

# J.S *Journal*

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No. 1

*Louise*

## C O N T E N T S

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Editorial</i> .. .. .	1
<i>Inverquhomery—pronounced “a success”</i> .. .. .	2
<i>Licensed to deal in Game</i> .. .. .	7
<i>Kitchen Counsel</i> .. .. .	10
<i>A Nice Fire</i> .. .. .	11
<i>Wrapping it up</i> .. .. .	12
<i>Berlin Bunker</i> .. .. .	18
<i>‘Third Time Lucky’</i> .. .. .	20
<i>The Scene behind the Seen</i> .. .. .	22
<i>Summer in the Arctic</i> .. .. .	27
<i>About People you Know</i> .. .. .	32





The  
Sainsbury  
House  
Magazine

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## ***History Repeats Itself***

IT is now more than four years since the appearance of the first J.S. JOURNAL and on thumbing through our first number it appears that at the time of its publication we were very nearly as short of meat as we are now. For under the heading "A Peep into the Future," we found we prophesied the advent of the Whale as an addition to the Nation's table. History repeats itself, it is said (not too often, we hope), for as we go to press, to use those now famous words, we find ourselves considering, somewhat sympathetically, a long, lean, lithe-looking carcass which looked as though at some stage of its career it would have been a fair bet for the Grand National. It does not of course require us to mention the name of the beast, sufficient be it to say that a number of humorists around Stamford House are going round whistling that most popular of popular Christmas songs. Whether it was *that particular* reindeer or not could not unfortunately be verified as the front portion had been "removed close behind the ears" and no doubt, complete with antlers, is now gracing some baronial hall.

There was naturally a good deal of

speculation as to how, if at all, it would eat, and a good deal more as to how it would best be cooked. Resisting the temptation, however, to roast the whole thing on a spit over a bonfire in Running Horses' yard it was finally dismembered and a sample cooked with due ceremony. Somewhat to everyone's surprise it turned out to be very eatable indeed and in no time at all the word got round and a queue formed at the door of the sampling kitchen. It is by no means easy to describe accurately exactly what it tastes like (except perhaps reindeer), the general opinion was that it was nearer to beef than anything—even nearer than some of the beef we get now, but it certainly was tender and tasty and would not disgrace anybody's menu.

Whether or not it would sell at its present price is of course a matter for conjecture, but at any rate there should be no Jonahs in connection with it—or will there?

One thing is certain, if the business catches on, my small son is going to take a dim view of Santa Claus next year if, by force of circumstances, he is forced to make his calls by hover plane!



# INVERQUHOMERY

*pronounced*

*“a success”*

by ALEX MARTIN

SOME 500 miles north of London lies one of the farthest outposts of our firm tucked away in the north-east corner of Aberdeenshire. Known as the Inverquhomery estate, a fertile stretch of farmland, it includes five farms cultivated on behalf of the firm of which the largest, known as the Home Farm, is of around 500 acres, whilst four smaller holdings add up to around 200 additional acres. As is probably by now well known, the farms were acquired by the firm in 1944.

The Bruce family who formerly owned the estate were one time tenants and prior to this, the land formed part of a larger estate called Pitfour. Incidentally, this name can still be seen locally in the name of the Pitfour Arms, a hotel situated at the cross roads of the nearby village of Mintlaw. Visitors from Blackfriars often put up for the night at this hotel.

Famous all over the world is the breed of cattle to which Aberdeenshire has given its name, but strangely enough, the J.S. herd of Pedigree Aberdeen Angus cattle are housed at Kinermony some 60 miles away in Banffshire, this latter being in fact the most distant outpost of J.S. in the British Isles.

The Bruce family had successfully bred at Inverquhomery another type of

Beef cattle whose origins went back to the foundation stock of a herd originating in Pyrgo Park, Essex. The line sprang from two cows, Rosewood and Augusta, and the heifer calf of Augusta, which were bought in 1851 for 20, 32 and 15 guineas respectively. From these three females there grew a considerable herd of Shorthorns which have left their mark upon the breed, the family lines of Augusta and Rosewood still being to the forefront. This herd was dispersed just before the turn of the century but during its heyday it had produced many fat stock prizewinners. Some idea of the quality of this family can be gained from the fact that 12 first prizes, 10 seconds and 4 thirds were gained at Smithfield Fat Stock Shows. Twice the herd gained the cup for the best Shorthorn and was once reserve; once the cup for the best steer and again once reserve, and on one memorable occasion was successful in winning the championship for the best steer of any breed. I believe this is a record for any Shorthorn herd.

Inverquhomery is now concerned in the main with producing top quality beef and is responsible for the production of approximately 150 tons a year all of which goes to the Ministry of Food as part of the nation's ration. No doubt those of my readers who are



*Bringing home the turnips*

employed on the fresh meat side of the business would wish to see this beef in their shops, for we can proudly proclaim its excellence of quality, in fact a very large proportion of the cattle sent for grading are returned as "SS."

We have already made a start to breed our own beef animals on the farm although at present the number is limited to some extent by the accommodation available. It will be most interesting to see how these calves turn out.

Periodically, store cattle are purchased for fattening until they are ripe for slaughter and we find that these cattle continue to grow even after they are past the two years recognised quick growing stage. There must be, we feel, something in the soil as yet not defined which makes cattle grow here.

No wheat is grown nowadays at Inverquhomery although I believe in former years it was quite successfully farmed; in fact up here in the north of Scotland, there is very little wheat

grown at all, oats and barley being the principal crops.

During the winter the principal fodder for the cattle is oat straw and our cattle being voracious eaters we require very large quantities, hence we mainly grow oats. That much criticised crop the Turnip is also grown extensively and contrary to common belief, it is one of the most costly crops to produce. So far, however, no successful alternative has been found for cattle food. Shush! Did I hear someone say Silage?

From the accounts which have reached our ears, we were rather fortunate last year in these parts at harvest time. Those in the south who have an earlier start to the harvest period can produce top quality corn and can take advantage of the higher early market prices, whilst we up here in the north have to take the best we can get when we can get our harvest in somewhat later. Last year, however, Scotch whisky did contain Scotch barley instead of English!

No doubt some of you who live in the towns, will be wondering why we grow several types of crops. It has been found that successive crops of turnips on the same land gives rise, often quite quickly, to diseases, particularly to that named Finger and Toe. To combat this a rotation of crops is usually followed with the object of giving an interval of at least six years between one turnip crop and the next one on the same ground. It is customary on most estates, as we do here, to farm on what is known as the six course rotation. This consists of oats, roots, oats or barley undersown with grass and clover seeds, and then three years of grass before the plough is again brought in.

The first oat crop derives ample nourishment from the residue of the three years grass, in fact many oat crops grown following ley, as the grass is sometimes called, are too heavy in the ear and become flattened by severe weather before harvest time. As you will imagine, this increases most considerably the cost of cutting the crops



*The Author and farm manager*

and in addition grain is lost. One of the problems with which plant breeders are continually grappling is producing a

*In one of the "Courts"*





*Getting in oats for threshing*



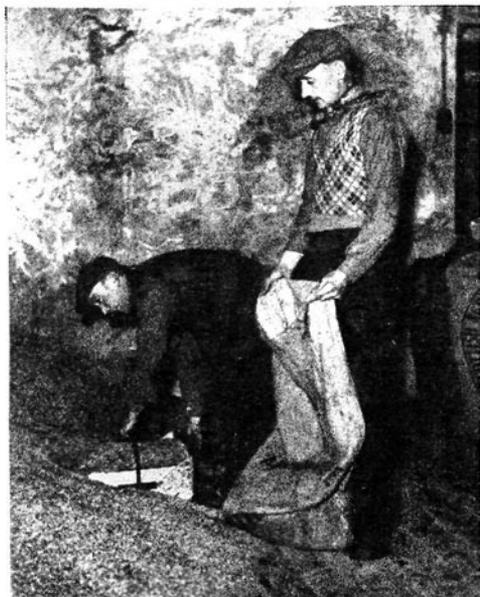
*Part of the Courtyard*

strain of oats which will be strong enough to resist stormy weather.

The root crop is of service in cleaning the land of weeds by the numerous cultivations demanded. Farmyard manure is applied to the land before ploughing for the turnip crop and this becomes thoroughly worked into the ground by succeeding cultivations. The fact that this root crop is one of the most expensive to grow is responsible for the decline in favour of turnips on some northern farms. You

see, potato growing serves the same cleaning and manuring purpose and although growing this crop is likely to be somewhat more costly, the produce is for human consumption or is used to supply the seed trade in England, and as you will gather, the returns are often greater.

*Bagging up oats*



Following the roots comes what is known as the nurse crop, thus named because of its function in sheltering the more delicate crop to follow. Either oats or barley, but more often the former, is sown together with grass and clover seeds. The grain crop gives some shelter to the more delicate seeds until they are firmly established. Of course, grass and clover can, and are sown without the nurse crop, this being known as "direct re-seeding". The ley is then allowed to remain undisturbed for three years. Other rotational systems suitable to different parts of the country are common in farming but the system about which I have told you is that mostly followed up here in the north of Scotland.

Taking the plough all round the farm is one of the farmer's best remedies for keeping at bay diseases of both plants and animals; it keeps the land in full production. It is essential, however, that it is good ploughing—just tickling the top is no good at all.

Talking of ploughing brings to mind a further point which I am sure will prove of interest to you. It is, of course, to farm mechanization that I refer. Up here we use both tractors and horses for work; our land goes up hill and down dale more than a bit, and there are still many occasions on which horses can get out and about when the

tractors would slip and slide all over the place, not to mention getting bogged down when the ground is very soft. We have considered the use of tracked or half-tracked vehicles, but this in turn produces new problems, not the least of which is that of road maintenance.

Within our boundaries we have no less than five miles of private roads for whose upkeep we are solely responsible. With re-surfacing costs at their present high level—say £1 per yard, we are bound to give very serious thought to the introduction of any vehicle prone to road surface damage.

Dwellers in the south will perhaps not consider that to have electricity to hand is a great mark of progress at the beginning of the second half of the twentieth century, yet its advent to the farms of the north is only of quite recent years. In fact, we had to guarantee a minimum bill of £200 a year before we could get linked up with the grid. Of course, we do not use that amount of power at unit prices, and so you see there exists a very strong incentive to think up additional ways to aid farming by electrical means.

Well, as always in farming, time presses, and so for the present I must say *adieu*—we will meet again some time, I'm sure.



*The Coach House of the Home Farm*



## Licensed to deal in Game

"MRS. R., we are in very serious trouble indeed." I say over the telephone some little while back, "and it's going to take all our resources to evade the long arm of the Law which has apprehended us on what it is pleased to consider 'a very serious matter hindered'."

Now such a challenge puts our Legal Department very much on its mettle and in no time at all a good deal of fluffing and shuffling goes on in the chambers ("just round the corner in the little room where the stairs used to be"). The typewriter is uncovered and dusted, the red tape attaching the eraser thereto is renewed, sleeves rolled back and generally speaking, flaps are lowered and muzzle covers removed. And in anticipation of what purports to be one of the lengthiest legal wrangles of the learned department's career, Mrs. R. invites me to join her in a search for an elusive document which she considers provides the key to the problem.

With some slight feeling of apprehension therefore I make my way to the chamber to find Mrs. R. already engulfed in learned works of wisdom and decide that the only charitable action is to come to her rescue before she is completely overwhelmed and I therefore work my way through a mass of legal tomes, S.R. & O's, clippings

entitled "Aunt Margery advises" and a well-thumbed edition of Old Moore's Almanack.

Now don't run away with the idea that such legal works necessarily make fusty reading—you've only got to see the glint in our legal department's eye to realise that such is far from the case—the greatest difficulty in such a case is to keep on the course and not to loose sight of the particular quarry in question. It is all too easy to get sidetracked down the inviting by-ways of the legal realm.

"Here's a good bit," says Mrs. R. from the depths, "listen. Did you know that 'a landlord of a dwelling house to which this act applies (she omits to say which act) on being so requested by the tenant of the said dwelling house to supply him with a statement in writing as to what is the standard rent of the dwelling house and if without reasonable excuse he fails within 14 days to do so or supplies a statement (a) which is false in any material particular, he shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £10'? I'm going to try that one, although, knowing my landlord, he won't have a reasonable excuse, he'll have about twenty!" "Well what about this," I reply, all



*Nuts ground (unground)*



*No assault !*



*Throwing down a bridge*

but submerged, "In the Nuts (unground) (other than groundnuts) Order the expression nuts shall have reference to such nuts, other than groundnuts, as would but for this amending Order, not qualify as nuts (unground) (other than groundnuts) by reason of their not being nuts (unground).

"And, the expression 'unground' shall exclude such groundnuts (unground) as do not fall within the scope of the expression 'nuts' (unground) (other than groundnuts) by reason of their being groundnuts."

"Or this," says she, "prize fighting is an indictable misdemeanour on the part of all directly concerned. Combatants at a prize fight are each guilty of an assault upon the other. If two men spar or fence with boxing gloves on there is no assault because each consent to the moderate blows of the other. Ha-Ha ! remember Woodcock and Baksi ?"

"Well what about this then," I come back. "Under 'Bridges' it says whosoever shall unlawfully and maliciously pull or throw down or in anywise destroy any bridge (whether over any stream of water or not) or any viaduct or aqueduct over or under which bridge viaduct or aqueduct any highway railway or canal shall pass, or do any injury with intent so as thereby to render the same or any part thereof dangerous or impassable shall be an offender under the malicious damages act." It should be well worth watching, I thought, somebody trying to throw-down Blackfriars Bridge—even Cecil D. de Mille might boggle at that—and fell to wondering at which end they'd start and how they'd go about it.

I am recalled by the sounds of the tea trolley from without and we break off the engagement to partake of well-earned refreshment, after which we return and survey each other somewhat sheepishly—"Do you remember," we both start at the same time, "what we're looking for ?" We refresh our memory and the quest starts again.

The silence is only broken by an occasional titter from the learned legal department—who however refuses to read out the particular paragraph, and try as I may I am not able to see the page she is reading so as to be able to check up on it at a later date.

“Isn't it extraordinary,” quotes Mrs. R. after an interval, “the number of different things you can get six months for”—she has evidently just reached the appendix of table of punishments for offences cognizable under the summary jurisdiction in Stone's “Justices Manual.” “Assault on any Constable, 6 months—on a County Constable or Special Constable however only two months—worth remembering! Keeping a public billiard table without a licence, 6 months; refusing to receive a billeted soldier, 6 months; not reporting a boiler explosion to the Board of Trade, 6 months; sale of undersized crabs, 6 months; for a Long Pull under the intoxicating Liquors Law, 6 months; selling oysters out of season, 6 months; sorting over a dustbin, 6 months; “Hold on a minute,” I interrupt, “I believe I have it. This is the bit we're looking for.” I had now worked my way down to a most tattered looking document headed “Anno primo and secundo. Guliemi IV Regis. An act to amend the Laws of England relating to Game.” Section XVIII says . . . “provided that every person while so Licensed to Deal in Game as aforesaid shall affix to some part of the outside of the front of his House, Shop or Stall and shall there keep a Board having thereon in clear legible characters his Christian name and Surname together with the following words ‘Licensed to deal in Game’ . . . and the Arm of the Law who Alleges that the Said Notice on the Premises in Question does not Comply with the Aforesaid is talking through the Back of his Sunday Helmet.”

And another day in the life of the Legal department draws to a successful close.



*Assault on any constable*



*Sale of undersized crabs*



*Not reporting a boiler explosion to the Board of Trade*

**6 months**



## KITCHEN COUNSEL

# Seasonal Recipes

WITH the shortage of meat, one inevitably turns to substitutes, and possibly the most popular, although at the moment quite expensive, alternative dishes, contain some form of fish. The usual baking, boiling or frying can become rather monotonous, and we suggest some other methods of serving fish which are appetising and attractive.

### **Fish Mould** (Steamed)

- 1 breakfastcupful of breadcrumbs.
- 1½ lbs. cooked fish.
- About ½ pint of milk.
- 3 eggs.
- Seasoning.
- Grated lemon rind.
- 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

Cook the fish and flake. Mix with breadcrumbs, seasoning, parsley and lemon rind. Add the well-beaten eggs and sufficient milk to make moist. Place into a greased basin, cover and steam for an hour. Turn out and coat with white sauce. Garnish with lemon butterflies and chopped parsley.

### **Fish en Casserole**

- 2 slices of halibut, or turbot or fillets of sole or plaice.
- Seasoning.
- Lemon juice.
- 3 or 4 tomatoes.
- 1½ ozs. margarine.
- 1½ ozs. flour.
- ½ pint of milk.
- 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley.
- 1 egg.

Wash and skin the fish ; place one fillet in bottom of greased casserole, season, and

cover with sliced tomatoes ; place on the other fillet and on top the remainder of sliced tomatoes ; season and sprinkle with lemon juice. Melt margarine, add flour and seasoning, add the milk slowly ; stir till boiling ; add the egg and chopped parsley ; pour over the fish, put on lid. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve lemon separately.

\* \* \*

Although the sugar for marmalade making was given during the Christmas period, we are sure that now that Seville oranges are again in the shops, any sugar left over from the bonus ration and the extra on the present ration will gladly be utilised for marmalade making.

### **Three-Fruit Marmalade**

- 1 grapefruit.
- 2 large sweet oranges.
- 1 lemon (the average weight of these three fruits is 1½ to 1¾ lbs.).
- 3 pints of water.
- 3 lbs. of sugar.

Wipe and peel the grapefruit, and shred the peel finely. Slice the fruit thinly and take out pips. Put the shredded peel to soak in 1½ pints of water.

Wipe, halve and very thinly slice the oranges and the lemon, and put all the sliced fruit, including the grapefruit, into another bowl with the rest of the water, and all the pips in a muslin bag.

Leave everything to soak for 2-3 hours.

Turn the grapefruit peel and its water into the preserving pan and give it a start of half an hour's gentle simmering, then add all the rest of the fruit, water and pips. Simmer together for 1½ hours. Remove pips, and if the inner skin of the

grapefruit is still tough, take that out also, because sometimes this remains papery, and spoils the preserve.

Add the sugar, stir well, then bring to the boil and boil moderately fast for a set.

### ***Marmalade***

- 10 bitter oranges.
- 2 sweet oranges.
- 1 lemon.
- Sugar.
- Water.

Wash and dry the fruit, cut in halves, remove pips and put in basin with 1 pint of water, cover and leave in warm place

overnight. Remove juice from fruit and place in a large basin. Put remainder of fruit through mincing machine and add to the juice, and to every bitter orange add 1 pint of water and to every sweet orange and lemon  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water. Allow to stand overnight. Next day cook all slowly till tender, add the strained liquid from pips ; to every pint of liquid add 1 lb. of sugar ; boil rapidly from 15 to 40 minutes (until a skin forms when a little is cooled on a plate). Pour into warm jars.

If you have any pet recipes, we shall be pleased to receive them and will pay you 5/- for any printed. Please address these to "Kitchen Counsel," J.S. JOURNAL, Stamford House, Blackfriars, S.E.1.

## ***A nice fire***

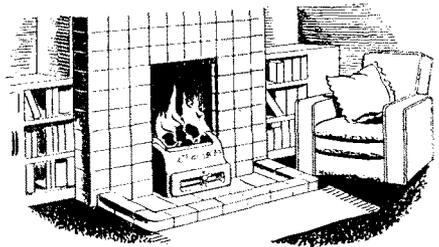
HAVE you ever thought how much of the fuel you buy so dearly disappears up your chimney in the form of smoke at a complete loss ?

I read the other day a most interesting article by a Professor of thermodynamics that it would pay the government to provide for each and every household one of the new solid fuel appliances ; the capital cost involved would be saved within a very short period of time by the economies apparent in the fuel consumed. This surely provokes some thought, for with coke at 94/- a ton, coal at over £5 and anthracite in the giddy sixes the cost of heating to the normal household is a very serious one.

On the Saturday following, the family decided to take a look around the warehouses to see what these marvellous contraptions were. There are many on offer and we found those which provide an open fire are something like twice as efficient as the old type grate. In principle, they are quite simple, they fix into the normal fireplace standing about 8 inches high and are sealed in with fireclay so as to prevent any draught getting to the fire-bars except that going through a flap, the size of which can be regulated so as to provide direct control from no draught at all to the maximum required for a really fast-burning fire.

At night time, all that is required is to shut down the damper door, throw on coal dust, slack, or small coke and leave. When in the morning one sleepily awakens it is a matter of a moment to open up the draught door and within a very short while a bright fire is again to hand. Naturally we were all very sold on the idea and have found, since its installation, that it is possible to keep a fire going almost indefinitely at quite a small fuel cost. Having a passion for figures, we had to find out just how much it did burn, and careful weighing at home produced the answer that burning coke alone it consumed 105-lbs. in seven days, burning 24 hours a day.

Some people don't like coke, although, of course, weight for weight, it gives as much heat as coal. Our family feel that the outlay of £5 was in this case a very sound one.





## *Wrapping it up*

J. L. WOODS discusses a few problems on the subject of packaging

WITHOUT doubt all of us have at one time or another on handling a new product thought—"This is a good label" or "This is an attractive packet" or perhaps "Why don't they make this so that it will stack decently;" but how many of us have, at the same time, considered how much work goes into the production of the pack as opposed to the production of the article itself?

In these days—and quite rightly so—an increasing amount of thought is being given to packaging in all its phases, and to no greater section of the packaging industry than the packaging of foodstuffs.

The package has three main functions: it must, first and foremost, enclose the contents and adequately protect them, and, in that we are concerned with foodstuffs, we deem that it should protect the food not only while it is in transit

to the shops, not only while it is on our shelves, but also while it is on the customers' shelves until it is finally used. Secondly, the package must identify the goods it contains; and, thirdly, it must sell the product.

The application of the first principle obviously depends to a great extent on the nature of the food in question—its physical aspects; is it liquid, semi-liquid or solid? Does it have to be heated and hermetically sealed as in the case of canned meats, etc.? What are its other properties or peculiarities—is it greasy or non-greasy? Is it attacked by moisture? Does light accelerate its deterioration and so on. You have all come across a packet of icing sugar that would pass off as cement, and been annoyed at salt that refuses to run. These are to a certain extent packaging failures, and this is

the kind of problem that must be considered very thoroughly in the initial stages. Largely upon the solution of these problems depends the final choice of material to be used. Consideration has, of course, to be given as to what is a convenient and acceptable quantity to offer the customer and what is the eventual price to be, and furthermore, how much can we afford to spend on the packaging of the particular item ?

Tin-plate and glass are widely known as excellent packaging materials for certain classes of goods—cans for Fruits, Meats, Fish and so on, glass for Pickles, Sauces, Jams, etc. Paper and paper board in the form of boxes and cartons are very widely used for many less perishable items such as cereals, cereal products, and so on, but, of later years, transparent film has been rapidly coming to the fore as a favourite packaging material and, in its various grades, has a wide variety of uses. By far the most common film used in this country at the moment is cellulose viscose film, of which "Cellophane" and "Rayophane" are the trade names of two particular makes. Transparent film is made in several grades, and it will be interesting for a moment to consider some of them. The first and most widely used at the moment is known as "P.T." film, a transparent wrapping which protects solely from dust and dirt, but being permeable is no protection against water vapour or gases and, therefore, smell. The majority of cereal bags we use are made of this kind of film, which is the cheapest of its kind, although considerably more expensive than paper.

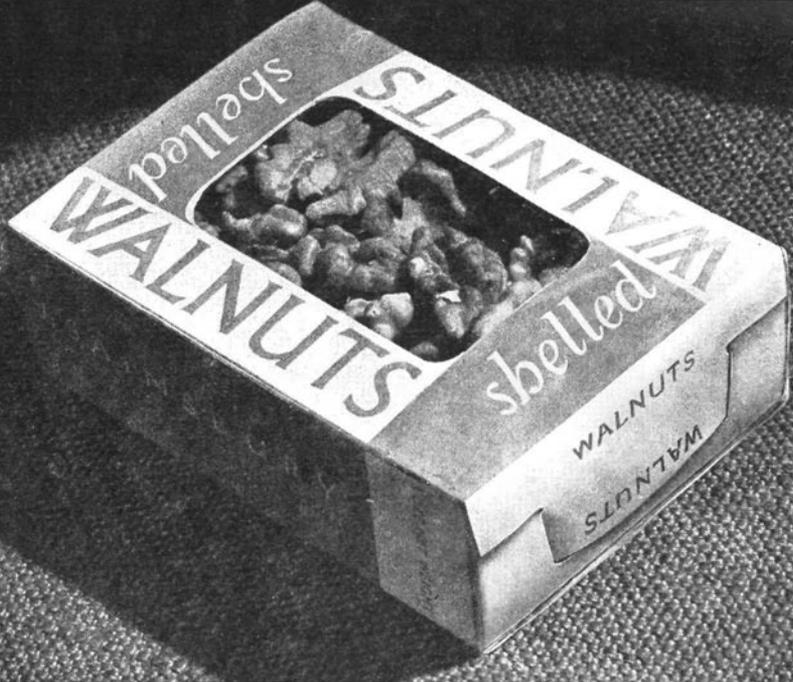
The next grade most commonly used in this country (although an intermediate grade is obtainable) is known as M.S.T., which has, in addition to the properties of P.T. film, the added advantage that it will not allow the passage of water vapour in any appreciable quantities, and it is also "heat sealable." It will readily be seen that this grade of film is eminently suitable

for packaging classes of foodstuffs in which it is desirable either to keep moisture *in* or to keep it *out*. The drying-out of wrapped sliced meat will be considerably retarded, for example, if wrapped in this kind of film. Conversely, the pastry in a pie may become "soggy"; (this presents another problem). As a matter of interest we have experimented in keeping "Frou-Frou" Cream Wafer Biscuits (which as you are all aware are well-nigh inedible if left unprotected for even a night) for a matter of months wrapped and heat sealed in M.S.T. and they have been perfectly fresh and crisp when opened. One of the more common of our products which is packed in this type of film is dried Pineapple, from which it is desirable to keep the moisture to prevent its becoming dark and unsightly. M.S.T. film is purely P.T. film to which a transparent coating is applied, and it is this coating that gives it its properties of non-permeability and of heat sealing.

There is no magic, incidentally, in the words "heat sealing" and we

*Pliofilm used in new ways—for packaging Onions, Gherkins and Frankfurter Sausages*





*Walnuts whichever way you look at it A prototype of one of our new packs—designed for Self Service. Whichever way the customer puts it down, it is still easily readable*

should perhaps explain that this is merely a method of applying heat, either by the heated jaws of a clamp or by means of a device not unlike a soldering iron, to two layers of the film to fuse the coating together. This is a very efficient, quick and clean method of sealing.

While, of course, M.S.T. film is eminently suitable for many classes of goods, it is, at the same time, equally unsuitable for others. Fresh vegetables, and in this field we are mainly interested in Tomatoes, and Fruit, require to "breathe", and the permeable P.T. type film is more suited to their use.

Among other grades of film lesser used at present is that known technically as L.S.A.T. in which the coating is anchored to the original film, thus rendering it waterproof. It is therefore in much demand for frozen foods. In this connection it has one other useful property in that it does not become

brittle at low temperatures, which is a drawback to many other grades of film.

Other types have come on the market in recent years — Pliofilm — (rubber hydrochloride to give it its technical name) which has the property of being proof against the passage of moisture yet will allow gases such as carbon dioxide to pass through it. For this reason it is now widely used for packing coffee, for which purpose it is frequently laminated with Kraft paper and made into bags (the "Flav-o-tainer" with which we are now all familiar), and it is literally true to say that this bag "keeps the flavour in."

If we may digress for a moment, the packaging of coffee is a problem with which we are very much concerned at present. A considerable quantity of coffee is marketed in this country in either "vacuum pack" canisters or else canisters which have the air excluded and an inert gas substituted, the benefit of either of these methods



*The advantages of the new show up the disadvantages of the old. "Littlejohn" drums (extreme left and right) are easily opened and re-closed—the old drum is difficult to open and impossible to close without damaging the label*

being that the oxygen from the air is not allowed to work upon the coffee and deteriorate it. Owing to restrictions in the tin-plate industry, however, the only cans available for this purpose at present are the "fruit can" type, and while unquestionably this method of packaging adds to the shelf life of the article, in our opinion it only half solves the problem as, once the tin is opened, the contents are liable to rapid deterioration in that the can cannot be re-sealed effectively. Until we can obtain a can of the "syrup tin" type (with a thin metal sheet to provide the vacuum seal, under the normal lid) we question the advantages of vacuum packing in its present form. Our own tin, for example, although not vacuum packed is very effectively sealed and furthermore can be effectively *resealed* once it has been opened, and the "Flav-o-tainer" undoubtedly goes a long way to fill the gap until improved cans are available for the home market.

To revert to the question of film once more, yet another film which has recently come on to the market is Polythene (trade name Alkathene). This again is a moistureproof and waterproof film which can be heat sealed. It has a slight disadvantage in that it is not perfectly transparent, having a slightly milky texture, but it has many useful properties—it is flexible down to as low a temperature as  $-60^{\circ}\text{C}$ . and is therefore much in demand for frozen food packaging, and it is not affected by the common acids.

The foregoing paragraphs, you will appreciate, touch only very briefly on the points in question, but you will realise that there is an enormous field of scope and much to be learned in the field of packaging in film. There are, of course, many other materials used in our trade all of which are very useful and very successful in their own particular spheres. Waxed paper cartons, which we use for glacé cherries,

cut peel, etc., "glassine" paper bags which are used for potato crisps, plastic food containers, metal foils for portion cheese, and so on. It is interesting to note incidentally a recent development in the use of metal foil laminated with Pliofilm or paper. This method of packing is used by Messrs. Batchelor's in putting over their new Chicken Noodle Soup and it is a very efficient packet which almost affords the protection of a can with a great saving in cost and weight. The Danish people are experimenting in pre-packing butter, and for this purpose they have made a very attractive pack, which you have all seen, of vegetable parchment laminated with aluminium foil, which combination of materials is greaseproof and at the same time light proof (an important point to be considered in the packaging of butter) and has, moreover, a very great "eye appeal" value.

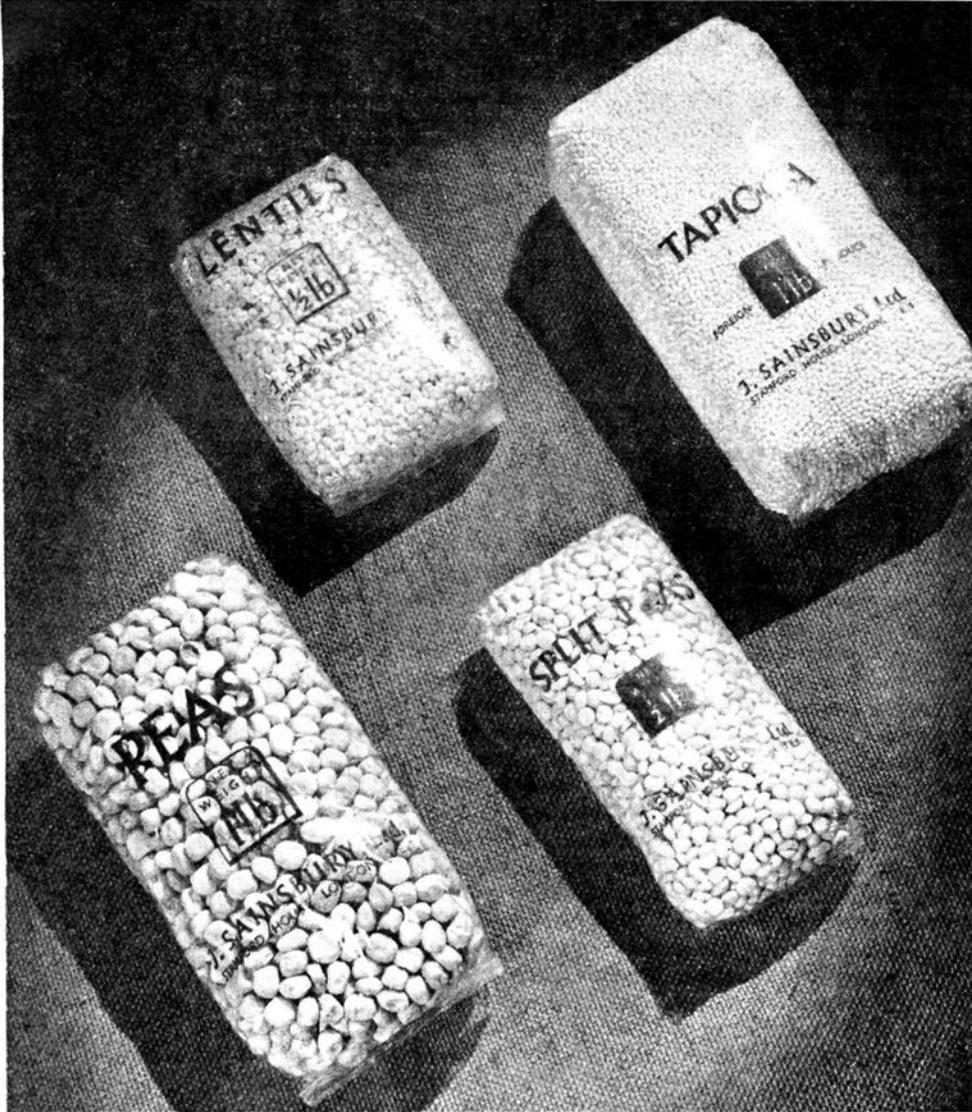
The second and third functions of the package—namely, that it must

identify the contents and it must, at any rate, *help* to sell itself—are closely linked in the question of design, and here again an enormous amount of thought is given to the presentation of the packet or label in its initial stages. With the advent of Self Service in this country there is in progress at present a general renaissance of package design, as in this class of establishment, without the aids of the assistant or of eye-catching show cards, the package *has* to sell itself—it stands on its own feet in competition with its neighbours. It is not sufficient now to label the package so that it can only be read one way, because sure enough, if you do, a customer will pick it up and put it down in such a way that it cannot be identified.

The job of designing a package is properly the job of a designer, and it is not to be lightly undertaken by Tom, Dick or Harry, or even printers' compositors. It is a very specialised

*Tomatoes for Self Service packed in non-moisture proof (P.T.) film—you can see what you buy*





*Packs with which you are all familiar—P.T. film is an ideal material for cereals and pulses, etc.*

art and the handling calls for great knowledge in the use of type faces and colours.

Unfortunately, at the moment all packaging materials from tin-plate to paper are scarce and rapidly becoming scarcer, and many developments and improvements which we should have liked to put in hand are, regrettably, in cold storage until such times as the supply position improves. Nevertheless we are always on the lookout for new

ideas, new methods to reduce costs, and new materials. As we have said, the adoption of Self Service brings with it a host of new problems which we, in common with many manufacturers, are tackling as fast as we can. It is a most fascinating study, and although the public may well be unaware of the time and trouble that is devoted to it we are sure that good packaging will always pay enormous dividends.



*Mr. Churchill leaving the Bunker, where Hitler was alleged to have died*

## **Berlin Bunker**

by J. O'BRIEN of the Transport Office

NOT long after the end of hostilities in Europe I was posted to Berlin and I found on my arrival there that as a member of the Army Special Investigation Branch I had many opportunities to explore the city.

One of the places I was most anxious to see was the Chancellory, where Hitler had spent his last days and I found that this building was situated in the Russian Sector of the city not far from the Unter Den Linden. The "cold war" had not yet begun and courteous relations still existed outwardly between the Russians and the Western Allies.

One could travel without a great deal of hindrance in the Russian Sector and the day after my arrival in the city I drove with some friends down the long wide Kaiserdamm towards the Unter Den Linden. On the way we passed through the devastated Tiergarten, once one of the show places of

Berlin but now littered with the broken remains of statues and burnt out tanks and vehicles. It was from this area that the Russians launched their last attack on the German defenders of the nearby Reich Chancellory.

Passing a new, huge Russian war memorial on the left, we passed under the famous Brandenburg Gate into the Soviet Sector. On our right lay the blitzed shell of the famous Adlon Hotel and a little further down we saw the roofless little Greek temple of the Unknown Soldier.

Inside, at the base of a broken stone pedestal from which an "everlasting flame" once burned, a withered wreath enfolded a rusted German soldier's helmet. As we left the memorial German men and women followed us and endeavoured to barter personal belongings for cigarettes, which had taken the place of normal currency in the

city. The hunger of their bodies was clearly marked in their pale and emaciated faces.

We drove on into Wilhelm Strasse and soon arrived outside the main entrance to the Chancellory, close to the balcony from which Hitler, in the days of his power, addressed his people. In the entrance courtyard we inspected the remains of two armoured cars alleged to be those personally used by Hitler in his last days.

The debris of war littered the long, oblong courtyard and the steps we climbed between tall pillars were heavily blasted by H.E. At the top of the steps and just inside the entrance to the Main Building an aerial bomb had torn a huge gap in the marble floor and looking down I could see, thirty feet below, the remains of electrical generators, partly submerged in evil-looking water from which a strong smell arose.

Further in we found ourselves in a long, lofty hall with green and gold walls bearing a German eagle motif in mosaic. The wrecked remains of exquisite chandeliers strewed the floor.

Turning right we passed through some more rooms noticing as we did the open doors of safes which had been forced and on descending some badly blitzed steps entered the Chancellory gardens. There was little to show that the area had ever been a garden, apart from broken trees, and two large concrete water tanks had been built into the ground.

On the east of the garden we could see a low squat concrete structure with a pointed ventilation and observation tower emerging from the ground nearby.

This was the air raid shelter, or bunker, in which Hitler had spent the last weeks of his life and from which the corpse of his wife, Eva Braun, and his, wrapped in a blanket, were taken after their dual suicide, she by poison, and Hitler by a bullet.

The spot where the bodies had been burned was pointed out, and the top layer of soil appeared to have been removed from the ground, no

doubt for investigation purposes.

Entering the bunker, we turned sharply left and descended about four flights of stairs in pitch darkness, to a depth of about 50 feet, where we found a steel door with light pouring through a small inspection grill. Pushing this open we found ourselves in the shelter where the Russian police on duty allowed us to inspect the various rooms. The bunker contained about 20 rooms on each side of a central corridor at one end of which was Hitler's room. We saw his conference chamber, simply furnished with a plain, rough black table and devoid of wall or other decorations. Air conditioning equipment filled one room and another was fitted for medical purposes.

In the room used by Eva Braun a faint smell of perfume still lingered.

The whole bunker gave me a feeling of cold, but rather inhuman efficiency and it was with rather a sense of relief that I noticed on leaving the bunker that some joker had drawn on the wall the old familiar Chad with the appropriate legend underneath "What — No Adolf."

A year and a half later I again visited the Chancellory. I found great changes.

The marble had been stripped from the walls and the rich golden mosaics had vanished. Hitler's balcony had been demolished and even the heating ventilators had been removed. The marble flooring had been taken away and the bunker too had been blown up, and only a jumbled mass of concrete remained in the gardens to show the last home of the Dictator who had sworn that his new order would last a thousand years.

Somewhere in the east of Europe the splendours of the German Chancellory are probably now adorning Soviet structures, and the beautiful decorations that once brightened the seat of Nazi power are now to the German people, like Hitler himself, just a memory.

Will they ever be regained? I wonder.

# The Stamford Players introduce *'Third Time Lucky'*

How often has this expression been used? Reminiscent of days when Royalty was inspired by the spider to have yet another go? So with the efforts of the Stamford Players in their endeavours to satisfy their audience.

In producing this play the cast has had to be very carefully chosen, for with farce, the action must of a necessity be both smooth and fast.

Since the group started in the early summer of 1947, we have been able to identify some of our members with certain character parts, but when casting for this particular play, we had to switch parts time and time again before we made our final choice.

This play has a variety of characters; the not so old parson (and very likeable too) who is guardian to a very attractive girl enjoying a fairly gay life. She will shortly come of age, when she will be free to go her own way. The Rector is extremely fond of his ward, and although nearly twice her age is really in love with her; on the other hand, although she has great affection for her guardian, she is engaged to be married to a man whose associates (unknown to her) are blackmailers.

Very briefly, the play evolves around some indiscreet letters the ward has written, which have fallen into the hands of the master criminal. The parson, learning of this from his ward, is determined to get them back at all costs, even to the extent of safe breaking, and indeed in this he is aided by a

real old lag who happens to be on the spot at the right moment. The mix-up that follows, when the master criminal returns to his flat and finds these two cracking the crib, their subsequent escape, and the final introduction of the old lag, in the guise of an archdeacon to one of the rector's most prominent parishioners, the handing over of the letters, the final reckoning between ward and guardian, brings this farce to a very nice close.

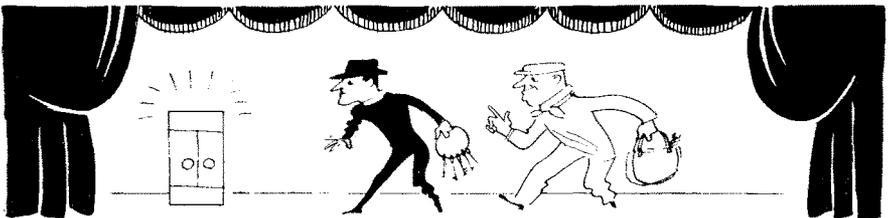
The producer, as in our last play, is Val Dever, who despite difficulties, mainly through sickness, is pressing on for our first presentation to be held at St. John's Parish Hall, Walthamstow, on Saturday 24th February, 1951.

On Wednesday, 7th March, we visit Toynbee Hall, where we again hope to play to a capacity house, and on April 7th we travel to Buckinghamshire where, at the Chalfont St. Peter's Colony we shall entertain about 600 patients.

Scenery construction, as on previous occasions is left in the experienced hands of G. Tyers, aided each Tuesday evening by three enthusiastic assistants.

George Marshall will again be responsible for the stage, and ably assisted by his team will ensure that settings and scene changes are efficiently effected.

Finally, mention must be made of the help always readily given by various members of the staff outside of the group, and for which we are extremely grateful.



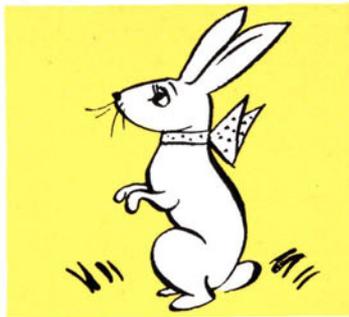
# THE DISAPPEARING TRICK



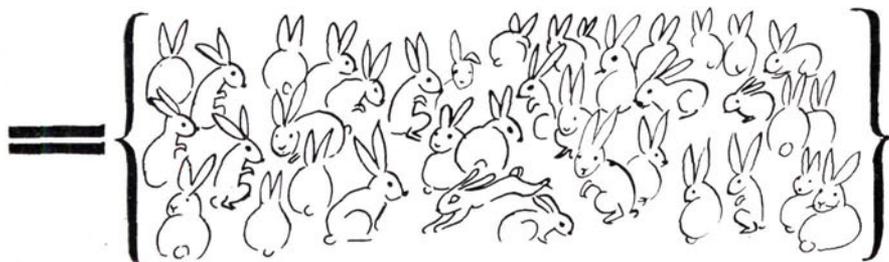
One rabbit

+

plus



one rabbit



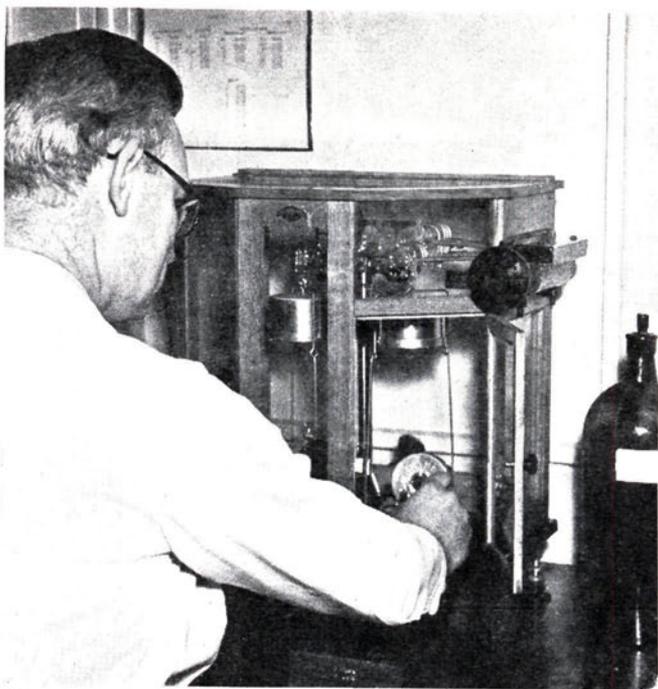
*equals millions of rabbits in a very short time.*

*But in an even shorter time*



Lowen

*they are conjured away and it's one per card, per family, per month—perhaps!*



*The chief chemist J. H. Mallows using a special aperiodic balance*

## ***The Scene behind the Seen***

by J. H. MALLOWS

THE Laboratory has been a part of our organization since 1935. Originally all examinations were carried out in the one building but in 1948 increasing pressure of work made it necessary to separate chemical and bacteriological laboratories. A new laboratory entirely devoted to bacteriological work was constructed in the only available space on the fourth floor of the Kitchens, and the original building was used solely for chemical and investigational work. In some respects this separation is unfortunate but in the present circumstances it is unavoidable.

Some indication of the increase in the volume of work carried out in the Laboratories is evidenced by the

increase in the number of samples examined annually. From 1935 onwards the number of samples has risen each year and now stands at some seven times its number at that time. The increasing number of samples emphasises the need for Laboratories whose main functions still remain the control of raw materials and finished products in an industry which has special legal responsibilities to the general public through the rulings of the Food and Drugs Act.

Quite apart from these statutory obligations the general public is becoming increasingly aware of the importance of hygiene in the production and distribution of food, and the

increasing publicity given to cases of food poisoning and alleged food poisoning heightens their interest in matters of hygiene. It is inevitable therefore that such matters are also part of the interests of the Laboratories in collaboration with other sections of the organization.

The bulk of the work carried out in the Laboratories continues to be derived principally from the Kitchens. All raw materials coming in to the Kitchens are sampled and examined by the Laboratories and not released for use until a satisfactory certificate has been issued. Samples of all manufactured products are examined weekly and these examinations include fats and fertilisers from the By-products.

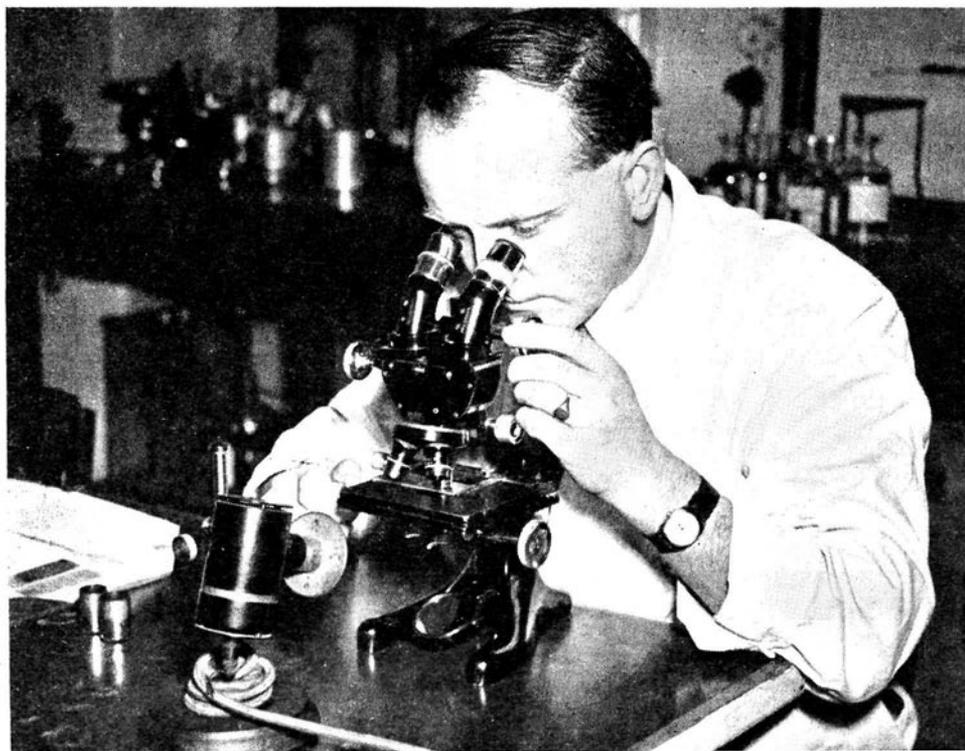
When samples arrive at the Laboratories a decision is made regarding the order of examination. Some require only chemical examination, some only bacteriological examination and some a joint examination. Samples for bacteriological examination must be

handled as little as possible and must be taken as far as possible under sterile conditions. If a sample requires a chemical and bacteriological examination a portion is first removed for bacteriological examination and the remainder of the sample returned for chemical examination.

Bacteriological examinations aim at finding out whether a sample is sterile, that is contains no living bacteria or, if not sterile, how many bacteria or spoilage organisms are present. Bacteria and spoilage organisms are so small that even with a powerful microscope magnifying 1,000 times it is only just possible to see them and therefore special methods have been devised to make their identification and computation easier.

Because bacteria and spoilage organisms abound everywhere we do not wish to complicate the examination by adding any from the apparatus, which is specially sterilised either by heating directly in a flame or in apparatus

*J. Harris examining bacteria under a binocular microscope*



named autoclaves which resemble pressure cookers. A sample of the food is first accurately measured or weighed and then transferred to sterilised apparatus containing prepared media.

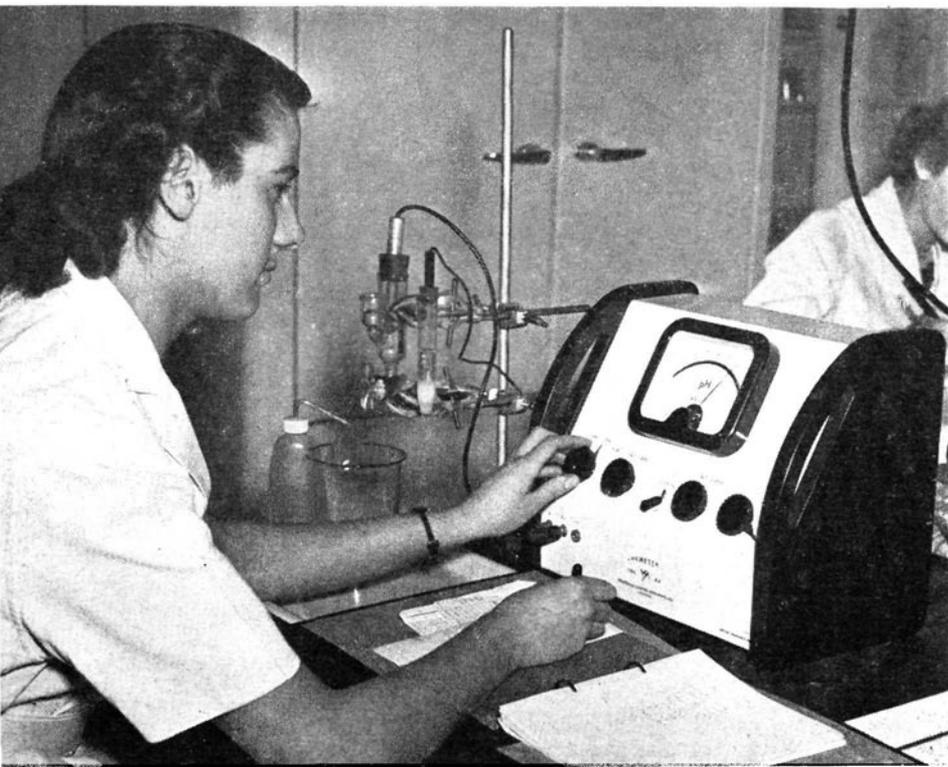
These media are specially tested to ensure that they give ideal conditions for the growth of bacteria and, as bacteria are like human beings in their food likes and dislikes, forty different media are in use in the bacteriological laboratory to meet the nutritional requirements of a vast range of bacteria.

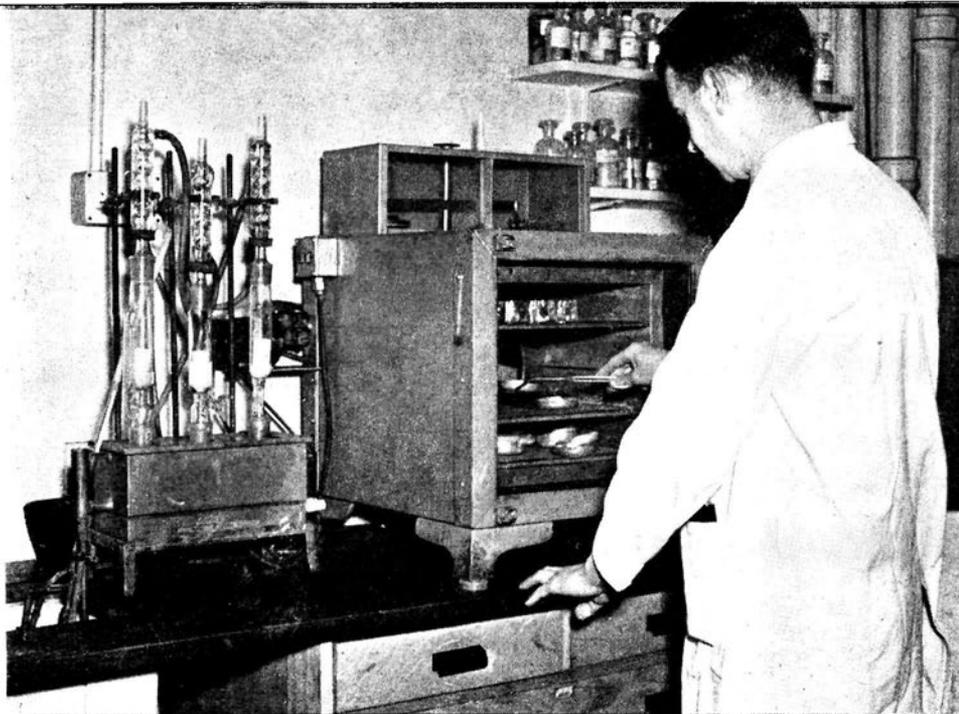
On these media or bacteriological foodstuffs the bacteria grow and multiply at an astonishing rate and eventually each bacterium produces so many of its offsprings that the whole colony of them becomes visible to the naked eye, when they can be counted. Bacteria are very sensitive to temperature and as we have already seen heating destroys them if the temperature is high enough. Cold temperatures do not completely destroy bacteria but only slow down their rates of reproduction. Most classes of bacteria grow best at two

distinct temperatures namely 22 deg. C. and 37 deg. C. The classes which grow best at 22 deg. C. are in general not harmful to humans while classes which grow best at 37 deg. C., which is the human body temperature, may be harmful to humans.

The bacteria therefore are given every opportunity to grow and develop by incubating or heating the media containing them for a number of days in incubators which are kept at a constant temperature. As we do not know in advance how many bacteria a sample contains we have to make several plates from each sample in order that the number of colonies produced on at least one plate may be a convenient number to count. When this has been done it is a simple matter to calculate how many bacteria were present in 1 gram (about 1/30 oz.) of the original sample which is the conventional manner of expressing bacteriological results and these results may range from none up to many millions and even hundreds of millions.

*Miss K. Dix finding the acidity of a preparation*





*D. Pearson doing a "moisture determination"; on the left a "Soxhlet" apparatus used for determining fat contents*

While bacteriological work in general follows a definite pattern the same cannot be said about chemical examinations which range from estimations of meat content in sausages to examination of tiles for use in the Factory. Such a range precludes any detailed descriptions of chemical methods in an article of this nature, but we can say that it requires special instruments and apparatus which not only enable us to carry out the work speedily and accurately but also prove a source of never failing interest to passers by and lunch time spectators.

Again, while for our purposes most bacteriological examinations are completed in two to three days some special identifications may take several weeks. Similarly some chemical examinations can be completed in a matter of minutes while some involve long and painstaking work over a period of days or even weeks. Examinations which fall into the latter class are those

involving goods which must conform to standards laid down by the Ministry of Food, such goods for example as sausages, salad creams, gelatine, jelly tablets, sauces, ketchups, curry powder and many others. Not only do we examine samples of these goods for one of our best customers, the Grocery Buying Office, but we also examine samples of these and other goods taken by sampling officers under the Food and Drug Acts.

As the tendency for defining the composition of foods by statutory order increases so does the work of the food chemist and so does our work. Whether this is a good or bad thing is not pertinent to this article and no doubt some of my readers have their own views on the matter.

It is a fact that gross adulteration of foods has decreased since the advent of food chemists but shortages of certain kinds still lead to adulteration in a more sophisticated manner and goods

such as pepper which are in short supply must be a source of temptation to aspiring adulterators. Certainly some samples which we have examined and rejected have made us treat samples of pepper with a certain interest and respect.

Our work in some respects resembles detective work and this aspect is evident in investigations concerning complaints. Because we act as a clearing house for certain complaints from all the branches, samples of this nature may arrive for our examination fairly frequently despite their infrequency at individual branches. Complaints fall into many classes but any complaints alleging sickness or illness are given absolute priority and involve us in lengthy chemical and bacteriological examinations, nor after these are we unhappy when we come to the opinion that many of the complaints are groundless.

Some complaints are almost old friends and among these we include complaints of "bits of glass" in canned shellfish, canned grapes and processed cheese. Invariably we find that these "bits of glass" are crystals of three chemicals viz., "struvite" or magnesium ammonium phosphate, potassium hydrogen tartrate and sodium dihydrogen phosphate, all of which are harmless and the first two of which occur naturally in the products and are not added.

All complaints are not as straightforward and we must on occasion seek assistance from experts in such institutions as research associations, the Science Museum, the Natural History Museum and the Royal Veterinary College in order the more readily to give a satisfactory answer. In one case of alleged substitution of rabbit by cat we were comforted by confirmatory rebutting evidence from the curator of the Natural History Museum.

Apart from routine and control work of an analytical nature we carry out many short term investigations not only on Kitchens projects but for other

departments as well and thus we have the opportunity of working with representatives from other branches such as Butchering, Grocery Packing, Engineers and Building Development. We look forward to the day when we have a research department in its own right and not a small section of an already overcrowded laboratory as we have today.

These investigations include many aspects and range from some work which we carried out on the suitability of various wrappings for prepackaged goods on sale at 9/11 Croydon to work on tiles and cements for use in the Kitchens reconstructional work. Thus we do not lack variety and we look forward to ever increasing and differing pieces of investigational work, particularly those connected with Self Service.

We in the Laboratories are also responsible for controlling infestation in the Kitchens and Grocery Packing and we also service the chlorinating plant in Stamford House and examine the efficiency of the plant at regular intervals. On several occasions recently representatives of the Laboratories have excited keen interest and some ribald comments when engaged in carrying out ventilation tests in parts of Stamford House and the Kitchens.

Perhaps this short account of some of the activities of the Laboratories may help to answer the query of "What do you do in the Laboratory?" (put in several different ways). We are very conscious that we do not know all the answers and we are just as sure that we have not heard all the questions but we endeavour to play our small part in a large organization as well as we can, conscious that what is true of the news is true of our work - "Comment is free, facts are sacred." We try to find out the facts and we offer an opinion. To the best of our ability we state the facts but we do not always share the same opinions. Perhaps that is why the work is interesting--at all events to us who take part in it.



*An Ice-cap camp after a night's drift in calm weather*

## **Summer in the Arctic**

by H. R. THOMPSON

*Some time ago we supplied provisions for an expedition, made by a party of University students, to North-East Land—this is their story*

ALMOST every year since the First World War parties of students from British Universities, more especially from Oxford and Cambridge, have organised and carried through scientific expeditions to various parts of the world. Some parties in the 1930s were absent for a year or more, but generally it has been a question of completing all travelling and fieldwork in the three and a half months of the summer vacation.

Such expeditions are financed in part by their members, in part by the generosity of firms which provide free provisions and equipment, and in part by grants from the Universities and Colleges, from the Royal Geographical

Society and from various scientific trusts. The cost of each expedition depends in large measure on the location and accessibility of its objective and also on whether or not it is possible to live off the country. As a generalisation it may be said that no present-day expedition costs less than about £700, and the figure may occasionally exceed £1,500.

In 1949 the Oxford University Exploration Club's members organised three expeditions: to Mount Kenya in East Africa; to some Portuguese islands off West Africa; and to North-East Land, one of the Spitsbergen islands, half-way between the north of Norway and the North Pole.

The reason for organising the expedition was to investigate the nature and origin of an enormous glacier which did not exist in 1936, but which, when discovered in 1938, was found to cover 200 square miles of what had been sea. This glacier, aptly called the Brasvellbre ("the Mushroom Glacier"), was photographed from the air in 1938 and was seen from a German submarine in 1944, but no one had yet landed to map it and study it in detail. Such a unique opportunity was naturally seized upon by Hartog and Olsen, who made all the preliminary arrangements over a period of 18 months and then chose the three other members of the 1949 party: Bill Scot-Moncrieff (as surveyor), Chris Harley (in charge of our 27-foot open boat) and myself (as geographer and geologist).

The plan of campaign was to set up a base camp beside the Brasvellbre and to make sledge journeys over the glacier itself and over the normal 1,000 foot thick icecap which shrouds most of the rest of North-East Land (an island roughly the size of Wales). Surveying was an important item on the programme and our open whaleboat was to be used to make soundings round the seaward end of the glacier, to find out if it were aground or afloat. Besides this, it was hoped to bore holes in the Brasvellbre, so as to measure its temperature and density at various depths, and to calculate its volume and rate of flow. In addition, met. records were to be made at base camp and by sledge parties, while rocks and fossils were to be collected and land forms and ice-forms studied.

The organising of even a small expedition takes up a fantastic amount of time, energy and patience, and is not helped by the onset of University exams. But, as always happens, everything came right in the end and we left Newcastle at the end of June and made our way by four different ships to the Norwegian coal settlement of Long-year City in West Spitsbergen. West

Spitsbergen is the largest of the Spitsbergen islands and is the only one which can be reached easily (because its western coast is washed by the tail end of the Gulf Stream).

In order to travel the last 350 miles to the Brasvellbre we had to charter a small Norwegian sledge of 35 tons, steel-hulled, but sheathed with massive oak timbers. After a foggy, but surprisingly ice-free passage, during which we landed an emergency food depot to guard against accidents, we reached the splendid 100-foot ice-cliffs of our glacier on 20th July, only to find that we were separated from the beaches of North-East Land by three miles of sea-ice which was too rotten to sledge over but too solid to penetrate with the ship.

Greatly disappointed, we found ourselves forced 20 miles to the west before we could land. The site we selected for our base camp was a sandy beach on which stood a derelict wooden hut, filled with snow and ice, which had been built by two Norwegian trappers when they wintered here in 1934. (North-East Land is normally uninhabited, save by Arctic foxes and Polar bears.) This hut, when cleaned out and repaired, became our food store, and as such was absolutely invaluable, for we had not really enough tents to hold all our stores as well as ourselves.

Our outboard motor, like many others, refused to work when it was wanted, so we had to row all our stores ashore, galley-slave style. But a whole "night's" work—it never got dark, of course—saw the job completed, and the ship sailed for the east again, taking Hartog, Olsen and Scott-Moncrieff to Isis Point, on the east coast, beyond the Brasvellbre.

They were marooned there to make a survey, collect rocks and obtain an accurate astro-fix to help the Norwegians plot their aerial photos. When these tasks were finished, the sledge was loaded and the three men headed out on to the featureless ice-dome covering



*The expedition's whaler—in Vike Bay, with the 11½ year old son of the Norwegian Governor of Spitsbergen in the bows. Sea ice lines the coast three miles away*

North-East Land. Two weeks later they rejoined Harley and me at base camp, having sledged 100 miles in blizzard and fog, with temperatures often so near melting point that the snow surface became unpleasantly sticky for sledge and skis.

No dogs were used, as a measure of economy, but although we successfully accomplished two more sledge journeys, none of us found much reason to contradict the unfavourable impression of manhauling given by the early British polar expeditions. The work does not involve violent activity; it is, rather, sheer back-breaking drudgery, especially in the warm Arctic summer. Not only is visibility usually *nil* because of fog, but one's spectacles and goggles steam up; one's ski-skins come off or break and have to be adjusted by numbed fingers; and by evening one is so utterly played out that one has no inclination whatsoever for scientific work. There is,

moreover, no comparison in speed between dog-sledging and manhauling: our average rate of progress was one mile per hour.

At basecamp, Harley had been busy rigging the whaleboat, while I had been out on daily rock-collecting excursions, and both of us took turns with the twice-daily met. readings. Temperatures were generally just above freezing point, but a strong N.W. wind, and later rain and snow from the east, made things seem a good deal cooler.

On August 16th all five members of the expedition set out over the interior icecap in two parties. Hartog, Olsen and Harley made an 85-mile sledge journey to study and map the Brasvellbre—the previous journey had not had the right weather for direct observations, though its value indirectly was considerable—while Bill Scott-Moncrieff and I moved a few miles along the coast, to enable me to extend my geological

work and Bill to do more surveying.

On both the major sledge journeys a battery of aneroid barometers was carried, and the readings of these, then compared with those made at the basecamp, have enabled us to produce a reasonably accurate outline of the relief of the high icecap and of the Brasvellbre. (The differences of pressure indicate differences of height; though some other factors have naturally had to be taken into account.) In the case of the second major journey, however, the readings at the base were continuously recorded by a barograph, a clockwork machine equipped with a pen, and Bill and I had to cut short our minor trip so as to hurry home and wind up the barograph spring, lest it should run down before the end of Hartog's journey.

The weather by the end of August was fine and crisp and the Brasvellbre party had splendid travelling surfaces; while I was able to spend several days by myself on the edge of the icecap, testing the boring and temperature-measuring gadgets which we had brought for use on the Brasvellbre itself. Unfortunately 1949 had turned out to be an exceptionally bad sea-ice year, and moving this heavy equipment 20 miles to the east or even carrying out our programme of soundings were both out of the question: in any wind the whaleboat would have been crushed by drifting ice.

We did, however, get one chance of using the boat for scientific purposes. Three miles offshore were two small islands, neither of which had ever been visited. So when the whole party was reunited early in September we persuaded the outboard to propel us to one of them and were able to add considerably to our survey and geological results.

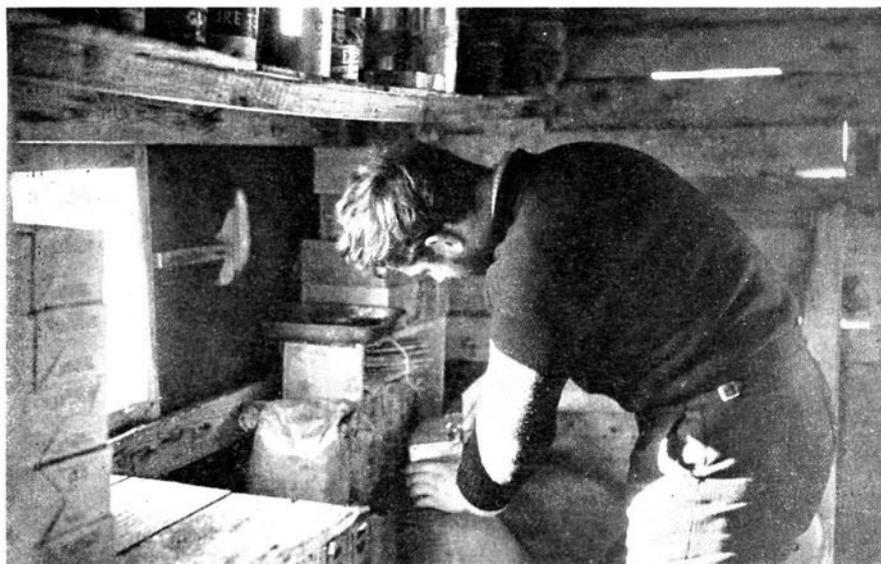
The chief thing I remember about that day is the exceptional beauty of the scene as we wended our way through lanes of open water among the ice floes. The weather was gloriously

fine and still. Every object stood out sharply; the sun glinted on a million ice and snow crystals; and in caverns and behind projections glowed the most beautiful green and blue shadows. As I remember it the silence was unbroken even by the Fulmar petrels and Ivory gulls we disturbed among the islands: a curious contrast to the clamour of the Arctic terns and the quacking of the Eider ducks at the basecamp.

Our Norwegian sealer was due to collect us about September 3rd, but there was no sign of her on that day, nor on the 4th, nor on the 5th. We knew what a lot of sea-ice there was, and, moreover, we had been warned that it was extremely unwise to remain in North-East Land after August 31st. We therefore began serious preparations for saving our own skins by sailing 20 miles by open boat to our food depot and then sledging 80 miles over the (to us) unknown glaciers of West Spitsbergen to Longyear City, whence we might hope to reach Norway by coal boat. As it turned out, this exciting but unpleasant journey was not made, for the sealer arrived on September 7th: she had been held up by impenetrable pack ice for three days, almost within sight of our basecamp.

Once we were all aboard, with our new maps, our rock specimens, our met, records, our field notebooks and the rest of our gear, we headed southwards for Norway. There were many miles of ice to be broken through and at one stage the ship was in danger of being crushed, but our wily old skipper knew all the tricks of his trade and we reached open water without damage.

Our voyage to Norway was delayed by a Force 8 gale. I have never known a boat roll so much as that sealer. Moreover, the combined stenches of seal blubber, diesel oil and galley smoke were almost suffocating, and nearly everyone aboard was sick, the most evident casualty being the steward, for no prepared meals



*Inside the trappers' hut Harley opens a tin of chocolate. This hut was used both as a kitchen and a store*

were forthcoming for many hours.

However, we reached Tromso in ten days—a slightly surprising achievement in view of the skipper's attitude to the finer points of deep-sea navigation (he had a log which only worked part of the time and he had lent his sextant to a friend who had gone to Greenland). We became once more a set of clean-shaven young men. We were able to put on fresh clothes, sleep between sheets, and experience all the usual delights of a return to civilisation. But Tromso's civilisation was only comparative, and I for one had to wait till I returned to Oxford before having my first bath for three months.

The expedition, measured by scientific standards, had met with a very fair degree of success, though the significance of our field notes has yet to be analysed in detail. Each of us was enriched in experience, and though considerable contrasts of personal temperament were revealed, no lasting antagonisms developed. If any of us expected beauty of scenery in North-East Land we were disappointed, for such bare land as there was was low and mono-

tonous, broken by few hills. But the views of the distant mountains of West Spitsbergen were very fine, and the beauty of sunlit pack ice can never be forgotten.

The House of Sainsbury was one of the firms whose generosity made our expedition possible, and it may be of interest to outline what food we ate in the Arctic.

The basic sledging ration for one man for one day was :—

	ozs.
Bovril pemmican .. ..	8
Wheat/pea flour .. ..	11½
Margarine .. ..	4
Huntley & Palmer's Spray biscuits .. ..	2
Cube sugar .. ..	2
Barley sugar .. ..	1
Demerara sugar .. ..	1
Cadbury's Dairy Milk chocolate .. ..	2
Fruit & Nut (plain) .. ..	2
Red Label cocoa .. ..	1
Dried milk .. ..	½
Porridge oats .. ..	3
Raisins .. ..	2
	30

*Also* : Protovite and Dried Yeast tablets and a little salt, tea, golden syrup and curry powder.

For breakfast we had porridge and biscuits ; for lunch (on the march) cocoa and cold pemmican ; and for supper pemmican stew, biscuits and tea. Each man ate his chocolate and barley sugar when he wanted to. The raisins were put in the porridge and the flour in the pemmican stew.

The main objection to this ration, apart from the allegedly revolting taste of pemmican, was its lack of bulk ; and its calorific value (4,360), though high for the weight, was not really enough for the hard labour of man-hauling. However, we could not have

*pulled* any more food on the sledges !

At the basecamp this dull ration was varied by all manner of tinned and fresh foods : meat, fish, fruit, jam. We also baked bread (of sorts) and shot the occasional Eider duck, while bacon and eggs sometimes appeared for breakfast. The most popular meal was curry and rice, followed by chocolate pudding, but these were luxuries, and boiled potatoes and dried veg. were the normal accompaniment to our evening pemmican.

All cooking, both at base and on the icecap, was done with Prestige pressure cookers, heated by Primus stoves. This was an excellent combination from all points of view.

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## ***About People you know***

### ***Retirements***

Three members of the staff who retired in July, 1950, had each been forty years with the firm—a wonderful record of service for **Mr. J. A. Coward** (Portslade), **Mr. A. E. Maddren** (189 Kensington) and **Mr. F. Tovery** (Dagenham) who all joined in 1910. Mr. Tovery was war-time manager of Watney Street where he kept the shop open despite all assaults of high explosives and flying bombs.

**Miss D. Hutchings** (1st Clerk at 168 Streatham) retired on 1st November, 1950. She joined the firm on 7th June, 1915, and has given valuable service especially during her years as war-time manager of Addiscombe.

**Mr. F. Green** (Bournemouth) also can lay claim to a faithful record for he had been with J.S. for 34 years until he retired on 1st November.

**Mr. A. Young** (Works Department) joined the firm in 1923 as a painter and worked his way through until he became a foreman and in his last years at work a Supervisor at Blackfriars.

Three newly retired Housekeepers (December, 1950 and January, 1951) who have done much to make the staff comfortable and happy are **Miss L. A. Brown** (355 Lea Bridge Road), who joined on 30th December, 1946, **Miss K. Coates** (Ashford), who joined on 28th March, 1939, and **Miss A. Standing** (Hackney) who joined on 21st April, 1941.

**Mr. W. J. Bourne** (1st Butcher at Northwood) retired in January, 1951, after eleven years with the firm.

**Mr. A. E. Snow**, Superintendent, joined the Firm in July, 1910, at 20 years of age, and after service in the colours in the 1914/18 war had his first management at 52 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway. In 1920 he was transferred as Manager to Crouch End and opened Cambridge branch in 1925. He remained at Cambridge until the autumn of 1929 when he took up duties as a District Supervisor, being appointed a Branch Superintendent when the reorganisation of the areas took place in 1944. Mr. Snow retired in September last.

**Mr. F. Fowler**, Manager of 9/11 Croydon, retired in February of this year. He started with the Firm in 1906, his first appointment as Manager being at Beckenham branch in 1919, after which he managed 87 Ealing, Bexhill, 7 Palmers Green, South Kensington and 9/11 Croydon. We know that Mr. Fowler regarded it a great privilege to open the Firm's first Self Service store, and it was a most fitting culmination to his career with J.S.

### ***Obituary—Active List***

We regret to record the deaths of :

**Miss D. G. Brown** (Saleswoman, Addiscombe). Joined the firm 29th March, 1917. Died suddenly 21st November, 1950.

**Mr. E. Evans** (Traffic Controller, Warehouse). Joined the firm 23rd May, 1927. Died after a short illness, 2nd September, 1950.



**The  
Stamford Players**

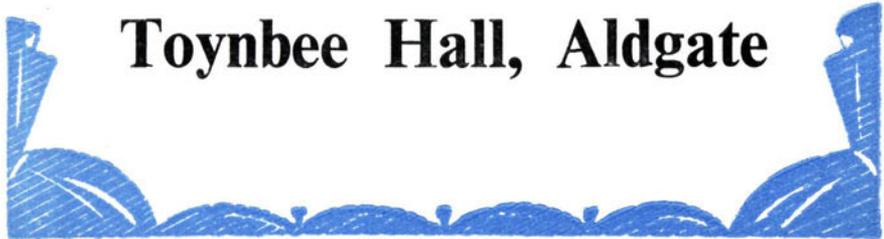
*present*

**THIRD TIME  
LUCKY**

Produced by Val Dever



**Wednesday, 7th March  
Toynbee Hall, Aldgate**



SC 1096.3811h