

J*S

JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1957

J. S. Journal

HOUSE MAGAZINE OF J. SAINSBURY LTD.

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Contents

Romford	1
Condensing Milk	8
Coming Down The Mountain	13
Tip Top Show	14
J.S. People	17
Meet Your Contact Clerks	18
J.S. Veterans at Clacton	20
Common Market?	21
Wonderful With Children	28
Mills With Messages	35
Crossword	38
Agar-Agar	40
J.S. Staff News	41

OUR COVER PICTURE

Romford Market is full of marvels especially if you are only five and a half.

J.S. JOURNAL wants articles, stories or features of any length by members of J.S. Staff. There are no limitations on subject matter though we prefer material based on personal experience and connected, however remotely, with the firm or with one of the many aspects of food. If you can write a good letter you can write for the JOURNAL. Contributions from J.S. Staff which are published will be paid for at the rate of £2.2.0 for 750 words. For photographs by J.S. Staff the JOURNAL pays 10s. 6d. for each print published.

All communications should be sent to

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London, S.E.1.

Round the Branches. This feature is about the longest shop in the firm. **Mr. F. J. Finch**, manager of Romford, writes about the branch and the history of the town. Our picture shows the shop front in South Street . . .



..... Romford

ALMOST an island in the Green Belt, Romford is twelve miles east of London on the main road to Southend and is separated from the sprawl of the metropolis by a strip of farmed Crown land which gives the impression of being "out in the country". A busy market draws crowds from an almost unbelievable distance on Wednesday and Saturday. The main shopping centre is in South Street which was referred to in a recent High Court case as "millionaires' row." The J.S. premises are about half-way along this thoroughfare in company with the General



Some idea of the long perspective of the shop can be got from the two pictures on these pages. The one above shows the dairy department. They tell us that this was a quiet time of day in the shop. Our staff in the foreground are Mrs. Mathias, Mr. Hambling and Miss Brown.

Post Office, the Police Station, three cinemas, the railway station and a miscellany of ladies' gown and gents' outfitter's shops. J.S. first came to Romford in 1902. They first opened at premises about 200 yards north of the present shop to which the business was transferred in 1925. The branch was further enlarged in 1927 and considerable modernisation has taken place in the past two years.

Official documents first mention Romford as a separate place in 1166. The name probably derives from a Saxon word meaning "roomy", hence roomy or broad ford over the local river, which was much wider than the present trickle. Another more picturesque, but less likely explanation is that it was originally Rumford, and it is only fair to add that the older inhabitants do in fact



Our picture above shows almost the full length of the shop counter, from the fresh meat department to the window display. Romford has always had a very active fresh meat trade. The butchers in the foreground are Messrs. Hopkins, Le Breton and Stirling.

use this pronunciation even in these modern times. A charter, allowing the town to hold a market, was granted in 1247 and the significance of this in determining the character of modern Romford cannot be over-emphasised. The cobbled square in the centre of the community has been the meeting place of the crowds from a wide area right down the ages, and still brings good business into the town. "The Church in the Market Place" was built on the present site in 1406 after permission had been granted by Henry IV and the original building stood for 440 years until 1849 when the present church was built.

The development of Romford between 1850 until after the First World War was slow, but about 1920, with the advent of fast, cheap motor-coach services to London, new estates



Romford, 1933

An old picture of the branch as it was, from 1927 till after the war. The office at the rear has recently been replaced with a modern one.

were built around the town, notably at Collier Row and Gidea Park, and the whole area became a dormitory for London. Just how rapidly the town expanded can be seen from population figures which show an increase from 19,000 in 1921 to 60,000 in 1937 when the town was created a Municipal Borough. Many light-industrial factories are centred in and around the borough including, right in the centre of the town, over the fence but just out of reach at the rear of the J.S. shop, the massive brewery of Ind Coope and Allsop, Ltd.

After the war the town continued to expand at an amazing rate with the building of the L.C.C. satellite town at Harold Hill and further development at Collier Row and Havering. The present population is in the region of 110,000, greater than a city the size of York. The famous market now covers over 12,500 square yards and accommodates three hundred traders every Wednesday and Saturday. In the past two years Romford has acquired two J.S. self-service shops, at Collier Row and Harold Hill, which have proved to be very popular with the shopping public. It seems very appropriate that three J.S. establishments should flourish in a town whose motto, embodied in its coat-of-arms, is "Serve with Gladness".

J.S. Staff at Romford



Above, Manager Mr. F. J. Finch.
Left, Assistant Manager A. J. Mott
checks bacon deliveries by



Driver Williams (centre). Porter E. Ward on left.
At the poultry block (below) l. to r. Mr. C.
Doughty, Mr. Duffy and Mr. Mond. Mr. Doughty
has 42 years' service with J.S.

Above, Assistant Manager Mr. T. W. Pygott on
relief from Bishop's Stortford, gets a helping
hand from Mrs. D. Veares.



First Clerk, Mrs. D. Salvin.



Mr. D. Flaxman, Romford's head butcher.



Round Romford Market



Romford's busy market goes in for some very keen selling. If it's a dull day there's umbrellas to shelter under. If it's fine you can buy a necklace—"what's that, lady? Real pearls? Well you judge for yourself. At half a dollar it's worth the risk."



Pigs

Outside the "Pig in Pound" the Romford pig auction gets under way. Whether people are in the bacon business or not a pig auction will always fascinate them.



The market provides for all.

Decorative and useful articles are being

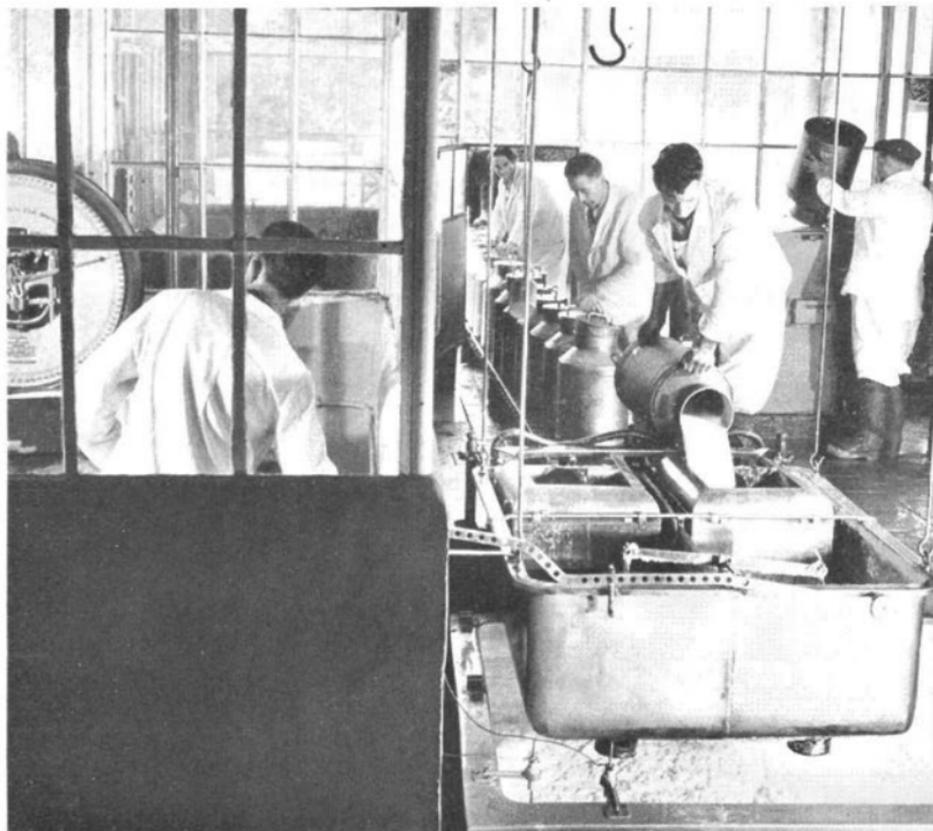
sold or sought throughout the day.



Condensing Milk

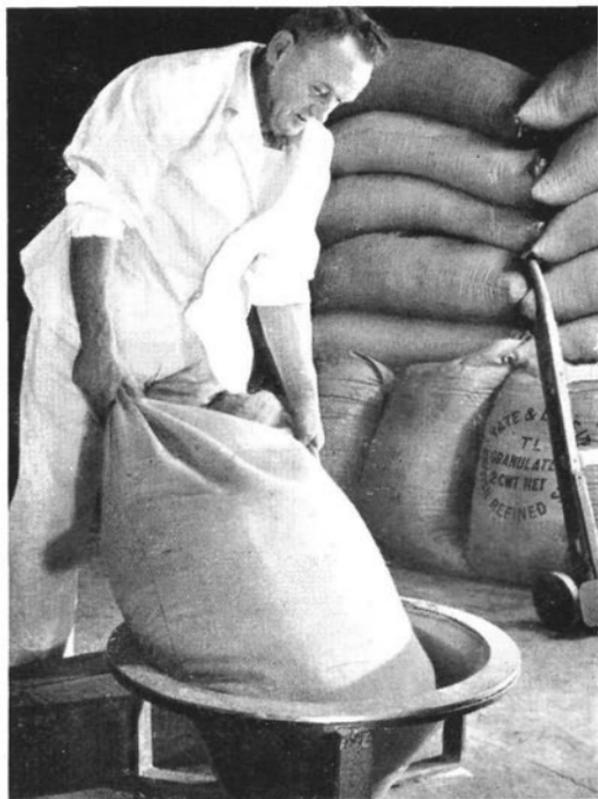
Making condensed milk is basically a very simple process. The milk is evaporated in a vacuum so that it gives off its water content at a comparatively low temperature. The process, however, requires exacting quality control from the dairy to the canning machine. The milk in the picture below is being delivered to one of the many condenseries which are sited in dairy country. As many as a thousand farms may contribute milk to one condensery. They are inspected regularly to make sure that high standards of hygiene are maintained.





Weighing in

When the milk is delivered it is examined and tested for cleanliness and quality. Milk that passes the first test is then poured through a filter (see the picture above) into a container which records the weight on the machine in the glassed-in room on the left. The empty churns are immediately washed and sterilised by the machine on the right. From each tank of milk a sample goes to the laboratory for analysis. Butterfat content is measured. To even up seasonal variations extra cream will be added if necessary to maintain a uniform level of butterfat in the final product.

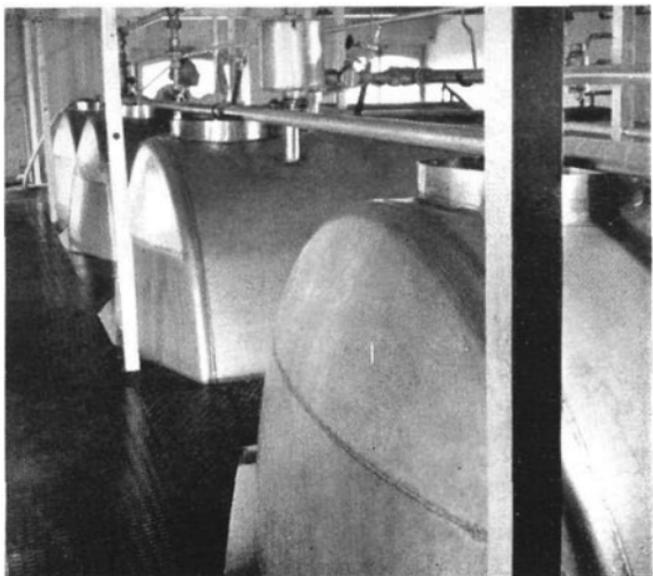


Sugar

In making sweetened condensed milk, sugar is added. The milk is preserved by both pasteurisation and the addition of sugar. The sugar going into the hopper in our picture will be dissolved in water heated in a steam-jacketed vat. After that it is filtered through a very fine mesh gauze and is ready to mix with the milk.

Milk

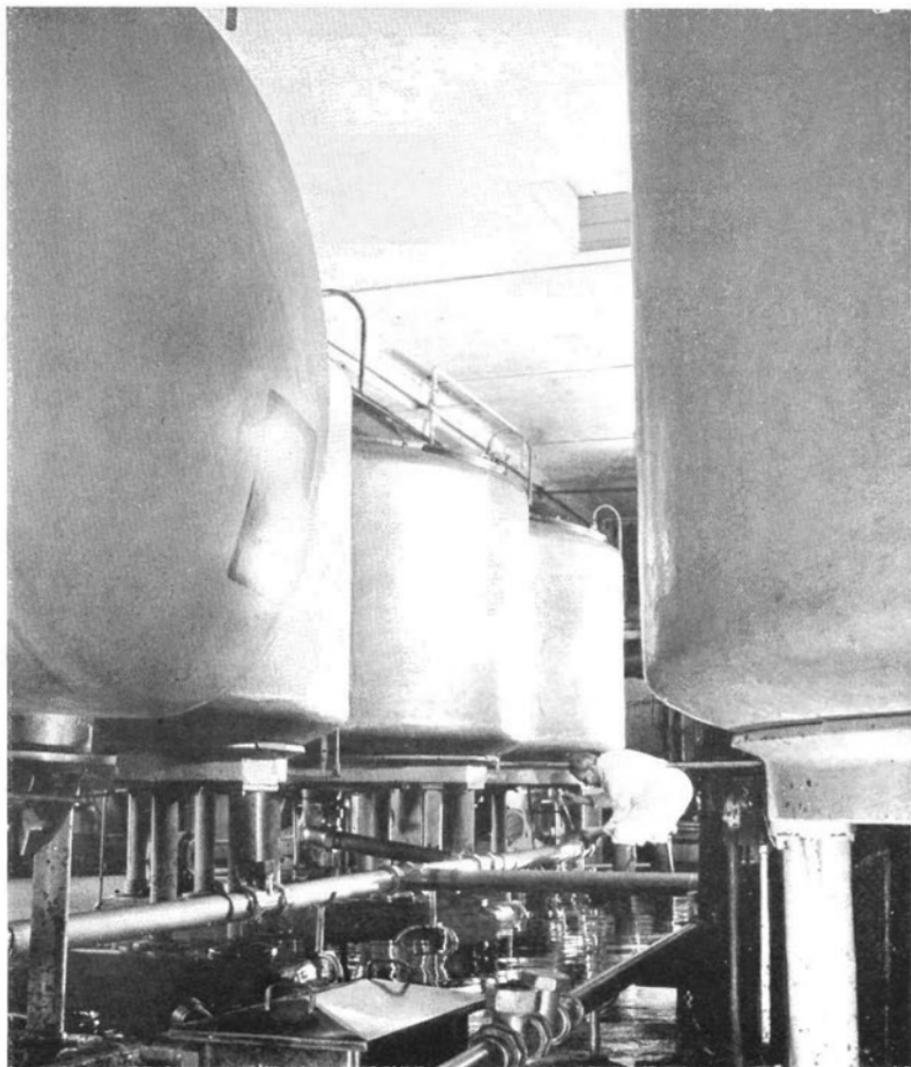
The milk is held in these tanks. It passes from here through the pasteuriser where it is heated just enough to sterilise it. It is then ready to mix with the syrup.



Condensation



In the vacuum pans above the condensation process is carried out. A high degree of vacuum is maintained in the vats. Both milk and sugar-syrup are drawn in measured quantities into the pan and are heated to about 130° F. At this relatively low temperature the milk "boils" and gives off its water. The large pipes at the top of the pans connect with condensers to which the water vapour is drawn off. The whole process is conducted under strict controls and when complete the vacuum is broken by letting air pass into the pans through sterilising cotton wool filters. Evaporated milks such as "Ideal" are produced in a similar way but without the addition of sugar.



Storage Tanks

From the vacuum pans the milk passes through coolers to these storage tanks. From here it is pumped into the canning rooms where machines fill, seal, label and code stamp every tin. A typical condensery will process twenty to thirty thousand gallons of fresh milk daily and turn out about twenty-five million tins of milk every year.



Coming down the mountain

In the Austrian and Swiss mountains cattle are shepherded up to high pastures to graze during the summer months. For Frau Schmidt who lives in the valley, this used to mean considerably less milk, for up went the cost of transporting it from mountain to kitchen.

A solution has now been found which is cheaper and simpler than the costly alternative of improving mountain roads and suspension railways. This is the plastic pipeline.

Great care has to be exercised when choosing the route which the pipeline is to take on its journey from mountain to valley. For instance, danger from avalanches and landslides must be avoided. And there must, of course, be a decline all along the route.



The pipeline, half an inch in diameter, and in lengths of about 220 yards, is easy to transport. Being provided at each end with joints that can be welded in a few minutes, the lengths are easily and quickly put together. To make the pipeline firm, a cable is attached from end to end.

In a hut on the mountainside the milk is poured into a 20-gallon aluminium basin connected to the pipeline. Three thousand feet below, in the dairy, is an 88-gallon tank, into which the milk flows in about 20 minutes.

After use, the pipeline is washed with warm water containing a cleansing fluid, and then flushed with pure mountain water.

JOHN ENFIELD



The S.S.A. Horticultural Group held their annual show at Dulwich on September 7th and 8th.

Tip Top Show



Mr. E. C. Harriss of the Factory won both the new "J. B. Sainsbury" Cup and the "Lee" Cup. He is seen here with his family in support.

THE Horticultural Group staged an extremely successful show on September 7th and 8th. The entries were greater than usual, a total of 324 items. It was noticeable that the quality had also improved and a really high standard was reached. A situation which gave the judges a difficult time finding winners.

Among notable exhibits were dahlias shown by Mr. H. Brown of "O" Section which, in the opinion of the judges, would have been prizewinners at the National Dahlia Society's Show. Mr. Brown had never exhibited until the Fete on August Bank Holiday, so what about following his example next year?

Our thanks are due to Mr. Stuart Ogg, one of the leading growers of dahlias in this country, who so kindly presented us with many bunches of dahlias for exhibition.

The "J. B. Sainsbury" Cup for the highest points scored in all classes went to Mr. E. C. Harriss of the Factory, who also won the "Lee" Cup for the highest points in the Flower Classes. Mr. G. Hewins, Manager of 159 Queen's Crescent, won the "Guildford" Cup for the highest points in the vegetable classes.

Happy man at Dulwich was
Mr. G. Hewins
of 159 Queen's Crescent, who
won the "Guildford" Cup for the
first time after coming a close
second for several years running.



Lynne Kettley looks amazed. That's the longest bean in the
show and Mr. Bastie grew it—all twenty-three inches.

The vegetable show was very handsome this year.





Dahlias of Distinction

Mr. Brown's Golden Heart dahlias were picked out for exceptional praise by the judges. Mr. Bastie, the group's tireless secretary, is seen here admiring them.

Chairman

Mr. Thain, who has just recovered from a spell of illness, was at Dulwich for the show. He is Chairman of the Group. With him are the two cupwinners.

First Time Winner

Mr. and Mrs. A. Elsworth, of Head Office. First prize for pom-pon dahlias went to Mr. Elsworth, who showed for the first time this year.



Mr. Harriss can sell bulbs as well as win cups. The Group does a flourishing trade in them every year.



J. S. People

A new series to introduce personalities associated with the firm of Sainsbury

No. 1

John Dowling, Carman

JOHN DOWLING, former J.S. carman who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on September 25th, is one of the old school. A little man, scarcely more than five feet tall handling a large pair-horsed van year in, year out, perched on a high dickey-seat in fair weather and foul, he was a fine horseman with enormous pride in his team, his personal appearance and his job

John came to J.S. in October, 1914, when a carman's day started at 6 a.m. in the stables by watering and cleaning his charges and their harness before starting a long day's work which might take him as far as Croydon or Sutton or Romford.

When the sad day arrived and the firm found it necessary to give up the horses, John took on a job for us at the Griffin Athletic Club at Dulwich keeping the pavilion ship-shape and working on the grounds. When the last war started John fitted in very nicely at Stamford House as a relief timekeeper. His little home in Lambeth was wrecked by a bomb but he started off again cheerfully on his own in another house. He is a keen devotee of the old time Music Hall and was a regular visitor to the old "South London."

John has recently been in hospital and has made a good recovery after an operation. Congratulations to him on reaching his ninetieth birthday and the best of health for the years that lie ahead.

W. C. GURR.



John Dowling. Happy Birthday

Meet Your Contact Clerks

A *J.S. Journal* Feature to help you know to whom you are talking when you make a call to the Sales Office



Miss E. Moody (on the right) is contact clerk for District 7. She joined J.S. in 1943 and came into the Sales Office in that year. She has spent about ten years as contact clerk. She told us that she was always astonished when she met, face to face, people from the branches whom she knew by telephone only. Outside working hours her great enthusiasm is for food both as cook and consumer. She loves trying out new dishes, new products and new ways of cooking familiar dishes. On the left is Mrs. Kathleen Day who has just become contact clerk for District 8. She was formerly a Staff Nurse at St. Helier Hospital,

but gave up nursing when she got married. Her hobbies are hiking and interior decorating in the contemporary manner. Mr. B. T. Scrase (centre) is a J.S. Trainee who joined us in 1952 and has been in the Sales Office for about eight months. His hobby is photography.

These are the branches in District 7.

Colindale	Harpenden
Burnt Oak	Coventry
Edgware	Derby
21 Watford	Kettering
222 Watford	Leicester
Bedford	Northampton
Berkhamsted	Nottingham
Luton	



Contact clerk for District 12 is Mrs. Audrey Smith on the right above. She joined J.S. about four years ago and has been a contact clerk since 1955. She spends her spare time swimming and motor cycling with her husband. Mrs. Eileen Ashby on the left is an assistant clerk who has been with the firm about a year. She likes needlework, home life, embroidery and watching Brentford play football, but since she has recently moved is thinking of giving her support to Charlton. John Lewis in the centre joined J.S. two years ago when he came up to Town from

19

Llanelly and now is settled in the Sales Office. He is a keen Arsenal supporter and plays cricket for Griffin teams.

District 12 includes the following branches :

Stockwell	Twickenham
87/89 Balham	Chapter Street
147 Balham	Wimbledon
Battersea	Victoria
Feltham	Chelsea
Earls Court	Fulham
Lambeth	West Kensington
Putney	Gloucester Rd.
East Sheen	Kensington High St.
Teddington	13/15 Stamford St.

J. S. Veterans

took a trip to Clacton
on September 10th and



Nurse Scott found Mr. Wright
in pretty good shape.



spent a day on the
bracing East Coast for
a change.



Mr. and Mrs. Cole (above right)
Mr. and Mrs. Gibling (above) and
(right) Mr. Holden gets into
the Weights and Measures Act.



Six European countries, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Luxembourg and the Netherlands—163 million people in all—are in the European Economic Community. They have worked out plans to set up a common market. They claim that with a single unified market Europe's production and standard of living could approach that of the U.S.A. and make the frustrations of frontiers a thing of the past.

How does Britain stand in relation to the

Common Market ?

B. T. Ramm, J.S. Statistician, writes about this question which concerns us all deeply.

A TEXTBOOK on economics usually devotes a few pages to proving mathematically the advantages of free trade, meaning by this a completely free movement of goods, money and workers. The proof is entirely theoretical ; it ignores the fact that it is no good telling a Lancashire mill-worker that the world would be a richer place if she were to throw up her job and move down to a factory in the south, or telling a market-gardener that he should not grow tomatoes because at certain times of the year the Dutch can do it more cheaply. Nevertheless there is a lot of truth in the arguments and there is no doubt that the larger the economic unit the greater its chance of prosperity. This is truer today than ever before, now that modern methods of communication have cut down the difficulties of distance and modern mass-production methods mean that the larger the market the cheaper the costs of production. Unfortunately the end of the last war found European frontiers more numerous and more impenetrable than ever before in modern times.

As a contrast to the fragmentation of Europe there was the strength of the two economic giants America and Russia. It seemed clear that their rapid material progress was not unconnected with their size and Europeans began to realise that if they could work together, their population and resources were

not far short of those of the U.S.A. All that was wanted was someone to cut the Gordian knot of controls and restrictions.

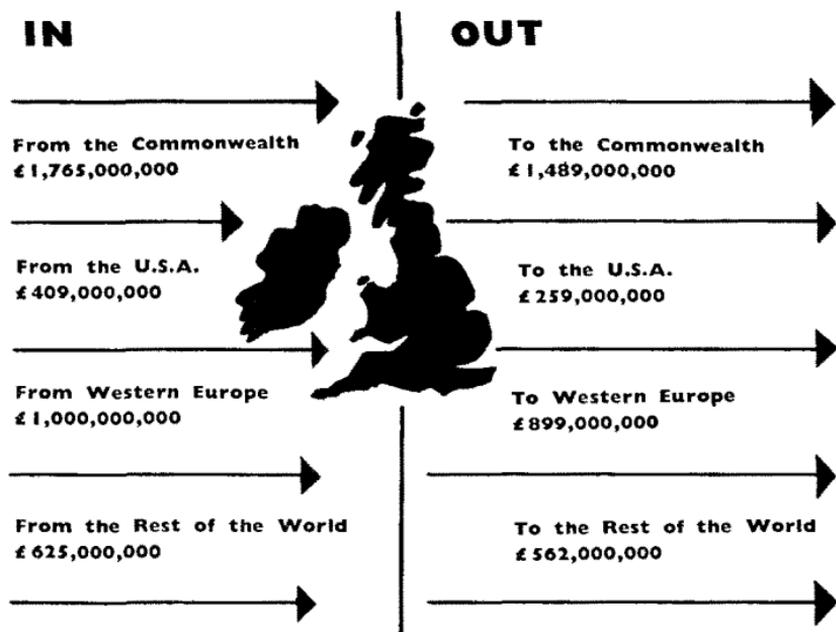
The reaction back from nationalism to co-operation began in 1948 when the Netherlands joined with Belgium and Luxembourg to form a customs union known as Benelux. Then in 1952 these three countries were joined by France, Italy and Western Germany to form the European Coal and Steel Community. Within this community all trade restrictions on coal, iron ore and steel were removed, thus uniting once again the blast furnaces with their supplies of raw materials and their market for steel. This experiment was so successful that in 1955 the governments of the six countries concerned met at Messina to set up a committee to study the possibility of a full customs union and in 1956 the six accepted the committee's favourable report and began to draft a treaty. Finally in March this year a treaty was signed which set up the European Economic Community and Common Market.

What the Treaty Proposes

This treaty will come into force when it has been ratified by each of the parliaments of the six countries concerned and then will gradually begin to take effect over the next twelve years. During these twelve years all tariff barriers and import restrictions, such as licences and quotas, will be abolished between the six and a common tariff wall will be established between the community and the rest of the world. For the most part this common tariff will be at the average level of the six countries' existing tariffs, but raw materials will be admitted virtually tariff-free. The agriculture market will not, however, be free and there will be joint-marketing organisations and arrangements for price fixing, together with tariffs and restrictions on imports into the Union. The overseas territories of the members of the community will be associated with the Union but on a rather different footing from the six. Their products would be allowed into the community tariff-free but they will be permitted to keep their own tariffs against other countries.

The treaty proposes to do more than simply abolish restrictions on trade and is, as the name implies, an economic union. It includes plans for pooling resources to help under-developed areas and to maintain full employment and provides for equal

Britain's Trade in 1956 (excluding trade with Eire)



pay for women; another example is Euratom under which name the six are co-operating in the production of atomic power.

Commonwealth Preferences

Where do we stand in relation to this economic union? Although traditionally we look away from the Continent for most of our imports and exports we clearly cannot afford to ignore developments there. In 1956 28 per cent. of our exports went to Western Europe and of this total 13½ per cent. went to the six countries making the European Economic Community. Furthermore, European countries, particularly Western Germany, are becoming increasingly strong competitors in our overseas markets. Unfortunately there are formidable obstacles to our joining the community. The chief of these is the system of Commonwealth preferences that was built up during the 1930s. Under this system Commonwealth agricultural products are

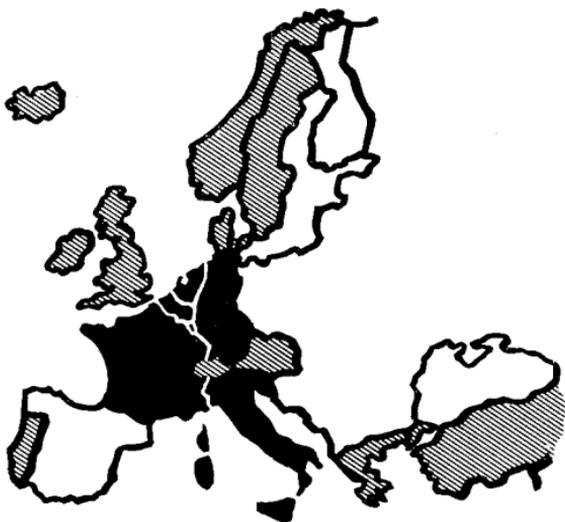
Europe compared to America and Russia

Western Europe

O.E.E.C. countries are shown shaded and those in the E.E.C. are solid black.

Population
284,000,000

Annual production of
Coal 512 m. tons
Oil 9 m. tons
Steel 77 m. tons
Vehicles 3,145 thousands



Western Europe's resources are divided amongst about twenty different states separated from each other by language difficulties, tariffs, currency and immigration controls. Each state deploys its resources with a shortsighted view of its own advantages and frontiers are barriers to the movement of people, goods and money.

U.S.S.R.

Population
200,000,000

Annual production of
Coal 314 m. tons
Oil 71 m. tons
Steel 45 m. tons
Vehicles 437 thousands



Here the population and production are moved or interchanged at the will of the Government to further the interests of the State (provided the planners make no mistakes).

a

U.S.A.

Population 250,000,000
Annual production of
Coal 447 m. tons
Oil 336 m. tons
Steel 106 m. tons
Vehicles 9,200 thousands



There are no artificial barriers to the movement of any of this population or production within the area. People will move to wherever wages are highest and produce those goods for which there is the most demand where they can be produced most efficiently.



admitted tariff-free whilst in return the Commonwealth countries charge lower duties on British goods than on those from other sources. If we joined the European Community we would have to admit not only agricultural imports from the six European countries concerned under the same terms as those from the Commonwealth, but also imports from their overseas territories. If this were to happen it is quite clear that the Commonwealth countries, who are already showing signs of dissatisfaction with the present arrangements, would cease to give preferential treatment to imports from Britain. Although our industries are not afraid of direct competition from the Continent they could not afford to suffer any reduction in the Commonwealth market.

The second great stumbling-block to our free entry into the Union is our system of agriculture supports. At the present time a system of guaranteed prices for agricultural products is being operated, so that whatever happens to the market the farmer gets a reasonable return for his work. At the same time there are no prohibitive restrictions on imports ; thus food prices are kept down and in the main the consumer still gets the benefit of the agricultural subsidies. On the Continent a similar system of guaranteed prices is in operation in many countries but imports are regulated by means of quotas so that market prices are kept near the support price and the consumer pays the bill, not the tax-payer. The position is rather different for the British market-gardener ; he is protected not by support prices but by a system of graduated import tariffs that offset the advantage the Continental grower has from the earlier ripening of his products. Clearly, therefore, our whole system of support for agriculture is incompatible in its present form with membership of the European Union.

Britain's Alternative Proposal

How then can these difficulties be resolved ? Both of them have common ground in that they are concerned with agricultural products. Our Government has, therefore, suggested that we join not the Economic Union but an industrial free trade area. This would be a looser association than the Union, the main difference being that whilst tariffs will be removed between them, members of the free trade area could still keep their

individual tariff structures and policy in relation to the outside world. Furthermore, it has been proposed that the free trade area should completely exclude foodstuffs. This would solve the difficulties with regard to Commonwealth preferences, since apart from foodstuffs most of our imports from the Commonwealth are of raw materials which are admitted duty free in any case. There would only remain about 10 per cent. of our imports from the Commonwealth to be affected by the change. The British Government has declared in favour of such a free trade area and negotiating machinery has been set in motion to establish it. Earlier it did not seem that any objection to such an association would come from the members of E.E.C., but it has now become clear that the scheme has encountered opposition from certain European countries and it does not appear likely that Britain's representative, Mr. Maudling, will have things all his own way in the negotiations this autumn.



This is Guildford. A picture which last month's article discovered for us. Its atmosphere of palmy Edwardian peace seemed too good to miss.

Wonderful with Children

W. J. Bridgeman

sees Sussex from donkey-back



I SAW Jenny first in Lewes market, beside the auctioneer's rostrum, and a more dejected, dispirited-looking donkey I have never seen.

"Only two-pun-ten for this quiet, well-behaved donkey?" the auctioneer was saying, adding hopefully, "Willing as a horse".

"Wonderful with children." The auctioneer tried again.

A big red-faced man prodded the poor animal with a stick.

"Three quid," he said. Horse-butcher was written all over him.

I hated that man and his calling, but I must confess that a selfish thought prompted my action—my holidays were due in a week and I could see a delightful way of exploring the lovely Sussex downs.

“Four pounds,” I bawled.

The auctioneer’s hammer clattered to the ground ; I retrieved it before he recovered his speech, and before I had time to think what sort of an ass I was, I was leading Jenny, now looking a bit more cheerful, to the railway station en route for Hastings.

A farmer friend gave Jenny lodging for the week, and I nosed around the Old Town buying saddle, pannier bags to hold a tent and sleeping-bag, and two huge rush bags for my spare clothing and the cooking utensils.

Sunday morning saw me coaxing Jenny out of the barn.

Mounting, with some misgivings, I gave her a gentle but insistent dig with my heel ; this had no effect, so I tried vocal persuasion, first ordinary language, then plain language and finally—just language.

Overlooking the farm was a children’s home, and in my vexation at Jenny’s obstinacy I failed to notice the crowd of children, grinning at my discomfiture, until shrieks of mirth made me look up. I dismounted. As soon as I was out of the saddle she broke into a trot and I had to run to catch up with her.

We made good time to the gas-works on the Bexhill road, but Jenny’s behaviour from that point was disgraceful; slouching along with her nose almost on the road, so that I had great difficulty in keeping in the saddle.

It would have entailed making a wide detour to miss Bexhill altogether, so I pulled my panama hat well over my eyes and rode straight on. The people of Bexhill are too well-mannered to call after one ; they just stand and stare.

By the time we reached the straight road across the Pevensy marsh, I was fed up with lorry drivers slowing down and asking



if I wanted a lift, so I left the main road and took one of the old lanes that curl over the sheep-grazing ground, reining to a halt beside a bridge.

Relieving Jenny of the rush bags so that she could graze more comfortably, I sat beside the stream to eat some sandwiches. The traffic on the main road was just a murmur, high above me, a lark trilled joyfully, and fishes plopped in the stream ; this, I thought, was going to be the holiday of holidays after all.

The warm sun made me sleepy, and leaning back on the rush bags, I dozed for what seemed like ten minutes. I went to sleep with the panama over my face, but it was the hot sun that woke me up, burning my skin. Sitting up, all I could see of my hat was a few strands of white straw. Jenny was nowhere in sight !

I leapt to my feet ; scanned the marshes ; there she was, a mile away, almost in Pevensey Bay. Heaving the rush bags over my shoulder, I set off in pursuit, but she had a long start, and the bags were heavier than I had thought, so I dumped them by a clump of willows. In my haste, I tripped over a concealed wire and fell headlong into soft, black earth, and by the time I caught up with the truant I was in a mood ripe for murder.

She was on the beach beyond the chalets, surrounded by laughing, excited children and seemed to be enjoying herself. Holding either side of the bridle were a boy and a girl, about twelve years old, both red-headed and both as saucy as could be.

“ Is it your donkey, mister ? ” the girl asked.

“ It certainly is, ” I snapped, choking back the adjectives.

“ We haven't got a donkey, ” her brother said. They were so obviously twins.

“ Then you should take your holidays at Brighton, ” I said. “ There's plenty of donkeys there. ”

“ Give us a ride, mister, ” the children all yelled.

“ No time, ” I snapped. “ Come on, Jenny. ”

Jenny declined to come on, and the harder I tugged at reins, the firmer she dug in her hooves. The boys were grinning and



the girls giggling ; now, I thought, is the time to take a firm grip. I gave Jenny a sharp but futile slap.

"I can make her go, mister," the red-headed boy volunteered. I swallowed my pride and passed him the reins ; he leapt into the saddle like a circus rider and his sister followed him. Jenny set off at a brisk three miles an hour, the laughing, envious children following. I had to laugh with them.

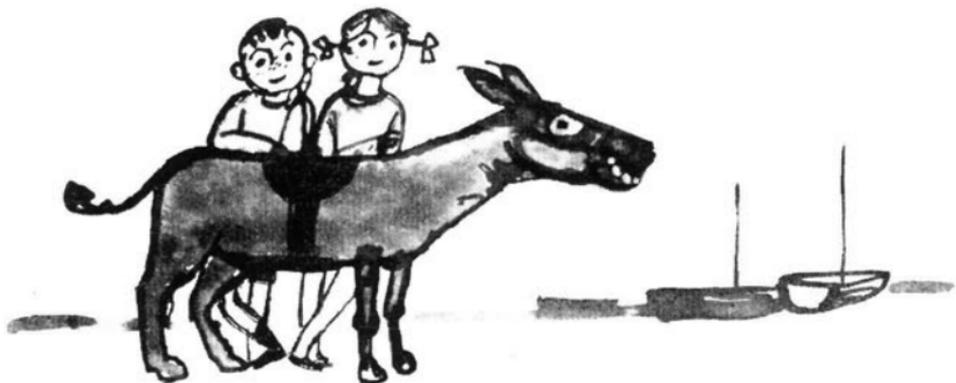
Above the din, I managed to explain Jenny's desertion and to tell them I had left half my gear somewhere on the marshes ; immediately a dozen boys ran off, returned within a short time with the rush bags, and once more I was ready to go.

While they were gone, I had learnt that the twins were called Bobby and Jo, and that they came each year to Pevensey, but they did wish there were donkey rides on the beach.

Feeling rather ashamed of my earlier bad temper, I allowed the twins to lead Jenny part of the way to Pevensey village, and after I had promised to see them on my way back, we parted.

Pevensey ! Jenny and I had turned into the main street before I realised that the whole local population, plus a few score visitors, were crowded on either side of the road. For a moment, I wondered whether news of my unusual holiday had travelled ahead of me, but the cat-calls that greeted me soon dispelled any such ideas.

Reaching up instinctively to pull my panama down over my burning face, I remembered what had become of it, and gave Jenny a hearty kick in the tummy. Already alarmed by the noisy crowd, she suddenly remembered we were making for the open downs, and, lowering her head, broke into a gallop. The



rush bags containing the pots and pans bounced up and down, making an awful racket. The crowd roared, frightening poor Jenny still more, and I was clinging on for dear life as we careered toward the bend in the road by the old castle.

A burly police sergeant, arms spread wide, barred our path, but Jenny wasn't standing on ceremony and her head caught him just below his medals. Down went the sergeant, roaring like a bull. The din was terrific, but we did not stop for apologies. A cavalcade of cars swept round the bend ahead of us, and I just glimpsed the startled face of the chauffeur in the leading car as we hit the Lewes road at full speed.

It is a long, stiff climb to the top of Wilmington Down, and pushing an unwilling donkey made it more exhausting than usual, but at the top, with the Channel away to the left, half of Sussex spread out on my right, and the rolling downs ahead, golden in setting sun, I felt that the perfect holiday had really begun.

Unsaddling Jenny, I soon had the kettle singing on the Primus, and as I sat on the thick carpet of short downland grass, the lights of Eastbourne, Bexhill and Hastings flickered on, picking out the coastline in a ribbon of light. Below me, lighted cars crept along the Lewes road. Far away I heard girls' voices, then a whistle, and sleepily recalled seeing a cluster of tents at the foot of the downs, but, comfortably tired, I was soon asleep.

I awoke in the dawn mist. Scattered around were wisps of rushes that, last night, had been the two bags.

At about six o'clock I set off to look for Jenny, following her faint tracks in the short grass. Remembering the voices of the previous evening, I guessed that somewhere amongst those tents I should find Jenny.

I was right. Approaching the camp silently, I tried to take Jenny from the rear, but she sensed my approach and gave a hostile snort. Not liking my authority flouted in such a manner,



I gave her quarters a sharp slap, and in the still morning air, it sounded like a gunshot. A tent flap opened, a woman's head emerged, and was promptly withdrawn. A whistle blew and tiers of heads, girls' heads, filled the tent flaps ; then a severe woman in a plain blue dressing-gown appeared.

"Explain yourself, young man," the lady said.

"My donkey strayed during the night, and I am trying to get her back to my camp. It's as simple as that, madam," I said.

"If you will ill-treat the poor animal, I don't wonder she strays," the lady said, icily.

I could feel the blood tingling in my ears, and hot words were on my lips, but, just in time, I looked at those laughing faces in the tent flaps and stifled the curses. One of the girls had an impish face—and red hair. Inspiration came.

"Can I borrow one of your girls ?" I asked.

"Borrow one of my girls !" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied, "The red-headed one."

"Get dressed, girls," she snapped. "Valerie, report to me in five minutes."

In five minutes she reappeared, followed by the red-headed imp whom I helped on to Jenny's back and, encouraged by whoops from the girls, Jenny got under way once again.

Later on, I sat for a time watching the traffic along the Lewes road. My gaze wandered to the farm beside Wilmington Priory where a truck was moving about the yard. It was market day at Lewes. I looked at Jenny and wondered if she would fit in with the load.

That donkey must have been clairvoyant ! She left off munching grass and nuzzled the back of my neck, but I wasn't going to be put off by sob-stuff ; if we continued our journey she was certain to land me in trouble. Lewes market it had to be.

At the farm gates I pulled up suddenly, remembering my promise to the kids at Pevensey Bay. Giving the reins a vigorous shake, I headed for the Lewes road, but turned Jenny to the right, back to Pevensey.

We reached Pevensey Bay in the early afternoon, and soon I was explaining to a group of laughing children, why I had come back so soon.

"Take her away," I said, as soon as I had finished my story. "She's all yours until tea-time."

With yells of delight they led Jenny away, arguing as to who was going to have the first ride. I didn't care much if they never brought her back, all I wanted was a quiet hour to think out how I was going to spend the next ten days. I fell asleep, still thinking, resting against an upturned boat.

When I awoke, Jo and Bobby were sitting nearby.

"We've had a committee meeting," they burst out. "And we've decided your holiday needn't be spoilt because of Jenny."

"There's an empty chalet next to ours——"

"And the agent says you can have it for two weeks."

"He'll only charge you half rent!"

"And Mum says you can have your meals with us."

"You can let Jenny give rides on the beach," Jo said.

The anxiety on those kids' faces was painful to watch.

"It all sounds wonderful," I said, "but we had better go and see what your parents think about it."

I need not have worried; their mother was almost as enthusiastic as the children, and such feeble (I discovered the twins had an elder sister, red-headed and green-eyed, who loved swimming and fishing) protest as I made about giving her extra cooking was quickly overruled.

I had the laziest, most enjoyable holiday ever. My holiday with a donkey ended far too soon. And by the way, if you are walking near Hastings and come across a children's home overlooking a farm, keep an eye open for a very old, grey donkey; it is probably Jenny, she is wonderful with children.



Mills with Messages

Eight centuries after its introduction into Holland the windmill still serves as a useful power source throughout the country. And on occasions it can be a telegraph too. Our article is based on material supplied by the Netherlands Dairy Bureau.

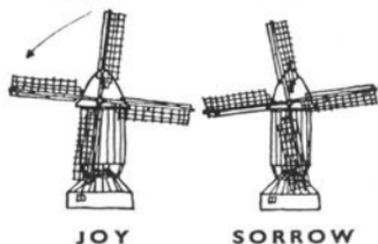


A Wipmolen Half-way in development between post mill and tower mill this type has a large upper structure and a waterwheel in the base.

IN A.D. 1700 there were 9,000 windmills in Holland, pumping water, grinding flour, sawing wood, making paper, and so on. Steam and electric power put most of them out of business but even today there are still 1,750 windmills in the country in working order. They do a fine job of work by keeping the water level down to prevent the flooding of great stretches of agricultural land.

The mill which was first used in the Low countries about eight or nine hundred years ago was a post mill. The name comes from the central post which acts as a pivot on which the

A Post Mill This early type of mill has no water wheel and the whole structure can be turned to face the wind.



Messages are sent by fixing the sails in positions which convey an agreed meaning. Births and marriages are signalled by the "joy" position. "Sorrow" is used to signal a death and to signify mourning. When a funeral passes, the sails are set at

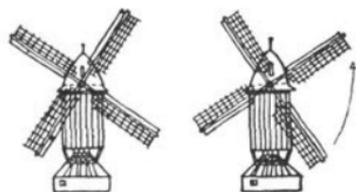
whole structure, sails, walls and interior mechanism can be turned so that the sails face the wind.

For a couple of centuries these mills were used to grind corn and then it occurred to somebody that this source of power could be used for drainage. Holland's greatest problem is how to keep her low-lying land dry. Could windmills be made to pump out the water which robbed the farmer of much agricultural land?

The job could be done by a windmill but not by a post mill. While it doesn't matter in which direction machinery for grinding corn faces, it would hardly do if a water wheel spun round with the wind and started to pump in the opposite direction.

The medieval engineers solved this problem by producing the *wipmolen*. In place of the central post they put a shed which housed a horizontal axle, gear-driven by the vertical shaft running down from the sails. The scoop wheel which lifts the water was mounted on the axle. From the *wipmolen* was developed the tower mill in which the only part of the structure which turns with the sails is the cupola. The idea of using a stable structure

A Tower Mill This type of mill has a water wheel and the only rotating part is the cupola at the top.



CRIPPLED GRINDING

“sorrow” and the mill rotates to face towards the procession. The “crippled” position is used to signal a dangerously high water level or a mill under repair. “Grinding” shows the mill is ready to take in corn.

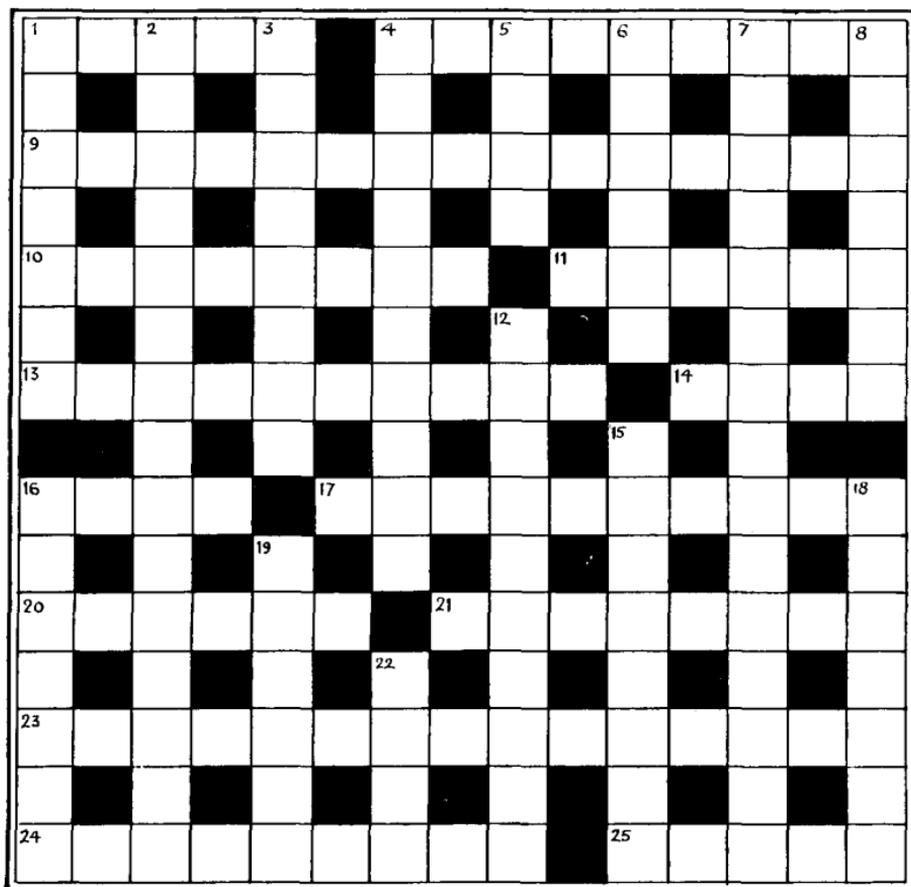


on the tower principle was very soon applied to flour mills. There was an obvious advantage here, since by making the tower taller, the sails could be enlarged and so extract more power from the wind. This left plenty of space inside for both the grinding machinery and the miller's home.

The sails are kept facing the wind by a variety of methods. Some cupolas are turned by moving a long lever which reaches to the ground. Others have their winding mechanism enclosed in the tower.

The mills play a useful part in Dutch country life as a means of communication. When they are not grinding they are set in definite positions to convey messages. A birth or a death in the family is signalled by positions indicating “joy” or “sorrow.” The “crippled” position means that the mill is under repair or that the miller should return at once. A pumping mill set at crippled warns the dyke governor that the water level is getting dangerously high. During the Nazi occupation of Holland the millers used, appropriately, to tie a bag to one of the sails to warn young men to hide from the labour raids.

“J.S. Journal” Crossword, No.1



Across

1. Defeated in the chess group (5)
4. Provided, and let perhaps (9)
9. Pork is reduced, and so apparently are hatchets ! (5, 3, 7)
10. What the churn does to the milk (8)
11. Schoolboy's missile (6)
13. Early rates change towards the end (5, 5)
14. He could be très bon without being a Frenchman (4)

16. There's something fishy about all these masses of eggs (4)
17. Why is the veal dearer ? (3, 4, 3)
20. The end of the offal makes lines in the sky (6)
21. A remote object has a bird on the back, but we don't charge it (8)
23. What you do after you've taken her money (4, 2, 3, 6)
24. Chief ingredient of Hamlet's omelette (6, 3)
25. Have a penny back. How dismal ! (5)

Down

1. Lace him if you like but don't take it out of me (7)
2. Criticism of weak tea sounds like what the child gets if you spare the rod (3, 6, 6)
3. Loses hope and finishes with doubles (8)
4. These are chopped, spiced and seasoned (10)
5. Cereal that starts under water (4)
6. Nine bees upset wild goats (6)
7. Flop. A film without Bob, perhaps (8, 7)
8. To the horticultural group her surname is Perkins (7)
12. Free my gang to cook my breakfast (3, 2, 2, 3)
15. Unseasonable, like an egg that's boiled too long (3, 5)
16. What the Veterans did (7)
18. Lassie with a twinkle (3, 4)
19. Books of stamps which you cannot buy at the G.P.O. (6)
22. Painful affliction sounds like an original bacon store (4)

The solution will appear in next month's "J.S. Journal."



Agar-Agar



MODERN large-scale food production calls for many ingredients with special qualities. One of these is agar-agar, used in making mayonnaise and gelatines. The jelly in a J.S. long pie for instance owes some of its qualities to agar-agar. The word is a Malayan one meaning simply *seaweed* which is the source of this useful product.

Seaweed gathering to make agar-agar is a thriving business along the southern coasts of Japan where the bulk of world supplies come from. There, fishermen and their womenfolk dive to harvest the rich crops of weed which grow in the waters of the Sagami Sea. They work for about half the year. Time of gathering and location of the crop affect the quality of the final product. The first growth of the season for example has much greater "jell" content than later growths. Blending with other crops is necessary to produce a product with the right balance of properties for food manufacture.

The crop is dried on bamboo racks and stored in barns. Years ago the fishermen boiled the seaweed in their own homes to extract the jelly but today large co-operative factories do the processing. The jelly obtained by boiling is cut into thin strips or shredded and left in open drying yards for two or three weeks. By night it is bleached by slow freezing, by day it dries in the sun. Then, after grading and baling it is exported all over the world.

Some agar-agar is eaten in Japan where, although it has very little nutritional value, it is considered a delicacy when mixed with other local foods. And at times of shortage, as during the years of the last war, it is used to help out home supplies of food.

In more normal times almost all the crop is exported though today agar-agar is being made in many other countries and even some of the European seaweeds are now used.

Movements and Promotions

We are very pleased to record the following promotions:—

TO ASSISTANT MANAGER

P. C. Hopkins	Luton
W. A. Watson	Luton

The following transfers will be of interest to many members of the staff:—

MANAGERS

L. Rose	from Caterham	to 68 Croydon
J. N. Graves	from Selsdon	to Caterham
G. A. Jones	from Lee Green	to Selsdon
H. A. Kendall	from Spare List	to Lee Green

Marriages (BETWEEN MEMBERS OF J.S. STAFF)

Very best wishes for their future happiness to:—

Mr. C. C. Summerton of Esher and Miss M. Turner of New Malden, married on August 31st, 1957.

Mr. F. E. Cox and Miss Y. Martin both of Worthing, married on September 28th, 1957.

Mr. L. F. H. Taylor of Coulsdon and Miss J. Wharton of Selsdon, married on September 21st, 1957.

Mr. J. Hanstead of the Factory and Miss J. Johnson of Sales Office, married on August 24th, 1957.

Retirements

We send our very best wishes to the following colleagues who have just retired:—

A. J. BEAVIS, who joined the staff of the factory in August 1921, and who, apart from a short period at Gravel Lane, has worked in this section of the depot ever since. He was promoted to Foreman in 1941 and it is with this grade that he has retired.

Continued on page 43.



A. J. Beavis.



Brides and

Above

Miss J. A. Denny and Mr. D. H. Rowland both of 24 Brighton, married on July 27th, 1957.

Top left

Miss M. G. Welsh of 154 Walthamstow and Mr. B. C. Wilks of Leyton married on August 17th, 1957.

Lower left

Miss M. Turner of New Malden and Mr. C. C. Summerton of Esher married on August 31st, 1957.

Below

Miss A. J. Tyler of Hayes and Mr. I. Hanson of Greenford, married on June 29th, 1957.



Miss B. Morris and Mr. B. Chapman, both of Luton, married on August 10th, 1957.



Retirements—continued

H. COOMBS, who was engaged as a porter at 114 Ilford in August 1919. He was regraded to Porter/Poulterer in 1948 and became a poulterer two years later, and it is with this grade that he retired at the end of September.

H. A. COPELIN, who joined us forty-four years ago at Winchmore Hill and who, after the 1914-18 war, saw service at various branches north of the Thames. In 1924 he was transferred to Weybridge, from which branch he has just retired as a Leading Salesman.

W. H. FARNCOMBE, who started with the firm in 1912 as a delivery lad and who became a salesman in 1934. He did many summer reliefs on the South coast but was finally transferred to 99 Kensington, from which branch he has just retired.

A. F. WALLISS, who was engaged in June, 1940, as a cost clerk in the Factory. In 1941 he was transferred to the Central Office in the Factory, where he worked until his retirement in September.

Continued on page 45.



Mr. H. Coombs.



Mr. H. A. Copelin.



Mr. A. F. Walliss.



Mr. W. Farncombe.

Out and About



Haverhill on their Felixstowe trip

Seventy-five members and friends of Haverhill Section of the S.S.A. spent the day at Felixstowe on July 21st. They had wet weather for it but the worst of the rain fell at lunchtime and teatime so they were as they said "lucky with the weather."

Walthamstow at Sea
'U' Section's outing to Margate on the *Royal Sovereign*. Below, the cameraman caught and right, some of the party getting their sea-legs.



Down Memory Lane



In 1926, the Griffin Athletic Club started a Ladies' Hockey section and had a very successful couple of seasons. Driver J. S. Pye (see *J.S. Journal*, July, 1957) was the instructor of the team. The names of the ladies in the picture are, as well as we can remember, front row, l. to r., Misses Tozer, Trotman, Humm, Hale, Mr. Lockley (Secretary of the S.A.C.), Brewer, Revell, Squires, Kirby. Back row, Misses Ash, Williams, Boyes, Jackson, Goodyear, Bragg, Manning, Rose, Pope.

Retirements — continued

H. H. STEVENS, who was engaged in 1914 as a learner at Stratford. He was appointed Manager in 1924, when he took charge of our Seven Kings branch, and he subsequently managed various branches in the Ilford and Walthamstow areas. He became a manager on the Spare List when 61 Walthamstow closed in 1954 and has been assisting at Watney Street and Stamford Hill since then.

G. R. WALTER, who started with the firm in 1920 at 44 Lewisham. He was appointed Manager in 1925 and has been in charge of our Redhill, Bedford, Folkestone and Reigate branches. In 1947 he went to 68 Croydon, which he managed until his retirement in September.

Correction On page 30 of *J.S. JOURNAL* for August the picture at the head of the page shows Mr. Pagden presenting the Pagphillham Cup to Mr. Grierson (not Mr. Wrightworth) who was captain of the Elmers End darts team in the finals. In the picture of the winners' team below names should read from left to right: Messrs. Rogers, Grierson, Wrightworth.



Mr. H. H. Stevens.



Mr. G. R. Walter.



Egg Transport

The new trailer in this picture is in sharp contrast to our recent picture of the Milnes-Daimler of pre-1914 days. This transport is used for moving eggs between packing stations in East Anglia and holds 115,000 eggs—that's a lot of eggs.

Obituaries

We very much regret to record the deaths of the following colleagues and we send our deepest sympathy to all relatives —

CHARLES HANNAN joined the staff as a butcher in 1927 and, after working at branches in the Kingston and Surbiton areas, became Head Butcher at London House, Kingston. He was promoted Manager at Hook in 1941, moved to Esher three years later and succeeded to the management of 57b Clarence Street, Kingston, in 1951.

Following a stroke on September 9th, he passed away without regaining consciousness. Of a quiet personality, he had worked assiduously throughout his 30 years' service and in a number of letters received at Blackfriars from time to time, customers paid tribute to his efforts.

Miss B. M. WINSPEAR, who joined us in April of this year as a packer-weigher at Lewisham. She died suddenly at home at the beginning of September.



Mr. Charles Hannan.



First they put it up and then they take it down. It made some of us feel very rum inside when the erectors started climbing about on this crane in Rennie Street, Blackfriars.

THE STAMFORD PLAYERS

Sainsbury
Staff Association
Dramatic Group

*Presents An
Autumn Production*

SEE HOW THEY RUN

A Farce in 3 acts by
PHILIP KING

BRIGHTON

Saturday, November 23rd
Dorset Hall, Dorset Gardens

LONDON

Wednesday, November 27th
Toynbee Hall, Theatre

MIDDLESEX

Tuesday, December 3rd
Churchill Hall, Kenton

ADMISSION TWO SHILLINGS

write

now

to win

The

£25

prize

**for the best account
of a holiday.**

**Entries must be not
less than 1200 and not
more than 1800 words.**

There will also be two consolation prizes of £5 each

Conditions—Entrants must be members of J.S. Staff.

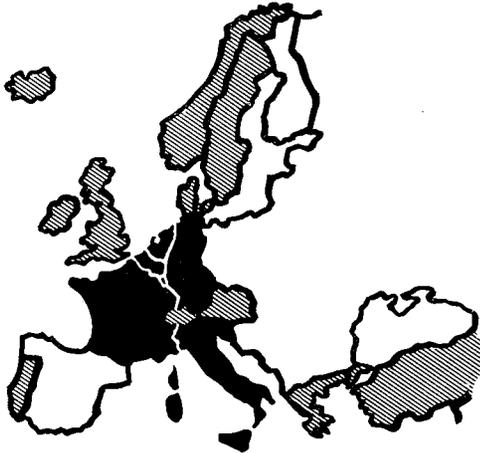
Entries (if possible typewritten) should be sent in a sealed envelope, and should have attached on a separate sheet the name, address and branch or department of the author.

The Judges' decision is final. The "Journal" reserves the right to publish any entry received besides the prize-winning ones and payment will be made at the current rates in such cases (see contents page). If photographs are submitted with competing entries these will be paid for if published at current "Journal" rates. Closing date for entries is October 31st, 1957.

Europe compared to America and Russia

Western Europe

O.E.E.C. countries are shown shaded and those in the E.E.C. are solid black.



Population
284,000,000
Annual production of
Coal 512 m. tons
Oil 9 m. tons
Steel 77 m. tons
Vehicles 3,145 thousands

Western Europe's resources are divided amongst about twenty different states separated from each other by language difficulties, tariffs, currency and immigration controls. Each state deploys its resources with a shortsighted view of its own advantages and frontiers are barriers to the movement of people, goods and money.

U.S.A.

Population
165,000,000
Annual production of
Coal 447 m. tons
Oil 336 m. tons
Steel 106 m. tons
Vehicles 9,200 thousands



There are no artificial barriers to the movement of any of this population or production within the area. People will move to wherever wages are highest and produce those goods for which there is the most demand where they can be produced most efficiently.

U.S.S.R.

Population
200,000,000
Annual production of
Coal 314 m. tons
Oil 71 m. tons
Steel 45 m. tons
Vehicles 437 thousands

Here the population and production are moved or interchanged at the will of the Government to further the interests of the State (provided the planners make no mistakes).





Brides and Grooms

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Mr. H. A. Copelin.



Mr. A. F. Walliss.



Mr. W. Farncombe.

Continued on page 41.