

J.S
Journal

Vol. 2

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C O N T E N T S

<i>Eighty Years</i>	1
<i>Mr. John's Diary</i>	3
<i>Staff Association</i>	5
<i>The Romance of Blackfriars</i>	8
<i>Who'd be a Manager ?</i>	9
<i>Romantic (?) Spring</i>	11
<i>Work !</i>	12
<i>5000 Years of Service</i>	14
<i>Mechanization an Open Book</i>	16
<i>Carrying On</i>	20
<i>Kitchen Council</i>	22
<i>Personnel Problems</i>	26
<i>Information Service</i>	28





*The
Sainsbury
House
Magazine*

Vol. 2

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Eighty Years . . .

WE have much pleasure in presenting the second number of Volume 2 at the prescribed interval of two months and we trust it will be as well received as the first. We have had quite a number of comments—and criticisms—regarding our last number which we are sure aroused a considerable amount of interest and we are looking forward to hearing further comments concerning this one.

We feel we cannot allow to pass without remark the fact that at the time of going to press, the advertising campaign for the Firm's Eightieth Anniversary is under way. It occurs to us that our readers may like to recall the press advertising for our Seventieth Anniversary, just before the outbreak of war, and we are accordingly reproducing on the following page the introductory advertisement to that series which was designed by Sir Francis Meynell of Messrs. Mather & Crowther, our advertising consultants.

Nowadays it is very difficult to obtain *any* sort of space in the National Press much less whole pages as we had in our seventieth year campaign, added to which there is the difficulty that having obtained space there is little or

no guarantee as to when the advertisement will appear. To these difficulties are, of course, added the problems of trying to arrange "Commodity" advertising. Uncertainty or inadequacy of supply, price fluctuations, all tend to make such schemes difficult to the point of impossibility and we felt we could not do better on this occasion than introduce a "Prestige" note by making use of some of the very sincere letters of appreciation which, gratifyingly enough, we receive quite regularly. A selection of these letters were accordingly passed on to our advertising agents who set about the task of contacting the various customers that they would agree to our publishing their letters, and moreover, their photographs.

We are exceedingly grateful to these customers for their ready co-operation—the advertisements will by now have been in evidence in various National Newspapers.

* * *

Readers will be interested to know that Mr. Alan and Mr. Salisbury have recently returned from a lightning trip to the States. They left this country by

air on the 11th March arriving in New York on the 12th. By the time they returned, after an absence of nearly three weeks, they had covered something like 10,000 miles. We hope to be able to publish in a subsequent issue, some of the experiences which they tell us were both interesting and instructive—but no rest cure!

At about the same time Mr. John returned from his visit to Australia and, we are happy to say, looks exceedingly fit. We hope that he also will be able to find time to record for us some of his travel experiences.

We hope you will enjoy this second number and do please let us have your comments.

For 70 years
Sainsbury's have played
a vital part in distributing
the Nation's food

It was in 1869, when the Albert Hall was being built and Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, that Mr. John James Sainsbury opened his first shop in Drury Lane. People liked Mr. Sainsbury's shop; they liked Mr. Sainsbury's provisions. More and more customers poured in. The shop became shops. Link upon link, the chain of Sainsbury's shops extended, until now it provides a complete provisioning service for all London and far beyond.

But Sainsbury's is still a family affair. It has been handed down proudly from father to son, and by each generation in turn the founder's policy of selling in the spirit of a social service has been kept to and developed. Sainsbury's relations with their customers remain as close and personal as ever.

But how, you may ask, can hundreds of shops retain a family touch? Surely ?

Let us tell you. All the provisions sold at Sainsbury's—meat and poultry, eggs and butter and cheese—are fastidiously chosen for you by men who really know what they are buying. At a central clearing house, the quality of each day's supplies is first approved by one of the Sainsbury family. Everything is carefully sampled to see that it satisfies official (and far higher than official) standards. And off go Sainsbury's lorries to every branch in time for its morning opening.

Sainsbury's buy for Quality—always for Quality. Standard—before price—is their one preoccupation.

J. Sainsbury

Farms: Tipton, Devon. Milns of Kenney, Aberdeenshire. Haverhill, Suffolk.

MY DISHFUL DINES WITH US TONIGHT THE SYSTEM MUST BE ONE OF SAINSBURY'S

LOOK, MAMA IS NOT THAT MR. SAINSBURY?

OH, HARRID! FIE! YOU HAVE BEEN AT THE SPECIAL PRESERVE.

HOW DELICIOUS! FRESH SAINSBURY'S BUTTER ALWAYS IS!

SUCH A PLEASURE TO SHOP AT SAINSBURY'S SUCH GOOD HAWKERY!

PERHAPS THESE EGGS COME FROM THE BEST FARM HE SELLS THEM TO SAINSBURY'S FOR NOW.

COULD I HAVE CALLED FORGET THERE'S A SAINSBURY TEAM WAITING AT HOME!

COME ON, CHAPS! MY MOTHER'S LIST A NUMBER FROM SAINSBURY'S!

ANOTHER CRISIS LAST NIGHT! FORGOT THE GREAT CHERRIES ON MY SAINSBURY LIST!

SIMPLY BEST TO SAINSBURY'S AND SAINSBURY'S AND SAINSBURY'S!

Anno 1939



CHIEF OFFICES & STORES.
STAMFORD ST & BENNETT ST, S. E.

Anno 1895

Mr. John's Diary

This further instalment of Mr. John's Diary is closely concerned with the establishment of the Stamford Street Depot at Wakefield House.

Now comes a very important change in the trade, for John Musker (H. & C.), Thomas Lipton and W. G. Watson (Maypole) had started and were going ahead with their ambitious schemes to cover the country with their branches. I must tell you that our Founder never had that idea, but was content to progress as new districts developed adjacent to our existing branches. For instance, from the Crescent we extended to Kilburn, when that became a market centre, to serve our old customers who had ceased to shop in Queen's Crescent, and so on to the new suburbs that were fast springing up. The theory that there was plenty of warmth under a shady tree induced new companies to open as near as possible (often next door) to the principal grocer or provision dealer. On the Sunday following the opening of one particular shop in the East End a mob who objected to these methods broke in the shop and mixed the tea and butter and other goods and made a proper mess of the store.

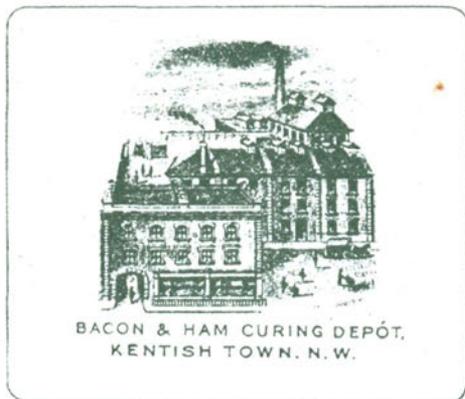
The H. & C. opened their second branch next to 98 Queen's Crescent. They bought the lease from an undertaker named Medlock, a friendly man whom I remember quite well. This competition caused my father (who was far too good a philosopher to spend all his time and strength in business—he was a lover of a good horse and the countryside) to say to me: "My son, I'm afraid this new competition will necessitate us changing our plans if we are to compete successfully." To meet the new circumstances we had to find a new and enlarged headquarters. The first site we came across was, I thought, the ideal. A square plot with roads around and big enough to house all sections, it lay between the City Road and Goswell Road, but my father would not entertain it because it did not face a main road. I kept my eyes open, for I was as then keen as father to be housed in a fine new building and one evening we were sitting either side of the fireplace when I spotted an advertisement

of a horse repository for sale in Stamford Street and the following day we drove down to inspect it. The time was midsummer and, as you can imagine, the big open space between the buildings was covered with a glass roof. As we entered I said to father "This won't suit us, the goods would melt under this roof." He replied, "Wait a moment" (a check to my usual impetuosity), "we'll decide that point when we have had a look round." The lease of about 80 years was to be sold by auction with a ground rent of, I believe, £340 p.a. At this time there were many transport companies in London, such as Tillings, Balls Bros., General Omnibus Company, etc., and they all had their eye on this valuable stable and coach house for eighty horses.

The auctioneers—Debenham Tewson & Co.—one of the most reliable firms—held the sale on the premises. After a full description of the premises, which were known as Cox's Horse Repository, the auctioneer asked for a starting bid of twenty thousand. No reply came from the company, which consisted entirely of those interested in horse-drawn vehicles. "We'll say £15,000": no reply, and so on till in the end Mr. Debenham, the senior partner, mounted the rostrum and expressed his astonishment. He said that during his long career this was the first time he could not

get a bid for a very saleable property.

As father was leaving Mr. Debenham espied him and said "Here, Sainsbury, you must be interested or you would not be here, make me a bid." Well, after father had pointed out a clause in the lease requiring the property to be used only as a horse repository, he complied with Mr. Debenham's request and made an offer of £100. Mr. Debenham turned to his clerk to inquire the expenses to date for the sale and was told they amounted to £160, mostly for advertising. As a result father increased his bid to £500 on condition that they would not sell away from him before he had the refusal. The usual notice "To be sold by private treaty" was posted and soon afterwards the late Mr. John Humphrey, partner in Hay's Wharf, passing on his way to Waterloo, noticed it. The following day he called on Mr. Debenham, who informed him that he had given J.S. the first refusal, and without hesitation he replied "I will, without knowing Sainsbury's offer, increase it by £1,000." I must now tell you that Mr. Humphrey and my father knew each other quite well and the fact that we secured it at the low figure of £2,500 is the secret of an inner story. Father was known to the late Mr. Richard Tilling and others in the horsey world and they all agreed to stand by in his favour.



Anno 1895

STAFF ASSOCIATION

'The Veterans'

ST. BRIDE'S Institute, near Ludgate Circus, on Wednesday, 23rd February, was the scene of a meeting, unique in the history of the "House of Sainsbury."

On this memorable afternoon one-hundred-and-sixty old stalwarts of the Firm journeyed to this place to take part in the First Gathering of the Veterans of J. Sainsbury. Perhaps it is not quite correct to refer to it as the First Gathering, as a smaller party had travelled to Mr. J. B's home at Cooden, near Bexhill, on Wednesday, the 14th July last.

How did this all come about? And why did these Veterans, many of whom had been on the retired list for some years, suddenly come into the picture again? They had never been forgotten in their retirement; we were always pleased to see them when they called at the shop or office, but somehow or other we always seemed to be busy when they called; they for their part realised we had a job to do and were reluctant to encroach upon our time.

The birth of the Sainsbury Staff Association in May, 1947, started a contact with the Pensioners which we hope will be built up through the years to come.

The Rules of the Association provide for all J.S. Pensioners to be members, free of charge, and entitled to all the benefits of the Association.

During the latter part of 1947 it was thought that many Pensioners who were still young enough and in good health would welcome the opportunity of renewing their contacts with their old friends through the medium of the Staff Association, and might be pleased to assist at many of its social functions. Miss Nellie Dudman was approached and, with the help of her unrivalled knowledge of the health, age and place of residence of the Pensioners, a circular was sent, asking whether they would be prepared to assist us. Nearly 80 promptly signified their willingness to help, and in May, 1948, a meeting was called in Room 60, Blackfriars. Tea was provided and amidst scenes of enthusiasm Mr. J. B. went from one old friend to another exchanging reminiscences. Mr. J. B. addressed the meeting and invited the party to come down to Bexhill in the summer.

A small Committee was elected with Mr. G. Hoare as Chairman, Miss Nellie Dudman as Secretary, Mr. A. J. Battams as Treasurer, and Messrs. Adye, Toynton,

Hopker and Atkins as members of the Committee. Meetings have been held regularly and the Pensioners have assisted the Association throughout the year at Flower Shows, Swimming Gala, Sports Day, Handicraft Exhibition, Section Club Rooms, Dances, Whist Drives and Socials.

It was decided to call the Organisation "The Veterans' Group" and the Association voted it a grant of £100.

Mr. John was later obliged to restrict the number to visit Bexhill to 70 on account of accommodation, and on the 14th July, three coaches left Blackfriars for Cooden on what was to be the first outing of the Veterans' Group. The journey down was good, the return journey not so good, but the five hours or so spent at Cooden were just wet. It started to rain as the party met Mr. John and it rained steadily until they left, but no party was ever happier or enjoyed themselves more than the 70 who lingered over lunch and tea or crowded under the verandah during the afternoon, or wandered through the lovely grounds and greenhouses. They won't forget that day.

At Christmas the Committee sent a calendar to each Pensioner as a little reminder that they were not forgotten. They further considered what next they could do to bring the Veterans together, and possibly make up for any disappointments there may have been over the visit to Bexhill. They decided upon an ambitious plan of getting as far as possible all pensioners together at a suitable place adjacent to Blackfriars. A place where Tea and Entertainment could be provided. St. Bride's Institute was selected and invitations sent to all pensioners, with the exception of a few whom the Committee thought lived too far away to make the journey.

If there were any pensioners disappointed, the Committee express their sincere regrets and promise to let each one decide for himself next time whether the journey is too long.

It was an exhilarating sight to see

these 160 old servants of the House of Sainsbury, excited at meeting once more, so many old friends, swapping yarns of the days that were, and looking very fit and well in their retirement. Of course, there were one or two who were not enjoying the best of health, but they had made the effort to get to the gathering and would not have missed it for anything. One man whom we collected from his home was amazed at the bomb-damage he saw as he was driven to St. Bride's.

The opportunity was taken to hold a short Annual General Meeting at which a report of the year was given and the Officers and Committee re-elected *en bloc*.

During the afternoon Mr. Alan and Mr. R. J. came over from the Office and had a chat with many, but owing to pressing appointments were unable to greet each one personally. However, Mr. Alan took the platform and gave a cheery welcome to everyone, expressing his regrets that his father was not able to be present with them. He told them that Mr. John was at present in Australia.

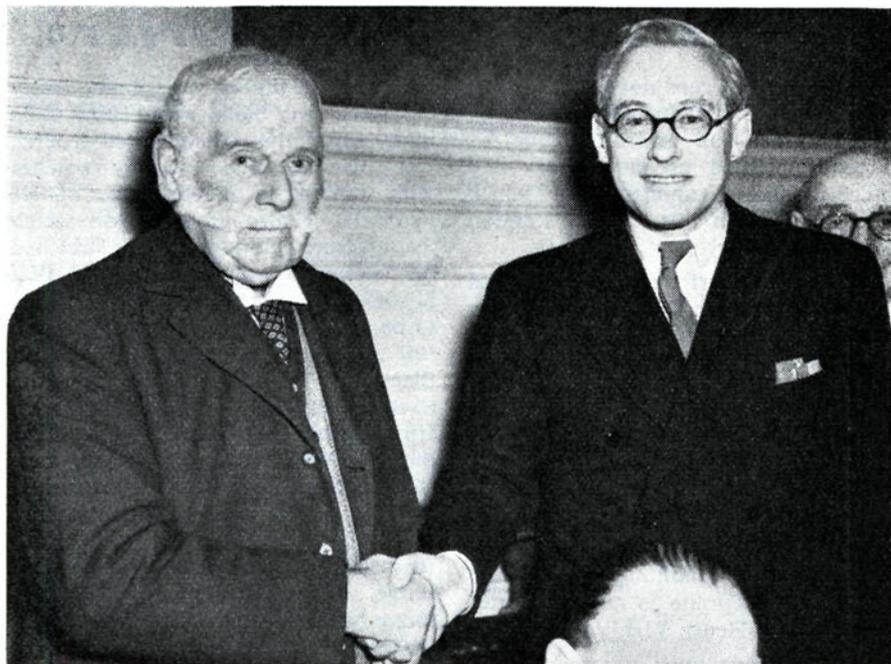
The gathering decided to send a cablegram to Mr. John:—

"160 Veterans gathered in St. Bride's Institute send you hearty greetings and wish you a safe return to your native land."

Photographers were busy and Mr. Alan was caught shaking hands with Mr. W. Lucken, our old Poultry and Game Buyer, who is 86, and celebrated his Diamond Wedding on 10th March. A suitable telegram was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Lucken by the Veterans' Group on this very special occasion.

Later in the afternoon Mr. F. W. Salisbury came over and had a chat with many old friends.

Some very impressive figures of service were given to the meeting. The aggregate of service of those present totalled nearly 5,000 years with Mr. A. McCarthy heading the list with 54 years. Thirty-two had over 40 years' service,



whilst 59 had between 30 and 40 years to their credit.

During the afternoon nearly two-thirds of the gathering voted for a subsidised Outing in the summer if the committee can arrange it.

Before tea the Veterans were entertained by Mr. Larry Teal, the comedian, and afterwards Mr. Donald Richards, the conjurer, delighted his audience with his many tricks, not the least of which was producing from nowhere a glass of beer which found its way to a

thirsty Veteran sitting near the platform.

Perhaps the high-light of this afternoon was Miss Rene Harrison with her accordion and Mr. Cyril Weller at the piano, who rounded off a memorable gathering with community singing and closing with a very sincere "Auld Lang Syne."

We thank the Veterans for the help they have given us during the past year and may this gathering prove to be only one of many to be held in the days to come.

Can we make a Date?

May 1st Weekend - Summer season opens at Dulwich

June 6th Whit-Monday - Sports day at Dulwich

September 22nd - - Swimming Gala

The Romance of Blackfriars

THE street that runs down one side of the "Kitchens" at Blackfriars is called Paris Garden—an arresting name for a road enclosed by tall factory and office buildings, and a name which like so many in this part of London tells a long story.

In 1390, Robert de Paris, who was the King's Marshal, built a mansion in large grounds by the Thames and it came to be called Paris Garden. It was a "liberty" and therefore outside the jurisdiction of the City Corporation which state led in later times to its becoming the haunt of lawless elements. But by the end of the sixteenth century it had grown to be one of the amusement centres of London and was patronized by society, although Shakespeare found it appropriate to make a porter in the play "Henry VIII," say

"You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals,

Do you take the court for Paris Garden?"

The Swan Theatre was built here in 1595 and was leased by the great showmen Henslowe and Alleyn. When not in use as a theatre it was transformed into a bear garden where men and dogs tormented chained bears, and, as a foreign traveller of the time says "At these spectacles, and everywhere else, the English are constantly smoking tobacco." We are told in another old record that the public were charged "one penny at the gate, one penny at the entry to the scaffold and one penny for a quiet sitting." At the time of the Civil War this theatre and the others on Bankside were closed and never opened again, as London north of the Thames became the new entertainment centre.

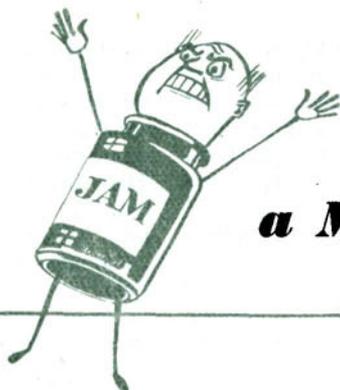
A map made in the middle of the eighteenth century shows houses and

wharves and timber yards built closely along the river bank, with behind them many small plots of cultivated ground, tree planted, some marshy patches with standing water and larger spaces marked "Tenter ground" on which manufactured cloth used to be stretched on tenters, or wooden frames, so that it could dry without shrinking (hence, to be on tenter hooks, or in suspense). But there was no Stamford Street, no Blackfriars Road, no bridge over the river and the only east to west road was Upper Ground, which still runs behind the Head Office and beside the Thames. Marygold Stairs led down to the river from Marygold Lane at the spot where Blackfriars Bridge now leads into Blackfriars Road. Near by lay Old Barge House Stairs, commemorated today by Barge House Street, where in the time of the Tudors the Royal Barges were kept, and which must have echoed often to the cry of the watermen as they kept time with their oars—"Heave and how, rumbelow." But how different from today was the readiness of the "fishful river" to freeze and so solidly that in 1684 Evelyn could write in his diary that there were on the ice "booths in formal streets . . . and coaches plied . . . to and fro," while in 1564 Hollinshed says "people went over and along the Thames from London Bridge to Westminster."

With the opening of Blackfriars Bridge and Westminster Bridge shortly after Roque's map was printed the aspect of the south bank changed rapidly as more and more traffic poured through it. After centuries of little change it became the conglomeration of factories and warehouses and offices which we know today; from being the amusement ground of early London it became the commercial centre of large enterprises.

M. M. N.

Who'd be



a Manager?

by T. R. WELHAM

WE receive so many official instructions, semi-official instructions, long memos, short memos and "It is rumoured" circulations that I wonder if the people sitting snugly in their offices at Blackfriars ever think of the trials of the poor Branch Manager and his staff? Often have I been tempted to put on paper some of my innermost thoughts, but discretion has until now proved the better part of valour. The unforeseen has, however, happened, and I have actually been *invited* to tell readers of the *Journal* what I think, and once started on a train of thought I consider that possibly nothing would be more interesting than my experiences of the first week of "preserves-off-the-ration."

It was great news! All Jams and Marmalade off the ration!! What a wonderful chance to "Have a Go" (That sounds like "Pickles" but let's get back to Jam).

Visions of my sales soaring into many thousands came before me and I set myself a target for the Branch of 10,000 lbs. Could we manage it? No—it's absurd—far too ambitious—quite unlikely—but never mind, "Let's try."

My reveries were broken by one of those little things that can be so irritating and usually happen when I am trying to placate a difficult customer, or when helping to carry in a load of goods or when in the warehouse trying to make system out of chaos. "Telephone, sir." Ah, it's the Superintendent. He wants to know what I anticipate my sales of

Preserves will be during the first off-ration week. I airily say, "Oh, 10,000 lbs. or so." (I wish I had been more conservative in my estimate when I hear his gasp of surprise at the other end of the line.) I repeat, with a little less assurance, "Well, sir, it's a nice round figure." The Superintendent says, "Well, you have my good wishes," and I whisper to myself "And I'll need them."

Well, I've done it now and 10,000 lbs. is the target! "Now, miss, let's get cracking—What is our present stock of Preserves? Yes—yes, include marmalade *and* include receipts for the week. What! We've a warehouse full and the stock is 5,000 lbs.—Not nearly enough! Let's get on to Mr. Murphy the Contact Clerk, late of the Chairborne Brigade of Cairo—or should I speak to Mr. Mix himself—he of the Glasshouse Brigade of Residents—our hierarchy friend? Never mind—I'll write. We must have *lots* more jam and marmalade. Now for the letter. 'Dear Mr. Murphy, Please build up the stocks of preserves at this branch before Saturday. We hope to sell 10,000 lbs. during next week. Can you send the following varieties and amounts, etc., etc.'"—Good old Murphy—I know he'll do his best for us—I only hope he won't show the letter to Tom Mix (his boss). I can imagine his reaction and his loud voice booming out "Nonsense, utter nonsense," while his small Poona moustache will bristle—or perhaps it will only quiver—I wish I knew how it

would take him. He *might* say—"Get me that Manager on the 'phone" no ! that is unlikely—on reflection I feel that he would not confer with the likes of me, but would save his pearls of wisdom for the hierarchy ; he won't ring me.

Happily, no repercussions ; in two days the stock began to grow ; I called the staff together, informed them of next week's " Do " ; impressed on them that this would be the week of weeks for us all. There could be no sinking—we were all in the swim together ; there just had to be a happy landing (I expect they thought me barmy—Gosh, why did I have to say 10,000 lbs. ?)

Tell it not in Gath, it is rumoured that Mr. Tom Mix has told poor Murphy that if my branch is stuck with preserves after the great week he would be sent to the " Stamplicking " Dept.—an integral part of Head Office (its chief function appears to me to be losing documents, checking up and weighing envelopes, the latter to see if we put enough stamps on in the Branch).

I often wonder what Mr. Tom Mix is like. With that frightening on-parade voice over the 'phone and that important tone, he must have been at least a Sergeant " Square-basher " teaching A.T.S. their drill—somewhere out East I expect—Cairo or Poona districts definitely.

The Friday night before the " big week " the staff assembled for " Pay Parade " and I thought that an opportune moment to say just a little more about the following week—" Don't forget that extra quarter pound of tea and (this, of course, was uppermost in my mind) in a firm voice " Don't forget that 10,000 lbs. of preserves."

It was dull on that Monday morning and I couldn't understand why the Clerk of the Weather had failed to recognise the importance of the date and had failed to make the sun shine. By 8.15 a.m. all the staff were ready. The scene was set—Quick service and

good service was essential. Nothing had been forgotten. Some of the members of the staff who had arrived at 8.0 a.m. reported that a few customers were then already lining up outside. That was hopeful ! I hoped the queue would grow and when we finally opened just before the scheduled time—the customers were there. They had not failed us ! In they came—not in pairs or in an orderly line—but swarms by the dozens. Rushing and squeezing through the portals in they came—the rush was on ! By the afternoon we were out of stock of many varieties and so to the phone to old friend Murphy. " Can you send me the following tomorrow, Raspberry, Apricot, Gooseberry, Lime Marmalade and of course LEMON CURD ! Quick as a flash came his retort " Sorry sir, on allocation ! Would you like more of the others, but remember you must sell out by Saturday night." Next morning a 5-ton van arrived with Preserves. It was quickly unloaded, the depleted stacks filled up—and on went the rush. Our hopes rose, Preserves still sold well on Tuesday and Wednesday—as fast as the shelves emptied they were refilled and I was certain that 10,000 mark was in our reach. More Preserves arrived on Friday and the dwindling stacks on the shelves and the empty spaces were filled up again. Friday was a mad day ; at the end of which the First Clerk told me we had received just over 10,000 lbs. of preserves. (By the way, thank you, Mr. Murphy, for those 24 jars of Lemon Curd !)

After " Pay Parade " I thanked the staff for their tremendous effort and urged them to have a final bash on Saturday. Jam sold freely on that day too, but not quite freely enough. The staff had a great thrill in store for them ; towards the end of the morning a very important person visited us. Some of the newcomers had never seen him before. They were delighted and there was a general feeling of satisfaction to know that at the end of that hectic week,

Mr. Alan had found time to drop in.

When the Branch closed on Saturday night, we had not sold out of Preserves, so I decided to take the Sales Sheet stock, accompanied by the Assistant Manager. The exact stock taken, the staff crowded round the office to hear the result.

I read it out to the First Clerk, who told the Assistant Manager of the sales and he recorded the figures. At long last I had finished my piece—the First Clerk had finished hers—there was a deathly hush as I cast up the figures. After a double check of the totals the sales were announced as 8,575 lbs. The faces of the staff dropped—nobody said a word for a few moments—someone

timidly suggested a recount—but the figure was correct ! I could not let the opportunity pass without saying a word to the staff on their wonderful effort and achievement. I told them I wondered if any of the other Branches in the area had beaten our figure. They had not—I learned afterwards that we had surpassed our nearest rivals by over 2,000 lbs. !

That is the tale of Preserves, sirs ; excelled in all Departments ; smashed all records ; a new page in Branch history—and Mr. Murphy's records show 12,000 lbs. for the first two weeks and 15,000 for the second two weeks of the Period—NOT BAD FOR A SMALL SHOP !

Romantic (?) Spring

*Flowers blossom on the trees,
Grass is waving in the breeze,
Songs are sung in various keys.*

Spring is here.

*Maids are "comin' thro' the rye,"
Men are turning gladsome eye,
Cows are lowing where they lie.*

Spring is here.

*Athletes trying out their paces,
Boys are using belts, not braces.
Girls are putting on new faces.*

Spring is here.

*Music swinging sweet and low,
Couples dancing to and fro,
Great big blister on your toe.*

Spring is here.

*Fairs are going with a swing,
Hear the merry laughter ring,
See the lovers dallying.*

Spring is here.

*Grace Springthorpe
(Sales Office and Music Group)*



By J. C. LITRIZZA (Record Section)

IT certainly appears to be man's lot to work and for most of us it is true to say that we work or starve. And yet, there are people working at various things to whom this harsh-sounding ultimatum does not apply at all. Their livelihood is already provided for. Why then do they work? Why do any of us work? Economic necessity is clearly not the whole and complete answer. We see men who have worked at a job for forty or fifty years and earned an adequate pension heave a sigh of relief as they take off their aprons or lay down their tools or their pen for the last time. We congratulate them and wish them a happy retirement from work. The next time we meet them we find that they have taken an allotment. Or they've taken another job—or become secretary or treasurer to something or another. "Gives me something to do," they'll explain.

It might be thought that a man who had worked for forty or fifty years had simply formed a habit of working which he could not break when he retired. But what of those fortunate folk who have never had to work? Those born as we say with a silver spoon in their mouths? Some of them it is true spend their lives chasing round the world seeking one kind of pleasure after another. They enjoy each one more or less but they are restless. They

cannot stay in one place or do any one thing for long. Nothing gives them any real or lasting satisfaction. They are the drones so heartily condemned by our modern society. On the other hand, it does not follow that if a man has enough money to live on he automatically becomes a drone. Many such people take up a career the same as anyone else. Some again prefer to give their services to one or more of the bodies who rely on voluntary, unpaid efforts.

So that, although sheer necessity may be the principal reason why we work, it does seem that perhaps that is not the only reason. A man seems to have in him a desire to develop himself and to express himself. And he knows this "self" of his. He can as it were step outside himself and take a look. He can get a mental picture of himself. And whether he be a manager or a machine operator, a clerk or a carpenter, he sees a being having in its own right a certain dignity. A dignity which demands that he be respected always as a man and nothing less. And he knows with all the certainty of natural knowledge that he is too dignified ever to be repeated. He is unique. He knows that there could never have been anyone exactly like him. Nor will there ever be again. Nobody else could possibly have just

that mixture of likes and dislikes, abilities and shortcomings which are part of him. Doubles in looks there may be, perhaps, but doubles in personalities—never!

Now, realising this in-born dignity and this uniqueness of ours, we feel an urge to develop ourselves to the fullest. To reach in all our activities the highest point we are capable of reaching. This urge or desire is in us all as part of our being. We can allow it full play or keep it down according as we wish. But we cannot remove it. It is always with us and will make itself felt, no matter how slightly, in everything we do. It is this desire to be ourselves to the fullest that prompts us to demand what we see to be our rights. To remove any unfair obstacles to our progress. And it seems to be part of this same self-developing inclination in us that makes us want to be recognised by others as what we are. We rebel against the idea of just coming into the world, living our lives and slipping out of it without anyone really knowing or noticing us. Knowing us by sight or name is not enough. We feel we must assert ourselves somehow. We must show them just what sort of men and women we are. We must demonstrate ourselves for all to see. And work provides a means of doing this. We can put ourselves into our work. Nobody else can do our job exactly as we can do it. On our work we leave an imprint of our unique self.

So much for man as an individual with his own life to lead and his own "self" to develop and express. But man is an awkward being to deal with. When he has to work he doesn't want to and when he doesn't have to he feels that he must do something. Now, just when we have him taped as an individual we look at him again and see that he is at the same time something almost the opposite; he is a member of society—of something larger than himself. Everything he does affects not only himself but those

around him. His life is part of the life of the place he lives in—part of the life of his family group—part of the life of his firm. He may be a member of a club or of a football team. At the same time he belongs to the community of the whole country and the still larger community of the world.

And just as we feel a need to develop and assert ourselves we feel a need to "belong" to something outside ourselves. We need to belong to a community which can absorb us, as it were, and which we can serve. A community which needs our particular personality and the particular contribution which we can make to the life of the whole. We are most aware of this need to belong when we are lonely, when we feel that nobody wants us, that nobody wants what we have to give them. We want not merely to "belong" but to serve the community and further its good. In the depression of the nineteen-thirties it was found that the unemployed were demoralised not so much by the hardship of having to live on the dole as by the feeling that they were not wanted. Not only were they unable to find individual employers who needed their services but the whole set-up of the country seemed to count them as a burden instead of active members of the community.

The two tendencies of our nature which we have considered, the one turning inwards as it were and seeking its own fulfilment while the other turns outwards from the "self" to seek the good of the community, are so essential a part of our nature that they are both present in all our activities even though one may predominate to such an extent as to almost completely hide the other. It is quite easy, however, to see how both influence a man to work. Although economic need forces most of us to work, this economic need at the same time allows us to express and develop our personality, and also to take our part in the life of the community.



*Above—Mr. John entertains
at Little Common.*

5000 Year





s of Service

*Below—The Veterans' Group
at St. Bride's Institute.*





Fig. 1. One part of the punching and verifying section.

Mechanization an Open Book

The Third Floor Front

Trainees and other visitors to Blackfriars Offices often show more interest in the Mechanized Department on the Third Floor than they do in other departments. What is the attraction? Is it the mystery in which the whole procedure can so easily be wrapped? Is it the marvel of additions and subtractions and accounting procedures, and the printing of documents being performed without brain-fag or tears? Or is it just the fascination of seeing the wheels go round? We shall probably never know.

One thing, however, is certain, the normal superficial tour of the department tends to confuse rather than clarify the subject for some people, and there is evidence of a real desire which these articles may satisfy, on the part of many of our non-office staff—and some of our office staff too—for more information regarding the history, operation and achievements of office mechanization. This in J.S. means principally the Powers Punched Card System.

Like all trades and professions, callings and cults, machine operators

and other initiated persons in the Mechanized Department have a jargon of their own. Even within the department there are expressions and terms used by one section which would be unintelligible to members of other sections.

It is always surprisingly easy to impress people who just do not happen to know the technical language of a trade or sect. Doctors, lawyers, accountants and bankers and nearly all professional men have been happily and successfully using this technique for hundreds or perhaps for thousands of years. Tradesmen do the same thing. For a long time the ordinary layman never dreamt of learning such a simple operation as replacing a "blown fuse". So long as the electrician succeeded in avoiding the disclosure of the simple nature of the job he retained his feeling of superiority and power and protected or increased his earnings.

So if you hear operators or experts in mechanization discussing the behaviour of an "interpreter," or the uncanny accuracy of somebody's "punching," you need not be misled. It does not mean that there is a

constant need for foreign translations in Blackfriars or that a boxing match is in progress or is contemplated. You might be more dismayed if you were expected to understand what "ghost holes" are, or what is meant by a Powers "Four/five, twenty-five sector numeralpha Tab. with three D.S. units, summary card punch and light designation indicator." But if you have the key to the jargon it is all plain sailing. It is certainly no harder to understand such things than it is to learn the language of rationing documents. Let us start then with some preliminary information about the punched card system by reflecting on the objects of accounting and office work in general.

What it does

The system as applied to accounting and statistical work is simple and is not at all a thing of mystery. It entails no radical departure from orthodox accounting principles or presentation of statistics or accounting results, or in the making out of documents such as Invoices, Cash Sheets, Customers' or Suppliers' Statements, and similar well-known advices and records. It is true, however, that the method of obtaining the results does in all probability differ radically from any other method that could be employed.

To keep our minds clear, the first step is to realise that all record-keeping, including book-keeping in the accounting sense, consists of three basic operations :—

- (1) Recording the transaction in the first place on some form of original document or "book of original entry."
- (2) Sorting the transactions into desired groupings (keeping a set of accounts in a ledger is only a convenient means of sorting transactions by customer or other ledger account classification.)
- (3) Copying the entries on some final statement or summary,

adding and/or subtracting figures in each group and showing the resulting totals.

In the punched card system instead of writing figures on paper, holes are punched by a machine (Fig. 1) in uniform cards (as shown in the illustration at top of page 19 (Fig. 4)), to record the information. It does not take much imagination to think of a machine (Fig. 5) being devised to sense these holes and discriminate between say an 8 and a 9 recorded in the same column and so cause the two cards to find their way into their respective groups.

Nor is it difficult to think a stage further and imagine a printing machine (Fig. 2) which, working from the same holes, could print the figures correctly, add and subtract where necessary, and print the required totals.

What we use it for

We shall show later how such machines are employed in J.S. for such office work as—

The production of Cash Sheets,

The production of advices to the bank for the payment of Suppliers'



Fig. 2. This machine 'interprets' the holes and prints the figures and letters on the card itself.

Invoices, and the grouping or analysis of such payments,
The preparation of Debit Notes for deliveries to branches and Credit Notes for Returns from branches,
The mechanical guarantee of accurate extensions and additions,
The check of Branch Takings, and Stocks,
The production of Depot Stock Control Accounts,
and many other interesting jobs leading, finally, to the production of the Company's official Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet.

History Ancient and Modern

Sometimes the observations of visitors to the Third Floor at Blackfriars after they have seen the system at work remind one of the Scot who went to a race meeting for the first time. Against the grain and after careful inquiries he risked a shilling on a horse which won at twenty to one. He went back to the bookmaker after making sure his winnings were not counterfeit money and tapping him on the shoulder said

"Look here, my man, how long has this been going on?"

Well, how long has the punched card system been going on? It is difficult to say but probably not less than 150 years.

Punched cards were certainly used for the control of mechanical operations as early as the beginning of the 19th century when J. M. Jacquard invented his famous loom in which the weaving of the exact pattern was controlled by a series of cards with holes punched into them. The application of the system to deal with figures is attributed to Charles Babbage, who in 1823 invented what was called a "difference or analytical engine" worked from punched cards. It failed for lack of financial support as so many good things do.

Seventeen years later a Stockholm printer who had some acquaintance with Babbage's work, built a tabulating machine operated by punched cards, and this apparently functioned satisfactorily. There is, however, no record of any development between that invention and one fifty years later.

In 1880, Dr. Hermann Hollerith was

Fig. 3



BRANCH CODE UNIT OF ISSUE PRICE NO OF CASES DEPT CODE L.S.D.

TSF 4447 POWER-SHAW ACCOUNTING MACHINES

COMMODITY CODE COMMODITY SIZE QUANTITY DATE

Fig. 4

Fig. 3 (opposite page). Tabulator printing and adding figures on statements and ejecting forms when account is completed. Screen shows No. of next account.

Fig. 4. The most common type of card with the "translation."

Fig. 5 (below). In this machine the cards are sorted into their respective groups at a speed of nearly seven a second.

employed in the U.S. Government Census Department, and by 1890 he had produced a machine, a non-printing clock dial tabulator in what we should regard as a very primitive form, but which nevertheless facilitated and expedited the compilation of the census results. There were other inventions between then and about 1910 when an engineer called James Powers was given the task by the U.S. Government of developing punched card equipment.

One of the greatest difficulties in connection with primitive punched card work was finding an efficient way of getting the holes into the mathematically exact positions in the cards. Powers' most important contribution to machine development was probably the invention of the automatic punch.

The first successful printing and adding tabulator came into commercial use in 1913 and was largely responsible for attracting attention to the possibilities of using the equipment for accounting purposes where previously it was only considered suitable for statistics. The prejudice against the punched card system for accounting persists to this day in many large organisations and other unexpected quarters.

It will be seen then that punched card machines are far from being a set of new-fangled gadgets. The system has stood the

test of time and research in new methods of using it is going on continually.

In J.S. we have not been lagging behind. We are, in fact, in some respects, pioneers and are well ahead of many large firms in the technique we employ and in the ground we cover.

Subsequent articles will contain in some detail descriptions of several interesting ways in which the system is used by us for the production of essential documents, records and statistics.

Fig. 5





Carrying on

SINCE my last article when I told you of my introduction into a Sainsbury shop, much has happened to me and I am no longer the timid youth I was then.

I can wire a block of butter with considerable speed and skill and slap up $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. margarine with just the correct professional flourish with slicer and beater, correct, that is, to do the job efficiently and professionally enough to impress the customers with my ability. I can candle eggs by the handful and understand all their mysterious internal symptoms. My bacon boning and slicing is a thing to see to appreciate, whilst everyone admits that my handling of sausages and pie is a delight to behold.

There are many other aspects of shop life in which I have gained considerable experience, e.g. I know just when the laundry is due so that I can get first pick of the clean aprons and I also

know just when the van from Blackfriars is due to arrive so that I can make myself reasonably scarce. I can recognise the customers in their various types, the pleasant type, the pernickety type, the aggressive type and various others upon whom it would not be diplomatic for me to dilate.

In the house, I have achieved a nice balance between being helpful but not doing too much and have developed a knack of knowing how to keep my wardrobe and drawers sufficiently tidy to escape criticism from Housekeeping Supervisors and others who descend upon us from time to time. My real masterpiece, I consider, is the manner in which I display masculine inefficiency in tackling ironing and mending—my forlorn and helpless look has never yet failed to arouse the sympathy of my Housekeeper in coming to my rescue in such an efficient manner that she has,

in the twinkling of an eye, done it for me.

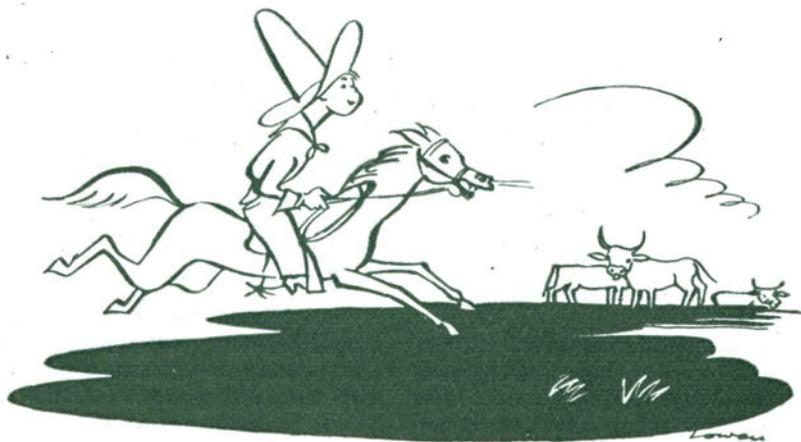
I hope you will not get the impression that I am conceited about my progress but I do possess a considerable pride in all my numerous achievements.

At the same time, in my more serious moments, I am fully conscious of the fact that there is still a tremendous amount of the Sainsbury shop life for which I am not yet equipped and in this matter I feel the training given to us is rather inadequate and that more imagination and initiative could be shown by those responsible for this planning. In the major departments of the shop, our knowledge is a little superficial and I am convinced that three months in Australia could teach me a great deal of the background of the dairy farming industry. Some experience of pig rearing and bacon curing in Denmark would also be most advantageous, whilst a short spell as a cowboy on an American ranch would give me a fuller understanding of the fresh meat department. Since I have been with the firm, I have noticed a tendency for other departments to open up and as one of the staff of the future, feel I should be trained in them. Tomatoes are a promising line and a few months spent in market gardening, preferably



near the coast in the summer, would be most helpful, whilst a few lessons on their hygienic polishing would not come amiss. Then there is fish. A week or so with a trawler would give us a very good background knowledge, whilst a conducted tour of a fish market would be most interesting, especially if it included a language lesson by one of the porters. In a well-planned timetable, such a visit would be counter-balanced by a similar one to a scent factory, but perhaps my imagination is getting the better of my reasoning.

As far as it goes, my training, I feel, is achieving its object and I only hope that when called up my skill will be appreciated and directed into a nice "cushy" job in the sergeants' mess.





Essentially for Women

We are introducing a new feature in the *Journal*. A page devoted to women, which will deal with women's everyday problems and contain suggestions written by women.

Have you a favourite recipe you would care to pass on to other members

of the staff; have you discovered some labour-saving wrinkle for use in the home; do you know how to save wear and tear on clothes and how to give that six-year-old suit the "New Look"? If so, pass the hint on to us. We will pay 5/- for every hint published here.

Are you a Hoarder ?

I SUPPOSE most of us will soon be thinking of spring-cleaning and the thought of turning out those cupboards and drawers which have been the receptacles of things which might not be wanted at the moment but "might come in useful" is appalling. It very often happens that very many odds and ends cluttering up useful spaces, never do "come in useful" and my advice, at spring-cleaning time, is to be utterly ruthless and discard those odd pieces of paper, small lengths of cotton, pencil stubs, odd programmes and sundry recipes that we have coaxed out of friends. Why not find time to write the recipes in a book? A small notebook, which can either be bought with an index or have an index cut out, would be most useful. Then the old pieces of paper could be dispensed with without any qualms.

I am afraid that during the war one became accustomed to "hoarding" because there was always the fear that the little piece of odd mending cotton could not

be easily replaced or would disappear from the market altogether. Nothing collects dust so much as a conglomeration of odds and ends and I find that once I get used to the idea of throwing bits and pieces away I have a perfect orgy and many items find their way into the salvage bag, for which perhaps some day I might—but that is not the way I meant to deal with this article. Old customs die hard.

Old letters, old programmes may have a sentimental value, but they *do* take up a good deal of valuable space and I should be most embarrassed if a child of mine ever did what the youngster belonging to a friend did: that was, played postman and dropped all his mother's long-cherished love-letters into the letterboxes of neighbours!

Once having made up your mind quite definitely that certain useless articles must be thrown away, don't spoil those nice spaces by starting fresh hoards to be thrown away next year!

Putting on the Pressure

PRESSURE cooking is widely advertised these days and it is surprising to find how few people have adopted this method.

To those who combine a full-time job with running a home, a pressure cooker frequently means the difference between a snack and a hot meal at the end of the day. It combines economy with speed, flavour with food value and is part of the answer to the staff shortage in the home. The pile of saucepans in the sink is reduced to one and time is just cut by 75 per cent.

There have been many queries on nutrition values, but it has been found by scientists that foods retain 80-90 per cent. of their vitamin and mineral salt values if cooked at the right pressure, which has been established at 15 lbs.

Sunday mornings can be so pleasant when a pot roast and vegetables, previously prepared, has to be cooked on return from church or a walk. This can be followed by a cold sweet.

To point out a few time savers, there is a marmalade pudding cooked in five minutes, vegetables from three to seven minutes, stews 15 minutes and pot roasts ten minutes per lb.

New cookery books are being produced which are a help and inspiration.

The writer has a pressure cooker which she has found most useful, if only for the fats reduced from bones, which have resulted in such luxuries as chips, dripping cake and steamed puddings, things which would otherwise have been impossible.

The cooking of cabbage is a great revelation. It is well known how soggy and colourless this can be, but cut into quarters, sprinkled with salt, and cooked in a pressure cooker, there is produced, after two or three minutes, a crisp, tasteful food as appetising as brussels sprouts.

The most palatable and economical way of cooking potatoes is cooking them in their jackets, which can easily be removed afterwards, and melted

(Continued overleaf)

Our Babies



Many charming photographs of really bonny babies have already arrived. The wonderful Easter weather tempted us to extend the date, and we shall

therefore be pleased to receive entries until 1st June.

The first prize will now be 10/6 and 5/- paid for every picture published.

margarine (or, if you want to be extravagant, melted butter) added and garnished with chopped parsley.

Food is gradually becoming more plentiful and of greater variety. Caterers and housewives will have to face the fact that there will soon have to be a battle of variety. During the past years, we have had to make do so much that standards have been lower, but with supplies coming into shops they must be utilized to their full advantage. Young cooks must be trained and experienced cooks must in time revert to using fresh ingredients in divers ways.

* * *

Labour-saving Gadgets

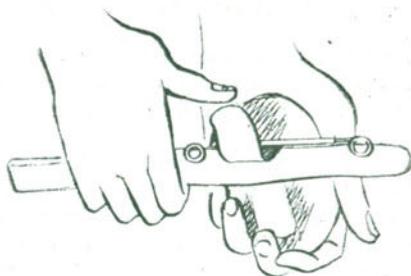
IN these days of queuing and shortage of domestic help, one desires to take advantage of everything which will tend to save time and energy in the home. We have recently come across some quite useful inexpensive "gadgets" which should commend themselves to our readers.



The first of these is an orange and grapefruit peeler, priced at 1/6. It saves waste and is much more expeditious in use than paring by hand or with an ordinary knife. It is made of plastic and is obtainable in a variety of pastel shades.

We have made a sketch of this little article, from which you will see there is nothing at all complicated about it.

The second "gadget" is just a short length of stout wire coiled into rings at each end. A knife is inserted through these rings, in the manner shown in the sketch, and articles to be sliced can be cut into required thickness by the simple alteration of the position of the knife. This wonderful little invention is sold in a box with two other "gadgets" at the modest sum of 2/6.



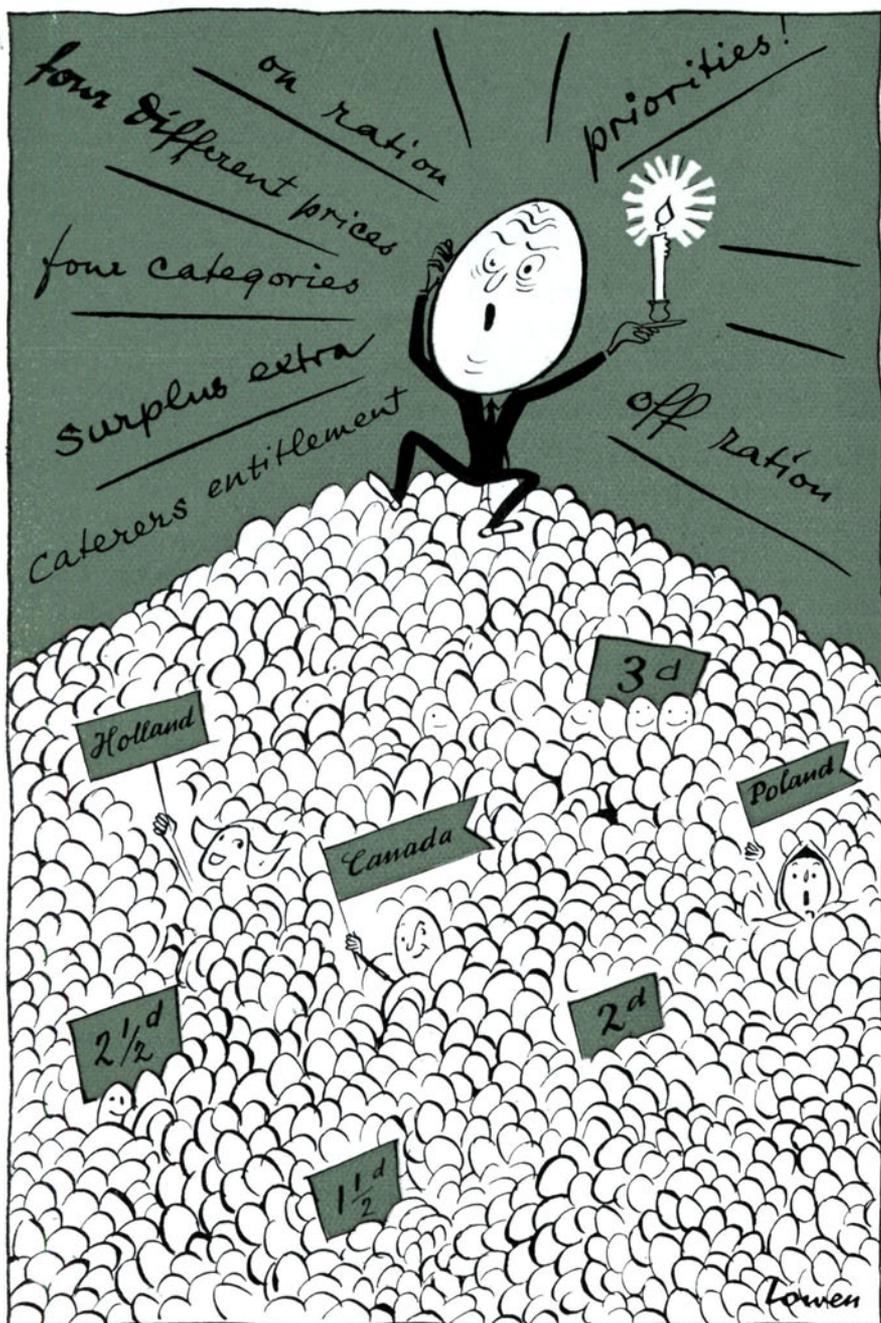
The other two are small appliances respectively used for coring apples without waste and making those permanent waves in potato slices which make them so much more attractive than ordinary chips.

Measures and Weights

IT may be that you do not possess household scales and you are anxious to try-out that new recipe which you wheedled from your friend when you tasted that delicious dish on the last occasion you visited her. (It is amazing how conservative people are about passing on their recipes !)

It is always important that correct quantities should be used and to help you to attain that high standard of cookery every housewife desires, we explain below how articles in common use can be utilised for the purposes of weights and measures.

- 4 large tablespoons make $\frac{1}{2}$ gill.
- 1 ordinary-sized tumbler holds $\frac{1}{2}$ pint
- 1 " " sherry glass holds $\frac{1}{2}$ gill
- 1 breakfast cup holds $\frac{1}{2}$ pint
- 1 " " of sugar weighs $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
- 1 " " " rice weighs about 7 ozs.
- 1 " " " sago, flour or chopped suet weighs 4 ozs.
- 1 teacup holds 1 gill
- 1 teacup holds 3 ozs.
- 40 drops make 1 teaspoonful.
- 4 teaspoonfuls equal 1 tablespoonful or 2 dessertspoonfuls.



Anticipation is always better than Realisation!

Personnel Problems

Your Queries
Answered by

"TRIBUNUS"

Wages Council— Retail Food Trades

IT looks as if my estimate of the operative date for the new regulations did not allow nearly enough time for the official wheels to turn and I am now advised that 1st June, or even 1st July, is a more likely date. I have received a large number of inquiries on the new regulations and I think it advisable at this stage to point out that the booklet posted in the branches represents *proposals* only. Objections to these proposals are considered by the Council, and ultimately by the Minister of Labour and National Service, before they are framed as regulations. By the time of issue of the next *J.S. Journal* a more definite stage will probably have been reached and, if this is so, I will deal with the regulations in more detail.

Payments during Sick Absence

Following my paragraph on the above subject in the last number of *J.S. Journal* I have received a letter from a member of the staff, which I feel is worth publication.

Dear Sir,

In the *J.S. Journal*, Vol. 2, No. 1, I noticed a small section about "Payments During Sick Absence."

I think it worthwhile to write a few words in contrast—

A WORD OF THANKS

I was away ill and my sick money was sent by Wages Office every week, same time, with the postman. So I am sure the staff at Blackfriars follow me with many thanks to the General Managers for a fair and excellent Sick Scheme.

Thank you.

"A Worker."

In writing a column of this kind one expects more "moans" than thanks, and I am therefore doubly pleased to receive such a letter.

Disabled Persons (Employment) Act

I have been asked to request all members of the staff who are registered under the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act to notify the Health Section, Staff Department, of their registration number and the nature of their disability.

Incidentally, there is still a good deal of misunderstanding about registration. I should imagine that the word "disabled," which to most people implies some crippling injury, is the principal cause of reluctance to register. In their own interest staff who suffer from any injury or form of sickness which may interfere with their work, should endeavour to get themselves registered.

From the firm's point of view it is obviously only fair that employees who have long or regular periods of sick absence should at least count against the quota of people who must be employed under the terms of the Act.

Friendly Service

I was listening recently to a talk in the Training Centre and found particularly interesting a strong plea for friendliness in our shops. I thought at



(“Star” Photograph)

Our congratulations to Leading Saleswoman Mrs. E. Burville of Kenton Branch who was voted the most courteous assistant in Kenton in a competition staged recently by the Kenton Courtesy Association.

Mrs. Burville led the poll by a comfortable margin of more than 200 votes.

Personnel Problems—continued

first that this was a special campaign connected with the recent window posters about the firm's long history of friendly service, but found, in fact, that it has been a theme of this particular lecture since courses recommenced after the war.

As business people we all realise the great appeal of a friendly service to the shopping public, but it was brought home to me in this lecture that there is two-way traffic in friendliness; it benefits the salesman as much as the customer, making the job on the one hand more interesting and on the other much easier to do.

Territorial and Reserve Camps

Since my note in the last issue it has become necessary to limit the extra

leave for voluntary Territorial or Reserve camps to one week in *all* cases. A voluntary member of a Territorial or Reserve unit has usually the choice of attending camp either for 8 or 15 days. Where he feels obliged to attend for the longer period it is considered reasonable that he should take the second week as part of his ordinary holiday entitlement.

I am asked to remind staff at branches on the coast that neither holidays nor special leave for camps can be granted during the months of July or August.

Address your personnel problem to “Tribunus,” c/o *J.S. Journal*, Stamford House, Blackfriars, S.E.1.

Those matters which are of general interest will be answered in these columns. Any queries justifying special attention will receive a personal answer.

Obituary

IT is with regret that we record the following deaths and extend to the next-of-kin our sincere sympathy.

ACTIVE LIST

Richard D. Claridge.—Employed at Blackfriars for over 28 years, latterly as Traffic Controller, died 19th February, 1949, following upon a lengthy illness.

RETIRED LIST

William C. Livings.—Employed at Brentwood for 24 years prior to his retirement in June, 1948, died on 20th February, 1949.

Mr. Livings had been in ill health for some years prior to his retirement.

Frank G. Rogers.—Employed at Blackfriars for 31 years, including War Service 1914-1922, and who retired before the official retirement age on account of ill health, in August, 1944, died on 13th March, 1949. Only a fortnight before his death Mr. Rogers met many of his old friends at the Pensioners' reunion at St. Bride's Institute.

E. A. Webb, who managed several branches, including Gloucester Road and Paddington, between 1907 and 1933, died on 13th March, 1949, following upon an operation.

Mr. George Younger died on January 30th after a short illness at the age of 77.

Better known as "G.Y.", he was a District Supervisor for many years until his retirement in 1928.



ARE you making use of our team of experts to deal with your problems? There may appear to be no solution to your particular worry, but why not get an outside opinion?

The wise old Owl

INFORMATION SERVICE

"What can I do with all the coal dust that has accumulated from several deliveries of coal?"—M.S.

Reply to M.S. We inquired from the Ministry of Fuel, who suggested making briquettes, as follows:—

Requirements

- 8-10 parts of coal dust or slack
- 1 part cement
- Water to mix
- 1 coal shovel
- 1 flower-pot (3 inches across)
- 1 piece of board

Take 8 to 10 shovelfuls of slack and sieve it so as to remove any lumps bigger than a thumb-nail. Then add a shovelful of cement and mix *very thoroughly*.

Make a hollow in the middle of the pile and put in water a little at a time,

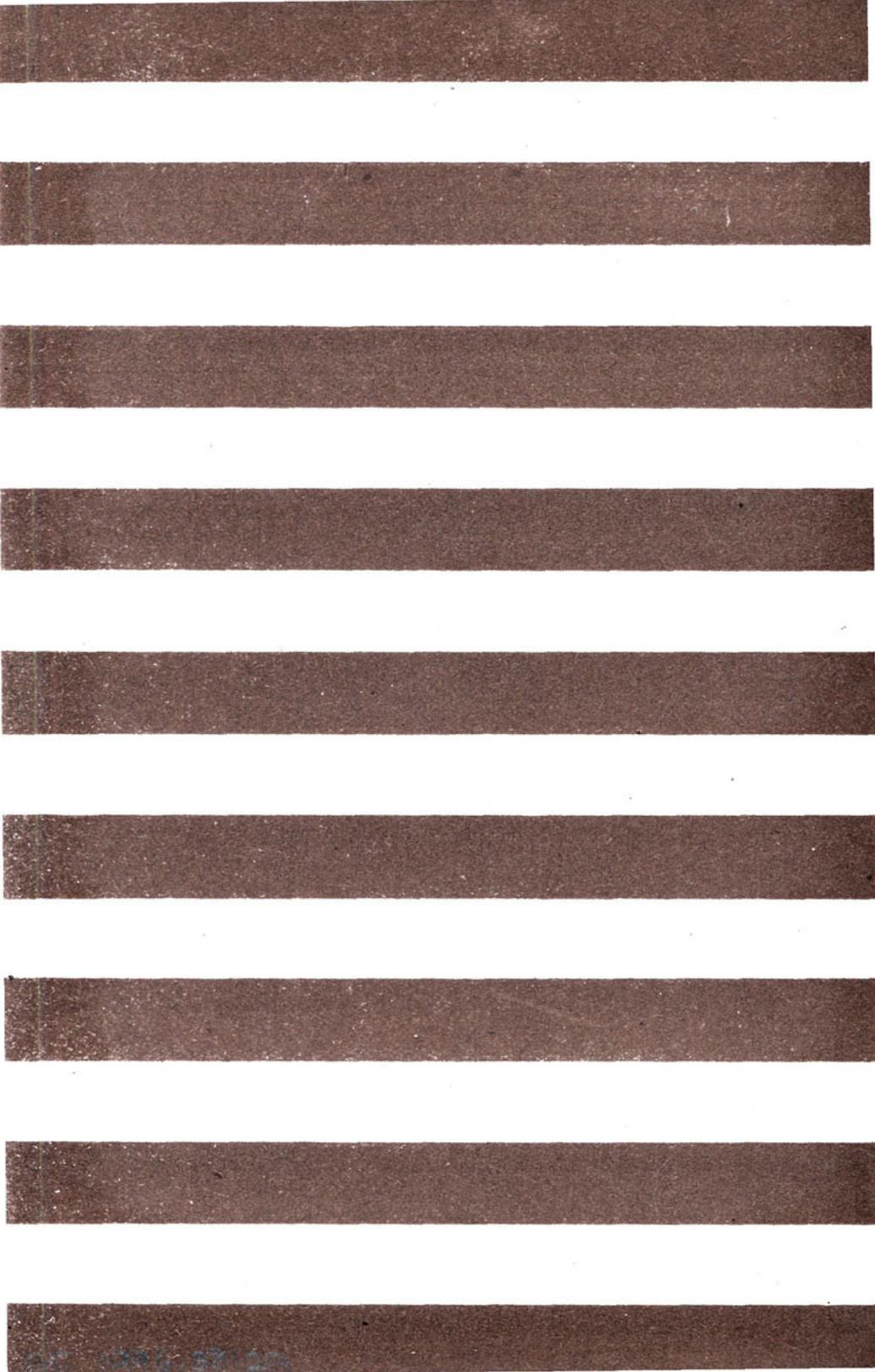
working in the mixture from the outside, until the whole is quite even and looks like damp earth (not like wet clay).

Ram the mixture tightly into the flower-pot, using the shovel or small trowel. Turn out on to the board. With the right amount of water, the briquette will come out cleanly and stand up like a sand castle. If it is crumbly, not enough water has been used, and you should add more to the mixture. If the briquette sticks, you have made the mixture too wet.

The Ministry offered to send us 7,000 leaflets on the subject for distribution.

(This might alleviate the fuel shortage—Ed.)

Congratulations to MR. J. L. WOODS, the Editor, and MRS. WOODS on the birth of a daughter, PAULINE, on the 27th March, 1949.—Just in time to qualify for Income Tax relief!





*Above—Mr. John entertains
at Little Common.*

5000 Years of Service

*Below—The Veterans' Group
at St. Bride's Institute.*

