



J*S

JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1958

J.S. Journal

HOUSE MAGAZINE OF J. SAINSBURY LTD.

FEBRUARY, 1958 NEW SERIES, NO. 47

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OUR COVER PICTURE

See page 9.

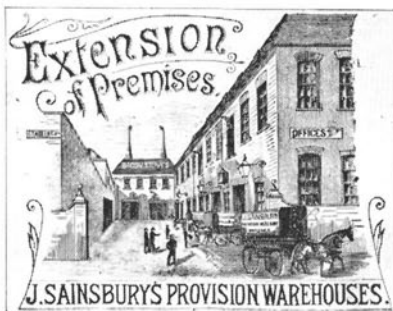
J.S. JOURNAL wants articles, stories or features of any length by members of J.S. Staff. There are no limitations on subject matter though we prefer material based on personal experience and connected, however remotely, with the firm or with one of the many aspects of food. If you can write a good letter 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.

All communications should be sent to

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

Advertising JS

The firm's first use of Television as an advertising medium prompted us to gather a few pictures from the past and take a look at how we used to do it without the benefit of electronics



The engraving above is the earliest piece of advertising material the Journal has traced. It is from a paper bag printed in the 1880s and shows the firm's first depot in Kentish Town. On the left is a still for the firm's first commercial telecast on February 6th, 1958.

THE story of modern advertising began in 1853 when the tax on newspaper and periodical advertisements was abolished. It was 1s. 6d. on each advertisement and the Treasury definition was loose. A favourable book review could attract tax. The stamp duty on newspapers ended in 1855 and the duty on paper in 1861. The way opened up for the advertising business to make giant strides. Measuring the strides in money, last year's cost this country £330,000,000. Advertising men have written a great deal by way of making a case for this kind of spending but when all is said and done advertising is simply a technique of selling. It changes its methods and its style with the years



Royal Wedding

Most of the publicity in the retail food trade is "point of sale" advertising and window displays play a very big part. In the past topical events often set the theme. This display was a triumphant wedding cake decorated with flowers and ornaments made in the shop from margarine. The wedding was that of Princess May of Teck in 1893 when she married George, Prince of Wales. They were later King George V and Queen Mary, grandparents of Queen Elizabeth. The branch was 9/11 Croydon.

but if it is good advertising it is in one way or another clearly related to the firm's sales chart.

The food trade, which contributes about 20 per cent. of the money spent on press advertising in Great Britain, played a useful part in the early growth of the publicity business. It was in the second half of the 19th century that modern techniques of processing, canning, concentrating and preserving foods had their origins.

Jack and the Beanstalk

with every Packet of Tea!

"On reaching the house Jack rushed indoors replacing an axe for the harp, and hurrying out again, began hewing at the trunk, soon the tree swayed, and with a crash brought the giant to the ground, killing him instantly. A cup of SAINSBURY'S Pure Tea revived Jack who was very faint. Henceforth Jack and his mother lived in health, wealth and happiness on the giant's money, never failing to drink SAINSBURY'S Pure Tea which proved so comforting during his adventures."

The stirring tale above is from the back of one of a set of six coloured pictures (postcard size). The cards were given away with packets of tea and children loved them. Sets of "Jack" and "The Sleeping Beauty" were distributed about 1910.



Advertising was one of the means by which the products were popularised, competitors were thwarted and markets expanded. The methods used were simple, even crude. Often they were limited to appeals to eat or drink the product. The subtleties of relating success or failure in your career to the consumption of food come much later. At first the advertiser simply sent for the printer and between them they set out to astonish the public. One printer in the 90s showed this slogan to his client

CALL A  A  AND BRANSON'S COFFEE
PERFECTION

"No good," said the client. "They'll think we sell spades." But he allowed himself to be persuaded. It was such a success that the printer thought he would register the idea. When he tried he found that his client had already done so.



WE MUST ECONOMISE!

(From the Prime Minister's Speech on June 28.)

ECONOMY, desirable always, is a National obligation now, but economy in the food department calls for wisdom. We must reduce food bills, but we must also be on our guard against cutting down food intemperately.

We must give a stricter eye now to buying only food that is pure, nourishing, and containing it must be appetising too. And we must not pay a penny more than is necessary.

In many thousands of well-stocked homes Sainsbury's "Crelos" Margarine has taken the place of butter. Equal in taste, in wholesomeness, and nutritive power, "Crelos" shows you a real saving of six to eight pence per lb. "Crelos" is one of the very good goods which, despite the war, are very cheap.

'CRELOS' MARGARINE

Remember that any margarine that does not include the words "Crelos" is not the same delicious, standard and economical brand of the Sainsbury's brand.

8d

The "Crelos" Margarine is the only one in the world which is pure and contains no salt. It is the only one in the world which is pure and contains no salt.

"Crelos" Margarine has won more butter-awards ever by the use of margarine than all the other brands put together. The only thing you can do now by using "Crelos" Margarine is to save money. Try a sample pound of "Crelos" Margarine—ad—today. sold at all Sainsbury's shops.

Sainsbury's

The Patriotic Touch

On June 29th, 1915, a year after the Sarajevo assassination which sparked off World War I, Mr. H. H. Asquith made a speech in which he laid bare the grim facts of the nation's position. Germany had had a year of military success and British resources were feeling the strain of financing her own and her allies efforts. Economy was urged on one and all.

Sir Thomas Lipton astonished the public by hiring elephants and driving them through the streets to advertise his tea. Mr. Hugon established his Atora suet with travelling bullock wagons—a live trade mark. The early methods had to be simple because the bulk of our population either could not read at all or could only manage short, simple words. So the early starters in food advertising reduced their products' names to simple, easy words. Liebig's Extract of Meat became OXO, Johnson's Fluid Beef borrowed half their name from a word in Lord Lytton's strange novel, *The Coming Race*, and became Bovril. Smith's Patent Germ Bread became Hovis. Atora was christened by Mr. Hugon picking five letters out of a hatful of alphabets. When people learnt to read as a result of the Education Act of 1880 they could be relied on, for a time, to read every word in sight and by the end of the century advertisements were packed



Shopping Week

We don't know which branch put on this show but it is probably a turn-out for a local "shopping week" parade and the date is obviously that of Amy Johnson's solo flight to Australia in 1930. She took nine days to get there. The branch staff used to put in a lot of work on these decorated vehicles. We hope this one won a prize.

out with argument, testimonials, proofs, guarantees and likely enough, a short sermon.

Contemporary publicity is a skilled operation in salesmanship carried out by specialists. Practically all modern advertising is done by advertising agencies who act on behalf of their clients. They receive as payment a percentage of the cost of the space they buy in newspapers and periodicals and on hoardings and charge a service fee. We hope to write about their work in a future *J.S. Journal*.

Poetry and Posters About 1926 or '27 the late Lady Sybil Grant, a sister of the present Lord Rosebery, wrote and illustrated a booklet, "Food for Thought," and the leaflet from which we reproduce the verse below. Lady Sybil was a remarkable person who always wore a Grant tartan plaid, had brilliant red hair and used to attend race meetings in her own caravan which she always parked with the gipsies who knew her well. The poster opposite is one which had a long and popular career in the 1920s and '30s.

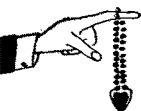
A Song of Sainsbury

PLEASE excuse a leading question—
Are you kind to your Digestion?
Which, like any modern Maid,
Likes attention nicely paid—
Else you get it in the neck:
Pains: say on the Lower Deck.
There is something pretty Septic
In the life of a Dyspeptic—
Friend, are you a Super Man,
Or among the Also Ran?
The difference, seldom understood,
Lies in **The Careful Choice of Food.**



A SUPER MAN

The Super Man can scarce refrain
From Song, when in the 'Bus or Train,
Springs—like a Chamois—up the Stair
Lift Scorning—to his business lair—
(Office, studio, or attic,
Finds him equally ecstatic).



LIKES
ATTENTION



The Also Ran, depressed and quiet,
Ignores his mood is Due to Diet.
I ask you for a Frank Reply:—
"What did you eat today, and why?"
Crossly you bark, "Use common sense
All first-class food entails expense."
I answer—"There I disagree,
Come round to Sainsbury's and see!
For wherever Sainsbury's trade
The price is low, the goods top grade.
Some products there are ready cooked,
A chance not to be overlooked,
Many a man insures his life
When facing food cooked by his wife.
Take my advice and then confess:
**SEEKING SAINSBURY SPELLS
SUCCESS."**

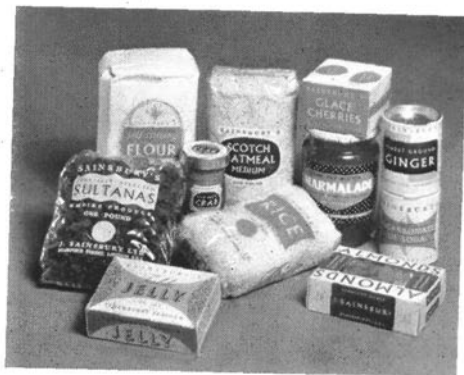
Mummy buys her Tea
AT
SAINSBURY'S



The Dollies' Tea Party.



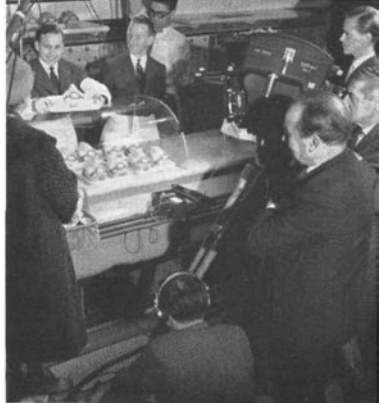
Merchandising Today The picture above shows the display board in the Merchandising Department in mid-January this year. The production of advertising material for J.S. is now centralised and designs are worked out by the department, printed and then distributed through Stores Department. The display board shows all current major items. As they are taken out of use they are replaced by new material. It is not the firm's policy to show advertising material prepared by manufacturers. At the board is Mr. A. Whybra.



Packaging is Advertising too!

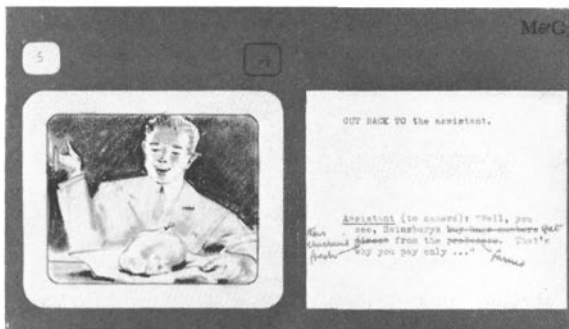
Sainsbury's packages are the result of careful team-work in choosing materials, shapes, sizes and designs. All departments concerned take part in the planning. Final designs are carried out by Leonard Beaumont, F.S.I.A., whose work has given a distinctive character to the firm's packages and publicity.

About our Cover Picture



THE cover picture shows a production team at work in our West Wickham branch, where the TV commercial used during our chicken sales campaign was made. Because TV commercials are short (30 seconds in this case and a separate 7-second spot) a lot of thought must go into them. The first conferences began months ago. These were between J.S.

Poultry and Merchandising Departments and the firm's advertising agents, Mather & Crowther. Once they had agreed on what the commercial should say, a script was written and a storyboard worked out. The storyboard is a series of sheets each one of which shows a separate scene in the film. There is a drawing of what will be seen on the screen and beside it is printed the dialogue to be spoken and a description of the action. Our illustration at the foot of this page is one sheet from the six used in producing our film. You can see how changes have been made in the dialogue during a conference. The storyboard is next passed to a production company. They too may make suggestions for changes to simplify production and overcome difficulties they can foresee "on the floor." With client and agency they hold a casting session to pick suitable actors. If the film is shot in the studio they get the sets built. In our case the film was shot on location at West Wickham in pursuit of authenticity and quietness. Even a quiet street can produce a lot of noise, however, so a lookout was posted to warn the technicians if traffic was approaching. Once the film is shot and the sound track made they go through a lot of editing before the final version is approved. Once it is agreed, prints are sent off to the stations for transmission.





Mrs. Roberts.

J S People

MRS. ROBERTS, who retired from the firm last month, came to work for J.S. in 1942. She was, at first, secretary to Mr. Murray, at that time Office manager and, later, she became head of the Sales Office at a difficult time, when we were very short of commodities. There were days when as few as four cases of eggs had to be shared out among branches. In 1946 Mrs.

Roberts took charge of the office which deals with legal queries which arise in the day-to-day work of the firm. When she joined J.S. she was Chairman of the Public Health Committee of Stepney Borough Council, a post she filled for 25 years. In 1949 she was awarded the O.B.E. for her services to the public, which included a year as Mayor of Stepney in 1935/36. She was also a Justice of the Peace (she told us nearly all her cases were appeals for more time to pay the rates). Mrs. Roberts had been Managing Clerk in a solicitor's office before joining the firm so she had the kind of experience needed to plot a track through the forest of laws and regulations in which foodstuffs are bought and sold today. With Mr. Murray she worked out for the firm, "The Branch Rationing Guide," a handbook which came to be prized by many a Food Office up and down the country and which was sometimes used by magistrates dealing with rationing cases. There are a good many laws which directly affect any firm which trades in foodstuffs. They aren't fixed or rigid, however, and the trader has to be alert to changes both in the law and in marketing methods. Self-service has made some former regulations irksome and difficult to conform to and when J.S. has then taken the initiative in asking the authorities for revisions Mrs. Roberts has played her part in preparing our case. She reminded us that she was on the *J.S. Journal* committee in its very early days. We asked her how she liked it and from her reply it seems it wasn't any easier to get out a house magazine then than now.



A Prophet on the Bench

SEVERAL years before the Franco-Prussian War was fought a young lad in his early teens was apprenticed to a grocer and Italian warehouseman who had a shop on Shooters Hill, Blackheath. He quickly settled down and made himself popular by his diligence and pleasant manner. One customer he particularly noticed would spend some time in the shop and leave after buying only some trivial item. Occasionally after his visit special lines displayed near the edge of the counter would be missing. The lad accordingly kept a watchful eye on the man and was rewarded by seeing him smuggle out two bars of yellow soap under his coat. A policeman was called by the proprietor and the alleged thief duly appeared before the local bench. When the boy went into the witness box the customer's solicitor simply pooh-poohed the charge, "How can you prove ownership of two bars of soap," he asked. "They are all the same in appearance." The youthful witness produced a knife and cut the soap into smaller pieces. In each was a matchstick. He had bored the soap with stout wire and inserted the matches as a trap. The thief was convicted and the magistrate said to the witness "Young man you will go far."

The witness' name was John James Sainsbury.

We are indebted to
Mr. S. T. Goldup for this story told him
by the founder.





Sardines Ahoy!

by **G. T. Ashton** of Sales Office. This account of an incident during last summer's holiday was awarded one of the two consolation prizes in our competition for the best holiday story.

WE were on a cycling tour of Brittany, five of us in all, two girls from Coventry and we three boys from Surrey. After a few days on the Channel coast we turned south to the Côte d'Amour, the stretch of coast north-west of the estuary of the Loire.

We were staying at the Youth Hostel at Batz-sur-Mer, and were just finishing our supper after a lazy day spent lying on the beach at La Baule, when we first heard mention of sardine fishing. The Warden of the Hostel, a jolly little Frenchman from Nantes, a German boy from Stuttgart, a French boy from Lille and three French girls were busily arranging something. We heard words such as "pêcheurs," "sardines," "Le Croisic," etc., and even with our limited knowledge of French managed to make out that they were going out with the Breton fishermen. This sounded interesting! Brittany is the home of one of the largest sardine-fishing fleets in the world, and any chance of seeing it in action would be grabbed at. We found out, however, that they could not take all of us that night, but there might be a possibility of going the following night.

The next day we spent lazing around on the beach at Batz. In the afternoon the German and the French boy returned—they had had a terrific time. The fishing had been interesting, and during the day they had sat on the deck sunbathing. All this increased our eagerness to go.

After supper we cycled down to Le Croisic, the fishing port

three kilometres away, to find out if the fishing fleet was sailing that night. At Le Croisic we found that only six boats would be sailing that night as there would be no fish market the following day, which was August 15th, a religious holiday in France. However, there was a good chance that they would take some passengers.

Back at Batz we collected food for our trip. French shops seem to stay open half the night so shopping was no problem. Rolls, cheese, tomatoes, lettuce, biscuits and wine were carefully packed up, enough to last for a day or two.

At 12.30. a.m. we were awakened by the rattling of an alarm clock. Hurriedly dressing and collecting our food, we walked the three kilometres down the main road to Le Croisic. When we arrived at the port at 1.30 a.m. it was deserted except for the occasional dark figures walking quietly along the streets down to the harbour. We followed them and eventually arrived at the outer harbour, where we found some of the fishing fleet moored. Our next task was to get one of the boats to take us. We had learned from our friends who had gone the previous day that the drill was to find the captain of one of the boats and ask him. This was easier said than done. In the darkness all the fishermen looked alike, clad in jerseys and berets. Which one was the captain? We asked one or two tentative questions in our poor French, but did not get very far. We were feeling rather anxious as to whether we would be able to go or not, when finally we met the captain of one of the boats. We explained what we wanted and he agreed to take three of us in one boat and the other two in another. They were leaving in 10 minutes, so we quickly split up and climbed down an iron ladder at the quayside into our respective boats. Within a few minutes we had cast off, and were heading out to sea.

Standing on deck we were able to study the layout of the boat. She was about 40 feet long and had very stout bows. There was a companionway up in the bows, and a deckhouse amidships, containing the steering cabin and another companionway leading down into the crew's cabin. In the stern was the bait used for fishing, and also two dinghies, which were to play an important part in the fishing later on. Along the side of the deckhouse were stacked boxes which would later be filled with sardines (we hoped) and farther forward was the net, *le filet*

bleu, the most important part of the fishing equipment, carefully laid along the deck.

On the lifebelts we could make out her name, *Petite Maryse* of Le Croisic.

The main sardine-fishing grounds are off Belle Ile, a large island about 50 kilometres west of Le Croisic, and 3½ hours in the boat. There was a fairly fresh westerly wind and occasionally the bows would disappear in a cloud of spray. Eventually, after three hours or so, Belle Ile came into sight, and one by one the crew appeared on deck clad in oilskins ready for work. The net was uncovered and the boats and bait checked. All that was needed now was to find the sardines.

Locating the shoals of sardines is greatly helped by the use of radar. An apparatus in the deckhouse sends out radio beams into the sea. These rebound off solid or near-solid objects, such as large shoals of sardines, and thus the shoals can be located. This is very similar to the Asdic detection device used against submarines during the Second World War. The approximate position of a shoal can be determined, and it was when this was done that the two dinghies in the stern of the boat came into use. They were lifted out of the boat by several of the fishermen and lowered into the sea behind the boat. A large bin of bait was placed in each boat and then two fishermen jumped into each, one to row and the other to spread out the bait. They rowed around in large circles of about 100 to 200 yards from the *Petite Maryse*, where we and the rest of the crew watched anxiously. Slowly the two boats rowed round and round, spreading the bait over the sea. This went on for about 20 minutes, and though we watched carefully, nothing out of the ordinary seemed to be happening. During this time we became aware that the *Petite Maryse*, though not now under way, was being slapped about by the waves and had a very erratic and unpleasant motion. All thoughts of hunger and breakfast had now disappeared. Perhaps our carefully packed rations, planned to last us all day, would not now be needed!

Suddenly there was a cry from one of the crew. The figures in one of the dinghies were waving. With a roar, the engine of the *Petite Maryse* was restarted and we made off towards the dinghy at full speed. The crew sprang to their stations as we neared the smaller boat. They seemed very well drilled and



At Quiberon some 30 miles from Le Croisic. These sardine boats unloading their catch are similar to the *Petite Maryse* in which the party made their trip.

knew exactly what to do, even though no words of command were given. Some 30 yards from the dinghy, the net, bright blue in colour with white cork at the top, was paid out over the side. At full speed we described a circle, about 75 yards in diameter, paying out the net all the time, until we had returned to our starting place. The trap was set. Now we had to see what we had caught !

The hardest job for the fishermen lay ahead—that of pulling

in the net. Hand over hand they hauled, bare hands pulling at the wet net. Hands are gashed and fingernails often torn off in this task, but are unheeded. The net must come in.

Slowly but steadily the circle grew smaller and smaller. Then at last we could see the result of their labour : the last few yards of net came in full of hundreds of slippery squirming sardines. Quickly the net was pulled across the deck and the sardines emptied into a large locker, and the net was quickly heaped along the deck for future use. The crew of the dinghy, who had been watching all this action from their vantage point, rowed to the parent ship and climbed on board leaving the dinghy bobbing along behind. Their work was completed for the time being.

During the hour or so that we had been cruising off Belle Ile the weather had steadily deteriorated. The wind was rising and the sea became rougher, periodically showering the decks with clouds of spray. To add to our discomfort it had started to rain, while visibility had gone down to about half a mile. We were glad, therefore, when an English-speaking fisherman told us that we would be returning to Le Croisic as conditions were too rough for fishing. Our pale green faces must have expressed delight at this news. Just then, however, there was shouting and waving from the other dinghy which I had completely forgotten about. They, too, had come across a shoal of sardines. The whole procedure was repeated exactly as before, and another mass of gleaming sardines was deposited on the deck. This done, the two dinghies were hoisted on board and we turned for home, although it was not until we emerged from the shelter of Belle Ile that we realised why the captain had decided to return to port. During the next four hours while we ran for Le Croisic I often wondered whether I would ever see dry land again. To the long roll of victims of *mal de mer*, the Bay of Biscay had added several new names. Huge waves marching in from the open Atlantic, some of them 15 to 20 feet high and 50 yards from crest to crest, came roaring in on our starboard side, passed us and disappeared into the gloom to crash eventually against the rocky coast of Brittany. One moment we were climbing up the side of the wave, leaning 40 degrees over to port, with the rail nearly under, over the top and the next moment falling down the other side, 40 degrees to starboard.



Hauling in the laden nets is the toughest job of the trip and the wet net doesn't spare the fishermen's hands.

Through the rain and spray we caught glimpses of the other boats ahead of us, running to harbour. One moment we would see the entire deck with the fishermen holding on to the rail, and the next moment half the hull before she disappeared from view behind the wave.

After an eternity, which was really four hours, we made out the coast of France through the mist, and 10 minutes later we were entering harbour. Slowly we cruised through the outer port and came to rest at the berth. We presented the captain with a bottle of *vin rouge*, shook hands all round and then climbed up the ladder to the quayside, wet through but with unforgettable memories of a most exciting experience. One thing I know, the next time I open a tin of sardines I will appreciate them far more than before I knew how much hard work went into catching them.

Meet the Commodity Clerks



D. Pettet.
R. G. Brown.

A. Adamson.
F. Waterman.

M. Clubb.
G. Ashton.

The people above are responsible for the distribution of fresh meat and offal to our branches. Mr. F. Waterman in the front row centre joined J.S. in 1923 to work in the Kitchen dispatch office, staffed at that time by only three men and a girl. Except for the rationing years he has been connected with meat distribution for all his service with the firm. He says his hobbies are being a householder, a grandfather and supporting Chelsea. Mr. R. Brown joined the firm in 1932. He was at Union Street at first. He is a keen musician who plays the piano and prefers Beethoven above other composers. Mr. G. Ashton joined us in 1955, plays

cricket, hockey and tennis and was a runner-up in our holiday competition (see page 12). Mr. D. Pettet joined J.S. in 1950 in Mechanised Dept. He spent three years in the R.A.F., mostly in Singapore and, like many others, liked the place enormously. He has been in Sales Office for over a year and plays cricket for Wanstead C.C. Mr. A. Adamson came to us in 1956. He served in the R.A.F. as a radar operator and is a very keen sportsman; plays cricket for the Sales Office and supports 'Spurs. Mr. M. Clubb came to J.S. as a trainee in 1955 and joined the Sales Office in '56. He is a keen footballer, swimmer and weightlifter.

Fresh pork distribution is the care of Mr. R. Shrubsole and Mr. R. Daniels. Mr. Shrubsole joined J.S. just 21 years ago and worked in a variety of departments before coming to the Sales Office in 1950. He had a busy and much-travelled Army career in the 5th British Survey Regt. He says his hobby, sport, amusement (and downfall) are his two children, a girl of five and a boy of 14 months. Mr. Daniels came as a trainee in 1946, has played football for the Office team, is fond of badminton and supports West Ham.



R. Shrubsole.

R. Daniels.

L. Howell (left).

A. McEvoy (right).



N. Smith.

Mr. L. Howell and Mr. A. McEvoy are the Kitchen's contacts. Mr. Howell joined the firm in 1928 in the Sales Office under Mr. Perry. He came back there after six years in the Army. He is an enthusiastic member of Wimbledon Choral Society. Mr. McEvoy joined J.S. seven years ago, came to the Sales Office $3\frac{1}{2}$ years ago. His interests include, painting (surrealists preferred), writing, jazz clubs and a Lambretta.

Mr. Smith whose field is cooked and canned hams joined J.S. in 1954. Interested in motor and motor-cycle racing. Never misses a British Grand Prix.



H. Thaddeus.
D. Milner.

R. Chowdhury.

Mrs. J. Bonwick.

S. Holmes.

D. Underwood.

D. Pullen.

The section above work at Kitchen dispatch. Mr. D. Milner, who joined in 1944, was at first in Depot Stock. Called-up in 1945 he saw some service in W. Africa, Burma and Malaya. Since 1948 he has been a serious cyclist and spends his week-ends and holidays on the road. He has covered practically all England and North Wales. He is a prize-winning player in the S.S.A. Chess group too. Mrs. J. Bonwick joined the firm 15 months ago, likes the work in the Sales Office but laughed when we asked her about hobbies. With two boys growing up and a great barn of a house to look after she has enough on her hands. Mr. D. Pullen has been with J.S. for four years. He plays for the office football team and is a keen motor-

cyclist. Mr. Thaddeus has been with us for only two months and this is his first job in England. His last job was in Basra. He is a brother-in-law of Mr. S. Holmes, speaks English, Armenian, Arabic and a little Hindustani, Pakistani and Persian. Mr. R. Chowdhury once worked at Peckham and Stockwell branches and left to get experience in clerical work. He returned to J.S. in 1957. Finds his branch experience helpful at times. Plays football, cricket and tennis. Mr. S. Holmes joined in 1957. He came to London a few years ago from Ireland. Mr. D. Underwood has been with J.S. for two years. He is an assistant scoutmaster and that keeps him very busy. He has recently taken up cine-filming.

This set of pictures closes our feature on the Sales Office staff but it would not be complete without a reference to the head of the Sales Office, Mr. Dudman, who has had a long association with both the business and social sides of the firm's life. We found the portrait on the right in our Memory Lane album. It dates from the football season of 1925/26.



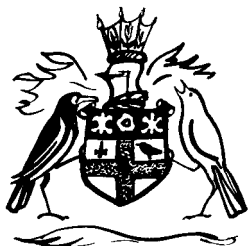
R. Dudman.

Mr. R. Dudman was 14½ when he joined the firm in 1920 and to begin with he addressed envelopes (500 a day) and ran messages. He then went into the Sales-to-Branches Office, then to the Ledger Office. He later became assistant to Mr. J. H. Clarke when the latter was put in charge of the Ledger Office. For about five years he was in charge of the Mechanised Accounts Dept. and during the office decentralisation in 1939 became "Co-ordinator" under Mr. N. C. Turner. In 1940 he managed the Depot at Woolmer Green; in 1942 became Depot Staff Controller and then, after a time as assistant to Mr.

W. C. Gurr, he became Secretary of the S.S.A. In 1950 he was appointed to his present post in charge of the Sales Office. Mr. Dudman played for the office football and cricket teams when he was 15 and kept it up for a very long time. He was a fine tennis player and besides playing for the Griffin he used to represent North Kent. His past work for the Griffin as treasurer, etc., and as the present Chairman of "O" Section is well known. He takes an active part in the Corps of Honorary Stewards of the Royal Albert Hall and is Chairman of the Westminster Football Association.

St. Thomas' Hospital

A Short History



The story of this world-famous hospital begins in Southwark seven or eight centuries ago. This necessarily brief account tells a little about its growth from obscure beginnings to the building of the present hospital on the Albert Embankment.

FOR a sick citizen of mediaeval London the outlook was poor. The Middle Ages were uncomfortable and dangerous times for the ill or the wounded. Medical knowledge was limited to some practical experience in setting limbs and binding up wounds, to the prescription of herbs (mostly laxative) and the repetition of incantations. The potions and prayers did most good when a priest administered them on sacred ground, and so it came about that the Church developed within itself a body of experience in medical matters and a responsibility for the care of the sick which is the original impulse behind the hospitals and medical services of the present.

Even such a thing as the precedence of physician over surgeon arises from the religious rule which forbids the priest to shed blood. All surgery in mediaeval hospitals was carried out by laymen in subordinate positions who carried out the priest's instructions.



St. Thomas' Hospital

St. Thomas' as it is today, seen from Stangate. This building was put up in the 1860s when the hospital moved from its Southwark site near London Bridge Station.

The earliest certain knowledge we have of St. Thomas' Hospital is that in A.D. 1212 the first hospital was burnt down. In 1215 a new hospital was opened near what is now St. Thomas' Street just south of London Bridge Station. Funds were raised for it by the soldier-bishop* of Winchester, Peter de Rupibus, by promising to remit 20 days of penance to all subscribers. The response was very satisfactory. The age of the hospital which went up in flames is unknown, but there was a priory with an infirmary near London Bridge in the early 12th century and possibly it is from this that St. Thomas' grew.

The new hospital was probably a two-storey structure built round a cloistered quadrangle with a thatched roof, no chimneys

* Military careers and holy orders were not made incompatible by the rule that a priest should not shed blood. The priestly warrior used a mace in battle.

and a high fire risk. The wards upstairs had no beds other than bundles of rushes spread on the floor. The staff were four brothers, three professed sisters, a warden, a lay surgeon, a porter, brewer, baker, cook and lay sisters. Your prospects once you were admitted as a patient were largely a matter of faith and endurance.

No records exist of treatment given to the sick in the hospital, but we know from other sources how "Doctors of Physic" went about their work in the 13th century. They were trained on a mixture of old wives' tales and *What the Stars Foretell* and the element of luck in recovery was large. The Brethren of St. Thomas' were probably able to give sounder advice than most, because they had constantly before them patients suffering from the frequent uncontrolled epidemics of the time or from the even more frequent brutalities of the Southwark stews. They could hardly fail to learn by trial and error how best to treat those ailments for which potions, prayer and primitive



surgery were the answer and with time and the organisation of knowledge and of teaching they moved slowly towards some mastery over human suffering.

The hospital carried on its work without a break, growing in size and experience until 1540 in the reign of Henry VIII. As Church property it had formerly been safe from the depredations of the powerful in a way that lay property never was in the Middle Ages. Now it was very rich and so particularly vulnerable during the years of the dissolution of the monasteries. Its patron saint, Thomas Becket, four centuries dead, was charged with treason and rebellion. A trial took place in Westminster Hall at which he was found guilty, decanonised

and the jewels and gold of his Canterbury shrine were appropriated by the king. The hospital, with its very considerable wealth in properties mostly in the home counties and the City of London, was taken over very shortly after and for 11 years the Southwark buildings were closed and deserted. Then the plight of London's sick and poor lying begging in the streets moved Bishop Ridley to persuade the young King Edward VI to reopen and endow London's hospitals. St. Thomas', Christ's, Bart's and Bridewell were reopened under the control of the City of London, and it is for this reason that the coat of arms of St. Thomas' includes the City's shield. There was an attempt to rename it "The King's Hospital," but Londoners cling to old habits and the name St. Thomas' stuck. The City's lawyers got round that by naming St. Thomas the Apostle as its patron saint in place of the decanonised Thomas Becket.

The hospital reopened for patients in 1552 and this list (taken from the Patent Rolls) of prospective patients for the London hospitals shows how varied the work must have been.

Of fatherless children	300
Of sore and sick psons	200
Of poore men overburdened with children				350
Of aged persons	400
Of decayed householders	650
Of ydell vagabondes	200

They were simply fed. They were divided into groups of four, called "messes," and each mess had daily, four penny loaves and a gallon and a half of beer. On four days of the week they shared 3 lb. of meat. It might be beef or part of a leg or loin of mutton. On the other three days they got half a pound of butter or a pound of cheese. Besides these staples, oatmeal porridge, vegetable soup and milk were supplied in fairly large quantities. In Lent of course, salt fish took the place of much of the meat. At Christmas, Shrove Tuesday, Easter and Whitsun the rations were doubled. At these times of double rations the great treat was a "plum-pottage." In 1558 £1 9s. 11d. worth of fruit and spices and half-a-guinea's worth of white bread went into one of these. The doctors tried but failed to ban this popular stodge.

In spite of the brutish nature of life outside the hospital the patients did not always take to its discipline and seclusion. The

aged and diseased who were brought in for care and treatment showed a tendency to slip out for a quick drink of something more warming than the rather thin hospital beer. They were "sharply punished before they could be brought to abyde within the boundes of their houses."

Even so they continued to brighten their diets through their contacts with the outside world so that the Governors in 1569 were forced to issue an order which ran "There shal be broughte



in to the house none of theis kinde of meates following beinge for bydden both by the phessicion and surgions, That is to say no shell fyshe, as oysters, muskells, cokells, crevisses, nor egges nor no kynde of Inwardes of beastes as sheppe gethers, nor trippes nor garlycke nor unyons" and so on, including blood puddings, herrings and sprats.

For the next 150 years the hospital carried on its work through the plagues and fires and religious controversies of the 17th century, gathering experience and applying with more or less success the knowledge and skill it had gained.

The early years of the 18th century saw new men and new buildings at St. Thomas'. Dr. Richard Mead, England's most eminent physician, a pompous precise figure, brought the hospital prestige. William Cheselden, of whom it was said that before his day there was no surgeon of first rank in England,

joined the staff. And in the first quarter of the century the whole appearance of the hospital changed. The new buildings were built around four quadrangles along an east-west axis. The main entrance was in Borough High Street. At this time Guy's† Hospital was closely connected with St. Thomas'.

About this time the Governors gave Cheselden permission to build a small room at the back of the hospital where he could lecture and demonstrate to students and young doctors. By 1814 a medical school had developed with dissecting room, laboratory, library and lecture hall. It had its ups and downs. Under Sir Astley Cooper the anatomy school flourished. Its success is said to have been partly due to Sir Astley's ability to maintain a steady supply of bodies at four guineas each at a time when the market price was often as high as £20. He was a man of great ability and exceptional charm.

The Move from Southwark

By the fifties it was obvious that St. Thomas' was going to be in the path of the Charing Cross Railway scheme. In 1861 the hospital was compulsorily bought out for £296,000. In 1863 the present eight-and-a-half acre site on the Albert Embankment was bought and building began. The patients were meanwhile accommodated at the Surrey Gardens, a Newington pleasure ground. The music hall was converted to hold 200 beds, the giraffe house became a cholera ward and the elephant house a dissecting room. When the new hospital in Lambeth opened in 1871 the continuity had been preserved.

It was during these years of improvisation that one of the most important changes in the history of medicine took place at St. Thomas'. Florence Nightingale founded modern nursing. She had returned from the Crimean War, famous and respected. A grateful England subscribed £50,000 for her to use as she wished. What she wanted was to start a school to train capable, intelligent and responsible young women to work in hospitals.

† Thomas Guy, a bookseller and Governor of St. Thomas', made a handsome profit selling stock in the South Sea Bubble speculation. Out of this he paid for a separate hospital for incurables and lunatics, who till that time had been refused admission to St. Thomas'. He also endowed three wards in the hospital. On his death it was found that his will contained instructions that his hospital should be made open to all types of cases and should have its own Board of Governors.

She insisted that her probationers should really have a vocation for nursing and very soon the Nightingale School, which was run in St. Thomas' and paid for out of the Nightingale Fund, had created an efficient and respected body of trained women to replace those who very often had drifted unwillingly into nursing because they were not much use at anything.

There was plenty of opposition to Miss Nightingale even in St. Thomas', but she was a very powerful character. Before the new hospital opened there were requests from all over the country for trained St. Thomas' nurses. When it opened, the wards were staffed by properly trained nurses working under her leadership. Her own devotion to nursing was communicated to her pupils and they in their turn seem to have felt the need to spread her ideas. In 20 years there were many other schools where "Nightingale Nurses" superintended the training of nurses.

The history of the modern hospital of St. Thomas' which faces the Houses of Parliament across the Thames is a part of the history of modern medicine. Since the 1870s, progress in techniques of diagnosis and treatment has been rapid and sometimes revolutionary. Hospitals everywhere have been the proving grounds of the new knowledge, and St. Thomas' has played a distinguished part. Its prestige has been won by the work of many brilliant physicians and surgeons, whose service in the hospital's wards and theatres, helps every day to extend our mastery over pain and illness.





'X'

SECTION

(that's the Wimbledon/
Morden area) held a
dance on November
27th at the Crown
Hotel, Morden, when
200 S.S.A. members and
guests kept things very
lively.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Skiffle in the interval
is the popular thing
this season.

Bournemouth

Held a popular party
for 66 cheerful,
hungry kids
at Alexandra Hall

and laid on hats, balloons, noisemakers, conjuror,
Punch and Judy, and plenty of food, pop and music.



Left: Looks as if someone has spotted
how the conjuror does it. Below: l. to r.
Mr. Cox, Mr. Cole and Mr. Moss who
made plenty of music.

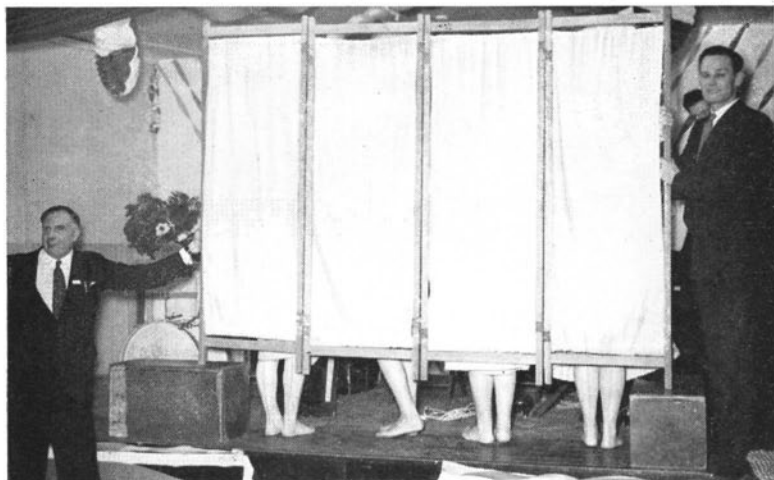




Up above are the hard-worked helpers taking a snack and a rest while the conjuror does his stuff. Father Christmas was Mr. Rose, right (and top of the page opposite) is the Punch and Judy audience.



At Haywards Heath



What is going on up there is a competition for the most elegant ankle (Mr. Bonham and Mr. Thompson are judging). Haywards Heath dance was held on January 4th in Franklands Village Hall. Playing the electric guitar is Mr. Whiting and company and below is Mr. Bonham presenting the raffle prize.

Miss Brayne with Mr. Frost who won the knobby knees' competition.





'A'

SECTION

(That's Ilford) held a bright and cheerful dance at the Canteen on December 14th. Mrs. Davis presented the prizes. Then the Section gave her a bouquet. Over on the left is Mr. Rodford who is receiving a cricket bat from Section Secretary Mr. Hunt in recognition of his very consistent form over the 1957 season.



Coventry dine and dance

at the Leofric Hotel on January 11th



The groups above and below are just some of the S.S.A. members and guests who enjoyed a splendid evening at the Leofric when the section held

its annual dinner and dance. There were about a hundred guests at the dinner.





Above is a group of officials and their wives who were at the dinner.

Below, left, winners and runners-up in the weekly darts league played for the Trinity Cup. From l. to r.: Mr. E. Hyde (second), Mr. H. Gough (winner), Mr. N. Hayes (manager of Coventry and donor of the Trinity Cup) and Mr. W. Nutt (third). Prizes were presented by Mrs. Hedges.



Paul Mullarkey receives the booby prize from Mrs. Hedges.



Mrs. Etherington was presented with a spray of flowers.

Another kind of cup.



Southampton

had over 75 children at their party on January 8th. On the right are four singers who joined "Butch" Waters and his Skiffle group. There was a conjuror and a very popular clown "Uno Clot," photographed below with the party's catering staff.



All set and waiting for the starting pistol.

Youngest guest was 11 months old and solemn Jacquelyn Crossgrove.





Going UP

How I ate my way up the Waldorf

Antony Ferry

BEING the son of a Frenchman and a chef, memorable meals tend to cloud all my recollections of food with the same bright haze of pleasure and satisfaction. I can remember a chicken stuffed with olives and nuts in a moonstruck garden in Spain when I was seven; later, in France, a saddle of venison that had been meticulously saturated with wine and herbs for weeks beforehand by means of a hypodermic needle; and not long ago I sat down to *truite au bleu* that I had caught myself from a large green aquarium in the kitchen of Boulestin's, just off The Strand in London. But for sheer dramatic artistry, in conception and execution, one particular repast literally towers above all the others.



On a brief visit to New York my father took me to meet Gabriel Lugot, the executive chef of the Waldorf Astoria. Our arrival was apparently unexpected, but I soon realised that this gaunt, pale Swiss was a master of the impromptu. We drank Pernod in his little caged-in office in the fifth-floor kitchen, and soon after he had issued a few brief orders to his staff, a chef came in to set a small table for three. The pop of a wine cork inaugurated the proceedings, which began with a finely seasoned fish soup. After the first flush of compliments, M. Lugot asked

me very kindly whether I intended to follow my father's profession. I shook my head, and my father answered somewhat disparagingly, "Unhappily, no. He wishes rather to be a journalist."

"But that is wonderful," said Lugot warmly, "*Votre fils*, he has a rich and honourable tradition behind him. Boulestin began his career as a writer for the Paris periodicals, and Curnonsky rose from humble beginnings as a journalist in the provinces to become the Prince des Gastronomes. *Non*, I assure you, Ferry, your son's choice is most logical."



My father grudgingly conceded that this was possible. M. Lugot smiled, wiped his mouth and abruptly got up, to be joined at the door by my father. Mystified, I followed them through the organised bedlam of rushing white figures and red faces. Lugot buzzed for the service elevator and began to discourse on Balzac, Victor Hugo, Rabelais and Anatole France, and the consuming lust for good and plentiful food that involved them in a glorious cycle: write well to eat well, eat well to live well and write well . . . We stepped out into the fragrant hell of the seventh-floor kitchen and walked to the office of another chef. There, at a table already set, we sat down and continued talking over succulent portions of roast chicken with tiny mushroom-smothered sausages, and a bottle of Pouilly-Fuisse—all served by energetic, purple-cheeked *sous-chefs* who wore on their flushed faces fixed expressions of acute pleasure.

And each course thereafter—a blood-red steak *au poivre* aflame with brandy and surrounded by Dauphine potatoes and fried

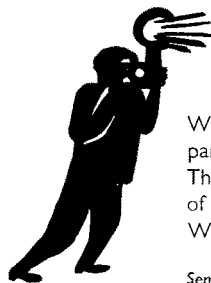
endive, later a tossed Greek salad with black olives and thyme, and fruit (each course accompanied by a wine made distinctive because of its body, aroma and province of origin)—we sampled the menu in similar little cubicles off the kitchens on the twelfth, seventeenth and twenty-third floors.

All the while we discussed the relationship between good food and good writing, a relationship documented to the point of extreme erudition by M. Lugot's civilised and witty conversation. I began to lose track of our ascent after facing a mountain of fifty different cheeses that turned on circular trays for easier selection, and what seemed like a laundry hamper full of crusty brown baguettes.

In the staff lounge we had coffee, brandy and cigars (which, being sixteen, I reluctantly declined), and I remember looking at my watch. We had been eating and talking for four hours, climbing to the summit of this gastronomic Olympus where, looking out of a window, we were on a level with a sweep of clouds over the Manhattan skyline.

It seemed to me then, as I shook hands with Gabriel Lugot, that next to writing, cooking was the most honourable and rewarding profession in the world.

from Maclean's Magazine



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

Pancakemanship



SHROVE TUESDAY, the day before the first day of Lent, received its name from the old custom of Shriving, or making confessions. The day has been associated with pancake making for many centuries, and too often, year after year, the same old recipe appears on the menu. There are many different ways of making pancakes, and here are a few variations which may appeal to any cook wanting to make a break from the usual method.

Chocolate-Filled Pancakes *A Children's Favourite*

Grate a 2-oz. bar of plain chocolate with 2 tablespoonfuls of thin cream, top of milk will do nicely.

Cook pancake mixture in usual way. Place small quantity of chocolate mixture in centre of cooked pancake. Roll up, serve with a sprinkling of grated chocolate and castor sugar on each pancake.

French Pancakes

Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. milk in saucepan. Cream 2 ozs. butter with 2 ozs. castor sugar. Beat in 2 eggs and stir in 2 ozs. sifted flour. Now add warm milk gradually. Beat well. Let stand for 1 hour. Have ready 6 large greased saucers, put an equal quantity of batter in each. Bake quickly until the batter rises, then slower for a further 10 minutes. Spread 5 pancakes with warm jam, place them on top of each other, cover with the plain pancake, and dredge well with castor sugar before serving.



Apple Pancakes

Make pancakes in usual way.

Have ready a saucepan of hot sweetened apple puree. Before rolling cooked pancake, put a spoonful of the mixture in the centre and roll. Sprinkle with cinnamon and serve very hot with cut lemon.

Bottled fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, or gooseberries can be used in place of apples if liked.

Now a few savoury pancakes, which can either be made the usual size, or very small, rolled up tightly, pierced with a cocktail stick and served hot with drinks.

Mushroom and Cheese Pancakes

Make pancake mixture in usual way, and allow to stand. Meanwhile prepare filling. Wash, skin and slice the mushrooms. Fry in a little butter. Make a small quantity of good thick white sauce, season well and add cooked mushrooms.

Cook the pancakes and fill with savoury mixture, roll up, sprinkle with grated cheese, and serve hot.

Mock Crab Filling

1 large tomato, skinned and chopped. 1 oz. grated cheese.
1 beaten egg. Seasoning.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter.

Cook tomato in melted butter, for 10 minutes. Add beaten egg and simmer for 3-4 minutes. Mix in grated cheese and seasoning and stir well.

Cook pancakes in usual way. Before rolling place a quantity of mixture in centre. Roll up, serve very hot.

Liver and Bacon Filling

Put enough cooked liver through the mincer to give four tablespoonfuls, and enough lean bacon to give one tablespoonful. Add seasoning and grated onion to taste. Bind with thick gravy. Heat in saucepan, stir to prevent sticking.

Cook pancakes in usual way, place a quantity of liver and bacon mixture in centre and serve piping hot.

M. J. HILLMAN.

Nobody threw a dinner

Mrs. A. L. Smith, who sent us this account of how she became a J.S. Housekeeper, was formerly at 30A Catford Hill. Today she is a cook at Lewisham branch.



Mrs. A. L. Smith.

WHEN I found myself in 1949 suddenly compelled to enter the labour market I was a very frightened person. I went to the local employment exchange where a kindly individual said "You could be trained as a P.O. Telephonist and—Sainsbury's require staff." My experience of telephonists was limited to glamorous American ladies on the screen who chew gum and carry on six conversations at once. I didn't feel quite capable. So I found myself entering the Head Office which seemed quite a small place till I started climbing the stairs, clutching a card of introduction. When I was seated before the desk of the Personnel Officer he balanced his pencil between his fingers and said "H'm—the staff at the factory are rather younger than you as a rule," to which I replied in a voice I hardly recognised as mine, "I'm very quick." "Yes," he replied, "no doubt, but I was thinking of you—you'd probably like to work with people more of your own age group." Then quite suddenly he said, "What about housekeeping?" "Housekeeping," I echoed, in a hollow voice, with a mental picture of somebody in Victorian-black garments with a voice like a rasp and a large bunch of keys at her waist. "Why—Yes!" the P.O. said very briskly, warming to the task of inspiring me with enthusiasm. "I should think it's the very thing," and then "Wouldn't you like to come along with me and see our Miss H. in the Staff Catering Department?" I didn't really want to go and see "our Miss H." What I wanted to do was to slip out and quietly drown myself and save a lot of bother to all parties—but the Personnel Officer was beaming at me, so that his confidence in me was beginning to thaw my frozen armour of

terror. One last honest attempt, to tell him how hopeless I might be, I tried, "What," I timidly enquired, "exactly are the duties of a Housekeeper?" He waved a hand nonchalantly. "Oh! you look after the house and the staff of the Branch to which you are assigned! You have had a home of your own; well, it's the same thing on a larger scale." So I found myself seated before "our Miss H." who was, and is, kindly, understanding and efficient. We went into details of money and hours of duty and responsibilities of daily and resident housekeepers, and "our Miss H." said "and we shall train you," so I left the J.S. Head Office and, looking at old father Thames very severely I said, "I am now a Daily Housekeeper in the employ of J. Sainsbury Ltd." but he wasn't very impressed, for he jes' kep' rollin' along.

My first day with the firm started at Peckham Rye with "V.S.," bless her! She was so helpful and at the end of a fortnight I was not quite such an idiot as on the first day. For a year I was a Relief Housekeeper. I think this meant that everyone felt relief when I left after each term of office at the particular Branch, but civilisation is wonderful—nobody actually threw a dinner at me! By now I was really getting to love the work. I liked meeting new people. Managers, First Clerks, Salesmen and Salesladies. I liked working in strange kitchens and how good the Daily Maids were! So helpful and eager to help the "New Girl." I joined the S.S.A. and went to the Griffin Athletic Club at Dulwich and to theatres and dances and organised outings by coach. Then came the letter which said I was to take over 30A Catford Hill (1950, March). I loved the little Branch. At first only 10 dinners and not much domestic help; it was a very busy time but I was very happy. The boys and girls were indeed a family, as my interviewer had said, and all around me in my little flat as I write this there are "little gifts" and "big ones" which are the outward and visible tokens of affection which I received during the seven years of our mutual enjoyment, and employment. The day in May last year when we heard that Catford Hill would cease trading was a sad one, but thanks to the spirit that prevailed all were soon eagerly discussing their new quarters. My own new job was to cook for the firm's largest branch "family" at Lewisham so I have moved from the "littlest" to the "biggest."

Movements and Promotions

The following transfers may be of interest to many members of our staff:—

MANAGERS

G. Coppard

from Earls Court

to 73 Kingsland

E. J. Sealy

from 130 Ealing

to Earls Court

Retirements

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

Mr. E. H. Kerr, chief engineer of the factory, retired on December 31st, 1957. He joined J.S. on July 31st, 1942, to take charge of the engineering work in the factory. At the time he was no stranger to J.S. as he was with York Shipley for many years and supervised the installation of refrigeration machinery at Union Street and the new installations for the kitchens for the opening of the new building in 1934. He was an engineer of wide experience, always able to recall idiosyncrasies of equipment and to adduce quite accurately the most unlikely causes of breakdowns. His experience even extended to shipbuilding and constructional work. He piloted the factory engineering department through the difficult phase of extension after the war when it was necessary to provide effective improvisations with the most unlikely materials. We will well remember him for his particular brand of humour; the joke that had its climax lost in strange Scots gurgles; his careful listening to a serious query which he answered by a completely new idea—the significance often unappreciated by the enquirer. We all wish him a very happy retirement.

MRS. M. E. SIM, who was engaged in April, 1941, as a Saleswoman at 160 Cricklewood although she had been with the firm on two previous occasions from 1915-18 and 1919-20. She assisted on despatch but in 1946 was transferred to the Sales staff until in 1955 she was promoted to Leading Saleswoman in charge of despatch. She retired on December 28th.



Mr. E. H. Kerr.



Mrs. M. E. Sim.

Factory's Fine Christmas Effort

Our picture shows the Christmas tree surrounded by gifts which the Factory presented to Miss Sharman's Homes at Dulwich. The gifts included a fully equipped bicycle, three prams with dolls, and many smaller gifts. A money donation to meet the cost of a TV set was also made. The tree went off to Dulwich on the Sunday before Christmas.



Obituaries

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

T. E. BONNER, who was engaged in 1921 as a Warehouseman at 147 Balham. During the next 25 years he remained at this branch until his retirement in 1946. He died on December 30th, 1957.

E. S. BOTTING, who began as a Learner in 1928 at 59 Hove, being promoted to Salesman in 1934. In 1940 he was called up for service in the R.A.F. and, on his release, he went to 14 Hove. In 1949 he was promoted to Leading Salesman but, unfortunately, five years later he was stricken with multiple sclerosis and since then was absent from work. He died on January 16th of this year.

L. W. PHILLIPS, who joined the firm in February, 1908, as a Learner at our branch in High Road, Ilford. He later served at Seven Kings and 73 Kingsland, and in June, 1915, he was appointed to the management of 67 Watney Street. He was called up in 1916 but on his resumption he went to Leyton, after which he managed our branch at 14 Ilford and later opened 14/15 Leytonstone. Finally in October, 1930, he took over 2/4 Ealing where he remained until his retirement in 1949. He died on Christmas Day.



Mr. T. E. Bonner.



Mr. E. S. Botting.



Mr. L. W. Phillips.



Mr. A. J. Smith

A. RAWLINSON, who was employed by the founder as under-gardener at Broadlands when he left school in 1916. In the following year he started with the late Mr. Frank Sainsbury as an Assistant Egg Collector. In 1925 he was appointed Manager of the Kenninghall Egg Packing Station which position he held until the time of his death which occurred at the beginning of December at the early age of 54.

A. J. SMITH, who joined the staff at Gravel Lane in April, 1940. After a short period away from us he returned in 1941 and worked in the Cold Store. In 1951 he changed to the grade of Cleaner and Watchman while three years later he took on the responsibilities of Watchman on permanent nights at Union Street. He died on January 9th.

A. E. STARKEY, who was engaged as an Assistant in September, 1907, at Hoxton. Although he resigned for a period he rejoined us in 1919 at 3 Brighton and later was at Redhill (where he was temporarily in charge) and at 68 Croydon. In 1926 he went to Cambridge to take control of the Despatch Department and finally retired in 1946. He died following an accident in which he was involved.

News of J.S. Staff on National Service

The following notes are based on a few of the letters we have received from our National Servicemen:—

M. BUTTERWORTH, H.O. Germany (Army). Continues well in health but was sad to have to spend another Christmas away from home. There is some consolation, however, in the fact that he is due for demob this year.

H. CREIGHTON, H.O. Germany (Army). Has just passed through a particularly busy period leading up to Administrative Inspection and Vehicle Tests. He spent Christmas in Germany but hopes to be home for good in February.

M. PAIRPOINT, H.O. Germany (R.A.F.). Spent his second service Christmas abroad very much in the right tradition as far as the weather was concerned for there was a foot of snow on the ground.

A. J. HUNT, *East Sheen*. Colchester (Army). Has now completed his first year in uniform and has so far been stationed at Aldershot, Farnborough, Hounslow, and is now at Colchester as a storekeeper. He is able to get home quite frequently, and there is no lack of entertainment facilities at his present station.

J. R. GOOLD, *High Barnet*. Malaya (Army). Has recently had a short spell in hospital with a skin complaint, but is now quite fit again. He has had

to attend a re-training course at Ipoh and has found that doing drill in the terrific heat is far from funny.

P. K. MULLINS, *Guildford*. Aldershot (Army). He is in the Paratroop Regiment and has recently been on a number of exercises on Salisbury Plain. He has only had two jumps so far this season due to the weather and other difficulties. He expects to spend five days and nights in the Welsh mountains shortly on a map-reading exercise.

S. RAINE, *Kingsbury*. Germany (Army). He is a driver in the R.A.S.C. and recently was on a two-day driving scheme covering about 250 miles. During this time the group stopped for a night at Belsen, and it appears that on the return trip the roads were so wet and icy that his lorry persisted in travelling most of the distance broadside on. The next scheme is to be called "Frozen North," a name which he expects will prove very appropriate.

N. A. JONES, *Kingsbury*. Hong Kong (Army). Is stationed at a camp called Sey Kong, which is about 18 miles from Kowloon. He is in a tank Regiment but having been trained in Centurion tanks, is finding it a little difficult to become accustomed to the smaller tanks his squadron is using. When the guns are fired the tanks seem to jump 10 feet in the air and the occupants apparently get quite a shaking.

B. SMITH, *Coventry*. Cyprus (Army). He is now stationed at a new camp in the mountains and has been very busy lately clearing up riots and on duty at road blocks. He is now a Company Commander's personal driver. He apparently had to have his Christmas dinner on Boxing Day due to the fact that they were out on operations on Christmas Day.

B. T. JONES, *Stoke Newington*. Wellington Barracks (Army). He is in the Coldstream Guards and has recently been issued with his bearskin and scarlet and blue uniform. He has been placed in the Mechanical Transport Unit and hopes to become a driver. After a three-week training course at Pirbright he is expected to be able to drive almost anything on wheels.

J. F. POINTER, *Feltham*. Germany (Army). He had quite a good Christmas in Germany, but he is still looking for his slice of turkey which he believes was so small that it blew away. He plays football for the troop and expects to go to Holland for a few days to play Dutch army teams. He is also looking forward to doing some ski-ing as part of the winter training.

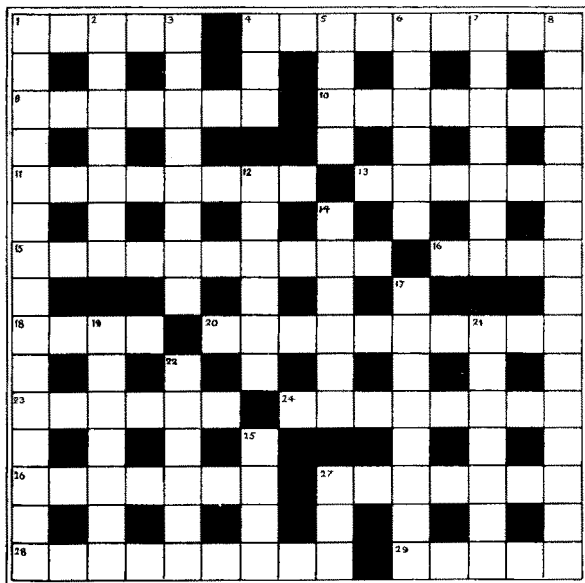
C. J. HODGSON, *Bexhill*. Malta (Royal Marines). Was lucky enough to be flown home for Christmas, and is now looking forward to a period in Cyprus before being demobilised at the end of the year. He has already been to Italy, Sicily, Libya and France.

We are pleased to welcome back the following men from National Service since our last publication:—

D. HAINES	Edmonton	9.12.57
D. WEBB	Dorking	9.12.57
D. BECKER	14/15 Leytonstone	16.12.57
J. RYALL	Bournemouth	16.12.57
L. TURNERY	Colchester	19.12.57
D. SIMMONS	Tottenham	30.12.57
D. SKUCE	Muswell Hill	6. 1.58
H. RILEY	Byfleet	20. 1.58

"J.S. Journal" Crossword No. 5

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
February 28th, 1958.



Across

1. Occasions for a newspaper (5)
4. Pitching tents (9)
9. Circus near Blackfriars (7)
10. Two continents in one (7)
11. A feeble creature (8)
13. The bee in the F.B.I. (6)
15. No, it comes back to the degree in which the tide returns, so we seriously think (10)
16. Image of a wide-awake intellect (4)
18. Eastern affirmative for good lookers (4)
20. I can prepare the chicken with ease—I've R.T.C. (10)
23. Where polar bears feel at home (6)
24. S.N.C.C. They have the flavours, that's the main thing (8)

26. An insect swallows some fruit, obviously it's nourishing (7)
27. Americans have a liking for the inhabitants of this town (7)
28. In it you might see Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all on it (9)
29. Discourage—a gent would make it cleaner (5)

Down

1. Greeting to the cash register—au revoir to anyone else (4, 2, 4, 5)
2. I have in mind a crazy mixed-up kid, out Derby way (7)
3. Will numbers produce vegetables? (8)
4. Animal from the west (3)
5. He makes a masterpiece of hors d'oeuvre (4)

K.J.L., Hopton St., S.E.1

Prizewinner

The prize of £1. 1. 0 for the first correct solution of "J.S. Journal" Crossword Puzzle, No. 4 to be opened has been won by Miss K. Money of J.S. Laboratory.

6. Plunder (6)
7. Containing tea as an alternative (7)
8. Usual ragged rant, but with more than a grain of sweetness in it (10, 5)
12. It's only natural I've forgotten the mountains (6)
14. Behaves chicken-heartedly at dusk (6)
17. Brought back from Uncle's (8)
19. You have confused the charming picture, but without damage (7)
21. The nobleman occupies a lowly position in the R.A.F., according to the report (7)
22. Dig that crazy set (6)
25. Erupter (4)
27. Scrape with the end of one's shoe (3)



Solution of J.S. Journal
Crossword Puzzle No. 4, January.

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**