



J.S
Journal

Vol. 3

March, 1950

No. 2

C O N T E N T S

	<i>Page</i>
<i>The latest addition</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>From Oats to Petrol</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>John Leech of Stamford Street</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>Section Sales Trophy—winners</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>Letters to the Editor</i>	<i>12</i>
<i>London Markets</i>	<i>14</i>
<i>Kitchen Counsel</i>	<i>20</i>
<i>Arts and Crafts Exhibition, 1950</i>	<i>21</i>
<i>Who only stand and hate</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>The World Cup Final</i>	<i>26</i>
<i>Service with a Smile</i>	<i>28</i>
<i>Short Story</i>	<i>29</i>
<i>Personnel Problems</i>	<i>32</i>



J.S Journal

*The
Sainsbury
House
Magazine*

Vol. 3

March 1950

No. 2

The latest addition . . .

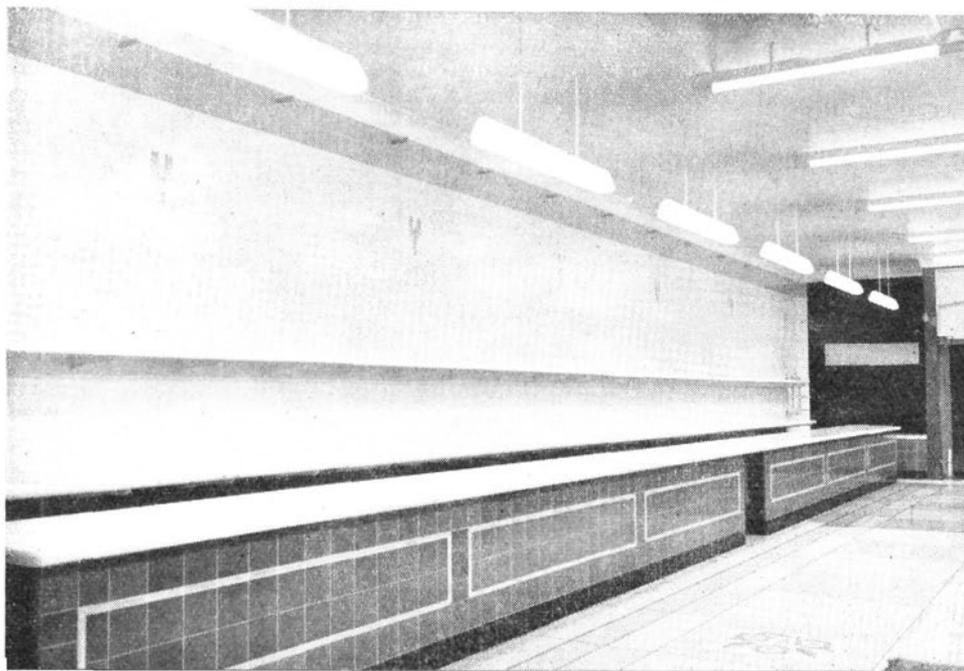
AS this number was being published another branch of the Sainsbury family came into being. A branch at 208, Addington Road, Selsdon, Surrey, opening on Monday, 27th February.

We much regret that time does not permit us to include in this number a full account of the opening ; this will

appear in our next edition ; but we feel sure that the photograph taken at the final stages of fitting were being completed will suffice to show what a really beautiful shop this is.

Our very best wishes to Selsdon branch—to its staff and to Mr. J. N. Graves its Manager.

Nearing completion—the hardening compound in the floor not yet dried.





20, 30, 40, ? years ago

From Oats to Petrol

THE SECOND INSTALMENT

by W. C. GURR

DURING the war we were naturally forced to decentralise to a very great extent, but the Transport carried on to the best of its ability in the circumstances that pertained from time to time.

After the war, when we were once more back at Blackfriars, we commenced to replace our existing four-ton vehicles with modern five-ton cars. The failure to restore our meat distribution to us, together with the difficulties of petrol rationing are the main reasons why for some considerable time we could not give more than three deliveries a week to a branch. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays were decided upon for the long distance branches, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for town and suburban deliveries. This arrangement gave the drivers the opportunity of a full half-day's holiday on Saturday, which they did not have prior to the war.

The next point to which we should like to make reference is the shortened working day for delivering to branches.

Prior to the war we frequently made a delivery to a shop as early as 6 a.m., and an evening arrival at 6.30 was not by any means uncommon. No one would wish for these long hours again for the shop staff, but it has restricted very much the number of hours in which cars can make their deliveries either with their own, or with the help of a spare driver. The great desirability for the delivery of all perishables to shops by mid-day need hardly be emphasised here, and during the three days-a-week delivery schedule this of necessity obliged us to make further deliveries of non-perishables during the afternoon. This again upset the balance of our loads by giving too many branches per car on the first delivery, which in turn made for a later return to Blackfriars, and of course slowed up the arrival at the shops with the afternoon supplies.

As you know, by now we have been able to return to the five-day a week delivery which very nearly approaches

the service we were able to give our branches prior to the war.

Owing largely to the loss of the Fresh Meat tonnage, the number of vehicles required today is only about two-thirds of the pre-war total. At present we are using regularly about 100 vehicles, with additional cars in reserve. To operate this fleet, nearly 130 drivers are employed, some of whom are on permanent night work.

The smooth working of a Transport fleet of this size is not possible without an efficient Transport Office and Warehouse organisation.

It became necessary some years ago, through lack of sufficient loading facilities at Blackfriars, to organise night loading. The advantages were so many that when the additional accommodation was available we decided to continue, and, on the return of all departments to London after the war, we resumed night loading as soon as possible. Night loading enabled us to adjust loads up to the time the Sales

Office and the branches closed for the day. We were able to send out to the branches Kitchen products which had only been finished at midnight the day previous. Fresh poultry and fresh meat could be kept in a suitable temperature until five or six hours before reaching the shops. Bacon could remain in the stoves instead of being packed down in cars for many hours in hot weather and so lose the bloom which we have always liked to see on a side of bacon. Coffee, which has been roasted that day, can be loaded through the night. To sum up, night loading gives us the maximum flexibility which rail traffic or contractors are unable to provide. From the Warehouse side, all orders for despatch the next day are prepared by a day staff working approximately from 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Monday to Friday. Apart from a small late gang, the Warehouse then closes down until 9.30 p.m. when a loading staff of foremen, checkers and warehousemen come on duty in all sections of the Depot. It



Some thirty years ago—decorated for a carnival

should be noted that the cars have usually five loading points to call at :—

Stamford House
The Annexe
The Bacon Dept.
The Cold Store, and finally at
The Factory.

In addition to the loading staff, a permanent gang of night drivers reports for duty and are expected to load six cars per man between the hours of 9.30 p.m. and 7 a.m. During these hours traffic around the Depot is negligible and, provided the internal arrangements are working smoothly, we find no difficulty in loading most of the fleet during the night.

In addition to the night loading drivers we have an additional man to warm-up the cars and to assist in filling up the radiators if the weather is cold. A motor engineer is on duty to attend to any minor adjustments that may be necessary. In the early hours of the morning two stand-by drivers come on duty ready to take over the vehicle of any driver who fails to turn up or is more than thirty minutes late. The drivers must live within easy reach of Blackfriars, but travelling to work during the night is not so easy as in pre-war days, so thirty minutes' grace is allowed. In fairness to the drivers, we must say here that, for such a large body of men, timekeeping is extremely good.

To give the branches the best possible service we must maintain the utmost flexibility of the fleet, and this unfortunately prevents us giving the drivers regular hours of work. Their starting time may vary between 3 a.m.—8 a.m. according to the length of their journey. The longest journeys, and therefore the earliest starts, are given out on a rota basis.

When a driver reports for duty at any time from 3 a.m. onwards he finds his car at the Garage ready loaded. He is allowed 15 minutes to look round the car to satisfy himself that lights and tyres are in order, doors padlocked, and that he has sufficient oil, petrol and

water. Given his tickets and time sheet by the Night Traffic Regulator, he starts, whatever the weather, on a journey which may take him six hours to his first branch. He follows a route laid down by the Transport Department and is not expected to vary it except for diversions made by the police.

He drives to a running schedule laid down by the Department, the times being fair both to the drivers and the Firm. They are not permitted to exceed the speed limit to make up lost time, but the Department will always check the running times upon a request by the drivers.

Some journeys such as Bournemouth and Norwich take the whole driving time permitted by law, but a very large proportion of the drivers returning from first journeys have sufficient time for a second journey either to the branches or drawing home from wharves and docks.

Behind all this stands the Sales Office, the Warehouse and the Transport Office. The Delivery Schedule for the branches sets the pace for all departments at Blackfriars. The Sales Office must ensure that all orders reach the Despatch Departments in sufficient time to allow the goods to be prepared. The Transport Clerks receive each day from all departments the estimated weight of the goods to be sent out on the next delivery. These weights are collated in the Transport Office and the Clerks proceed to make up the loads, bearing in mind the numbers and types of cars available, branches which must have a first delivery, shops within the "Yellow band" areas, and any special arrangements with the police. The car loads having been arrived at, the detail must be drawn up by 1 p.m. in order that early drivers finishing for the day can have their instructions for the next day's work. The Transport Clerk must refer to the rota for long distance journeys; ensure that the return journey can be completed in 11 hours or find the necessary relief. The driver



The branch car of today

must have 10 hours' rest in any 24 hours, in addition to breaks after every 5½ hours' work.

Having received his instructions, the driver completes his time sheet and finishes, having first checked that petrol, oil and water supplies are sufficient for the next day's journey.

Cars needing minor repairs can be attended to during the afternoon and early evening. Drivers continue to arrive for orders throughout the afternoon and early evening. The Warehouse closes, but a Transport Clerk remains on duty, completing his detail, and is ready for an emergency until the last car has reported home. A late fitter remains on duty until the last car is in.

The Transport Clerk's day is over and as he leaves he passes the Night Watchman who remains on duty until the Night Foreman arrives to set the whole show in motion once more.

The mileage covered by our Depot

Fleet is not far short of 1,500,000 miles per year, with a petrol consumption of approximately 130,000 gallons.

For many years it has been the policy of the Firm not to engage drivers for the Depot Fleet, but to select good men from the Depot Staff and teach them to drive. The Firm has its own Instructors licensed by the Ministry of Transport, to examine drivers up to Heavy Goods Standard. The standard of driving is very good, more than 72 drivers having qualified during 1949 for Safety First awards. Those who gain an award are given a special cash bonus which is paid on the day they commence their annual holiday. The following awards were earned by our drivers last year :—

	<i>No. of Drivers</i>
1st Year Diploma	15
2nd " "	8
3rd " "	3
4th " "	6



This depicts one of the tests nowadays imposed on our modern vehicles to ensure maximum safety

Silver Medals	3
" " and 1 Bar	7
" " " 2 Bars	9
" " " 3 "	2
" " " 4 "	1
Gold Medals	3
Gold Medal and 1 Oak Leaf Bar	6
" " " 2 " " Bars	1
" " " 3 " " "	1
" " " 4 " " " None	1
Gold Medal and 4 Oak Leaf Bars } 1 x 15 years' Brooch }		1

The total of these awards is equivalent to 1 man driving without an accident for 346 years.

The drivers have every reason to be proud of this record.

The Transport and Warehouse Staff are very proud of the important part they play in the organisation of the business. With all the difficulties arising from rationing and the availability of new Points goods every fourth week, the daily work of this staff is not nearly so consistent as in pre-war days. There are many more peaks to be ironed out by extra effort and overtime, but every difficulty is tackled with enthusiasm and a determination to put our shops in a favourable position compared with our competitors.

(To be continued)

JOHN LEECH of Stamford Street

IN Stamford Street, on the Annexe Warehouse wall there is this L.C.C. plaque.



As I looked at it day after day while waiting for a bus (by definition “a vehicle which is going in the other direction”) I wondered what kind of a person Leech was, for I knew very little about him except that he had been the life and soul of *Punch* in its early days and was a social satirist of Queen Victoria’s time.

His life story has little to it and I am reminded of the old darkie who said to her granddaughter on being told that the young girl did not wish to marry an aspiring suitor—“You’re born ; you’ll die ; you gotta do *something* in between.” Leech was born in one of the tall, narrow houses which have now made way for Sainsbury’s and he died in early middle age in Kensington, being buried at Kensal Green. But in between ?

He was the son of a Ludgate Hill coffee house owner, went to school at Charterhouse, began medicine at his father’s wish at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital but soon drifted into an artist’s career. He married, had several children and was a kindly, generous friend to many. If this were all, my story would be that of a million others and scarcely worth the telling, but Leech stands out by virtue of his gift of portraying the idiosyncracies of his

fellow men, be they the leading politicians of the day, or a precocious child, or a quick-witted coster.

His Irish blood may well be the spring from which his amiable humour flowed and his London upbringing gave pith to his comments on the society of his day. Thackeray, who was his friend from their Charterhouse days, described his early “Pictures of Life and Character” as “a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As such future students—lucky they to have a book so pleasant !—will regard these pages ; even the imitations of fashion they may follow here if they be so inclined.” And we are witnesses of this truth one hundred years later.

Leech fought many battles with his pencil, one of the most interesting being against “Bloomerism.” In 1849, Mrs. Amelia Blenkinsop Bloomer created in America that startling fashion of the divided skirt drawn in at each ankle, which shocked the propriety of good Victorians and Leech was far more foreseeing in his satyring of the wearers of “bloomers” than even he would have credited for he depicted women taking over men’s work as a result of their masculine garb. He sketched women policemen out to quell a mob, but (alas for feminists and



The pet parson

contrary to our present-day showings) they turned tail at the sight of the burly men they are sent to arrest; the "man at the wheel" to whom one must not speak, is shown as a woman who would obviously far rather not be spoken to on that storm-tossed sea, for if she were the results would be fatal; there are women driving horse and cab, women on sentry duty and women in a thousand mannish attitudes. Bloomerism retreated for a time but in the end won through in the shape of slacks and our emancipated minds may wonder at the vigour with which Leech derided the life he glimpsed.

Leech may be said to have paved the way for the comic strip for he drew several series of pictures of the adventures of a Mr. Briggs who finds trouble wherever he goes, be it stalking deer on Scottish moors, or shooting pheasants which rise like fireworks under his nose, or in the mending of the roof of his house which leads finally to the builders knocking down a wall here

and building a conservatory there. Mr. Briggs is the personification of the new middle class in its naivety and its delight in an exciting expanding existence.

Leech drew many hunting pictures and he found in himself, the timid horseman who detested a "fresh" horse, much to be ridiculed. "Give it its head!" is the injunction of one rider to another who is already in difficulties with the boughs of a tree—and what rider does not know the irresistible pull of a horse towards a sweeping branch which is waiting to unseat him?

His precocious boys of the Rising Generation ask lovely maidens for locks of their hair to take back to school, and one elegant, but anxious, fourteen year old on seeing his goddess of twenty summers appear, urgently whispers to an understanding friend, "Oh Charley, if you hear a report that I am going to marry the girl in black, you can contradict it. There's nothing in it."



*Awful example of infant precocity :
Prodigy : "Mamma ! Look dere, dere Papa !"*

But it is the drawings in every case that brings the joke home—the expression, the pose of body, the grouping and the light and shade.

There are two pictures which because of our work we can appreciate to the full. The first is of an elderly gentleman in a restaurant :

Old Party (very naturally excited) :
"Why, confound you ! You are wiping my plate with your handkerchief !"

Waiter (blandly) : "It's of no consequence sir—it's only a dirty one !"

The second :

Master Butcher : "Did you take old Major Bumbledore's ribs to Number 12 ?"

Boy : "Yes."

Master Butcher : "Then cut Miss Wiggle's shoulder and neck and hang Mr. Foodle's legs till they're quite tender."



Female buses (a prophecy)



Training school for ladies about to appear at court

It is said that Leech not only observed the people amongst whom he walked but also took most of his jokes from life, overhearing a casual remark or vividly picturing a scene described to him by a friend. Who hasn't at one time or another come across this conversation ?

First Old Foozle : " Would you like to read the paper, sir ? There's nothing in it."

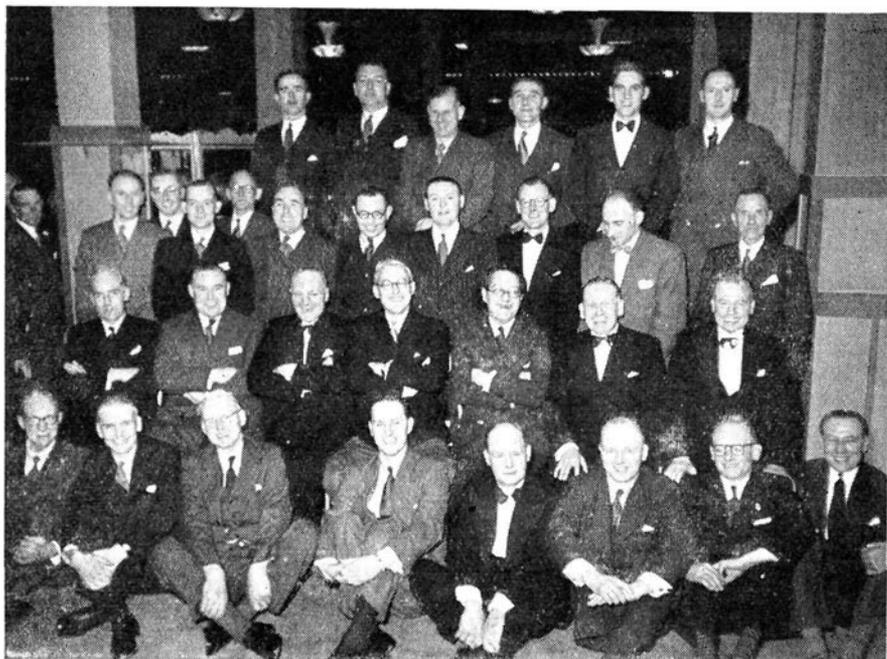
Second Old Foozle : " Then what the devil did you keep it so long for ?"

In his early days Leech was a forceful political satirist, sparing no one and only growing milder as time went on. The nation itself did not escape as, for instance, during an unhappy affair with Greece, Leech drew Punch holding a decrepit British Lion by the ear and saying " Why don't you hit someone your own size ?" One of the most famous of Leech's cartoons which is still frequently mentioned is entitled " General February turns traitor." The Czar of Russia had planned his campaign in the Crimea in such a way as to take advantage of the wintery icy winds, but before his strategy could take effect he himself died, and Leech shows him lying on his bier with a

skeleton dressed in general's uniform standing menacingly over him. Another biting comment is seen in his portrayal of Louis Napoleon (and for Frenchmen or indeed any foreigner Leech lost little love) as a porcupine, bristling with quills of bayonets, with the caption " He may be an inoffensive criminal but he doesn't look it."

Yet it is as a chronicler of the everyday life of Victorian London that Leech takes his stand among satirists and illustrators. To our modern liking for quick repartee and jokes which need no explanation Leech may often seem slow and wordy, but his drawings were meant for a more leisured age when their detail could be savoured slowly. He found his subject in the ordinary scenes of home and street life and we will leave him with one last look—The Affectionate Husband is standing with dishevelled hair amidst the results of his "irritation"—broken crockery, a clock and violin on the floor, a battered top hat and a cracked mirror—while his wife sits resignedly looking at the chaos. " Come Polly, if I AM a little irritable, it's over in a minute."

M. N.



Worthy Winners

IT is likely, we think, that the evening of February 15th will be remembered for some considerable time by Mr. Lamb's Section of Mr. Pagden's branches who were entertained by the Directors at the Regent Ballroom, Brighton, on that night. The celebration marked the success of Mr. Lamb's Section in winning the Section Sales Trophy. Over 500 members of the staff were present with their guests. The splendid Ballroom was a most impressive and memorable sight with the thousand-odd people in festive mood.

Coaches were arranged for the benefit of staff from distant branches and a party of nearly 50 strong came down from Blackfriars and we know, had an enjoyable evening.

Both Mr. Alan and Mr. R. J. were present. Mr. John unfortunately was prevented from coming along at the last moment and Mr. Pagden voiced

the sentiments of all the staff present when he said how much he regretted that Mr. John could not share their evening with them.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Lamb for winning the Trophy for the second year in succession.



Letters to the Editor . . .

In our last issue one of our Managers sought to gain for his branch the long service medal . . . Two others have not been long in taking up the challenge—

Any more bids? Or can we knock this down to 9/11?

14, CHURCH ROAD,

HOVE.

February, 1950

The Editor,

J.S. JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,

The letter of Mr. Welham of Colchester has aroused great interest among the staff at 14 Hove.

I agree with him that the years of service given to 'J.S.' by these stalwarts reflects great credit on individual and firm alike, and it is with pleasure that I take up the challenge on behalf of my staff, four of whom have an aggregate service of 131 years. Five more bring the total to 247 and for good measure we can 'throw in' (I know Mr. Eustace won't object to the phrase) our roundsman, with a mere 18 years. Here is our list of 'challengers' :—

	<i>Name</i>	<i>Length of service</i>	
Manager	J. G. BAKER	22 years	} Years actually completed
Butcher (ex rounds)	G. NYE	41 ..	
Saleswoman	Miss B. GARBUTT	35 ..	
Warehouseman	G. TALBOT	35 ..	
Leading Poulterer	F. LINDFIELD	30 ..	
First Butcher	G. FELDWICKE	22 ..	
Leading Salesman	G. MESURE	22 ..	
Leading Salesman	E. BOTTING	21 ..	
First Clerk	Miss C. Humphrey	19 ..	
TOTAL		247 years	

All figures are completed years of service up to 31st December, 1949.

Yours truly,

J. G. BAKER.

9/11, CROYDON,
February, 1950

The Editor,
J.S. JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for J.S. JOURNALS received last week.

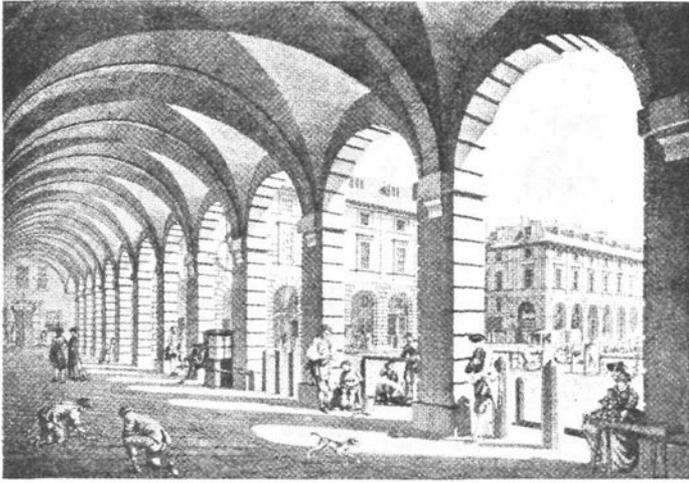
We have taken up the challenge thrown out by Colchester Branch and submit to you eight names with a total of 256 years.

	<i>Name</i>	<i>Length of service</i>	
Manager	F. T. FOWLER	43 years	} Years actually completed
Poultry Salesman	L. HOLDEN	43 "	
Assistant Manager	W. MARSHALL	42 "	
Roundsman	G. PLEDGE	30 "	
Leading Saleswoman	MISS E. ARCH	28 "	
Leading Butcher	O. THOMPSON	27 "	
Leading Butcher	G. PERHAM	23 "	
First Butcher	W. FLOWERS	20 "	
	TOTAL	256 years	

Yours faithfully,
F. T. FOWLER.

Scottish Farms

At the recent Perth show and sale the highest price yet obtained by the Firm for any of our pedigree Aberdeen Angus stock was obtained when the home bred yearling bull Eserdon of Kinermony (by Pinocchio of Gaidrew out of Easy Erica of Buttermere) was sold at the auction to the Northern Irish Department of Agriculture for 900 guineas.



*The Covent Garden Piazza, from an old print published in 1768
By permission of the British Museum*

London Markets

No. 2 COVENT GARDEN

FOUR-THIRTY on a cold winter's morn, the insistent electric alarm burrs away in the bedroom and another day starts for a buyer who walks the stones of Covent Garden Market. Just stopping for a quick wash and shave and perhaps a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and then off down the road to catch a train to London. He will meet no difficulty in reaching the market for it is admirably served by trains, buses and trams. So it ought to be for does it not stand right in the midst of London, nestling close up behind the Strand and spilling over almost to Leicester Square in the west, to Drury Lane in the east, and stretching out its fingers beyond the confines of Long Acre to the north.

You remember that in January you came with me for a trip round Smithfield with its long avenues of lofty open-fronted stalls. Would you care to-day to make the rounds of Covent Garden to see what goes on there and perhaps catch a glimpse or two of our buyers

at work? You would? Well of course you would, for why else would you be abroad in London by 6 o'clock in the morning. The really surprising thing is to find how many other people there are out and about at this hour of the day. Somewhat unexpectedly you find the buses and trains are by no means empty. Do you ever sit down in a public vehicle and just let your eyes roam over the other travellers, thinking as you do so, "Ah, yes, I should think he is a solicitor, and that young woman with the funny hat, she must be a typist. Now the little man with the black brief-case, he is an easy one, a civil servant for certain." It is long odds, however, against your ever thinking "Ah yes! he is a Covent Garden porter, or his type stands out a mile—he sells onions. By and large the market folk cannot be typed. Long and thin, short and fat; young and old; trilby, cap and wind-swept head, all come to earn their living in the busy bustling

barnyard that is "The Garden."

As we walk up through the Strand past Charing Cross Hospital and turn into Bedford Street we get our first sight of greengrocer's carts and vans parked by the curb waiting to be loaded up with their mixed loads of all sorts of seasonable fruits and vegetables. The market porters run out the produce on two-wheeled trucks to the spot where the van is standing. Not unnaturally in the busy season there is keen competition among the retailers to gain a place of vantage with their vehicles. To-day one of the largest problems connected with the market is traffic, for in spite of several attempts to find a cure the problem is still a severe one. When J.S. first entered the tomato trade a couple of years ago, one of our drivers reported that he had travelled no less than eight miles round the market trying to get somewhere near the spot he had been told to reach. There was a one-way scheme all round the area, and each time he came near his goal he found the curbside full up and not being allowed to obstruct the centre of the roadway he just had to "go round again." It sounds simple doesn't it? Actually it is just like the maze at Hampton Court.

As we reach the top of Bedford Street, we pass St. Paul's Church, built by Inigo Jones as long ago as 1633. Turning right into King Street we notice that already there are fruit warehouses at the side of the road. These warehouses or shops are not in the market proper but are part of the overflow which extends in all directions round the market buildings themselves. Actually a number of the largest market firms have their main premises in these outer streets. As you can now see the main buildings lie a little further to our right. Opposite them on the northern side of King Street is the Piazza or Portico walk which is a historic colonnade reminding us once more of Inigo Jones the celebrated architect by whom it was built in 1631. It was his intention that

all four sides of the square should be encompassed in like fashion, but the scheme was never finalised.

The market buildings are clustered round the central avenue or Grand Row, a brightly lit pathway lined with shops on either hand. The four sides of the square are formed by long avenues known as "rows," the interior being criss-crossed by other footways, all crammed with shops cheek by jowl. The present main buildings date back for about a century and a quarter, whilst the Jubilee Market, an open space largely used for grocers' stands and which flanks the South Row, was added as its name indicates, in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, 1887. The imported fruit market is to be found in the old Floral Hall which nestles up to the Opera House building in Bow Street stretching down alongside the Tin Market almost as far as Mart Street. Before the war it was here that the fruit auctions were housed. Shops, stalls and warehouses of all sizes are to be seen in and around the market. They range from the growers' tiny box stand right up to the huge warehouses which sometimes stretch from street to street.

The premises occupied by Messrs. George Munro in King Street are notable in that at one time they were



used as the headquarters of the National Sporting Club, whilst their office next door contains a room which once housed the deliberations of the British Cabinet. This room is still furnished with its original Adam style decorations.

Now let us have a peep into one of the warehouses and take a look at our buyers at work. At this time of the year they will be seeking the best quality tomatoes in the finest condition. These are grown during our winter months in the warm sunshine of the Canary Islands, and are known to the trade

under the sub-headings of "Grand Canary" or "Las Palmas" and "Teneriffe." Normally the former are the more esteemed. The goods are from eight to ten days reaching the market and in consequence must be originally packed in an unripe condition. The vagaries of the weather which they encounter on their journey play no small part in the condition in which the fruit arrives in this country. Sometimes it is difficult to find any produce which is consistently "coloured" right through the 26 lb. boxes in which this commodity comes packed. At other times the

The best is good enough for us !

Mr. Gregory, on the right, makes sure we get it.





The Grand Row

produce is so "forward" that much searching is required to find a suitable parcel which has sufficient "life" to stand up to the journey and handling it must receive before being passed over the counter to the housewife.

The packers and shippers of imported tomatoes are many and various; there are literally hundreds of marks of produce each distinguished by a brightly coloured label. In addition to these labels every package bears a number of marks, each of which tells a tale to those in the know. The size of the fruit for example can be told either by the letter code or by the diameter measurement which is given in millimetres. The largest fruits are marked "G" and weigh something over 8 ozs. each, while those at the other end of the scale are marked "P" or even "PP." For our purposes the best are those designated

"M," "MM," or "MMM" and it is these grades that our buyers most like to purchase.

When there is any doubt as to the ripeness or backwardness of the shipment, the buyer usually notes what letter is stamped on the lid for by this means he is given an important clue. If, for example, fruit is coming to hand on the green side he will naturally want to first look at the most backward parts of the parcel, for if these should prove acceptable in colour then it will augur well. Just to complicate matters these marks differ according to whether the produce is from Las Palmas or from Teneriffe. The most forward supplies from either place are marked with an "M," the less forward fruit being indicated on Las Palmas produce by an "X," whilst on Teneriffe goods a "P" or "V" is shown. Notice how

these marks are always on the lid whereas those indicating the size grade are found on the side of the box or boat, as we generally call it.

During the winter months the quantities which we need are relatively small compared with the tonnage sought during the summer salad season. Then we shall also be purchasing cucumbers. Now the chief producing region for both "Toms" and "Cues" is the Lea Valley which stretches out from Enfield through to Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire. There are many close connections between the wholesalers and the main growing families in the valley. The acreage under glass which is to be found in that area is quite staggering.

Before the war the English fruit came to market packed in various size and quality grades which were known by the colour of the end papers used in the packing. There were Pinks, Pink and Whites, Whites, Browns and so on. Whilst the war was on all this went by the board, but now once again grading is beginning to pay its dividends. There has been a strong move afoot in certain quarters to reduce the grades to just a few, but there are many who think that there is still a lot to be said for the old system. Quite a large number of our summer supplies are consigned direct to our headquarters and never touch Covent Garden, but even so our buyers have a very full day during the peak periods to obtain the goods which our present standing in the trade demands.

The samples approved for quality, a price must now be agreed between the salesman and the buyer. On occasion this can be a lengthy business and this is usually so when the market is "touchy"; one side or the other anticipating a sharp move in the near future either up or down. When a move does start the price can jump quite dramatically. Not so many months ago the price for a box of 12 lb. was 22s. on one Saturday and dropped to 10s. during the next week. On such

a market one can readily understand the buyers' anxiety not to overstock. The cost per box agreed, instructions are now given to the transport contractors' foreman who quickly gets to work transferring the crates to our headquarters, whence they can be quickly passed on to the various branches for retail sale.

As you can now see, there are hundreds of other commodities which are to be found in Covent Garden, although at the present time our firm does not handle them.

The scene changes with the seasons but is always full of pleasant aromas and vivid colour. The best show you would probably find were you here at about 6 o'clock on a mid-summer morning when the fruit season is at its height. On this wintry day, however, there is still a goodly collection to be seen, for there is rhubarb, onions, Italian cauliflowers in their vestal whiteness, tangerines and oranges, figs and dates, mushrooms, chicory and even hot-house grapes - what a collection!

Just before we adjourn for breakfast let us pause for a moment to think of the past history there is to be found in and around this market. The market itself only began to function approximately 300 years ago, but the stones nearby are steeped in history. Mistress Nellie Gwyn, the Bow Street Runners, and the Archbishop of Westminster whose convent garden it was once said to be, all flash by our inward eye. The name of Sainsbury too makes history nearby, for was it not in Drury Lane that our founders first set up their shop?

Goodness, how the time has flown; the short space at your disposal has now come to a close. Never mind, if you must go now, perhaps you can come again some other time. Then we shall be able to see the flower market which will well repay an early morning appointment.

Enjoy your breakfast won't you?
Bye-bye!



"First it was pastry mix, then potted meat, and now"

KITCHEN COUNSEL

OUR readers have always found our recipes extremely popular so with the approach of Easter we include these seasonable—and spicy—suggestions !

Hot Cross Buns

1 lb. flour	1 oz. sugar
1 oz. yeast	1 oz. currants
1 teaspoonful salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful spice
1 egg	Approx $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
2 ozs fat	and water

Method.

1. Warm flour in basin. Add salt and rub in flour.
2. Dissolve yeast with $\frac{1}{2}$ sugar.
3. Add to warmed flour, etc., the yeast and beaten egg and sugar.
4. Mix to sticky consistency with *warm* milk and water.
5. Beat well with hand.
6. Leave to prove for 1 hour.
7. Gently knead into dough the following
 - 1 oz. currants
 - 1 oz. sugar
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful spice
8. Shape into buns, put on warm tray, leave to prove about 20 minutes.

Cook 15-20 minutes in hot oven (Reg. 7-8). Glaze after cooking with 1 tablespoonful sugar dissolved in 1 gill water.

Easter Biscuits

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. caster sugar
 2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful powdered cinnamon
 2 ozs. currants
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. margarine
 Pinch of salt

Method.

Sieve flour, salt and cinnamon. Rub in fat. Beat yolks of eggs and stir lightly in the mixture. If too dry, add white of 1 egg. Clean and add the currants and form all into a fairly stiff paste. Roll out very thinly and cut with fluted cutter about 3 inches in diameter. Place on greased baking tin and bake until very pale brown in cool oven—from 10-15 mins.

Bacon and Egg Pie

Line a flan tin with a good short crust pastry and put into it about three rashers of lightly fried, chopped bacon. Break in an egg for each person (four in a normal size flan tin is plenty). Try not to break the yolks. Cover with short crust and bake in a fairly quick oven until the pastry is cooked.

Parsley, finely chopped, may be added if liked, whilst if ham is available instead of the rashers it is even nicer.

This is a good picnic meal, or a tasty supper dish.





Arts & Crafts Exhibition, 1950

Remember “Handi-Crafty Arthur”?

“THE show must go on” is a phrase often heard relative to stage productions, but the Handicraft Committee have borrowed the phrase for this year’s show.

“Planning” is also a word frequently heard nowadays and, as with many other things, much thought is necessary before the doors can open even on our comparatively small show.

Space!! . . . such a big problem always. Where, oh where can we best hold our show? What other materials must be moved? How about lighting? Staging . . . Drapery . . . Pins . . . Labels . . . Typing . . . and not last by any means—*Judges*. Who shall we ask?

Out of apparent chaos and headaches, the arrangements gradually take shape and, finally, reach some sort of maturity. Much help is given by unseen friends, but not until all exhibits have been carefully re-packed and sent back can the Committee breathe a sigh of satisfaction, but . . .

“The show must go on.” It is going on this year—on April 30th—so get your exhibit started *now*.

Classes will include :—

Schedule Arts & Crafts Exhibition, 1950

Section 1. Painting & Drawing

- Class (a) Water Colours.
(b) Pen, Pencil or Pastel.

Section 2. Photography

- Class (a) Photographs—this section allows for professional assistance in developing, printing, enlarging or mounting.
(b) Photographs—The entire work carried out by the exhibitor.

NOTE.—All photographs in (a) and (b) must be mounted.

- (c) Your best snapshot—taken anywhere—anyhow—any time.

Section 3. Needlework

- Class (a) Smocking.
(b) Embroidery.
(c) Quilting.
(d) Lingerie.
(e) Baby clothes.
(f) Miscellaneous needlework — anything not covered by (a) to (e).

Section 4. Crochetwork

Section 5. Knitting

- Class (a) Jumpers, cardigans and pullovers.
(b) Children's and babies' knitwear.
(c) Miscellaneous knitting — anything not covered by (a) and (b).

Section 6. Rugs — Mats — Carpets.

Section 7. Woodwork

- Class (a) Cabinet making & joinery.
(b) Carving.
(c) Turnery.
(d) Miscellaneous woodwork — anything not covered by (a) to (c).

Section 8. General

- Class (a) Decorative articles (inc. lamp shades, screens, etc.).
(b) Leatherwork.
(c) Toys.
(d) Models.
(e) Anything not covered by (a) to (d).

Section 9. Junior Class

Exhibits can be made up of any handwork—Painting, drawing, needlework, modelling, etc.

- Class (a) Age—12-15 years.
(b) Age— 7-11 years.
(c) Age— 4-6 years.

Section 10. Competition for best Poster Introducing S.S.A. Recruitment.

Exhibition Rules

- 1.—Open to all members of the S.S.A. (Section 9 excluded).
- 2.—All exhibits must have the name and branch of the competitor firmly affixed, stuck or sewn on according to type of article.
- 3.—Each exhibit must be the entire work of entrant (except Section 2 Classes (a) and (c)).
- 4.—Previous *prize winning* exhibits are *not* again eligible.
- 5.—Garments may be shown laundered.
- 6.—Exhibits may be offered for sale if desired. Details to be clearly stated on entry form.
- 7.—ENTRY FORMS to be completed by **SATURDAY, 22nd APRIL.** ENTRIES to be received by the Secretary **NOT LATER** than **WEDNESDAY, 26th APRIL.**
- 8.—The judges' decisions must be accepted as final.

Articles for display only will be gratefully accepted.

Packing instructions and further announcements will be made in the Association NEWS.

ENTRY FORM

ARTS & CRAFTS EXHIBITION

APRIL 30th, 1950

NAME

BRANCH/DEPT.....

I declare my exhibits are in accordance with the Show Rules, and agree to accept the decision of the Judges as final.

Date.....

Signed.....

Please fill in details overleaf.

Prizes

SECTIONS 1 to 8

Each Class

1st PRIZE 1 GN.

2nd PRIZE 10/6

SECTION 9

1st, 2nd & 3rd PRIZES in each CLASS

SECTION 10

Special prize to 2 GNS. for the Best Poster

Additional prize of 3 Gns. will be awarded to the best Exhibit in the Exhibition.

To THE SECRETARY

HANDICRAFT GROUP

BLACKFRIARS

I wish to enter the following exhibits :

Entry No.	Section	Class	Details	Date made	Original Design ?
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					
5.					
6.					



Who only stand and hate . . .



IMPATIENTLY awaiting the return of summer to play the game of all games—CRICKET—I thought a visit to the ground at Dulwich to see how the turf was progressing would be some small consolation to my impatience.

I arrived just in time to see the “first over”—sorry—“kick-off.” There was a slight drizzle, a couple of spectators, mud flying all over the place, and wise cracks from winter colleagues, such as “Get your pads on, you’re in next!” Such was the dismal scene and my mind had a beautiful picture before it of lovely springy green turf, white-clad players, wives and sweethearts having tea outside the pavilion, and the loud but friendly voice of our Umpire notifying *our* Batsmen they were NOTTTTTTOUT!

The football players were by now chasing a mud-spattered chunk of air sewn up with strips of leather all over the place and the sight of all that mud with no sign of green at all, where play was in progress, reminded me of the days in Burma when Eroll Flynn and I . . .

Thank goodness the green cricket “table” was surrounded by wire on posts driven into the ground; though unfortunately quite adjacent to this mud game. Now and again a couple of players would chase the ball around the two spectators, but nobody seemed to mind very much and then suddenly, to my horror, without warning, the round hunk of mud landed in the middle of the “table.” I imagined that it would be left there and a new one produced from the vaults of the club; but no such respect have these winter fiends for cricket pitches. A player (that can’t be the right word), a Griffin one at

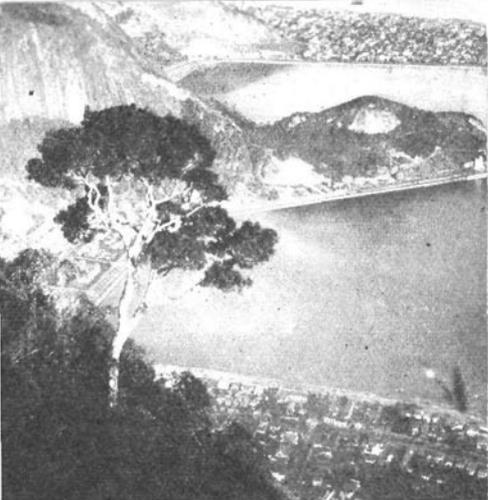
that, immediately vaulted over the wire, pounded his way across the carefully preserved sacred square with the nonchalance of a Highlander stalking across the moors; recovered the ball—and ploughed his way back again. With a strong feeling of nausea I tried to follow the remainder of this boring mud duel, listening to the two spectators making remarks such as “That’s right Robbie, get stuck in” or “Foul there Ref,” and again, “Shoot, man,” or “Offside Ref.” Obviously both teams had a supporter each!

I sadly left the dismal scene hoping our groundsman would be able to repair the damage to the “table” in time for May 1st, and wended my way through the village to the bus stop. When I arrived home, I decided to put the following recommendations to the hierarchy of the Griffin Athletic Club:—

1. Abolish football (at any rate on grounds where THE GAME is played).
2. Alternatively electrify the wire fence around the cricket “table.”
3. If neither recommendations are agreed to—especially the second—owing to the possible danger to *cricketers* in the close season approaching too near to the wire to inspect the turf—then a rule be passed that all footballs landing in the sacred square be immediately made the property of the Cricket Committee and proceeds from the sale of same to be used to enable the skipper to stand more pints at the “Griffin local,” on thirsty summer nights.

So ended my Saturday afternoon . . .

W. H. M.



Rolling down to Rio!

THE mammoth stadium now being built in Rio de Janeiro for the World Soccer Cup should rank among the "Wonders of the World," even when one recalls the magnificent achievements of the "Seven Wonders" of ancient times, the original "Mausoleum," the fantastic walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, and one still standing after 3,000 years, the Pyramids

Three hundred thousand slaves worked many a year to erect the tombs of the Pharaohs, but without excavators, bulldozers, trains, lorries, arc-lights, steel girders, concrete mixers, and the other building marvels of the 20th century. With all these modern "slaves" at their disposal, 544 carpenters, 379 metal workers, 237 masons, 281 plumbers, 72 guards and 582 unskilled labourers working 24 hours a day to get the Municipal Stadium in Rio de Janeiro ready in time for the forthcoming World Soccer Cup tournament, outwork the ancient crew of Egypt many times over.

Of the 155,000 spectators which this arena will house, 120,000 will be seated very comfortably under cover. No pillar will impede the view anywhere, no staircases will be built in—only slightly rising, broad ramps will take the crowds to and from their seats.

The World Cup Final

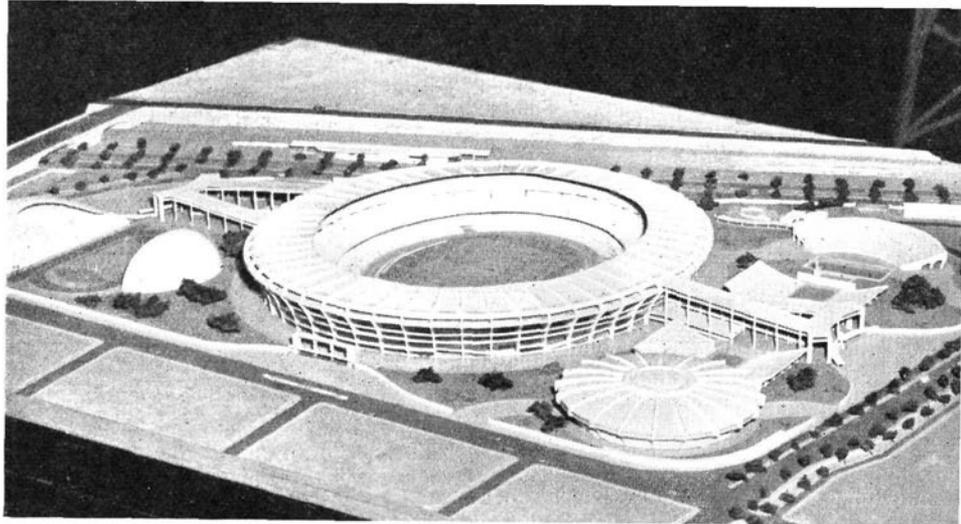
The final stages of the World Cup will take place from June 25th-July 16th, when it is winter in Brazil, i.e. just as cool there as it is here in a good June.

This is the Fourth Tournament for the World Cup, but the first in which British teams have participated.

Brazil as the hosts, and Italy as last World Cup Winners, did not have to qualify, but are automatically included among the last sixteen nations who will line up in Brazil for the final rounds. Others already qualified are: Bolivia, Chile, England, India, Mexico, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, U.S.A., Paraguay and Yugoslavia. The missing three will emerge from two matches between Spain and Portugal (Spain should win), plus the two first of the group Uruguay - Peru - Ecuador, from which Uruguay seems a certainty.

The 16 finalists will be divided in four groups, in each of which one team will be seeded. I expect Brazil, England, Italy and Scotland to head their respective groups. The group winners (within each group each team meets all the others) go forward to the semi-finals, and the two victors play the final in the above described new Municipal Stadium at Rio.

Never before has England prepared a national side with anything like the thoroughness as this time, and with very good reason. A British triumph may well prove of more than purely sporting value. South Americans are so soccer crazy that trade might very well follow the football flag. If soccer "Made in Britain" triumphs in Brazil, a number of other merchandise "Made in Britain" would be sold over there on the strength of this powerful propaganda.



*They're all under one roof at Rio. The architect's model of the Stadium
Bert Williams of Wolverhampton, favourite for England's goalie's jersey*





SERVICE WITH A SMILE

WHAT builds business? Although the answer to this question is not to be found in a few words—of that at least we can be sure—we would be bold enough to suggest that helpful, willing and cheerful service would rank high in the list of effective trade builders.

It has long been our policy to give our customers the best possible service, the many forms of which will in general not be news to those of us who work in the branches.

Occasionally, however, the type of service for which we are asked is sufficiently unusual to be noteworthy. A short time ago for instance, a

Domestic Science College situated in central London asked whether it would be possible to supply an instructor to demonstrate how the meat, with which we furnish them each week, was prepared before arrival at the institute. Attached to the college is a restaurant available to the public which enables the school to have a ready outlet for their prepared meals.

We were naturally most happy to co-operate with our customer and Mr. Drury went along to show how much skill, care and attention went into the making of joints for the table. The picture shows him in action.

The Haunted House

recorded and illustrated
by LUCIEN LOWEN



"YOU'LL hardly believe it, George," said my wife at breakfast, "but I dreamt of that house of mine again. Isn't it strange that night after night it's there in my dream, with its garden and orchard—always the same?"

"I know it so perfectly well by now—although I never set eyes on it in reality. There is quite a spacious octagon hall with a huge mirror, that makes it look twice the size and there are three rooms on the ground floor. The drawing-room is papered in tobacco brown which makes it quite gloomy. I would rather have whitewashed walls instead."

"Yes, darling—I know," I said continuing her description, "and there are two bathrooms upstairs, one with a sunken bath and a day and a night nursery and there is a gorgeous view over the moors from your boudoir. You want a new house so badly Barbara—that you can see it in your dreams and as we have been looking for a home for some time now, without finding what we want, you created this mind-picture of a dreamhouse, taking possession of it every night."

"It's high time we found something to take your mind off it. Anyhow I'm seeing Bradfords the agents again to-day." I kissed her good-bye and went on my way. I saw some five houses that day

and several more the following week but there was always something of which I didn't approve, either the size, price, or position. I was quite annoyed at the time and energy I had wasted, when I ran into old Jim at "The Buller's Arms." Jim is quite a character in that part of the country. Having travelled widely he had finally married a widow for her wealth of income. This enabled him to indulge in eating and drinking to abundance and practise his various hobbies. Fishing and the study of the Ancient Classics were his favourite pastimes. He invariably found some line or anecdote from Horace or Virgil with which to quote and entertain you, and was as full of ancient wisdom as of whisky. He was seldom at home and knew and was known by everyone in the county.

I thought him the right person to approach with regard to a house. I had to suffer a long quotation from Petronius before. "Ever tried Gillingham's place?" he suddenly suggested. "Mind you—it's haunted. That's why he is anxious to sell" Then continued his quotations in praise of the sensual pleasures.

Not being superstitious I took the hint and went to see Mr. Gillingham the following day. He turned out to be



a dreary old fellow, baldheaded with sagging rings under his frightened eyes. He was dressed in black as though in deep mourning and was, I gathered, a widower whose two married daughters had left him alone in order to join their husbands in other parts of the country. For which reason he was only too pleased to give up his house.

A pleasant house it was, nestling in the hollow of a hill, a beautiful cluster of elms standing sentinels at its gate. It was called "The Elms" and was just the thing we were looking for—not too far from town and not too expensive either, well kept and comfortable. There was nothing uncanny or gloomy about it as far as I could see. No mediaeval porch—no hidden cellars or subterranean corridors—nothing that would suggest a hooded monk creeping out at midnight or the skeleton of an infant in a cupboard. A perfectly sane and normal house it seemed to me with six rooms, a kitchen, two bathrooms and an adjoining orchard, where the apple trees showed radiant pink blossoms against a pale blue April sky. I didn't want to mention that I had heard the house was haunted and Mr. Gillingham made no reference to it. We came to terms and the property was mine.

I kept the acquisition as a surprise for my wife's birthday—the date I had arranged with Mr. Gillingham for the keys to be handed over.

Barbara's birthday fell on a Sunday in May. Taking the fine weather as a pretext for an outing, I drove her to "The Elms" and stopping at the gate I said casually: "Happy birthday Barbara. Will you forgive my buying this house without consulting you. Its yours."

The surprise was complete. She was speechless. I guessed a certain indignation fought a losing battle against her joy and curiosity. We got out of the car and Mr. Gillingham opened the gate, mournful, scraggy and black-coated. He was a sad sight, his terrified reddish eyes deep in their sockets. Poor man—he seemed even more frightened than ever when I introduced him to Barbara. He stammered a few words of welcome, with trembling hands passed me the keys and then bid us a hasty good-bye without stopping to show us round.

I opened the entrance door leading into the hall when Barbara suddenly squeezed my arm, whispering: "But George—good heavens, it's my dream-house! Now wait. I'll show you

round. To the right. That's the drawing-room—didn't I tell you it was papered in tobacco-brown? There must be a built-in cupboard in the left-hand corner. Let's see." She was right. She was agitated and amazed and presently flushed with triumph, she took my hand and dragged me upstairs and down, showing me little details such as a tap out of order in one of the bathrooms and always predicting what we were going to find around the next corner. There seemed to be no doubt. It was the house she had continually dreamed of. It was strange indeed—but Barbara and I were nevertheless pleased.

We moved in shortly afterwards. I never mentioned to Barbara that the house was supposed to be haunted. Sometimes I lay awake during the summer nights expecting something unusual to happen. But there was nothing. No shuffling noises, no apparition—no steps from anywhere—nothing but a breeze of fresh air blowing through the open window. I forgot old Jim's remark and Mr. Gillingham's haste to get rid of the house. We settled down happily and whenever we discussed Barbara's premonition regarding it we put it down to an unusual case of clairvoyance. We argued about second sight and agreed that there were facts,

science as it stands could hardly explain. I teasingly called her a visionary television-set, asking her advice on business matters. But she slept soundly and ceased to dream. We were but an ordinary couple, inhabiting an ordinary house on the edge of the moors.

A year later when I was having dinner at a newly-opened Greek restaurant in Soho, I met Mr. Gillingham again. He was mournfully sipping a glass of golden Greek wine when he looked up and asked me to share his table. He inquired about "The Elms" and I confessed my great satisfaction.

"By-the-way, Mr. Gillingham"—I couldn't help asking eventually—"there was some rumour about your house being haunted. I know it's not true. But how can you explain the gossip concerning it?"

There was a suspicion of a smile on his woebegone face and he nodded his bald head.

"Believe me, the house *was* haunted. Night after night. Tip-tap, someone opening a door here—turning on a tap there. It became unbearable.

"If you really want to know: it was your wife who haunted it. That's why I was terrified when she of all people stepped out of the car, the day I left."



Personnel Problems

Your Queries
Answered by

“**TRIBUNUS**”

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

Territorial and Reserve Camps

I am asked to remind the staff who are members of Territorial and Reserve Units that the Firm is prepared to grant up to *one week's* additional leave for the purpose of attending an annual camp. Where necessary Unit pay and allowances will be supplemented so as to make up the normal weekly wage. Application should be made on the special form obtainable from Staff Department.

I am again asked to point out that staff who wish to attend camp for two weeks must take the second week out of their normal holiday entitlement.

Retirement

WE rectify an omission from our last number :—

George F. Toe.—Engaged 15th March, 1909, appointed Manager 1st June, 1915 at Leytonstone, later being transferred to 24, St. James's Street, Brighton. From 1937—1941 attached to staff of the Kitchens at H.O., afterwards returning to Brighton where he assisted at 3, London Road Branch, and also undertook relief work in the area, up to the date of his retirement, 16th September, 1949.

Mass Radiography

I have so many queries on my file on this subject that I am very pleased to be able to confirm that a Mass Radiography Unit is visiting Blackfriars in the week beginning 6th March, 1950.

It is probable that the visit will be over by the time this issue of the JOURNAL appears, but it is worth while recording that it is now intended to make these visits annually so that everyone has the opportunity of a free X-ray examination every year.

Payments during Sick Absence

A correspondent has reminded me that the Firm will accept a certified extract from National Insurance forms Nos. Med. 1, 2a or 2b as a medical certificate.

To be acceptable by Health Section in support of a claim for sick pay, extracts must be on the Firm's official forms and signed by the branch Manager (or the Personnel Officer for Blackfriars departments).



Senior Trainee's Dilemma

*Dreamed, drawn and devised
by G. A. Blake of Romford Branch*

