

# THE GRASSHOPPER PENSIONERS' CLUB



**MARTINS  
BANK**

Website: [www.martinsbank.co.uk](http://www.martinsbank.co.uk)

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SECRETARY: David Baldwin, 'Phone: 01535 358567 Mobile: 07957 855852

email: [grasshoppers@btinternet.com](mailto:grasshoppers@btinternet.com)

Sykes Head Farm, 1, Moor Street, Oakworth, Keighley, BD22 7EJ

CHAIRMAN: Bernard Lovewell

TREASURER: Alan Thomond

WELFARE OFFICER: David Baldwin

DATABASE MANAGER: David Baxter

FUNCTION ORGANISERS:

Sue Williamson (Liverpool) George Hamilton (Manchester) David Baldwin (Yorkshire & London)

## WE STILL HAVE



**THE AYES HAVE IT!  
CAN ANYONE BEAT 103?  
I DIDN'T REALISE THAT THIS  
WOULD HAPPEN  
GHOST BRANCHES?  
PLUS ALL OF THE USUAL  
NEWS AND VIEWS**

**THE AYES HAVE IT!**

**AND IT'S NOT A**

**'FINAL TRIUMPHANT GATHERING'**

Following an article in our Spring Newsletter in which we were concerned about the declining number of members attending our London Lunch, you may remember that there was a suggestion that it be discontinued. This suggestion resulted in a consultation and a request for the views of our members as follows:

**From our 'Late Spring' Newsletter:**

*We have sounded out a few of our friends and colleagues who have come to our lunches in the past and proposed an alternative. All were in favour of this approach as more realistic and feasible, given the fact that the original London District membership is widely spread throughout the country.*

*We propose that there should be a last, final Triumphant Gathering of the members in London. It should be held in the autumn - say end*

**Summer Edition 2026**

*of September-early October in order to encourage the elderly and infirm to make the effort to come. It should be held at the Union Jack Club, which is easy to reach, near Waterloo and familiar to us all.*

*Money should be no object, given the fact that we have built up a healthy surplus in our bank account. **The menu should be as lavish as the Union Jack Club can manage\*.***

*Your committee will decide the cost to each member but we would suggest that a modest contribution is all that would be required.*

*I should mention that sadly we cannot offer to help with the organisation due to advancing years and decrepitude.*

*\*The menu has always been **'as lavish as the Union Jack Club can manage'** and we do not charge members for their food and drinks (excluding spirits). **The choice is yours. Continue the London Lunches or discontinue them? Please let me have your preference. A response form is attached so please cast your vote for whatever option you prefer.***

At the time of writing, it is now 31<sup>st</sup> May 2026 and the results are in, which are similar to those from our previous referendum, when it was suggested that the Club be terminated and the funds spent on a final London Lunch.

The votes cast in 2026 were:

|                                                             |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| <b>A Final Triumphant Gathering</b>                         | <b>33%</b> |
| <b>To continue the London Lunch in September or October</b> | <b>67%</b> |

*As a result of the consultation, your voices have been heard and, a London Lunch Reservation Form is included with this Newsletter in which you will note that, although the menu is fixed, **should we not have 30 members attending then the alternative Main Course offering will apply.***

*We hope that those members, who wish to make this their 'Swan Song', will attend and we look forward to seeing you and them on October from 12 noon at The Union Jack Club.*

**CAN ANYONE BEAT 103?**

Mervyn (Don and Jean Evans' youngest son) writes: *Hi David, many thanks for*

*sending out the newsletter. I visit dad (Don Evans) every week and we always look forward to the next edition!*

*Dad is now 103 but remains bright, alert and very healthy looking - photo attached!*



Don joined Martins in 1947 in our London Agency Department before being transferred to Holloway Road, (left) where Don worked until 1961 following which he transferred to London District Office Relief staff.



Hubert Lowe (right), was the Manager of



Holloway Road branch



during Don's time there, so it's no surprise that Don

attended his retirement Party in 1968 at Ludgate Circus branch, where Don appears to be having a great time. Does this pose (left) look familiar? And you can see that Don is still smiling today! Isn't it great to see someone who must be the oldest



**Martian** still so alert. But, is there another member who can beat 103?



Jean (above and right, with Don)

joined Martins in 1951, also working in the London Agency Department, but only for a short time in 1951, before marrying Don and having to resign; as was the case back then. Sadly, Jean died in 202 but I'm certain that many of our London members will remember both Jean and Don from the lunches at Barnsgate Manor and central London.

**And now for something completely different ... as they used to say .....**

### **YOU TUBE VIDEOS**

I recently thought that I would take another look at the Kinrise video, taken before a Liverpool Lunch, when members visited our Head Office building. But I stumbled on a few others in which our former branches are featured .....

You might like to click on the following links to watch them yourselves:

<https://youtu.be/R0cnMzODzac>

**Old Bootle and Litherland Liverpool (Subtitled)**



Which features in one shot; our Linacre branch



above Jonathan's on Page 2, from our website. Comments from the Summer 1964 edition of our in Magazine follow: *Within a fortnight of our office opening at 211 Stanley Road, the third of the Bank of Liverpool branches, Linacre, opened at 508 Stanley Road. Today the site, opposite a park at a wide roundabout, is quite impressive. It has been extended as the seams threatened to burst and is now under the management of Mr H. S. Judge who is supported by a lone Yorkshireman, Mr R. H. Watson, imperturbable among his young Lancashire colleagues.*



To mention but two, other colleagues who commenced their careers at 508 Stanley Road, we have **John Atherton** (left), who joined the Bank here in 1945 and **Harry Williams**



(right), who joined the Bank here in 1949.

Although I've said it before, I need to say it again:

*Isn't it strange how one thing leads to another?*

John Atherton's Staff Record reveals that he married Miss D F Henretty who worked at our Liverpool Walton branch in 1952.

Read on and you will see what I mean.

And now, a second:

### Old Crosby Liverpool (Then & Now)

With our thanks and acknowledgement of Copyright to Old Crosby Liverpool (Then & Now)

[Paul Donoghue \(Dogger\)](#) Premiered Jan 12, 2026 [LIVERPOOL](#)

A HISTORY OF LIVERPOOL All pictures are copyright of there respective owners ©2026. Special Thanks To Keith Jones. ©2026. Electronicechos ©2026. copyright control. [#oldliverpool](#) [#oldsefton](#) [#crosby](#) [#blundellsands](#)

<https://youtu.be/enTuLFUKHig>



and the image from our website (below) in

which

Mr J D Winckles is also featured



when he was Pro Manager in 1964.

Almost there:

I hope that you will bear with me, as I couldn't resist this link:

[Best Looking coffee shop in the world! #fyp #liverpool](#)

If you know Liverpool



then you will know what the Best Looking Coffee shop used to be. But, if you don't, you soon will.

However, I've saved the best until last!

## I DIDN'T REALISE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN!

(When I published the Institute of Bankers Examination Results)

*John Jones writes:*

*Hello David, 'You asked about Club members on the attached list. John Pearce, who sadly is no longer with us, was a prominent member of the club. He and I started work on 1st March 1960 at Chief Overseas Branch, 80 Gracechurch Street, London. I was 17 and he a couple of years older and the son of a headmaster. He later moved into Barclays Cambridge District where he met his wife Betty (she also died a few years after him). Both he and Betty were well known in the Cambridge area, as he had managed a few of the Barclays branches there. When I was Honorary Treasurer of the Club, Peter*



*Cawsey (left) was Chairman (followed by Ray Fuller) and John Pearce actively helped us in arranging the Autumn annual lunches at the Royal Overseas Club, in St James's, London. John also became a Fellow of the Institute whilst I just remained a mere ACIB. Regards John Jones*

*Then George Hamilton emailed with his comments: Looking at the newsletter, you ask if anyone knows people on the ACIB exams list:-*

*Ernest (Ernie) Joules is mentioned, I worked with him after the merger at Manchester Withington branch where he was MA, he unfortunately died early in his 40s if I remember rightly, he was a keen cyclist and cricketer. I once remember him arriving at the branch with his clothes in tatters, someone had knocked him off his bike on the way to work!!*

*Peter Redfern is also mentioned, he too died in his 40s and was on the Manchester Inspection team.*

*Brian Smallshaw left the Bank and moved down to the Torquay area with his wife who worked for the bank also, she was transferred to Devon, but they wouldn't take him on, he died many years ago.*



*John Twissell (left) was from the Blackburn area and captained the Martins Manchester District football team when I first played for them in 1966, he is sadly no*

*longer with us too.*

*In another article, you mention Maria Boardman (now Barnard) and Susan Grundy (now Blears), I worked with them at Bolton when I was Senior Operations Manager in the 1990s. Maria is a recipient of my Christmas Lunch invitees but doesn't attend although always replies, I do see her*

*annually at the Barclays Manchester Christmas Lunch at the Midland Hotel. George (Hamilton)*

## MORE MEMORIES

Mike Cadwallader takes us back to 1966, writing:

*You take me straight back to 10/10/66 when I started in Martins, Higher Tranmere, kicking off the most enjoyable 3 years of my career.*

*You must forgive me, but I also think of my wife, Linda, who died recently. After A levels, I left school with no plans whatsoever. Doing my summer job at Lever Bros, I was just drifting along when Linda said to me one day "Hey, look at this job advert for Martins Bank. Why don't you apply? Head Office is just over the water in Liverpool." I did, and they offered me a job. And that was that, a job with Martins until we took over Barclays and on for the next nearly 40 years!*

*Memories, memories. Our physical branches are counting down, but the Spirit of Martins Bank Limited will always be with us. Mike Cadwallader.*

(Editor) Too true Mike, as evidenced by our membership, which is continuing to grow. But you mention *'the Spirit of Martins Bank Limited'*. It's never too late, even for Barclays and other banks, which are now commissioning 'Banking Hubs' and we will always remember them as 'Our Branches': *Amptill, Great Harwood and Spennymoor* (Late Spring edition).

And, from deepest Cornwall, Chris Hayne sent me a copy of the Spring 1964 Magazine and writes: *Grasshopper Greetings from the far South West. You will find the Institute of Bankers Pass List for those members of staff who were successful in the September 1963 sitting.*

*I was not inducted into the great Martins Bank until January 13<sup>th</sup> 1964 and those mentioned are strangers to me, but I do get a mention in the 'New Entrants' listing!*

*I have also included my copy of 'Inside Information' (issued by the Martins Bank Staff Association) and one wonders how one could run a car, when I was 18, on that salary and overtime rates, but at least I benefitted from the 'Billeting Allowance'*

Robin Lucas emailed me again, with more of his memories:

### *Martins Bank employees – Stranger than fiction?*

*What are the odds of randomly meeting someone that you worked with or knew in Martins Bank, many years later?*

*It does happen, but when it does the odds must be astronomical!*

*In 1972, I had some friends who shared a flat in Ealing, West London. They worked at the BBC and had occasional parties on Saturday evenings. One of them introduced a young woman who was working on a six month assignment at the BBC. Her name*

*was Monica, and she came from Sunderland. I had worked in H.O. Staff Dept., and her name rang a bell with me. I recalled a staff record card for someone called Monica in Grindon, Sunderland. I asked if she had worked in a bank - YES. Was it Martins Bank? - YES, Are you MONICA STOTHARD from Grindon, Sunderland? - YES. We became good friends, and went on some dates, but she eventually had to return to Sunderland.*

*In 1987, my wife and I were on holiday with our two year old daughter at a campsite by the beach in Suzac, South West France. Each day we would sit near an English family with two young children, and our young daughter played with them. We got chatting, and recognising her accent, I asked if she came from the Wirral - YES! When we were chatting, she mentioned that she used to work in a bank, so I asked if it was Martins - YES! Which branch? - Higher Tranmere! It turned out that she would do the ledger postings at Lower Bebington when I was not there, and I would do the postings at Higher Tranmere when she was not there!*

*I live in Brentwood, Essex, and in the late 1980s, I took a prescription to a pharmacy in Brentwood, and I recognised a lady behind the counter. It was SUSAN J. CHILDS who I had met at the Training branch in Waterloo Place, London back in 1961!*

*I told her who I was, but she glared at me, and said she didn't know me. I mentioned Martins Bank, but she became annoyed and insisted she did not know me. I saw her again some months later, when she was working in M&S, but I didn't want to repeat the experience in the pharmacy, though I'm sure I wasn't mistaken.*

*Moving to the early 1990s, although I live in Essex, I had given a talk to a club in West London, and had stayed overnight at a friend's house there. I travelled to work next day via Waterloo station, and as I was waiting to get off the train, who should be standing in the same doorway but DOREEN BROWN who had been Mr Shenton's secretary in Head Office Staff Department in Liverpool! We had a chat and went our separate ways. Some months later, I was walking to work along Gracechurch Street, in the City of London (nowhere near Waterloo), and once again I met DOREEN BROWN coming the other way!*

*The odds of randomly meeting an ex-Colleague from Martins Bank days once are incalculable, but more than twice must be off the scale!*

*However, the odds are now getting ridiculous. In the mid 1990s I worked near London Bridge, and used to frequent a small pub in a back alley off Gracechurch Street. One lunchtime, I walked in, bought a beer and sat on a stool by the window. Two men were sitting next to me chatting. I looked round, and I knew one of them. It was BOB BETHELL an ex-colleague from Head Office Staff Department in Liverpool!*

Another interesting article from Robin, and it makes you wonder where these former colleagues are now? Does anyone know?

**Monica Stothard** worked at East Boldon. **Susan J Childs** who worked at Fenchurch Street and Oxford Circus

**Bob Bethell** who I worked at Liverpool City Office, Springwood, Victoria Street, Head Office Staff Department (as Robin mentioned) then South Western District Office in 1966 and London Computer Centre in 1967.

Surely, at least one of our members must know where they are, or possibly not.

## **MORE MEMORIES**

(Which must never be forgotten)

I opened a letter from Joy Franklin, in which she had enclosed a copy of Raymond's memories, which follow after Joy's message:

*My late husband, Raymond Allen Franklin (left), started his banking career at our Worcester branch (below) in 1956.*



*Whilst going through some of his papers, I found the enclosed which must have been written sometime in 2023, before he died on 26<sup>th</sup> December 2023 and has mentioned several names which may 'ring a few bells'.*

*As I approach the end of my 90<sup>th</sup> year, I have decided to record matters- some good and happy, some sad and not so good. However, I could almost take bets that no-one else has attended Martins Bank District Annual Dinner on the Saturday before starting work on the Monday. This was held in Birmingham and Mr Verity was the Chief Guest.*



*I joined Martins in Worcester in 1956 after six years in the Civil Service. The manager at the time was Dennis Caughey (left) and his son, Michael, was already working there. The Pro Manager was Hugh*

*Williams, who went on to open the Martins branch in Kidderminster. He was followed (at Worcester) by 'Spud' Bates and later by Bob Raw and Graham Cripwell. I moved to*



*Birmingham City Office in 1960 where Arthur Teasdale (left) was*

*Manager, John Woosnam (right) was Assistant Manager*



*and Charlie Wilson (left)*

*was Head of Securities. Other names which come to mind are Bill Clowes and Gilbert Bolland.*



*From there I went upstairs to Midland District Office where*

*Don Hall was District Manager and Geoff Gallager and Tony Buckle were Section Heads. Alan (Charles) Bamford, Ted Blueman, Warwick Isle and David Ketters were also there.*

*In 1966 I moved to Shrewsbury as Pro Manager, where Bernard Carrs was Manager and then, in 1968, to Hotel Street Leicester*

*where George Jackson (right) was Manager and David Fielden (left) was Assistant*



*Manager and I was Pro Manager.*

*Then we were taken over by Barclays.*

*In 1957, I was on the staff of the Bank's Stand at the Boy Scouts Jamboree in Sutton Coldfield where our accommodation was a tent! Also on the staff were Alan Aitken, Stuart Pennell and Colin Roscoe, who's father Bob Roscoe was the Manager. Our Foreign Advisers were Andy*

*Anderson and Cedric Holland but I believe that they stayed in a hotel nearby.*



*Our staff of Scouts, drawn from the Bank, and interpreters from the Overseas branches, who manned Martins Bank's Stand at the Jubilee Jamboree in August 1957. Left to Right: Messrs J S Anderson (Chief Overseas) S H Powell (Stockport) R A Franklin (Worcester) R Roscoe (Manager, Ormskirk) A Atkin (Derby) C D Roscoe (Eastbank Street) and C Holland (Manchester Overseas).*



*The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, with Mr R Roscoe, Manager of our Ormskirk Branch and District Commissioner of the Ormskirk Boy Scouts' Association, who took charge of Martins Bank's Stand at the Jubilee Jamboree in Sefton Park*

**KEITH BARKER** emailed me with an interesting memory and I'm certain that you will all agree with me that it is and worthwhile sharing:



*I was working at Liverpool, Canning Place branch (Page 6), when opening the post one morning, an envelope caught my eye. It bore*



*the printed name of:*

*'Her Majesty's Prison, Walton' (above) on the front and was addressed, in a very childish scrawl to: 'The Manager'. We didn't often get letters from customers who were guests of Her Majesty; in fact, this is the only one I can recall, so I opened it with a keen sense of anticipation. Who was this villain? What was he inside for? What did he want? It was very interesting to say the least.*

*When I opened the envelope, the contents exceeded my expectations!*

*Our correspondent was indeed a prisoner in Walton, and he was writing to us with a very interesting story. The writer, I can't remember his name, explained that when he was a baby, Rocky Marciano, who was at that time World Heavyweight Boxing Champion, had been appointed as one of his godparents. Touched by this gesture, Mr. Marciano had placed a substantial deposit with our branch of the Bank for the benefit of his infant godson when he reached his majority. He now intended to visit us on his release from prison to claim his birth right, with the substantial accrued interest.*

*He closed by suggesting that if we were unable to come up with his rightful inheritance the consequences would be immediate and probably violent.*

*My first reaction was astonishment followed by incredulity and amusement. Being but a small, letter-opening cog in the machinery of banking, I immediately showed this letter to my manager whose reactions were like my own. Nevertheless, banking being a somewhat more honourable profession in those days, I was instructed to make a diligent search*

*through our ledgers to see whether any account existed in the name of the prisoner or of the renowned pugilist. The search, though thorough, failed to reveal any such account and we concluded that the letter was the work of a criminal whose past had ill-equipped him to carry out a fraud on this scale.*

*Bankers being naturally prudent people, (I refer you back to my earlier comments about the profession in those days), our manager referred the matter to our local head office and they, also being cautious in the light of the threat of violence, advised us to contact Walton Prison to make further enquiries as to the provenance of the letter and the character of the writer. The manager retired to his office to make the necessary telephone call.*

*This had certainly brightened up an otherwise boring day, and speculation was rife amongst my colleagues as to the outcome of the enquiry. When the manager emerged from his office, he told us that the writer was indeed a prisoner who had committed a series of minor crimes, none of them violent, and the advice of the prison was that we should ignore the letter and the prisoner would be warned against writing threatening letters in the future. Life, and banking, returned to normal and over the next days and weeks the letter was forgotten.*

*My job at the bank involved more than simply opening letters and during bank opening hours my main duties were as a cashier. I manned my till on one side of a wide mahogany counter and served our wide variety of customers, "with courtesy, accuracy and speed, and in that order," as specified in the cashier's training manual. There were in those days no bullet-proof glass screens to protect us from the customers, whose standards in those days were also higher.*

*In one particularly quiet period of business I saw a somewhat dishevelled man approach my till and, when I courteously asked if I could help, he said he wanted to see the manager. I asked his name and, when he replied, I immediately realised that this was Rocky Marciano's unlikely godson. I was alone on the counter at the time and so I turned around to speak to one of my colleagues behind the screen which separated the counter area from the rest of the office. As I did so I heard a scrambling sound from behind me and turned around to see that the man had jumped over the counter and had grabbed a bundle of £500 in one-pound notes from my till. Without even thinking, while he was still crouching down*

*grabbing more money, I launched a kick which caught him in the middle of his chest and threw him on to his back a few feet away. By then two of my colleagues had rushed to my assistance and between the three of us we pinned him down and manhandled him into the manager's office to await the arrival of the police.*

*I remember feeling a little sorry for him as he sat in the office; he was a very small man, thin faced, with a prison pallor and he obviously had not thrived on an institutional diet. I don't recall him saying anything from when he gave me his name until he was led away by the police, seemingly accepting his fate as he had probably done in the past.*

*It was only when I went back to my till with a policeman to verify that nothing was missing that I noticed a short, wooden-handled knife lying on the floor where my attacker had landed. It had been sharpened to a vicious point, and I think I came over a little queasy when I saw it.*

*My colleagues and I made statements to the police and there was some discussion as to what my attacker would be charged with. The law had only recently changed, and nobody seemed sure what the appropriate offence would be. The presence of the knife eventually determined that it was to be aggravated burglary, a far more serious crime than it might otherwise have been.*

*Later on in that rather exciting day I was called up to our local head office to meet representatives of the local Board of Directors. I received warm thanks and congratulations, many handshakes and a cheque for £25 by way of a reward for my outstanding bravery. The Bank has always been generous to staff who put their lives on the line in defence of the Bank's assets. I frittered away this handsome reward on a reconditioned vacuum cleaner which served us well for several years.*

*As for Rocky Marciano's godson, I never heard any more of him. I assume he was returned to custody either at Walton or some other gaol where he would then have served out a longer sentence. I can only hope that during this period of imprisonment his outgoing mail was more closely monitored.*

#### **I'VE SAID IT BEFORE .....**

Without Ray Franklin's memories, I would never have looked at our Kidderminster branch page, but I'm pleased that I did (and hope that you agree) as one item always leads to another.

Image © 1960 Wolverhampton Press and Star as supplied to Martins Bank Magazine

*Towards the end of January 1960 the River*



*Stour overflowed its banks and flooded parts of Kidderminster. Local flooding is caused owing to the fact that when the River Severn is full it cannot take away the water from the Stour. There is a warning system in operation and a siren sounds in the town when the level of water reaches 105.5 ft. (measured in feet above sea level). The town is flooded when the level reaches 107 feet. The first intimation our Manager, Mr. K. S. Peal, had of the situation was a telephone call from the local police at 6.05 a.m. on Monday, January 25th. This warning gave sufficient time for the staff to get to the office and empty the basement and safe of all contents. The bank opened as usual at 10 a.m. with water just beginning to appear in Vicar Street. The River Stour runs at the back of the shops opposite to the bank and the first flooding appears through those shops and a cinema. Amazingly enough, during the first hour of business the branch was very busy, but as the water rose steadily, it was impossible to reach the branch except by boat and no customers risked the journey after 11.30 a.m. Water kept out of the basement until 3.45 p.m., but as the level rose to within one inch of the front door step, it was too much to hope for that our branch could continue to act like King Canute and a cascade of water entered the basement from 4 o'clock onwards until the evening. We would like to mention particularly the work of the staff in clearing up on the following day. The Fire Brigade's pipes took some of the water away, but the staff removed 600 gallons of water by means of dustpans and buckets, each bucket being carried up the stairs and emptied into the drains. In addition, all the branch records were carried to and from the basement on numerous occasions during the week without complaint.*

*A further warning occurred at 5 p.m. three days later, on Thursday afternoon, which necessitated attendance at the branch until 4.45 a.m. on Friday, but on this occasion no flooding of the branch occurred. We are informed, however, that this sort of thing could well become more frequent now as local farmers and carpet manufacturers have over the years built high walls to keep out the flood water. This has resulted in a re-channelling to other areas in one of which is situated the branch. Incidents arising out of this disconcerting event which stand out in the memory of our staff are as follows:*

*The arrival of a gentleman by pickaback in order to open a new account!*

*The trusting nature of a customer who handed a case unlocked and containing more than £2,000 to a complete stranger, who possessed Wellington boots and was therefore able to navigate the deep water to the bank.*

*The elderly lady who came to enquire whether her money would be safe or whether she ought to take it home with her.*

*The young customer who enjoyed the boat ride so much that she paid into the bank again later in the day!*

*The only means of reaching the Post Office was for the junior to stand on the front doorstep and shout "Skylark" to the boatman at the end of the road.*

*The insistence of several customers on being called—if necessary from their beds—in the event of further flooding, so that they could assist.*

*Owing to the shortage of sandbags in the town, the staff improvised by filling cloth coin bags. Subsequently the local newspaper telephoned to enquire whether it was "really money on your doorstep". Later a youth was caught trying to steal a bag after wading through water above the level of his Wellington boots.*

## DEATHS

Having scanned an item from the Spring 1964 edition of our Magazine, I noticed that the deaths of staff were recorded under 'OBITUARY', which I feel is more appropriate, in addition to it replicating and remembering our past. So, it will be, to paraphrase a film title:

### 'Future to the Back'

## OBITUARY

We record with deep regret the deaths of the following colleagues:

|                          |                                           |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Belcher Francis Tristram | On 10 <sup>th</sup> April 2026, aged 94   |
| Evans Jean (nee Punnett) | On 15 <sup>th</sup> August 2023 aged 93   |
| Rice M                   |                                           |
| Gillies T                | On 28 <sup>th</sup> January 2026, aged 98 |

Although it is always sad to record the death of a member and former colleague, one heartening aspect is the age at which we *Martians* seem to die and the time that we have to enjoy receiving and spending our pensions in retirement.

**Frank Belcher** Being an 'ever present' at our London Lunches, Frank was obviously well known by our London staff and liked by all who came into contact with him because of his relaxed and helpful nature.



Starting his Martins career at Wigmore Street



in 1953, Frank moved on to Golders Green branch in 1954, where he was featured in our Magazine (above, with the following comments):

*The photograph can hardly be described as a true photograph of our Golders Green staff because on the day of our visit Miss R. M. Barton was away through illness, and as Mr. D. E. Vaux was on holiday two extra "hands" were on duty. We did not meet Mr. Vaux, though he came in for the photograph, but the other people who appear on it are Mr. F. T. Belcher, a trainee of nearly a year's standing and Mr. J. S. Davies of District Office Relief Staff. The staff is an all-London staff, headed by Mr. V. W. H. Eckett, on whose brow the cares of management sit lightly.*

before another move to South Audley Street branch in 1955, where Frank passed Part I of his Institute Exams before moving on to London District Office Relief. 1956 saw Frank marry Beryl and stayed on District Office relief

until 1959 when he was transferred to Edgware Road followed in 1960 to Chief Overseas branch where he completed Part II of his Institute Exams in 1962, followed by a London Domestic training course and a transfer to London District Office in 1964 as Assistant District Staff Manager.

## NEW MEMBERS

**And still they come!**

**David J Morton** writes: It was actually Mike Cadwallader (who gave me the form to submit - but it has sat on my desk for a couple of years without attention). At least this saved me £5 in the end!!

I joined Martins at **English Street Carlisle** in 1966 (just after my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday!) then moved to **Longtown** in 1967 and worked in a couple of other North Cumbria branches before the merger in 1969, when I worked in London for a couple of years. After Radbrooke (Hall), I was Manager's Assistant at St. Annes on Sea, District Manager's Assistant, Advances, at Preston Local Head Office, Assistant Manager at Burnley then Nelson. I was then appointed BAS Manager Preston RO & was half-way through my 8 week BAS course when they announced that Preston Regional Office was to disappear, so I ended up working as BAS Manager in Water Street, with **Malcolm Jones** who I'm sure you will know. It was the first time back in Water Street since my interview to join Martins Bank in July 1966, when my father drove me down from Carlisle (then we went to watch Brazil v Bulgaria the same night in the World Cup at Goodison Park). After BAS, I became Senior Corporate Manager at Preston Business Centre, where we eventually took over Blackpool, Southport and Ormskirk, following which I escaped with Voluntary Redundancy aged 50. That was 26 years ago. I think we had the best of banking over those years. I don't know where the time has gone but the main thing is, we're still here to talk about it.

Since retiring, I did a one year consultancy with Tyco Inc., a US Corporate targeting acquisitions, which was interesting. Then Honorary Treasurer at various golf clubs and 10 years as Honorary Treasurer of Cumbria Golf Union.

You might have seen the above photo before. I took it when my wife & I visited Dent for a dog



walk in 2014. It is a time-warped village about 10 miles from Kirkby Lonsdale & I was gobsmacked to see the old Martins sub branch (sub to Sedbergh) with sign still in situ. I did send it on to Malcolm Jones & Mike Cad so it

may have been forwarded to you.

Liverpool lunch sounds good but obviously I'm now living 130 miles North of there, but I'll bear it in mind. I keep in touch with Mike Cad & Malcolm Jones (annual golf holiday in Portugal). George Martin I remember very well but haven't seen him since Radbrooke Days. I can't place the name Alan Thomond 'though.

Well good to talk and reminisce and there still are lots of good tales to recall.

**I've said to a few people over the years, if they were all put into a book, it could be a best seller! Best wishes, David Morton.**

**(Editor: Many thanks for the photograph David. Many members have forwarded the same photograph over the years. Doesn't it make you wonder why the owner has retained the essence of our former sub-branch and has restored it to its former glory?)**

**If you are interested in a more detailed look at Dent then you can, care of Jonathan, by clicking on the following link:**

<https://www.martinsbank.co.uk/11-61-70 Dent.htm>

## THE 'CONNECTION' FEATURE

We will have to wait and see if this feature brings any more members but, if you are aware of any of your former Martins colleagues who are not members then please urge them to join us.



## ANOTHER ONE?

After checking Jonathan's Martins Bank page on Facebook, I found two other links to 'Martins Bank'.

The first being on:

### This Is Westhoughton

(with input from Jonathan)

13 April ·

🏠 THROWBACK TO WESTHOUGHTON'S MARTINS BANK 🏠



Did you know that Westhoughton once had its own branch of Martins Bank on Market Street? Opened in 1958, the branch was part of a wider push to modernise banking and bring services closer to busy town centres. It quickly became a hub for local shoppers and businesses, offering counter services throughout the week.

At the time, it was considered quite modern - complete with features like bandit-screened counters and a layout designed for efficiency. Despite not having full accounting status, it played an important role in day-to-day life in the town.

However, its time in Westhoughton was relatively short-lived. Following the takeover of Martins Bank by Barclays, the branch closed its doors on 12th December 1969.

Today, it stands as a reminder of a different era of high street banking, when local branches were at the heart of the community.

💬 Do you remember Martins Bank in Westhoughton? Or did family members use it? Share your memories below!

Who could refuse such a request? Not these people (copied from Facebook, hence the grammar, punctuation etc.)

#### Alan Barker

I WAS FRIENDS WITH RICHARD BOYLE & WE USED TO PLAY BEHIND THE

COUNTER AS HIS MUM WAS THE CARETAKER AND LIVED BEHIND A HOUSE JOINED TO THE BANK BUT WE NEVER FOUND ANY STRAY MONEY LOL , IF RICHARD READS THIS IT WOULD BE NICE TO GET IN TOUCH AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

#### Steve Martin

I remember it being Martin's bank. Unfortunately I wasn't related. I also remember it being a solicitors.

Was it also a dentist at one time?

#### Richard Boyle

Yes we lived at 110 which was a council house at the time. Our mother did some caretaking work for the bank so she had the key and we could go in there at evenings and weekends! Different times.

His car was always parked in the alley east of the building, reg. Plate LAW10

I think it was a Mercedes 450 SL.

Did any of our members work at our Westhoughton branch? If you did, will you please email me with your memories?

### HAS SIMON BATE BEEN FOLLOWING DAVID PHELAN'S EXAMPLE AND BOUGHT ANOTHER OF OUR FORMER BRANCHES?

- **Simon Anthony Clavell Bate**
- 8 March ·
- Hey everyone! I've bought the old Barclays Bank in Rawtenstall and the surveys only mention it ever being a bank but when starting the renovations we've found a cellar that's not on any of the plans. It looks like an old meat store. Does anyone have any idea what the building was before it was Martins Bank?
- **Jonathan Snowden**
- Hi, Jonathan here from **Martins Bank Archive**. As far as we can tell, the bank moved in to the rebuilt building in 1960, but there is no mention of the previous use of the site. The cellar underneath may well have been from something that was there much earlier. You could try our friends at Barclays, they hold the premises registers for Martins. [grouparchives@barclays.com](mailto:grouparchives@barclays.com). If you would like a better quality photo of Martins Rawtenstall for your own private use, please message me



As ever helpful and *'Going to extremes ....'* and our branch shortly after it opened on 22<sup>nd</sup> September 1960.



To date, Jonathan has only been able to find a single member of staff who worked at the branch in 1960:

**Mr R Tustin (right)** but this article could jog some memories and you will be able to remind him of some of your former colleagues who



actually worked at the branch. Prior to 1960, we were represented in a fine old building, which was opened in 1897 by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank and where V.M. Roberts (left) worked

between 1955 and 1958. Does anyone remember him or actually working at our former branch, which even features on this Post Card of Bank Street?



## GONE AWAY

The last Newsletter to **Mrs AL Garner** has been returned and I wonder if any member knows where Mrs Garner of Surbiton has moved?

## ANY IDEAS?

In our last Newsletter I asked if anyone knew where this Cost of Arms was used:

Do any of our Midlands members remember either of these two gentlemen?

*I have been dealing with my late father's effects, and came across a small, enamelled shield (approx. 4 ¼ inches x 3 ¼ inches). My father never worked in banking, the only possible connection I can think of is that maybe*



*that he had a hand in creating the shield somehow, as he did (for a short while) operate in the jewellery business but did his apprenticeship with Lucas in Birmingham. My father was **John Connorton Padmore** and my grandfather, **Reginald Alfred Padmore**. Both resided in the Midlands.*

*Kind regards, Christa Stephens*

I should have known better and should have asked Jonathan first!

**Jonathan's response follows:**

*This looks like a door plaque, often used in pairs, one either side of the entrance door of a branch. We have a pair in the archive. Yes, it was supplementary to having a larger sign either on, above, or near the door. These plaques were at sort of chest height on either side of the doorway.*

## JOHN HOLLINGWORTH

John's daughter, Katrina, writes: *This is the well-seasoned **JOHN HOLLINGWORTH!!** He is living with me (his daughter) in the beautiful rural desert town Rainbow, Australia.*



*Dad was very sick in the UK with heart failure. I didn't feel the NHS were looking after him properly so I stole him! Dad was very poorly and*

*cognitively not great. He's now had a couple of surgeries here and has a wonderful heart specialist; he's much improved.*

*Dad doesn't want anyone thinking he's normal!! However he does want to pass on his best wishes to anyone that remembers him (even though he might not remember them!!).*

### GEOFF WHITLEY



Although not a member, Geoff was one of our Foreign Clerks when I started my Martins career at Keighley branch in 1966, as well as being a keen thespian. This photograph is of Geoff in a production of *Breezblock Park* by Keighley

Little Theatre in 1981.

I remember, in the summer of 1967, Geoff taking his sandwiches to eat in a local park at lunchtime where, after consuming them, he unfortunately fell asleep in the sun. On returning to the branch, his face was like a boiled lobster. The following morning it was even worse with blisters all over. He suffered third degree burns. A few years later, Geoff left the bank and became a barber and continued his acting career until 2021, when he died.

### MORE EXAMINATION RESULTS

(Care of Chris Hayne)

September 1963

Yet more names with which to conjure! Do you remember anyone, as I do?

#### Part I

Barratt, D. W.  
Bishop, J. D.  
Box, N.  
Bradbury, D. J.  
Brady, D.  
Carradus, F. J.  
Clark, P.  
Corlett, R. P. T.  
Cowan, J. C.  
Credland, G.

Davis, P. H.  
Dodd, A.  
Donne Davis, P. G.  
Downing, R. J.  
Duncan, S. N.  
Fearon, W.  
Fenby, A. E.  
Finch, D. G.  
Hagon, A. E.

Head, R. F.  
Hill, L.  
Holmes, C. F.  
Hopkin, J. C.  
Hoyle, J. E.  
Jamieson, I. M.  
Johnson, W. I.  
Jones, D.  
Makin, F. H.

Fred Carradus from Settle. Frank Makin, who used to give me a lift back to Colne in his beige VW Beetle in the bitter winter of 1969.

Marsh, K. P.  
Methven, M. R., Miss  
Mort, K. R.  
Nicholson, E.  
Noon, G.  
Parker, M. J.  
Pegg, S. J.  
Perry, M. J.  
Rhodes, G. T.

Roberts, A. J.  
Slater, M. C.  
Slawson, P. H.  
Smith, I. O.  
Smith, S. A.  
Vaughan, A. E.  
Wheatley, R.  
Williams, J.  
Williams, L. T.  
Winter, A. W.

Frank was on his Domestic Course and I was on my Securities Course. Both of us, along with others, were staying at the infamous Alexandra Court Hotel. Miss MR Methven, one of our members and to whom I used to give a lift, when living in Lancing, to Barnsgate Manor Vineyard for our London Summer Lunches).

### PART II

Agnew, J. H.  
Ainsworth, R. D. H.  
Arthur, K. A.  
Baker, R. C.  
Beatty, L. S.  
Butler, D.  
Colebourne, W. P.  
Corner, A. J.  
Crowden, K. W. T.

Downton, R. C. W.  
Earles, G. V. M.  
Elliott, J. A.  
Flatt, J. W.  
Fobister, N. P.  
Harrison, R.  
Henry, N. D.  
Jarvis, P. W.  
Johnson, V. A.

Lawrence, T. B.  
Long, W.  
Lund, R. A.  
Mayo, G. E.  
McCormack, N. E.  
McKintosh, A. S.  
Mitchell, D. A.  
Mohon, W. R.  
Mulholland, R. N.

Noble, P.  
Palmer, R. W.  
Pearson, J. L.  
Pennington, R.  
Punyer, A. P.  
Richardson, W. E.  
Rothwell, A.  
Samuels, F. W.  
Shorland, R. H.

Shuttleworth, F.  
Sly, M. L.  
Smethurst, P. A.  
Smith, T. F.  
Smithson, R. C.  
Taylor, D. J.  
Thorogood, P. R.  
Turner, M. J.  
Wallbanks, R.

Richard Lund, who died too young, and was a member of Bob Evans' Inspection team, along with Peter North, who inspected Keighley branch, when I was sub-branch clerk. Norman Mulholland, from my days on CWIP, when he was the Ilkley Manager. Fred Samuels, whom I used to visit in City Office when I was Operations Manager at 10 Market Street, Bradford and he was Operations Manager in Liverpool. Frank Shuttleworth, who was First Cashier at Bentham branch, when I was sent on relief for a week during May 1967 when Deryk Ingham told me: *'It will be good for your career David'*. I still don't know whether it was or not. TF Smith, although joining Martins in the north east at Sedgefield, did he become a Regional Director in Leeds under Barclays? Peter Thorogood will be remembered by our southern members.

### TRUSTEE DIPLOMA PART II

Hunter, Miss M; Robertson AW; Smith EO; Taylor P, Miss

### DISTINCTIONS

Accountancy: RN Mulholland; AP Punyer; F Samuels;

RH Shorland; R Wallbanks

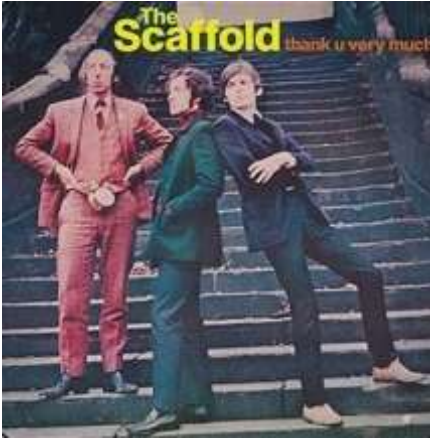
Finance of Foreign Trade and Foreign Exchange: ND Henry

The Chief General Manager's Prize was awarded to T Bannister of Middlesborough (right).



Someone must have memories of our colleagues which they might like to share. I look forward to receiving them.

## MYSTERY SOLVED



And yet more lyrics from a hit song, which are still relevant today when you see this photograph and I asked if anyone knew the occasion. Well:

*Do do do do do you remember*

*Do do do do do you recall .....*

When the photograph first came to light, and I'm afraid that I can't remember how it did at the time—being, but what I do remember is that our database manager (David Baxter) worked wonders on it to provide us with this wonderful colour version:

I was searching our Archive when, somehow I noticed this card from the



'Third Liverpool District Dinner', so I imagine that few of us would remember, but it was featured in an article in our Magazine, which you might like to read:

*The tables were artistically decorated with cut-out figures symbolising the debutantes of 1950 and the presence of the ladies was further apotheosized on the cover design of the menu card—Miss Snape's particular contribution to the preparations beforehand. The toast to "The Bank" was ably and concisely proposed by Mr. J. R. Whittle, M.C. who said that our progress had been built on one thing above all others, the service we give to our customers, and that this depended upon the Staff: Bank and Staff being synonymous words in this connection. To Mr. Tunnington fell the difficult task of not only making his maiden speech at such a function but also of having such a galaxy of notabilities to speak about.*

*His speech was a good speech, well delivered, with the right amount of humour, and characterised throughout by his well-known sincerity. He painted a little word picture about each guest in turn, with a flash of humour added for good measure. He startled everyone by addressing Mr. Denman in the latter's native Welsh; commented upon Mr. Tarn's cosmopolitan habits which, so far, had stopped short of Leeds; expressed the warmth and friendliness of our welcome to Mr. Dresser on the occasion of his first official visit to Liverpool as North-Eastern District General Manager; commented upon the fact that it was the first time an invitation had been extended to a "displaced person" (Mr. Maxwell does not take up his duties at Manchester until April 1st) to attend our dinner; and referred to Mr. Samuel's work for the Bank in the Leeds District and to his interest in social welfare and a Boy's Club; concluding by referring to the presence as guests representing the pensioners of Mr. Frank Grant and Miss Lindsay Maxwell. He then paid a very warm tribute to Mr. McKendrick, the Guest of Honour, who, he said, "combined a high degree of personal integrity with an inverse ratio of self-interest". He went on to refer to him as being "blessed with that greatest possession—an exceptionally happy and Christian family life: a ripe scholar of English literature and full of worldly wisdom, spending his brief leisure like that famous war-time leader in painting in water colour and oils".*



With thanks to David Baxter for bringing the original photograph to life.

