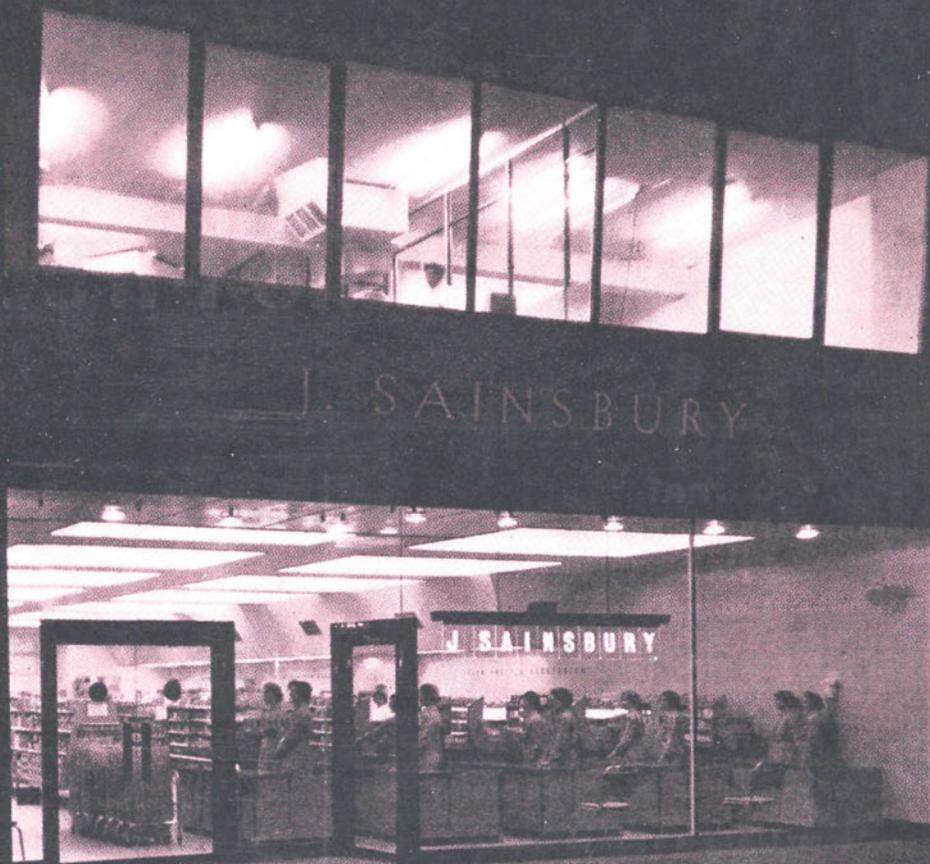


# J.S. Journal

DECEMBER 1958

HOUSE MAGAZINE OF  
J. SAINSBURY LTD





November 10th 1958 was the last day of trading for the little shop at 173 Drury Lane where John James Sainsbury and his wife Mary Ann opened their dairy in 1869. In the autumn evening, housewives gathered to see the shutters go down and meet the members of the Sainsbury family who were there. Some of those who came along brought memories of the founder from their own childhood and from their parents' accounts of shopping in the seventies. Many remembered the old shop at the turn of the century and recalled the changes that had been made over the course of the years. . . . And they all came very happily to inspect, and pass judgment on the new shop the next morning. They did not seem disappointed.

# The Last of the First

## J S Journal

HOUSE MAGAZINE OF J. SAINSBURY LTD

DECEMBER 1958

SERIES NO. A57

If you can write a letter you can probably write an article or a story for *J.S. Journal*. There are no limitations on subject matter though we suggest that writers should stick to personal observation or experience for their material. For contributions from J.S. staff we pay at the rate of £2-0-0 for every 750 words published. For photographs by members of the staff we pay 10/6 for each print published.

*Send your manuscripts or your photographs to:*

The Editor, *J.S. Journal*,  
Stamford House, Stamford Street,  
London, S.E.1.

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*Closing moments at the old shop. Mr. Alan Sainsbury (right) talking to a customer. In the centre is Mr. R. J. Sainsbury's son David and (just visible) Mr. R. J. and Mr. J. D. Sainsbury are also in the picture. Below is the new shop. "The Sun" and the two shops on the right were there in 1869. Our own shop was a pork butcher's before the founder took over.*





## They're Open !

10 a.m., November 11th, 1958

*She's delighted to be top of the queue as the new shop opens. A cheerful and excited crowd of shoppers came streaming into the new branch which hasn't a rival in that part of London.*



*The meat department at the new shop. The preparation rooms are spacious. Butchery and meat wrapping are done in separate rooms at Drury Lane.*



## People

**a** MR. W. J. HEDGES,  
*Area Superintendent.*

**b** MR. W. E. FARWELL,  
*Manager.*

**c** MR. J. CHARLES,  
*Manager, assisting temporarily.*

**d** MR. W. B. BLACK,  
*Deputy Manager.*

**e** MR. G. BARSBY,  
*Assistant Manager.*

**f** MR. D. A. BAXTER,  
*Head Butcher.*





**Drury Lane up to date**



*The new shop a day or two after it opened. A new type of square moulded perspex light fitting gives an even illumination. The staff here will number about fifty to sixty. Floor area of the shop is about 3,000 square feet. Local customers' comments range from enthusiasm to regret for the loss of personal contact with sales staff. Majority reaction is recorded by the camera on page 8.*



## Busy Times

*Midday in the West End is shopping time for thousands who work locally and sleep out of town. Our shop was so popular on opening day that we had to close for a breather to let the customers get out and the staff refill the gondolas and cabinets. We soon were trading vigorously again.*

Sudden Death,  
Little Nellie  
and Stout  
for Breakfast

# 'The Lane'

We probably won't ever know just exactly why John James Sainsbury chose a shop in Drury Lane when he decided to set up in business as a dairyman, but he could hardly have picked a more colourful London street. When he opened for trade in 1869 the Lane was very old and had borne the name of Drury since the end of the fifteenth century. It was once just a country lane winding up, from the Strand, to the fields which became the Bedford Estate. The name came from Drury House which stood about where Bush House is now and was built by Sir Robert Drury who died in 1495. The Drury family sold the place to the Cravens who enlarged it, but at its demolition in 1803 it was much reduced in size and reputation. It had become a public house whose name, *The Queen of Bohemia*, recalled the days when Lord Craven installed his royal mistress there in 1660.

The Queen of Bohemia died a year or so later but Lord Craven remained in residence till 1697, tending his garden which ran along the east side of the Lane, or leaping to horse and riding to watch the frequent fires in the town. He turned up so often at a fire that local legend claimed his horse could smell one as soon as it started anywhere between St. Paul's and the Palace of Westminster. He died aged 89.

Not everyone in Drury Lane had lasted as well.

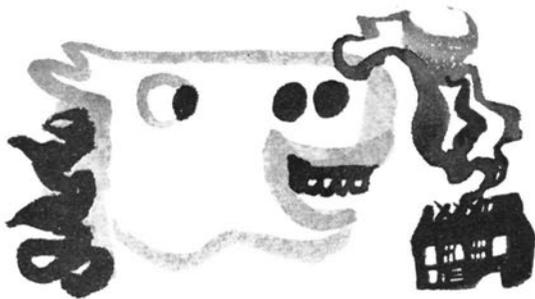


was very quarrellsome and a great ravisher. He met coming late at night out of the Horseshoe Tavern in Drury Lane with a Lieutenant of Captain Rossiter who had great jingling spurs on. Said he 'The noise of your spurs doe offend me; you must come over the kennel and give me satisfaction.' They drew and passed at each other and the Lieutenant was runne through and died in an hour or two and 'twas not known who kill'd him."

### Local girl makes good

Despite these grim goings-on the Lane had some reputation for gentility at first. It lost it rapidly. It was even then the centre of a group of London theatres and the present Drury Lane Theatre claims to be the second oldest in London. The first theatre on the present site was opened in 1663 by the King's company under Tom Killigrew and it was there that Nell Gwynn, a local girl from Coal Yard (it's called Goldsmith Street now and is a few steps from our shop), made very good indeed. Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary in December, 1666: "To the Kings playhouse and there did see a good part of *The English Monsieur* which is a mighty pretty play very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well but above all, little Nelly."

Little Nelly made a mark on the town and on



An Elizabethan visitor had found himself in sad trouble. John Aubrey's terse account runs: "Captain Carlo Fantom, a Croatian, spake thirteen languages, was a Captain under the Earle of Essex. He had a world of cuts about his body with swords,

King Charles too. "Guin," wrote Burnet, another diary keeper, "the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in court, continued to the end of that king's life in great favour and was maintained at a vast expense." Pepys records many visits to the theatre and to her dressing room. She must have been exceptionally attractive, even allowing for his susceptible habits. A sombre note preceded this enthusiasm for Drury Lane in Pepys's diary. In 1665 he wrote: "I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there." The Great Plague was said to have begun near the upper end of the Lane when two Frenchmen died at the *White Hart Inn*. Within a few weeks, according to Defoe, "few cared to go through Drury Lane, or the other streets suspected, unless they had extraordinary business that obliged them to it."

### Drury Lane's theatre

The first theatre burnt down in 1672. Two years later a new theatre, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was opened. It had a splendid career through the eighteenth century. The great actors and actresses of the town appeared there in almost every kind of theatrical show. And in 1723 Garrick presented Drury Lane's first pantomime, "Harlequin and Dr. Faustus." It wasn't much like our kind of panto, it was only part of the show and Garrick put it on because he had to coax customers away from John Rich's popular pantomimes. By the end of the century the annual panto tradition was established, two attempted assassinations of royalty had taken place there and the theatre had been rebuilt by Henry Holland. This third one burnt down in 1809 and the glare of the flames was visible inside the House of Commons at Westminster. A motion to adjourn was defeated. The fourth theatre, designed by Benjamin Wyatt, still stands and the vestibule and staircases are in fact the only parts of a Georgian theatre remaining in London.

In the eighteenth century the Lane got tougher and tougher until it had a national reputation for wildness. Jack Sheppard, the highwayman, was a local boy, apprenticed to a Drury Lane carpenter before he took to the roads. After one of his escapes from Newgate he was retaken in Lewknor's Lane, which is the old name for Macklin Street. This was a street of evil reputation in those days. It was first renamed Charles Street about 1821 and then, in 1878, Macklin Street, after Charles Macklin, one of Garrick's actors at Drury Lane Theatre. Macklin, who lived to the age of 107 years and was in very good shape, except for slight slips of memory, when he died in 1797, used to visit *The Antelope* in White Hart Yard every morning to drink a pint of hot, sweetened stout which he claimed "balm'd his stomach and kept him from having inward pains."

# The Panto

DRURY LANE



*The Drury Lane Pantomime was established tradition when Joey Grimaldi started work there at the age of five in 1783. He was the first great clown in theatre history. In his teens he used to do two shows nightly, one at the Lane and one at Sadler's Wells. He used to cover the distance running in eight minutes flat!*

### Dickensian grime

Dickens's London novels give vivid accounts of Drury Lane and its environs in the grimy mid-nineteenth century. He knew the district well and used many local spots in his stories. The sad burial ground in *Bleak House* was the miserable St. Martin's cemetery, now a paved playground behind Bruce House (the Poor Man's Carlton). Dick Swiveller, the shifty clerk in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, was in lodgings over a tobacconist's shop in Drury Lane.

The wildness of the district had by now degenerated to overcrowded squalor. It was one of the many London slums that shook well-to-do Victorians into action. The Peabody Trust and other charitable organisations, and the local authorities recently re-formed after the cholera epidemic of





*Belle Bilton, a principal girl at Drury Lane. Arthur Collins called her "the most beautiful woman I ever saw at Drury Lane." She later became the Countess of Clancarty.*

tumbling, comical character, full of fun and life. His most popular song, "Hot Codlin's," was still being sung in panto as late as 1926.

#### **The Vokes and after**

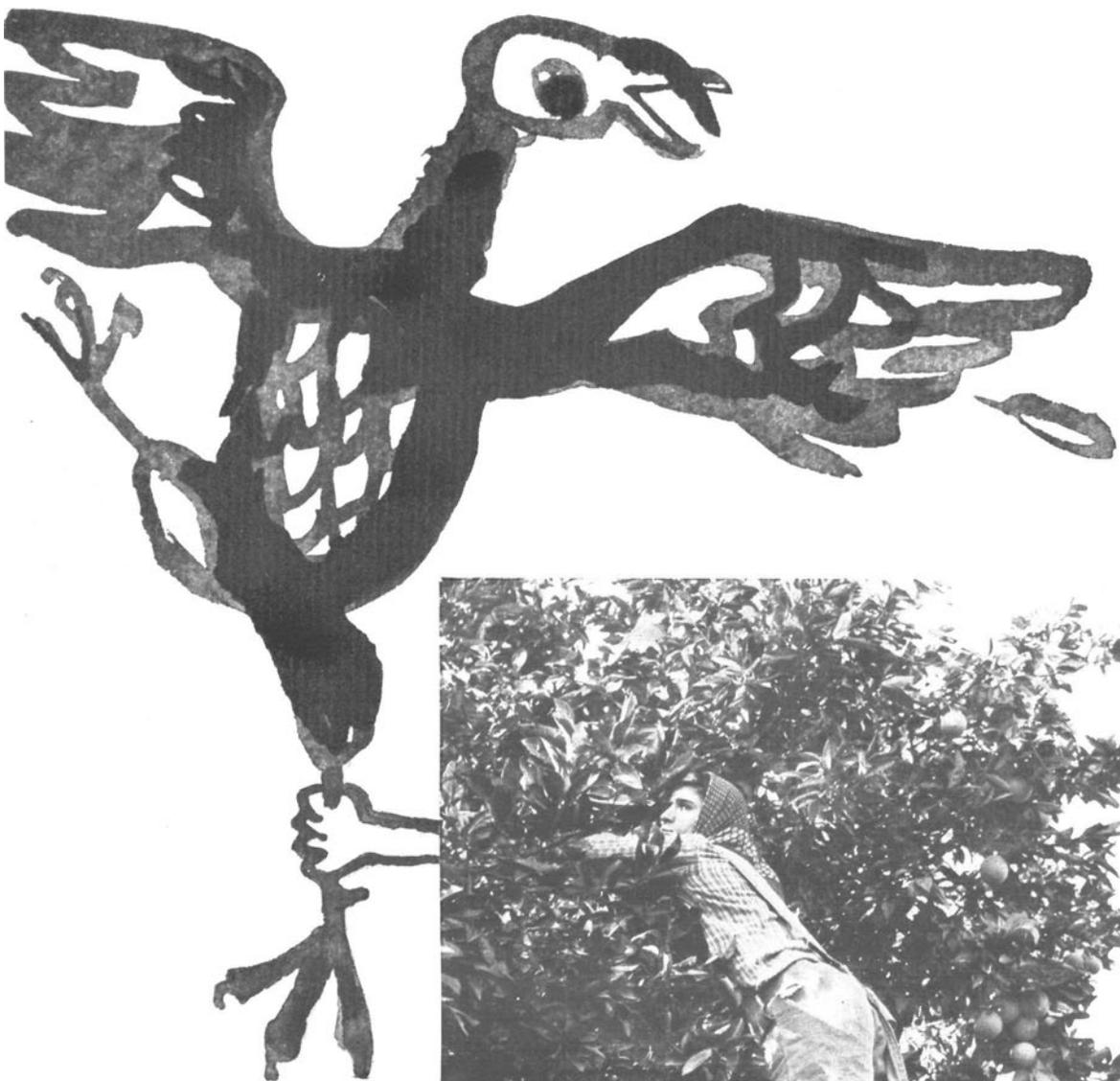
When our first shop opened, the theatre was under F. B. Chatterton's management. He engaged the whole Vokes family in 1869 and they played their first season in "Beauty and the Beast." They became an institution in the Drury Lane pantos until Augustus Harris took over in 1879. He sacked them all, brought in new artistes and discarded worn-out themes. He was a self-driving, innovating man who died overworked at 44 and was succeeded by his assistant, Arthur Collins, who saved the theatre from demolition by borrowing £1,000 from a chance acquaintance in a restaurant. His belief that everyone should have a run for his money in the early stages of a pantomime sometimes caused the shows to run on till well into the early morning hours. The annual tradition ended in 1919 though there have been two or three pantomimes at the Lane since.

So that's Drury Lane, where our firm began its life 89 years ago, when shopping was done in pennies, Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister and self-service was a long, long way ahead.



*Dan Leno, who was the Lane's most popular panto dame for many years, and (below) Vesta Tilley in her role of principal boy. She became Lady de Frece.*



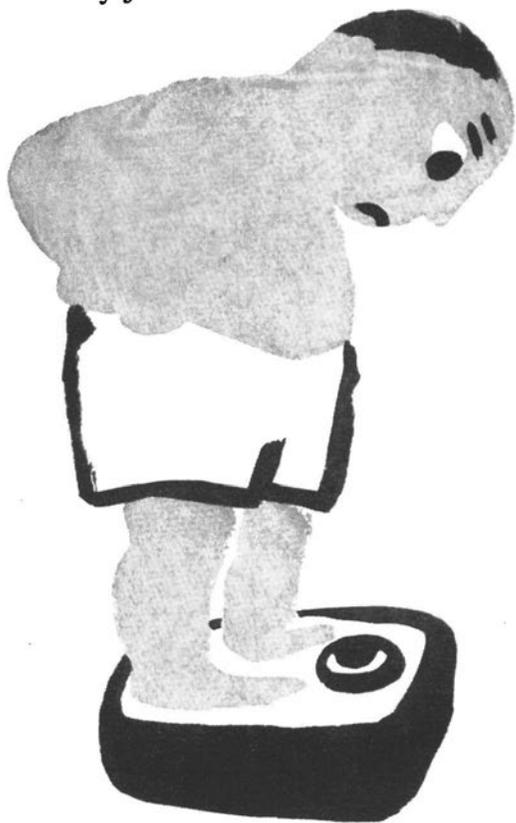


**We would like to take this opportunity of wishing all our readers a very happy Christmas and many birds in all their bushes too.**



# The thin and the thick of it

by J. L. Woods



Thinking of one's weight is not an unpleasant pastime providing one doesn't have to do anything about it—even if one ought to do something about it, it's one of those things one can always comfortably start tomorrow. I've started it tomorrow innumerable times and haven't found it difficult, except that in the small hours between now and tomorrow two things seem inevitably to happen—

- (a) one acquires a ravenous, insatiable appetite, and
- (b) one also acquires an overwhelming and equally unquenchable desire for either sweet tea or strong liquor—or both—in large quantities.

Not that I've really got a problem, of course—

there are plenty of people heavier than me, there's Friar Tuck on T.V. and Richard Dimbleby, perhaps, and there are countless others—except that I can't bring them to mind for the moment. Of course they all stand about 6 ft. 6 in. and seem to carry it off, whereas I'm rising 5 ft. 6 in. and have considerable difficulty in carrying it more than a yard or two, especially if it's up a gradient of over 1 in 300.

As so often seems to be the case, it was Billy next door who finally goaded me into action—who finally brought tomorrow looming large into today. "You're putting on a bit of weight old boy," says he—this from Billy who I am prepared to wager must weigh 17 stone if he weighs an ounce. This was really too much—the absolute end—what a fantastic nerve—good grief. "I'm dieting, old chap," I reply airily.

And there it was; I was committed just like that. My wife, who unfortunately is present at this shattering moment, pours Billy another tankard of bitter (best); absent-mindedly I reach toward the tray for mine and find in its place a glass of tomato juice. "What heck's this?" I ask, somewhat tersely. "Remember what the doctor said, darling, no alcohol," my wife says, daintily draining a glass of sherry. (I must admit my wife is nothing if not an opportunist and catches on pretty rapidly when it suits her.) I console myself with one or two very private thoughts of exactly what I'm going to say and do when Billy eventually goes. Unfortunately he is in no hurry to depart as he realises my stock of beer will last him quite nicely now I'm on tomato juice, and these deep thoughts begin to wear off in time. "Find any difficulty in keeping to your diet?" he enquires—nastily, I think. "Always thought you had rather a sweet tooth, old boy." "Not at all," I reply. "It's the easiest thing in the world—only a matter of will-power." Conversation flags. Billy gets quieter and quieter under the influence of his (and my) share of the evening's beer. I by this time am feeling too much like a jar of tomato ketchup to work up much enthusiasm. The evening ends somewhat sombrely with Billy promising to put me in touch with a pal of his who can supply me tomato juice wholesale. I realise my foolish pride has put me right in it—up to the neck.

My worst fears are confirmed the following morning when I am offered, instead of my usual two fat rashers and eggs and fried bread, two slices of crispbread which may have rested near the butter, and a dish of yoghurt. Now we've never had yoghurt in the house before and I am commencing to realise that this may perhaps be a put-up job between Billy and my wife and I begin once more to harbour somewhat dark thoughts towards them. "No sugar thanks, dear,"

I manage to say as my wife is about to add the usual three or four teaspoonsful to my coffee. (Two can play at this game, I consider.) This shakes her somewhat and for the rest of breakfast I can see she is deep in thought.



I console myself with the fact that I can put matters right at the office when the coffee and sandwich trolley arrives at 10.30. 10.30 arrives and I look forward to my coffee and perhaps an extra sandwich or two and a doughnut. A cup of coffee arrives on my desk and I wait, in vain as it turns out, for the provisions. It so happens there is no sugar in the coffee and I realise from the look on my secretary's face that she is taking my illness seriously and I mentally chalk up a mark to my wife for phoning the office to put them wise before I think of it; I realise what the breakfast silence was all about.

By about 12 I am feeling positively ill and wonder if I can make the grade to lunch. By the time I eventually arrive I am undoubtedly in a very bad way indeed—I realise grimly that if I look anything like as haggard as I feel, they'll be passing round the hat for a "small token." In industry, undoubtedly, my wife would have gone far—there is a certain thoroughness—that attention to detail that compels my admiration as a plate of boiled fish is placed in front of me by a solicitous colleague. I can read their thoughts, poor chap really *is* queer—wonder what it is—don't like to ask—ulcer—diabetes—strain? They even get the coffee and studiously ignore my weak requests to pass the sugar. I give up.

I rely on the arrival of the tea trolley to save me from an uncomfortable death—only to be summoned to the Presence at the critical hour of 3.30. (I wonder dimly to what lengths my wife is prepared to go and realise what I am up against.) I find on my return a cup of cold, sugarless tea. Oddly enough I remain alive till 5.30.

Virtually every night that week we are invited out to dinner—previously we have been out about three times in four years—and the penance continues. By the end of the week my clothes are hanging in folds around me, I am so weak I can hardly lift a golf club, although I must admit I now have the advantage of being able to see the ball and the odds against my connecting first blow are shortened somewhat.

After a couple of weeks or so of this catch as catch can I find I'm beginning to enjoy my illness, in fact, I think it suits me. Certainly, it's not easy to get to love boiled fish, minced chicken and brown paper rolls filled with cotton wool, but I must admit it has its compensations, particularly when one's friends' wives begin to pass remarks concerning how much better and younger you look that shape. However do you do it? "There's really nothing to it," I modestly reply. "A little will-power needed."

Three months later when I have knocked off best part of a couple of stone I run into Billy again—in the meanwhile he studiously avoids me. He looks far from well I am almost happy to notice. "What's the matter chum?" I enquire. "Just been to see my doctor," he replies. "Not ill, I hope!" "No, no, merely a check up in order to obtain a 'little insurance'," he explains. "Doctor says I've got to lose three stone." "Care for a quick one?" I ask him. "Certainly old man," he brightens visibly as he follows me indoors. I pour myself out a modest half of bitter (I'm allowed that now) and take the cap off a bottle of tomato juice for Billy.



## DANCES AND SOCIALS

**'U'** November 1st saw 'U' section and friends enjoying themselves at Blackfriars at the section's dance. Picture below is a party from Chingford and the one on the right is a lucky girl who had a lucky number.



## Drivers' Club hold a Social



*Two groups from the very successful social evening held last October 11th by the Drivers' Club at Blackfriars Canteen.*



## Harlow— one Candle

*Harlow's first birthday was gaily celebrated at the games room on November 4th. Members and friends made up a 60 strong party who enjoyed a really well-organised and catered for evening. On the right some guests, below Mr. Soper at the drums.*



## Midlands

*The Midland area dance on October 22nd drew parties from all over. It was held at the Bell Hotel, Leicester, and about 200 guests were present. Sorry we couldn't show more of the cheerful faces.*

## TRIPS ABROAD

# 'Y'

## Fly to Brussels



*At the Exhibition*

'Y' section took off for a day at the Brussels exhibition on October 12th. This was a trip that the section had looked forward to for months and it turned out to be a great success. The party included some "first flight" passengers who brought good visibility (beginners' luck?) with them. On arrival at Brussels they toured the city in a really luxurious coach and visited the historic Grande Place, with its remarkable Flemish Renaissance buildings, and the Palais de Justice which dominates the city.



*Homeward Bound*

The exhibition is over now, but the extraordinary Atomium is to remain for another ten years as an attraction to visitors and a reminder of the world's biggest yet exhibition. 'Y' section's party covered all the ground they could, including a visit to the Britannia Bar where "Let's All Go Down the Strand" was being sung in a bewildering variety of accents.



*At Blackbushe*



# Wonderful 'D' ay!

*'D' section took off from Blackbushe for a Sunday in Paris at 10 a.m. on October 19th and, they all say, had a wonderful time there. Sightseeing included the Arc de Triomphe (it covers the tomb of The Unknown Soldier, seen below, with some of the party paying their respects). The Latin Quarter, the Metro and anything else the visitors fancied, from the Eiffel Tower to Notre Dame.*

*How many francs make a penny?*



*Dinner was lavish at a Latin Quarter restaurant (vin, deux litres par personne) and when they all climbed aboard at le Bourget about 11.00 p.m. that night everyone was happy if tired.*

*Here's the party photographed with some of the Eiffel Tower in the background.*



# TEN LITTLE NIGGERS

*"Ten Little Niggers" proved a very enjoyable, tense and exciting drama—presented by a youthful cast bound together by the cleverly calculated playing and forceful stage presence of that stalwart Valentine Dever.*

*Although the company welcome constructive criticism they deserve much praise, for the cast, headed by Janet Walters and Mal Cole, took their parts naturally and well.*

*Lighting and effects helped create that dream reality atmosphere of the theatre for this nucleus of talented youth who deserve your support, either as welcome new members or as audiences which crown their endeavours.*

*On the right are Margaret Stead and Val Dever. Below are most of the cast in a dramatic scene. From l. to r. are Les Gowers, Brian French, Val Dever, John Gallon, Stanley Pitt, Doris Fletcher, Janet Walters, Margaret Stead, Terry Parkinson, Mal Cole.*





## Diets in Danger!

*Here's Miss Sewell of J.S. Sampling Room with the cake she baked and iced from her own recipes in the October and the November J.S. Journals. After trying it we can confirm that it's one of the best practical arguments against dieting that the Journal staff ever came across.*

## That turkey . . . . .

. . . . can be served up after Christmas in some delicious ways. Try these sandwich fillings if you're entertaining family or friends.

- 1 Dice some turkey and mix with a little chopped celery and mayonnaise.
- 2 Diced turkey mixed with chopped hard-boiled egg and mayonnaise.
- 3 Diced turkey mixed with chopped ham, celery and a little cream cheese.

A quick supper dish is to dice 4 oz. turkey and mix with 2 lightly beaten eggs, 1 teaspoonful finely diced onion and salt and pepper. Drop the mixture from a tablespoon into a greased frying pan. Brown both sides and place between two slices of toast.

Also a hot dish for either lunch or supper, is a rather appetising Turkey Macaroni Cheese. Make  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. turkey sauce as you would make a white sauce, using  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. margarine,  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. turkey stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. milk, salt and pepper. Cook 6 oz. macaroni and drain. Add to this 8 oz. diced turkey, 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup, salt and pepper and mix altogether with the sauce. Put into a well-greased pie dish and sprinkle with 3 oz. grated cheese. Bake for 25 minutes, Reg. 4, until the cheese has melted and is slightly brown.

MISS M. SEWELL

## Really the End

Early last month we found ourselves looking from the fourth floor, right into the ruins of the lecture hall of the Rotunda, which used to be in Blackfriars Road. In this hall Samuel Taylor Coleridge first gave his lectures on Shakespeare, and William Hazlitt his lectures on the comic writers of England. A less reputable but more colourful character the Reverend Robert Taylor got into trouble there by preaching sermons in May 1830. Taylor who was a student at Guy's under Sir Astley Cooper gave up surgery and took Holy Orders at Cambridge. As a curate at Midhurst he developed "sceptical doubts." His subsequent career was a long story of religious disputes and financial disaster. He hired the Rotunda and preached, in episcopal garb, a couple of sermons expounding Christianity as a solar myth and working off a few grudges against the established church. He does not seem to have made any converts but his sermons won him two years in gaol and a fine of £200.



## Down Memory Lane

*Here is the centrepiece of a window display at 87 Ealing in 1915, when Mr. Beavis was manager. The poster of "The Union of the Day" was much used then to publicise the offer of "Double Weight" Nuts and Milk, when a pound of margarine was given with every pound sold. Mr. H. G. Higlett, Head Butcher at 51 Ealing sent in the picture. He was living in, above 87 Ealing at that time.*



## Prize at Balham

*'H' section held their dance on November 12th at the "Bedford," Balham. First prize winner in the raffle got a camera. She was Mrs. A. Walls of 176 Streatham and that's Mr. Russell of Norbury handing it over. At the mike below is Miss Ann Davies.*



# Staff News

## Transfers and Promotions

### Managers:

- G. PAWSEY from 173 Drury Lane to 296 Holloway  
H. J. GOSHAWK from 296 Holloway to Seven Kings  
L. PRICE from North Harrow to 177 Haverstock Hill  
D. BILLINGS from 177 Haverstock Hill to Stanmore  
E. R. PRYKE from Stanmore to North Harrow

### Assistant Manager:

- A. S. HAGGER from Aveley to Ballards Lane

### Head Butchers:

- R. DOWNS from 16 Ilford to Stratford  
G. TWITCHETT from Stratford to Woodford  
G. BYE from 17 Forest Gate to 259 Ilford

*We are very pleased to record the following promotions:*

### To Head Butcher:

- R. L. BARRETT from 124 Ilford to 16 Ilford  
E. BROOKES from Bognor to Broadwater

## Retirements

*We send our very best wishes to the following colleagues who have recently retired:*

**MRS. K. O. PAIN**, who started in 1936 as a Daily Maid at 14 Ilford, but was later promoted to Housekeeper. In 1955 she was regraded to part-time Supply Woman at 609 Lea Bridge Road, where she remained until her retirement.

**A. H. SAXBY**, who, following his engagement in 1920 at 140 Finchley Road, worked on provisions and was eventually placed in charge of despatch there. He transferred to the Fresh Meat side of the business in 1942 and a year later became Head Butcher at Willesden Green. He was transferred to Kentish Town in 1946 as a Salesman. When he retired he was employed on catering despatch at Marylebone.

**MRS. E. E. STUBBS**, who retired as part-time Daily Maid from 609 Lea Bridge Road, where she has been since 1947.



Mrs. K. O. Pain.



Mr. A. H. Saxby.

## Obituary

*We regret to record the deaths of these colleagues and send our deepest sympathy to all relatives:*

**T. E. CASEY**, who joined the firm in October 1957 as a Basket Issuer at Paddington. He died on November 7th after a long illness.

**MRS. G. E. SCUTTS**, who joined the staff of the Factory in 1951 and had been working in the Staff Services section until her death on November 12th. **S. T. THOMPSON**, who was engaged as a Labourer at Haverhill in 1955. At the time of his death he was an outside man on the loading dock, but he had had experience in various other operations connected with the Slaughterhouse.



Mrs. G. E. Scutts.

*Below is the late Mr. S. T. Thompson in the doorway of his house when the R.A.F. were clearing up after the recent floods at Haverhill.*



## News from our National Servicemen

G. E. Balnaves, *High Barnet*, Stafford (R.A.F.). Regards himself as fortunate in not being sent to Cyprus recently and hopes, since he has only seven more months to do in uniform, that he will remain at his present camp. Plays football for his squadron and hopes to get a place in the station team before the end of the season.

J. H. Chamberlin, *Edgware*, Chatham (R.A.F.). Has recently been promoted to full Corporal and has just had his first spell of leave in 12 months. Since July he has been busy with security duties and in official attendance at various motor-cycle trials.

M. J. Goodwin, *Folkestone*, Hendon (R.A.F.). After spending a period at Wilmslow, he is now on transit at Hending waiting for a Course. He finds the food better than at Wilmslow, the billets are centrally heated but the beds very hard.

M. Over, *Camberley*, Cyprus (Army). After spending a period in Nicosia, then in the hill country and then in various other parts of the Island, he has been in and out of his camp so frequently lately that he feels like a yo-yo. He found himself in great demand recently as two whole sheep were brought in and he was the only person who knew how to cut them.

P. Putnam, *357 Harrow*, Hereford (R.A.F.). Has now finished his eight weeks' training and has been posted to Hereford for a 12-week course on cookery.

D. Nightingale, *Broadwater*, Bicester (Army). He is in the Army Catering Corps attached to the Royal Ord-

nance Corps. Two hundred W.R.A.C.s have recently moved into his battalion although, according to his letter, the only effect this has had on him is that it means extra work in the butcher's shop.

J. Tierney, *Sth. Harrow*, Aden (Army). He is an ambulance driver in the R.A.S.C. and has only recently been sent to Aden. The journey from Southampton took 12 days, taking in a stop at Gibraltar and Port Said. He finds that there is plenty available to eat and the only trouble is that due to the hot weather one is not inclined to eat much.

## Welcome back to:

J. Pointer returned to Feltham on November 10th, having spent most of his Army service in Germany.

J. Day returned to Oxford on November 11th, after a period in the Army in Cyprus.

N. Bay returned to Dagenham on November 17th, from the Army in Germany.

J. Townsend returned to Luton on November 18th, from the Army.

V. Hammond returned to 250 Kentish Town on November 24th. He spent the majority of his time in the Army in Cyprus.

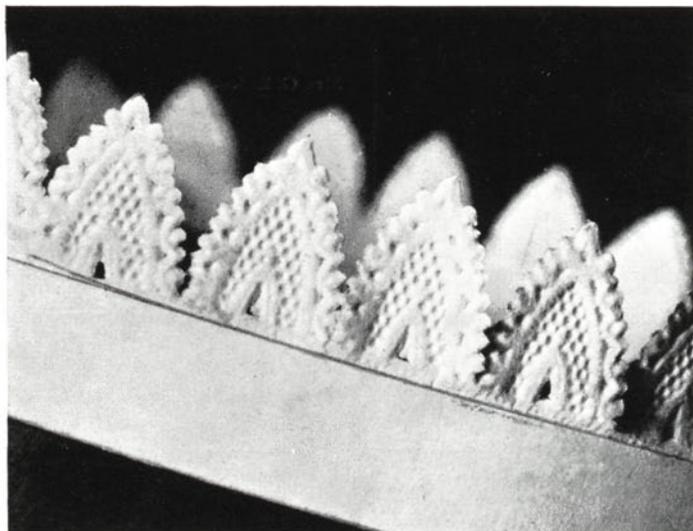
P. Kiff returned to Kenton on November 24th. He too spent most of his time in the Army in Cyprus.

Corrections to November Journal.

p. 6, col. 2; In notes to table, press advertising total should be £189,000,000.

p. 10, caption; Assistant Manager at 87 Ealing is Mr. Lester.

p. 22; In the picture at the foot of column 1, Miss French is on the right.



## ? What

Below is a side view of the plastic covered truncheon seen end on in last month's quiz picture. These truncheons, together with a knicker (that's a special type of knife) are used in J.S. meat and poultry departments in place of a chopper, thus largely preventing bone splinters. First correct solution opened was from Mrs. M. Rogers, of 355 Lea Bridge Road. She gets a £1 Premium Bond and our best wishes.



Can you identify the object in the picture above? For the first correct identification to be opened "J.S. Journal" offers a prize of a

**£1 · 0 · 0 Premium Bond**

Entries should be sent to "J.S. Journal," Stamford House, London, S.E.1, marked "?What" and must arrive not later than December 30th, 1958.

?

WHAT



## Drury Lane up to date

*The new shop a day or two after it opened. A new type of square moulded perspex light fitting gives an even illumination. The staff here will number about fifty to sixty. Floor area of the shop is about 3,000 square feet. Local customers' comments range from enthusiasm to regret for the loss of personal contact with sales staff. Majority reaction is recorded by the camera on page 8.*