



The Worshipful Company of Tobacco Pipe Makers and Tobacco Blenders

ISSUE 22 SPRING 2014

LIVERY NEWSLETTER AND GAZETTE

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www.tobaccolivery.org



The Master's Voice

As a Past Master of the Poulterers Livery, the second from that stable in the last three years, we have another experienced Liveryman to carry the Company forward.

With 23 years experience in the tobacco industry as an employee of Rothmans International, he retired in 1999 as Chief Executive of Central and Eastern Europe. Previous postings had been in the UK, Hong Kong, Singapore and Amsterdam. This has left him with a deep understanding of strategy and he remains a consultant in that field.

He is confident in the future of the tobacco industry despite the problems of health and environmental issues.

His passion for history has led him to read for a Master's degree

at Reading University and he is currently studying Clausewitz (he of the famous dictum "War is the continuation of politics by other means") whilst writing a book on the relationship between Military and Business Strategy.

His evident love of life is demonstrated by the infinite care he takes in planning the memorable meals we have been enjoying in his year of office.

His wife Shar and their two children live in Wiltshire.

Congratulations!

Past Master Roger Merton has been awarded the MBE in the New Year's Honours list for services to London Youth, Football and the community in Hertfordshire.





Appointments

Assistant **Ralph Edmondson** was appointed to serve on the General Purposes Committee

Liverymen **Adam Bennett** and **Conrad Blakey** have been elected to the Court as Assistants and were installed on 5th June 2013

Members

Gowned with the Livery

James Blakelock 5th June 2013
Regulatory Affairs BAT

Gareth Cooper 5th June 2013
Head of regulatory affairs BAT

Nicky Donnelly 5th June 2013
Global stakeholder engagement BAT

Fran Morrison 5th June 2013
Retired. Formerly BAT communications.

Graeme Monro 5th June 2013
Head of shared finance services BAT

Anthony Scanlon 5th June 2013
Managing Director Gamucci UK Ltd

Ann Tradigo 5th June 2013
Corporate Communications BAT

Philip Colman 16th Sept 2013
CIO with BAT

Andrew Gray 16th Sept 2013
Regional Director BAT

Michael Nightingale 16th Sept 2013
Head of Sustainability BAT

Nicola Snook 16th Sept 2013
Solicitor BAT

Mark Domitrak 16th Jan 2014
International Engagement Manager BAT

Flora Okereke 16th Jan 2014
Corporate & Regulatory Affairs BAT

New Freeman

Andrew Coates 5th June 2013
Corporate finance, JP Morgan Cazenove.

Elise Rasmussen 5th June 2013
Journalist with "Tobacco Reporter"

John Noble 16th Sept 2013
Retired marine salvage operator

Rupert Wilson 16th Jan 2014
Investment analyst

Errata

On page 3 of the last issue was a photo of our Clerk "with his wife Diana". In fact it was the Lady Mayoress to whom the editor sent a grovelling letter of apology. The real Diana is shown with her rightful husband below.



Our finances

The accounts for the year ended 25th March 2013 showed that the company had a surplus of £25,721 (2012-£17,784) and our investments stood at a value of £1,211,935 (2012- £1,049,308). Quarterage rose slightly to £34,152 whilst expenses were static at £59,364. Our Treasurer anticipates a similar outturn for 2014.



Lost brethren

Past Master Alec Murray



After a long illness heroically borne Alec Murray died on 10th April 2013 aged 76. As one of our great Masters in 2001/02 he served the Livery in many capacities since he was gowned in 1982, notably a long spell as a Benevolent

Fund Trustee until 2008. Golfing members may perhaps see his captaincy of our winning team in the Prince Arthur in 1997 as a greater achievement.

A leader of men and a religious man he took his responsibilities seriously, and greatly enhanced the standing and performance of the Livery in many spheres. He was the Master who guided the Livery into the computer age with our first website in 2002, and who at his Installation urged the Livery to show the compassionate and charitable side of our trade rather than the wining and dining aspects.

After qualifying as a Chartered Accountant with Cooper Brothers in the City he joined the financial staff of GEC in London and Nigeria. He himself did not enter the tobacco industry until 1969 when he joined Standard Commercial, a US company engaged in the purchase, processing and shipping of leaf tobacco throughout the world. The company was also involved in the wool trade so he could have joined the Woolmen. Their loss was our gain.

He steadily climbed the ladder of promotion until in his year as Master he was also Chairman.

At his funeral service near Guildford where he lived, we heard that he was a keen Scotsman and occasional singer. Indeed we had a Harry Lauder "hymn" in the service. But it will be as a pillar of society that he will be remembered: a member of the Guildford Diocesan Synod, Lay Chairman of the Cranleigh Deanery Synod, an active member of the Conservative party in Surrey, and a member of the Travellers Club.

Those of you who care to look at Issues 8 and 9 of this Newsletter which covered his year as Master will show you the man. Serious, yet full of warmth and humour. An achiever demanding high standards, but always approachable.

He leaves behind his widow Gillian who we will surely see at future Livery events, and his two sons Andrew and Richard who are pursuing successful careers in TV production and teaching.

The Livery was well represented at a packed memorial service held in Holy Trinity Church Bramley on Monday 6th May 2013.

Morton Threshie

Admitted as a Freeman in 1967 but never took up the Livery. A director of leaf importers Siemssen Threshie.

Died 15th March 2013 aged 84.

Jack Golding

Took up the Livery in 1992. Owner of J Golding Group of retail and wholesale tobacconists, now being run by his widow Beryl and son Christopher. Died 23rd July 2013 of Parkinsons, aged 84.



Charles Whitbread

Took up the Livery in 1993. Worked in the Gas Board and retired at 65. Wife died 8 yrs ago. No other family. Proposed by Ron Edrupt. Died 14th Sept 2013 aged 86.

Mike Sutton

Admitted as Freeman 1978. Liveryman 1980. Court Assistant 1982-99. Worked with Singer & Friedlander. Died 20th Oct 2013.

Michael Lambert

Died 14th Aug 2013

Although not a Liveryman he served as secretary to the Trustees of the Benevolent Fund from 2004 to 2008.



One of the great achievements by association of our Benevolent Fund has been the support and promotion of Sevenoaks school. The inspiration came from Kim Taylor, Headmaster from 1954 – 68 who convinced our founding Master Alan Adler and his successors that it was a school that was going places and worth our support. That claim has been fully vindicated by the present standing of the school and we are proud that the Pipemakers' contributions to both the fabric and students of Sevenoaks are everywhere evident. The following is an abbreviated life culled from reminiscences of Past Master John Adler and various other obituaries.

KIM TAYLOR 1922-2013

Inspirational headmaster of Sevenoaks

Leonard Clive (Kim) Taylor was born in Calcutta and sent to boarding school in England aged six. His father died when he was nine, so school became his home, its values his. He arrived at Sevenoaks aged ten and progressed to School Captain as well as Captain of Boxing and Rugby. Aged 17 at the beginning of World War Two he was sent back to India to teach at St Paul's Darjeeling. He was commissioned into the Indian Army, survived the siege of Akyab before spending the rest of the war gathering intelligence, sometimes at first hand, about the Japanese army.

After the war he gained a First in History and a Boxing Blue at New College Oxford, before studying Psychology at Chicago, where he also met his talented wife Suzanne.

He was Head of History at Repton before being invited by his former headmaster to succeed him at Sevenoaks, the youngest head at that time of a public school.

He transformed Sevenoaks, and his ideas, embodied in his 1965 book *Experiments in Education at Sevenoaks*, have taken root so widely that it is easy to forget their originality. The introduction of community service and the International Baccalaureate were but two examples.

Beyond Sevenoaks he was one of the founders of VSO, and worked in education for the OECD, the Independent Broadcasting Authority, and was a director of the Gulbenkian Foundation.

He was particularly interested in Portugal and was awarded the Order of Prince Henry the Navigator.

Described by one as "the most complete man I ever met" his legacy is a school of which the world can be proud and in the forefront of modern thought in education. Not many lives have contributed so much.

He died at his home in Chichester peacefully in his sleep aged 91. His wife predeceased him eight years ago but he leaves three children and many grandchildren.



Kim Taylor, seen here in 1955 with his wife and the prefects.



The Lord Mayor's Appeal

Fiona Woolf CBE our present Lord Mayor is only the second woman to hold this office since 1189. As a lawyer specialising in global electricity industry reforms she describes her aims as follows:

Charity Leadership and Social Investment

My husband Nicholas, past Master of the Tax Advisers (2009/10), is heading The Lord Mayor's Charity Leadership Programme, shining a light on charity chairmen and how they can be better supported. The programme, starts with two lectures, one by William Shawcross, Chairman of the Charity Commission, and the other by Sir Ronald Cohen, the founding-Chairman of Big Society Capital and a champion of social investment.

Diversity and Inclusion

Now more than ever the City depends upon being able to draw upon the best talent available. I have put together a programme of breakfast seminars and two large conferences, titled "The Power of Diversity", to highlight and discuss the critical steps that businesses must take to maximise the energy that diversity can bring to business. All proceeds from the programme will go to The Lord Mayor's Appeal 2014.

New Approach to the Lord Mayor's Appeal

The Lord Mayor's Appeal is now to be a permanent rather than a one year charity, enabling contributions in cash and in kind to be given over more than one year and to promote giving to a wider audience. It will support smaller charities, particularly those that punch above their weight.



The Lord Mayor's Appeal 2014 is supporting four community-based charities that all have "the energy to transform lives":

- *Beating Bowel Cancer* greatly improves prospects for diagnosis and treatment of the second biggest cancer killer.
- *Princess Alice Hospice* is developing a new model of hospice and home care.
- *Working Chance* places women ex-offenders into jobs with quality employers, re-enabling them and their children.
- *Raleigh International* provides young people from underprivileged backgrounds with life changing experiences that contribute to their own personal growth, and the development of communities in need around the world.

Fundraising is at the heart of the Appeal programme, but there is also a strong commitment to mentoring, helping to raise the profiles of these charities and opening up new sources of funding for the future.

How You Can Help

We are always open to offers of help, so please contact my Lord Mayor's Appeal team on 020 7332 1582 if you would like to be involved. There are lots of fun and affordable events and we are determined to reach a wider audience.



Fun for the Livery

- Lord Mayor's Appeal Day on 16th May 2014.
- Enter a Livery Company football team for a day of football fun on 13th June 2014 in Guildhall Yard.
- Concert on the theme of "Strong Women" by world-famous soprano Nelly Miricioiu, the starry mezzo Nino Surguladze and the Chelsea Opera Group. The performance will be conducted by Gianluca Marcianó. It will be preceded and followed by food and wine in the Guildhall Old Library.
- The Lord Mayor's Ball in the Guildhall on 21st October 2014.

I hope you will join me on what are guaranteed to be memorable occasions.

Alderman Fiona Woolf CBE

The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London

For more information about the Charity visit www.tomorrowcompany.com and www.cms-cmck.com

Will this be the year of Fionas?

Our first Lady Master in 2011/12, Fiona Adler, has decided to stand as Lay Sheriff in this year's elections at Common Hall.

Liveryman are reminded that they are entitled to go along to Guildhall on Tuesday 24th June 2014 and vote for her, provided that they have a ticket from the Clerk, and provided they were gowned with the Livery and registered on the roll by the Clerk this March.





A Touch of the Vapours?

*There is something sinister in the woodshed and it is called "vaping". Our centuries old industry and pastime is being infiltrated by the electronic cigarette. Lady Liveryman **Jacqueline Burrows** has spent a long time in the industry and now finds herself deeply involved with this new device. Here she opens the lid on what is happening and what may be in store for us.*

The earliest e-cig can be traced back to an American, Herbert A Gilbert, who patented a device in 1963, shortly after the Surgeon General's report, which he described as "a smokeless non-tobacco cigarette" that involved "replacing burning tobacco and paper with heated, moist, flavoured air". However, this invention never went into production. It took a Chinese pharmacist called Hon Lik to invent something that resembled the real thing in 2003. He worked for a company called Golden Dragon, who launched Ruyan (literally "resembling smoking") in 2004 and obtained a patent on the design in 2007.



The key to what makes an e-cig is microelectronic technology. The body of the cigarette incorporates a liquid vaporizing chamber known as a "cartomizer", together with a smart chip controller and a built-in lithium battery. The tip of the device contains an indicator, that lights up when the cigarette is in use (at present it can be red, green, or blue). The "magic" happens in the "cartomizer" which produces the "smoke" when the mixture of nicotine and water in the cartridge heats up and atomises. It is this vapour that, when inhaled, gives the smoker the nicotine hit and flavour, but without any flame, ash or tobacco smoke. The vapour evaporates into the air within a few seconds and is odourless.

The smoker (or vaper) simply inhales gently and the device automatically switches on. The

batteries last for somewhere between 350 and 375 puffs per charge, equivalent to about 40 cigarettes, and are good for over 300 re-charges.

The electronic cigarette looks like, feels like and tastes like a real cigarette, yet it isn't: it's rechargeable, re-useable and, if you want it, there's a disposable version, too. It offers smokers a chance to enjoy the pleasures of nicotine and most if not all the physical and emotional sensations of smoking. The medical and scientific experts are supportive, and of course the non smoking public are not exposed to any tobacco smoke or its by-products

All the electronic cigarettes on the market in the UK are made in Shenzhen in China, which is the global centre of expertise for micro-electronics. In the UK the patent for this design has been secured by a company called Gamucci founded by brothers Taz and Umer Sheikh in the lead up to the public smoking ban in 2006. It is the only company totally to own its manufacturing facility, thereby securing control of its supply chain and intellectual property. All other products are produced in universal manufacturing facilities.

Recent consumer research by Gamucci, outlines the reasons why adults enjoy their products.





These include the freedom to smoke almost anywhere, including in bars, restaurants and at home, rediscovering social inclusion as opposed to increasing isolation; the lack of odour; the convenience of a product that is not on fire and can be recharged; and the lower costs compared to traditional highly-taxed tobacco products. Yet already there are signs that airlines, train companies and even coffee bars are objecting to their use on the grounds that “they give out the wrong signal”.

At this early stage the market is booming but will it last and what does it cost? A typical e-cig costs £6.99 which is about half the price of the equivalent number of good quality cigarettes. There are currently some 1.6 million electronic cigarette smokers in the UK but it is estimated that up to 40% of UK smokers could switch to non-combustible products in the years to come. The result would be an industry with the potential to deliver a retail value of at least £2.2 billion per annum in the UK alone, and \$9.6 billion in the USA (at today's prices). The UK market is already valued at around £50m pa, but is believed to have reached less than 1% of its full potential. Whilst there are challenges ahead, this product may well be the future for tobacco.

The regulatory environment is fragmented globally as policy-makers have struggled to understand this new and fast-growing concept in nicotine delivery. The challenges faced by this growing industry are familiar to everyone who has worked in tobacco, and include issues related to manufacture, marketing, sales, ingredients, packaging and labelling, the freedom to use and appropriate taxation levels.

There is still much misinformation and disinformation swirling around, but as time goes on there is an ever-increasing understanding that electronic cigarettes could provide a significant potential benefit for public health in the years to come. Yet the British Medical Association is sitting on the fence.

Theoretically the e-cig can be given any flavour or contents. So far consumers are offered traditional tobacco flavours through to apple, coffee, cherry,

grape ... the questions begin. Unnecessary over-regulation is to be avoided, but so far governments and society as a whole have yet to react. The jury is still out.

The loss of tax revenue will loom large in any decisions, and licensing regulation will have to be enforced to prevent forbidden substances being introduced. If the total costs to the consumer remain the same, will society accept what might seem to traditionalists a rather absurd habit?

There are many entrenched interests that will have to face this challenge. New brands of e-cigs are coming on the market every day and the major tobacco companies are preparing their own versions.

One thing is certain that if the Animal Rights protesters can turn up at a Clay Pigeon shoot, the anti smoking lobby will always be with us.





Help for Heroes

One of the most remarkable achievements ever of individual Liverymen raising money occurred last May when the Clerk (Peter Swanson) and three of our members Past Master Julian Keevil, and Wardens Ronald Kirk and Arthur Richards took part in the BIG BATTLEFIELD BIKE RIDE from Paris to London via.....well, read on. This is an edited version of Ron Kirk's account.

This was the toughest physical challenge I have ever done, and why I was doing it I shall never know. Apart from the prime objective of helping our wounded, the camaraderie of wonderful people from all walks of life was unforgettable.

I owe my sponsors a great debt of gratitude, and also appreciation to my long suffering wife, Sue for supporting me, throughout the training and preparation.

Following the tragic events at Woolwich Barracks and in Paris, our ride was to take on another dimension. The mood of the British People had obviously been stirred.

My final dedication must go to the families of Lee Rigby, and the French soldier attacked in a Paris Railway Station.

The ride was supposedly 380 miles, but my colleagues measured it at 420 miles, and in my case 450 miles, having taken the scenic route a couple of times. In total, we climbed the equivalent of 14,500 feet. The route took us through farm tracks with nasty water-filled pot-holes, across loose gravel and mud, not to mention the cobblestones that both shook your eyeballs and could throw you off at any moment. The rain and cold wind was incessant, and at one stage some of us started to suffer from hypothermia.

The terrain also took a great toll on the bikes, and our back up mechanics. I went through two sets of tyres and inner tubes. Others faced punctures, broken spokes, chains and gear sets. When ex-Marines and TA's start suffering, you know you are in for a battle of wills and stamina.

All the effort proved worthwhile, as the Ride raised in total some £2m and our team 'The Four Musketeers' raised over £11,000 and we are still counting.

I am 68 years old and live a very comfortable life in Saint Malo, France. My most normal exertion is raising a glass of red wine to my lips. It was our leader **Peter Swanson**, Clerk at that time to our Livery Company, who asked by email whether I cycled, and was I doing anything at the end of May? It wasn't until after I had attended the next Livery function that I realised I had been volunteered!

My fellow Musketeers were also a bit mystified as to how they had become involved. Other press-ganged members were Past Master **Julian Keevil** (an ex-Marine aged 65) who had travelled all the way from Virginia USA, and **Arthur Richards** (50) currently Warden of the Livery, with long experience in the Territorial Army.



The Four Musketeers gathered at St Pancras Station at the Eurostar Champagne Bar, where Peter required us to wear our Musketeer hats complete with feathers (red, white and blue) representing the main arms of our Forces. We all pledged our Musketeer allegiances and wished ourselves a safe and successful challenge as we mingled with the various teams. There was one called 'The Five Fat Cavalry Officers'.

As we began to be surrounded by our soldier amputees it began to dawn on us what we had let ourselves in for. Like most of us who are unfamiliar with wounded people, we tend to look at the injury first and then the person second. Our trip changed it to seeing the person first, and then observing the



obvious injury. At times black humour came into play. Asking at the bar for someone standing behind me to give a hand with the drinks, I was given the answer "I would if I had one!" The fortitude of these guys did get to you emotionally. You either wanted to cry for them, or just laugh along in their highly motivated company.

Tuesday 28th May

After an 8.30am start from our Paris Hotel, we navigated through the rush hour in the drizzle to the official starting point at Les Invalides for Le Grand Depart at 11.30am. The French wished us 'bon courage' en route and somehow we all managed to arrive more or less together. Julian, however, had the bad luck to split his tyre and have a puncture even before the start.

Bearing in mind the purpose of the Ride, the choice of the starting point could not have been more appropriate. Les Invalides was the first purpose-built hospital and home for wounded veterans created in Western Europe. It was the inspiration for our own Royal Hospital, Chelsea. It is also houses Napoleon's Mausoleum and a statue of him in his characteristic pose.

We were entertained by a small military band and officially sent on our way by the Duchess of Cornwall, who arrived to shake us by the hand and wish us well. I expected her to concentrate on our wounded participants. To my slight horror, she then decided to move amongst us and so I had to scramble to put the camera away and take off my wet cycling glove as she shook hands with us.



The Duchess of Cornwall

The Military Commander to Paris gave an official speech reminding us that Napoleon was looking down on us (met with some amusement). He recalled the tragic events of just a week ago, and made it known we were all brothers in arms fighting against barbarity and evil in all its forms.

At last we were on our way and spent the next twenty miles or so winding through the suburbs of Northern Paris, seemingly stopping at every traffic light. At last we got out onto the open road and started to put some miles behind us.

It continued to rain and the wind made it very cold, despite our over-jackets. The first challenge of the day was navigational, as we caught up with the first group who had taken a wrong turning and were doubling back. Clearly a red arrow sign had gone missing, but we resumed our ride through a village and then down a long steep hill.

The next minute the rider in front of me went down and I had to steer round him before braking and going back to check him out. He had apparently tried to pull into a slip road and didn't see the small lip to the pull-in taking the front wheel from underneath him. We cleaned up the grazing on his leg, applied some bandages, straightened up his bike and then resumed on our way. Kindly, a French pedestrian and lorry driver also helped out with first-aid.

There were lots of punctures en route, even at this stage, but I just kept rolling.

By lunch-time we were all wet and miserable and looking forward to some hot food and a drink. I could only manage the drink, and had difficulty taking in any carbohydrates without feeling nauseous. Clearly the exertion was taking more out of me than anticipated.

The lunch venue was somewhat surreal, with two camels and a long-horned cow tethered in the ground by us. The circus had come to the village! Within a few minutes of stopping, we were beginning to shake with the cold and were in danger hypothermia, so we cut short the lunch and resumed cycling to get warm again.

If we did not know already, this was no stroll in the park. Our wounded comrades were an



inspiration. No moaning, they just stuck to the task. We just had to keep going as we couldn't let them down now.



Later the weather abated and in time we arrived at **Nery**, not a particularly well known site but in the view of some historians, the pivotal point at which the Germans were prevented from taking Paris in the First World War.

Nery is an ancient village made up of large houses with thick walls which, over time, had formed natural fortresses. It sat on the edge of a deep ravine, on the other side of which was a large plateau. It was on this plateau where we now stood, that German Cavalry suddenly appeared out of the morning mist of 1st September 1914. What happened next became known as 'The Affair at Nery' and led to the award of three VCs to members of 'L' Battery.

Up to this point the Germans were advancing quickly across France and had they been able to maintain their momentum, would have taken Paris. It was here that 'L' Battery, with its capability of firing 15 rounds a minute straight into the advancing charge, and in the face of a very bloody conflict, was able to repel the advancing German troops. This caused the German High Command to reconsider its tactics and in doing so, the French and British were able to reinforce their lines around Amiens and the River Marne.

A Captain Bradbury fought valiantly, despite having both his legs blown off when fetching ammunition, and whilst commanding the last three guns to oppose twelve on the other side.

Two were quickly knocked out, leaving only one gun under the direction of Captain Bradbury. Private Nelson and Battery Sergeant-Major Dorell resisted the advance for two and half hours before reinforcements arrived. When the fighting subsided, Captain Bradbury had his injuries attended to and then they dragged him into the local cemetery to recover. Unfortunately he died of his wounds, and was buried there, but Sergeant-Major Dorell survived to a ripe old age.

Had it not been for their fierce resistance, the First World War may have taken a different turning. In the Imperial War Museum there is a photo of a British cannon, taken at the time where a German shell had fired into precisely the hole in the barrel, splitting it apart. It is now displayed with a flower protruding where the shell had struck.

Our next stop was a small clearing in the **Forêt de Compiègne**, where in 1918 the German forces surrendered to the Allies and, where also in 1940, in deliberate humiliation, the French were made to capitulate to Hitler.

Whilst General Petain may not have had much choice if he was to save the lives of millions of Frenchmen, he was detested for conceding that French prisoners would not be repatriated, and that they would be executed should they take up arms with the allies. This was regarded by many as an unnecessary concession.

It was for me the most poignant historical site of all. It demonstrated the linkage between the First and Second World Wars, and the failure of politicians to avoid such awful conflict.

The entire German High Command attended the signing with Hitler. It represented a triumph of barbarity and evil. The French, must have been devastated as they lost all they held dear, seemingly forever.

Wednesday 29th May

I was now having trouble taking in any carbohydrates at breakfast. Also I had developed a heavy cold. Wiping my nose with tissue, then my cycling gloves, was useless, and in the end I



just gave up and let my nose run.. With rain dripping off my helmet and a gooey mess from my nose I was a sorry sight.

About 10 miles on and we stopped at the **Vignemont French and German Cemetery** to pay our respects. There were other nationalities too, with headstones denoting Jewish and Moslem faiths.

It struck me that this was the European Union of the Dead when fellow human beings cannot resolve their differences peacefully. This must have driven the founders of the European Union. Had the EU been formed half a century earlier the world would have been a totally different place. We owe it to the men lying in these graves to give our forthcoming decision over our membership the quality of debate and critical serious thinking it deserves.

Thiepval



The site commemorates 72,000 graves of British and South African men who died in the Battle of the Somme but have no known grave. It is the place I particularly wanted to be, to give my personal dedications to my grandfather Charles Lowe, and prayers on behalf of the Hill family to their grandfather Arthur Holmes.

I looked for James Lowe, my great uncle's name (after whom I bear my middle name and who died in the area from a German grenade whilst acting as a motorcycle dispatch rider). Maybe it was his genes that gave me a love of motorcycles throughout my life. Sure enough I found his name.

At each of the ceremonies our 'embedded' Jesuit Priest said a few words. We laid our wreaths, sounded the last post and recited 'we will remember them' and sometimes a poem. On this occasion the words from our priest struck a chord. His theme was, we have a choice in life, 'entitlement' or 'gratitude'. I fall into the latter camp and could not be more grateful for the happy and contented life I lead with my dear wife, Sue.

It was a nightmare coming through Amiens over very rough cobblestones. I decided to walk, as the front wheel was in danger of wedging its narrow rim into the large gaps. It proved sensible as Julian went a 'purler' and fell off, trying to avoid a tractor.

Lots of mechanical problems for riders on the way included a broken saddle, spokes, chains, split tyres and punctures. These are quite rare occurrences normally but on this ride were popping up with undue regularity.

I am not sure how I completed the last 8 miles to the hotel as I was absolutely shattered. It must have been the lack of food beginning to take effect. Fortunately the roads were by now quite good, and I was able to gently pedal to my hotel and have a hot bath to relieve the pain in my legs.

Thursday 30th May Amiens to Le Touquet (Etaples)

When it Rains it Just Pours!

I managed to force down a croissant for breakfast. Today was going to be quite a challenge. My runny nose was not too bad, and I was managing to cycle reasonably well, but about 20 miles into the Ride, I was climbing a long steady hill when I noticed my back tyre was soft, and obviously knew I had a puncture. Just as I was taking out the spare tube and tools, my two 'Guardian Angels' turned up in the form of Danny and Davey, two Coldstream Guards. As they were about to pass me, they shouted "Are you OK Ronnie, do you want a hand?" "If you could," was my reply and before I could turn the bike on its



saddle, the wheel was off, and the tyre and tube were out, ready for replacement. It looked as if a piece of flint had penetrated the tyre, so we decided to change both the tyre and tube. It was just like a Formula 1 pit stop and I was on the road again in a jiffy.

After this, disaster struck again. I had been struggling to look far enough forward to see the red arrow direction signs because my stiff neck was now giving me real 'gip'. At a crossroad, where I should have turned right, I went straight on up a 1500 metre steep climb.

The sheep in the adjoining fields looked at me with some curiosity, as they didn't often see cyclists pounding up a hill to nowhere. I wondered why nobody seemed to be overtaking me as I wasn't going that fast. At the top was a T junction with no direction markings. Apart from a bus shelter on the corner of the bend, there were just two houses, all shuttered up, and one road sign. Spookily there was no traffic at all. And so it continued for the next hour.

Clearly I was taking the scenic route.

Studying the map I recognised that the road sign pointed to a village we were supposed to pass through, and decided to follow the road to the right, down the hill again the other side, only to meet another T junction with no road signs whatsoever. Rather than compound the problem I retraced my steps, went back up the hill and picked up the previous sign to the village. But I was hopelessly lost.

The only thing left was to call for technical assistance. I managed to call the number on my French mobile and left a message of my location and a call for assistance. Thirty minutes went by without a call back and when I tried to ring again I found my mobile was out of coverage and probably the first message never got through.

It seemed the only thing left to do was retrace my steps and get back onto a busier road and possibly get mobile coverage from there. Then I noticed my front tyre was as flat as a pancake and I had used all my spares that morning.

Well, I was really stuck now!

Fortunately, in the next ten minutes whilst I considered my options, a lady strolled down the road from literally nowhere and in my best French I explained my predicament. She didn't have a mobile phone with her but said if I could just wait for the school bus, her daughter and she would try and help. Ten minutes later the school bus duly arrived. After an animated conversation with the entire bus, it transpired that the driver had a mobile and she called in my technical support. Another 30 minutes and the van arrived to pick me and the bike up and I was transported to the lunch spot.

Phew!!

Friday 31st May Etaples Cemetery



Emotionally this was my most demanding day. I had been chosen to read the poem at the Canadian Cemetery where 290 Canadians are buried. They were an important force in liberating most of the French Ports from Le Havre all the way up to Calais. My brother-in-law's father landed with the Canadians on Juno Beach so I resolved to do my best to recite the poem for him, the lost, and the 11 Canadians who had joined us on this trip. It is difficult saying the words at the best of times, but when you feel the responsibility of doing your best for everyone it is difficult not to choke.

Wilmereaux Cemetery

Climbing out of Boulogne, one passes the cemetery of Wilmereaux where **Colonel McCrae**, the soldier poet famous for his poem '*In Flanders Fields*' is buried. It seemed appropriate that his words would be repeated at our next stop.



The climb was long and tedious and made all the more demanding by the headwind as we reached the top. I managed to take a breather at the top and take on some water, as I now could be sure I would make the next stop in time for my reading.

Our priest again said a few words beforehand to focus on what we were doing, our wreath was laid, the Ode of Remembrance recited, the Last Post sounded and I read John McCrae's poem.

Our team had come through quite a lot at this stage but we were still together, cheerful and determined to complete the Ride into London.

Forteresse de Mimoyecques Site of V3 Rockets

This is a little known location, an old quarry hidden away in the French countryside and which was at one time home to the German V3 rocket gun. Fortunately for us, the intelligence collated on thousands of prisoners of war (mainly Polish) being gathered in an unlikely location, and its railway tracks, identified it early on as a potential rocket launching site. It was to be one of Group Captain Cheshire's last raids, which successfully bombed the site and eliminated the threat.

Again, my Guardian Angels were on hand to help me out for the rest of the day. First my bell fell off my bike on descending a hill, which Davey doubled back from and then promptly did a temporary repair until the next break, when he fixed it permanently. I now couldn't get the bell off even if I wanted to, as it is almost welded to the handlebars! On the next occasion, as we were nearing the end of the ride, they shouted again, "Are you OK Ronnie, not far now and we'll get you a nice cup of tea at the next stop." Sure enough, as I cycled in, absolutely shattered, there they were with a cup of steaming hot tea in hand saying "have a gulp of this, it will make you feel better." What great guys to have around.

It was great to get to Calais, even though we had another four miles more than the others for our Holiday Inn Hotel. It was well worth the effort;

lovely rooms, nice hot bath, great staff service and I was even able to wash all the mud off my bike with a hot water hose.

Thankfully it was also the first time I ate a decent breakfast and I felt a million dollars again.

Saturday 1st June Calais/Dover ferry then to Chatham (Coming Home)

With all our bikes stacked at one end of the ship we came within sight of the White Cliffs of Dover.

There was an impromptu sing-along on the aft deck.

As we left the ferry, the Customs and Police formed a Guard of Honour and applauded us off the boat, giving many of us a 'high five' to send us on our way.

Battle of Britain Capel le Ferne Memorial



Our first stop at the top of the long hill out of Dover we commemorated those Battle of Britain pilots, many of whom would be limping home on literally a wing and a prayer. At the centre of the site there is a statue of a pilot wearing his flying jacket, sitting on his haunches looking skywards as though searching for his fellow pilots to return.

After the formal ceremonies, we heard the sound of a Merlin engine, and then appearing over the cliff came a Spitfire swooping over our heads and doing a victory roll.

Then it was on to Chatham for the night.



Dinner at Gillingham Football Club

We had a great dinner in the function room of Gillingham Football Club. The food was excellent, the band and singer terrific and the company wonderful. Everybody at this stage was letting their hair down dancing around the tables to the music. We even had the band play 'Take me Home Country Road to West Virginia' just the US State Julian had travelled from.

Sunday 2nd June Chatham to Blackheath (We've Made It at Last)

Not being sure how my stamina was to hold out, and that we had to arrive at Blackheath by 10.00am, I decided on Arthur's strong advice to skip breakfast and start before anyone else. The climb out of Chatham went well, but there were still more testing hills along the original Pilgrims Way which made progress difficult on the single track roads. You simply could not get rolling to a sustained speed. I also felt the fatigue setting in and was unable to maintain any momentum.

There was a little light relief along the way as I managed to join up with Lacey, a Sun Page 3 girl, who had stopped for some more photographs and texting messages on her I-Phone. I had great respect for her. She had stuck it out and clearly was trying to make the best of what she could do to establish herself apart from her modelling.

About 10 miles from Blackheath, Arthur caught up with me. I said that I must stop at the next available place for something to eat and a coffee as it was evident by then that we would arrive well in time. A few miles later we stopped at a petrol station which had a wonderful café inside and I tucked into a large bacon bap followed by a Costa Coffee (tax paid).

Arthur joined me and as we sat there, several riders had the same idea.

It must have been quite surreal for the manager to see so many cyclists turn up, many with arms and legs missing, unclipping themselves from their bikes. It reminded me of the scene from the film 'Reach for the Sky' when Kenneth Baker,

playing Sir Douglas Bader, walked into a local pub with his chums, all of whom had been injured in some form and he, himself, on his tin legs.

Finally Blackheath was reached, where officially our event was completed and we would be presented with our medals, and in our Team's case a red tee-shirt, to be worn on the Final Parade down the Mall to Horse Guards Parade. We were accompanied by 1200 other cyclists who had joined us from as close as Clapham to as far as Edinburgh. This was going to be quite a Cavalcade in to London.

Blackheath to Horse Guards Parade



Lined up in groups of the three colours red, white and blue plus the gold for the amputees, we gradually moved forward in convoy on our way to Whitehall. Just a mile into the ride, my gears were giving off the most awful grinding noise. I thought "Oh no, not now, with no back-up and just a few miles to the finish, don't let me down."

The problem at first wasn't obvious, but then I saw a metal protection plate had worked loose and was jamming the gear change. Whilst everybody passed by, I pulled the bike on to the pavement and yanked off the offending part and freed up the gears. It was then a matter of catching up with the rest and joining the tail end of the red tee-shirts. Phew, that was a close call!

It was then I became aware of the hundreds, then thousands, of people lining the streets all the way into London, clapping, cheering, waving flags and sounding their car horns. The whole nation, men women and children, all ages ethnicities and religions were cheering us in. At one point, as we crossed Tower Bridge, the noise was so deafening



that it seemed as if we were in the middle of a stadium for the European Football Cup Final. It was quite moving.

Into Whitehall, we completely filled the road from end to end. There were a handful of Turkish Demonstrators but they were completely swallowed up by our overwhelming numbers. The Two Minutes' Silence at the Cenotaph and Memorial to the Women of the Second World War was respected impeccably, After the Service, we continued down Birdcage Walk, around to Buckingham Palace and then down the Mall to finish at Horse Guards Parade.

My family were on the corner before turning into Horse Guards Parade and I was able to hear my name called out "It's Ronnie, he's here," waving the Union Flag at the same time. My sisters, Sheila and Debbie, were particularly thrilled as they were featured prominently on the ITV coverage during the news.

In Horse Guards Parade there was a 30 minute concert and announcements before we dispersed, in my case to ride to Wellington Barracks to collect my kit and get a taxi to Saint Pancras. Then I had a slight mishap when I fell over backwards wearing my cleats, my legs gave way, but fortunately I landed on everyone's soft luggage to give me a gentle landing and some amusement to my fellow participants.

My taxi driver kindly offered the fare as his contribution, which I thought was a magnificent gesture, and in line with all the other wonderful support I had received from people who did not even know me.

All my sponsors are going to receive a copy of my reflections, save for the taxi driver, whose email address I have mislaid amongst all my kit, blast!

I hope this in some ways captures a little of the experience, but donors can obtain some video clips of the event by Googling '**Help for Heroes BBR 2013**' where they will find coverage of each day's trials and tribulations.

The Ride has changed me. I am a little more humble than before, and very much more grateful for the life I now have.

On the return ferry to Saint Malo I was recognised by one of my French students. I thought to myself "I am now back home with my wife, Sue and wonderful friends in a very nice comfort zone, but thanks to Peter Swanson, I had an experience I will always treasure."

I witnessed the finest aspects of the Human Spirit at all levels. Could this song from Mariah Carey be true? :-

*There's a hero
If you look inside your heart
You don't have to be afraid
Of what you are.
There's an answer
If you reach inside your soul
And the sorrow that you know
Will melt away.
And then a hero comes along
With the strength to carry on,
And you cast your fears aside
And you know you can survive.
So when you feel like hope is gone
Look inside you and be strong,
And you'll finally see the truth
That a hero lies in you.*

Ode of Remembrance

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eyes, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted.
They fell with their faces to the foe.
They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.



The Smoking Club

Roger Brookes writes:

The Livery Company's Smoking Club is now three year's old. Its aim was to offer members and their guests an opportunity to meet in relaxed and informal settings where smoking was still the norm.

Smoking Club events have included the popular annual Spring Reception. There have been three of these now, all held at the top floor entertainment suite and terrace of **Globe House** by kind permission of British American Tobacco. Each year has been more successful than the last.

The Smoking Club is indebted to the significant support of both British American Tobacco and Hunters & Frankau who have generously sponsored the evenings. The Spring Reception of 2013 was notable for the unusually good weather which permitted the extended use of the terrace with its fabulous views of London's night time cityscape.

More recently, the Smoking Club has added a Quarterly Drinks events. These are very informal occasions set in interesting City venues that have included the **Coq d'Argent**, **Northbank** and the **Old Bengal Bar**. Each had something different to offer, and our parties have always been light hearted and fun.

The informality of the occasions is perfect for catching up with fellow members or to bring

friends as a gentle introduction to our Livery. The most special Quarterly Drinks event in 2013 was that held on the roof terrace of **St Lawrence Jewry** by kind permission of our Honorary Chaplain, the Reverend Canon David Parrott. With around forty members and guests attending, we enjoyed a fabulous, balmy summer's evening in an historic setting overlooking Guildhall and Guildhall Yard.

All members of the Livery Company are welcome to join the Smoking Club events and bring friends. The more the merrier.

Details of forthcoming events are posted on our website under the heading "**Smoke Signals**" and notices are issued by the Clerk.

We hope that you can join us in 2014.

Editorial

The editor has decided to lay down his pen. If the truth be known he has been forced to put an axe into his old computer and his new one runs a programme called Windows 8.1 which is so complicated and fragile that it takes up most of his time in trying to get it to obey instructions.

If you are reading this on the website then you may be the next editor, but the process of printing and posting out 400 copies has become expensive (over £5 a copy) and Newsletters are beginning to seem rather last century.

Furthermore there is an element of sameness that has crept in to our editions so that if communicating with the Livery is not going to be in print, blogs and so on are likely to be much more immediate and varied.

There are still a few of us without computers so "Farewell" and thank you for your patience. The Court will decide who my successor might be but I suspect it may be the end of an era.

Vale!



Master's reception in St Paul's Cathedral

28th May 2013

Continuing the theme of organs Master Michael Prideaux invited the Livery to a tour of the organs at St Paul's conducted by the Senior Organist Simon Johnson.

Over 50 members and their guests attended and we were treated to a lecture recital of superlative standard.



Here we see the party assembling and below is Simon Johnson playing one of no less than five organs that the cathedral possess.



Afterwards the Master treated us to a sumptuous buffet in the Paternoster Chop House.

Company Golf Day at Tandridge

27th June 2013

In another finely organised day at this excellent Surrey golf club near Oxted a collection of Past Masters (with one splendid exception) battled it out for the generously filled hampers provided by Gallaher's JTC.

The competitive spirit was uppermost and Ian Panto managed to collect two trophies.

The only downside was a lack of support from younger Liverymen. Come on! How can we hope to win the Prince Arthur Cup again?



Charles Rich Cup

1st Ian Panto - score 35

2nd Derek Harris - score 34

3rd Conrad Blakey - score 27

Nearest the Pin

Ian Panto

Longest Drive

The Hon Michael Richards

Best Guest

Mrs Lyn Talbot (guest of The Hon Michael Richards) - Score 31

Most improved golfer

Michael Walter

*This year's tournament is on
Monday 23rd June 2014*



The Annual Banquet at Girdlers' Hall

23rd October 2013



The Master with his full complement of Wardens.



Our principal guest Dame Elizabeth Neville DBE, QPM, DL on the arm of the Master as they line up for the entry procession. Also in the foreground are the Mistress and Senior Warden Mark Gower-Smith.

Other VIP guests included the Master of the Merchant Venturers of Bristol, the Master Cutler from Sheffield, the Master Poulter and the Master of the Scientific Instrument Makers all with their ladies and Clerks.



Donning the Smoking Cap while the Renter Warden Arthur Richards and the Beadle applaud.

We sat down over 100 strong in the exclusive Girdlers' Hall which is a rarely granted privilege. It was interesting to note that their crest refers to the gridirons on which their patron saint St Lawrence was reputedly roasted.

A delicious four course, four wine meal was served. Snuff was taken after the Toasts and the Master had donned the Smoking Cap. Assistant Ralph Edmondson then proposed the health of our guests.

Dame Elizabeth Neville, former Chief Constable of Wiltshire, and herself a Liveryman of the Basket Makers, spoke amongst other things of the growth in tobacco smuggling which now accounts for the loss of £2 billion revenue each year.

The evening was rounded off with a recital by our scholars from the Guildhall School of Music.

Pictures by kind permission of Gerald Sharpe photography



Diary of Forthcoming Events

Wednesday 19th March 2014

Election Court & Ladies lunch
in Drapers' Hall
(Court only).

Tuesday 1st April 2014

London Regiment Shoot & Social evening at
Battersea 6.30pm.

Friday 4th April 2014

United Guilds Service at St Paul's
Cathedral. 11am
(Liverymen only. Apply to Clerk for ticket.)
Followed by lunch at Plaisterers' Hall.

Wednesday 14th May 2014

Diamond Jubilee Master's reception at Globe
House Temple Place. 6.30-9pm.

Thursday 5th June 2014

Installation Court & dinner at Cutlers' Hall.

Wednesday 18th June 2014

Tobacco Trade lunch at Lords in aid of the
Livery Welfare Fund (formerly TTBA).
Apply to AITS. St John's Close, Knowle,
Solihull B93 0NH

Monday 23rd June 2014

Livery Golf Day at Tandridge.

Tuesday 24th June 2014

Common Hall Election of Sheriffs 11am
(Liverymen only. Apply to Clerk for ticket.)

Tuesday 16th September 2014

Autumn Court & Dinner (Court only) HQS
Wellington

Monday 29th September 2014

Common Hall Election of Lord Mayor
(Liverymen only. Apply to Clerk for ticket.)

Thursday 23rd October 2014

Ladies Banquet at Skinners' Hall.

Saturday 8th November 2014

The Lord Mayor's Show.

Monday 8th December 2014

Carol Service at St Lawrence Jewry. 6.30pm

Monday 12th January 2015

Court Meeting & Livery Dinner at Trinity
House.

Contacts

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Available from the Clerk

Cufflinks: £15 Livery tie: £20