

J.S Journal

DECEMBER 1963

House Magazine of J. Sainsbury Ltd



J.H.Fin nie

Big Year

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1963 has been a year of big development for J.S. We have opened eleven new self-service branches, extended Lewisham, our largest branch, converted Wood Green to self-service grocery and carried out many improvements elsewhere which, if less spectacular, have been a big help towards smooth running. The great new warehouse at Basingstoke is taking shape now and we should bring it into full use in 1964. The change will be spread over several months as new parts of the building become available. Some of our office staff are now in Norwich House in Streatham High Road. On the following pages we have made a quick pictorial survey of recently opened branches. Leicester now our second largest shop (11,260 square feet) was photographed before it opened in order to get pictures into this issue. It's our longest shop (100 yards) with Guildford a close second. It opened very successfully on 12th November.

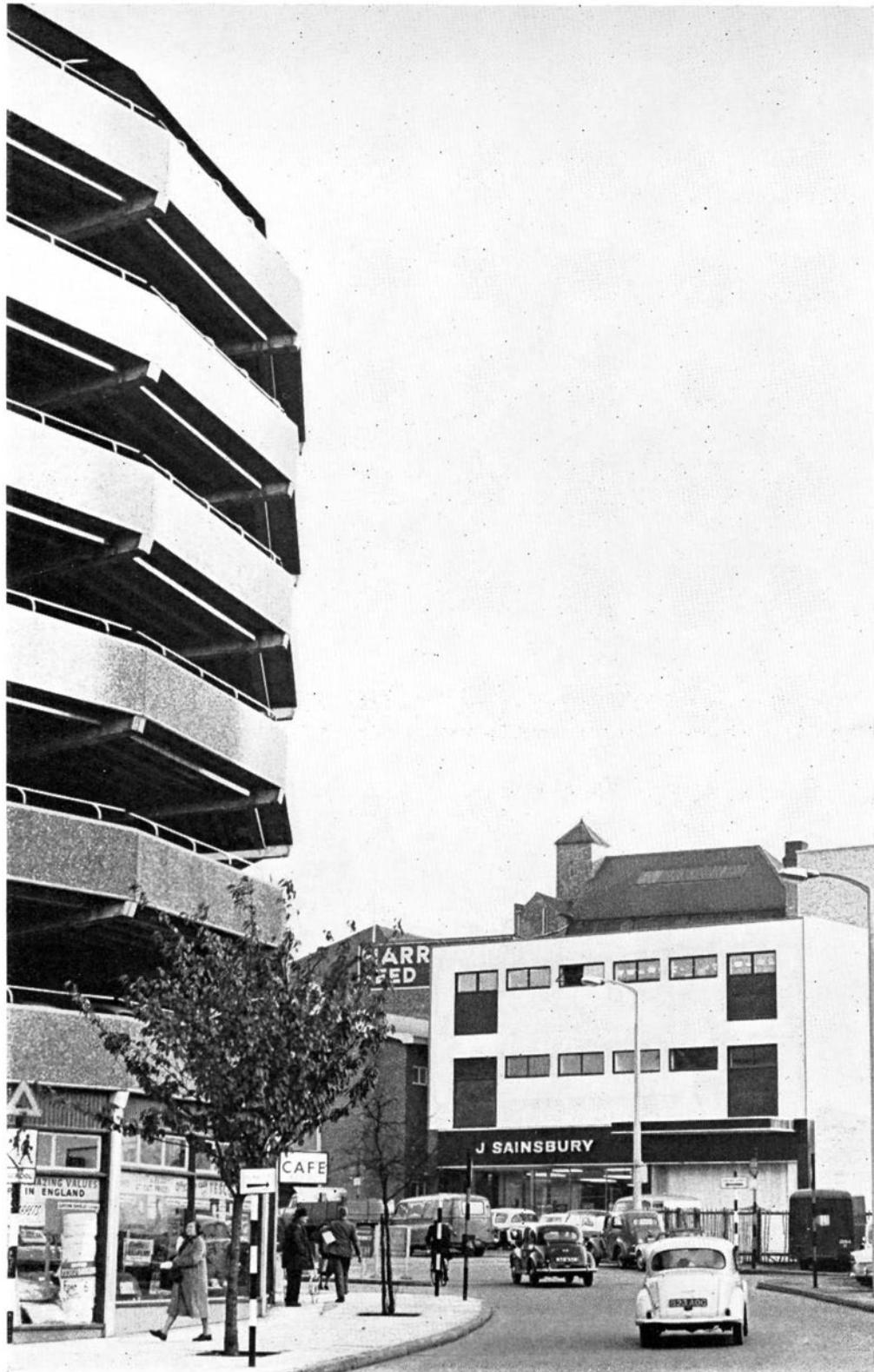
Nottingham has over 9,000 square feet is L-shaped, opening into two streets on different levels. The firm shares the building with the Ministry of Works. It opened on 15th October.

Rugby has 6,000 square feet, opened on 24th September and has the great advantage of having everything on one floor. Bulk store, shopping area, produce and meat preparation are all on the same level. The branch has a car park for about 15 or 16 cars at one side.

Reading with nearly 11,000 square feet is the third largest of our branches. It is worthwhile recording that we opened there on 29th October in an area which was full of trading stamp competition and where we were newcomers; we had a record opening week surpassing all expectations.

Shirley with a trading area of about 5,500 square feet was opened on 17th September. Shirley is part of the Southampton urban area. Our last page of pictures is from Lewisham once again our largest branch with 11,500 square feet. The annexe was built and the loading facilities improved there as the site became available. Lewisham was the first of our branches to carry a full range of household ware.

LEICESTER



This is the Lee Circle end of our Leicester branch facing the multi-storey carpark. The design of our branch was by a firm of local architects Pick, Everard, Keay and Gimson. The interior of course was the work of our own Building and Engineering Division. Bulk stock, produce and main preparation are on the first floor. The second floor is used for bulk stock.



The pictures above give some idea of the length of the shop. There are checkouts at both the Lee Circle and the Humbertstone Gate ends. Next door neighbours are a Palais de Danse at Humbertstone Gate and a Methodist Chapel at Lee Circle. The branch has a tile mural using a variety of sizes of dark toned tiles. Some carry a design motif based on J.S. worked out by Mr M. C. Dunkley, A.R.I.B.A., of J.S. Shop Planning Department. The gondolas are of a recent pattern (first used at Victoria) to give increased shelf-width and greater ease of manipulation.



Mr W. B. S. Mansfield who manages the Leicester branch joined J.S. in 1939 at Berkhamsted, and resumed after the war at 357 Harrow. He then worked in the Golders Green/Harrow/Kenton area before going into self-service at Marylebone. He was appointed to his first management at Ballards Lane in May 1960 and managed this branch until he began further training for the Leicester management.







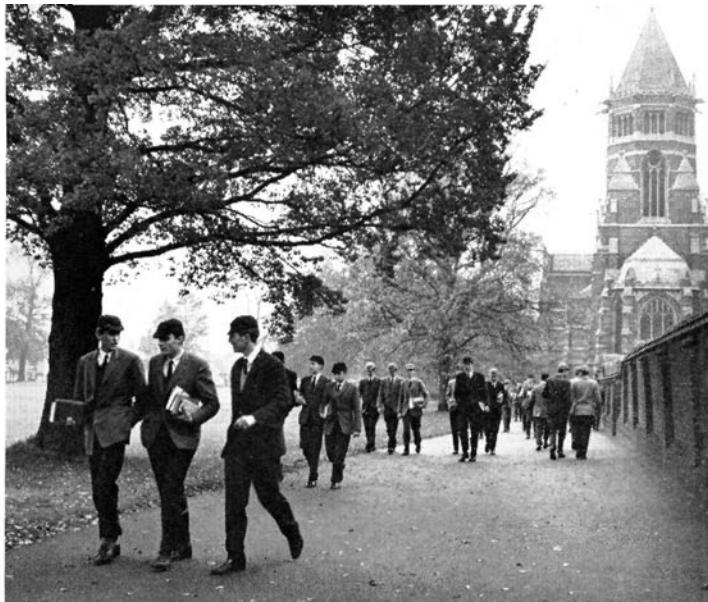
NOTTINGHAM

People above are looking in at our Nottingham butchers and preparation staff at work. Because of street level differences the window gives a view of J.S. people at work. Picture on the left shows the 'L' shape of the shop and over the Lower Parliament Street entrance (right one), the new type of sign pattern coming into general use.

Mr N. E. Harding manager of Nottingham branch joined J.S. in 1939 at Brondesbury, and resumed post-war at Bournemouth. He entered self-service at Southbourne in 1954 and was appointed to his first management when he opened Collier Row in 1956. In 1958 he took over at Purley and managed this branch until he began further training for Nottingham.



RUGBY



Mr G. K. Evans
manager at Rugby
branch joined J.S. as
a Senior Trainee in
1949 working at
Watney Street and
then East Ham. He
entered self-service
in 1956 at 250 Kent-
ish Town, and after
periods at Grange
Hill, Paddington,
Ballards Lane and
Stevenage, was
appointed to
management,
managing Boreham
Wood in 1962 from
which branch he was
transferred to
Rugby.

*The branch has
everything on one floor
and has a small
customers carpark.
Rugby School (top
right) keeps a tradi-
tional air in a town
increasingly
industrialised over
the past century.*





READING





Reading, third largest of our branches opened triumphantly in the face of trading stamp competition. It is the first branch to try out for cakes and bread the type of cabinet used previously for bacon, cheese and produce. It has been a great success. Thoughtful man below can't remember if it was fruit cake or seed cake he was asked to get.

The branch was designed by J.S. Architects Department.

Mr F. J. Speed who manages our Reading branch joined as a Learner at 65 Croydon in 1928 and worked in the Purley, Sutton area prior to the war. Resuming after the war at Sydenham followed by a spell at 44 Lewisham, Mr Speed entered management at Oxted in 1950. He then managed Haywards Heath and entered self-service at Lewisham in 1958. In September 1959 he took over at 31 Eastbourne where he remained until he began further training for Reading.





Shirley is near Southampton; another link in our South Coast chain. It has a sales area of 5,500 square feet and was designed by J.S. Architects Department. The facade is a simple riven slate panel above the verandah.

SHIRLEY



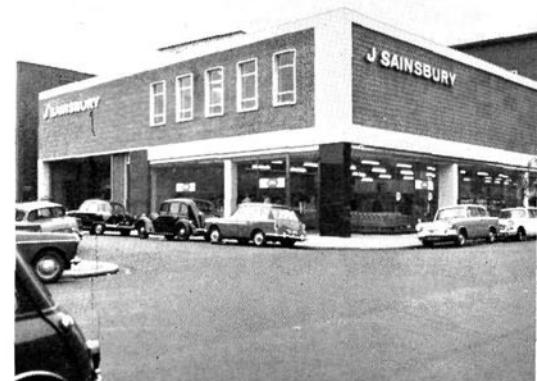
Mr C. T. Haynes joined as a Salesman at Pinner in 1948. He subsequently worked at Oxford before having initial self-service training at Southampton. After working at various branches Mr Haynes was transferred to Southampton in 1959 where he was appointed Spare manager in 1960. Shirley is his first management.





LEWISHAM

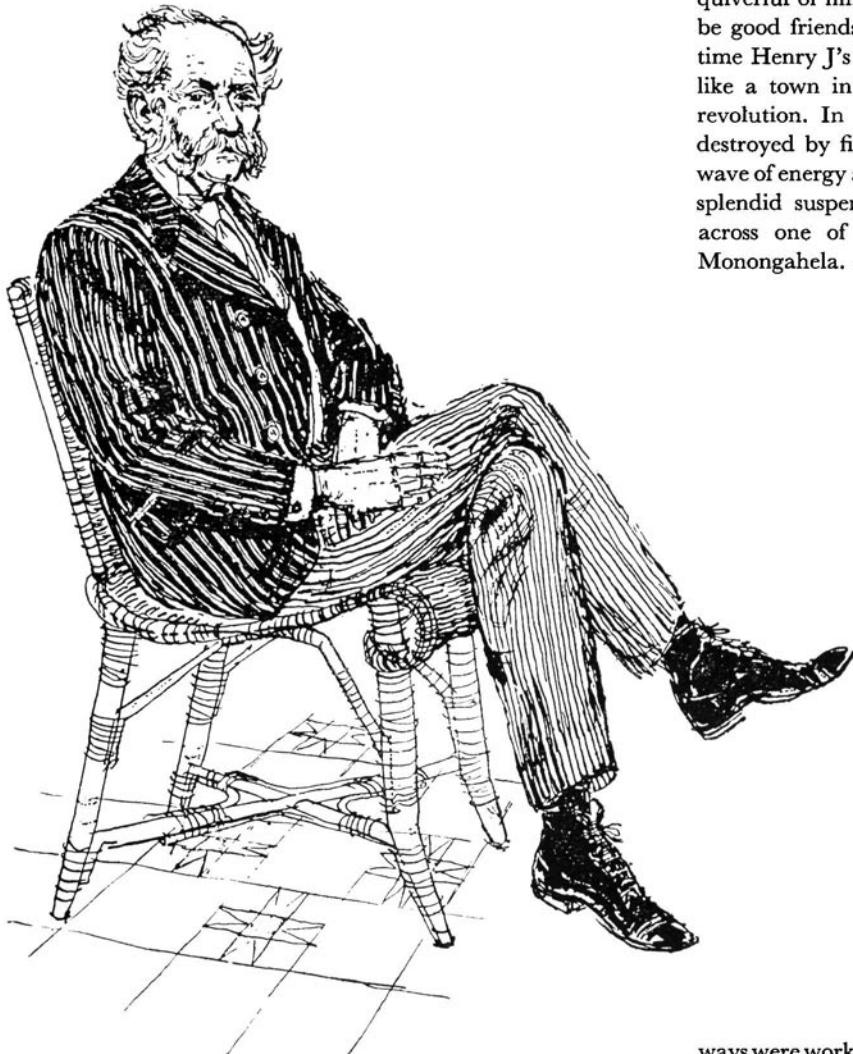
Above is Lewisham's annexe which adds more shopping space to a big shop. Customer on right is examining a polythene bucket in the household ware department. Manager at Lewisham is still Mr T. A. Reeve who took over management there in 1955 when the branch opened.



The Magic Number

The firm of Heinz is the subject of this article in our series Focus on Suppliers. It is based on Stephen Potter's history of the firm

The Magic Number. *The drawings were made for his book by David Knight MSIA*



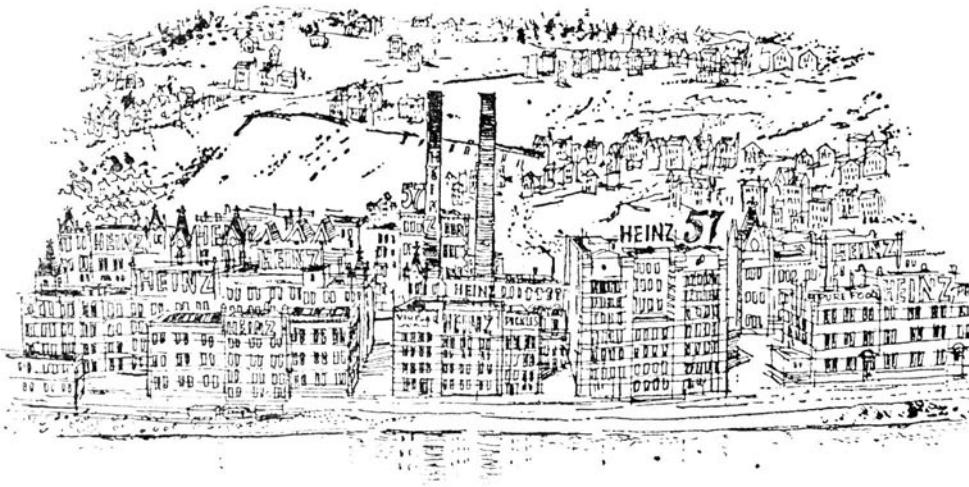
Henry J. Heinz the founder of the firm.

Henry John Heinz who founded the firm of Heinz was born in 1844.

The name of Heinz appears first at the beginning of the 17th century and by the end of it a certain Lorenz Heinz was noted as a State Official and a Trustee of the Established Church in the valley of the Kleinfelt, Bavaria. In 1811 the father of H.J. was born. He emigrated to Pittsburgh in 1840. Three years later he married Margaretta Schmidt and their first child Henry John was born.

Pittsburgh had been a frontier settlement and a trading post in which Indians were not a quiverful of film extras but realities who could be good friends or dangerous enemies. At the time Henry J.'s father came, it must have been like a town in England before the industrial revolution. In 1841 it was almost completely destroyed by fire. The people responded by a wave of energy and building and within a year a splendid suspension bridge had been opened across one of the rivers of Pittsburgh, the Monongahela. At the same time the new rail-

ways were working their way towards Pittsburgh and by 1851 the first rail was laid in Allegheny County. By the end of that year an express was running to Philadelphia every morning. Despite this the small communities living together had to



The Heinz factory at Pittsburgh.

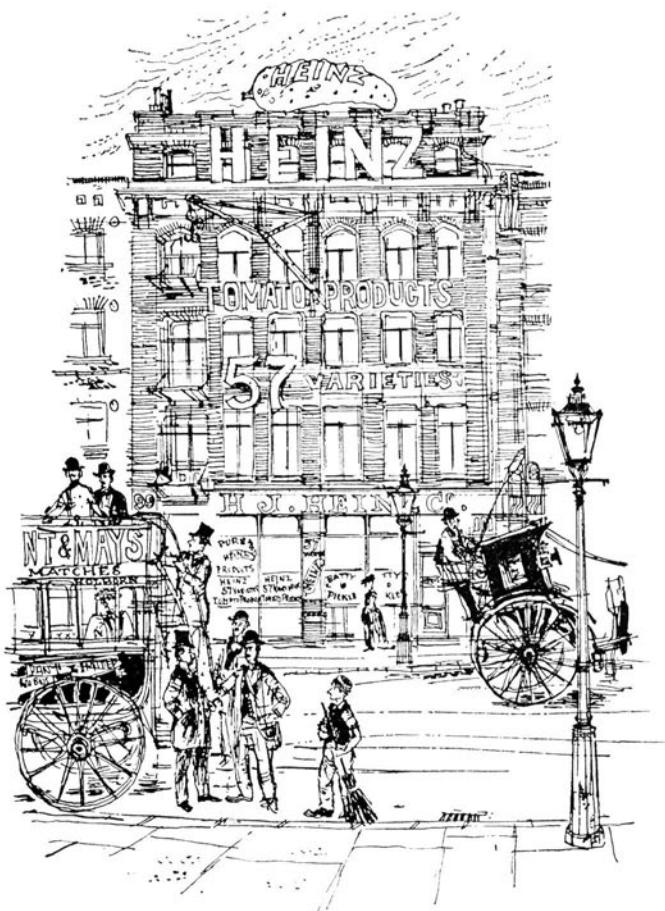
be self-contained and independent and H.J. was born to a world where posting a letter meant a row across the Allegheny, the river that meets the Monongahela in Pittsburgh, and a five mile walk. 'Do it yourself' was not a game but a necessity. H.J.'s father was a brickmaker, which in this kind of community meant that he was also brick transporter, brick contractor and builder as well. As soon as H.J. could walk he was around the brick yards and by the time he was eight he was working regularly for his father, helping his mother in the garden and walking six miles a day to school and back. He was never a man to be inspired by books with the exception of the Bible and there was indeed a kind of biblical simplicity about his early life. On one occasion when the family garden was threatened by the flooding of the Allegheny it was Henry who inspected the flood water astride a horse, Henry who got the gravel, and Henry who saved the garden. It was no chance that Henry always had the right horse for the job as he loved and studied horses and later made them a special pride of the Heinz organisation.

By 1856 the family had grown to nine, but even they could not keep up with the small forest of horse-radish which sprang up in the garden under H.J.'s green fingers, and the neighbours were persuaded to buy the surplus. Henry used to take it round, first by hand, then by wheelbarrow, then by handcart and finally by horse and cart. That was stage one. Stage two arose

in the Heinz kitchen, where the horse-radish was ground by hand and the neighbours paid that little bit extra to have it ground for them. Stage three, some years later was the putting of the dried and grated horse-radish into bottles.

The foundation year of Heinz as of Sainsbury's is 1869. It was to be called Heinz & Noble. The horse radish affair was still on a tiny scale and the firm was preoccupied mainly in extending the brick business and starting a small coal transport from Beaver as the brick carts came back empty. The market garden work had been a pleasant and productive hobby for ten years and three times a week Henry's red and cheerful face could be seen at four in the morning selling horse radish.

The first troubles in the Heinz story came early. Despite a general depression the firm had been doing well and in 1875 they moved to new premises right in the heart of the town. Two new varieties had been started, celery sauce and pickles. Then a small risk was taken, perhaps a fifty to one risk, and it brought them near to disaster. H. & N. badly needed a cucumber crop, and they found a canning factory with 600 acres at Illinois. They commissioned them to plant the whole lot with cucumbers and gave them a guaranteed price. It happened that 1875 was a perfect year for cucumbers and they began to arrive in ever-increasing loads at the small factory. From every side cucumbers seemed to be converging and just the storing meant cutting



The Heinz headquarters in Farringdon Street during the early years of this century.

down production. There was no room. Soon crates of cucumber were blocking the entrance, loose cucumbers seemed under everybody's feet and their delicate aroma began to smell like poison gas. It took them years to pay the bill and made them feel the effects of the slump. Money was hard to borrow and although creditors were lenient, some of them stuck out and the firm of Heinz, Noble & Co. had to be listed as one of the 5,000 'Failed' companies of 1875. Henry J. Heinz was bankrupt.

Henry had to start again at the beginning. His money assets were nil but he had acquired knowledge of food preservation, a talent for selling and a genius for business. In less than two months F. & J. Heinz was launched. His brother John and cousin Frederick provided \$1,600 as capital and Henry provided the brains. His potential energy seemed excited to bursting point by adversity and he was helped

by the owner of 2nd Avenue who offered the old building back on the old lease.

Frederick was in charge of the growing department. He had been trained in Germany and had inherited an extra strong strain of the Heinz trick of making plants grow more luxuriously in their most edible parts. Invisible fertiliser seemed to drop from the tips of his fingers and he would detect plant diseases before they appeared.

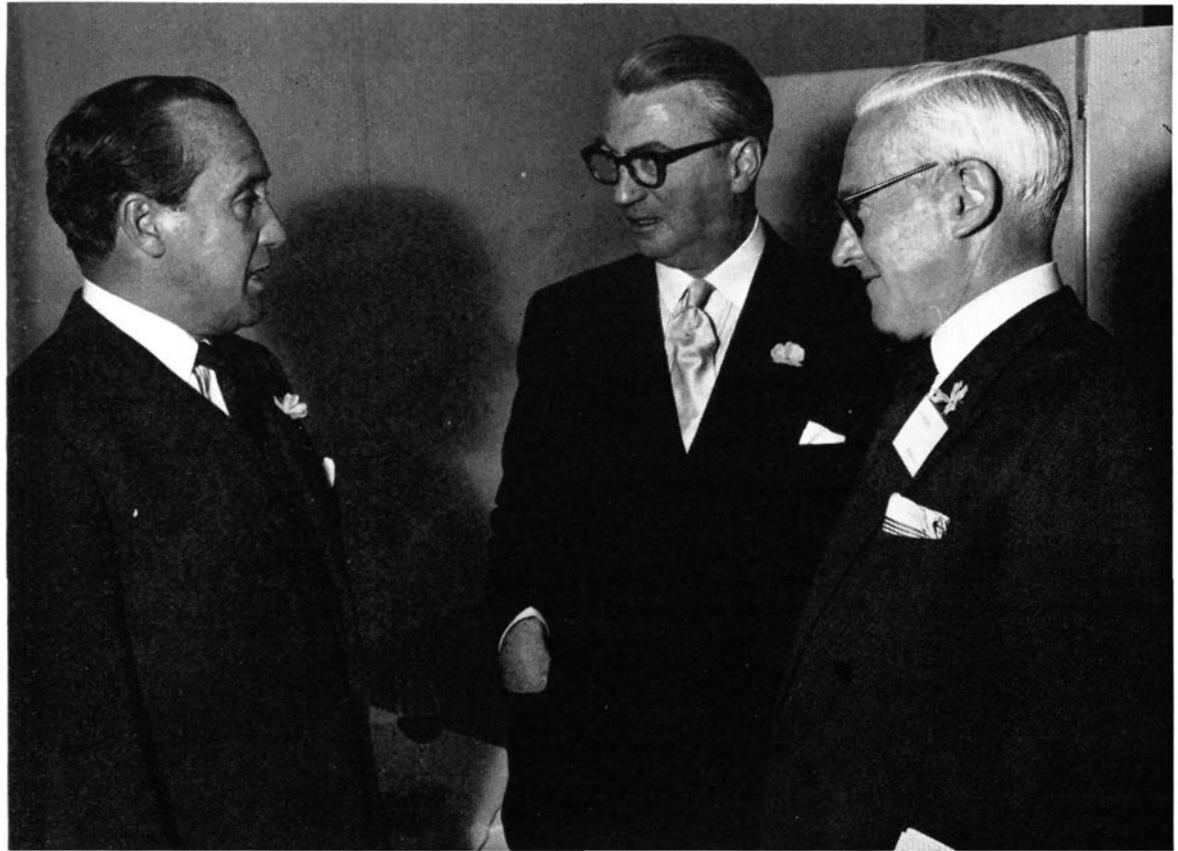
He remained in this post for thirty-six years by which time it had reached something like fifty-seven times its original importance.

John was in charge of manufacturing and was responsible for some of the earliest short-cuts in bottling machinery. But his special gift was for handling staff, seeing things from their point of view and taking an interest in their troubles. It is said that he was only exceeded by Henry in his ability to create the 'once they come you can't get rid of them' tradition among Heinz employees.

Profits were good but to begin with instead of ploughing them back into the business according to Heinz doctrine, the creditors were paid off one by one.

By 1861 a Mr Solomon of Baltimore had discovered that calcium chloride added to boiling water increased its heat to such an extent that sterilization time, which had been extensive before, was cut down to twenty-five minutes and a well-run factory could produce 20,000 instead of 2,500 filled cans a day. John had been quick to experiment with the new process and the bare facts of the innovations of these first few years suggest an activity as intense as ever in the history of Heinz. 1876 Tomato Ketchup made its first appearance and was one of the varieties which made Heinz famous in America. 1879 they brought out Pepper Sauce, 1880 Cider Vinegar, Distilled White Vinegar and Apple Butter, followed by fruit jellies and minced meat. By 1882 Heinz felt himself in a position to make a really important purchase, the property on the site of the present factory. By 1884 all debts were paid off and there was just a little profit for everyone.

1886 saw Henry setting out on a new venture. England. He was going to sell Heinz to Fortnum and Mason. Preparing for the attack he put on his newest frock coat, a new top hat and bought a Gladstone bag. He had discovered to his surprise that there was no Mr Fortnum, no Mr Mason. He called for the most important



Henry Heinz II (left) and Lord Mancroft with Lord Sainsbury at the International Association of Chain Stores Conference, London, 1963.

looking man in sight and launched on him stage one – the explanation, stage two – the demonstration and was preparing to launch stage three, a resilient counter attack, when he was interrupted: 'I think Mr Heinz, I will take the lot.'

This trickle however, was not to grow much larger for twenty years. There seemed little chance of a popular sale and there were certain cogent reasons for this. To start with, Fortnum's had put Heinz in the luxury class, and indeed some of the varieties sounded exotic. 'Euchred Figs, Calves Foot Jelly, Stem Ginger, Nabob Sauce', all these were definitely the carriage trade. The working class had never heard of Heinz and the middle class were becoming alarmed by reports of American 'potted poison', a reputation well earned by the canning of meat in Chicago during this time. In America, nobody within twenty miles of Chicago would

touch anything which had come out of 'Poison and Putrefaction Ltd' as the centre of meat canning was then called. In 1896 a small warehouse was rented near the Tower at No. 1 Hayden Street. Stuffed in between the packing cases was a microscopic office.

In the meanwhile H.J. was making a legend in the States. His new factory, which was to be H.J. Heinz's permanent home, had been painstakingly and carefully planned. There was, first of all, to be room for expansion beyond the most optimistic dreams of its most sympathetic directors. The area of the factory has quintupled since then but the site is so big that there is still plenty of room for expansion and conversion. The architecture had to be entirely in accordance with the personal taste of the Founder and must contain vast areas of external wall where he could indulge in his passion for brick. It must provide more comfortable accommo-

dation for staff than any other factory in America and it must have the best possible stabling for the splendid black horses which were going to be bred to draw the Heinz vans. How up-to-date it must have seemed ' . . . accommodation for a hundred horses. A light cheerful interior, a hospital, a bathroom where the horses are cleaned by electrical appliances and the food and water supplied by automatic mechanism.'

This was the great expansion period of H. J. Heinz & Co. Henry was, of course, the driving force and above all, it was Henry who was behind sales. At first he regarded advertising as a not very interesting commercial mannerism. It was in fact still fairly primitive in the seventies and eighties. Henry had a tiny office which turned out things such as street car cards, or blown up Heinz labels, but the factory was of course, itself, an advertisement for Heinz quality. Then one day in 1896 on an overhead railway Henry had an idea. His eye was caught by an advertisement for shoes '21 styles'. That was good. Heinz did not have styles, but they had varieties. He counted them up fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight. Fifty-seven kept coming back into his mind and within a few days street-car cards with 57 had been distributed throughout the States. He did not realize how successful the slogan was going to be.

Some of his more dramatic ideas were allowed to fade after their day was done. The most famous of these was the Heinz Ocean Pier at Atlantic City. This showplace of the New Jersey coast is the Blackpool of America. The pier had rest rooms, a lecture hall, a collection of art and antiques. On its topmost pinnacle was a gigantic '57'. In 1944 it was destroyed in a gale but as piers by then had had their day, it was never rebuilt.

Early in the firm's career Henry became a great champion in the Pure Food War, which culminated in the passing of the Pure Food Bill in 1906 under Roosevelt. Upton Sinclair had written 'The Jungle' which was an exposure of the cruelty and squalor of the Chicago stockyards and the conditions under which meat and refuse was being canned. H.J. regarded it as his special mission to raise the quality of canned foods and to prove that they could be as sound and sounder as food cooked by Aunt Lizzie on the kitchen stove. He sent his son Howard to help with petitions and lobbying and it was he who was one of the moving forces in getting the bill made into law.

Henry died on 14th May 1919 in his seventy-fifth year and the new President was Howard, a university trained scientist from Yale. Unlike his father, who believed in pure clean food but had little tolerance for the food chemist, Howard welcomed scientists on his staff as friends and he established a food laboratory which not only solved problems of food preservation without the use of artificial chemicals but also broadened its scope to such an extent that it included the control of quality and the whole field of nutritional research. He raised the standard of the food business and when the great war began he was chosen as Food Administrator for Mr Hoover in Pennsylvania. During the last year of the war he was in charge of the Food relief programme in the Balkans and the Near East. He soon developed into the Statesman of his business quietly carrying all the major portfolios himself. Under his firm hand the business grew more than ever and in less than a quarter of a century profits trebled.

Early Days in London

For many years London had made a steady fifty-per cent loss. 'H.J.'s folly' his rivals called it. H.J. answered them by opening in several places even further afield and in 1899 agencies were opened in Canada, Argentine, Bermuda and Mexico. Then in 1905 H.J. sent to London 'the best man I've got'. It was Charles Hellen. As soon as he arrived he took absolute charge of the Head Office then at Farringdon Road. His personality exuded orders. In Heinz, everybody talked about him, and they still talk about him. He gave such impetus to this English offshoot that it seemed to grow out of its own self until it was as strong as if it had been the parent tree. In his first year he bought Batty & Co., makers of Nabob pickle. It was a small specialized business and Hellen's plan was to introduce Heinz products alongside the Batty goods. Even more far-reaching was his founding of distribution centres of which Glasgow and Liverpool were the first. These centres became branches and by 1939 there were twenty of them.

During the first war, London Heinz had to live on stock and what could be made at Batty's factory, and even here supplies of raw material were soon curtailed and gradually stopped. All the same, in 1915 a somewhat larger office and warehouse was opened at 40 Southwark Street and in 1917 the London branch became a

registered company. As soon as the war was over Hellen was unleashed in full force and his plots and plans multiplied so quickly that progress seemed unable to keep pace with vision. Finally a site at Harlesden was bought; twenty acres which within a few years had been increased to just over forty-eight. The new factory opened early in 1925. It was regarded as progressive and even experimental in design.

The Baked Beans Story

The significant date in Heinz history is 10th September 1928, which was the consummation of the planning of twenty-five years. A small start was made with food ready to serve and packed in cans made by Harlesden's own can-making department. The first choice was Baked Beans.

This variety is based on an old home recipe for oven-baked beans. The bean is like a haricot. 'Navy beans' the farmers called them and according to Heinz archives they were first canned by Van Camp in 1891. Apparently Hellen's own personal taste for them was greatly re-inspired when he opened a tin in his London office and his favourite cat, one of the most fastidious eaters on record, proceeded after the usual cat pause to eat the lot. Hellen ran an intensive press campaign in 1905-6 in the cotton and wool areas of the north of England. It was the first time they'd heard of Heinz let alone baked beans, and they never forgot it. In the twenties the factory belt bought more baked beans than all the rest of the country put together.

The next few years saw branch offices and warehouses set up in over twenty of the largest cities in the country from Dundee to Southampton, each with a manager in charge, all of whom Hellen visited often to give them help with his extraordinary experience.

Then came the Second World War and the Heinz Company tucked up its sleeves and got down to one of the biggest wartime food production operations on record. Staff became an ever growing problem, women had to be trained to do men's work and technical problems became especially severe. One of the most valuable wartime food inventions was the Heinz self-heating can which contained a charge of fuel. It was used in some of the most celebrated raids and campaigns in the latter part of the war as the heater fuel will burn sturdily

even in high wind and steady rain. Another research branch of the company was also working for the Ministry of Food on the problem of vegetable dehydration, and the processing department was required to take on for the first time the curing of all vegetables which were being sent direct to them - a small matter of 10,000 barrels it might be.

By a curious trick of fate C. E. Hellen was caught on holiday in Connecticut when war broke out but he remained Chairman of the British Company which he ran from the other side of the Atlantic by a series of memorable telegrams - some of the most searching human documents ever recorded by transatlantic wire.

Howard Heinz, son of H.J. died on 9th February 1941 and his son H.J. the Second found himself at the age of thirty-two in command of the whole Heinz Empire, a challenge which he found an exciting stimulus. One of his first steps was to find and train a Director who would be in charge of personnel; he wanted each man to have a clear definition of responsibility and be brought into effect many new techniques which included standard costs, budgetary control, wage and salary evaluation and a thorough study of distribution costs. By 1946 production in Britain had multiplied far beyond the capacity of Harlesden so Heinz moved north, to Standish. But Standish had not been long in full swing when it was realized that Heinz was going to need an expansion beyond all prophecy and another new site was acquired at Kitt Green, Wigan. The factory which covers eight acres is probably one of the first food factories of this size to be built as a single entity of design. There is, therefore, much about it which is new and peculiar to itself. Perhaps Wigan has got its pier at last - the most magnificent in the country.



Operation Co-operation

*A short account by Leslie Hunt
of the BP Scout Guild of a visit
by the boys of 'Trueloves' Home, to
the R.A.F. station at Abingdon*



At the end of last term, the boys of 'Trueloves' Home, Ingatestone, Essex, had the treat of their young lives – a day they'll never – ever, forget – thanks largely to the generosity of JS people and a lot of practical help from many others.

It was at an Essex County A.G.M. of the B.P. Scout Guild, 1960, that the writer heard for the very first time of the seriously-crippled lads, for whom Sainsbury personnel have done so much.

As the months passed we, from Southend and district, visited the boys, full of foreboding at first but, as they accepted us, coming away with thankful hearts for our own reasonable health and admiring the courage of the boys, and the loyal and devoted service of Mr and Mrs Riding and the staff. Then, out of the blue, Skip Seymour who had retired after a lifetime as Head of the C. of E. School at Ingatestone, offered me his World War I souvenirs of his old squadron – No. 24, RFC, now a Hastings unit of Transport Command, but originally a fighter outfit, with a great record of enemy 'kills' in the 14–18 affair.

I traced No. 24 Squadron to Colerne, near Chippenham and the C.O., W/Cmdr Sillars and his men, were so delighted to receive Skip's

framed photos of German planes brought down by the squadron that, when I told them of the link through ex-Squadron Leader Seymour with the 'Trueloves' boys, they asked if a party could visit them at Colerne for a day. It was later found that the journey might prove too long for these crippled boys and so thanks to Group Captain F. B. Sowrey, A.F.C., C.O., R.A.F. Abingdon it was decided to take the boys to Abingdon for their outing.

At Abingdon the boys were shown around by a team of experts and staff. Then into the huge Parachute Training hangar and a full demonstration of normal and free-fall parachuting, as the boys munched chocolate provided by the N.C.O's, and received – to their delight – the metal parachuting 'wings' for the jacket lapels.

Back then to yet another hangar, inspecting Chipmunks and Pembroke en route, and – to the obvious delighted surprise of Skip Seymour – there was an AVRO 504K of the First World War – the machine he himself had flown almost fifty years ago. Group Captain Sowrey had borrowed this specially from The Shuttleworth Trust and it really made the day for Squadron Leader Seymour and his wife. To complete the wonderful visit, teams of willing workers



pushed the wheelchairs up the enormous loading-ramp so that the lads could have their teas sitting inside the Beverley 4-engined freighter which not only drops the Parachutists during their 'live' training jumps, but takes vital supplies to every corner of the globe when disasters occur. Only two days later these aircraft were off to the Yugo-slav town of Skopje, after the earthquake, carrying Red Cross blankets, drugs, foodstuffs and all the urgent needs.

As the boys left the Beverley, they were handed an enlarged photo of their favourite aircraft and, before boarding the buses for home, young Stephen Bailey gave warm thanks to R.A.F., Abingdon and to No. 24 Squadron, for the outing. To this, we, of the B.P. Scout Guild, and the representatives of R.A.F. Association Branches, who were called upon to help, added our own thanks to the J.S. people who made it all possible. Both Group Captain Sowrey and Wing Cmdr Sillars wrote afterwards to say that it had been an inspiration to see the fortitude of the boys, and that it had been a pleasure and privilege to have them. All the R.A.F. personnel who lent a hand, cheerfully and so graciously, look forward to another visit and to coming to 'Trueloves' to see the boys there.



*Opposite page.
Some of the boys at tea in a Beverley freighter.*

Driver Kemp of J.S. behind one of the chairs.

Above. Going off to tea. In the background a Hastings of 24 Squadron.

Centre. In the parachute training school.



Below. W/Cmdr. R. B. Sillars, C.O. of 24 Squadron with 'Skip's' souvenir, photographs of aircraft shot down in World War I. They are framed in wood from a German aircraft propeller. Nearest camera, Mr Leslie Hunt with Mrs Seymour and 'Skip'.

The Sleeping Beauty

A Pantomin



1



2



3

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen; and when their little daughter was born a grand festival was given, to which all fairies were invited, and they received a beautiful present each. But, unfortunately, one of the fairies was forgotten and received no present, and this made her so cross, that, when all the other fairies had pronounced their best wishes and promises for the little Princess, she alone foretold how the Princess would one day get wounded by a spinning-wheel, and how this wound would cause her death. But, happily, one of the other fairies was watching and spoke to the terrified parents thus: "Your daughter will not die, but she will sleep for a hundred years, until a Prince will come and wake her."

(It is said that J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA was offered at the above birthday-party.)

To prevent the disaster if possible, the King at once gave orders all over the country, that nobody was to keep a spinning-wheel in the home in future. However, when the Princess was 16 years old it so happened that the King and Queen went away from home and that the little Princess walking all over the palace also visited the big tower, where quite up at the top she found an old woman in a small room spinning at a spinning-wheel. "What are you doing?" asked the Princess. "I am spinning, my child." "Oh! let me try it too," said the Princess; she sat down at the wheel, but in so doing she hurt one of her hands. Immediately she fell down unconscious.

(It has been recently discovered that the old woman was so absorbed in a cup of J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA that the Princess got at the spinning-wheel before she could be prevented.)

The old woman, much terrified, called for help, which soon came from all sides. They tried by all means to bring the Princess back to life, but everything failed. Then someone recalled the prophecy of the Fairy and as they now understood that nothing could be done to wake the Princess, they put up a bedstead of gold and silver in one of the most beautiful rooms of the palace and laid the Princess on the bed. She was very much like an Angel, lying there so sweet and quiet, for her face had not at all lost its colour and freshness.

The King and Queen meanwhile came back and heard what had happened.

(If they had only thought of giving the Princess a mouthful of J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA, she would have come round at once!)

e theme done into picture postcards in the interests of JS tea about 1905



4



5



6

The good Fairy, who had saved the Princess's life by condemning her to this 100 years' long sleep, now came to the Palace and approved of everything that had been done. The King and Queen kissed their sleeping child and then, following the Fairy's advice, they left the Palace. The Fairy next touched with her wand everybody the Castle contained. The ladies and gentlemen of the Court, the pages, the soldiers, the horses in the stables, the Chief Steward, the boys in the kitchen, the Chef, who was just about to chastise a boy for being lazy, all fell at once into a deep sleep. This done, the Fairy left the Castle and in an hour's time there had grown so many large and small bushes round the Castle, that nobody could come near.

(Poor things; when they fell asleep they just missed their J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA, which was about being served.)

A hundred years after all this happened, the son of the King who then reigned over the land, and who belonged to another dynasty, once went hunting and noticed the towers of the old Castle rising above the surrounding woods. Asking what Castle this could be he was told that it was a haunted place. The Prince, who did not lack courage, wanted to make sure of this and cut himself a passage through the bushes and trees. He reached the Castle, but much to his surprise he found everybody asleep there; at last he came to a room where there stood a bed, beautifully adorned with roses, and on this bed he saw asleep a Princess so wonderfully beautiful, that the Prince knelt down in admiration and kissed her hand.

(We may mention that the Prince on passing through the dining hall had helped himself to a cup of J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA which was still brewing there and quite hot.)

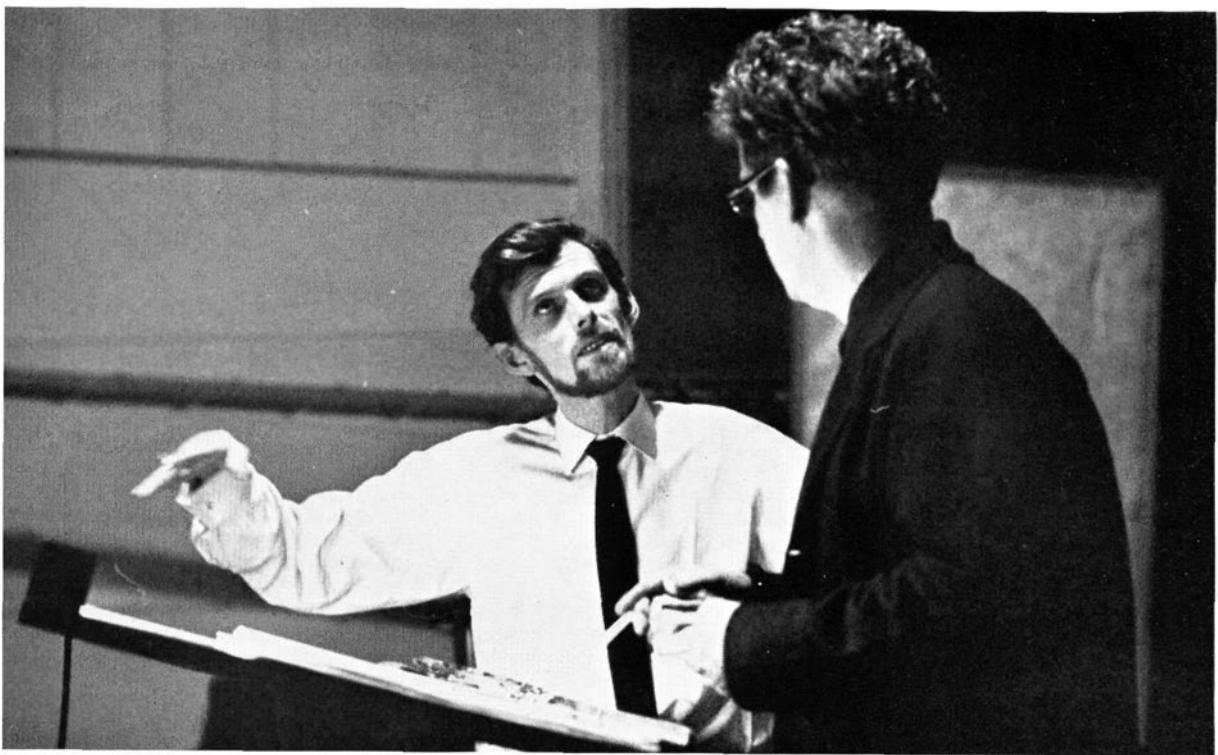
As soon as he touched her she woke up and said: "Are you there at last my Prince?"; for just at this moment the 100 years' sleep was over. Suddenly a great change came over the Castle. Everybody woke up; the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, the Pages, the Soldiers, the horses in the stables, the Chief Steward, the boys in the kitchen, the Chef, who at once administered the long delayed chastisement to the lazy boy, in short everything and everybody returned to life once more, and great was the joy when it became known that there would be a splendid feast to celebrate the Princess' betrothal to the Prince.

(Isn't it wonderful that the J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA, which had been brewing for a hundred years, was still delightful?)

Sound Track

A day at the sound recording session of the J.S. film.

Shopping Day the film about Sainsbury's is now complete. It runs for 30 minutes, is in full colour and is a vivid picture of a day in the firm's work. The film was made by Don Higgins MSIA, film and TV producer and a brilliant illustrator (when he has time). It opens at Blackfriars in the small hours and ends a day later at Blackfriars after ranging over the wide field of the firm's activities from the Channel coast to Norfolk. When the sound track was being recorded we sent photographer John Hopkins to take pictures of the session.



Don Higgins (left) Ron Grainer (right). Discussion of the music with actions as well as words, sounds and noises; producer and conductor argue to arrive at the most effective combination of visual and sound effects.



The recording theatre. Ron Grainer at the conductor's desk, left, and, on the screen, Mr Green and Mr Russell of Grocery Buying. Figures on the screen are footage counters which correspond to marks on the composer's score. A fresh number clicks up with each foot of film in the sequence. This was a rehearsal to get the music and film synchronised.

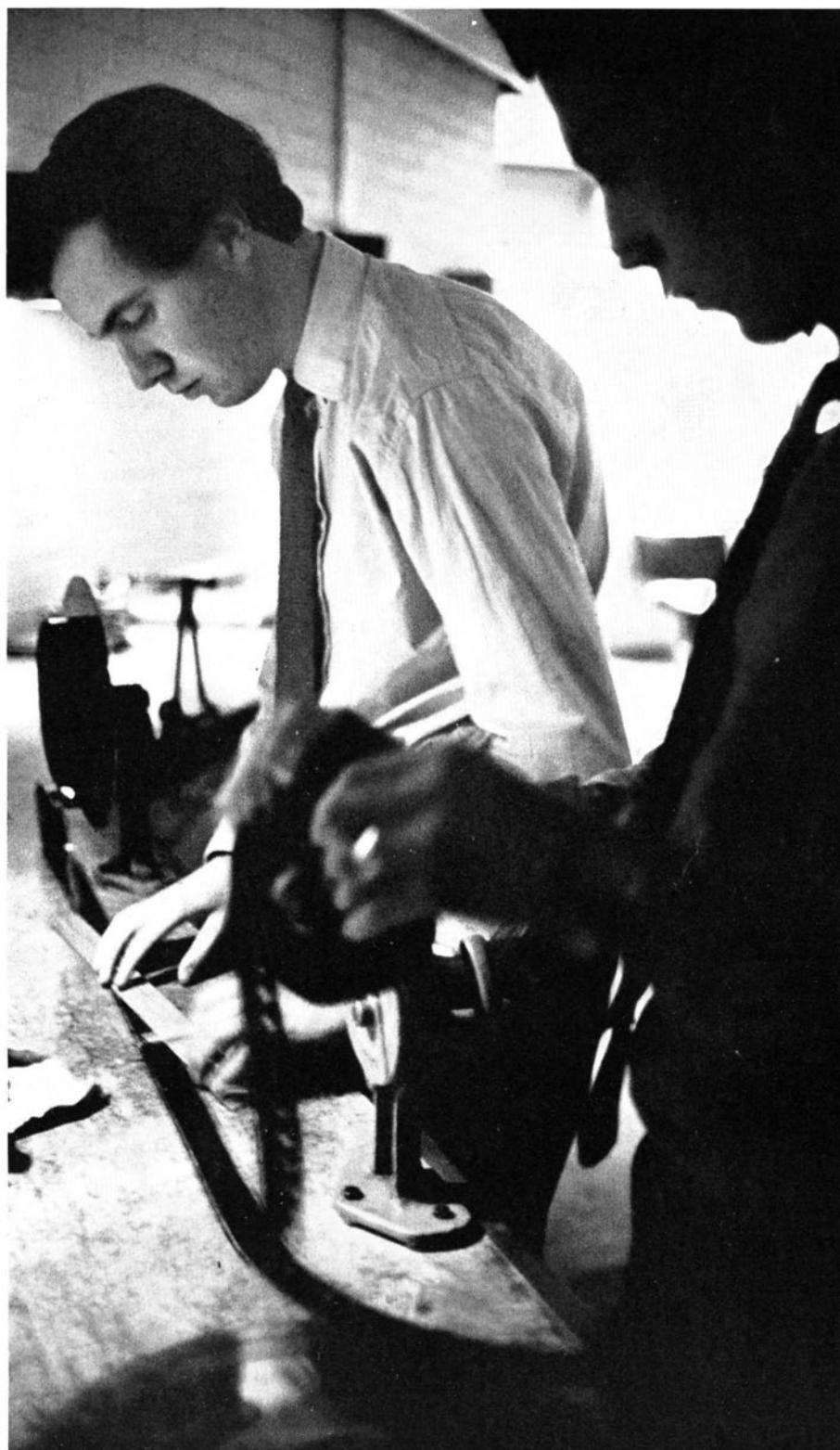


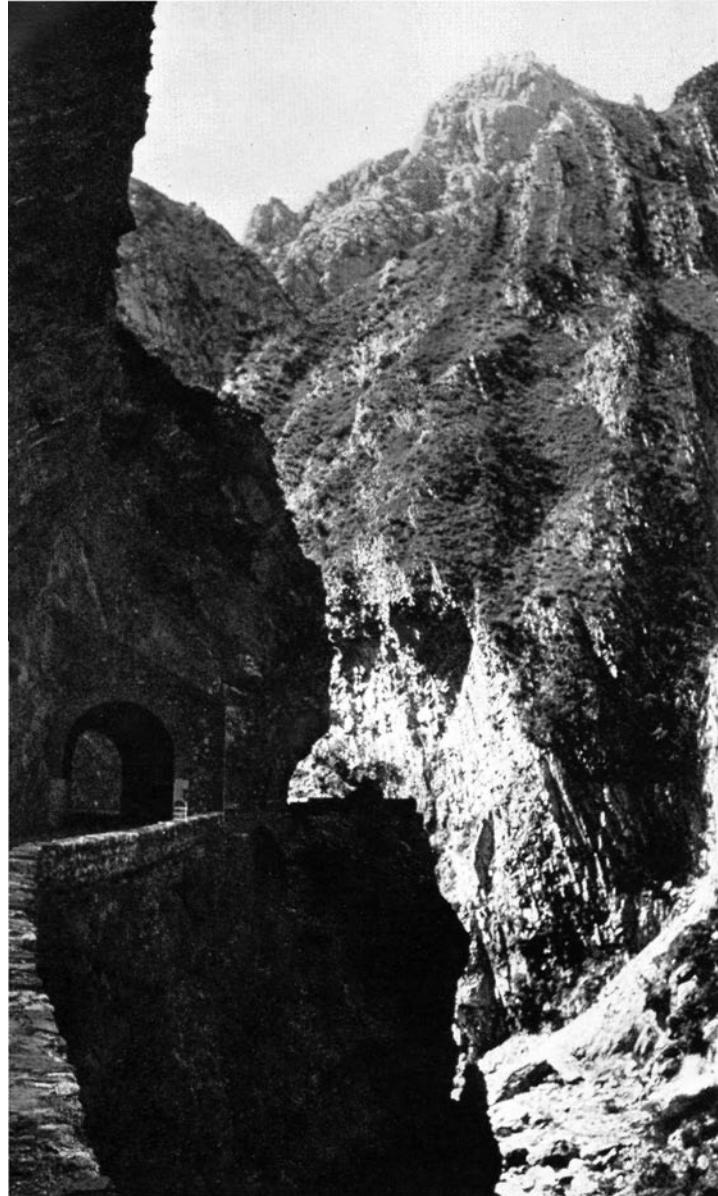
Opposite page, top picture.

While Factory production team meets in discussion on the screen, bass player Johnny Hawksworth and guitar player Ronald Harker make with music and somewhat mad sense of humour.

Opposite page, below.

*Don Higgins and Ron Grainer relax. Grainer, an Australian, is famous for a phenomenal output of music mostly on films and TV. On Films, *Station Sahara*, *A Kind of Loving* (his first) *Some People*, both James Bond films and (coming shortly) *The Caretaker*; on TV he writes for *Maigret*, *Steptoe*, *Comedy Playhouse* and many others. A 48-hour day man. People on the right are cueing the film. They mark the film at points which signal to the conductor the moment when he has to bring in the orchestra.*





The rocky gorges of El Akra guard the southern approaches to Algiers.

Algeria '63

*Miss R. D. Spiller of
Mr Timothy Sainsbury's office
writes in this article about the
war-torn country of Algeria
where she spent a short
holiday last October*

Having visited Egypt last year and Morocco the year before, the first thing that struck us was the overall fertility of the country. Much more seemed to be growing in Algeria than in similar parts of Morocco, but, 'For how much longer?' is the all important question. Acres of what, not many years ago, must have been flourishing prairie land bearing abundant wheat crops is now just being left to look after itself. Only here and there has a tiny patch been ploughed or tended in any way, and the only crops being reaped are apparently those which have sown themselves on the wind, or sprung up from previous years reaping.

Everywhere one goes there are vineyards – bearing grapes this year certainly, but this fruit is not being harvested, nor are the vines being properly looked after, and soon they will be choked by the weeds which are springing up in profusion.

It seems that it is one thing to nationalise agriculture, but quite another to finance it in such a way as to keep on growing crops and keep fertile land which has been more or less reclaimed from the desert.

One crop which did seem to be looked after and which was being harvested whilst we were



Near Tlemcen in the comparatively fertile lands of the northern part of Algeria.

on tour was the melon crop. These were growing in thousands in huge fields, piled in great mounds by the wayside and then collected by lorries which travel vast distances to take the crops to market. It was through melons that we made two strange but pleasant acquaintances. The first occasion was just after we had passed through a hill town still very soured by the effects of the fighting, where there were still a lot of wounded and maimed, and we certainly did not feel welcome to stop. Having driven a fair way from the town we stopped for a coffee break by a large tree a few hundred yards from the road and while we drank our coffee one of these heavily laden melon lorries stopped, the driver climbed down from his cab and came trotting towards us bearing one of the largest honeydew melons imaginable. He told us in French that he thought we were strangers in those parts and asked us what nationality we were – on being told we were English his face lit up in a bright smile and he told us that was good and we were very welcome.

The second incident came much later in the tour when we had drawn up by the roadside, again for coffee, and we were being closely watched by an Arab. I got the feeling that per-

haps we had stopped under 'his tree'... although there were plenty of others. Once again conversation opened with the nationality gambit. This fellow thought we were American because of our open sports car, but on hearing we were English that was even better and he bolted off into the distance over a melon field. We thought we had seen the last of him, but no, just as we were about to drive off he came rushing back to us and presented me with yet another enormous melon.

We did not see many tourists. There was one other English car and one German car along our route – perhaps there were more in Algiers. There was a scattering of French, but it was difficult to tell whether they were genuine tourists, or relatives of settlers who were left and who were coming perhaps to take a few cherished possessions or even some of the family back to France.

Everywhere there were signs of heartbreak. Many, many glorious old villas had been blown up, leaving only a shell, often with a line of machine gun bullet holes across the two front windows and the door – just at chest level. Nature had been at work in some of the earlier cases and had covered the shells of the houses with



The market square at Ghardaia.

beautiful blossoms of every hue, so very little could now be seen of the ruin. More sadness came at the sight of little family cars racked and twisted by explosives, riddled with bullet holes or in the case of a large bus, just battered with stones and fired. But the puzzle left in our minds was just why had they gone round shooting up every single road sign?

Once one left the high plateau which extends behind the coastal ranges of mountains and descends to the Desert, one seems to leave quite a bit of the tension behind. Perhaps it is because the struggle for survival over-rides everything here. One realizes what it must be like to go for miles without seeing another living thing, to have to wait – more often than not asleep – under the shade of your great desert lorry that has broken down, in the hope that some fellow traveller will come by with help, or to be caught in a sandstorm miles from anywhere with only yourself and perhaps a few camels against the elements. It was while we were staying in the Mozabite town of Ghardaia that we experienced our first sandstorm. The first sign that we noticed

was a cold storm wind blowing in the desert heat, then we saw rolling towards the town a great dark cloud. Luckily we just reached our hotel before the storm broke, the sky went dark and palm trees tossed and wrestled with the wind. From the balcony window, apart from the gritty feeling in one's mouth, eyes and everywhere, it looked very much like a turbulent London fog. Luckily apart from an inch of sand all over the car and a major electricity failure in the town, we were unaffected. We were glad our car was in the compound, for this is a time when thieves are abroad, and we watched fascinated as one of the local rogues stole the dates from the palm trees right outside the hotel.

We were told that there is still a small contingent of the Foreign Legion in Ghardaia, but the only contact we made with this legendary force was at an hotel in one of the desert oases where we stayed. The Manager was an ex-Legionnaire, a charming fellow, but with the folding up of the Legion and with the sort of pasts that most Legionnaires had, where else in the world could he go?



In the country of Ouled-Nail.

On our travels we twice came into very close proximity to Ben Bella himself. The first time was after we had had to retrace our steps at the start of a thousand mile detour because of a flooded 'dried up river bed' in which the road had been washed away and the first driver to discover this was swept into the torrent - lorry and all. We were in Touggourt having been stopped several times on the way there by military patrols, and had just left a petrol station after filling up, when we were halted in our tracks by masses of police and more or less lifted to the side of the road, just in time to see the Presidential convoy pass by.

Next night having completed the second half of our detour we arrived in Setif, just in time to witness a friendly demonstration in favour of Ben Bella - 'Ya, ya Ben Bella' (Long live Ben Bella) they chanted banging out the rhythm on every car within reach as they made their way along the main street. This seemed fantastic enough, but they returned ten minutes later rushing through the streets, crammed eight to ten in a car, sounding their horns in the rhythm

of the slogan, till either they crashed or the battery gave out. It was not long before the riot police were brought in to finish this friendly demonstration. We were relieved we had not been there in times of real trouble.

The Kabylie region where the rebels took to the hills recently, is majestic, rugged and mountainous. We passed through only a small part of it, but this was enough to tell us that the sort of people who must live there are true mountain people, and as such tough fighters. The gorge through which he passed had memorials to battles fought in 1945 carved along its sides, and what bitter battles those must have been.

If only peace and prosperity return to Algeria, what a wonderful country it must become. There will be place for the tourist longing to get away from the crowded Riviera, the tourist in search of desert, and of romance. Until the Arabs stop quarreling amongst themselves, I am afraid that this cannot be, but then, as Arabs say the world over whenever anything at all happens - 'It is the wish of Allah'.

Managers' Conferences 1963

Last year's successful conferences were repeated in October when J.S. Managers again met for a series of lectures and an exchange of views.

The Self-Service Managers met at Dulwich on 8th October and Service Managers at Archbishop Amigo Hall, near Blackfriars, on 23rd October.

The programme was similar on both occasions, but problems were naturally discussed on the basis of the different methods of trading.

On both occasions Mr Alan was able to open the proceedings and took the opportunity to outline the J.S. attitude to stamp trading which has since received such wide publicity.

Apart from the lectures and organized discussions, Managers were able to renew acquaintances and exchange ideas informally. Many useful points were raised on a wide range of subjects, some of which will result in considerable improvements and economies. It is certainly hoped to organize similar meetings for 1964.

Dulwich, 8th October, Mr Alan addressing the Self-Service Managers.



Some of our Self-Service Branch Managers who attended the conference.



The Managers of Service Branches meet at
Amigo Hall on 23rd October





The Day the Key Broke

*Almost any day can be
crisis day chez Woods
and this is J. L. Woods
writing to prove
it once again*



It's quite astonishing how even the simplest and smallest operation in our house seems to take on an absolutely frightening and even sinister pro-

portion as soon as one gets round to thinking about it. This is perhaps why bitter experience has taught me not to do anything except as a last resource. This in itself requires a certain amount of ingenuity in not being around at times of crises; of dodging issues, of not using taps which you've had to turn off with a spanner, of not opening sideboard cupboards or drawers too hastily. I'm something of an expert at not being around at moments of crisis. In time of course through lack of thought or foresight one of these little problems catches up with one and escape is impossible. Like the time the key broke in the front door for instance. We'd been quite happily using the side door for weeks and consoled ourselves with the thought that with the key broken off inside the lock there was only one effective entrance to secure against midnight marauders. We had a little notice printed directing would-be callers to the side door; the front path became overgrown, the cat got quite used to the arrangement of making use of the bedroom window if he happened to want to get in at the front. We used to switch the porch light on occasionally to let the neighbours know we were still in possession. This was fine until one day I realized my wife had gone rather quiet and pale and the cat was walking around rather meanfully. 'What's the matter?' I enquired. The news broke. 'Darling the key's broken in the back door.' This was indeed news. Here was an issue to be dodged. A little ingenuity required here. 'Oh it's all right,' after but a moment's hesitation, 'we can always use the french windows in the lounge.' This solution however was not considered too practical, because I was reminded of the occasion when replacing a pane of glass (simple matter, take a couple of minutes) in the same french windows I had finished up by cracking two others, breaking a hinge and planing the top off one finger in an attempt to stop the same door from sticking. Since then it's been tied up with string. This therefore was it; Nemesis was knocking on the door (ha-ha) and how glad we would have been to let him in the front and out of the back. Events started crowding upon us. Three of my son's friends called and four of my daughter's, a half-a-dozen or so trades-people, the man to collect the money for the R.S.P.C.A., the man to read the meter, the cat wanted to go out - so did I. Everybody thought us a bit strange if not definitely stand-offish, and food was beginning to run low. Fortunately, looking on the bright side we were of

course locked in. We might easily have been locked out.

I wandered around for a bit, played a couple of L.P.'s, my wife polished a couple of floors. We were having tea when she had a thought. 'Isn't it tonight John and Jennifer are coming?' Tonight indeed it was and, moreover, they were coming about 150 miles to spend the rest of the weekend with us. It had to be fixed - probably a ten minute job. 'Any idea where the screwdriver is darling?' 'Well, if it's not in the kitchen drawer clear, it will be in the tool shed.'

I discovered of course after having pulled the kitchen drawer out just that shade too far, shooting the miscellaneous contents over the floor, that undoubtedly the screwdriver was in the (garden) tool shed. I thought briefly of phoning Bill next door to ask him if he'd care to pop a screwdriver through the letterbox, but realized that Bill had been a little offhand about lending us his tools of late, not that I could have helped breaking his saw or for that matter planing the edge of the door that had the nails in it. He gets a bit over anxious about his tools I feel and adopts a rather worried look when I 'pop round for a minute'. 'I'll just nip out of the kitchen window,' I said, wondering why we had never really explored this quite obvious avenue of escape before. There is as it happens a fair drop outside, moreover it was getting dark and of course I was forgetting that I'd left some wood and glass outside to make a cold frame. This admittedly was a couple of years or so ago and I supposed I'd got used to the look of it from the outside. After I'd sorted myself out from the broken glass and bits of timber, ('Are you all right dear?' anxiously from within), I was beginning to feel a little terse about the screwdriver. I eventually ran it to earth (somewhat literally) in the greenhouse where somebody (?) had evidently been using it to dig the soil out of some disused flowerpots. Back through the kitchen window, a little shin-barking en route, to begin attacking the lock on the kitchen door, unnecessarily viciously perhaps. It must be quite a few years since the lock's been taken off our kitchen door. It was reasonably easy to locate the actual screws even under successive layers of paint. It began to be quite interesting to discover what colours of paint the previous owner-occupiers of our house had used in the kitchen. I counted about eleven different shades, some might of course have been undercoats, and tried to visualize what on earth could have been in the

mind of one or other of our predecessors to use that really ghastly blood colour, when I realized this particular paint was still wet. Paint? 'Did you hurt yourself darling? you're dripping blood all over the place,' from my wife. I realized I was a battle casualty - the glass had taken its toll. One thing about our house, we do know where the first aid kit is - we have to. Suitably plastered I returned to the attack. Three screws shifted. The fourth was adamant, eventually the head broke off. But at any rate we were out; with equal alacrity the cat was out as well causing me to fall rather heavily as our paths crossed on the threshold. The only remaining thing to do was to take the screw out of the back of the lock. This screw came out all right. The lock fairly exploded, springs and pieces flew all over the place. I reckoned it to be a write-off, at any rate I was certainly not disconnecting the gas stove to look for the fourteen or so pieces which seemed to have hidden themselves under it.

At all events the siege was lifted but it was considered desirable to welcome our guests via the impressive entrance rather than through the rather toothless looking back door.

Better have a go at the front one then . . . this one will be no trouble, these Yale locks are really built.

It came off like a dream, with that smooth, well-oiled kind of precision. We put the lock on a large sheet of newspaper on the kitchen table and looked at it over a sort of barricade of boxes, saucepans and one thing and another we had erected round it in case this one exploded.

Anybody ever taken a Yale lock to pieces? I'd be interested to know how it's done. We prodded and prised for half an hour or so without much effect. By this time of course we'd lost the screws, lost our patience and our tempers, the phone had rung to say John and Jennifer had decided they couldn't make it after all, the cat was hissing and the neighbours had collected to offer advice.

There seemed to be only one thing to do, to secure the premises for the night and get to bed. But how? Bill finally had the answer - he would have. 'Got a couple of screws old boy? do it in a jiffy'. A screw in each between the door and the jamb certainly secured them - for all time as far as I was concerned. The only satisfaction I had was to hear Bill land amongst the glass as he finally wished us goodnight and exited via the kitchen.



Miss Sandra Hawkins of the J.S. Egg collecting station at Wisbech and Mr Graham Hutton who were married at St Giles, Wisbech, on 24th August.



Miss L. A. Hibbert of 16 Enfield and Mr F. L. Sturgeon married at St Helens, Folkestone, on 7th September.

Congratulations

Left:
Miss Rhonda Holman and Mr Ronald Leates both of our Haywards Heath branch, married at St Peters, Ardingly on 21st September.

Right:
Miss Hazel Bareford of our Eastbourne branch and Mr Alan Burfield, married at St Elizabeth's Church Eastbourne, on 7th September.



Staff News

Movements and Promotions

Managers

W. GUEST	From 114 Ilford to 124 Ilford
N. E. HARDING	From Spare in further training to Nottingham
F. J. SPEED	From Spare in further training to Reading
K. HILL	From Marylebone to Bexhill
W. TURRELL	From Bexhill to Hastings
E. C. HACKER	From Elmers End to Oxted
A. SQUIRES	From Oxted to self-service training
N. WILSON	From Battersea to Chelsea
S. HUTCHINGS	From Wimbledon to East Sheen
R. J. GARRETT	From East Sheen to Battersea
W. W. LLOYD	From Spare i/c Nottingham (service) to 14/15 Leytonstone
S. TOMALIN	From Leicester (service) to Burnt Oak
T. C. HOWELL	From Spare i/c 14/15 Leytonstone to Lambeth
J. FALLON	From 3 Hove to 59 Hove
K. A. GLOSTER	From 59 Hove to self-service training
F. A. PACE	From 62 Tunbridge Wells to 3 Brighton
L. HUMPHREY	From Forest Hill to 73 Croydon
W. B. MANSFIELD	From Spare in further training to Leicester
G. OGLE	From 177 Haverstock Hill to Stanmore
D. BILLINGS	From Stanmore to self-service training
F. GILLAM	From Ashford to self-service training

Spare Managers

A. J. MOTT	From Spare at 259 Ilford to self-service training
A. STAPLEY	From Spare at Stockwell to Spare at Victoria
F. P. ROWELL	From Spare at Head Office to Spare i/c Forest Hill

Assistant Managers

L. HENWOOD	From 114 Ilford to 259 Ilford
J. JENNINGS	From further training to Reading
H. V. DUNSTAN	From further training to Reading
J. H. SHARP	From further training to Reading
W. HARKER	From further training to Nottingham self-service
T. F. DELVES	From further training to Nottingham self-service
W. WRIGHTWORTH	From West Wickham to self-service training
R. BYRES	From Winchester to self-service training
O. GOUDIE	From Stoke Newington to self-service training
R. HOPKINS	From Twickenham to self-service training
K. HOULDEN	From Stockwell to Twickenham
J. TAYLOR	From Putney to Wimbledon
R. SLEMMONDS	From Wimbledon to Putney
D. JACOBS	From Farnham to Woking
C. TYLER	From 55 Brighton to 2 Brighton

Promotion to Management

F. L. KEMP	From Spare, Swiss Cottage, to Marylebone
O. PHILLIPS	From Assistant Manager, 24 Brighton, to 3 Hove
A. HOWELL	From Assistant Manager, 3 Brighton, to Ashford



MR F. L. KEMP



MR O. PHILLIPS



MR A. HOWELL

E. STONER	From 66 Brighton to 24 Brighton
P. CROSS	From Portslade to 66 Brighton
A. BRIDLE	From 59 Hove to Portslade
C. SUMMERTON	From Richmond to Stockwell
F. ALLINGTON	From West Wickham to self-service training
K. PRATT	From Morden to self-service training
J. CHAMBERLAIN	From Boreham Wood to Oxhey

Promotions to Assistant Manager

C. BODMAN	24 Croydon
J. CHAMBERLAIN	Boreham Wood
K. PRATT	Morden
E. RICKETTS	Chatham

Head Butchers

J. EGAN	From self-service training to Drury Lane
M. GREGORY	From Southgate to Reading
C. MARTIN	From self-service training to Southgate
V. HOLLIDGE	From Dunstable to Leicester
K. DEW	From 48 Ipswich to self-service training for Dunstable
D. GRAHAM	From 40/44 Walthamstow to Head Office
F. PAYNE	From 124 Ilford to self- service training for 40/44 Walthamstow
D. STROUD	From Nottingham to Nottingham self-service

40 Years' Service

Congratulations to the following who have completed long service with the firm.

W. CALL	L/Salesman, Worthing
H. HOLBROOK	Manager, Chingford
F. HORNSBY	Manager, Stamford Hill
F. JUBY	Manager, 51 Ipswich
C. JUDGE	Basket Issuer, Swiss Cottage
M. J. MINTER	Departmental Manager, (Stores), Stamford House
J. NEWMAN	Abattoir (gardener)
H. SPACKMAN	Foreman (Meat Bank), Union Street
C. T. STRINGER	Head Butcher, 66 Brighton
A. J. WALTON	Supervisor, (Freezing and Packing Section), Bury
G. C. WARD	Poultry Station Head Butcher, Potters Bar

Retirements

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

Mrs K. E. Baker who was engaged as daily housekeeper at our Hook branch, retired on 1st November 1963, after completing ten years service.
L. A. Beck who joined the firm in 1920 at 61 Walthamstow as a junior salesman. He worked in several shops in that area before transferring to the fresh meat department. He eventually undertook the responsibilities of first butcher but returned to the provisions side of the business after the war. He retired on 1st October from 14/15 Leytonstone.



MRS K. E. BAKER



MR N. W. BRAYNE

N. W. Brayne commenced with J.S. as a learner at Purley in 1920. He was transferred to 66 Brighton the following year and worked at a number of the south coast branches before being appointed to his first management at 14 Hove in 1931. He was transferred to 24 Brighton in 1935 and was in charge there until 1944. In that year he was transferred to 3 Brighton and remained in charge there until his retirement on the 19th October 1963.



MR C. BRANDON

C. Brandon who was engaged as a delivery lad at Colchester in 1922. Subsequently he became roundsman at that branch. In 1959 he was regraded to salesman and at the time of his retirement was leading salesman. He was absent in National Service from 1940 until 1945. He retired due to ill-health on 1st September 1963.

Mrs M. Burrows who retired on 1st November from 21 Epsom where she had been employed as a daily woman since her engagement in 1961.



MRS G. E. BULLOCK



MISS D. E. DAVIES



MR A. G. JARVIS



MISS A. HUDSON

Mrs G. E. Bullock who was engaged as a resident housekeeper at Hatch End in 1957. She retired from this position on 1st November.

Miss D. E. Davies who joined the firm in 1923 as a saleswoman at Brondesbury. She worked at several branches in North London but in 1957 went to Cockfosters where she was promoted to leading saleswoman and from where she retired on 1st November.



MR K. B. EDGAR



MRS R. A. FORRESTER

K. B. Edgar joined the firm in 1919 as a learner at Streatham and subsequently worked at Guildford and 68 Croydon. In 1926 he was transferred to Addiscombe and was appointed to the management of this branch in 1934. He remained in charge here until 1941 when he was transferred to Wallington where he remained for the war years. In 1946 he returned to Addiscombe for a period of 2 years returning to Wallington in 1948. In 1953 he took over at 73 Croydon and it was from this branch that he retired on the 4th November 1963.

Mrs R. A. Forrester who was engaged as a second hand in the factory in 1955. At the time of her retirement on 1st October she was employed as a special grade worker in the ham department.

Miss A. Hudson who joined the firm in 1935 as a resident maid at Weybridge. She left the firm for a while but on her re-engagement she went to 357 Harrow as daily woman. She subsequently became assistant housekeeper at our dormy house at St Albans and after a brief period at Stanmore took over the duties of resident daily assistant at our hostel at 140 Finchley Road. She retired on 1st November.

A. G. Jarvis joined the firm in 1920 as a Learner at Cornfield Road Eastbourne. In 1927 he was transferred to the London area working at various branches including 87 Ealing and Temple Fortune, and was promoted to the management of 101 Golders Green in 1928. In 1929 he returned to the South Coast to manage Terminus Road, Eastbourne. After the bombing in 1943 this branch was closed and the trade transferred to Cornfield Road which Mr Jarvis managed until Terminus Road was re-opened in 1946 when he returned to that branch. He moved from Eastbourne to Hastings in 1952 and it was from this branch that he retired on the 19th October 1963.

Mr L. B. McDonald who retired on 1st November from Victoria. She had been working as a daily woman since 1957 first at the old shop, then at the new.

A. F. Morgan who was engaged as a warehouseman in the depot in 1922. He transferred to the bacon department in Union Street in 1941 and at the time of his retirement was employed as a drier in this section.



MR A. F. MORGAN



MR. W. A. D. RIDER

W. A. D. Rider joined J.S. in 1920 as a Learner at Streatham, and worked at 122 and 9/11 Croydon being promoted to Salesman whilst at 9/11. After working in the Coulsdon/Streatham area he was promoted to the management of 168 Streatham in 1941. Mr Rider was transferred to Stockwell in 1947 before finally moving to Lambeth in 1959. It was from this branch that he retired on the 4th November 1963.



MISS G. ROBBINS



MRS B. SALLOWAY



MR A. J. TAYLOR



MR G. T. TAVENER

Miss G. Robbins who was engaged as daily housekeeper at Byfleet in 1954. She retired from this position on 1st November.

Mrs B. Salloway who since her engagement in 1942 has been employed as a saleswoman at our Derby shop. Ill-health unfortunately compelled her retirement on 1st October.

A. J. Taylor who joined the firm in 1939 as a porter at Ruislip. He subsequently became a leading poultcerer at this shop and at the time of his retirement was employed in the warehouse.

G. T. Tavener who started his career with us at Eastbourne as a porter in 1944. He later transferred to the fresh meat department and at the time of his retirement was a senior leading butcher.

Mrs L. F. Wilsher who since her engagement in 1949 has been employed on a part time basis in the preparation room at 160 Cricklewood. She retired on 1st October 1963.

Obituaries

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

R. C. Ansell who joined the firm in April 1962 as a porter at Paddington which position he held at the time of his death on 7th October 1963.

F. A. Broughan who retired from the staff of the Warehouse at Blackfriars in 1958. He was engaged in 1921 as a warehouseman and was later promoted to a foreman. He spent a period at the garage as traffic supervisor and also worked at Saffron Walden, but prior to his retirement he was senior foreman in the Annexe at Stamford House.

T. Campbell who joined the staff of the factory in 1951 was working as a skilled butcher here at the time of his death on 12th September 1963.

G. H. Carter who was engaged for the factory in 1916. He progressed successively through the positions of skilled butcher and selector examiner until his promotion to charge hand. At the time of

his death on 23rd September he was employed in the staff services section of the factory.

G. Clevett who joined the Transport department as a driver in 1921. He continued to work in this capacity until his retirement in 1946. He died on 30th September 1963.

C. N. Forward who was engaged in 1947 as a porter at 16/20 Holloway. He was employed on these duties at the time of his death on 10th October 1963.

W. Harrison a pensioner, who retired in 1946 from 114 Ilford after completing forty-three years service with the firm. He was engaged as a salesman in 1903 at Leytonstone and worked in various other shops in East London before being transferred to 114 Ilford in 1939. He died on 2nd November 1963.

Mrs A. L. O'Grady who was employed as a part time supply woman at 21 Watford where she had been working since her engagement in February 1962. She died on 24th August 1963.

Miss J. E. Savage who at the time of her retirement in 1960 was daily housekeeper at Norbury for which position she had been engaged in 1952.



MR F. A. BROUGHAN



MR T. CAMPBELL



MR G. H. CARTER



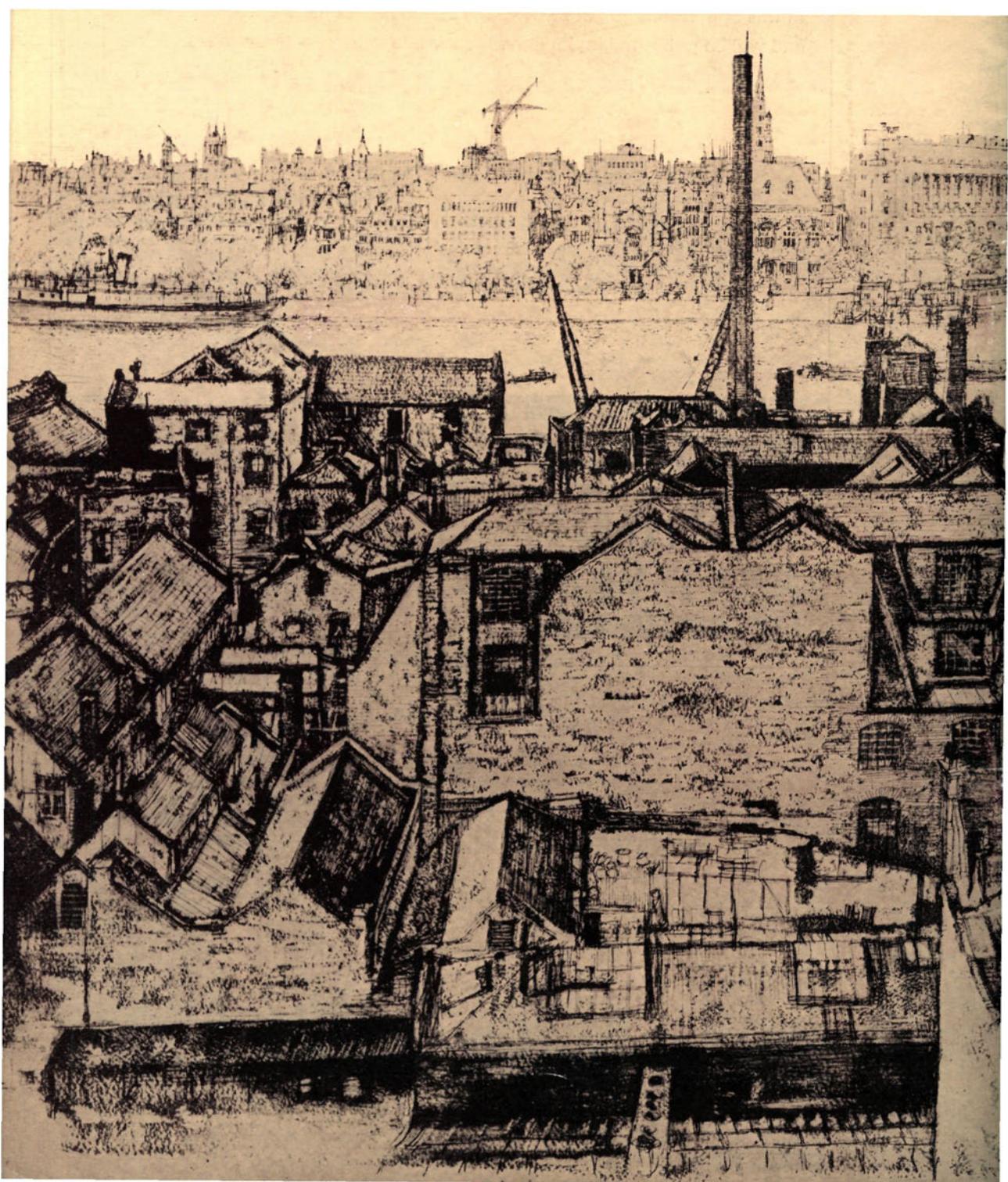
MR C. N. FORWARD

Dates to remember in 1964 are the first four days of May. The S.S.A. has booked Butlin's Holiday Camp at Bognor for its members and guests and a slap up family weekend at minimum cost can be had by all. Full details of this opportunity to get away to the seaside are being worked out now and will be published in January. Meanwhile remember those dates.

**MAY 1, 2, 3, 4
BOGNOR
NEXT YEAR**



Our cover drawing was made a few years ago by John Finnie, MSIA, during the short period that he worked in Iliffe House, Stamford Street. He made it from the roof of Iliffe House and it shows the west side of Stamford House, the Annexe and the view across the river at Blackfriars. The original drawing was exhibited at the Royal Academy summer show in 1959. Two of John Finnie's London drawings are being used currently as posters by London Transport. They are of Love Lane near Billingsgate and of the statue of Richard Lionheart at Westminster.





NOTTINGHAM

People above are looking in at our Nottingham butchers and preparation staff at work. Because of street level differences the window gives a view of J.S. people at work. Picture on the left shows the 'L' shape of the shop and over the Lower Parliament Street entrance (right one), the new type of sign pattern coming into general use.

Mr N. E. Harding manager of Nottingham branch joined J.S. in 1939 at Brondesbury, and resumed post-war at Bournemouth. He entered self-service at Southbourne in 1954 and was appointed to his first management when he opened Collier Row in 1956. In 1958 he took over at Purley and managed this branch until he began further training for Nottingham.



The Sleeping Beauty

A Pantomime theme done into picture postcards in the interests of JS tea about 1905



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Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen; and when their little daughter was born a grand festival was given, to which all fairies were invited, and they received a beautiful present each. But, unfortunately, one of the fairies was forgotten and received no present, and this made her so cross, that, when all the other fairies had pronounced their best wishes and promises for the little Princess, she alone foretold how the Princess would one day get wounded by a spinning-wheel, and how this wound would cause her death. But, happily, one of the other fairies was watching and spoke to the terrified parents thus: "Your daughter will not die, but she will sleep for a hundred years, until a Prince will come and wake her".

(It is said that J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA was offered at the above birthday-party.)

To prevent the disaster if possible, the King at once gave orders all over the country, that nobody was to keep a spinning-wheel in the home in future. However, when the Princess was 16 years old it so happened that the King and Queen went away from home and that the little Princess walking all over the palace also visited the big tower, where quite up at the top she found an old woman in a small room spinning at a spinning-wheel. "What are you doing?" asked the Princess. "I am spinning, my child." "Oh! let me try it too," said the Princess; she sat down at the wheel, but in so doing she hurt one of her hands. Immediately she fell down unconscious.

(It has been recently discovered that the old woman was so absorbed in a cup of J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA that the Princess got at the spinning-wheel before she could be prevented.)

The old woman, much terrified, called for help, which soon came from all sides. They tried by all means to bring the Princess back to life, but everything failed. Then someone recalled the prophecy of the Fairy and as they now understood that nothing could be done to wake the Princess, they put up a bedstead of gold and silver in one of the most beautiful rooms of the palace and laid the Princess on the bed. She was very much like an Angel, lying there so sweet and quiet, for her face had not at all lost its colour and freshness.

The King and Queen meanwhile came back and heard what had happened.

(If they had only thought of giving the Princess a mouthful of J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA, she would have come round at once!)

The good Fairy, who had saved the Princess's life by condemning her to this 100 years' long sleep, now came to the Palace and approved of everything that had been done. The King and Queen kissed their sleeping child and then, following the Fairy's advice, they left the Palace. The Fairy next touched with her wand everything and everybody the Castle contained. The ladies and gentlemen of the Court, the pages, the soldiers, the horses in the stables, the Chief Steward, the boys in the kitchen, the Chef, who was just about to chastise a boy for being lazy, all fell at once into a deep sleep. This done, the Fairy left the Castle and in an hour's time there had grown so many large and small bushes round the Castle, that nobody could come near.

(Poor things; when they fell asleep they just missed their J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA, which was about being served.)

A hundred years after all this happened, the son of the King who then reigned over the land, and who belonged to another dynasty, once went hunting and noticed the towers of the old Castle rising above the surrounding woods. Asking what Castle this could be he was told that it was a haunted place. The Prince, who did not lack courage, wanted to make sure of this and cut himself a passage through the bushes and trees. He reached the Castle, but much to his surprise he found everybody asleep there; at last he came to a room where there stood a bed, beautifully adorned with roses, and on this bed he saw asleep a Princess so wonderfully beautiful, that the Prince knelt down in admiration and kissed her hand.

(We may mention that the Prince on passing through the dining hall had helped himself to a cup of J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA which was still brewing there and quite hot.)

As soon as he touched her she woke up and said: "Are you there at last my Prince?"; for just at this moment the 100 years' sleep was over. Suddenly a great change came over the Castle. Everybody woke up; the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, the Pages, the Soldiers, the horses in the stables, the Chief Steward, the boys in the kitchen, the Chef, who at once administered the long delayed chastisement to the lazy boy, in short everybody returned to life once more, and great was the joy when it became known that there would be a splendid feast to celebrate the Princess' betrothal to the Prince.

(Isn't it wonderful that the J. SAINSBURY'S PURE TEA, which had been brewing for a hundred years, was still delightful?)