



J*S

JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1958

J.S. Journal

HOUSE MAGAZINE OF J. SAINSBURY LTD.

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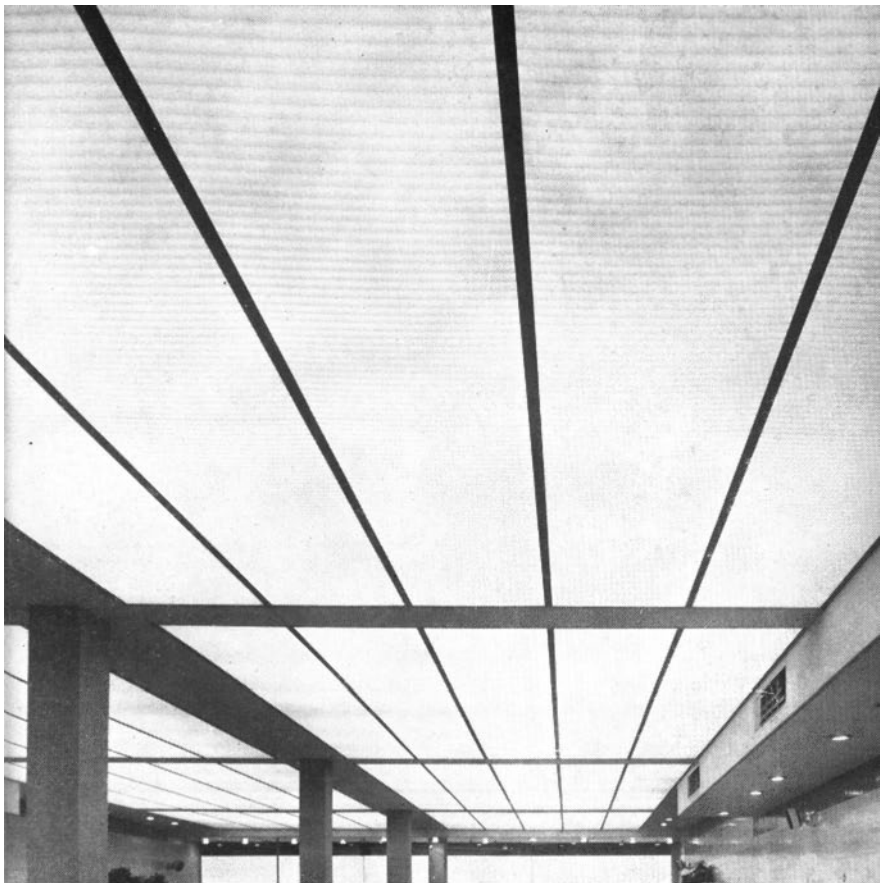
OUR COVER

At Harlow the new J.S. self-service branch. Mrs. L. Braney and Mrs. P. Wood in the produce preparation room.

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. The copyright in all original contributions and photographs published in the JOURNAL shall belong to J. Sainsbury, Ltd.

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The Editor, J.S. JOURNAL,
Stamford House, Stamford St.,
London, S.E.1.



Here's Harlow

With Harlow, opened on Tuesday, December 3rd, the firm has a score of self-service branches. The event left us all a little breathless, being the third self-service store to open in the space of eight weeks, but we managed to get our breath back in time for the Christmas trade. In spite of the primitive condition of Harlow's pavements in the Broad Walk we had a well-filled shop on opening day. The shop is rather like our Crawley one, very simple in plan and spacious, with plenty of room for preparation areas and warehouse.

The New Branch

Our early morning pictures show the spaciousness and clean lines of the branch.

Below:

Produce has a big share of shelf space along one wall.

Opposite page: top

A comprehensive view of the shop as seen from the entrance. There are five check-outs.

Opposite page: below

The very impressive self-service meat department takes up much of the wall opposite the produce department.



Manager

Manager at the Harlow branch is Mr. J. F. Soper who joined the firm in 1935. He has been, for the past year, deputy manager of Lewisham and before that was manager at Hook and at Camberley.





General view.

Self-service meat department.





Assistant manager,
Mr. D. G. Bramham.

J.S. People at Harlow

Mr. F. A. Newbury,
Personal Assistant to Mr. Hedges.



First Clerk, Mrs. M. Sampford.



Head Butcher,
Mr. H. Weight

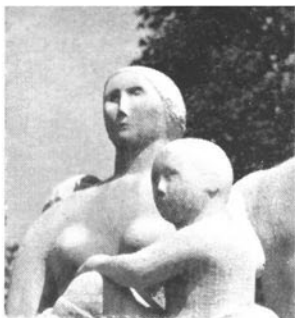


The counter-service meat department is very similar to that at Crawley.

A general view of the roomy warehouse.



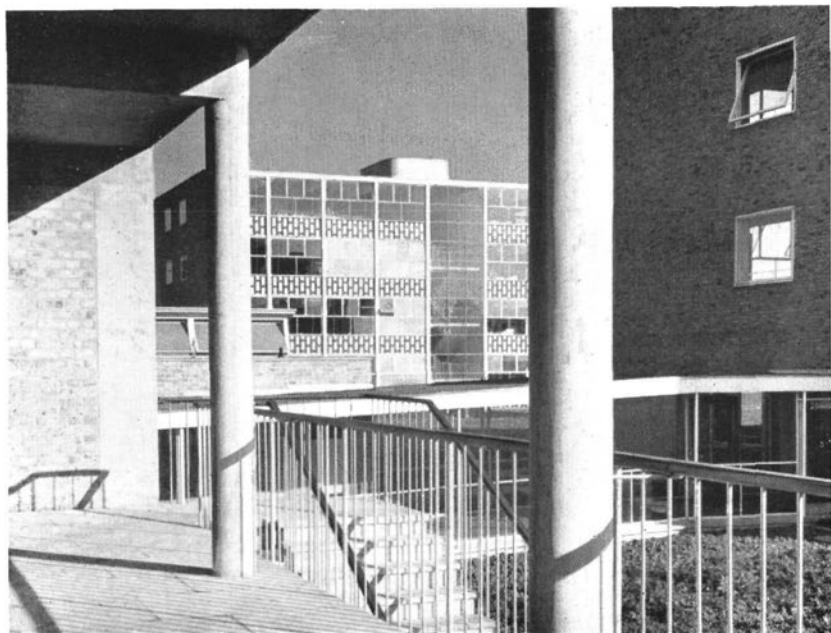
The New Town of Harlow



Shopping Centre

Market Square, Stone Cross, The High, Harlow. This is part of the new town's main shopping centre. Above is a detail from "Family Group," a handsome stone carving by Henry Moore set in Mark Hall Park.

THE New Town of Harlow in Essex is a growing concern. Our firm has started trading there in a year which has seen rapid development of the main shopping centre at The High. Harlow has been created on a roughly rectangular site with two industrial areas and four clusters of neighbourhoods where people live. To avoid monotony of building, each neighbourhood is divided into housing areas, each one designed by a different architect. At the heart of each neighbourhood is a primary school. The secondary school sites are in the areas of open country and farm land which separate the clusters and penetrate into the neighbourhoods on a definite scheme of landscape treatment. The town's road system is planned to



School Mark Hall County Secondary
Technical-Modern School which is
designed for 920 pupils.

eliminate all cross-roads and to provide a gradual widening of roads as they approach the town centre. There is as well a system of cycle tracks linking the town's built-up areas along, wherever possible, old lanes and crossing main roads by under-passes. Much still remains to be done in the town which will not be complete until 1961. It will then contain a population of 60,000 and gradually increase to its full complement of 80,000.

The town site was occupied in Roman times and the area is rich in relics of their villas, indicating a prosperous local life. The Harlow market dates at least from the 12th century. Today it is held in The High on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

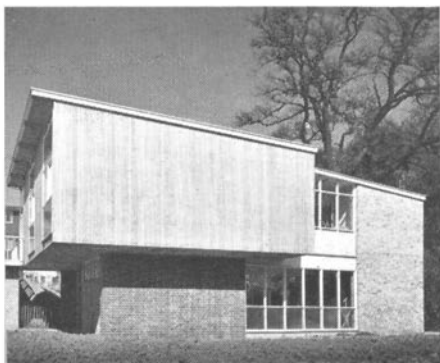


Pub

All the new pubs in Harlow have been named after butterflies. This Watney house is the "Painted Lady" and is in the town centre.

Common Room

This is the Ladyshot tenants' common room to be used for meetings, concerts, socials, indoor sports and dances.



Church

Little Parndon Church. Little Parndon is one of the old parishes which has given its name to a neighbourhood group in the new town.





Flats Harlow is distinctive among new towns in having tall blocks of flats.

Flats and Houses

This group of buildings at Broomfield includes three-bedroomed houses in the front. In the background are two-storey flats.



Pictures on pages 6, 7, 8 and 9 are by courtesy of Harlow Development Corporation.

Branch Jubilees for 1958

Diamond

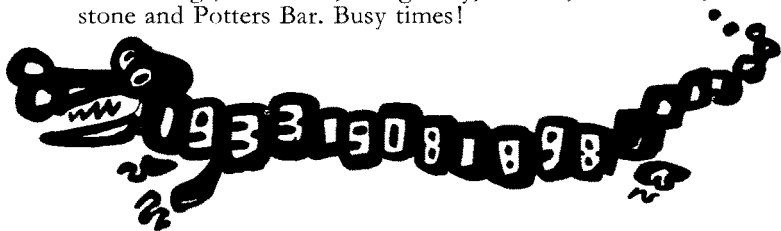
IN 1898, sixty years ago, Marconi set up a transmitter which sent radio messages across the narrow stretch of water between Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight. The Americans were at war with the Spanish (in Cuba) and almost unnoticed by the general public a Mr. Taylor and a Mr. White invented high-speed tool-steel, without which modern mass-production techniques could not have developed. Sainsbury's opened five branches that year. They were 296 Holloway, 52 Holloway, 76 Islington, 147 Balham and the 21 part of Watford. (No. 19 was opened in 1946.)

Gold

Ten years later, in 1908, the first Marconi transatlantic radio telegraph was established and we were well on the way to Gilbert Harding, Sabrina and the rest. The firm opened three branches that year. 43 Enfield, 14 Hove and Paddington which closed last November to make way for our most colourful self-service store a few doors away.

Silver

1933 was a year of fate and of farce. Adolf Hitler came to power in Germany and the nightmare thirties began in earnest. In that year there began, as well, the saga of the Loch Ness monster which lies curled at the bottom of every journalist's whisky and soda. The monster attracted thousands of tourists, to the Loch side. The Catholic monks of Fort Augustus had it appeared, known of it for many years. The Royal Scottish Museum said it was only a tunny fish, Sir Arthur Keith said it might be a legged reptile but it might also be an illusion. It was reported to have dragged bleating sheep and old ladies to a watery grave. The Monster died, at last, of a surfeit of journalism. In this momentous year the firm opened 14 branches; Morden, Esher, Caterham, Ruislip, Gerrards Cross, Camberley, Farnham, 14 Hastings, Colindale, Kingsbury, Pinner, Edmonton, Whetstone and Potters Bar. Busy times!



J.S. Jobs

Number 10. New Series



Mr. M. J. Minter.

THERE are something like three thousand separate items in the stores at Blackfriars and as many more of merchandising material. Mr. Minter, our stores department manager, doesn't claim to know them all and in 1942 when he took over he was mystified by some requests from branches. "However," he told us, "I had a very helpful staff and a good memory." He took us round to see the stores of descriptive labels, egg tickets, heat-sealing labels, strip labels for bananas, showcards, price tickets and the rest of the merchandising items which are in constant demand at the branches. We got round eventually to equipment which is in less frequent, but no less urgent, demand. The shelves are packed with knives, scoops, servers, trays, ticket holders, butter markers, skewers, brine needles, brushes (they include a hare brush, used to smarten up hares before putting them on display). There seemed to be no end to the variety of items; all the firm's protective clothing is issued through the stores and so are the soft furnishings for our hostels. The monthly orders for equipment and materials which are sent in by branches are tabulated every day and from the tabulations the stores staff make up consignments of material for despatch. A system of checks warns when supplies need replenishing. Mr. Minter joined the firm at Blackfriars in October, 1923, to help with the Christmas rush. But come Christmas Eve he didn't after all get his cards and has been here ever since. In his first years he worked as a warehouseman and thinks he may have been the firm's most mobile warehouseman, since he was always being sent to other departments to help out. In 1939 he became a bank foreman and in 1942 became temporary manager of the stores after a spell at Woolmer Green wartime depot. When he isn't at Blackfriars he has three hobbies to keep him busy. He runs a very productive vegetable garden, a vintage car (Ford 1933) and a darts club at the Target Hotel, Northolt.



*Here is the prizewinning entry in the
"J.S. Journal" Holiday Story Competition.
It is an account of a first trip abroad with
a youth club party and is by
Miss Jean Turner of the factory.*

My Holiday Abroad

I LOOKED at my friend sitting beside me, and we both grinned like a couple of Cheshire cats. We were on our way. We were rattling along in the train that was to start us on the first stage of our journey abroad. Our destination was Majorca in the Balearic Isles, and there we were on the way to Southampton docks.

What excitement! We'd had such a send-off at Waterloo where all 32 of us (that was our party) had met outside the News Theatre at 8.30 in the evening, and there we had stood in groups with parents and friends, seeing that our luggage was properly labelled and food packs distributed, a bit of last-minute advice, then the goodbyes and we were off. Although this was only the first stage of our journey, the first thing we did was to make some tea, *yes*, make some tea! We had a special little

case with a big label which said "Tessie the tea-bag," and this contained a small spirit-stove, a very small kettle, bottles of milk and water and numerous packets of tea and sugar and a couple of half-pint mugs. It went down a treat.

The time passed very quickly on the train and we arrived at Southampton docks with our luggage ready for the Customs, and our food packs much diminished by now, though they were supposed to last till the following day. The sight of the boat in the dock was to me a wonderful sight with the lights winking on and off as we hurried to board her.

It was a strange feeling to know you were leaving England, but a stranger one still, to arrive in France and race through Paris, where the traffic seems to come at you from all directions and you zig-zag in and out as if you were on the dodgems at Battersea. We spent practically a day in Paris and met in the evening at Austerlitz station for the train which was to cover a very big part of the journey. It seemed an age we were in that train, all trying to find a comfortable position to have a doze. Some of the boys tried the luggage racks, we hoisted them up, after struggling to remove the luggage beforehand. We had them settled, so got ourselves comfy amongst the sea of luggage below, someone put the light out, all quiet at last, and the next moment—upheaval! The guard was standing in the corridor shouting something which none of us could understand, but after several ejaculations and pointings to the racks, we had a pretty good idea. So down came the boys and up went the luggage.

After a bit of rearranging and settling down again there came another burst of this strange tongue, and by all accounts, a couple from our party were found stowing away in a first-class compartment and that sort of thing just isn't done when you are the owner of a second-class ticket, at least I think that's what he was trying to point out.

We passed through the night peacefully after that and in the morning of the following day changed trains and eventually arrived at Barcelona. I didn't like the look of Barcelona at all, it wasn't what I'd expected. There was a road being repaired and a machine was sending up clouds of dust which reminded me rather of a London fog, the difference being, of course, that in this case the weather was hot and sticky.



In the bullring at Barcelona.

There is, to my mind, an uncanny atmosphere in Barcelona. When we walked along, people would stare at us, and not at all in a friendly manner, the men in particular were a dago type, with dark skin and little moustaches and looked quite miserable; mind you, they weren't all like that, but the majority were.

We were staying in Barcelona only one night and as this was Sunday, it was, of course, bullfight time for the Spaniards. Well, we went to the bullfight, all 32 of us. We went by underground, and what an underground; there was one compartment in the train and in we squeezed with a crowd of Spaniards, all smelling very strongly of garlic and scented hair-dressing, the garlic was the stronger, though, and it was heaven when the station came into view and we all scrambled out. Then we had an awful shock; one of the girls had all her money stolen from her

bag, travellers' cheques and everything. She was so upset, she hadn't even had a chance to spend any Spanish money yet. We had to get to the bullfight and we couldn't let this spoil the fun so we all clubbed together and gave her the same as she had before, and off we went.

I had mixed feelings about the bullfight; one side of me liked it, the other side didn't. I liked first of all the parade of the matadors and picadors, resplendent in their coloured uniforms and satin cloaks, the music of the brass band and the cheering mass of people; and when the fight began it was just like a game, they would tease the bull and then run like mad, behind a shield affair in the ring, but after that part the cruelty came in, sticking spikes into the bull's back until they were just hanging from him, and he would seem bewildered as to what was to happen next.

Then the matador would come in and be very brave and kneel down, sometimes with the bull coming straight for him, missing him by inches. Sometimes he would do it again and again and the crowd would shout as if in one voice, "Olé." Then he would go in for the kill, and if it was quick the crowd would shout again, and he would walk proud and triumphant round the arena, while señoras and señoritas would throw flowers and gifts, and the men, their leather bottles for the matador to drink from.

While this was going on a team of horses dragged the bull from the ring. When it was a bad kill, sometimes the bull would bleed from the mouth and my friends and I would turn away; we couldn't look. There were about eight bulls killed in an evening.

When it was all over we made our way back to the hotel in which we were to spend the night; it was a strange place, built round a marble-floored courtyard and with a balcony round each floor. It looked rather like a block of flats.

The next day we spent looking round Barcelona. I must say I liked it much better in the daytime, they didn't stare so much, and there were some quaint, narrow streets with very tall buildings either side, making it shaded to walk through and explore. The streets were so narrow in parts that it was quite funny to see donkeys and carts trying to struggle through the people. It's a good job the Spaniards take life slowly.

We spent the afternoon on the beach, talking to a Spaniard who had been all over the world and could speak English very well; he was pleased when we said we were Londoners, as he thought (although he had travelled to many places) that London was the most fascinating. He didn't like our foods, though.

In the evening we started off again on our travels, and this was the last stage. We sailed from Barcelona to Majorca across the Mediterranean, all through the night. We sat on deck with blankets round us, singing all the songs we could think of, and in the very early morning the sun rose very quickly and then we saw the first of the islands; it looked glorious in the early morning, we seemed so close to the rocks which rose sheer out of the water. We went on a long way like this, and then at about seven in the morning, with the sun already high above, we sailed into the port of Palma, capital city of Majorca.

We soon found the coach belonging to the *Pension* we were going to (a *Pension* is rather like a small hotel) with the driver beaming all over his face, waiting to help us in. We drove through the main street which had a pavement in the centre and little trams going up and down either side of it. We soon arrived and were surprised to see all the staff standing on the roof of the *Pension*, waving a welcome to us.

This was heaven! There were clean rooms waiting for us and breakfast with hot rolls and delicious, milky coffee.

And so began a hectic 10 days; day trips, dancing till the early hours in open-air night clubs, souvenir hunting, and sun-bathing although that's not hectic. We had our quiet moments; we would sometimes sit outside the *Pension* in the cool of the evening, watching the people go past. Everyone comes out in the evening there, even if it's just for a walk.

We bought fans soon after we arrived, as there are so many who use them, and when we went dancing we would sit drinking champagne (which was very cheap) and fanning ourselves, flicking them out just as the señoras did. We had to practice during the day, though, to get the knack of it.

We saw some wonderful scenery on the coach trips: vineyards, lemon and orange orchards, tall mountains and some fascinating caves. We also visited a place famous for pearls and saw jewellery of every shape and size made from them.



Majorcans performing one of their traditional dances.

We were treated splendidly at the *Pension*. The food, although strange at first, was very good when we were used to it, and after meals we always had fresh fruit, mostly peaches or melon.

They had a lot to put up with, because our crowd almost filled the place, and sometimes the lights used to go out in the evening and you never heard such shrieks of laughing and pattering of feet and doors banging, but as there weren't many other guests I don't think they minded.

The people there were so different to those in Barcelona. It was such a lot of fun there, and so much more happened I couldn't tell you about as I wouldn't have the room, but one thing I know, I didn't want to leave when the time came, although when we got through the long journey back and I saw the white cliffs of Dover I wanted to hurry home to tell my parents and friends all about it. I really did talk about it, too, and it was a wonderful experience, and now it is a happy memory of "My First Holiday Abroad."

Meet the Commodity Clerks

Mr. S. Murray (on the right) joined the firm in 1937 and was for a time in the Transport Office dealing with delivery orders from the wharves. He served with distinction in the Glider Pilot Regiment in which he was a staff-sergeant. He has been in the Sales Office for nearly 11 years and will be remembered by many for his work in the early days of Stamford Players. Now he is married, has two children and finds his relaxation in fishing.



Mr. S. Cooper (left), who joined J.S. in 1932, is perhaps the best-known of Griffin cricketers. In each of the past five seasons he has taken a hundred or more wickets. Bowling against the Eccentrics C.C. in '52 he took 8 wickets for 4 runs in 8 overs (5 maidens). He spent six-and-a-half war years in the Royal Fusiliers (even got some cricket in towards the end), returned to J.S. in 1946.

Mr. A. Smoker (on the right) works with Mr. Murray and Mr. Cooper. He joined the firm in 1942 and worked at Union Street until V.J. day when he started his National Service with the R.A.F. He came to the Sales Office in 1954 when sales and despatch of bacon were brought together at Stamford House. He plays cricket and collects classical records. Favourite composer is Beethoven.





Mrs. K. Tarrant.



Mr. A. D. Simmonds



Mr. I. Fixter.

Produce and flour and sugar confectionery are looked after by the three people on the left. Mrs. K. Tarrant was formerly a first clerk at several branches and came to the Sales Office in 1945, where she was a district contact clerk for a time. She now works on the commodity side. Mr. A. D. Simmonds, just returned from National Service, is the son of Mr. Simmonds who was roundsman at Oxted till recently. He's a keen photographer and is just starting on colour photography. Mr. I. Fixter has just left this commodity group to work with one of the self-service groups. He joined J.S. in 1950, takes an active interest in the Chess Group, works on fretwork designs, and lately has developed a passion for sea-fishing.

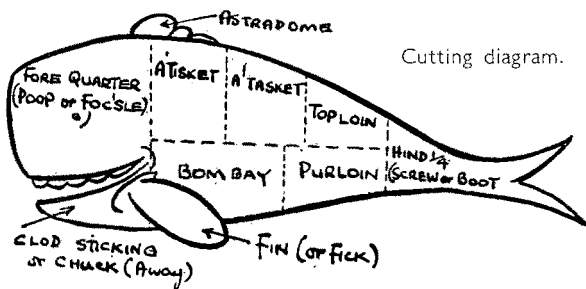
Below

Mr. Brian Reese (left) and Mr. R. Malham look after fancy cheese. Mr. Reese has been with J.S. for rather more than four years. He is a keen photographer. Other interests include playing the drums in several small dance bands. Mr. Malham, who joined J.S. in 1953, is a keen chess player who was a



winner in the '55/'56 postal chess competition and feels hopeful about this season's results too. His wife is an active member of the S.S.A. Badminton Group.

Down Memory Lane with Moby Dick



Leafing through old copies of J.S. Journal we found this comment on one of the chapters of our island story. Counting our blessings we reproduce it whole.

RUMOUR has it that the Food Ministry is about to foist Whale Meat on to the unsuspecting (?) public.

Won't that be nice?

Therefore, in case the eventuality should arise, we are publishing a few hints on the correct procedure to follow should the local Meat Depot deliver a whale (or part thereof) with (or without) your next allocation.

Delivering a whale (as the whale said) is no easy matter. It is advisable to notify the Police in order that they may divert traffic while you take out the window frame (having first taken out window display No. 157). This, of course, will not be necessary if fore-ends (bowsprits or fo'c'sles), middles (bulwarks) or tails are delivered, as these can easily be lowered through the fanlight.

Having shored up the carcase in a suitable position the next step is to convert to marketable lumps. This is best done by (a) de-finning with mallet and (k)nicker; (b) dividing with cheese board and wire (feel for the joints behind the ears with the thumb and forefinger, and score with a half-round file—two points for a win, one for a draw).

Joints are best cut with a common, or garden spade, or with a bandsaw if you have one—a knife and fork from the house, or the other chap's razor, is not to be recommended as this leads to tibs.

A few words about display. Sides, quarters, eighths and sixteenths, should be draped from the rails, the overhanging ends pinned up to prevent being trodden on or fallen over. Trays of small joints ranging from say 28 lbs. to half an acre should be kept going on the counter. Tickets (a) "You needn't be registered" and (b) "There's more where this came from" are enclosed herewith.

Ministry allowance is as follows—Two-thirds added to the permit weight plus 7/15ths for frayed temper plus double the number you first thought of for luck. Or would you rather be a fish?

We shall be glad not to have your customers' comments.

FOOD FACTS



Fourth Condiment

It's called M.S.G. for short. The letters stand for the imposing scientific name monosodium glutamate. At first taste it's slightly salty but if you put a pinch on the tip of your tongue you might think it sweet. What it is doing is stimulating at the same time the two sets of taste buds in your mouth that react to sour and bitter flavours. It also increases the flow of saliva, so one of its very valuable properties is to make foods seem moister and more succulent than they really are. To look at, it is a fine, white, crystalline powder but unlike common salt it flows freely even in damp weather. In many American restaurants a container of M.S.G. is a familiar partner to the salt, pepper and mustard. Cooks in the Far East discovered it long ago and kept its use and preparation a jealously guarded secret of their trade. Western science now makes it without difficulty from wheat protein or sugar beet substances rich in glutamate. It is used in the food trade as a valuable addition to bulk processed foods like mayonnaise, salad cream, soups, beans and cheese dishes. It is helpful at home in cooking greens.



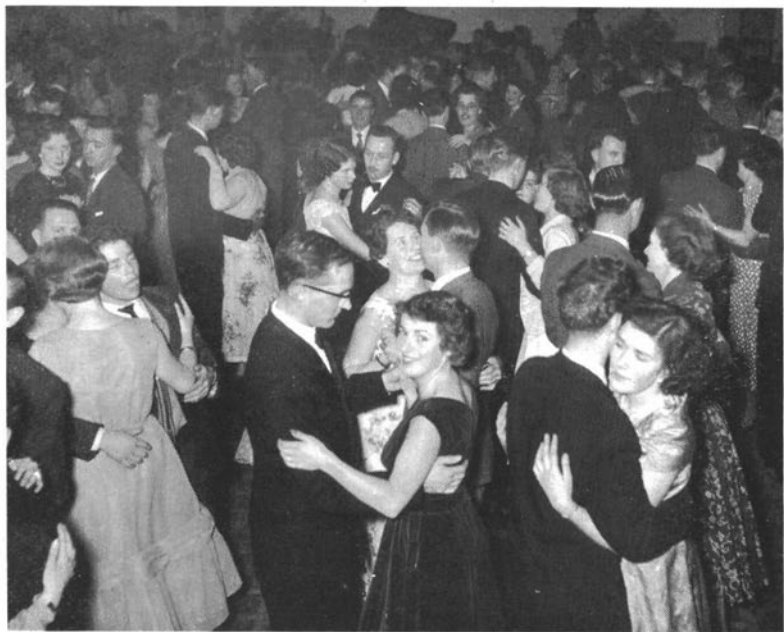
Country



Sections turn out in strength to their first dance at Blackfriars this season

November 23rd





The floor was fully occupied for every dance.





Brentwood



Harold Hill



Cambridge





Tunbridge Wells

**Some of the
out of town
visitors**



Tonbridge

Colchester





Bishop's Stortford



Prizes were
presented by
Mr. J. D. Sainsbury.



District Supervisors
Mr. C. Etherington,
Mr. H. Dyer and
Mr. E. A. Farrell,
Joint Personnel
Manager, exchange
a few words.



"Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good cheer,
The profits and pleasures of stout British beer.
Your wine-tipping, dram sipping fellows retreat
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat."

Old Song

England's Good Cheer



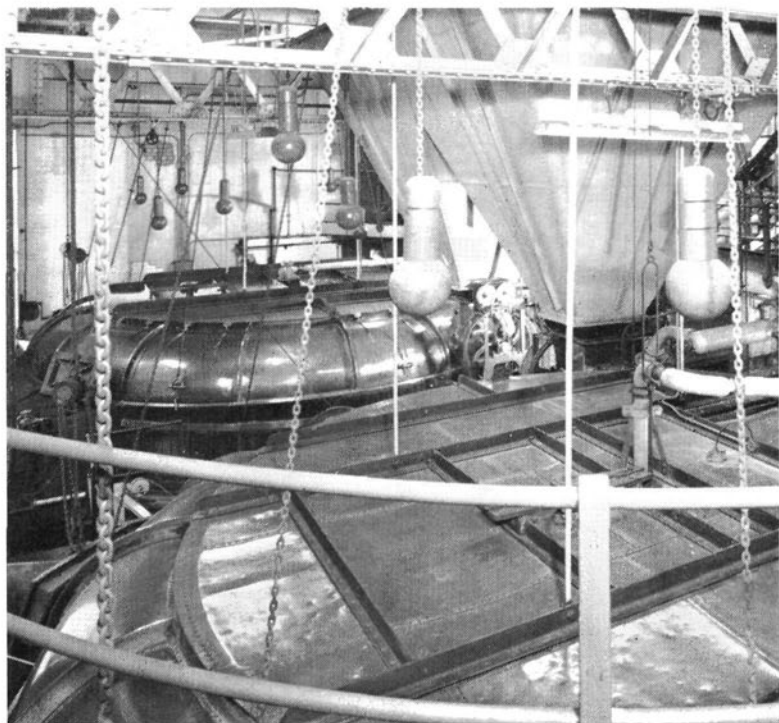
Beer brewing is about as old as civilisation, older perhaps. The process hasn't changed much over the centuries, but as the number of breweries fell (there were 1,334 breweries in London in 1309) the quantity of beer increased and so the brewer developed new techniques to ensure consistent quality in his product. Our pictures show something of modern brewing methods and have been lent to us by Messrs. Courage and Barclay, Ltd.



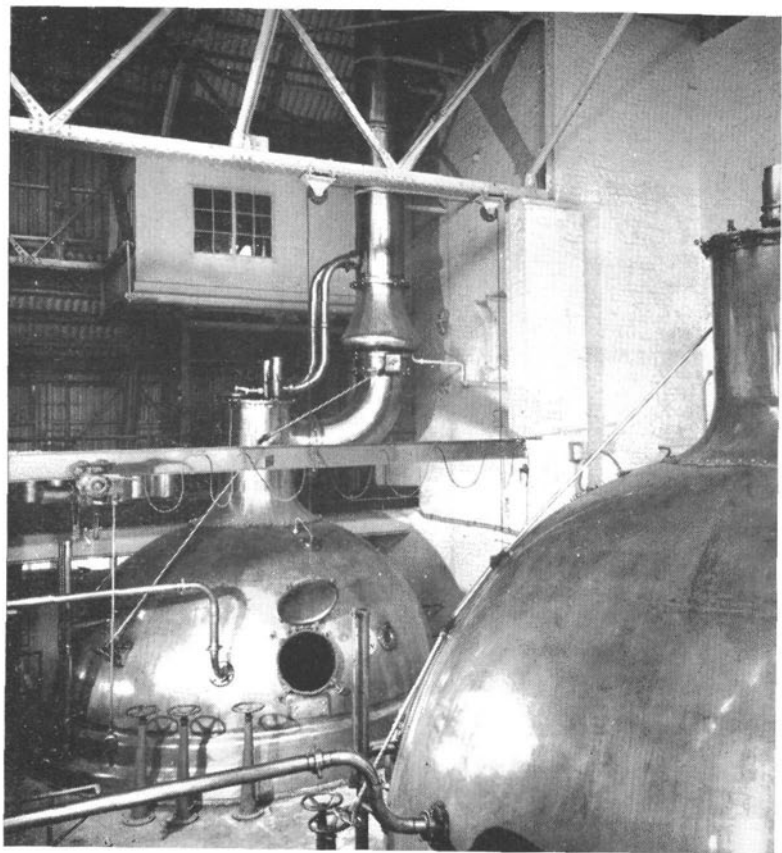
Malting

Beer is made from barley and the first step is to turn the barley into malt. It is first damped then allowed to germinate and finally the germination is checked by heating in a kiln. Here you see the barley on the malting floor being raked to give it air.

The Modern Mash Tun

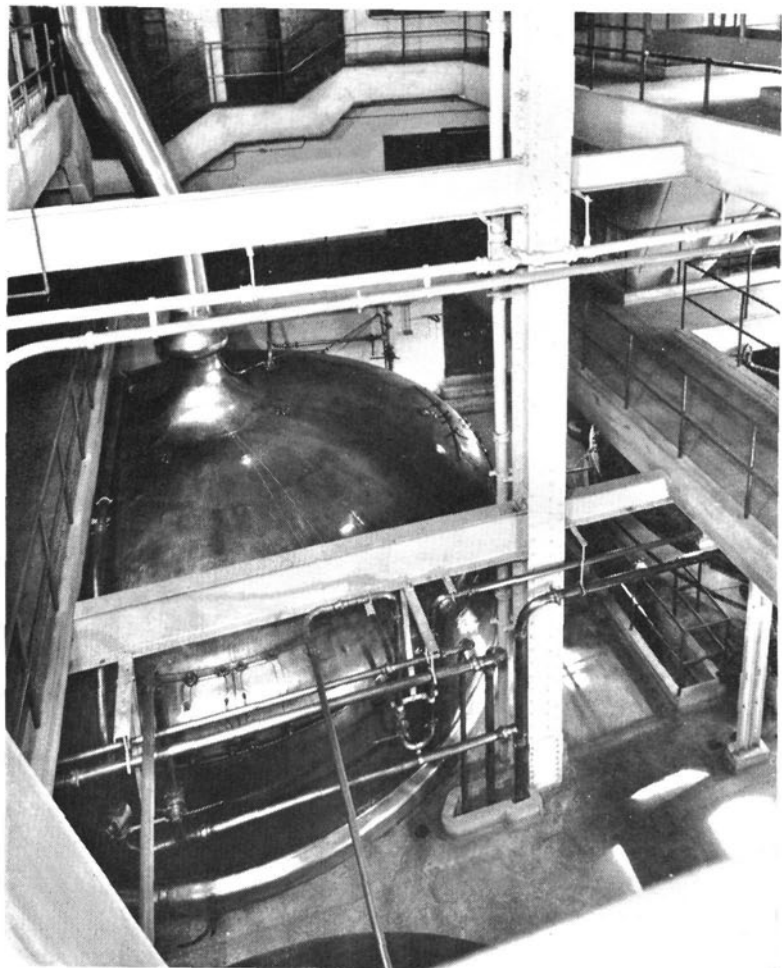


The London brewers of the Middle Ages were almost all small producers who brewed ale in a back room and sold it in a shop in the front of their premises. The quantities they brewed were small and since their ales did not keep well they were sold quickly. Today breweries handle quantities like 500 to 2,000 barrels (that is 18,000 to 72,000 gallons) in a single brewing. With so much at stake the greatest care is exercised in the selection, handling and preparation of the raw materials. The brewery building itself needs to be solidly constructed to support the weight of malt and liquor (brewers' word for water) moving through the bins, tuns, pipes, backs and vessels used in brewing beer. The picture above shows a modern mash tun. Here the grist (crushed malt rich in starch) is mixed with hot (150° F.) liquor. The hot liquor changes the starch in the malt into sugars. The new-formed sugar (wort to the brewer) is filtered out of the mash tun leaving the husks and some protein matter behind. This is a good food for milking-cows.



The Copper

Into the copper goes the wort and, there, hops are added according to the kind of beer it is proposed to brew. The old coppers were simply open vessels like the old-fashioned domestic coppers. The modern copper is an enclosed vessel in which the wort and hops are heated by internal steam pipes and are kept constantly agitated so that the whole quantity of liquid is brought to boiling point. Bitter beers need more hops than mild beers. English brewers up to the end of the 14th century used no hops. Ale was the national drink and hops a damnable foreign notion. Henry VIII forbade their use and it was not until the end of Edward VI's reign that the ban was lifted. Beer-brewers and ale-brewers were two distinct crafts for some time even after that.

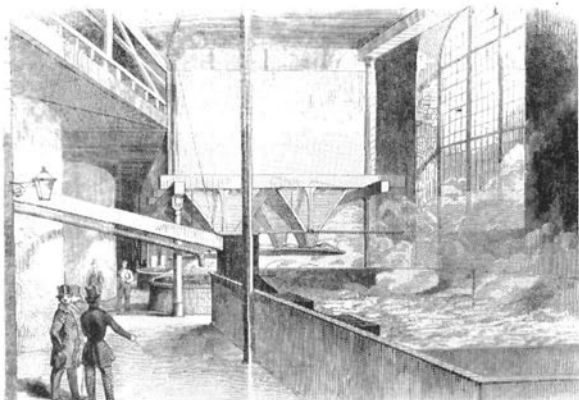


**The
Hop Back**

In this "back" the spent hops are strained from the hot wort which passes through a finely perforated false bottom in the vessel and goes on to the wort receiver and the heat exchangers to be cooled. Spent hops are used as a fertiliser,

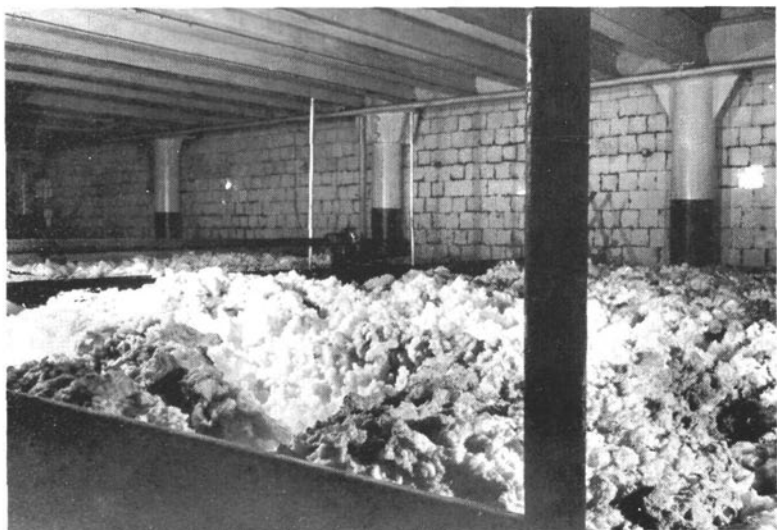
1847

In 1847 *The Illustrated London News* reported on a visit to Barclay Perkins' Brewery in Park Street, Southwark. This engraving shows a portion of the Great Brewhouse, "cyclopean piles of brewing vessels" wrote their reporter.



Fermentation

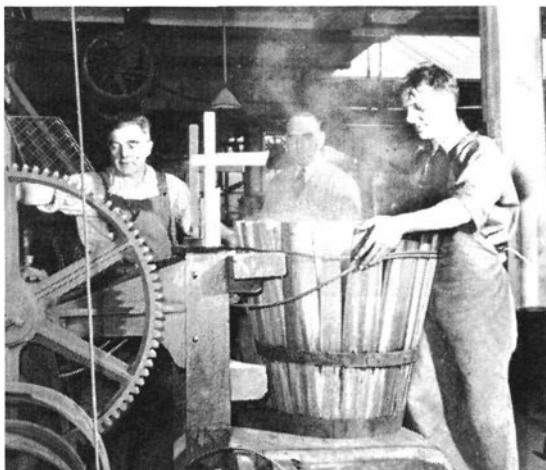
Fermentation is the last, longest and, of course, the essential process in brewing. To the wort, yeast is added. Yeast is a microscopic fungus which feeds on sugar, converting it to alcohol and carbon dioxide. It works slowly at first, feeding on the sugar in the wort, then begins to reproduce itself by budding. At the end of the process there is a mass of yeast to be skimmed off the surface, the sugar in the wort has become alcohol and so the wort has changed into beer.



The Cooperage



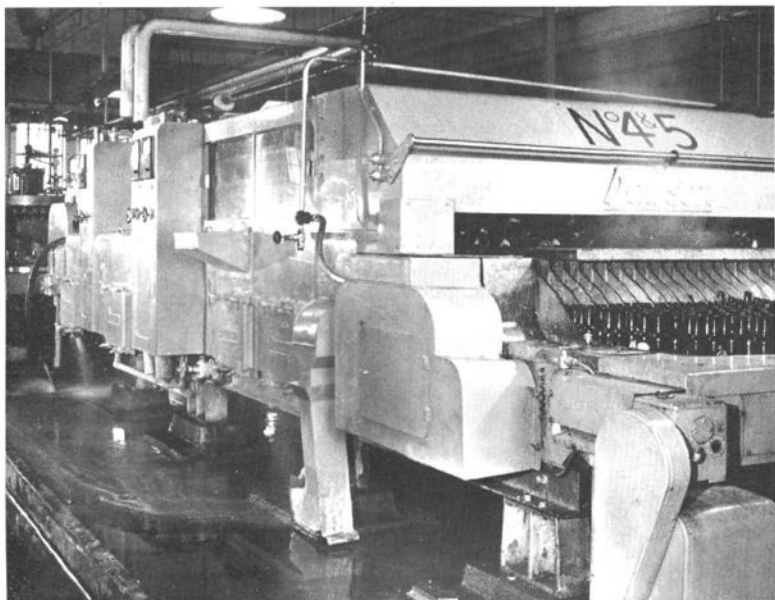
Making casks is a highly skilled craft and coopers have to serve a long apprenticeship. The best wood is Crown Memel oak which comes from the Baltic. Well made and well looked after the life of a beer cask is anything from twenty to thirty years and a busy brewery will have about three casks in use for every barrel of beer sold. When brewers say "barrel" they mean 36 gallons of beer.



In the picture above the cooper in the foreground is trimming the staves before fitting an iron hoop and on the left a cask is being softened in steam before being shaped. No adhesives of any kind are used. The hoops hold the hand-shaped staves to make a watertight container.

Bottling and Bottlewashing

Bottled beer in 1900 made up only 5 per cent. of the beer consumed by the beer-drinking Briton. Today he takes over a third of his beer in bottle and likes it "bright." The amount of washing-up that this calls for has led to the evolution of bottle-washing machines like the one below. These rinse, clean and sterilise, the bottles which pass through them on endless belts and leave them clear, shining and ready to pass on to the bottling machines to be filled, crown-stoppered and labelled. From here there is but a short step to the "profits and pleasures of stout British beer."



This is how one kind of beer is made. Every generation decides that it likes to drink a beer made this way or that way. For some stout or porter is the thing, for others there's nothing like draught. But however hard the brewer works he never gets ahead of the man of whom records five thousand years old were dug up in Ur of the Chaldees. He's the man who before sinking the pint, you just bought him looks at you sadly and says "the beer ain't what it was."



The End.

**Happy people
make**



'Q'

**section dance
on December 7th,
a very**





vely affair



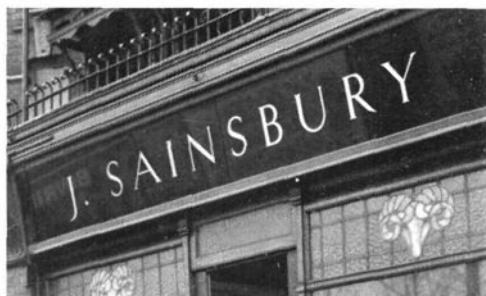
The Factory turned out in force to their dance last month and our pictures show everyone having a wonderful time. The Chessmen led by J. Upchurch kept things skiffing (even the canteen staff joined in).



Cricklewood

closes

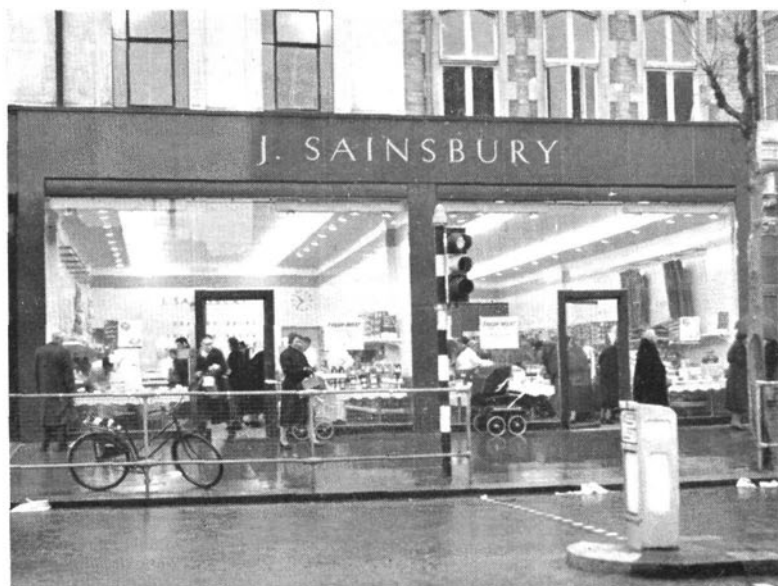
this 



and opens



like this



Cricklewood transformation was complete on December 9th when our butchers shop from Cricklewood Lane reopened to trade as part of the branch in the Broadway. Changes include refitting the old shop; and the addition of new preparation rooms and a bulk store warehouse on the first floor.



Above is the old shop with new floor, new tiles and new counters. J.S. staff in the picture are Mr. C. Burrell, Mrs. M. Robson, Mr. L. Jackson, Mrs. M. May and Mr. R. Grant. Below is part of the new shop. Behind the counter are Mrs. E. Foster, Mr. H. Franklin and Poultry Supervisor Mr. P. Serjeant.





Manager at Cricklewood is Mr. F. C. Freeman, who joined the firm in 1921. He went to manage this branch in 1951.



Head of the page, right, is part of the new meat department in the new shop. Behind the counter are Messrs. P. Warrett, D. Haith, N. Sey and G. H. Muggeridge.

Middle of the page is the cutting room at the back of the new shop. At the blocks are Messrs. H. Cassey, J. Anderson, J. Crampton and J. J. Wilson.

Left : Cutting-room equipment includes a bandsaw. Mr. J. J. Wilson is operating it.



Turkey Flash-back

Turkeys for Christmas kept Blackfriars staff hard at work in the days just before the branches had their busy time with them. On the right is one of the several cold stores where turkeys were held. Below is part of the Stamford House loading bank during distribution of the birds.



Stamford Players Winter Production

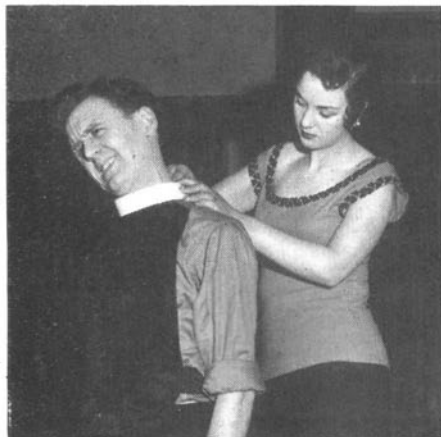
See How They Run

Put on first at Brighton where it was a great success despite production troubles, then at Toynbee Hall and at Kenton, "See How They Run" brought new faces into the group and had a good reception everywhere. Below are the cast and producer. From l. to r., in front, Mr. S. Pitt, Mr. D. R. Jones, Mrs. D. Ashworth, Miss K. Williams, Miss V. Goddard-Fenwick (of St. Bride Players). Standing: Mr. P. Feakins, Mr. L. Gowers, Mr. B. Collinson, Mr. Mal Cole, Mr. Gordon Shaw (producer), Mr. T. Parkinson, Mrs. D. Fletcher and Mrs. Stead.



Mrs. Toop, the vicar's wife,
played by Veronica Goddard-Fenwick
of St. Bride's Players.





Mrs. Toop and the corporal (Terry Parkinson) in trouble with a collar. Right, the Bishop of Lax (Stanley Pitt) and left, a splendid sergeant played by Mal Cole.

Down Memory Lane

Mr. C. Smith, of Private Office, sent us this picture of a forerunner of the Stamford Players. It dates from way back in the early twenties. In it are, from left to right, Mr. C. F. Johnson of the factory, Miss Kessell, Miss Hinton (seated), Miss Groom and the late Billy Reeves, all from the office.



J.S. Staff seen in Schools Telecast



Mr. J. B. Fallon



Mr. J. H. Smith.

On Friday, November 22nd, the B.B.C. Schools Television Service produced a programme on careers for young persons in the retail trade. The B.B.C. chose three different types of organisation : the Village Store, the Non-Food Departmental Store and the large, Multiple Food Store.

The scenes showing training in multiple food stores were tele-cine recorded in our Training Centre at Blackfriars.

The interviews, however, were "live" and conducted at Lime Grove Studios. James Begley, a junior, from Luton branch was questioned about shop work generally and his ambitions in particular. He gave a good account of himself as did the J.S. instructors who took part. They were Assistant Managers Fallon of 14 Hove, Smith of Burnt Oak, and Head Butcher Johnson of Forty Avenue.

The programme opened with shots of butchery trainees being instructed by Mr. Johnson, then moved on to Mr. Smith, giving instruction in de-boning bacon, and finally showed Mr. Fallon showing how butter should be weighed and wrapped.

The backcloth for the live interview was provided by a blown-up section of photograph of the interior of Forty Avenue branch, the photograph lent to the B.B.C. was about 6 inches by 4 inches, and was blown up to about 12 feet by 16 feet, and as viewers will have seen, was remarkably effective.



Mr. J. Begley.



Mr. B. Johnson.

Grocery packers' night out

The staff of the Grocery Packing department at Blackfriars organised a pleasant outing on November 16th. They had dinner at the "Horseshoe" and went on to the Dominion to see the Judy Garland show.

On the right are Mrs. Jennings and Miss Duffin. Below, at dinner, are, left side of table from l. to r., Mrs. Stead, Miss Warner, Miss Giles, Miss Chilton, Mrs. Hipple, Miss Hamlin, Miss Mathews, Miss Claney and Miss White. Opposite them are Mrs. Jennings, Miss Duffin, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. King, Mrs. Colinridge, Mrs. Holloway (late Supervisor and Guest of Honour), Mrs. Allard (forewoman), Mrs. Farmer (forewoman), Mrs. Poole and Miss Gibbings.



Mrs. Farmer (forewoman) and Mrs. Poole.

Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. King.



Retirements

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

W. H. GOULD, who was engaged originally in 1934 as a painter in the Works Department. Although he left in 1942 for a short period he was re-engaged in 1947, but in 1952 ill-health forced him to take on lighter duties and he was then transferred to the Office where he carried out the duties of Recordak Operator until his retirement.

A. H. TRIGGS, who joined the firm in 1944 as a Warehouseman at Guildford. He was transferred two years later to Camberley, and in 1948 became porter-poulterer at this branch. In 1952 he was promoted to poulterer and it was with this grade that he has just retired.



Mr. A. H. Triggs.

Obituary

We extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives of the following colleagues who have recently died:—

C. H. BARNES, who, apart from a period of three years when he was in the forces, has been a member of our Cambridge staff since 1940. He joined us as a porter, becoming porter-poulterer in 1948 and he held this grade when his death occurred after an operation in November.

J. E. N. WILLIAMS, who joined the firm at the age of 16 in August, 1924. His first branch was 193 Catford and he subsequently saw service in the Coulsdon, Brighton and Eastbourne districts. During the war he was in charge of several branches including 3 Hove, Haywards Heath, 66 Brighton, and Portslade, reverting to the grade of Leading Salesman in 1946. He carried out many more reliefs at Portslade and was appointed Senior Leading Salesman in July, 1953. In 1957, ill-health compelled him to retire on a disability pension. He died on December 9th.



Mr. C. H. Barnes.



Mr. J. E. N. Williams.



Southampton. From Southampton section comes this group picture taken at their dance in November.



Cheerful Party at Colchester

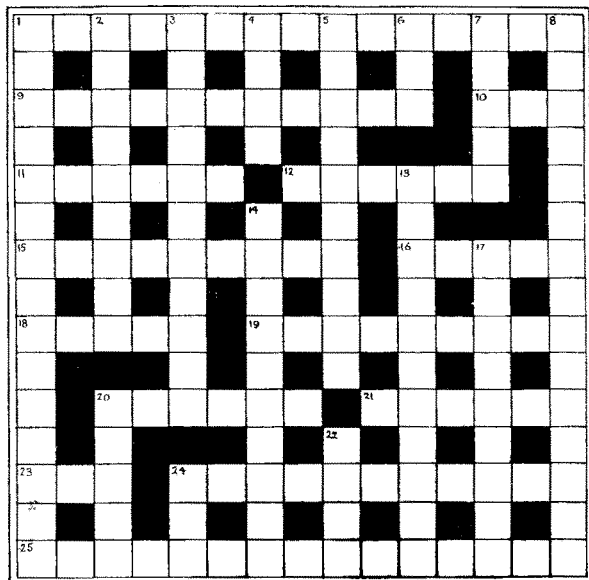
Colchester section held
a pre-Christmas
party at Nuthall's on
December 7th and about a
hundred happy guests
got into shape for
the season.

47



"J.S. Journal" Crossword No. 4

A prize of
£1.1.0 is
offered for the
first correct
solution to be
opened.
Entries marked
X-WORD should
be sent to
J.S. Journal
to arrive not
later than
January 31st, 1958.



Across

1. Three parts of a gun or all of everything (4, 5, 6)
9. The kind of hen that lives longest (6, 5)
10. A U.N. body goes back for the lout (3)
11. One way (6)
12. Thick yellow discs from Holland (6)
15. Neither animal nor vegetable (9)
16. It is a very long way indeed this year (5)
18. Consumer (5)
19. Rich tea? O.K. that's vegetable (9)
20. It looks round from every direction (6)
21. Alas! I'm in reverse (6)
23. It's in the glacier in more ways than one (3)
24. A rough surface on the cards (5, 6)
25. Where our Egg Packing Stations are (7, 8)

Down

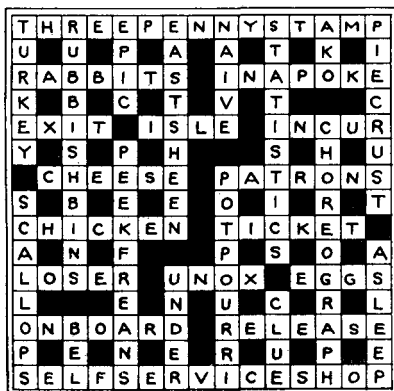
1. The gate on the machine is initially cash (4, 5, 6)
- 2, 14. A salesman looks his best with this (5, 4, 3, 5, 2)
3. The girl's dad goes around the horse (6, 5)
4. Might describe an edam in the window (4)
5. Token of surrender. Street maps, perhaps? (4, 2, 4)
6. Gas in the dairy department (3)
7. Tap these for carrots (5)
8. Over Blackfriars Bridge from Stamford Street. Is that where the rabbit's heart is? (4, 2, 3, 6)
13. Enjoyment (11)
17. Whoever has this can get away with murder (4, 5)
20. Cereals and the best players (5)
22. Release (4)
24. A white one is venial (3)



FLASH to all S.S.A Sections

When you next hold a dance, an outing or a party get your amateur photographers to work. Their pictures will find a welcome in the pages of the Journal if they are sent in soon enough. We pay half-a-guinea for every print used.

Send pictures and captions to :— The Editor,
J.S. Journal,
Stamford House,
Blackfriars,
London, S.E.1



Solution of J.S. Journal
Crossword Puzzle No. 3, December.

at the

Empress Hall

7:00 to Midnight on Saturday

12th April

The Sainsbury Staff Association

1958

Spring Ball

Eric Winstone and his
Orchestra

Eric Galloway and his Band

Grand Cabaret

2 Lambrettas

must be won in the Free Draw by members of the S.S.A.

Raffle of T.V. Set, Refrigerator, Washing Machine
and V.H.F. Radio

Tickets Members **9s** Non-members **12s 6d**



Brentwood



Tunbridge Wells

**Some of the
out of town
visitors**



Harold Hill



Cambridge



Tonbridge

Colchester



**Happy people
make**



**‘Q’
section dance
on December 7th,
a very lively affair**



The Factory turned out in force to their dance last month and our pictures show everyone having a wonderful time. The Chessmen led by J. Upchurch kept things skiffing (even the canteen staff joined in).

