

J.S. Journal

AUGUST 1964

House Magazine of J. Sainsbury Ltd





*Mr and Mrs Salisbury in their garden.
opposite page, F.W.S. at a herd walk at Kinermony.*

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On the cover: Mr F. W. Salisbury in the garden at his home in Bosham with two of his six grandchildren.

50 years with JS

Mr F. W. Salisbury completes the 50th year of his service with the firm on September 21st.



Mr W. M. Justice writes

Even as a boy, I can well remember being told on my first day at JS about the then up-and-coming young man in his late twenties who was then referred to as 'Mr John's right-hand man'. This same F.W.S., for he has hardly changed a jot with the years except for some grey hairs, notches up a half-century of service with the Company on 21st September.

His climb from unknown boy to the first non-Sainsbury Director and Assistant General Manager is too well-known to need repetition. Not so well appreciated are the breadth of his other interests and the extent to which his obvious talents inevitably involved him in so many trade and other bodies. These ranged from Real Estate to the Meat Trade and Farming, and from 1955 to 1961 for example, he served on the Government's Technical

Advisory Committee on Meat Research.

Since becoming an Advisory Director in 1962, he has been able to spend rather more time on our farming interests, to him always an absorbing study. In so doing he has, amongst other things, become a Member of the Council of the National Cattle Breeders Association, and has achieved the distinction of being, Chairman of the Beef Breeds Committee.

Fifty years of service should never be allowed to go unmarked; it is indeed a record of which any one would be proud. When they cover the career of a man as gifted, as well-loved and as universally respected as F.W.S., it becomes an honour to be allowed to write a word of congratulation to mark the occasion for there are indeed thousands of his friends throughout the business who would wish to do so.

Happy anniversary!

News and Developments



Latest aerial view of JS Basingstoke depot shows its relation with existing buildings on the Houndmills Industrial Estate to the north-west of the town. The entrance to the depot grounds is in the lower left corner of the picture. The drive-in leads up to the main entrance in the block to the left of the boiler house. The upper floor of this central block houses administrative offices and staff dining rooms. The motor-engineers and maintenance workshops are on the left of the block and the non-perishable warehouse extends along the back of the block. The perishables warehouse is in the block with a flat roof on the right. The area at the foot of the picture is still being landscaped.

Photo Graham



Articulated and Refrigerated

Picture below is of one of the JS fleet of refrigerated vehicles working on inter depot transport. These new vehicles have Bedford TK 12-ton tractive units with Leyland 400 diesel engines with five speed gear boxes. An article on these vehicles was published in JS Journal for April/May.

Visitors from Saudi Arabia

Photo at foot of this page is of some recent visitors to Basingstoke who included the Minister of Development and Director General of Development of Saudi Arabia. They had come to see our building as clients of Associated British Consultants Limited.



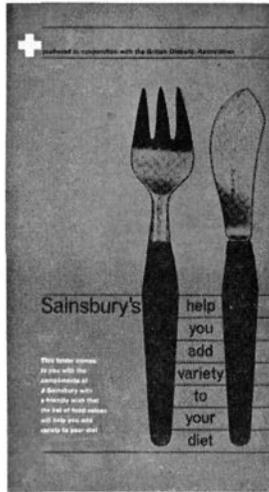
'The Image of Sainsbury'

Below we reproduce the opening pages of a ten page feature from the German magazine *Gebrauchsgrafik*, a journal of very high standing in the field of international advertising art. The feature is devoted to the work of the Sainsbury Design Studio at Stamford House. In comments on the work of the new Studio the magazine also pays tribute to the house-style first created for Sainsbury's by Leonard Beaumont. The new house style which is extensively illustrated in the magazine, and which our readers will be familiar with in their daily work, was planned to a basic pattern

Sainsbury's Firmengesicht

The Image of Sainsbury

L'image de Sainsbury



Das englische Großhandelsunternehmen Sainsbury gilt nicht nur als „Anbieter“ in der Supermarkten-Behandlung von Lebensmittelprodukten sondern es auch in die Welt der „speziellen Jährer“ (Festtage, Feiern). Seit seiner Gründung wurde von Leonard Beaumont mit der „Sainsbury's“ ein Unternehmen geschaffen, in dem erfahrene Führungskräfte, Marketing-Experten zu finden, darunter auch die „Sainsbury's Design Studio“ zu finden. Seit über zwei Jahren steht dieses Studio unter der Leitung von Peter Dixon. Die Aufgaben sind: Gestaltung von Marken, und es ist möglich, ohne freie Mitarbeiter auszuweichen, bei der Neugestaltung der Marke, wobei sichergestellt, die Standards der Marke, die Standards einhalten. Die Leistungen dieses Studio bestehen auch in großer Variations der einzelnen Elemente vollständig erhalten. Sainsbury's „Packungen“ Zielgruppenstrategien, Markenwerbung, die Schriftzüge auf Lieferwagen und viele weitere die wichtigsten.



1. The new Sainsbury's
2. The new Sainsbury's shop (Sainsbury's) (Sainsbury's)
3. The new Sainsbury's shop (Sainsbury's) (Sainsbury's)
4. The new Sainsbury's shop (Sainsbury's) (Sainsbury's)
5. The new Sainsbury's shop (Sainsbury's) (Sainsbury's)
6. The new Sainsbury's shop (Sainsbury's) (Sainsbury's)
7. The new Sainsbury's shop (Sainsbury's) (Sainsbury's)
8. The new Sainsbury's shop (Sainsbury's) (Sainsbury's)

Sainsbury's Loutham Salt Service
new maintained and altered

the first Sainsbury's

new Sainsbury's

shopping hours at Sainsbury's

Monday	10.00 - 6.00
Tuesday	10.00 - 6.00
Wednesday	10.00 - 6.00
Thursday	10.00 - 6.00
Friday	10.00 - 6.00
Saturday	10.00 - 6.00
Sunday	10.00 - 6.00

within which individual elements might vary without departing from the Sainsbury identity by Mr Peter Dixon our chief designer in charge of the Studio. Mr Dixon began his career as a package designer for Godfrey Phillips Ltd, worked as assistant to the art director of the Wiggins Teape Group, the paper firm and then as designer/art-director to Bowaters another paper firm. He was art-director with Clarks Ltd the shoe manufacturers before he joined Sainsbury's. He has recently been elected a Fellow of the Society of Industrial Artists and Designers, a recognition of his talents by the Society which includes most of Britain's top rank designers. Concluding its comments *Gebrauchsgrafik* says 'He and his collaborators in The Sainsbury Design Studio aim at a very functional and direct style which really appeals to the man in the street and the thrifty housewife. The uncontested popularity of this large enterprise proves that he was entirely successful.'

New JS Branch at Bexleyheath



Manager is Mr H. Kendall (above) who joined JS in 1934. His first management was Catford Hill in 1956. He was at 158 Catford and at Lee Green 1957-62. He was Deputy at Lewisham until taking over at Bexleyheath.

Our new branch in Bexleyheath opened at 116 The Broadway on 7th July. The branch has a shopping area of about 5,000 square feet and is on a site bought from an old established trader Jennings who is our neighbour and who has enlarged his own premises. The branch has been very popular with JS customers since it opened as our photographs show. It is in all respects a normal JS branch of its size.



Letter to an Editor

The Editor of Family Magazine passed on to us the following letter which she had received commenting on an article about the firm.

In the firm we regard our traditions as a matter of very great importance; it is comforting to find that some of the customers regard theirs equally seriously.

Dear Sir,

I was very interested in your article 'A Store is Born' by Alan Wykes in the March issue of *Family*, because like him, I had a great joy of expectancy achieved, when Sainsbury's opened their shop in Kenton, Middlesex, about forty years ago.*

I had just moved to that district with my family and had half an hour's walk to the nearest butchers shop. Kenton Road at that time was only a lane, with the old pub called the Rest with its forms outside.

So when they started to build Sainsbury's, we were always watching it grow and waiting for the great day when it would be opened and when the great day did come, I was amongst the first to enter that shop, amid all the laughter and fun, it was just great, and I shopped in that same shop for thirty years until I retired, and was at all times well served and respected for my custom, and so was a happy and contented customer.

But I can go back a bit further than Mr Wykes, I can remember going with my mother when I was a little girl to Sainsbury's in Drury Lane and being patted on the head and given a biscuit by Mr J. Sainsbury on one of his visits to the shop, I can remember on that occasion Mrs J. S. in her bonnet and very full dress and their carriage outside, every one excited by his visit. (But he wasn't a Lord only old JS to us). Of course he wasn't all that old, but I was only a child.

Yes, consideration for the customer always pays, because as you see, the customer never forgets. Alas there is no JS where I live now, but whenever I go to a town where there is a JS I still visit them. My daughter also carries on with shopping at JS in her town of Seaford, as does her daughter, altho' she is young yet, but it looks like four generations of Sainsbury shoppers, in our family.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs B. M. Oldham

* The JS branch in Kenton Road was opened in 1928. Currently work is in progress on a grocery self-service department.



Sainsbury's?

It's a road that runs from Norwood Park to Gipsy Hill Station. We tried to find out its history but after three days of enquiries all we knew was that it got its name in 1884. There's a Whiteley Road nearby!

Four Hundred Years Ago



Among the many books published to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth we found in 'Shakespeare's Theatre' by C. Walter Hodges this drawing, by the author, of the theatre which stood on Bankside at the end of the sixteenth century. The drawing shows how Southwark may have looked from where our Union Street premises are today. In the picture it is sunrise, the rain has cleared away and the day promises to be fine. The view is from the southwest across the fields which in those days came almost to the river and it shows The Globe with a neighbouring playhouse The Rose, to the left. A glimpse of the river can be seen between the two playhouses. In the background is the tower of St Mary Overie which is now Southwark Cathedral and to the left of it the high roof of the hall of the Bishop of Winchester's palace.

'Shakespeare's Theatre' by C. Walter Hodges is published by the Oxford University Press

Focus on Suppliers No. 9

16,000 a minute

*An account of the firm of
McVitie and Price Ltd the largest
single biscuit manufacturer
in Britain.*



Scotland has often been called 'The Land of Cakes'. Its long tradition of high quality baking has made it the country of origin of several firms who produce biscuits and cakes. McVitie and Price is one firm which began its career there.

In 1839 Robert McVitie set up a small baker's shop in Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, Scotland, to sell his biscuits and cakes. The business flourished because quality was always his first consideration.

When his son, Robert McVitie Junior took over the business in 1875 he employed two bakers and a few girls. He worked as his own salesman and office staff and under his direction the business expanded rapidly. He built a factory which soon was extended to meet ever-increasing demands for McVitie's products.

In 1888 Mr Charles Price entered into a partnership which lasted for 13 years before he retired from business to become MP for Edinburgh.

By this time the fame of McVitie and Price biscuits and cakes had spread throughout the British Isles and, in 1902, a huge factory occupying over one million square feet of land was erected at Harlesden. McVitie and Price had at last crossed the Border. Only a few years later the combined output of the London and Edinburgh factories was not enough to meet the demand so in 1915 another factory was built in Manchester.

At about this time also the first export shipments of McVitie and Price biscuits and cakes began to find a good and still growing market in North America.

Robert McVitie Junior had no children. On his death the business was carried on by his loyal Works Manager and righthand man, Alexander Grant, later created a baronet. He was succeeded by Sir Robert Grant whose nephew, Hector Laing, is the present Chairman of the firm's board.

Although the name of McVitie has disappeared from the management Alexander Grant could be considered so much 'one of the family' that an effective family connection has remained throughout.

There are now over 2,000 people employed at the three McVitie and Price factories with a total sales force of approximately 460. They are now the biggest single biscuit manufacturers in the country and were amalgamated with Crawford's in 1962 and MacFarlane Lang in 1948.

The demand for McVitie and Price biscuits is

now ten times what it was in 1950 and is still rising. Increased output has enabled production to be almost completely mechanised and employees on the production side now man three shifts instead of one as they did before the war. On going to the factory one is impressed with how few people there are to be seen although 16,000 biscuits are turned out per minute, a rate representing well over a hundred tons a day.

Bulk Delivery

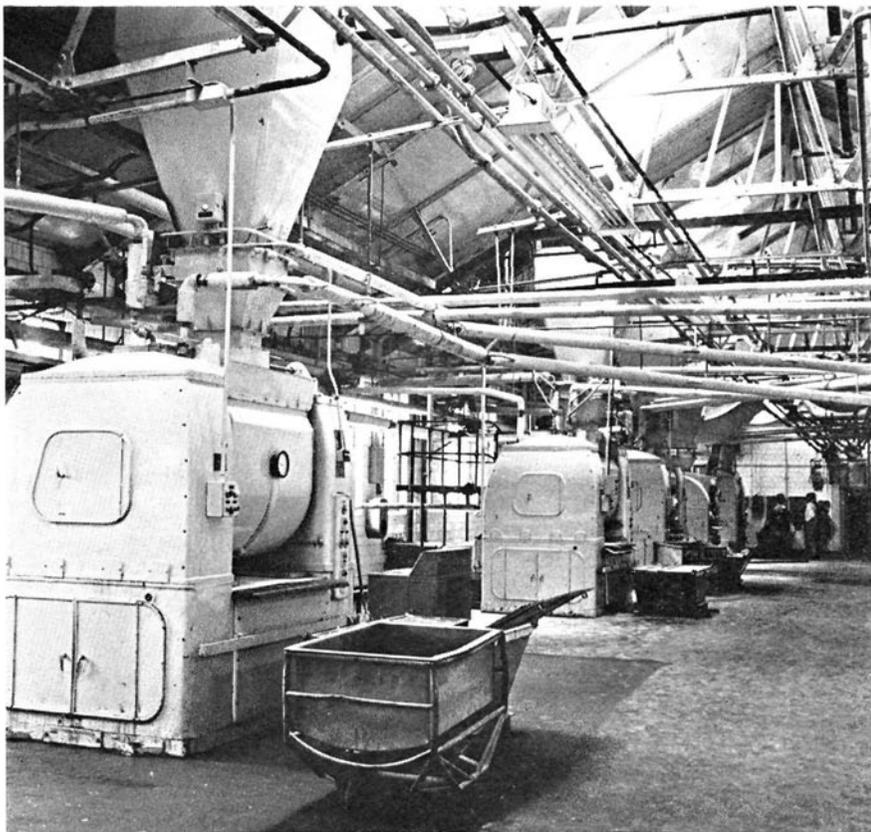
At McVitie and Price's Harlesden factory all raw materials are delivered in bulk wagons. They drive in, couple their pipes to the bakery silo intake and blow the flour or pump the sugar syrup (rear wagon) up into the silos. Ingredients such as eggs, fat or chocolate are all delivered in liquid form. Fat and chocolate are kept at a warm temperature to prevent them turning solid.



The Mixing Floor

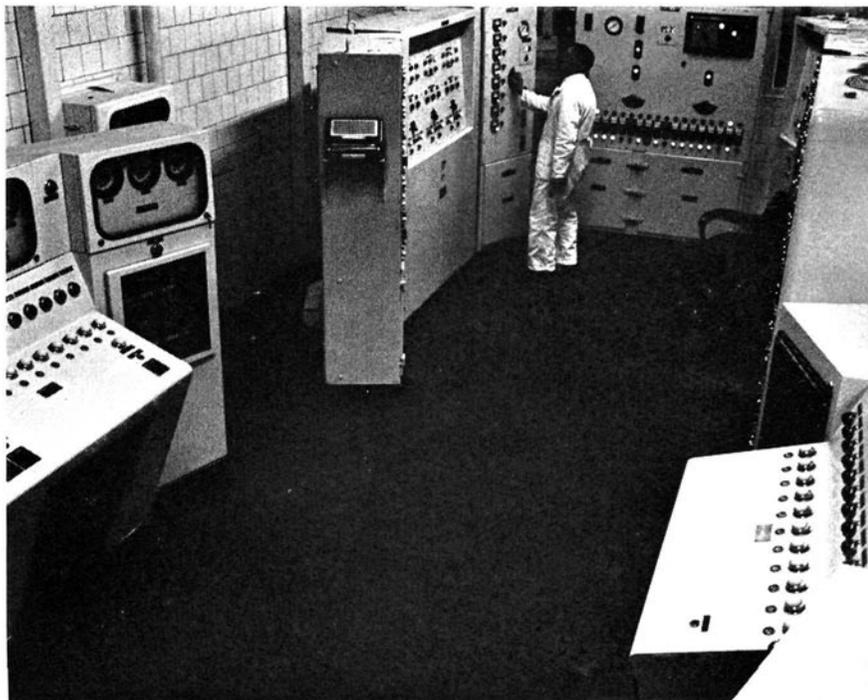
The ingredients of each mixture come in measured quantities from silo and storage vats through the maze of pipes above the mixers on the first floor. Flour is blown in as powder, sugar and fat flow in in liquid form.

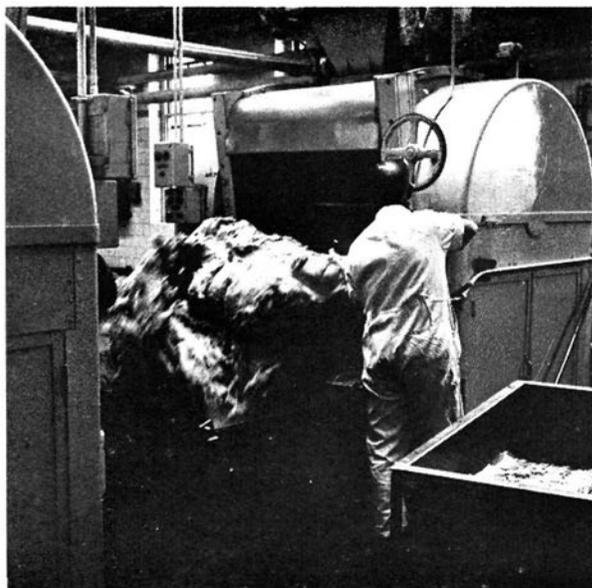
The mixers work through twenty-four hours each day on a three shift system.



The Control Room

In this automated process the flow of raw materials from storage to mixer is controlled by the man in the white overall. The operator of each mixer presses a signal light button when he needs an ingredient. The light goes on on the appropriate panel, the man presses a button, syrup, sugar, malt extract, flour or fat flow into the mixer and are automatically cut off when the correct amount has gone through.



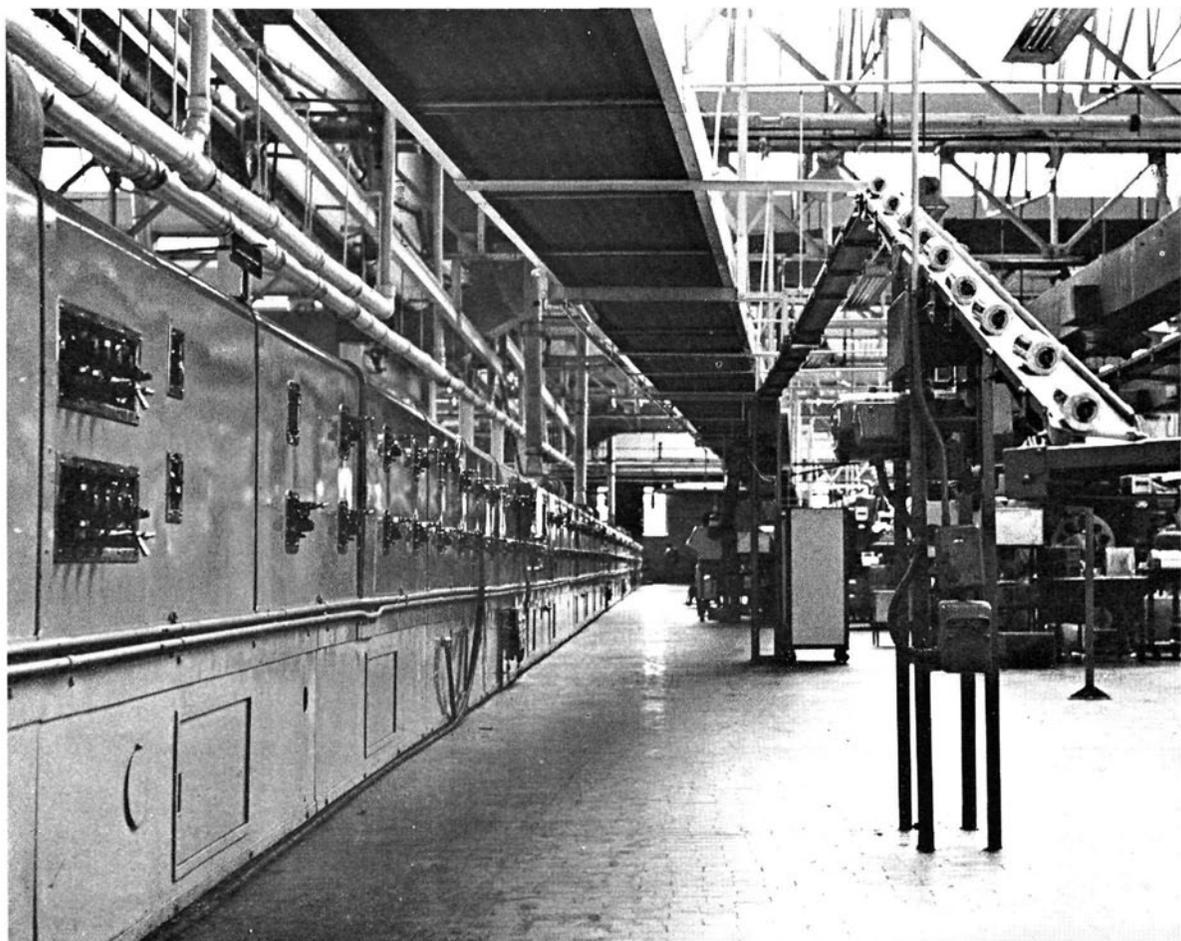


Out of the Mixer

Mixing can take from eighteen to forty minutes. The blades are stopped, the sides of the machine opened and the dough tipped into hoppers which carry it to the oven room on the ground floor.

The Ovens (below)

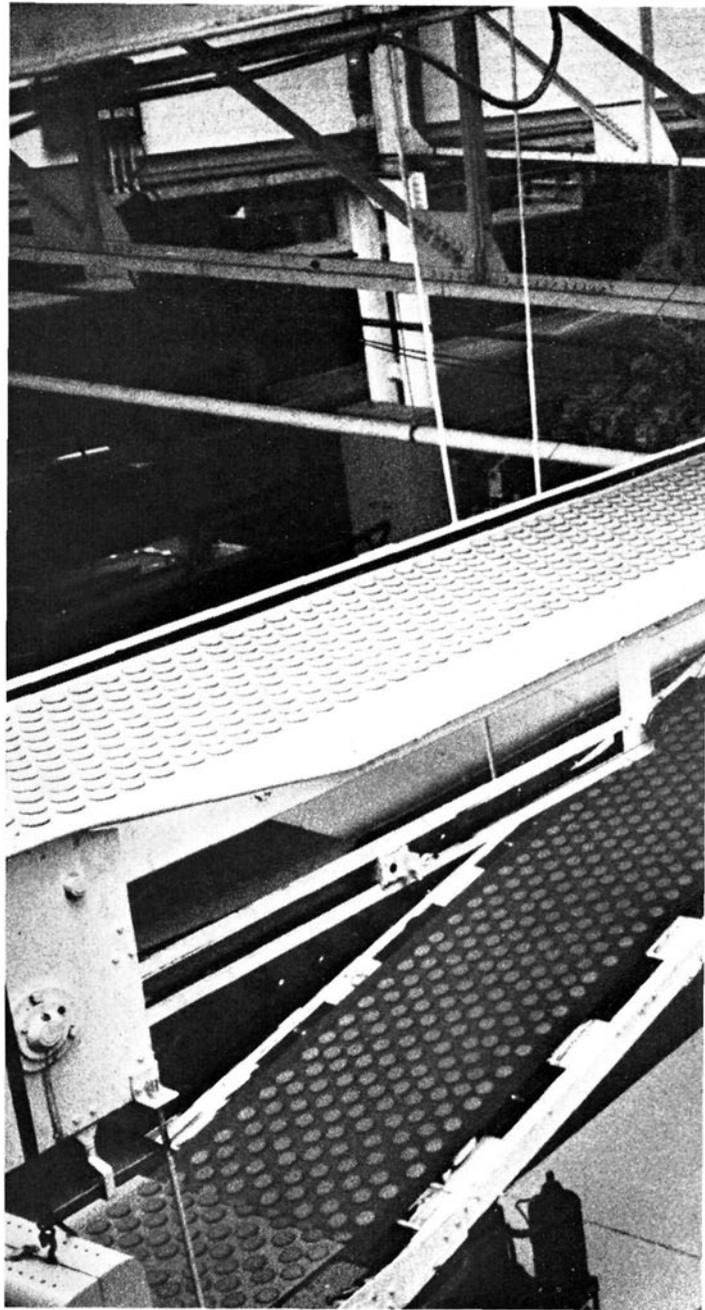
The nine ovens are nearly a hundred yards long and heated to temperatures of 300-600 deg. F. The speed at which the wire mesh or steel band conveyor belt inside the oven carries the biscuits through can be adjusted to suit the needs of each type of dough. Digestive biscuits take about 7 minutes, ginger nuts take the longest time at 12 minutes.





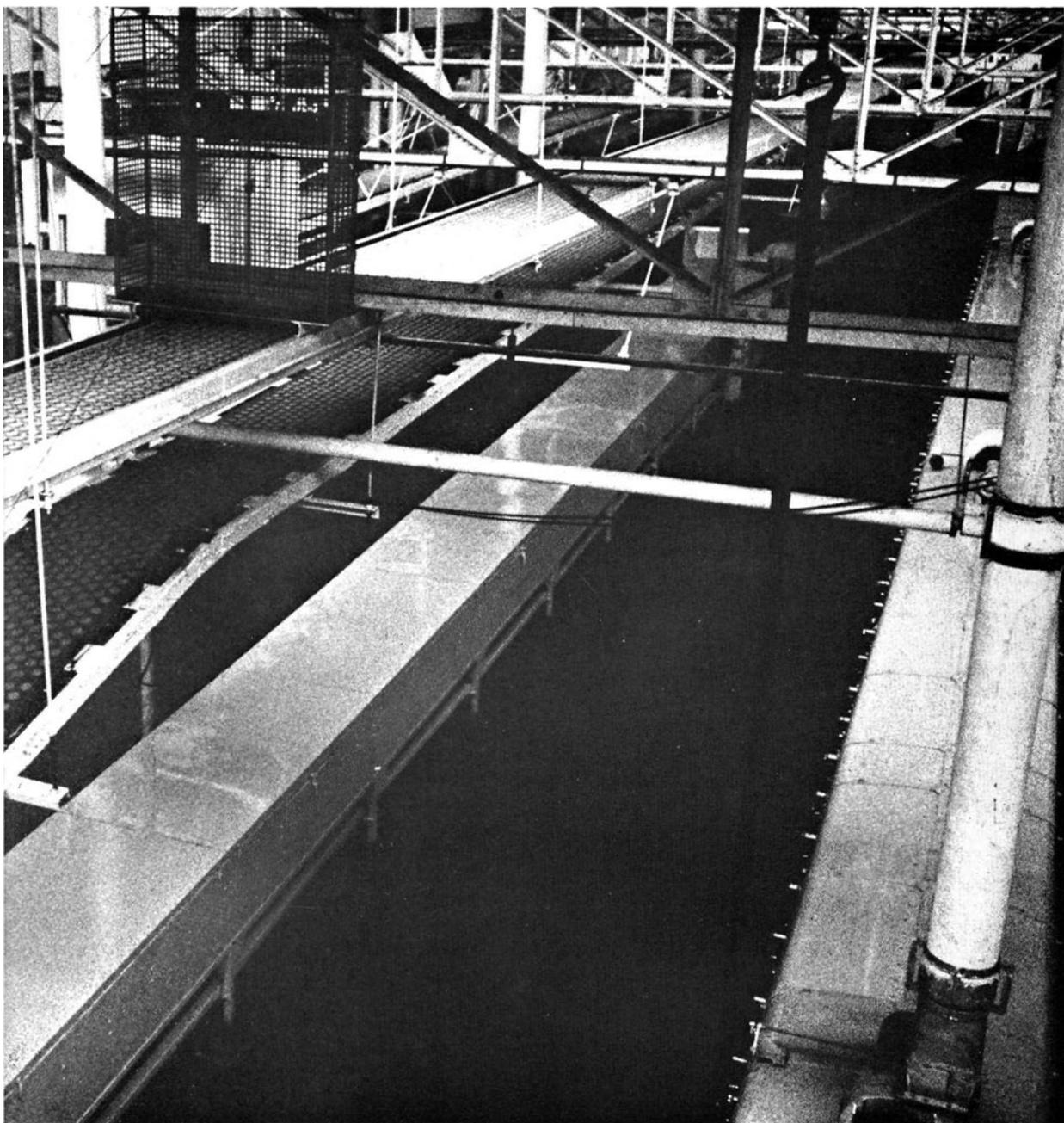
Cooling

Above, the biscuits are coming out of the oven. The baker standing by keeps an eye on them and will make adjustments to speed or temperature if necessary. To cool the biscuits before they are packed they are carried on long conveyor belts which run twice the length of the factory. In the picture on the right the two belts are seen above the oven.



Packing

Most biscuits are wrapped automatically. As they approach the packing machine they pass to slower belts and 'buffer up' or overlap, as in the picture. Then an automatic hand picks up half a pound at a time and pushes them into a continuous sheet of cellophane wrapping. The paper is swiftly wrapped round the biscuits, cut, folded and sealed. As they pass on (See picture on p.15) to be packed into cartons (a hand operation) they are checkweighed.



CARRY ON

S.L.O.S.H.

SECRET
SECRET
SECRET
SECRET

or A Funny Thing Happened on the way to the Dungeon

Episode 13: New Readers Start Hereabouts



The strong-jawed, lean and slightly quizzical face of Blonde, most secret service agent, was propped up by the strong, lean hand not occupied by an ice-cold gin and tonic. Blonde was contemplating death and women. In particular, the death of a grey eyed, full bosomed blonde – Ada Rasp, the internationally famous clairvoyante. Ada had been a great friend of his . . .

It had been a particularly nauseating death,

he thought, sipping the 90-proof export gin. Ada Rasp had suddenly decided to leave for a prolonged holiday, had been bitten by her pet dog, gone into convulsions and crashed out of her pent house window to fall to her death nine floors below.

The connection between the dog bite and her death had only been established when the Red Setter had been discovered dead and radioactive.

A post-mortem on the unfortunate Ada revealed that she would have died from lead poisoning (the result of the bite) in any case. Blonde was now investigating the death of the dog.

He was aware of being watched. Casually gulping down his gin and tonic he turned with watering eyes to summon the waiter, and in doing so established whence came the gaze.

Sitting at a table in a half shade was a medium sized man with an enormous round head. Amber coloured eyes glowed and burned into the inner recesses of Blonde's now actively alerted mind. Of course! Those eyes were familiar . . . the dog, it too, had amber eyes – though less intense and more liquid than those of the stranger. Blonde felt a moment of unease, almost of panic. He was aware of an intense evil lurking—something nameless and thus the more to be feared.

The waiter quietly and efficiently brought Blonde his tankard of iced gin and tonic. Casually (Blonde was good at being casual) and relaxed now he sipped the cold ambrosia. Suddenly everything seemed to shift focus. Alarm bells clanged heavily in Blonde's mind (as indeed they ought since Blonde had clanged heavily). The last thing he remembered before he lost consciousness was the nod exchanged between the waiter and the silent onlooker.

Other people in the bar were startled by Blonde's sudden collapse but luckily there was someone with the presence of mind to help the waiter to take Blonde out to a conveniently ready car. The helper was, of course, round head who treated the unconscious Blonde in a very cavalier fashion when he'd got him in the car. . . . When Blonde came to some hours later he found that he was unable to move. His jacket had been removed and he was bound hand and foot with old antimacassars. As Blonde lay there his mind was active. Slowly he was beginning to piece the whole affair together. If he could escape from wherever he was he was sure that he could solve the mystery of the dog . . . and the murder (for he now knew it to have been murder) of poor old Ada. He realized now that the dog was a red herring (or, rather, red setter).

His captor was none other than Fred Crudge—known by the Secret Service to be a spy for s.L.O.S.H.T. the international syndicate for stealing and selling secret plans. s.L.O.S.H.T. were formidable in that they would murder, blackmail or extort what they wanted without compunction. They received enormous sums of money to maintain them from East and West.



Blonde realized that he was up against evil and that Fred Crudge was working for the East. It was Blonde's duty to eliminate Crudge, therefore. He would have to kill Crudge quietly and without scandal. Ada would be revenged in secret but the true details of her death would never be publicly revealed.

The thought of poor dead Ada strengthened Blonde's resolve and he again made desperate efforts to free himself. It was no good, he couldn't budge. He lay and conserved his strength since he was obviously in a jam.

Suddenly a low snuffing noise from some part of the dark room intruded on Blonde's thoughts. The sweat of fear bathed his body. Something nameless and horrible was abroad! He thought frantically and struggled against his fastenings but whoever had tied him had done a very thorough job. He had to remain there and sweat it out. He remembered stories about the little ingenuities of Crudge and felt swamping fear. The last tale of Crudge that Blonde had heard was revolting. The victim had been a colleague in the secret service and had been caught by Crudge and made to sing patriotic songs as the raft to which he was tied had slowly sunk into a pool of bright red tomato soup. This was particularly cruel because the victim preferred brown windsor.

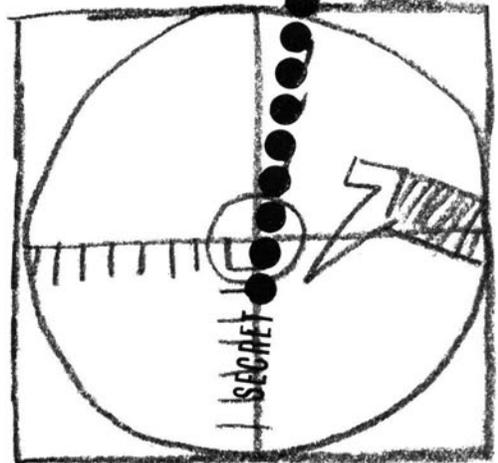


The snuffling noise was now accompanied by a queer shuffling. The shuffling was accompanied by a hesitant padding. Blonde felt like screaming. Then he felt a hot foetid breath upon his neck. It couldn't be Ada. 'This is it,' he thought. A rasping began against his shoulder. Again Blonde could have screamed - this time with laughter because whatever it was tickled. It was, could only be, a dog. Blonde could feel the dog's collar pressing against him . . . it was Ada Rasp's dog. Blonde cursed himself he should have noticed that the dead dog at Ada's flat had no collar . . . in fact, was not Ada's dog. Still, it did confirm that the dog was a red herring, or was it? the red herring smelt fishy. Was Blonde supposed to think that the red setter was, in fact, a red herring? He wasted no more time speculating. The immediate problem was to get loose and out of here. Blonde began to speak in low wheedling tones to the brute. 'Squidgie, old boy, it's me, Jim Blonde,' he whispered. 'Your mistress has been foully done to death by Fred Crudge.' Poor Squidgie whined a bit at this news. Blonde hastily quietened him. 'Good Squidgie, good old boy, try to chew these antimacassars which tie me.' As luck would have it, Squidgie was very fond of chewing antimacassars. So the animal responded to Blonde's plea and it wasn't long before he was free. As luck would have it (again) Blonde's coat had been left in a corner of the room. Within seconds Blonde was bland again. As luck would have it Crudge was so confident in his tying up that he hadn't bothered to empty Blonde's pockets so that the revolver and silencer were still there. There was also a lone, sticky chocolate cream there, too.

Blonde was about to eat the sweet when he remembered that Squidgie was fond of chocolate creams. So he gave the sweet to Squidgie. The dog licked his hand gratefully . . . and dropped dead. Again Blonde realized that he had underestimated Crudge. He quickly checked the revolver and silencer. They were both jammed with strawberry jam - a well known trick since the pips were particularly difficult to remove. Blonde had no defence but his hands. He thought for a while and smiled to himself. He bent down and removed the sole of his left shoe and the heel of his right. By fitting the two together he made a miniature sub-machine gun, ready loaded.

Stealthily Blonde approached the door and stood there listening for a moment. Furtively he tried the door handle and pushed the door quietly. It opened without effort. He was in a very bare brightly lit corridor. He recognized the place immediately for he was in the block of flats where Ada had had her pent-house. A bewildered looking man suddenly appeared in the passage. Blonde shot him down before realizing that the dead man was merely a tenant of the flats. However, this was no time for sentimentality. A slight scuffling round the corner at the end of the corridor warned Blonde. It was then that he realized that his mission was almost complete. Round that corner was master mind Fred Crudge. He suddenly clamped his teeth firmly together, and in doing so activated the transmitter which he had built into his right tooth (the gold one). By tapping his tongue against his teeth he was able to transmit a code message to his office. His message was 'The die is cast - the caste must die!'

SECRET



'I quit,' came the cry from Crudge. To make true his words a revolver scudded along the floor from Crudge's direction. Blonde sprang round the corner and Crudge shot him dead with his other revolver. . . .

Meanwhile back in the Senior Sir's office Fred Crudge was being congratulated upon his successful mission – which was to eliminate Ada Rasp the grey-eyed, full bosomed counter spy. She had been long known as an agent for s.L.O.s.H.T. although supposedly in the pay of the Secret Service. Fred Crudge was supposed to be working for s.L.O.s.H.T. but was secretly in the pay of the Secret Service and that is why Blonde had had to die. Senior Sir was pontificating in a mildly philosophic manner to Fred.

'Blonde had bungled things from the beginning. We planted the wrong dead dog (having radio-activated the beastly thing) in order to put him onto the Bunthorpe Nuclear Clock factory so that he could clear that little matter up in a tick. He was so infatuated with Ada Rasp, however, that he needs must pursue *that* little matter instead. He then fell so easily into what could have been enemy hands (that is to say, you Crudge) that it was imperative that he should also be removed from the Secret Service. However, with his knowledge he could not be allowed to escape alive. You did a grand job Crudge.'

Having said this, the Senior Sir, casually pulled a small drawer handle on his desk and a needle thin stiletto shot from his cigar box straight into the black heart of Fred Crudge. Senior Sir had learnt that Crudge was also a counter spy working for s.L.O.s.H.T. Senior Sir made sure that Crudge was dead, and then, by removing a slender volume from his bookcase opened a trap door to drop Crudge into the river below. . . .

At the Ministry the Senior Sir of Secret Service was congratulated by Sir Joshua Smithers-Bartly-Sprain. Sir Joshua was pontificating in a mildly philosophic manner.

'You did an absolutely spiffing job S.S. It was a pity that poor old Blonde had to be sacrificed like he was but it was worth it in the long run because we have now managed to smash s.L.O.s.H.T. by removing master mind Crunge alias Krunje alias Ckroonje.'

Having said this Sir Joshua offered S.S. a drink to celebrate the success. Sir Joshua raised his medium dry sherry aloft. 'Here's death to s.L.O.s.H.T.' he said.

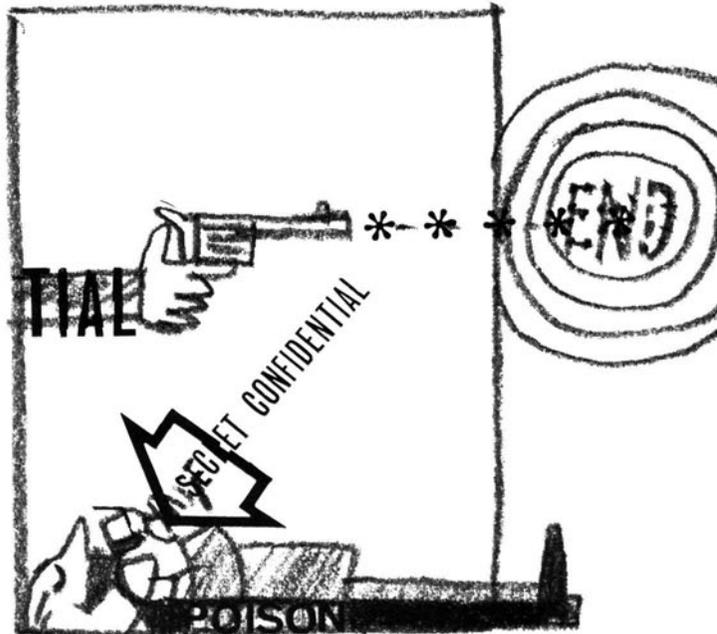
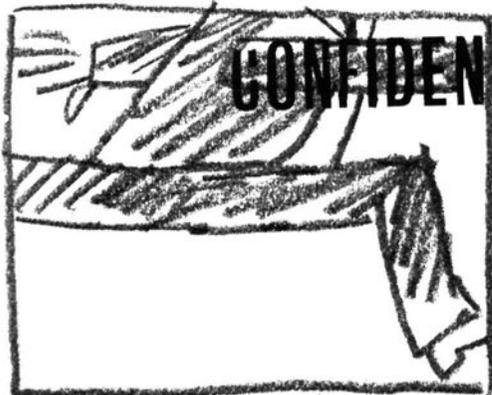
Raising his pale dry aloft S.S. said, 'Here's to the death of s.L.O.s.H.T.'

They both drank with quiet satisfaction and S.S. went into convulsions. The second and last master mind of s.L.O.s.H.T. was dead. Sir Joshua had spotted the real brain behind it all and added poison to S.S.'s sherry from his Renaissance, genuine Machiavellian, 500-carat, gold signet ring.

Sir Joshua appointed Blonde Senior Sir of the Secret Service – for Jim had feigned death when Crudge shot at him – he had in fact, been saved by his wobbly shoes. Jim Blonde had had to feign death to reveal Crudge's accomplice who had been non other than S.S. himself.

So ends the true story of Jim Blonde (with the prefix XX – licensed to love).

ALLAN HOWLETT



South Coast Sunshine for JS Veterans



Nearly 400 JS Veterans were on the outing to Bexhill on 14th July. Pictures on these pages are by JS Veteran H. Tallemache who has caught the relaxed cheerful spirit of the outing which ended all too soon.



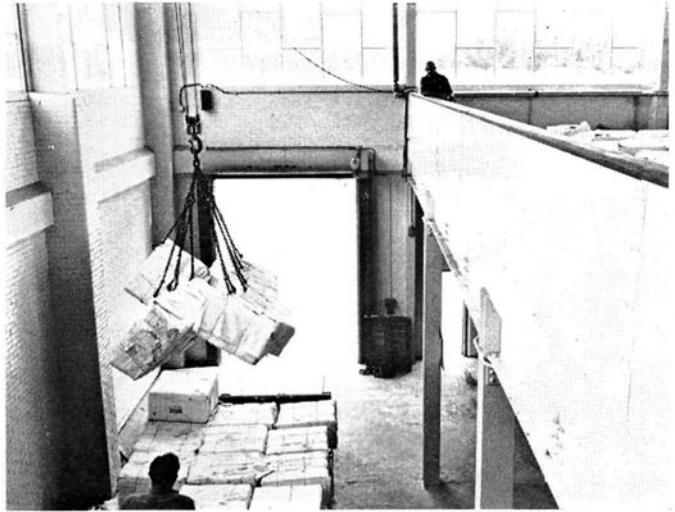
Tissue

Within sight of the Aylesford Priory for Carmelite Monks the Reed Paper Group has built the largest single paper-making site in Europe, there are sixteen paper mills of which three belong to Kimberly-Clark, the manufacturers of Delsey toilet rolls, Kleenex tissue and kitchen rolls and Kotex feminine towels.

During the first world war a serious shortage of cotton medical dressings focused attention on the possibilities of using instead an absorbent, disposable paper, cellulose wadding which we know today as paper tissue. Kimberly-Clark pioneered this process at their mill in Wisconsin USA and after the war turned their attention to its commercial possibilities for domestic use both in the home, in factories, schools and hospitals. It was first introduced into England in 1927 but was not manufactured here until 1952 when Reed's began to produce it. In 1957, Kimberly-Clark, in association with the Reed Paper Group, built their own cellulose wadding machine. Demand rocketed and a second one was installed two years later. We went to see the third machine which was only started up this year, and which has as great an output as the other two put together. It is, in fact, the most modern cellulose wadding machine in Europe built to the specifications of Kimberly-Clark engineers in the light of previous experience.

The machine is housed on the first floor of a building in which seven men produce, on an average, over 2,500 feet of cellulose wadding per minute although if necessary they can increase this to 4,000 feet which is forty-five miles per hour.

Immediately above the machine is a testing laboratory which takes constant samples of wadding out of the machine. Rigorous tests are applied for wet strength, absorbency and dry bursting strength. If the slightest fault is found the roll is scrapped, repulped and re-used. Quality is the touchstone. Our tissues come to us clean, perfect and ready to use.

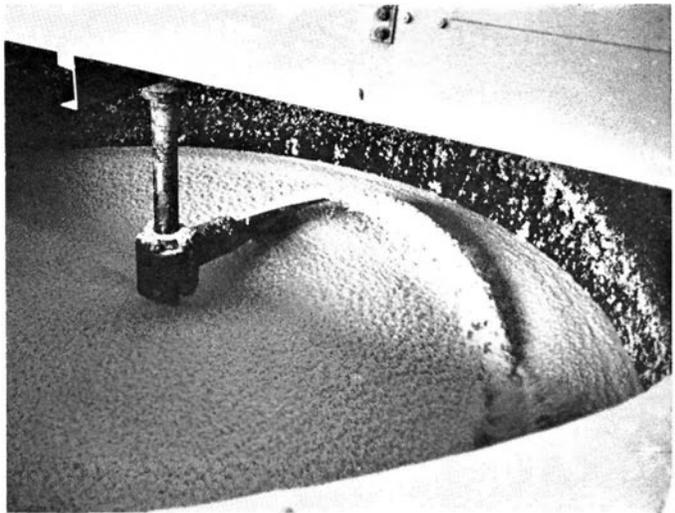


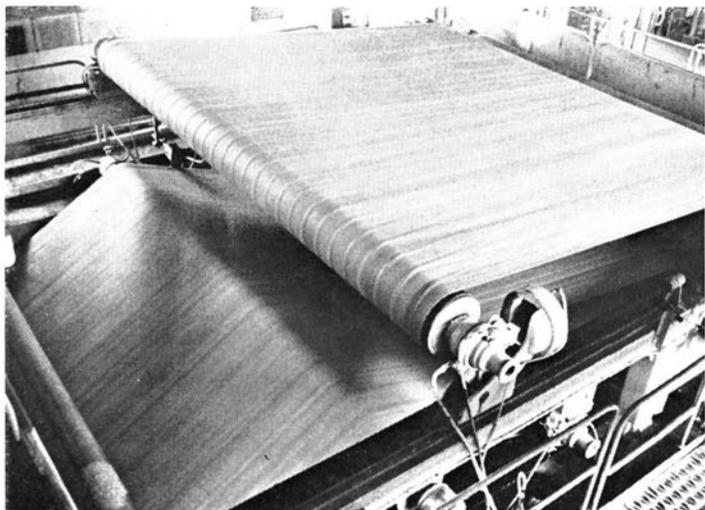
Raw Materials

Wood pulp is the basic raw material of paper. It is treated chemically in its country of origin so that when shipped it is a commodity easy to handle in the form of large white sheets pressed together into parcels bound by wire. It is transported by ship and lighters as far as Reed's wharf. Railway wagons then bring it inside the building which houses the cellulose wadding machine. In our picture cranes are lifting the wood pulp to the foot of the machine where men are waiting to feed in on to a conveyor belt. Only the wire has to be removed.

First Step

This porridge-like substance is the sheets of wood pulp being mixed with water in a hydrapulper which is a huge vat. Colouring is added at this stage, yellow, pink, lilac, blue or a white bleach. The pulp has to be cleansed by water to extract all impurities and in some products resin is also added so that the final tissue possesses strength when wet as well as softness.



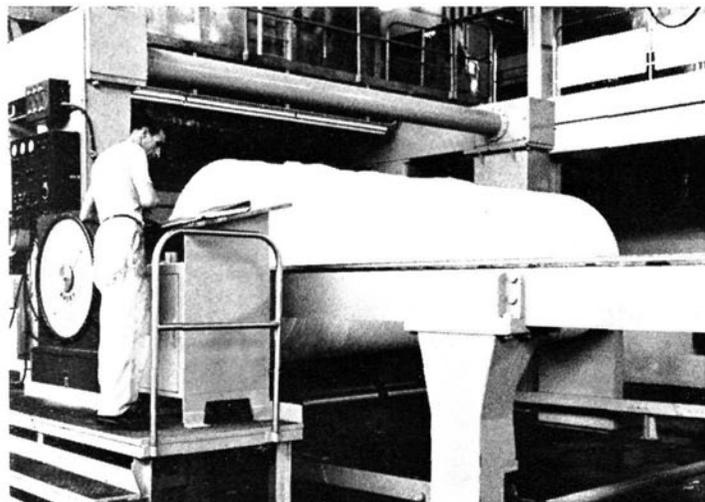
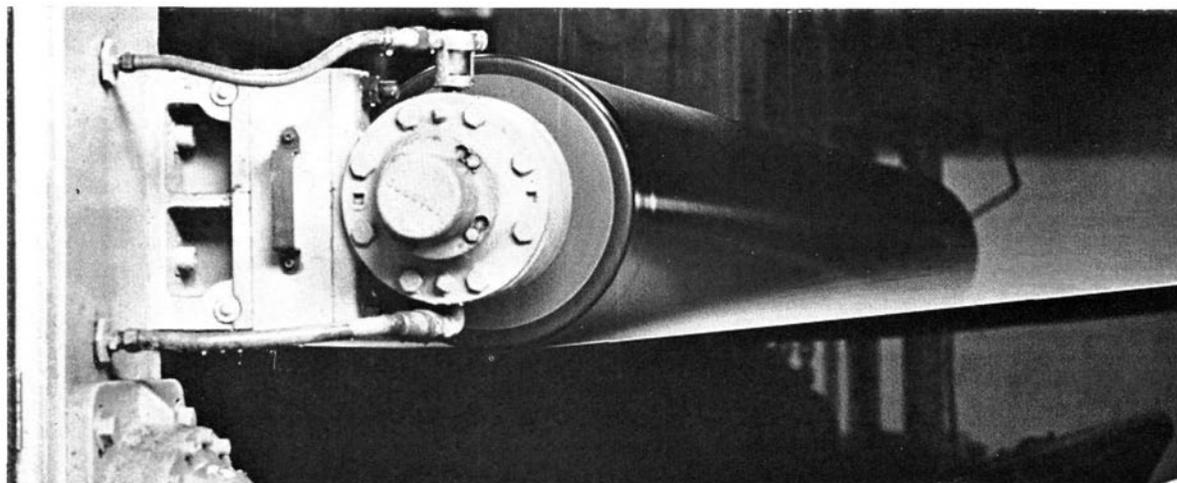


The Drying Process Begins

A fast moving conveyor made of felt carries the 'stuff' as it is now termed, after it has been through the first set of rollers. The drying process now begins. Two sets of rollers squeeze the moisture out and a steam-heated cylinder dries it completely.

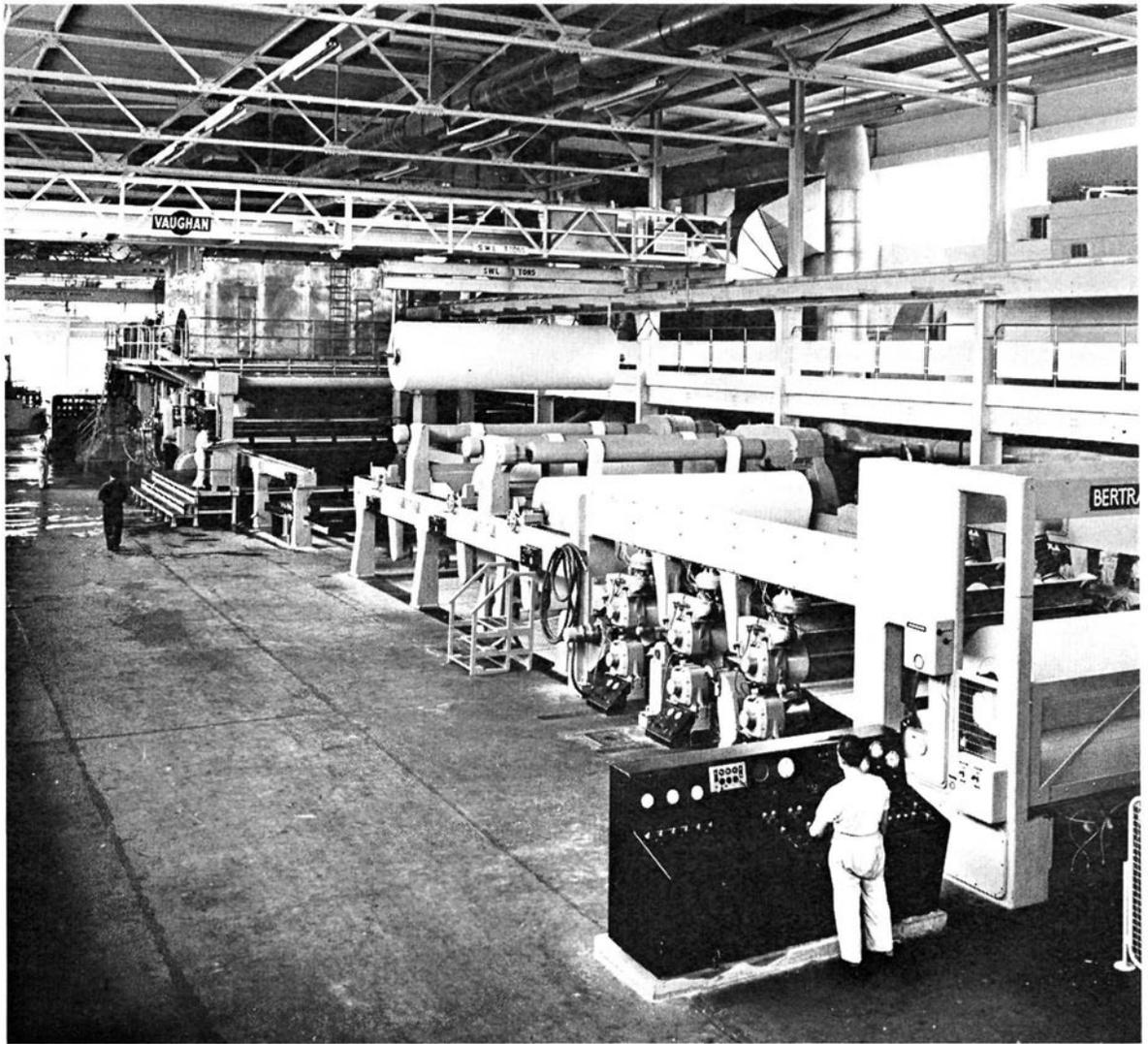
First Sight (below)

The 'stuff' has been so delicate that it was invisible to the layman's eye. As it travels under this roller it can be clearly distinguished for the first time as a thin sheet of smooth cellulose wadding.



Ready for Winding

A completed roll is weighed and recorded before going on to the winder. On its way the cellulose wadding has been crimped by a 4in. blade laid along the length of the cylinder, which causes it to pucker into crêped paper.



The Winder (above)

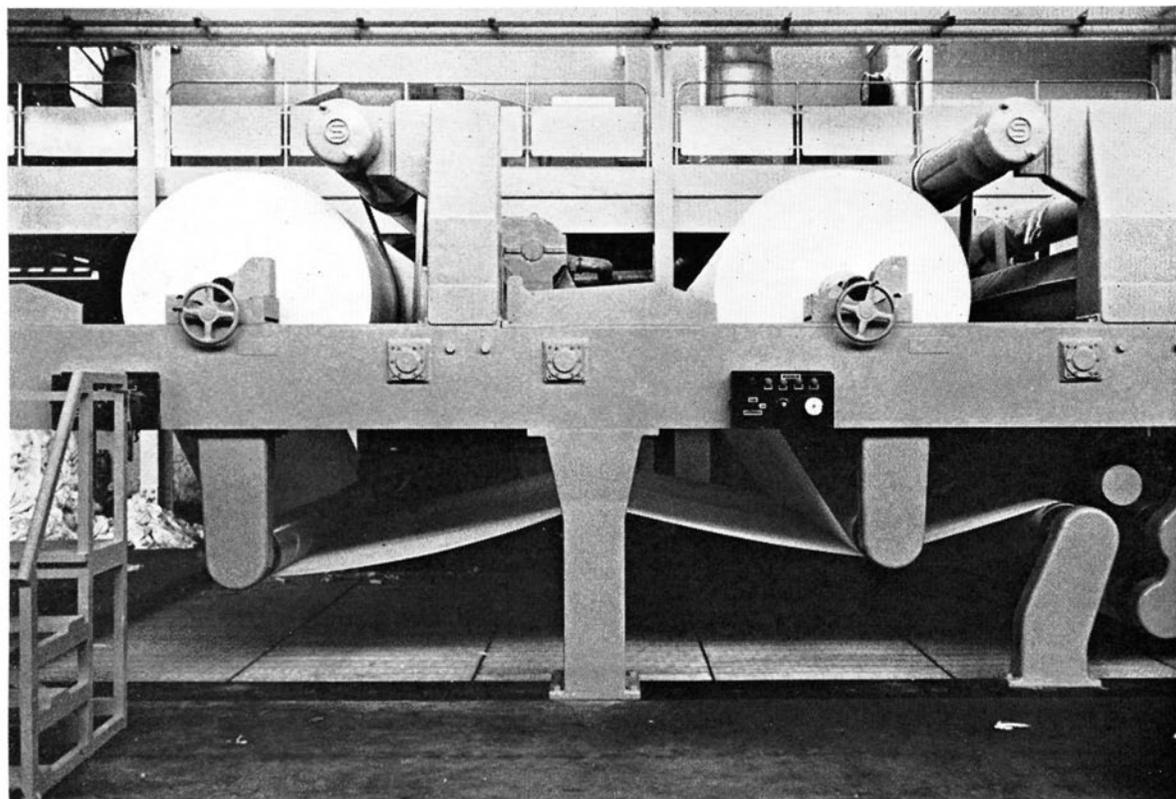
An overhead crane on rollers picks the rolls off the first part of the machine and places it on to the winder. At the end of the winder is one of the several control panels which makes it possible for only seven men to operate the entire process.

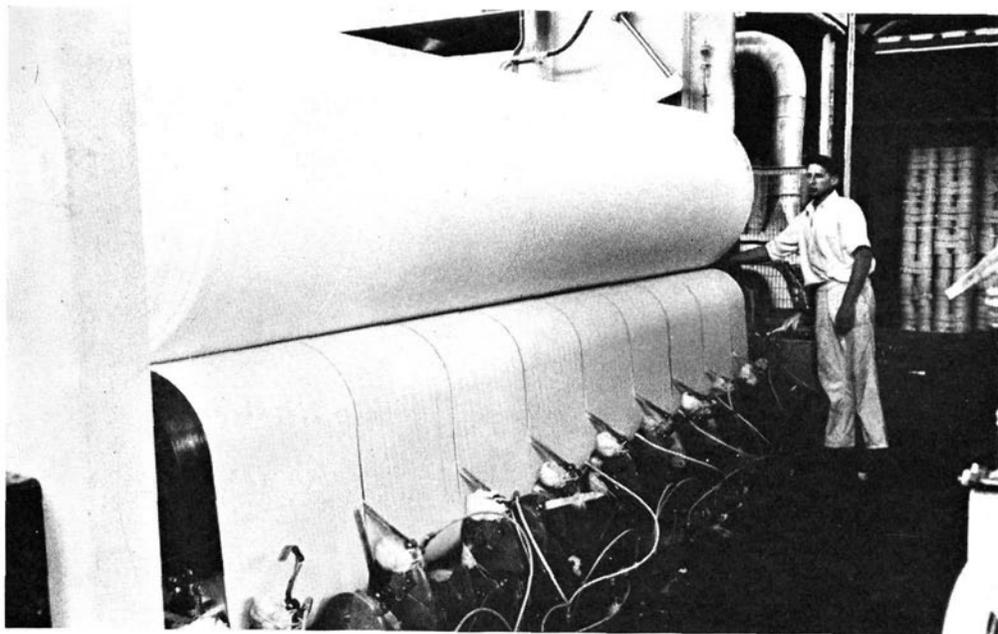
Tails

Once the roll is in position men twist the ends into 'tails' and place them on these feed rollers of which there are eight.

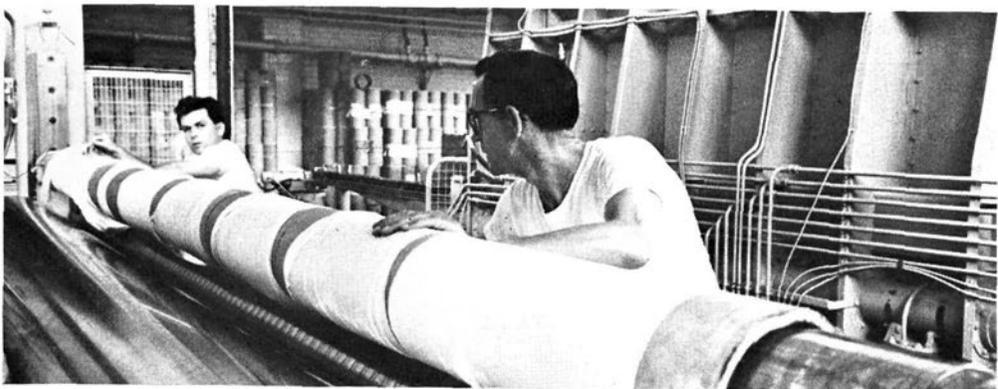
Making Two-Ply

When two-ply tissues are required two rolls are placed simultaneously onto the winder and the two layers of tissue travel into a callendar which presses them firmly together and gives them extra softness.

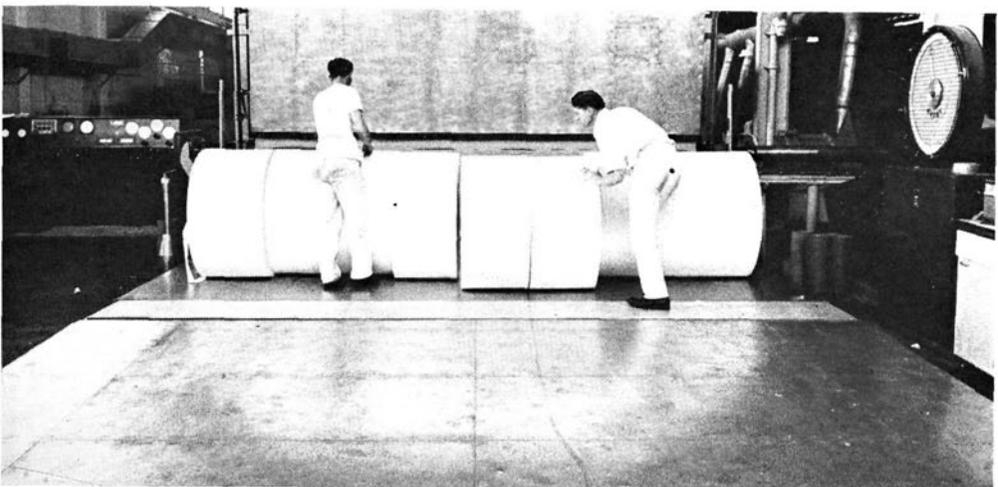




Cutting the Roll
As the width of the rollers is 168in. the cellulose wadding must be cut as it comes off the callendar. These knives have been placed at specified widths.



The Split Shells
The shells, or cardboard rolls, on the winding roller have been cut to the same width



so that with the completion of each roll the sections are parted with knives. The rolls are sealed to prevent them unwinding, checked and weighed again. A conveyor belt let into the floor carries them to a lift and into the converting department below.



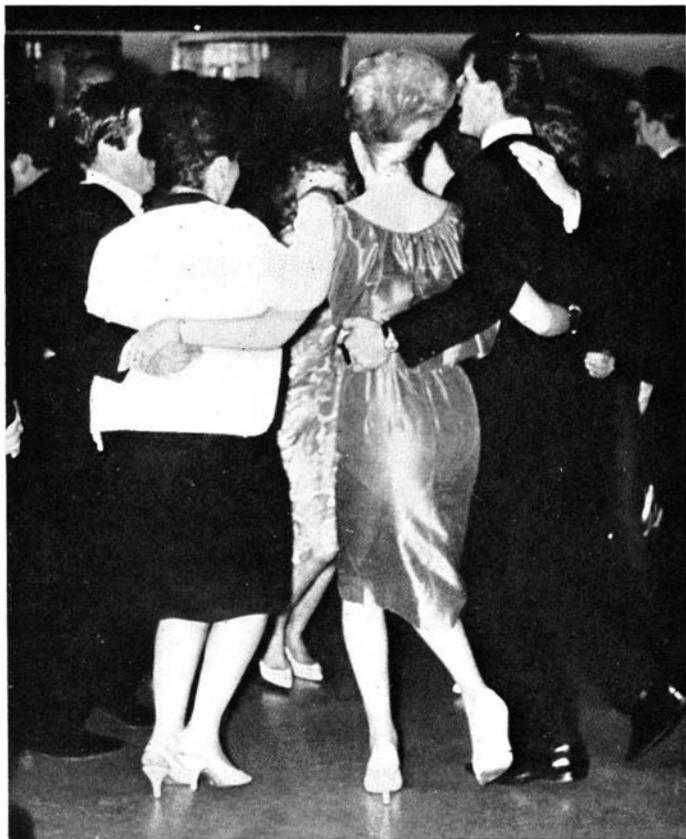
Finishing Touch

Each roll of wadding is carried to machines where it is cut and folded. This girl is working on Kleenex tissues. She has to part them and place a leaflet on top of each pile before it is carried into a packing machine. This is the only time tissues are touched by hand. In the case of Delsey toilet paper even this has been eliminated. It is automatically wrapped and reaches the housewife untouched.

Basingstoke's First Dance



They had a ball when Basingstoke held its first get together at the new warehouse. We don't know what they are doing in our pictures except when they were lining up for portraits but they seem to have danced almost every sort of dance.



Generous Gesture

When JS Chatham branch S.S.A. section celebrated its first birthday with a dance on 27th June a 40lb iced cake was obtained for the guests. But everyone voted it should go to one of the Medway Homes for old people and here are the Matron and the Mayor and Mayoress of Chatham who chose the home and made the presentation on behalf of the S.S.A. section.



Colchester's winning team in Snow Area Trophy

Darts team below is from Colchester with the manager in the middle. They won in the final game with Edware. From left to right: Messrs M. Barrel, D. Collins, K. Johnson, R. Leggatt and C. Snow. Mr G. Watson Manager of Colchester branch is holding the trophy.



Staff News

Appointments of five more Senior Executives are recorded below.



Mr J. Burrill
Manager of Motor Engineers Department (including supervision of Motor Engineer units at Basingstoke, Little Wratting and Buntingford). February 1964.

Mr D. Pillar
Manager of the JS Bacon Factory at Haverhill where Tendersweet bacon is produced. May, 1961.

Mr L. A. Noot
Warehouse and Transport Manager at Blackfriars. April, 1964.



Mr G. Slater
Central Work Study Department. May, 1964.

Mr C. G. Wright
Manager of Basingstoke Depot. April, 1964.



Movements and Promotions

Managers

H. KENDALL From Spare at Lewisham to Bexleyheath

Spare Managers

A. PIKE From Seven Kings to self-service training

Promoted to Management

D. MCCORD From further training to management of Welwyn Garden City

Assistant Managers

J. AMES From Lewisham to Bexleyheath

J. CREED From 168 Streatham to 176 Streatham

Promoted to Assistant Manager

D. BOSLEY Maidstone
M. CARR Stockwell
A. FENTON Leicester
J. IRWIN P.A. to Mr Pagden
D. WEBB Dorking

Head Butchers

E. BARNES From Fulham to 13/15 Blackfriars
A. BARNETT From Spare at Lewisham to Sydenham
D. BELL From Somers Town to 48 Ipswich
G. BRYANT From Spare at 97 Kingston to Fulham
T. BULLOCK From Catford to Bexleyheath
S. BURRAGE From Surbiton to 4 Kingston

B. DYE From Spare at 250 Kentish Town to Somers Town
D. GINN From Spare at Surbiton to Weybridge
F. HARRIS From 4 Kingston to Spare List
R. INNS From Walton to Surbiton
F. PRATT From 68 Croydon to self-service training
A. SOMMERVILLE From 73 Croydon to 68 Croydon
A. THOMAS From Spare at Lewisham to Catford
G. VINCENT From Weybridge to Walton

Forty Years' Service

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

P. W. BAILEY Receptionist, Southwark Street
W. E. BROWN Chief Clerk, Warehouse and Transport Department, Blackfriars
J. CLEMENTS Driver, Depot
C. H. COLLETT Supervisor, Basingstoke
H. DRISCOLL Senior Bank Foreman
MISS M. LARDENT Grocery Supervisor
A. E. LEACH Superintendent designate
R. LEDWICK Driver, Depot
J. E. PEARSON Bank Foreman, Depot
L. ROSE Manager, 68 Croydon
H. G. SMITH Stock-keeper/Vanchecker, Lewisham
E. TAUNTON Manager, 10 Eastbourne
E. W. WHITE Timekeeper, Sail Street

25 Years' Service

MRS A. SPURDENS Part-time Clerk, Watney Street
MISS D. WARD First Clerk, Potters Bar



MR D. MCCORD

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

Mrs G. Devine who joined the firm in 1953 as a saleswoman at Elmers End. She transferred to Beckenham in 1954 and was promoted to leading saleswoman in 1957. In September 1959 she regraded to part time saleswoman and was holding this position when she retired on 1st June 1964.

Miss F. M. Dimond who joined the firm on 13th February 1950 as a resident housekeeper at Porchester Road. She subsequently worked in several branches both north and south of the river, including Finchley Road hostel. On 4th January 1960 she was transferred to Head Office as Senior Housekeeper. She returned to Paddington in 1961 and prior to her retirement on account of ill health on 1st July 1964 she was resident housekeeper at New Malden.

C. S. Dykes who joined the firm in 1945 as a Warehouseman at Forest Gate. He worked at various

other branches in East London before transferring to 259 Ilford in 1963. He retired through ill-health on 1st June 1964.

Mrs G. T. Hayhoe who was engaged on 12th February 1951 as a daily domestic assistant at Colchester. She resigned in 1954, but rejoined in the following year. She retired on 27th June 1964.



MRS G. DEVINE



MISS F. M. DIMOND



MR C. S. DYKES



MR W. A. LOXLEY

W. A. Loxley who was engaged in January 1949 as a roundsman at Portslade. On the cessation of rounds in 1955 he undertook duties in the warehouse first at 55 Brighton and then at 14 Hove from which branch he retired on 1st July 1964.

Miss P. Miller who joined the firm in 1954 as a daily domestic assistant at Bexhill, where she worked until her retirement on 13th June 1964.

R. P. Newman who joined the firm in 1931. He was employed in the Depot Maintenance Engineers Department. In 1950 he was promoted to Engineers Stores Supervisor. For the six years prior to his retirement on 30th June 1964 he was Stores and Depot Supervisor at Lambeth Mews.

F. S. Phillips who was engaged in 1935 as a car washer at the garage. In 1936 he was regraded to relief driver, but he resigned in 1940. On his re-engagement in March 1942 he was employed as a driver in the garage. In 1960 he undertook the duties of petrol pump attendant, and in March 1962 those of post messenger. He retired on 1st June 1964.

H. R. Pigott joined the firm in 1921 as a Junior Clerk in the Stock Office. He was transferred

subsequently to the Shop Services Department, but returned to the Stock Office in 1937. In 1939 he joined the Royal Armoured Corps and on return from service in 1945 he resumed clerical duties until he was transferred to the Personnel Department in 1949 as a Staff Engager. For some years he was closely associated with the selection of trainees for the junior and senior retail training schemes and was employed on more general engagement duties prior to his retirement on 1st August 1964.

Mrs M. E. Rainback who was engaged in June 1942 as a saleswoman at Eastcote. In 1949 she was promoted to leading saleswoman. She retired on 1st July 1964.

W. H. Raven who was engaged as a bacon stoveman at Union Street on 25th September 1942. He was later regraded to topman. He retired on 1st June 1964.

Miss L. A. Wells who joined the firm as a grocery packer in the Depot at Blackfriars in August, 1946. In 1951 she was regraded to first hand, and later in 1953 to warehousewoman, working in the Grocery Packing Department. She retired on 1st July 1964.



MR R. P. NEWMAN



MR F. S. PHILLIPS



MR H. R. PIGOTT



MRS M. E. RAINBACK



MR W. H. RAVEN



MISS L. A. WELLS

Obituaries

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

F. Andrews, a pensioner who retired from Beckenham in 1946 died on 10th July 1964. He had joined the firm in 1912.

W. E. Bailey who joined the Head Office staff in 1910. He was a member of the Territorial Army and was called up for service in the 1914-18 war. On his return he was for some years a member of the senior confidential staff and in the late 1920's took over the management of the Estate Office. Following the death of the founder, he became the Clerk to the Trustees of the Estate of the late Mr J. J. Sainsbury. He retired from the firm in July 1945 but continued to hold the position of Clerk to the Trustees until 1959. He died in hospital at Guildford on the 17th June 1964.

J. H. Johnson who was engaged as a porter at Bedford on 6th July 1936, and subsequently became a poultryer. In 1959 he transferred to the fresh meat department where he later attained the grade of senior leading butcher. He died 21st June 1964.

F. Welford who retired from the warehouse in 1936 after completing fifteen years' service, died on 2nd June 1964.



MR F. ANDREWS



MR J. H. JOHNSON



Whatsit No 5 *Solution in our next issue. (It's part of a label.)*

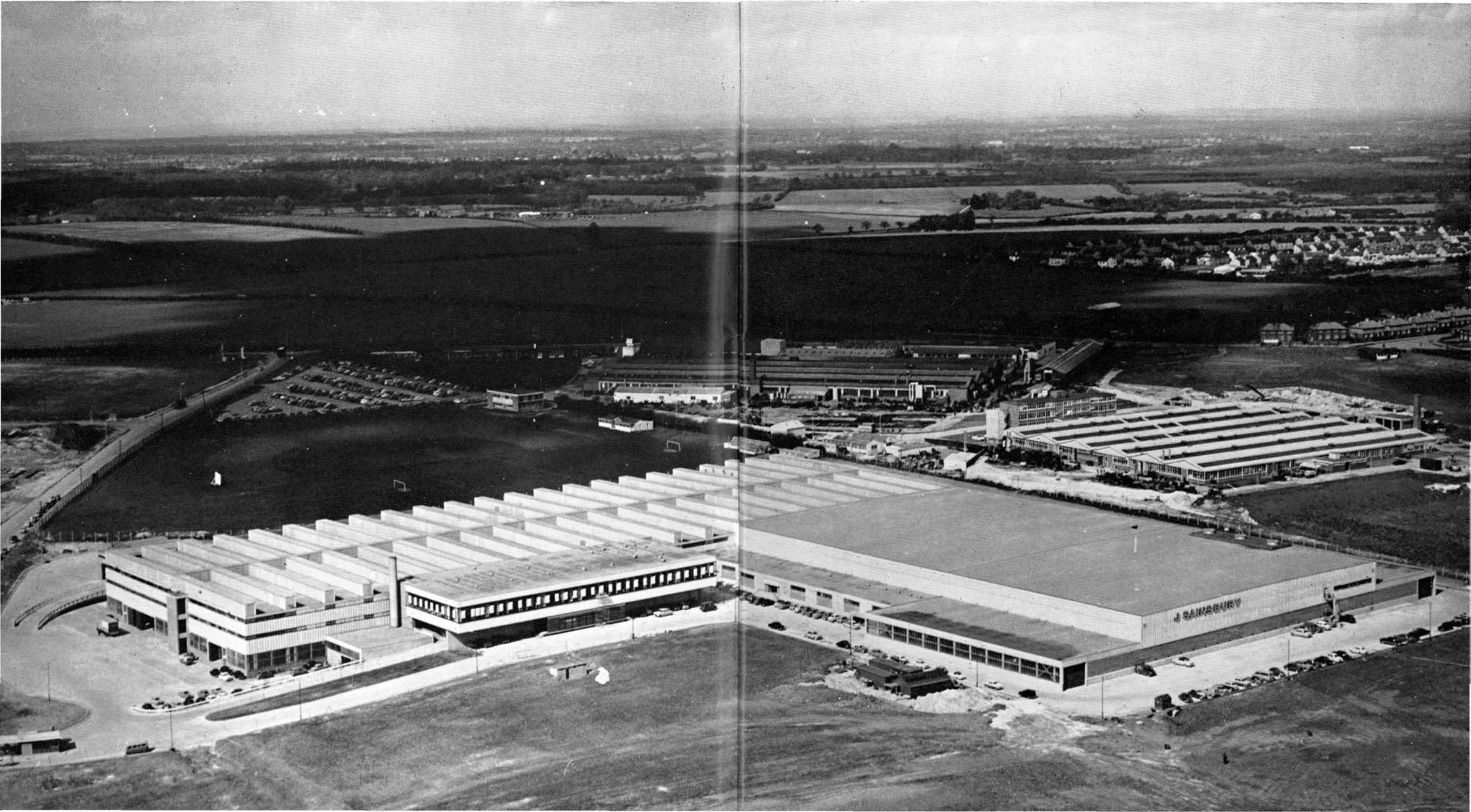


Whatsit in our last issue was not a lemon squeezer nor the bottom of a half-pint but a picture taken looking straight down at the top of the stopper of a Maxwell House storage jar.

News and Developments

Latest aerial view of JS Basingstoke depot shows its relation with existing buildings on the Houndmills Industrial Estate to the north-west of the town. The entrance to the depot grounds is in the lower left corner of the picture. The drive-in leads up to the main entrance in the block to the left of the boiler house. The upper floor of this central block houses administrative offices and staff dining rooms. The motor-engineers and maintenance workshops are on the left of the block and the non-perishable warehouse extends along the back of the block. The perishables warehouse is in the block with a flat roof on the right. The area at the foot of the picture is still being landscaped.

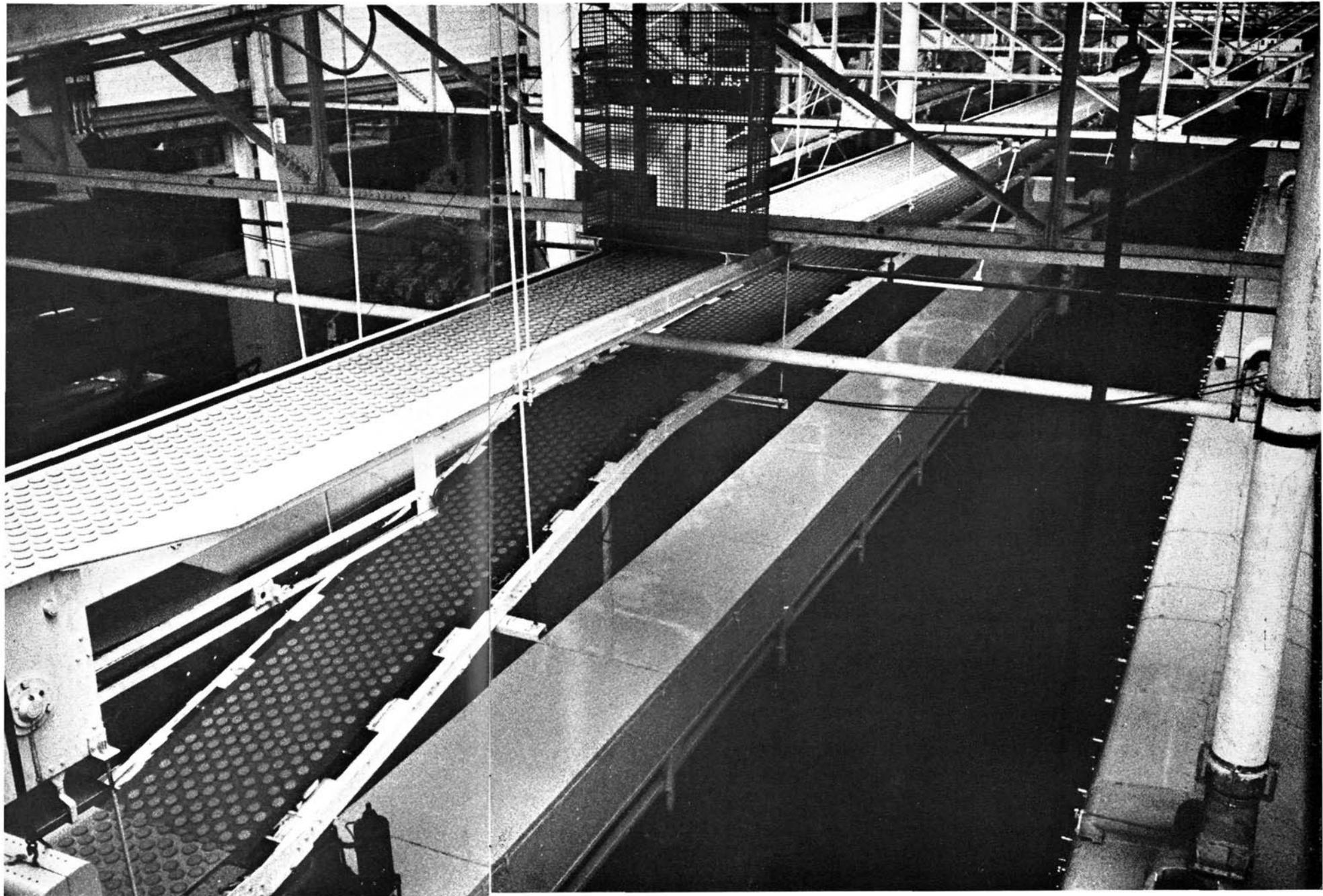
Photo Graham





Cooling

Above, the biscuits are coming out of the oven. The baker standing by keeps an eye on them and will make adjustments to speed or temperature if necessary. To cool the biscuits before they are packed they are carried on long conveyor belts which run twice the length of the factory. In the picture on the right the two belts are seen above the oven.



Packing

Most biscuits are wrapped automatically. As they approach the packing machine they pass to slower belts and 'buffer up' or overlap, as in the picture. Then an automatic hand picks up half a pound at a time and pushes them into a continuous sheet of cellophane wrapping. The paper is swiftly wrapped round the biscuits, cut, folded and sealed. As they pass on (See picture on p.15) to be packed into cartons (a hand operation) they are checkweighed.