

# J.S. Journal

OCTOBER 1961

HOUSE MAGAZINE OF  
J. SAINSBURY LTD

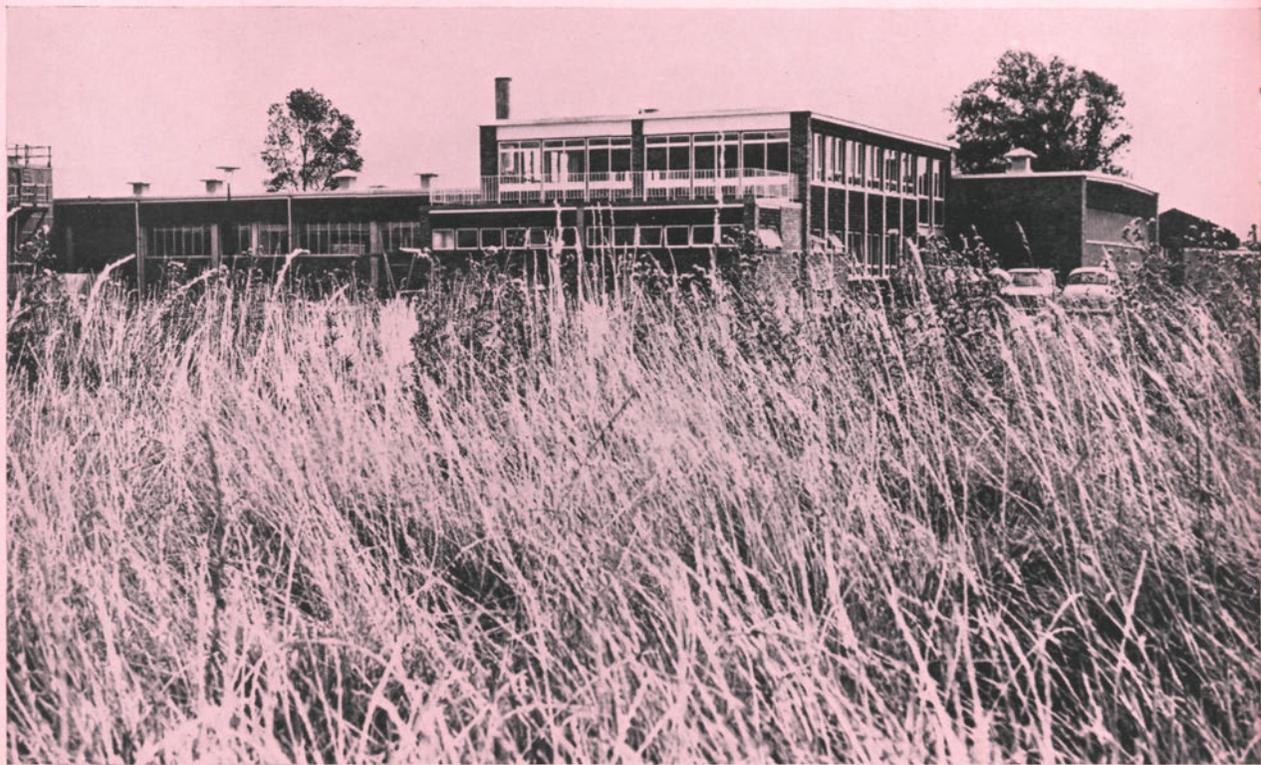


SAVJSS 7/15/19

# BURY ST. EDMUNDS

# POULTRY

## PACKING STATION



### Contents

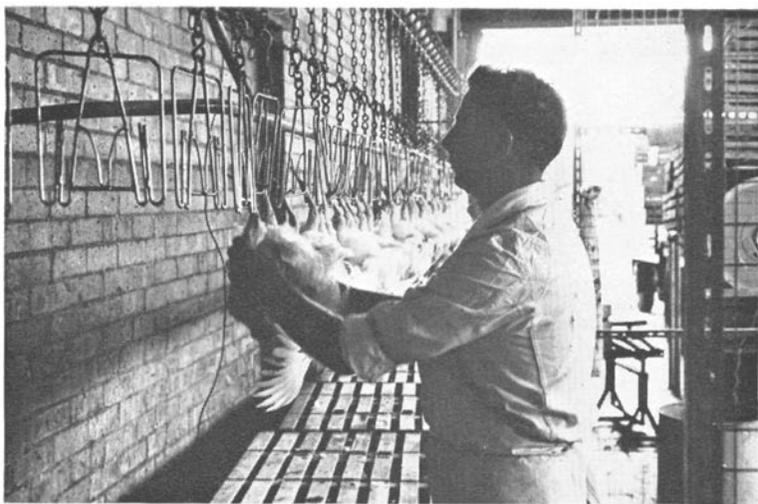
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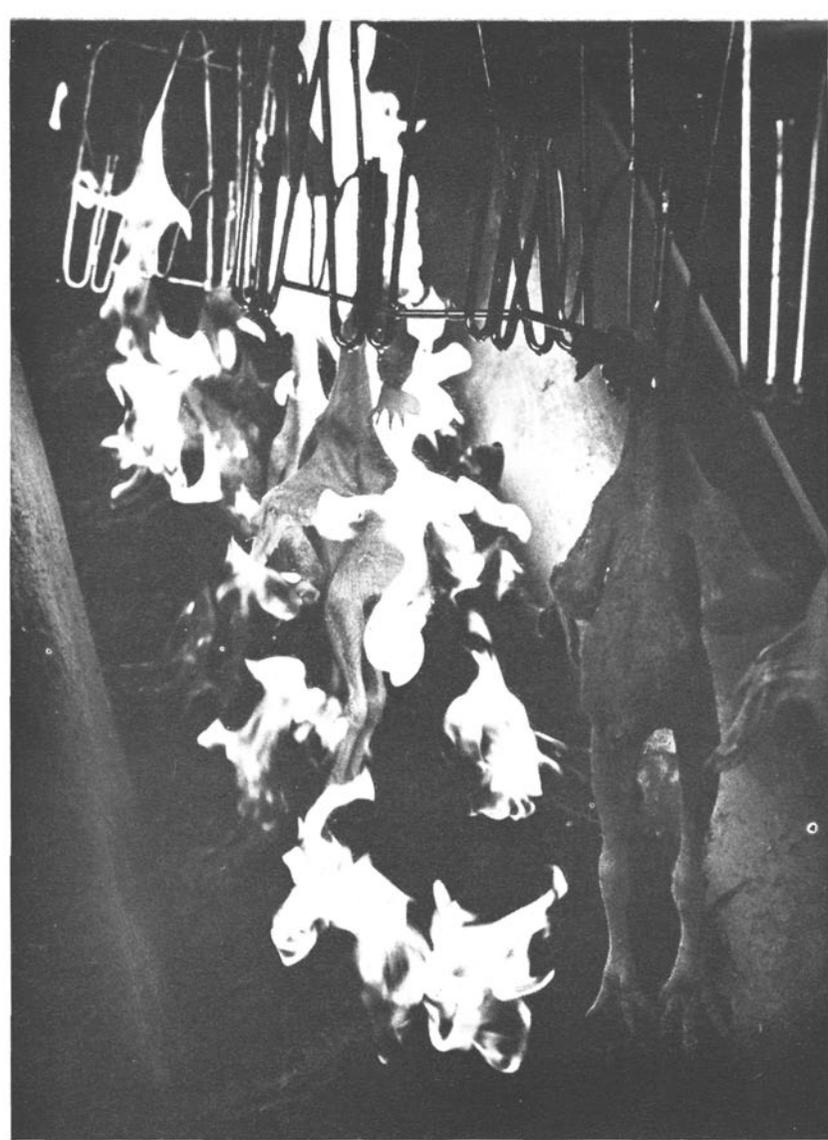
- 2** Bury St. Edmunds Poultry Packing Station
- 8** Visitors to J.S.
- 9** First Birthday at Portsmouth
- 10** Processing Peas
- 14** Box Handling
- 16** The Ring, Blackfriars
- 19** Flower Show
- 20** Area Cricket Finals
- 22** The Long Winter Evenings
- 24** Congratulations
- 25** Griffin Report
- 26** Staff News
- 28** Anyone for Cricket?

On the cover a spike of gladiolus from this year's Dulwich Flower Show



This summer saw a new poultry packing station open for production. It stands, a clean, modern building, in fields outside Bury St. Edmunds where a combination of peat subsoil and last winter's weather reduced builders to despair. The lower picture on the opposite page gives you an idea of how the place looked only 12 months ago. It has been working briskly for several months now, producing ready-to-cook poultry for our branches. The birds are brought into the station in great lorry loads. They travel in crates which are unloaded and weighed full and again empty. The difference, automatically recorded, is the live weight of the poultry supplied to us. In the receiving area the birds are shackled as they are taken from the crates. Mr. J. Thompson, in the picture top right, is starting a bird off on its journey through the station and there is the best part of 3,000 more waiting their turn on the lorry. Once they come in on the moving conveyor they are killed and plucked. In the picture below on the right, birds are passing through one of the plucking machines in which rubber flails remove the feathers. Some "stubbing" is done by hand to remove the few remaining pin feathers and the birds pass on to the next stage. The station is managed by Mr. T. B. Brewer who is in the picture just below, thinking mistakenly he has got away from it all for two minutes.

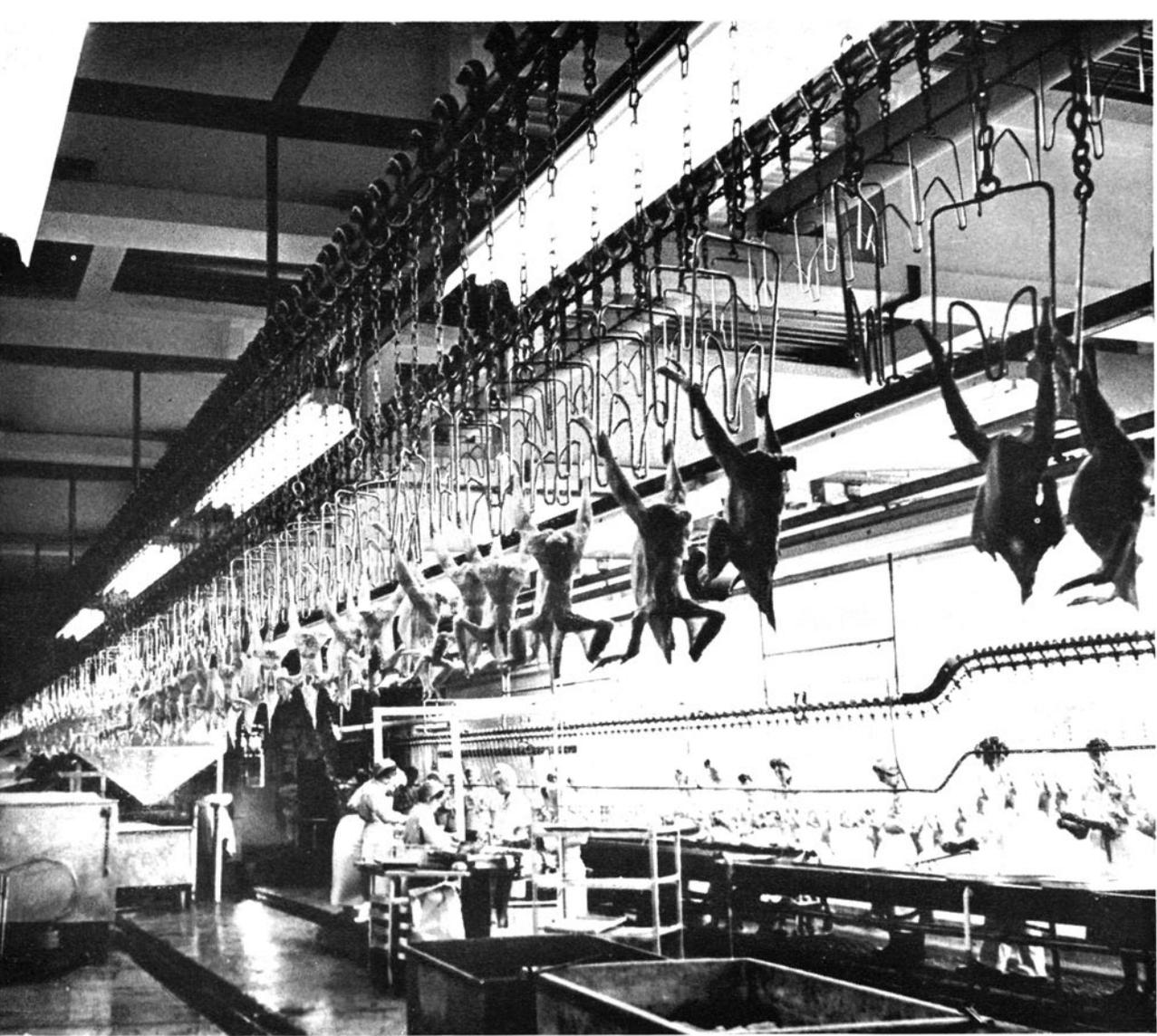


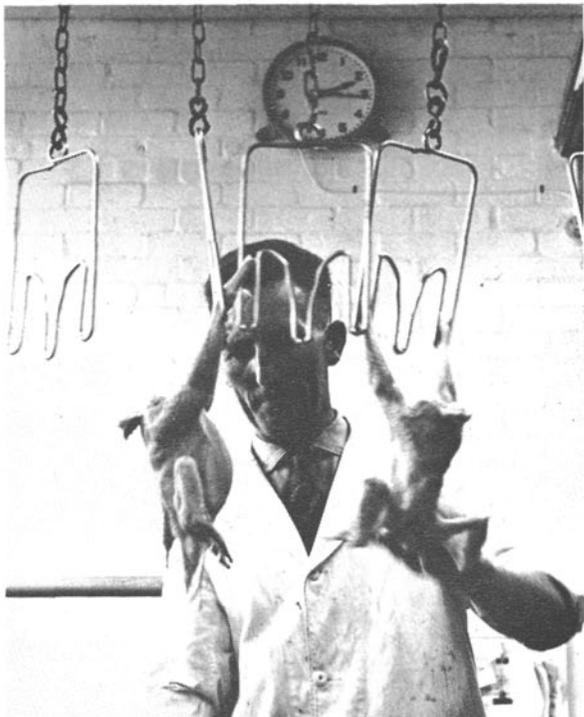


Photographs by Brian Shuel

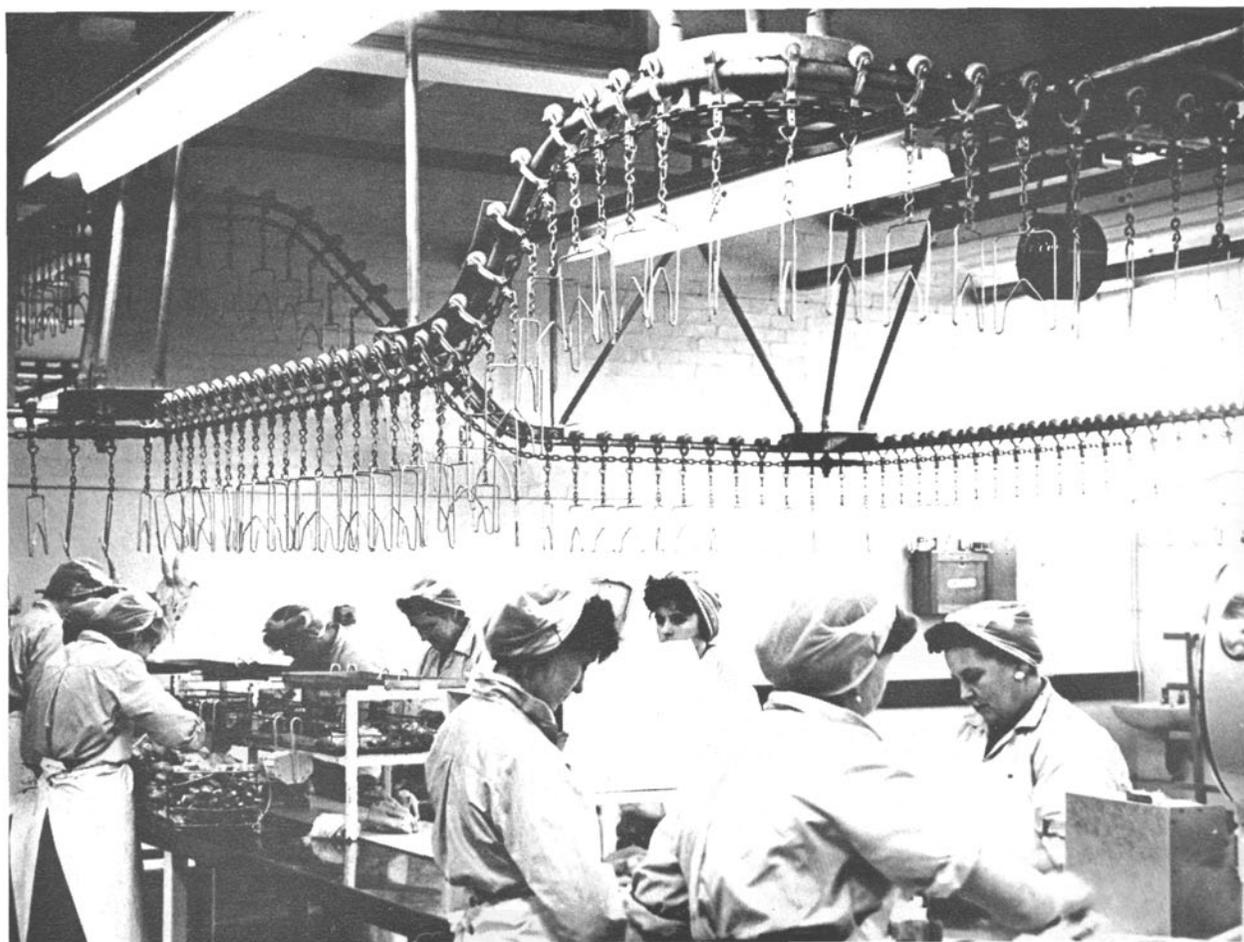


The birds pass through flames in which the last few feathers are singed off and from there into the large evisceration area at the rate of 1,000 an hour. As they pass along the line on the far right of the picture, girls, some of whom can be seen in the picture below, eviscerate them, separating the giblets from the inedible offal which is flushed away in constantly running water. The picture below, right, shows giblets being packed separately on a table in the centre of the area. On the left, Assistant Manager Mr. J. Pinnick confirms the next day's collections with driver W. May.





On the left Mr. G. Varley, of the eviscerating room, assists with the grading. All birds are graded and marked before being returned by conveyor to be cooled in melting ice. After cooling they come into the trussing room below where they are shaped, bagged and weighed. On the opposite page a bird is being trussed and given its second (polythene) skin before it goes into the freezing tunnel and then into the cold store ready for delivery, in refrigerated vans, to London.





Housekeeping staff, Mrs. Warrie, Mrs. McRae and Mrs. Bennett, look out on a contented canteen in between meal sittings. In the picture are Messrs. S. Thorpe, W. Emms, W. King, W. May, W. Williamson, A. Cooke, E. Ruffles, Miss M. Lake and Miss J. Reeve.



## VISITORS

### *French Students say Thank you to J.S. Friends*

In the 18th century it was traditional for an Englishman to complete his formal education with the Grand Tour of Europe which gave him as much (or as little) insight into European ways as can be got by travelling in a coach and visiting at the "best places".

Today, the traffic is not all one way and for the past eight weeks we Frenchmen have been staying in England as part of our general education – in a way less formal, but much more practical than those 18th-century English travellers – by working in the offices of Sainsbury's.

Travelling plays a very important part in the course we are taking at the school for Hautes Etudes Commerciales (H.E.C. for short) and some of our fellow students are in Canada and in the United States this summer, doing work similar to what we have been doing here in England. The school for H.E.C. is considered to be the best in France for the study of commerce and law and for all subjects connected with them such as foreign languages. It is therefore very necessary for us to understand the business organisation of other countries – and to compare it with our own, and it was natural that we should come to Sainsbury's, which is well known as one of the most up-to-date businesses.

Time flew by. Eight weeks is decidedly too short – even eight weeks as varied and as interesting as ours. In all the offices where we have spent a few days or a week, we have been made very welcome, and we very much appreciated the friendly co-operative atmosphere we found in them – and the patience of those who answered our perhaps occasionally boring questions. But what a mass of paper, what a proliferating variety of notes, schedules and accounts! – never have we seen so much. We are looking with something more than hope to the introduction of the computer. Yet we do not complain – not at all. There was no better way to be introduced to, and to get to know, some of the English commercial methods – and the English way of life, especially its religion, cricket. We soon got used to the excited announcements of the latest Test score from a doorway, and to the solemn conversations of men brooding on the previous day's play.

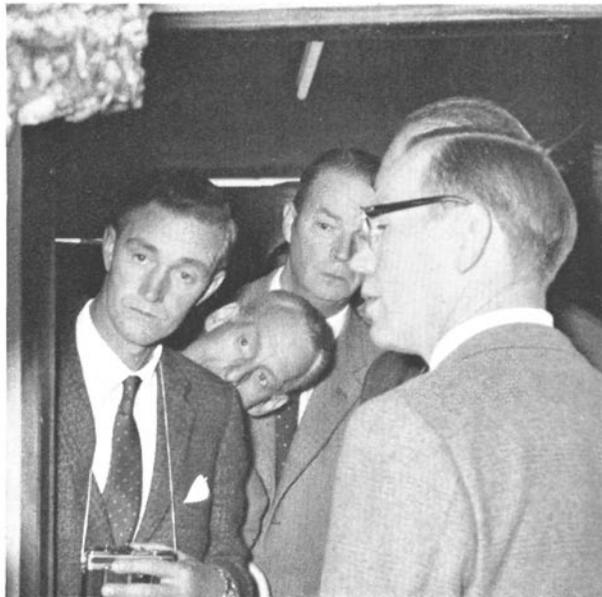
We think, anyway, that we understand the English better now. The one overriding advantage of international travel is that one gets to understand other peoples and also to like them more.

Finally, we should like to thank you – the management – for having agreed to our coming and to all those members of the staff who made us welcome.

*M. J. Busson  
B. Hurstel*

*F. Hazan  
M. A. Nimhauser*

### *Swedish Farmers visit 9-11 Croydon on their English Tour*



*Visiting Swedish farmers paid a call on J.S. last September 25th, and after a trip around Union Street they went down to 9-11 Croydon to take a look at self-service in England. Above are some visitors inspecting a cold store. Below, Mr. J. Woods, J.S. Merchandising Manager, centre, with the only English-speaking member of the party, in a language tangle. Both are trying to think of an English word for throughput.*



# 1st Birthday at Portsmouth

Mr. Alan Sainsbury gives away a cake and a car.

*Celebrating the first birthday of the firm's Portsmouth branch we had Huntley and Palmer bake us a cake. Then we offered an Austin Seven to any customer who guessed its weight and said in twelve words why they enjoyed shopping at Sainsburys. Below, left, is Mr. J. Woods gingerly steering the car into position and, right, Mr. Kenneth Daniels, with his wife and son, who won the competition by correctly guessing 88 lb 7 oz as the weight of the cake. There were four other correct entries out of 21,500 in all but Mr. Daniels was judged winner for his slogan "Shopping at Sainsburys saves time, saves money, so sweetens the wife's temper."*



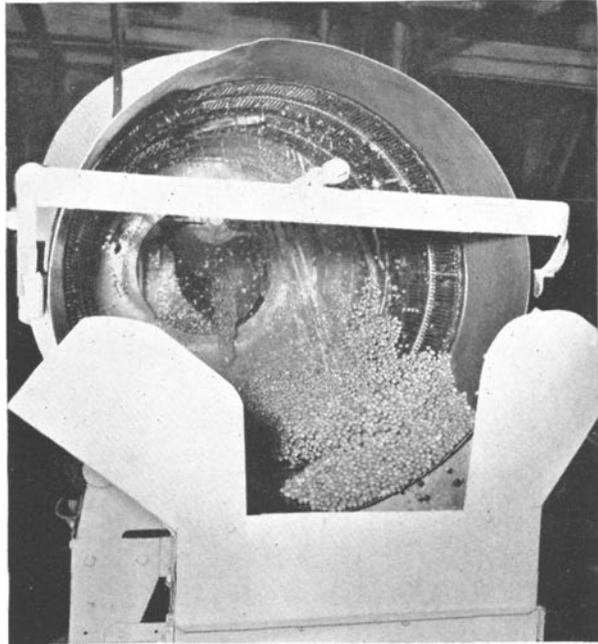
This cake specially made by Messrs Huntley & Palmers will be donated to the Children's Ward Q Maton Hospital - Portsmouth



*The cake was presented (top left) by Mr. Alan Sainsbury to the Matron of St. Mary's Hospital and on the left are some of the patients in the Children's Ward getting ready to enjoy it.*

A grocery line whose sales go up  
as the temperature falls

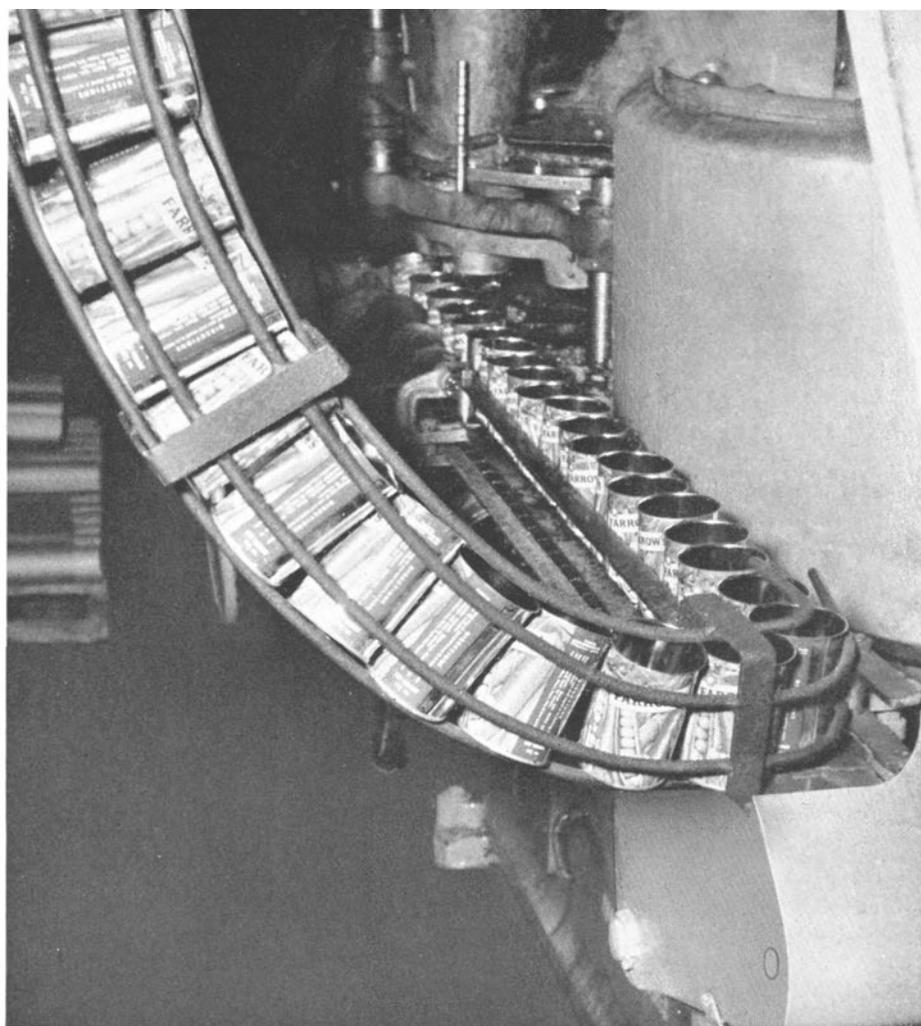
# PROCESSED PEAS



*Processed peas like those canned in Farrow's Cannery near Peterborough are peas which have been matured and dried, mostly in the open, and kept until they are required for canning. The picture above, left, shows some of the peas from the Fen country in store. They are subject to regular laboratory inspection until the time comes for them to be reconstituted and canned. They go, first, through blasts of air which remove stones and foreign matter harvested with them, then through large revolving cylinders, the inner walls of which are studded with thousands of pins rather like old-fashioned gramophone needles.*

*Defective peas with holes or surface blemishes are impaled on the pins leaving only perfect peas. These go on into tanks for a 16-hour soak in soft water followed by blanching with nearly boiling water, and then a final quality inspection on a moving belt.*

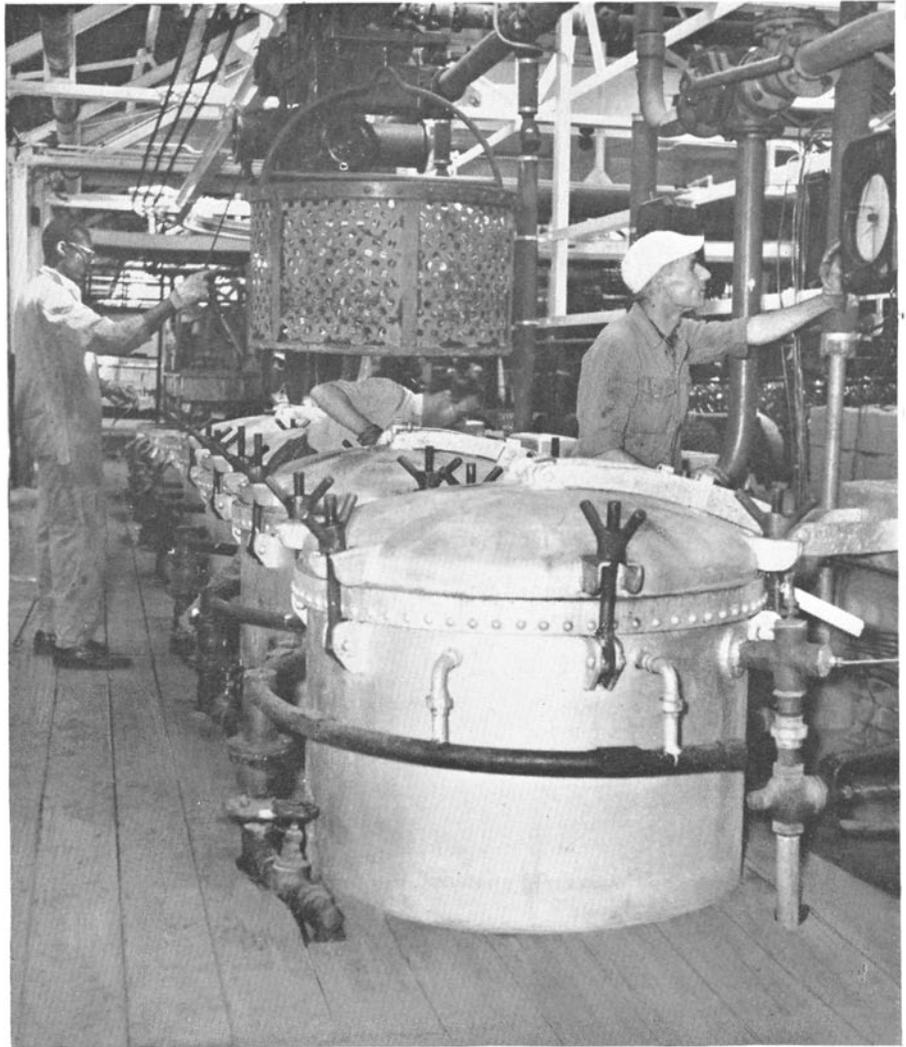




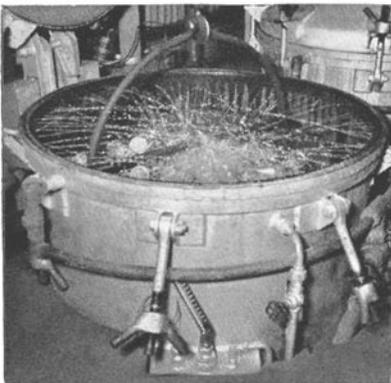
*The canning is done by a machine which feeds down a measured quantity of peas, and of brine and mint into each can. The cans in use on this machine are already printed to eliminate the labelling operation after cooking. Below, the cans are being capped after filling. Each canning line at Farrow's handles about 200 cans of processed peas per minute.*



Photographs by Maillard



*The picture on the right is of a line of retorts in which the cans of Processed Peas are cooked. The operative is checking the time before opening a retort. When it opens the cans are cooled (below left) and hoisted out (centre). The freshly filled basket waiting for cooking in the larger picture will then be lowered into the retort. The cans are then packed into fibre outers by hand.*





*The warehouse at Farrows holds a palletised store of containers waiting for despatch. They go off by road and by rail. There's a branch line of the nearby main line running through the factory. The firm of Joseph Farrow and Co. was founded towards the end of the 19th century by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Farrow who at that time were making Mushroom Sauce, Tomato Ketchup (the firm still makes a Tomato Ketchup) and milling mustard. The Farrows already had a wide distribution of packet peas, so it was natural for them to turn to canning vegetables, a branch of the food trade which was growing rapidly then. The business developed and in course of time Mr. and Mrs. Farrow decided that it needed much more supervision and production effort than they could give it. They eventually sold the business to J. and J. Colman Ltd. and today it is part of Reckitt and Colman (Holdings) Ltd.*

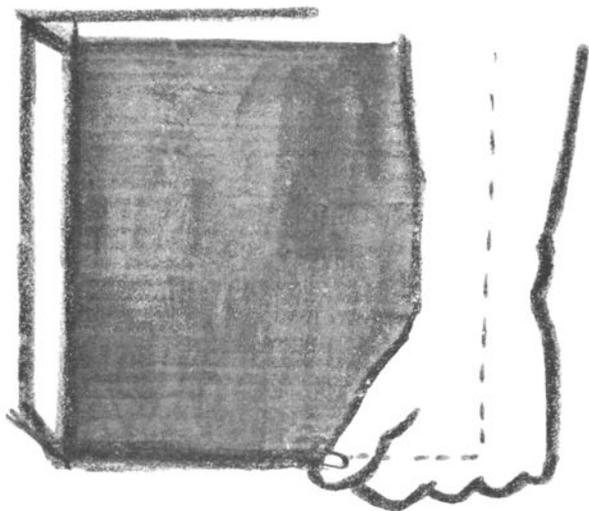
# BOX-HANDLING

**A short course on ways to keep out of trouble—Home or Away**

Handling boxes, whether you are at work or at home, is more easily and safely done if you follow a few simple rules.

Here are the basic points for box-handlers who don't wish to be candidates for slipped disc, hernia, strains or just plain exhaustion. Besides being safer this way, it's a great deal less tiring.

The man below has had a good look at the box to see if there are sharp edges, nails or any slippery places that might affect his grip. He stood in close to the box, bent his knees, keeping a straight back, head up, chin in. Then he took hold of the load, gripping it firmly with the palms of his hands.

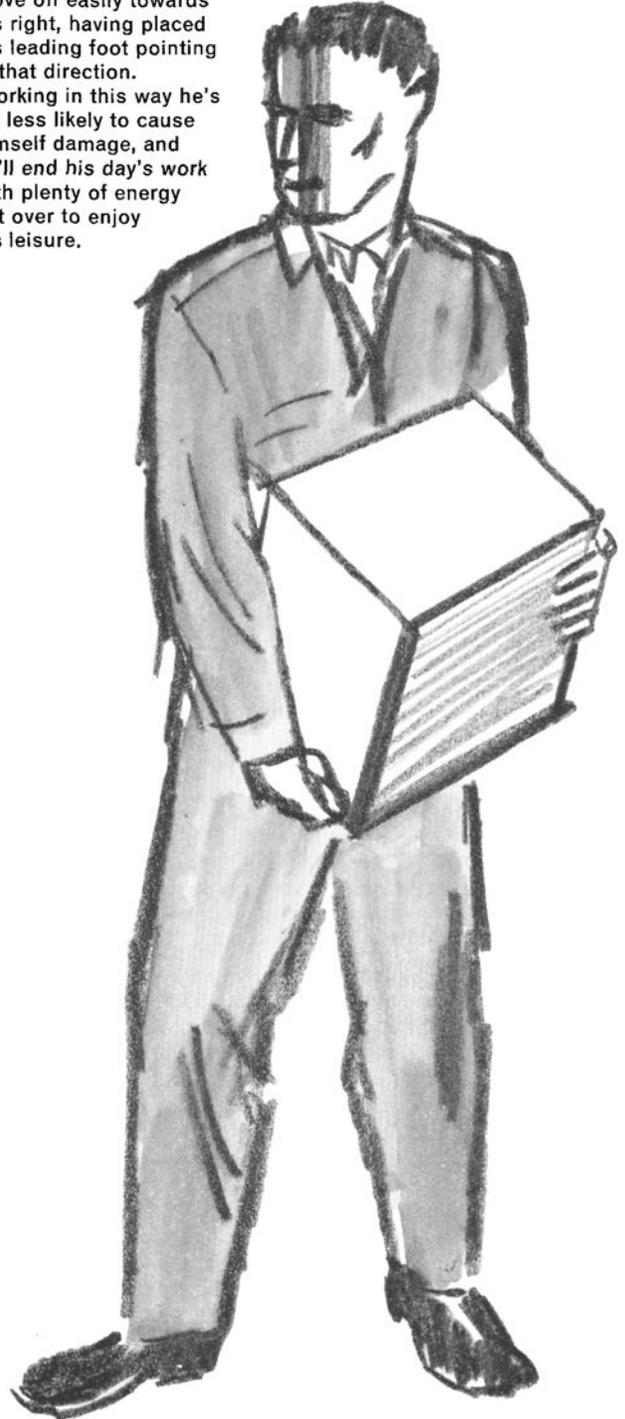


First of all he got a good grip on the box, using the palms of the hands and the roots of the fingers. This way he can rely on the strongest muscles in his hand to do the job. Lifting with the finger tips is asking for a heavy box to slip to the floor. His feet are down there in a danger zone.



When our man stood up he kept his back straight and let his legs do the work of lifting. The strong thigh muscles are well suited for this movement and far less liable to strains or ruptures than the abdominal muscles. The feet placed apart keep him well balanced, and he can move off easily towards his right, having placed his leading foot pointing in that direction.

Working in this way he's far less likely to cause himself damage, and he'll end his day's work with plenty of energy left over to enjoy his leisure.



This is the box-handler from another point of view. See how he has his arms in close to his body and has placed his feet in positions that will enable him to move off easily in the direction he is going. He has also tested the weight of the box to make sure he can move it alone.

NEU  
BERG

CARDIFF  
KID

THE

RING

BLACKFRIARS

**Bombs in Blackfriars Road destroyed The Ring during the last war. The tale of this familiar landmark and the life story of the remarkable woman who ran it have been published recently.\* Our review touches briefly on outstanding events in this entertaining account of the sporting life of the first half of this century.**

In February 1910 two middle-aged men on the top deck of a tram in Blackfriars Road hurried down the stairs and got off to inspect one of the oddest-looking buildings in Southwark. The men were Dick Burge, the boxer, and Tom Pritchard, a variety agent, and they were looking at the Surrey Chapel, at that time a derelict warehouse. It had been an engineering works for a time, and when it was new it had been a place of worship.

It was built in 1783 for a cleric called Rowland Hill, a hard-working evangelist who wanted a place of his own in which to carry on the battle for the souls of men. "Build it," he told his builder, "without a corner for the devil to hide in." He got a sixteen-sided rotunda without a hiding place for man

\**Bella of Blackfriars*. Leslie Bell, £1.1.0, Odhams Press.



or devil, and in the middle of it he placed his pulpit. From there he called on the citizens of Southwark to repent and to seek salvation. He died in 1833 after half a century of work in his chapel and left instructions in his will that he should be buried



below the pulpit. There his body lay for forty-six years, until the Surrey Chapel was closed and its functions were taken over at Christchurch in Westminster Bridge Road (not to be confused with Christchurch, Blackfriars). Rowland Hill was buried again at the new church and the Surrey Chapel began a secular career under the ownership of the Ecclesiastical Commission.

Dick Burge, the boxer who fell in love with the old chapel at first sight, was an odd character. Those who remember him say he was a lively, impulsive and carefree man full of enthusiasm and ready for anything. He must in fact have been a cheerful, likeable man, but he seems also to have been a bit credulous. In 1910, he had not long been released on ticket-of-leave from prison where he was serving a sentence for the part he had been persuaded to play in a remarkable case of fraudulent conversion by a Liverpool bank clerk. The bank clerk had, by a not particularly ingenious method, stolen £169,000 from his bank, using the money to back horses. Some of it (about £91,000) was placed in bets with a bookmaker called Marks, who got Burge to send tips by telegram to the bank clerk. The chances of the backer winning in such a set-up were obviously indifferent. Burge, when he found himself in the

dock at the Old Bailey, stuck to the story that he really believed the backer was a "rich mug" as Marks had told him. But Marks by this time had fled the country and was probably dead, so Burge faced trial alone. His sentence was severe. Ten years' penal servitude at a time when there was no Court of Appeal.

Burge had had a rather spectacular career as a boxer. He was born in 1865 in Cheltenham, grew up in Newcastle, began sporting life as a sprinter, took to boxing in his late teens and grew into a fast, hard-hitting, swashbuckling sort of fighter who could always draw a crowd. He fought as a lightweight but he is remembered as a man who would take on anyone. He took on Jem Smith, a famous British heavyweight, in one fight. Burge was dwarfed by his opponent, but he had demanded a 24-foot ring for the fight and he made Smith chase him, using the ring brilliantly to escape the heavier man's powerful punching. He lasted nine rounds in this unequal contest and it was only towards the end that Smith was able to use his superior punching power. The referee stopped the contest, which increased Burge's reputation as a game fighter.

It was in 1901, that he first met his wife Bella, who is still living today, aged 84. She was at that

time appearing at a music-hall called Gatti's in Westminster Bridge Road as one of The Sisters Lloyd. Her name was Bell Orchard, but through long association with Marie Lloyd and her family she had dropped her own name and became a partner of Marie's sister Rosie. Dick Burge and Bella were married quietly in late October 1901. He was arrested just as quietly about a month later and charged with fraud and false pretences. The trial took place in 1902 and Burge served over seven years of his sentence.

Bella Burge was a remarkable woman. She had waited all those seven years for her husband's return and when he was freed she had money to back him. She had gone on with her stage career, working hard up and down the country as Ella Lane and she had saved against the day when her husband, a man in his middle forties, would be back again and trying to find a new job, for, whatever Burge might think of his boxing ability, he couldn't hope to make a living inside the ring.

### **The First Days of The Ring**

She wanted him to become a boxing promoter and she got her way. She had some money and found a couple of other backers. She herself went to talk to a member of the Ecclesiastical Commission and stated their case so frankly and straightforwardly that the Commissioners gave way after having been rather unwilling through a couple of months of negotiations to lease the old chapel to Burge. She was responsible in a way for the name of The Ring, which had nothing to do with the shape of the chapel. It was christened after Mrs. Burge had found a stray black kitten with a ring of white fur round its neck at the door of her house. When the Ring opened on May 14, 1910, the kitten had been moved in. It lived there for 16 years and when it died late one night it chose the ring in the middle of the building for a deathbed.

The new venture got off to a slow start. Bella got Marie Lloyd and others to come down and help run a soup kitchen for the hungry kids of Blackfriars. Dick Burge ran some films twice a week and gradually the patrons were attracted. By October the Burges were putting on three boxing shows a week with a twenty-round contest at the top of the bill. It wasn't until the middle of the twenties that contests were limited by the Boxing Board of Control to ten or twelve rounds.

Within a year of its opening, The Ring was well established and paying its way. It had become a familiar bit of the sporting landscape of London. Into its ring, which stood where Rowland Hill's pulpit had been, the young ambitious boxers climbed, a towel or an old mackintosh over their shoulders, and waited for the old chapel bell to signal

the opening round. It was all pretty rough and ready to begin with, and it didn't have the class of the National Sporting Club, but it was a proving ground for many boxers who fought their first fights in that ring and slowly climbed up into bigger money.

Bella Burge tells one tale against herself. A young Welsh boxer had come to town with a great reputation as the Tylerstown Terror and was matched as a flyweight against a young local lad. Mrs. Burge was horrified when she saw this Welsh lad, who seemed nothing but skin and bones, getting ready to fight, and turned to her husband, "If he can last one round of the ten he's billed for, pull him out, pay him and send him home," she said.

The fight lasted a minute. The referee had to stop it because the local lad had taken so much punishment in those first sixty seconds that he was in no shape to go on. The Welsh boy was Jimmy Wilde who went on to become flyweight champion of the world and a legendary name in boxing. "I should have saved my sympathy," says Mrs. Burge drily, when she tells this story.

Many of the big names of British boxing began their careers at The Ring. Kid Lewis was one who used to box six rounds for fifteen bob, Len Harvey, Bombardier Wells, Joe Beckett, Jack Hood, Phil Scott all appeared at Blackfriars in the opening stages of their very varied fighting lives.

The Ring kept open all through the 1914-18 war, putting on charity shows and doing quite well with its regular nights. Dick Burge was in the Corps of Military Police for much of the time. Then one night, he was on duty in the West End during a zeppelin raid and tired himself out in a long wet night of rescue work in Piccadilly. He died of pneumonia on March 15th, 1918.

### **Carrying on Alone**

As one might have expected, Bella Burge didn't do the obvious thing. She just went on running The Ring. Her husband's partner, Ted Pritchard, managed it for a short time until he died. Bella, left on her own, ran The Ring for over twenty years. Through years of competition from the cinema, from greyhound racing, through the economic crisis of the thirties, she kept the place alive and many J.S. people who worked during those years at Blackfriars will remember it well. But by the end of the thirties, The Ring was having a hard time. There were nights when Bella had to cash a cheque at a local restaurant to pay the boxers, as the house hadn't brought in enough money to cover their purses. The Ring closed down when war broke out in 1939, and in 1942 bombs fell on the old Surrey Chapel. It was the end of a chapter of English sporting history.

# Flower Show (with Vegetables)

*S.S.A. Horticultural Group held its annual show and competition at Dulwich on September 17th. Cup winners in the competition were Mr. H. G. Brown (Head Office), who held the J. B. Sainsbury Cup and the Lee Cup, and Mr. C. H. Robinson (High Barnet), who won the Guildford Cup. Picture, centre right, shows Mr. H. G. Brown (left) with judges Mr. W. Ensom, a member of the executive council of the National Dahlia Society, and Mr. W. Underwood, chairman of the Worcester Park Horticultural Society. On the right is Mr. W. Wilson, a successful exhibitor.*



*Above, Mr. George Thain, J.S. Veteran and keen horticulturist, with Mr. Clout of Dulwich, one of the judges. On the right is Mr. H. J. Phillips, most successful exhibitor in the chrysanthemum section, looking at one of his exhibits.*

1961 Area Cricket Finals at Dulwich,  
Sunday, September 3rd

# Mr. Pagden's Area wins cricket competition



*The Area Cricket Final between Mr. Pagden's and Mr. Dyer's Areas provided a match with an exciting finish. Mr. Dyer's Area XI batted first and knocked up a neat 100, which looked a very nice score, and continued to look that way as Mr. Pagden's Area XI wickets fell until their score stood at 64 for 8. At this point Darke and Garlinge dug in, and in an atmosphere of mounting excitement took the score to 103 for 8. Picture above shows J. Tobin of Mr. Dyer's Area XI bowling to P. Saunders during his partnership with J. Eldergill.*

*Some of Mr. Pagden's team on left. Messrs. P. Saunders, J. Eldergill, A. Barnett (capt.), R. Eade and N. Hughan.*



On the left some of Mr. Dyer's Area XI.  
Messrs. J. Tobin (capt.), B. Rose, B. Tiney, L. Hall and T. Dowling. Below are Mr. Eade and Mr. Saunders consulting the score being kept by Brian Mansfield.



Intent spectators, left, are Mr. A. Whymark, of Mr. Pagden's Area XI, and son. Below, D. Garlinge and R. Darke, the two batsmen who made the winning stand late in the innings, leave the field. Between them is captain Mr. A. Barnett.



What's doing  
on these

# LONG WINTER EVENINGS



Darts is very popular, played in most branches. There are lots of competitions at different levels, annual trophies and the Griffin Club contests, open to all members, with a Grand Finals Day at Blackfriars in April.

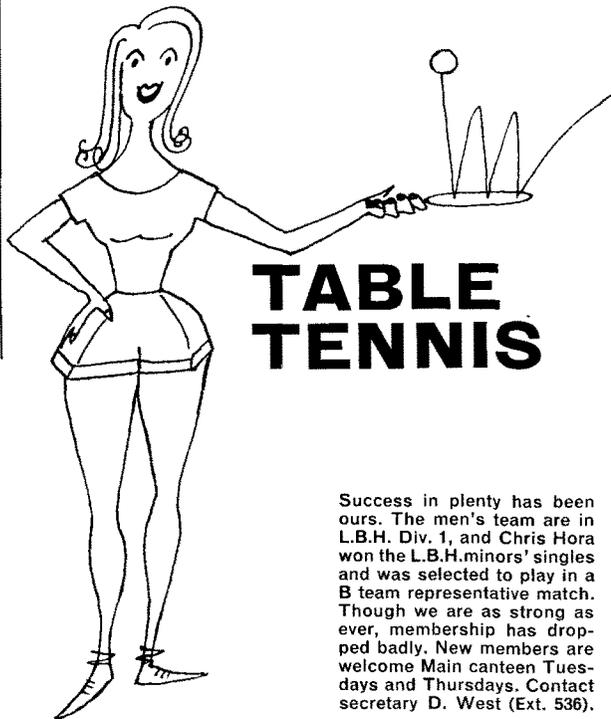


## DARTS



## CHESS

A visit to the Officials dining room any Wednesday evening between September and April will dispel any ideas about chess being an old man's game. Ready made players are always an asset to a club, but they are rare people. Those who would like to learn but feel their schoolboy chess is not quite good enough will find a welcome. Tournaments are held, and tuition and encouragement are given with pleasure by experienced players.



## TABLE TENNIS

Success in plenty has been ours. The men's team are in L.B.H. Div. 1, and Chris Hora won the L.B.H. minors' singles and was selected to play in a B team representative match. Though we are as strong as ever, membership has dropped badly. New members are welcome Main canteen Tuesdays and Thursdays. Contact secretary D. West (Ext. 536).



## RIFLE CLUB

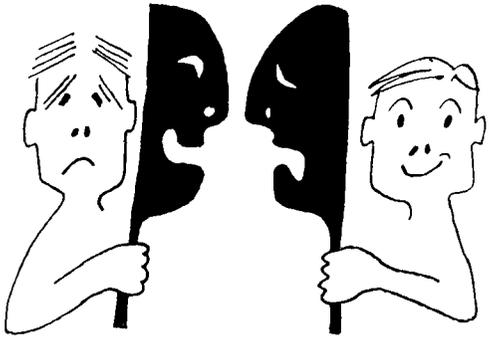
All S.S.A. members are eligible and welcome to join the rifle group. There are plenty of competitions, handicaps and prizes. If you've not fired a .22 rifle and would like to try, the range is open on Saturdays from 11.45 a.m. until 2.30 p.m. Instruction is given on how to shoot properly and safety regulations. We supply a rifle free, ammunition is 2s. for 50 rounds. We have teams in the L.B.H. Leagues. The range is at Mark Brown's Wharf, Potters Fields, Tooley Street, near London Bridge station. Secretary of the club is Mr. R. Jay, Factory.

# BADMINTON

All through the winter the Badminton section will meet to play in the Canteen, Blackfriars, on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 5.30 to 10. Whether you are experienced or new to the game you'll be very welcome there. Racquets and refreshments are available. League and friendly matches arranged throughout the season. Contact Mr. A. S. Neale of Private Office for information if you're interested.



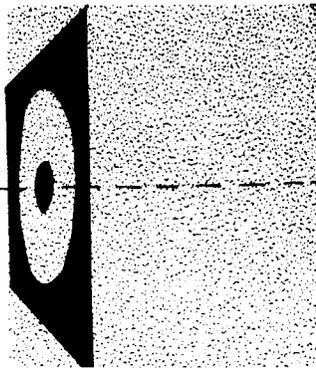
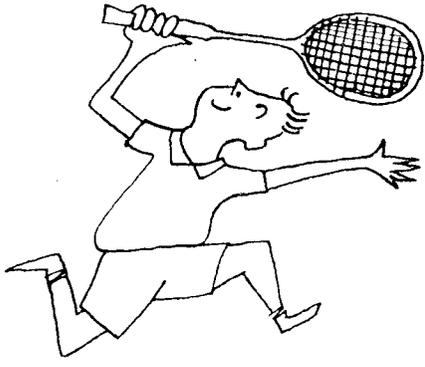
# DRAMA



*Ten Little Niggers . . . See How They Run . . . Happiest Days of Your Life . . . Doctor in the House . . .* all recent productions of the Stamford Players. We produce a play biannually, January's play is being chosen now, and there are gaps to fill. Readings, rehearsals and refreshments in the Union Street canteen, 6.30 p.m. on Wednesdays. Just come, or contact Len Gowers (Ext. 383), Tom Peters (716) or Brian Brearley (536).

# JUDO

For anyone interested in the art of Judo, the Griffin Judo Club, several years old, provides an opportunity to learn and gain experience with people who are expert in the art. The club meets on Mondays and Fridays from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. at John Harwood school, Blackfriars. Canteen, showers and changing room are available. Members visit other clubs and enter a grading contest every three months. Contact Driver John Gowland of Transport Dept., Blackfriars, if you would like to join.



and of course there will be socials dances dinners outings Look in the SSA news for announcements of what is going on in your part of the world If you don't see it there your section secretary will know what's afoot



SAL

# Congratulations



ABOVE: Married on June 17th, Miss Frances Perkins of Westbourne branch and Mr. Ronald Mealing of our Bournemouth branch.

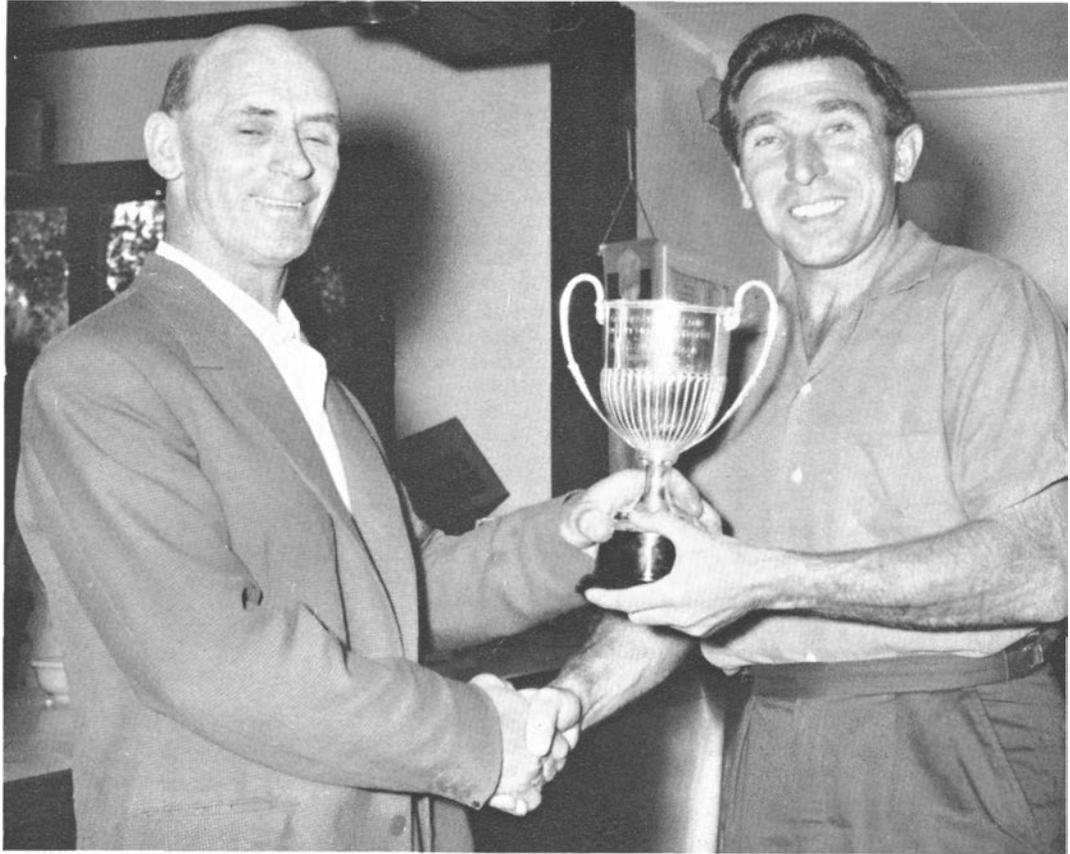
BELOW: At St. Matthew's Church, St. Leonards-on-Sea, on September 16th, two members of the staff of our Hastings branch, Miss Margaret Croucher and Mr. Dennis Buckland.



ABOVE: Married at Haverhill Methodist Church on August 19th, Mr. Leslie Ager of our Abattoir Office at Little Wratting to Miss Jean Page of Haverhill. They came out of the church under an arch of musical instruments formed by Mr. Ager's fellow-members of the Haverhill Silver Band.

BELOW: At South Bersted Church, Bognor Regis, on September 2nd; Miss Carole Dodge of our London Road branch and Mr. William McGovern, who is now working at our Chichester branch. The groom's father is Mr. W. McGovern, manager at Bognor. Another member of the branch staff, Mrs. Leggatt, was Matron of Honour.

*Mr. S. Hopkins, on the right, with the Barrett Memorial Trophy awarded to him at Dulwich on September 16th as J.S. "Footballer of the Year." Shaking hands with him is Mr. W. Barrett, who presented the trophy in memory of his son.*



# Griffin Report

A Newsletter from Dulwich

All the Griffin's summer activities were successfully concluded. Unfortunately, we had a very wet Sunday for the Finals of the Bowls Competitions, but managed to complete those matches for which Mr. R. Arbon had made the journey up from Cambridge. The outstanding match was played the following week.

The final of the Area Cricket Competition had a most exciting finish. Mr. Dyer's area batted first, totalling exactly 100, of which Dowling scored 49 and Humphreys claimed five wickets. When Mr. Pagden's area were batting wickets fell regularly, and eight were down for 64 runs. However, Darke and Garlinge stayed together and, with the suspense mounting, reached 103 without further loss to gain a fine victory.

The last Golf Meeting of the year was held at Worthing in late September. The Annual Branches v. Depot match was played, and it was perhaps fitting that it finished in a tie. These meetings are always most enjoyable "get-togethers," and new members are especially welcome.

The Barrett Memorial Trophy for the "Footballer of the Year" on Saturdays was duly presented

at an enjoyable little function at Dulwich. Mr. Barrett made the presentation, the first winner being Mr. S. Hopkins, "N" Section.

Last season the Griffin, represented by footballers who play on Thursdays, reached the final of the Beckenham Hospital Mid-Week Cup. This match had to be held over until this year, and we were defeated by a very strong Sutton and Cheam side by 6 goals to 3. Unfortunately, the number of teams functioning in the Griffin Thursday League this season is down to five, but in spite of this, there appears to be no lack of enthusiasm. It is a pity that there are no suitable outside leagues that our teams can enter. We have been able to arrange this for our Wednesday teams, and it has proved popular and beneficial.

There appears to be no shortage of members for our Saturday teams, in spite of losing several star players. Possibly our sides will not be quite as strong as previously, but only time will tell.

Entry forms for the Darts Competitions will by now have been distributed, and it is hoped that they will be as well supported as in previous years.

LES POTTER

# Staff News

## Movements and Promotions

### Managers

L. JIGGINS	from Spare to 179 Walthamstow
J. BUSH	from 179 Walthamstow to 42 Walthamstow
L. D. SALTER	from 42 Walthamstow to Spare for self-service training
G. OGLE	from Spare to 177 Haverstock Hill
C. BOSWORTH	from 177 Haverstock Hill to Hatch End
D. A. DYKE	from Spare to Thornton Heath
W. MANNING	from Spare to Chichester for opening
S. C. DAVIES	from Spare to Aveley
D. A. MALES	from Aveley to Welwyn Garden City for opening
K. G. EVANS	from Spare, Stevenage, to Spare, Welwyn Garden City

### Promoted to Assistant Manager

T. J. MARCHANT	from Crawley to Chichester
M. R. BOTWRIGHT	Basildon

### Assistant Managers

G. L. VILE	from Crawley to Chichester
R. K. FOORD	from Grange Hill to Harold Hill
R. SMEE	from Wood Green to Grange Hill
D. WOODS	from Lordship Lane to 17 Forest Gate
G. ALLAN	from Kenton to Swiss Cottage for self-service training
D. BUTOLPH	from 250 Kentish Town to Welwyn Garden City

### Promoted to Head Butcher

S. HEYWOOD	from Hastings to East Grinstead
D. BELL	from Southgate to 43 Enfield
M. F. COLLINS	from Richmond to Teddington
G. A. RUSSELL	from Drury Lane to 7 Palmers Green

### Head Butchers

C. F. WINDMILL	East Finchley to Spare
J. DAVIES	from 43 Enfield to East Finchley
S. H. BOWDEN	from 124 Ilford to Spare
F. W. PAINE	from Stamford Hill to 124 Ilford
D. C. STROUD	from North Finchley to Stamford Hill
J. H. COPELAND	from Whetstone to North Finchley
C. R. WOODWARD	from 7 Palmers Green to Whetstone
B. COOKSLEY	from Bexhill to Hastings
J. F. GASSON	from East Grinstead to Bexhill
F. H. CLAYTON	from Spare, Bexhill to Spare, Oxted
R. A. FENNER	from 73 Croydon to Selsdon
E. J. ANGRUM	from Selsdon to 73 Croydon

*Our sincere congratulations to the following who have completed long service with the firm.*

### Forty Years' Service

R. HULLEY	Manager, Cockfosters
J. KELEHER	Manager, 250 Kentish
W. PARFITT	Manager, 158 Catford
H. R. PIGOTT	Head Office
A. W. CLARK	Union Street

### Twenty-Five Years' Service

MISS L. A. STRINGER	First Clerk, Derby
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### Retirements

*We send our best wishes to the following colleagues who have just retired.*

**J. H. Clarke**, who joined the Head Office staff in December 1914, where he worked in the Stock Office prior to going on National Service in October 1916. He resumed from National Service in 1919, returning to the Stock Office for a short while before transferring to the Ledger Office in December 1919. In 1927 he was made the Deputy Manager of the Ledger Office, and then took control of this office in 1931. He was subsequently transferred to general accounting work, and then finally took over the payment of pensions from Head Office.

His prowess at football was well known, and he captained the Office Section football team for many seasons in the 1930s. He retired on June 30th, 1961.

**S. G. Cudmore**, who joined the firm in August 1916 at Ipswich. He came to London in 1921, where he worked in the Kilburn area, but returned to East Anglia at the end of 1922. Three years later he was in London again, this time in the Ilford area, being appointed manager of our Seven Kings branch in May 1932. He remained in charge here until 1941, since when he has been manager of South Harrow, Wealdstone and finally Hatch End from which branch he retired on September 30th.



Mr. S. G. Cudmore

**A. E. Fowler**, who was engaged in 1921. He worked at Ilford and Chelmsford before moving south of the river in 1923, when he was transferred to Streatham Hill. This was followed by a long period at Dorking, which was broken only by a transfer of short duration to Redhill. In 1940 he was appointed manager of Tonbridge. In 1953 he took charge of 122 George Street, Croydon, and remained there as manager until the branch closed on the opening of the new self-service store in 1959. He assisted thereafter at Coulsdon until March 1960, when he took charge at Thornton Heath, remaining here until September 30th, the date of his retirement.



Mr. A. E. Fowler on the occasion when he won a refrigerator at the Dulwich Fete in 1955.



Mrs. H. G. Burningham

**Mrs. H. G. Burningham**, a part-time saleswoman at 193 Catford, who was engaged for this branch in 1952, where she remained until her retirement on September 16th.

## Obituaries

*We regret to record the death of the following colleagues and send our deepest sympathy to their relatives.*

*Mr. W. C. Gurr writes:*

**Mr. H. Youl** and I had known each other for over 50 years and had worked together as colleagues for over 40 years.

When I first arrived at Blackfriars Mr. Youl was in the Stock Office. About the time of the First World War he switched to the Egg Dept., which was to become his main job for nearly 40 years.

For a long period he also acted as Assistant to the late Mr. A. W. Wright, the Warehouse Manager, who died in 1929. After I took over as Warehouse and Transport Manager, Mr. Youl gave me great assistance and many years of loyal service.

Three things I remember well when thinking of him: his home-made cigarettes, his old motor-cycle and sidecar, and his passion for fishing. He was of a placid disposition and never happier than when he was wielding a rod and line. He enjoyed a long retirement at Sheringham, happy to the last with his bait, jar and line. It was on August 14th that Mr. Youl died.

**Miss H. M. Ward**, who joined the firm as a saleswoman in November 1930 at Lordship Lane. She also worked at Stamford Hill and Tottenham, and after a very long illness died on September 18th.

**Mrs. M. H. Broad**, who was engaged in 1932 and worked as Resident Housekeeper at 16-20 Holloway, East Finchley and Pinner. Following her retirement in 1946, she carried out temporary duties at various branches. She died in August of this year.

**A. B. Atherton**, who joined the firm in December 1960, and was employed on general duties at Haverhill. He died on September 12th.

**G. T. Warner**, who was engaged as a Porter at Crawley branch in April 1961. Shortly after joining the firm he was taken ill and died on August 24th.

**H. N. Taylor**, who joined the firm in October 1914 as a Learner. He was appointed the manager of 271 Leytonstone in 1941, and later managed Manor Park, 14/15 Leytonstone and Leyton. He assisted at 609 Lea Bridge Road from January 1957 until he retired in August of that year. He died on August 29th.

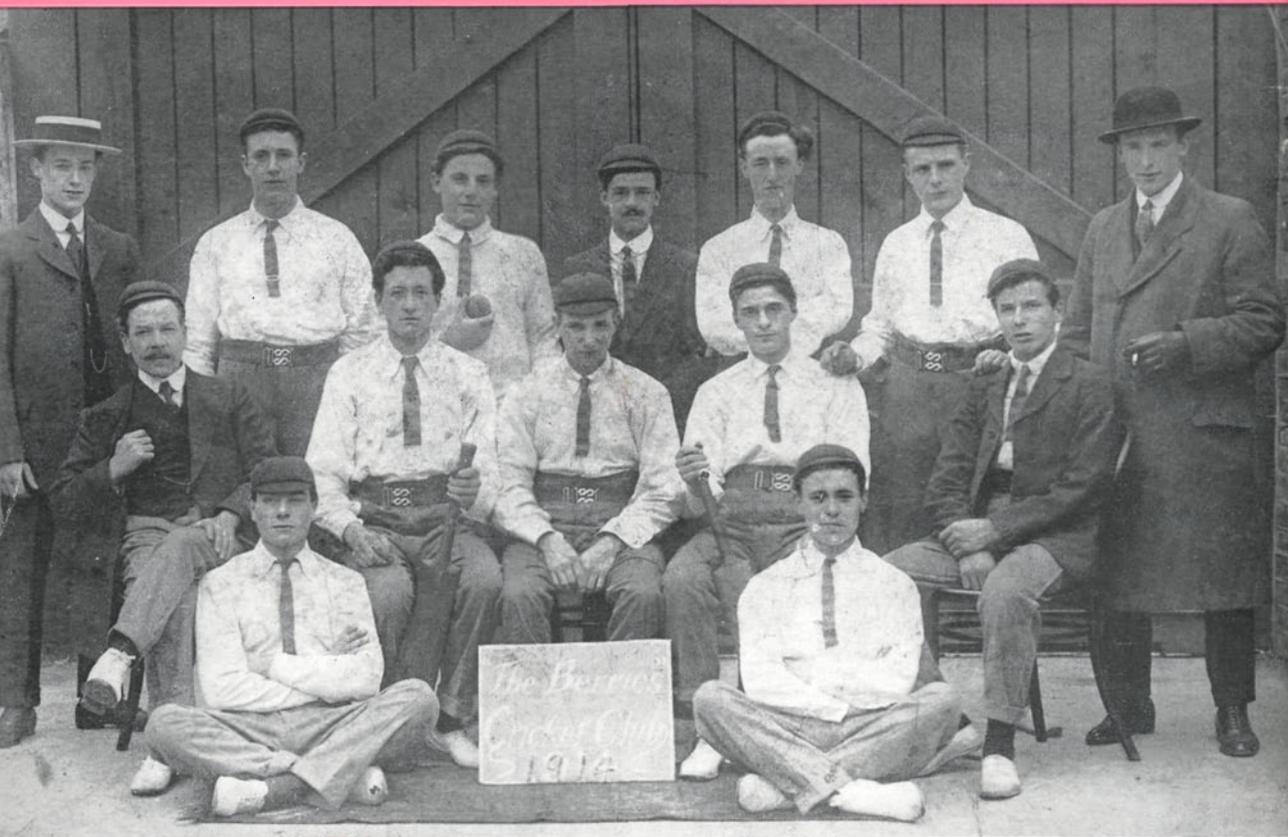


Miss H. M. Ward

Mr. H. N. Taylor



# Anyone for Cricket ?



This picture from very far down Memory Lane comes to us from Mr. Harvey, one of our veterans. The team is from Tottenham and was playing in the season of 1914. Fashion-conscious readers will recognise a lot of features in recent men's tailoring that the early 1960's share with that year. We haven't been able to identify everyone in the picture. Those we know are

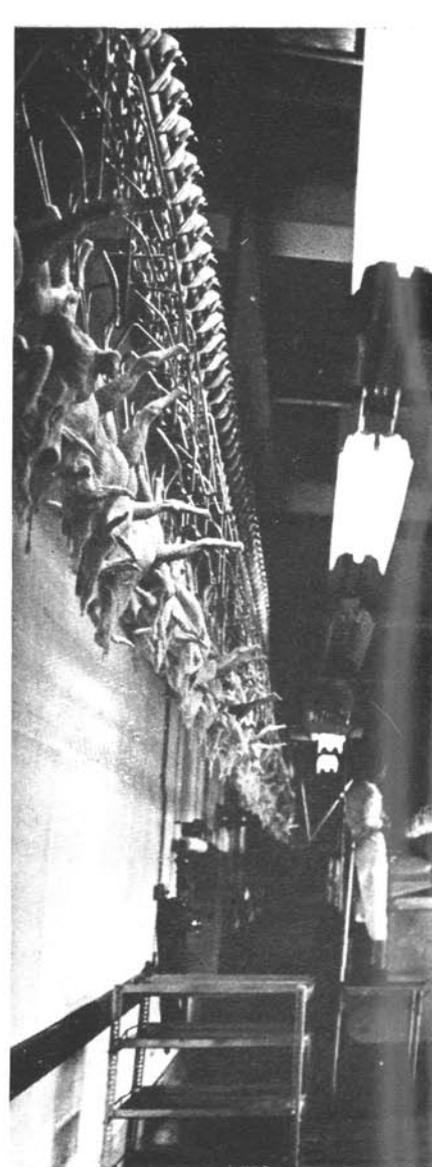
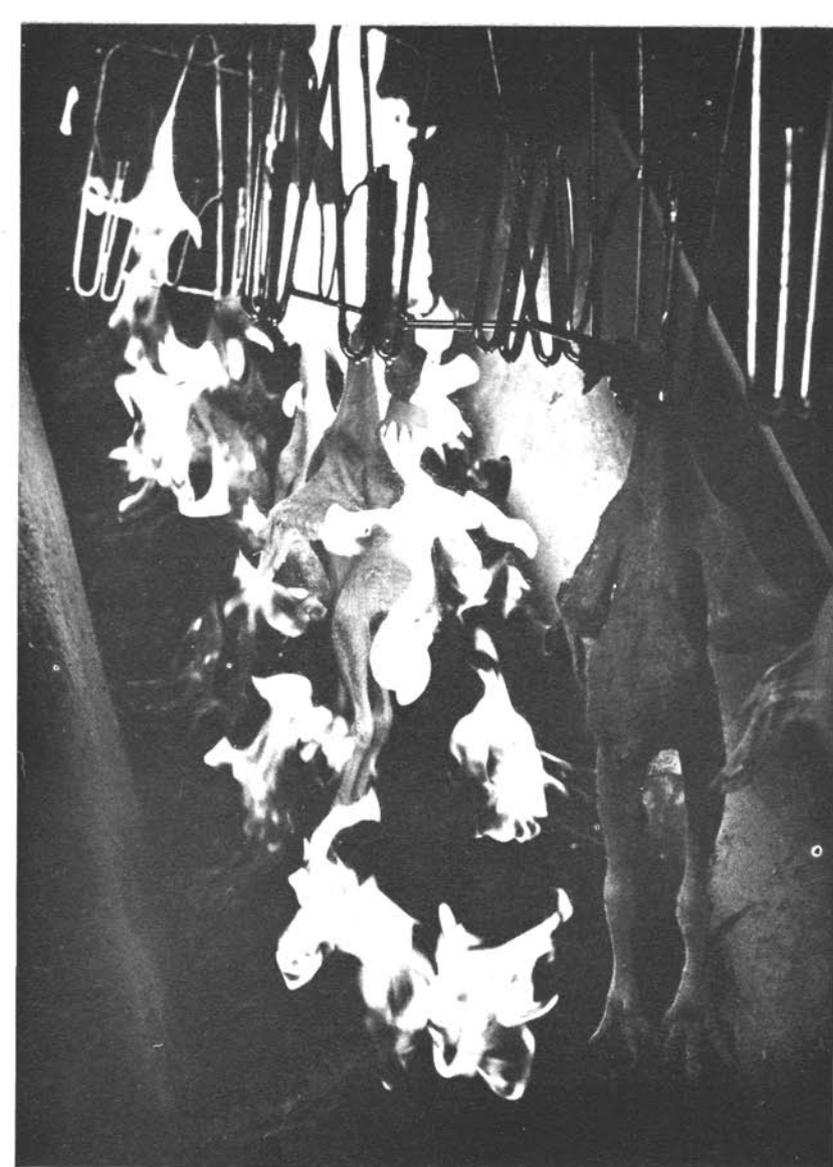
Standing

Mr. Goodchild, Mr. Dewey, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_,  
Mr. Dowley, \_\_\_\_\_, Mr. Clapworthy.

Sitting

\_\_\_\_\_, Mr. Lea, Mr. Hawthorne, \_\_\_\_\_,  
Mr. Harvey.

We were not able to identify the two young men sitting in front of the group.



Photographs by Brian Shuel



The birds pass through flames in which the last few feathers are singed off and from there into the large evisceration area at the rate of 1,000 an hour. As they pass along the line on the far right of the picture, girls, some of whom can be seen in the picture below, eviscerate them, separating the giblets from the inedible offal which is flushed away in constantly running water. The picture below, right, shows giblets being packed separately on a table in the centre of the area. On the left, Assistant Manager Mr. J. Pinnick confirms the next day's collections with driver W. May.

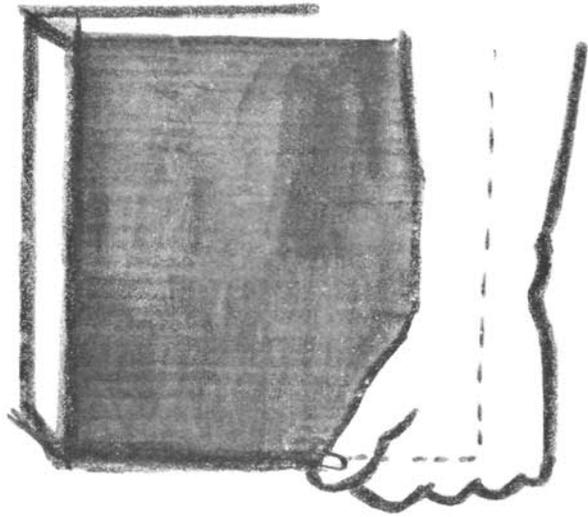


# BOX-HANDLING

## A short course on ways to keep out of trouble—Home or Away

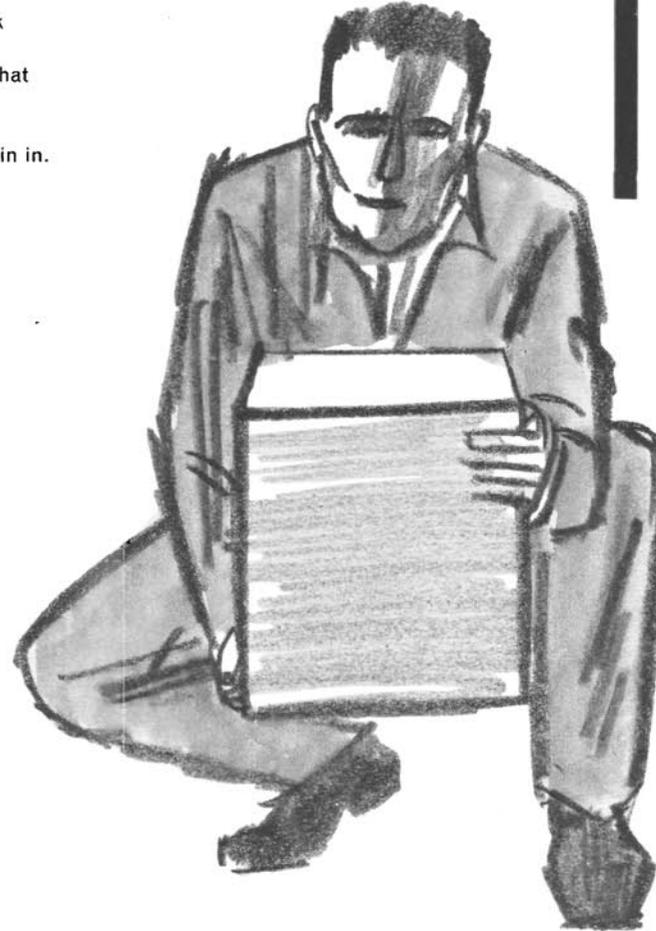
Handling boxes, whether you are at work or at home, is more easily and safely done if you follow a few simple rules.

Here are the basic points for box-handlers who don't wish to be candidates for slipped disc, hernia, strains or just plain exhaustion. Besides being safer this way, it's a great deal less tiring.



First of all he got a good grip on the box, using the palms of the hands and the roots of the fingers. This way he can rely on the strongest muscles in his hand to do the job. Lifting with the finger tips is asking for a heavy box to slip to the floor. His feet are down there in a danger zone.

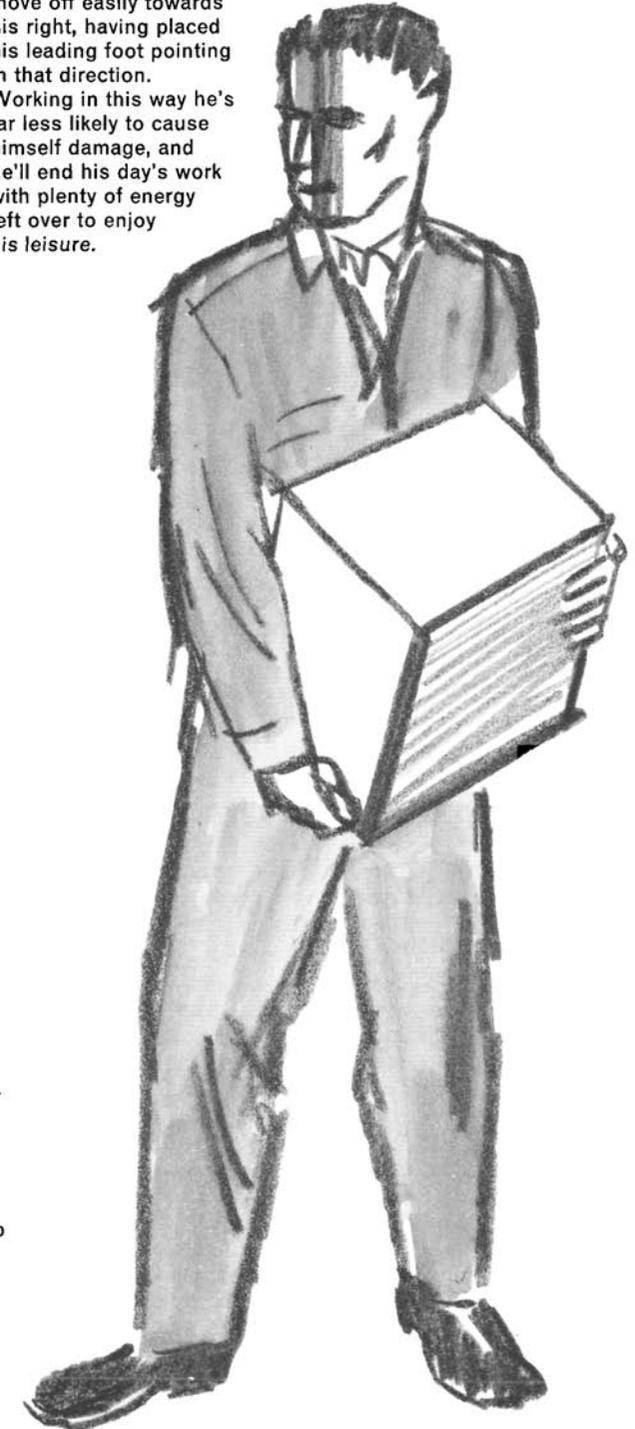
The man below has had a good look at the box to see if there are sharp edges, nails or any slippery places that might affect his grip. He stood in close to the box, bent his knees, keeping a straight back, head up, chin in. Then he took hold of the load, gripping it firmly with the palms of his hands.



This is the box-handler from another point of view. See how he has his arms in close to his body and has placed his feet in positions that will enable him to move off easily in the direction he is going. He has also tested the weight of the box to make sure he can move it alone.

When our man stood up he kept his back straight and let his legs do the work of lifting. The strong thigh muscles are well suited for this movement and far less liable to strains or ruptures than the abdominal muscles. The feet placed apart keep him well balanced, and he can move off easily towards his right, having placed his leading foot pointing in that direction.

Working in this way he's far less likely to cause himself damage, and he'll end his day's work with plenty of energy left over to enjoy his leisure.





**Bombs in Blackfriars Road destroyed The Ring during the last war. The tale of this familiar landmark and the life story of the remarkable woman who ran it have been published recently.\* Our review touches briefly on outstanding events in this entertaining account of the sporting life of the first half of this century.**

In February 1910 two middle-aged men on the top deck of a tram in Blackfriars Road hurried down the stairs and got off to inspect one of the oddest-looking buildings in Southwark. The men were Dick Burge, the boxer, and Tom Pritchard, a variety agent, and they were looking at the Surrey Chapel, at that time a derelict warehouse. It had been an engineering works for a time, and when it was new it had been a place of worship.

It was built in 1783 for a cleric called Rowland Hill, a hard-working evangelist who wanted a place of his own in which to carry on the battle for the souls of men. "Build it," he told his builder, "without a corner for the devil to hide in." He got a sixteen-sided rotunda without a hiding place for man

\**Bella of Blackfriars*. Leslie Bell, £1.1.0, Odhams Press.

or devil, and in the middle of it he placed his pulpit. From there he called on the citizens of Southwark to repent and to seek salvation. He died in 1833 after half a century of work in his chapel and left instructions in his will that he should be buried

below the pulpit. There his body lay for forty-six years, until the Surrey Chapel was closed and its functions were taken over at Christchurch in Westminster Bridge Road (not to be confused with Christchurch, Blackfriars). Rowland Hill was buried again at the new church and the Surrey Chapel began a secular career under the ownership of the Ecclesiastical Commission.

Dick Burge, the boxer who fell in love with the old chapel at first sight, was an odd character. Those who remember him say he was a lively, impulsive and carefree man full of enthusiasm and ready for anything. He must in fact have been a cheerful, likeable man, but he seems also to have been a bit credulous. In 1910, he had not long been released on ticket-of-leave from prison where he was serving a sentence for the part he had been persuaded to play in a remarkable case of fraudulent conversion by a Liverpool bank clerk. The bank clerk had, by a not particularly ingenious method, stolen £169,000 from his bank, using the money to back horses. Some of it (about £91,000) was placed in bets with a bookmaker called Marks, who got Burge to send tips by telegram to the bank clerk. The chances of the backer winning in such a set-up were obviously indifferent. Burge, when he found himself in the

dock at the Old Bailey, stuck to the story that he really believed the backer was a "rich mug" as Marks had told him. But Marks by this time had fled the country and was probably dead, so Burge faced trial alone. His sentence was severe. Ten years' penal servitude at a time when there was no Court of Appeal.

Burge had had a rather spectacular career as a boxer. He was born in 1865 in Cheltenham, grew up in Newcastle, began sporting life as a sprinter, took to boxing in his late teens and grew into a fast, hard-hitting, swashbuckling sort of fighter who could always draw a crowd. He fought as a lightweight but he is remembered as a man who would take on anyone. He took on Jem Smith, a famous British heavyweight, in one fight. Burge was dwarfed by his opponent, but he had demanded a 24-foot ring for the fight and he made Smith chase him, using the ring brilliantly to escape the heavier man's powerful punching. He lasted nine rounds in this unequal contest and it was only towards the end that Smith was able to use his superior punching power. The referee stopped the contest, which increased Burge's reputation as a game fighter.

It was in 1901, that he first met his wife Bella, who is still living today, aged 84. She was at that