post to:

Martin Goodfellow - Director

Goodfellow & Steven

81 Gray St

Broughty Ferry

Dundee DD5 2BQ



"Goodfellow & Steven is one of Scotland's longest established bakers. Founded in Broughty Ferry in 1897 by David Goodfellow and Margaret Steven, it expanded into Arbroath with the purchase of a bakery shop, restaurant and ballroom in 1954.

The shop still thrives, but the days of the bakery, restaurant and ballroom are now just memories of times past, amusingly recounted here by Ronald Goodfellow, grandson of the founders from personal recollections and conversations with former staff members, many of them weel kent Red Lichties. You may very well know some of them, and some of the memories may ring a bell with you too!"

Martin Goodfellow