

New Marksman

Issue 38 Funded by the Baily Thomas Provident Fund WINTER 2019



We wish a fond
farewell to DENNIS
YATES (1927-2018)



**BARRY BARTLE'S
HAPPY LIFE**



For your diary:
March 30 2019

somewhere cosy?

*Backs and Cashes
Wine Bar*

Southwell Road
Mansfield

The office is open Monday to Thursday every week (except holidays) and is staffed by Denise Wilson who is the interface between the beneficiaries and the trustees.

The Baily Thomas Provident Fund Office

John Else works on a Consultancy basis for the Trust and can be contacted via the office.

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The New Marksman Magazine

This magazine aims to give news and information about the activities of the former employees of Mansfield Brewery and the existing Sports and Social opportunities available for all former employees.

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Any information, articles or photographs not included in this issue will be used in forthcoming editions of the New Marksman



**DENNIS AND GRACE YATES AT
THE 2015 DINNER DANCE**

ANOTHER SAD PASSING

It was with great sadness that we received the news in December that Dennis Yates, born on 11 May 1927, had passed away at 91 years of age. His funeral on January 4 was well attended, and among others present were Alan & Barbara Brown, Isabell & Graham Cooling, Bill & Alice Donbavand, Jim & Maureen Wain, Norma Varnham, Bob & Sue Yates (no relation) Patrick & Heather Garbett, Ron & Pam Dent, Betty Burton, Ken Hurt, Dennis Salmon, Ian Boucher and Kevin Hall. Our thoughts are with Dennis's relatives and many friends and MBC colleagues who knew him well. We are thankful for this photo of Dennis and Grace supplied by Maureen Wain, and for Ian Boucher sourcing a copy of the eulogy (see page 5).

**For your diary:
the Highlight
of The Year!**



THE DINNER DANCE

**TIME FOR THE ANNUAL GREAT NIGHT OF GOOD
COMPANY, FINE FOOD AND DRINK, AND THE
CHANCE TO SHOW US HOW GOOD YOU'D BE ON**

**Strictly Come
Dancing.**

Saturday March 30 2019

What's in your
Winter 2019
New Marksman

issue 38

❖
MBC Nostalgia
MD Ron Kirk

PENS ANIOTHER ARTICLE
ABOUT HIS TIME WITH MBC

❖
A Happy life:
Barry Bartle

❖
How we satisfied
denied drinkers in
Hull



All this and much more -
Don't forget we'd like
to hear from you, too;
those special
occasions, family
events, memories,
pictures, either call me
on
01482 491125
or
e-mail
roybainton@hotmail.com
or by post to
100 KIRKHAM DRIVE
HULL HU5 2B T



Another Year Gone: And another begins.

Your festive Editor Roy Bainton
shares a few thoughts
on changing times.

Oh dear, oh dear, what a year. Drones over Gatwick, Trump's still President. Here's hoping you've all had a jolly Christmas. Well, we've all had our Yuletide ration of sprouts, the mince pies are a memory, we've pulled a few crackers, so next comes the Easter Eggs. But by the time you're reading this, Brexit, in some form or another, may well have happened. We'll no longer be 'Europeans', and bananas will once more be bendy. I just hope the price of continental beers doesn't go up at Aldi; I'd rather have my teeth drawn than drink American Budweiser.

It will have come to your notice that your editor has moved house. We left our hometown Hull over 40 years ago, and after 31 years and seven months in Mansfield, we thought we'd see out our family swansong in the City of Culture. But I will be back periodically. We've made too many good friends in Mansfield to forget the place.

There are no doubt many ex-MBC employees living here in Hull. It would be nice if we could organize some kind of regular get-together here similar to the one at Debdale Sports Club. So if you are on the list and live in the city or surrounding areas, why not send me an e mail at roybainton@hotmail.com or call me on 01482 491125. Or drop a line to 100 Kirkham Drive Hull HU5 2BT. The Brewery may have ceased to be, but the camaraderie and comradeship goes on. Let's celebrate it.

Mansfield Brewery Members' Association

The Members' Association is open to all former employees of the Mansfield Brewery Group of Companies. The Association's monthly meeting is held on the first Wednesday of each month at **the Debdale Sports Club, Mansfield Woodhouse commencing at 10.00 a.m.** The Committee organises monthly coach excursions which are open to all members and friends. The excursions depart from the Debdale Sports Club, Mansfield Woodhouse where there is easy car parking.

If you wish to join any excursion please contact Graham Cooling on

01623 632620

Mansfield Brewery Walking Group

They are generally easy walks
between 5 and 6 miles.

The walks are held on
the second Sunday of
each month,
commencing at 10.30
a.m. and normally
finish around 2.30 p.m.

For information contact
Barbara Brown on
01623 481488



Anyone who would like to join us would be very
welcome, don't be put off, we walk very steadily and
enjoy a good deal of chatter and banter as we go
along, with regular stops, especially when going
uphill!

Call Barbara Brown on 01623 481488



'I Watched a Blackbird'

*I watched a blackbird on a budding sycamore
One Easter Day, when sap was stirring twigs to the core;
I saw his tongue, and crocus-coloured bill
Parting and closing as he turned his trill;
Then he flew down, seized on a stem of hay,
And upped to where his building scheme was under way,
As if so sure a nest were never shaped on spray.*

THOMAS HARDY

Rain? What Rain?



THE WALKING GROUP STRIDES OUT! OCTOBER WALK – CODNOR PARK - 5 MILES

Barbara Brown reports

Well, the sun doesn't always shine on the righteous, as you can see from this photo of the soggy 15 who completed the walk in October!

A walk with lots of history, taking in the ruins of Codnor Castle and along the banks of the once busy but now overgrown Cromford Canal. On returning to the car park we met up with 8 more members for a welcome pint or glass of wine at The Crossing Club, formerly the Ironville Miners Welfare.

This set us up nicely for the afternoon tea with a difference which took place in one of the quirky summerhouses in the grounds of The Monument Lodge.

The Lodge once provided entry to the pleasure grounds, used by the public c1800 for galas, fetes and picnics, and is now a private home with 8 acres of woodland.

These contain the 70 foot high Jessop Monument built in 1854 in memory of William Jessop Jnr of the Butterley Brick Co.

Also, the Monument Hall, again used for public communal entertainment such as a roller - skating rink. It is now used occasionally by the local hunt for a hearty meal as it can accommodate all of the horses and dogs as well as the huntsmen!

**IT'S NOT ALL
WALKING -
SOMETIMES
THEY STOP
AND SIT
DOWN...**



NOVEMBER WALK - LINBY - 6 MILES

Barbara Brown reports....

What a difference in the weather for the November Walk which turned out to be a beautiful sunny day!

Starting out from the Horse & Groom pub in Linby village, 26 walkers stopped at 11am for the 2 minute silence outside the Papplewick church to pay respects on Armistice Sunday.

The walk then took us by Papplewick Hall, through ancient woodland into the grounds of Newstead Abbey, before returning along a former railway line.

Enjoying the beautiful autumn colours throughout!

13 of us then sat down to a delicious Sunday Lunch on our return to The Horse & Groom.





**Reginald
Dennis Yates**
(Date of Birth: 11th May
1927)

As ever at *Marksman* we're grateful to be able to use the very personal family information so necessary at a passing member's funeral. Our thanks to Ian Boucher for obtaining the following text, and to Barbara Brown for passing it on to us.

Dennis attended Newgate Lane School where he had a fond interest in playing football both during and after school. He even played football during the time he was in the Navy. Dennis served in the Navy from 1945 under the National Service scheme.

He was a 2nd class stoker based in Portsmouth, completing his training on HMS Duke. Also serving on the HMS Black Swan, travelling the Far East, he was mainly on the Hong Kong, Singapore, Shanghai and Sydney convoys. Given the nickname Gannet by his shipmates, Dennis expressed his love of food right up until present times!

Released from the Navy in 1948, Dennis was given the opportunity to reminisce on his naval years when he became aware of the HMS Black Swan Society. This was a group of former shipmates who got together for a reunion every few years at different venues across the country. He and his close and long-standing friend Sid Cann joined the Society, enjoying many wonderful weekends meeting up with former shipmates they had not seen in almost 50 years.

Dennis and Grace married in August 1955, enjoying an amazing 63 years together as man and wife. After the Navy, Dennis worked for the Mansfield Brewery as a tanker driver. He had the nickname there of 'Chunner'. He would be offered a drink during his deliveries and this would sometimes be an alcoholic one. He would travel as far as the Lincolnshire coast, Leicestershire and Leeds. Dennis became one of the last employees to ever receive a gold watch for his long-standing service. Attending regular brewery meetings locally, Dennis continued to keep in touch with his colleagues and friends from the brewery. Many of Dennis and Grace's nieces, nephews and godchildren will remember the times when Dennis would take them to the coast when they were children. Both Dennis and Grace would travel out to the coast even on New Year's Day. Dennis and Grace loved holidays in Newquay and parts of Devon. In more recent times they would spend 2 or 3 times a year holidaying in Scarborough.

Making friends wherever they went, Dennis and Grace enjoyed going to the dance at St Augustine's Church every Wednesday evening, going there for at least the past 20 years. Dennis spoke of his love of driving to places and most recently taking evenings out to the Derbyshire countryside and to a little pub called the Beehive at Maplebeck. Dennis and Grace also enjoyed spending their time visiting other Marston Pubs for lunch, where he was a well-known gentleman, very sociable and helpful to others.

DO YOU REMEMBER THIS?



MEMORIES

They were from what I believe to be the very first Wine Bar that Mansfield Brewery opened.

This was to be found in the basement of The Oak Tree pub on Southwell Rd Mansfield and was called Racks & Casks.

I can remember that we had Beaujolais wine and Frogs Legs to eat, Wow, that was a very new experience for the Mansfield folk!!

As I was working in the Wines & Spirits department, I am aware that a lot of input came from David Long (sadly deceased in 2012) and John Bartle.

This must have been somewhere round about 1979 / 1980 can anyone add more to what I can remember?

The Cuisses de Grenouille are the typical French dish that we call 'frog's legs'. It is traditionally associated with France and the Parisian food and cuisine though frogs' legs are cooked in various places all over the world. Frogs legs prepared with butter, garlic and parsley sauce and then served with salad are a must.

Barbara Brown is reminded of an example of MBC's sophistication with Frogs Legs on the menu:

"Recently whilst searching for some matches, I came across an old match book that brought back some happy memories."

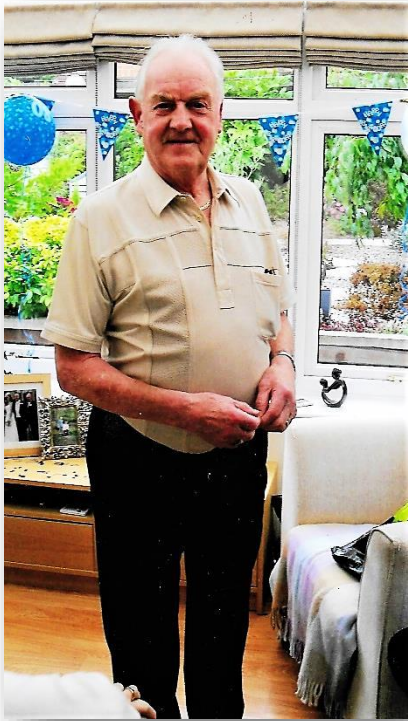


The Oak Tree Today



Anyone for Frogs Legs? You don't get these in MacDonald's!

DO YOU HAVE ANY SIMILAR RECOLLECTIONS OF FORGOTTEN MANSFIELD BREWERY PROJECTS OR VENUES? IF SO, LET US KNOW - WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU.



Barry Bartle

16th September, 1932 – 8th August, 2018

In our last edition we only briefly covered the sad passing of the well-loved Barry. To tell of Barry's happy life, the following is edited from the wonderful eulogy given at his funeral. We hope you will accept that any omissions which have been made are purely dictated by what space we have available.

BARRY'S STORY

Born on the Ravensdale Estate, Mansfield to Lewis (known as Tim) and Eunice (known as Millie), Barry never did move very far away from his roots, did he?

Having joined his sister Edna there was then a gap of fifteen years before John finally put in an appearance and completed the little family. Life was hard in those days and they certainly didn't improve with the outbreak of World War II when he was just seven years old. But families then, as now, did what they could with what they had and there was a strong sense that at least everybody was in the same boat.

While not naturally particularly academic, nevertheless Barry enjoyed a normal and happy childhood surrounded by good friends. And he developed a great love of all sports, and football in particular.

Most kids then left school aged just fourteen and in this Barry was no exception. He got a job as a butcher's apprentice and while the money was welcome the work itself really didn't suit him. So perhaps it was with some sense of relief when, at eighteen, he was called up for National Service. Stationed with the RAF in Manchester, Barry's foray into military life may have lacked the excitement of an overseas assignment, and by then of course, hostilities had ceased, but there was at least some pretty decent football being played. And with a free afternoon he headed out to watch a local team play at home. That City were playing that day was just pure, dumb luck. It could quite easily have gone the other way. But Barry was hooked from the very first and he remained a true and loyal fan ever since. Barry didn't just watch the game; he was a pretty useful player himself. He'd always been very fit and active and, with cycling a really popular hobby at the time, he'd ride his bike as far as the East Coast just for a day out.

With his Service completed Barry returned to Mansfield and got a job at the Brewery which, in stark contrast to those days at the butchers, he absolutely loved. Surrounded by friends his shifts flew by and when John started work there too, after Barry had put a good word in with the Gaffers, things were even better.

Just quite how exactly Barry and Pam met has probably been lost in the mists of time, but it's likely that they met dancing, since they both loved it so much. And Barry had just barely turned twenty-one when they married on 19th December, 1953. Barry was a great Dad and Pam was a lovely Mum. After the wedding the happy couple settled into a cosy little terraced house on Newton Street which is where they welcomed first Ian and then Susan into the world, when they were each born at home. In contrast, Lesley was born in Kings Mill Hospital.

And then the whole family moved to a much bigger house on Brunts Street in 1964 which is where Barry lived for the last fifty-four years. He was fortunate to have kind neighbours either side, Rob and his late wife Ann and John and his wife Barbara.

Along with Ian, Barry loved sports including football, (both he and Ian were great Manchester City supporters) cricket, heavyweight boxing and darts. As captain of the Brewery darts team Barry loved a night out with his mates with a good game, a couple of pints and a really good laugh, for he had a great sense of humour.

He loved to have a bit of banter with his grandsons, all Celtic fans from north of the border.

Barry always kept his garden looking nice with neat and colourful borders. His favourite flowers were roses. As proud grandparents Barry and Pam happily looked after their grandchildren so that Ian, Susan and Lesley could take a break from parenthood from time to time. But the one night they were never available was Saturday, which was made for dancing. So each week they delighted in getting all dressed up and joining their good friends down at the Welfare where they danced the night away to the strains of Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin or Vera Lynn. Sadly Pam's last years were blighted with illness and while she often forgot even the most precious of memories, Barry always remembered for both of them.

Having had both hips replaced, he struggled to visit his beloved wife every day after she had to be moved to receive twenty-four hour care. Having never driven and being entirely dependent on buses, with long walks at either end of his journey, eventually he had to take the advice of family and cut down his visits to three or so per week.

It was the sensible thing to do but we'll never know just how he struggled to accept this physical weakness. When Pam died Barry honoured his love for her by moving on with his life and finding happiness with Mary, with whom Pam herself had enjoyed a great friendship in a circle of friends. Mary held a very special place in Barry's heart, and he in hers. Having been friends for many years upon losing first Mary's husband Harry, and then Pam, these two found comfort and companionship together. While maintaining their independence these two became great friends and Mary gave Barry a reason to get up each day and continue to take pride in his appearance.

Laura lived for many years with her nana and grandad and fondly remembers holidays to Skegness (and further afield) with cousin Adam. Grandad took them frequently to the 'free park' and in fact they actually thought that Skegness was called the free park!

Barry enjoyed simple pleasures; time spent with friends and family having a good laugh, good old fashioned English fare such as fish and chips, sausages and pork pies. When Ian arrived at the hospital late, in Barry's view, all was immediately forgiven when he said he'd just watched City beat Chelsea 2-0 for the Community Shield. And he happily listened to Ian's description of the match.

So, how will we choose to remember him?

Perhaps you'll see him in your mind's eye quietly tending his garden or enjoying a night out with friends over a couple of pints. He may be watching his beloved City, celebrating yet another win perhaps - or reliving an old one - or maybe he's basking in the company of his beloved grandchildren and great grandchildren. He may be dashing around the countryside with Mary, enjoying a holiday in the sun, or perhaps he's reunited with his beloved Pam as he tenderly guides her around the dance floor just like he used to.

For Barry loved all of these things and many more.

And celebrating one event could never take anything away from each or any one of the others. He had room in his heart for every single one of you and you may feel blessed to have your part in his life, as he played his part in yours.

And however you choose to think of him, may those memories bring a smile to your face and a warm glow to your heart; for he was a very special man. And he loved you.





MBMA

**WITH THANKS TO
IAN 'SCOOP' BOUCHER**

The Christmas Lunch

After a coach trip to a Derbyshire garden centre members and friends of the Mansfield Brewery Members' Association enjoyed a superb four course lunch at the Boundary Inn in South Normanton.

Rockin' on with Big Dave Bopper

After lunch the party were entertained by Big Dave Bopper singing popular Rock and Roll songs which inspired the audience to enter Strictly Come Dancing mode. Many entertaining dancing techniques encouraged more dancers on to the floor.

It may be 18 years since the brewery closed but the comradeship which was such a strong part of the company identity still thrives today.



The Christmas Party



The monthly gathering at the Debdale Sports Club in Mansfield remains as popular as ever. Over 65 ex- colleagues and friends enjoy the relaxed monthly Wednesday morning meetings.

In December the event was extra special with a seasonal complimentary bar and a buffet. The occasion brought back memories of parties past when the chairman, Robin Chadburn, would open the festivities in his inevitable way by cutting the turkey in preparation for serving in bread rolls.



How



SATISFIED THE THIRST ON HULL'S 'DRIEST' STREET



Zachariah Charles Pearson
(1821-1891)

When Mansfield Brewery absorbed North Country Breweries (formerly Hull Brewery) in 1984 the city of Hull had a pub on almost every street. But there was one thoroughfare, Princes Avenue, a leafy highway stretching from the old Botanic Railway Crossing on Spring Bank all the way to Pearson Park and Queen's Road, which was lumbered with the title 'the driest street in Hull'. Local history documents in dusty, unopened vaults were said to contain an alcohol-free covenant which has been placed on the area a century earlier by the owner of the land, Zachariah Charles Pearson (1821-1891)

Pearson was a ship owner, best known today for the gift of land to Kingston upon Hull, which was used to establish the City's first public park, known today as Pearson Park. Yet no-one could find the mysterious covenant. Chris Ketchell, of Hull's College's Local History claimed it had become one of those unfounded urban legends, dictating that there would never be any bars or pubs along Mr. Pearson's favourite avenue.



The Linnet and Lark pub on Princes Avenue on Hull was officially opened by Mansfield Brewery Managing Director Bill McCosh (left), watched by manager Joyce Spence, area operations manager Nigel Brown and manager Peter Spencer. Below: Today it's called The Bowery.



The avenue folk deserved a pub of their own and in 1994, Mansfield Brewery risked disturbing Zachariah's mythical tee-total highway. Another pub in the Tom Cobleigh chain, The Old Zoological, was granted planning permission nearby. On the site of a petrol garage, MBC built the first, The Linnet and Lark. (Today known as The Bowery) Situated opposite Clumber Street it took its name from the 100-year-old former pub in Hull's Moxon Street, and was opened on August 15, 1994, following a £500,000 investment. Local drinkers were delighted. Yet the Avenues Residents Association objected to having a pub next to a Presbyterian City Temple. The local clergyman, Reverend Philip Niblett, also thought it was in bad taste, saying: "It is not just because it is a pub. We would have objected to anything we felt would infringe our peace or our parking, which we are worried this will do. But we intend to get along with our neighbours once they arrive."

Trouble was predicted, and it came with football hooliganism on June 20 1996 with England's quarter-final victory over Spain in the Euro '96, when police were called to the Avenue and arrested rowdy fans who were causing trouble. These days, City of Culture's cosmopolitan Avenues quarter of Hull, Princes Ave., Newland Ave., and Chanterlands Avenue are an international diners' and drinkers' paradise, where you can satisfy your thirst and appetite until the early hours.



Pearson Park



**THE RISE
AND FALL OF
ZACHARIAH
PEARSON**



Pearson Park

Aged 12, Pearson stowed away on a ship as a cabin boy. By the age of 21 he was captain, building a successful shipping business. As a member of Trinity House, he was a keen advocate of the marine trade and commercial business of Hull, and one of the leading ship owners to initiate a dock improvement scheme. He was frequently invited to Whitehall to advise the Board of Trade. He played a key role in social welfare in the city, including financial contributions to the conversion of a bank building in Salthouse Lane into a Sailors' Home in 1860 and the opening of the Hull Temporary Home for Fallen Women in Nile Street in 1861. He chaired the Restoration Committee for Holy Trinity Church and built Beverley Road Wesleyan Chapel.

Pearson held the offices of Sheriff of Kingston upon Hull in 1858[2] and Mayor (Chief Magistrate and Officer) in 1859 and 1861. During his first term as Mayor he was instrumental in organising the construction of Hull's first purpose built town Hall (begun in 1862 and opened in 1866, to a design of Cuthbert Broderick). His was the Council that broke the deadlock of providing Hull with a clean water supply, and in 1862 he 'turned the first sod' at Stone Ferry where the reservoir would store the artesian water piped in from the west of Hull.

In 1860 Pearson gifted 27 acres of the 37 acres of land he had acquired near Beverley Road to the Hull Board of Health, for the establishment of a public park (now named Pearson Park).

Pearson was bankrupted in the 1860s owing to the loss of ships he'd rented which were attempting to trade with the Confederate states during the United States civil war, in an ill-fated effort to buy cotton in order to reopen Hull's cotton mills. In a City synonymous with Emancipation and William Wilberforce's anti-slavery campaign, he'd made a bad moral choice by attempting trade with the slave-owning states. Shamed and disrespected, it took him 27 years to pay off his creditors, yet he won back his civic standing, and by 1875 was a guest of honour and speaker at the opening of The Avenues residential project in the town. And he left us Pearson Park, a permanent pleasure for the people of Hull.

THOSE
WERE THE
DAYS - THIS
IS FROM
MARKSMAN,
SUMMER 1997

CONTINENTAL SHELF

NEW export manager Janice Haigh is setting her sights on the Continent and the United States as she identifies new overseas markets for the brewery's beers.

She joined the company in April, bringing a wealth of experience in selling abroad with such companies as Waddingtons and Spear's.

The target regions and countries for selling premium beers are Scandinavia, Italy and the United States.

Says Janice: "There is a huge market in America for beers. Micro-breweries in the US have become very fashionable, but the unprofitable ones have been falling by the wayside. This is an opportunity for us. The market is now open for good quality products to fill that gap."

Initial contacts with agents and distributors have already been made on the Eastern Seaboard of the US, but opportunities for sales could exist as far away as California.

"We'll be making a range of beers available, like Old Baily and Deakin's - even Mansfield Bitter," says Janice.

Mansfield Bitter in the land of Budweiser? Now that really is something to write home about!



Janice Haigh gets ready to fly the Mansfield flag overseas



As Managing Director of Mansfield
Brewery

RON KIRK

was involved in many key decisions in the company's history. He now lives in St. Malo, France, where he works as a writer, and he's written us a series of articles about his time with MBC, which will form part of a book.



REFLECTIONS OF A BREWERY MD

I referred to the soft drinks business as a 'Cinderella'; well the Free Trade Division of the Brewery wasn't that but was the most unglamorous of the sales function. Whilst they serviced free public houses, packaged beers and exports most of the time they were heavily into the working men's club, mainly miners' welfares traversing both the Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire coalfields. However, their contribution to the distribution mix was a vital component.

Why? Well first of all 50% of the brewery beer volumes were sold through this distribution channel competing at the 'coalface' against very strong regional and national brands. There were a number of strategic benefits to the business. First the brewery capacity was underwritten allowing us to have one of the lowest unit costs in the industry. Don't take my word for it. Marston's, when they acquired the brewery, were shocked at our high efficiency. More about that later. Secondly the free trade were our 'storm troopers' in a fiercely competitive market. Any weaknesses in our armoury would soon be revealed. If you like, our early warning system.

Not unnaturally our retail management liked to argue they could secure their beer prices at lower than our transfer cost. They were not recognising that the operating cost was only part of the equation. There was always the question over security of supply. Their proposition also ignored the cost of capital absorbed in their business. That would include the cost of dividends and interest and of course what about returns to the rest of the business supplying the capital? As the finance man I just couldn't see the value of measuring 'wooden dollars' for what result? I had already proved to the Board an integrated business was the best route for our long-term survival.

I wouldn't wish to imply that the free trade boys didn't get up to mischief but in mitigation when they did it gave me some light relief. The free trade was run by Denis Foster and part of his team was a man called Terry Johnson. Terry always made me wonder what antic he was to engage in next. A couple of examples spring readily to mind. Terry and a team from his department decided to take a gentlemen's weekend in Amsterdam. Terry, at close to midnight, was rescued by his 'mates' in an Amsterdam shopping mall naked except for a long cape, his hands handcuffed behind his back whizzing through the mall on roller skates! How he managed to get into this predicament is too delicate to repeat! This wasn't his only scrape, as a private pilot he was once taken into custody overnight for landing at Paris Charles de Gaulle just as Concorde was taking off. His destination was actually Le Bourget a few miles further east! Mind you he was not the only unlikely miscreant, Humberside Police called me late one evening about the behaviour of one of our senior executives but that is a tale for a later edition.