



JS

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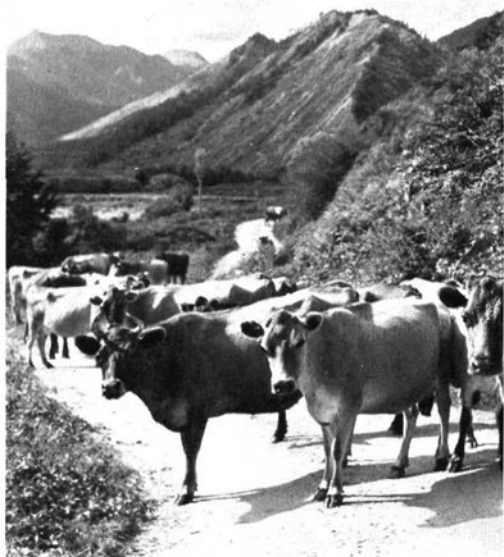
Letters and contributions are invited from all members of J.S. Staff. Photographs of Staff Association activities will be particularly welcome. A fee of half a guinea will be paid for any photograph by a member of J.S. Staff which is published in J.S. JOURNAL.

All communications should be sent to
The Editor, J.S. JOURNAL,
Stamford House, Blackfriars,
London, S.E.1.

OUR COVER PICTURE

*At our Catford branch
Miss G. Cooper serves
a customer with New
Zealand butter.*

Dairy cattle in the Buller Gorge, west coast, South Island. Much of the country here is wild and undeveloped.



N-Z

BUTTER

A Brief Account of
Butter Production in the
Dominion by **R. G. P. COX**

The development of the New Zealand butter industry has been one of continuous growth. From very small beginnings 70 years ago, when probably no more than a few hundred pounds of butter were made each day, there are now 120 large creameries covering the dairying districts throughout New Zealand.

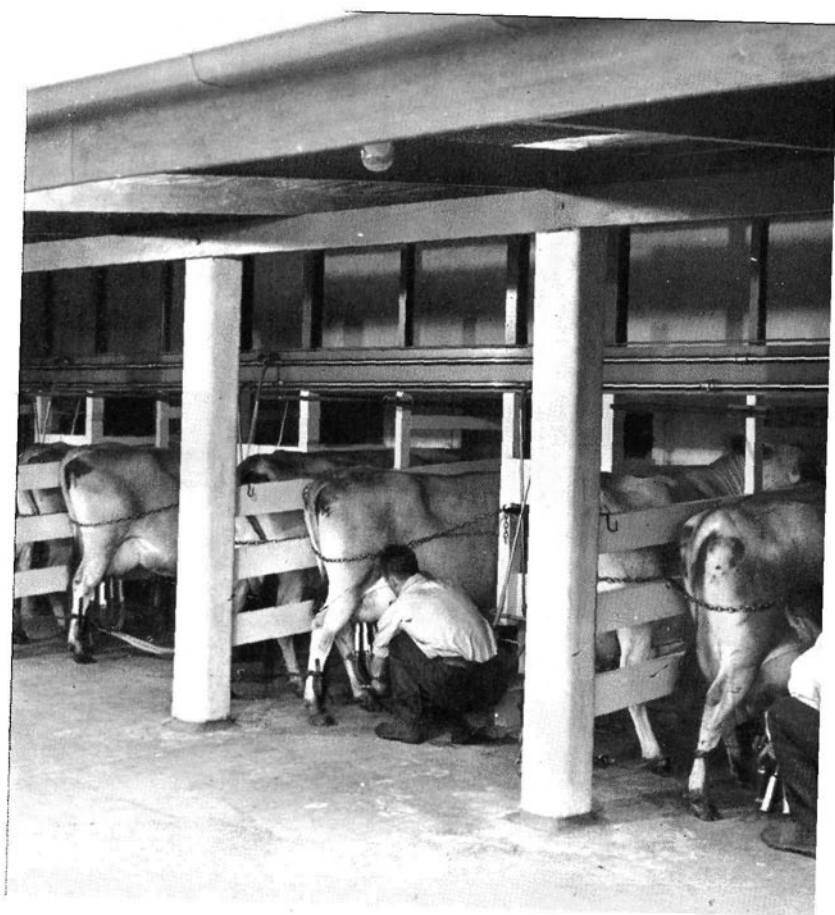
These creameries take the cream which is available from the surrounding farms—the cream being separated from the rich



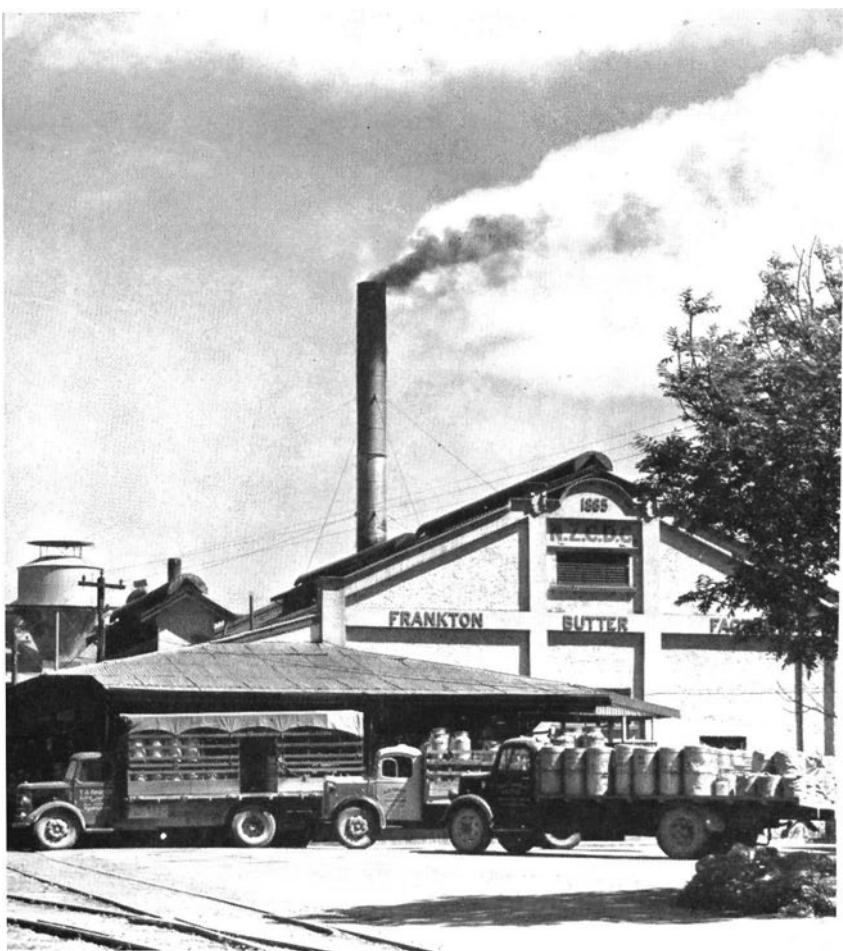
On a North Island dairy farm near Rotorua, the farmer spreads silage for his herd. This is done as a rule in late summer to make up for the fall in the milk-producing properties of the pasture caused by the lack of rain.

milk on the farm to save transport. The importance of the butter industry to New Zealand can be imagined from the fact that every year some seven million 56 lb. cartons are produced.

The size of these creameries varies, but normally there would be three to six churns at each; a churn is capable of making about two tons of butter in one churning, and several churnings are made every day. This enormous output has brought about the development of an industry which is both progressive and highly organised. Dairy produce is responsible for about half the wealth of New Zealand.



Mechanisation is the rule in New Zealand's dairy industry. Over 90 per cent. of cows are milked by machine. Government control is carried out by the visits of a farm dairy instructor whose job is not merely to inspect but also to advise on buildings and machinery and their use.



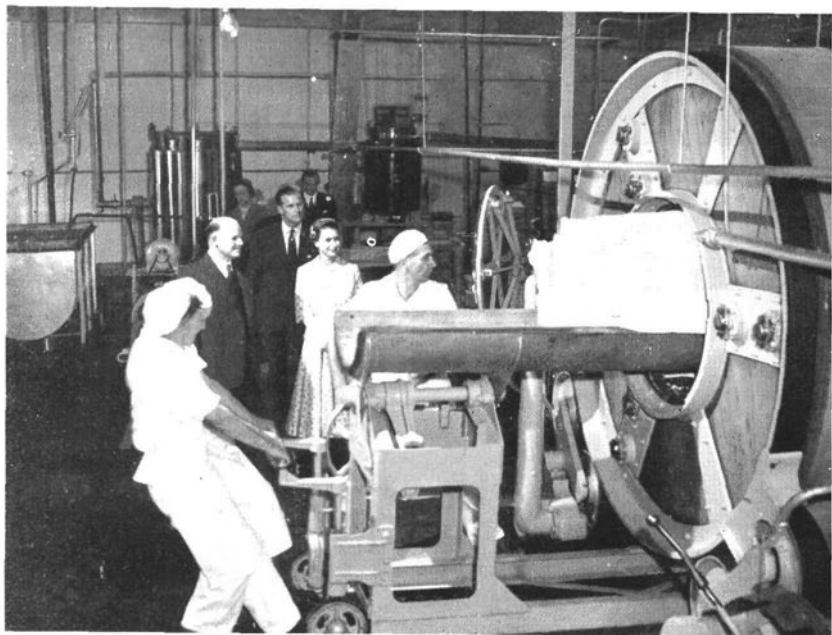
ABOVE. A butter factory near Hamilton, North Island. The size of this dairy, one of a chain operated by a producers' co-operative, gives a hint of the importance of butter production in New Zealand.

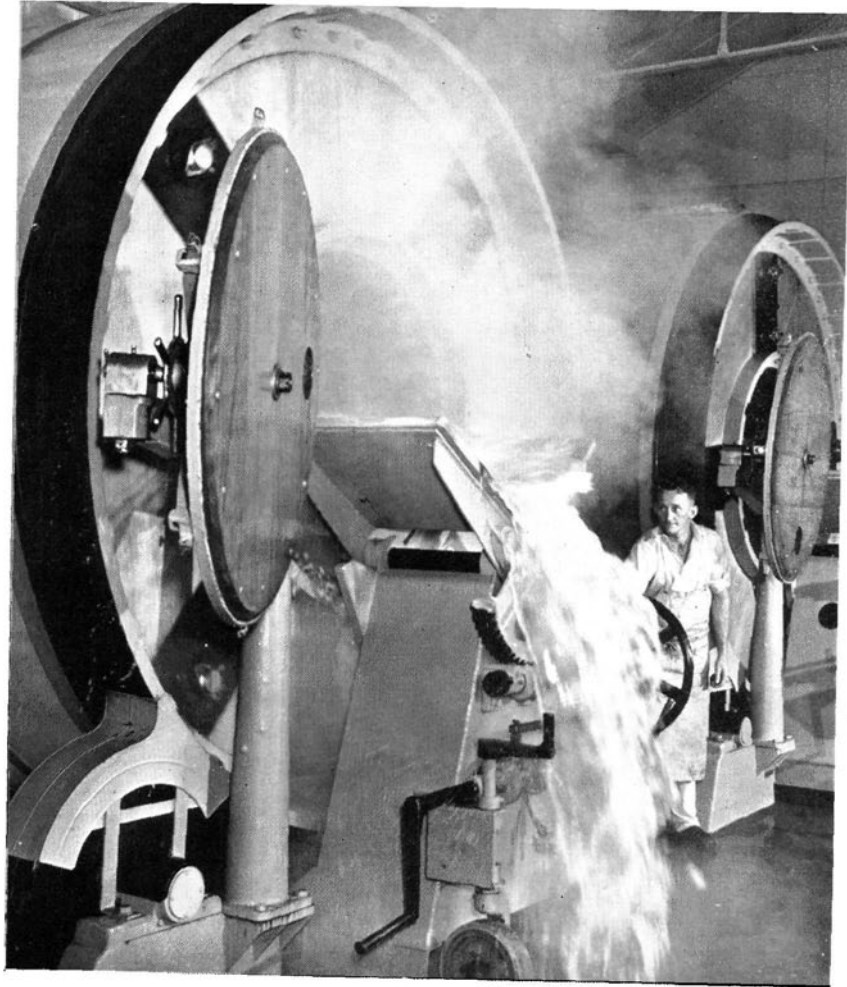
OPPOSITE. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip visit the churn room of a butter factory near New Plymouth on their tour of Australasia in 1954.

A creamery making butter alone would begin to take in cream about 10 o'clock each morning, the cream arriving by rail and motor lorry after being collected from the farms for many miles around. This daily supply of cream pours in for several hours, and at the flush period of the season (in New Zealand, October, November, December) this might well be 125 tons of cream at each creamery per day, involving the use of thousands of cream cans.

The butter which is made in New Zealand is of the sweet cream variety which is quite distinct from the lactic butter made on the Continent, both types of butter are, however, made on a two-day production basis.

The first step is for the cream to be graded and weighed on arrival, and this grading is carefully carried out by experts





Scalding out a churn after it has delivered its butter. Churns vary in size between a capacity of three to six thousand pounds per churning. It usually takes between half and three-quarters of an hour to pass from cream to butter.



Government inspectors grading and testing butter at Auckland before giving the O.K. for export.

holding Government certificates for their qualifications. The cream is then tipped into vats according to the quality, while the cans go off for thorough steam cleaning before being returned to the farmer.

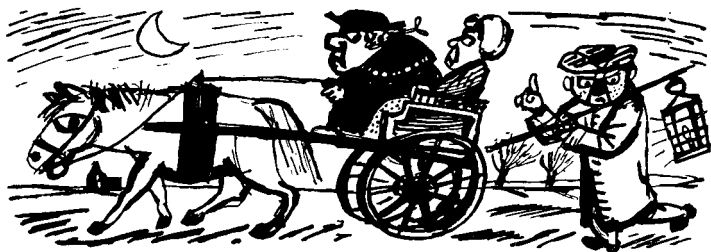
From these huge receiving vats the preparation of the cream for churning begins. Although the actual churning does not take place until the next day, the preparation of the cream is probably of greater importance than the churning itself. This preparation includes the pasteurisation and neutralisation of the cream. The wonderful keeping qualities of New Zealand butter is largely due to the skill and accuracy of the butter maker controlling the neutralisation phase. A butter made from cream which is too acid is not a good keeping butter, while butter made from cream which has been over neutralised has an alkaline flavour. Nevertheless, neutralisation is considered necessary so that all the cream is reduced to the same degree of acidity to ensure a uniform standard of quality.



When the butter reaches J.S. it is delivered to the branch in bulk and made up into wrapped packets either in a butter preparation room like this one at our Eastbourne branch or at the counter as it is sold.

The pasteurisation and cooling of the cream is the next stage, and this ensures that the cream is practically germ free before being turned into butter. At all stages very great care is taken to control the temperature and condition of the cream so that only the finest quality is available for churning; butter can never be better than the quality of the cream from which it is made.

Churning is a process in itself, and this takes about two hours. For salt butter the addition of salt to bring the content up to a uniform $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is made at this point. The two tons of butter is then taken mechanically from the churn and tipped on the long wooden tables. It is a wonderful picture to see the great churns emptying their enormous piles of golden butter ready for packing which is done straight away. Machines cut the butter into blocks and adjust it exactly to fit the 56 lb. cartons, which are familiar to everyone in J.S. branches. It is a proud claim of the New Zealand butter makers that their butter is churned and packed ready for export without being touched by hand.



EATING FOR VICTORY

APRIL 20 1796 At 3. o'clock I drove Nancy over in my little Cart to Mr Mellish's, and did not get there till 4 o'clock owing to Briton's being on foot. The Party we met there was Mr. Mellish, Mr and Mrs Eaton, Mr & Mrs Howman and Mr. Corbould. Dinner was soon announced after our Arrival which consisted of the following things, Salmon boiled & Shrimp Sauce, some White Soup, Saddle of Mutton roasted & Cucumber &c., Lambs Fry, Tongue, Breast of Veal ragoued, rice Pudding the best part of a Rump of Beef stewed immediately after the Salmon was removed. 2nd Course. A Couple of Spring Chicken, roasted Sweetbreads, Jellies, Maccaroni, frill'd Oysters, 2. small Crabs & made Dish of Eggs. N.B. No kind of Pastrey, no Wheat Flour made use of* and even the melted butter thickened with Wheat-Meal and the Bread all brown Wheat-Meal with one part in four of Barley Flour. The Bread was well made and eat very well indeed, may we never eat worse. About half past eight we all took our Leave of Mr Mellish and returned to our respective homes as we went, we got home about half past nine, as we went very slowly on Account of Briton's walking, who muttered very much about walking and when he got home was very impudent indeed, but I believe he had been making too free with Mr. Mellish's Beer &c.

From the DIARY OF THE REVEREND JAMES WOODFORDE, 1740-1803.

* Probably a patriotic effort of Mr Mellish's. England was at war with the French and the Prime Minister, Pitt, had suggested that people should eat more meat in order to save bread, which was very expensive. Wheat was selling in December 1795 at three pounds to three guineas a Coomb (1 Coomb = 4 Bushels) according to Parson Woodforde.



After being open for nearly fifteen years these "temporary" premises at 78 Marylebone High St. closed on March 19th and a new self-service store opened on the site of our old shop on Monday March 21st.

Marylebone prepares for its opening day as first J.S. self-service store in the West End





**The new self-service store at
97/99 Marylebone High Street.**

The new shop is not one of our largest but is a very compact piece of planning on a difficult site and it contains several new features. Marylebone branch has always had a large catering trade and this will be dealt with in a separate office on the premises. The branch stands in a street which has a long history. The church site at the top of the High St. was an old one when St. Mary's was built there in 1400. The village, which lay on the outskirts of London till a century and a half ago, was originally St. Mary-le-Bourne taking its name from St. Mary's and the river Tyburn which runs not far from the High St. The print on the right shows the High St. in 1730, seen from Marylebone Basin, a reservoir which was roughly where Harley St. and Wimpole St. are today.



Ex-manager Mr. Tupman (left) and ex-superintendent Mr. Snow (right) are briefed for opening day by Mr. Woods. Their job will be to see that customers both old and new are given baskets and shown the way round as they come in.



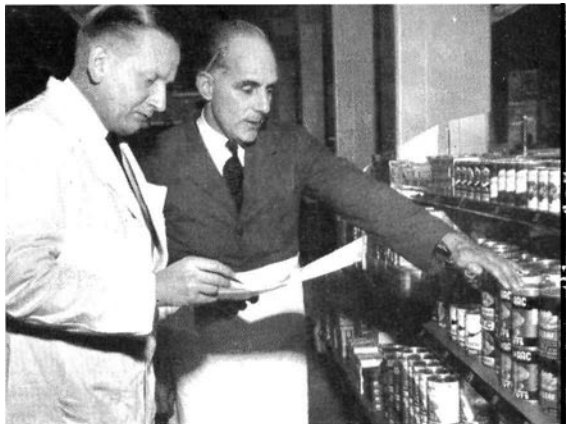
Getting a self-service store open means a lot of training. Above, Mr. Nurthen is teaching a team how to deal with labelling. They are, left to right, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Fashola, Miss Phelan, Mrs. Roach and Mrs. Detchon. On the left he is instructing (left to right) Miss Waidelich, Mrs. Fashola and Miss le Marche in the use of the machine, which prints the prices on the gummed labels.



ABOVE. Mr. Tamlyn, Meat Supervisor, cuts a carcass of Canterbury lamb on the bandsaw. This is the second bandsaw to be installed at a branch, the other being at Southampton. It will make it easier to deal effectively with the large volume of meat sales which are one aspect of the catering side of the branch.

RIGHT. Mr. Drury instructing Miss J. Mooney in the wrapping of meat to keep the self-service refrigerated cabinets filled.





Superintendent J. F. Lamb with Mr. Hill, manager of the new store, check over some details of the grocery order.



Miss O'Brien the housekeeper never knows how many mouths there are to be fed from day to day. The canteen on the third floor has been catering for staff at 78 High Street and as opening day draws nearer has to provide more and more meals.



Assistant manager, Mr. R. J. McDougall, gives a helpful word of advice about biscuit wrapping to Mrs. E. Harris and Mrs. V. Smith.



ABOVE. As opening day approaches, shelves fill and the store takes colour and life from the displays.

BELOW, left. In a cold store is the zero cabinet for storing frozen foods. Mr. R. Turner, Assistant Manager, and Mr. E. M. Watkins load with packets which in a day or two will be on display.

BELOW, right. Candy and chocolate bars are displayed at each check out. Mr. Nurthen with Miss Murphy and Mrs. Brighton get one of the stores five check outs ready.





The General Assembly gives some idea of the attendance at the Royal Pier Pavilion.

Southampton S.S.A. Dance

First social event of the Southampton S.S.A. section on February 9th was a great success. Nearly 400 guests were present to dance till midnight to Gil Holmes Band. Parties came in from outlying branches to give support to the new section and a wonderful time was had by all.

Bournemouth and Boscombe visitors.





ABOVE.

A few of the guests
from Southampton.

Winchester guests
on the right and,
below, a cheerful
party from South-
bourne.



The Gastronomical Drum-Major



*This year we celebrate the two hundredth
anniversary of the birth of the author of one
of the best known and least read works
on the subject of food*

BY

JAMES BOSWELL

My uncle James was a romantic figure of my childhood. A rip-roaring, six-shooting kind of man, never off the prairie, never very far ahead of the sheriff and his posse ; and all because one day at a fairground he stuck his head through a painted canvas sheet, was photographed and sent home a post-card which years later reached my childish hands and credulous

eyes. He was in fact a solid character, sober, serious and law-abiding, in a small way of business which earned him a seat on the city council, responsibilities as a Rotarian and a little popularity as chairman of the golf-club committee. Perhaps in a better world he would have been a cowboy but it seems very unlikely.

It seems even less likely that Brillat-Savarin would ever have been a cook. But that is the image conjured up by the name. A gleaming figure in white towering over a dish of those curious little ring-shaped sponge-cakes called *savarins*. And all because one day he wrote and had published a book about food, *La Physiologie du Gout* or *The Physiology of Taste*.

He was born two hundred years ago on April 2nd, 1755, in the little French town of Belley in the department of the Ain. His birthplace still stands in the *Grande Rue* at No. 62 and the town is very little changed. It is a sleepy country place which wakes up once a week for market day then slips back into the small activities and routine jobs which have been going on for generations. Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin came of a comfortably-off family with small property, respected, solid and associated for a long time with the legal profession. He was a bright boy who at the age of 20 was already teaching law, chemistry and domestic medicine at the University of Dijon. Perhaps it was only elementary chemistry and medicine but he must have had exceptional gifts for at some time in his life he invented the *vaporisateur* which is in use as a scent spray to-day. By 1789, when he was 34, he was well enough thought of in his part of the world to be sent as a deputy to the National Assembly which marked the first stage of the French Revolution.

Once there he took what is described as a moderate stand on most subjects. He spoke against the abolition of the death penalty and against the introduction of the jury system. He obviously took his legal career very seriously and in pursuing it he became Counsellor of the newly formed Court of Cassation. This is the French equivalent of our High Court of Appeal so the post was a legal plum. But being a moderate does not bring security of office when there is a revolution under way. By 1792 he had lost the post and he withdrew to Belley and was there elected Mayor. By 1794 it was no longer comfortable to be a moderate even in Belley. The Terror was on, Belley was on the route to the Swiss frontier and Brillat-Savarin was under suspi-

cion of helping royalists to escape. The explanations and discussions which might have followed could have been painful and even fatal so our moderate lawyer decided to avoid them and retired to Lausanne. There he found himself among many *émigrés* and in *La Physiologie du Gout* he describes how some of them lived.

One of them, an army officer, had, despairing of the rabble of *émigré* soldiers who were trying to organise an army of intervention, apprenticed himself to an old weaver and was working well and skilfully at this trade for six days a week.



On Sundays, however, he reverted to type and would appear in full dress uniform, parading through the town with all the pride and authority of his rank. Another aristocratic exile had found himself a benefactor who agreed to pay for two meals a week for him. These meals he took at the best inn of the town and they were of vast dimensions. The exile would totter away bursting with food and carrying a loaf to see him through the next three days. But such moral breakdown shocked Brillat-Savarin to whom work seemed a natural thing and he was glad to get away to America.

There he settled down in New York and as far as is possible for an exile he was a happy man. He was already interested in the pleasures of the table. Perhaps there is nothing like the loss of a comfortable world to stimulate interest in it and he was a native of a district of France which is celebrated above all for

the good quality of its products—La Bresse. *Poulet de la Bresse* is the French equivalent of a Surrey chicken and the regional cookery of La Bresse is distinguished for its simplicity and lack of elaboration, preferring the fine quality and flavour of the local products to the highly spiced dishes favoured in other parts.

Brillat-Savarin liked America. He enjoyed himself in Connecticut hunting and eating grey squirrel and wild turkeys, which he rated better in flavour than the domestic product. He taught French, he played the violin in a New York orchestra and one way and another he made ends meet for two years. And when many years later he wrote his classic work he explained his success simply and in terms that provide a valuable rule of conduct for all exiles.

He says "That I prospered there, be it said, was chiefly due to this ; that from the day of my arrival among the Americans, I spoke their language, dressed like them, took care not to be cleverer than they, and praised all their ways ; thus repaying the hospitality I met with among them by a form of condescension which I commend to all who may find themselves in like circumstances."

But for all that his enthusiasm for America was, like his politics, only moderate and after two years of exile he returned to France in 1796. There, the reign of terror had run its course, and his gifts recovered for him his post at the Court of Cassation. His moderation retained it for him through the Consulate, the Empire, the Hundred Days and the Restoration.

He was above all a sociable man and fond of good company. His social position and contacts opened most doors to him. Madame Récamier was his cousin and he frequented her house, meeting there the political and literary figures of those troubled days. Tall and powerful in appearance, Balzac described Brillat-Savarin as "The Drum Major of the Court of Cassation". He was a regular guest at the monthly dinners which Grimod de la Regnière, author of the *Almanack des Gourmands*, used to put on at the Rocher de Cancale. He was a keen sportsman, but to the discomfort of his fellow judges in the court had a habit of carrying his bag of small birds in the pockets of his frock-coat until they were high enough for the spit. And wherever he went he took notes ; notes about the food he

ate and the people he ate it with and how they cooked it and what they talked of. And in the long dreary sessions of legal hair-splitting he would write industriously, polishing and shaping his work until he had got at the very essence of his argument.

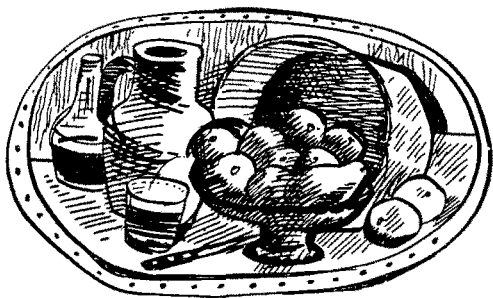
He wrote a great deal but his first published work did not appear until 1819. It was a treatise on duelling and made very little stir. But his unpublished works (he would read them occasionally to his guests after a good dinner) sound more amusing. They are much too amusing for his family to allow them to be published but those who heard them and the few who have been permitted to see the manuscript speak highly of his "verve and irony", which is as good as saying that the magistrates of Swindon wouldn't agree to their publication either.

La Physiologie du Gout is not a cookery book though it does contain recipes. It isn't a technical treatise but it is full of sound sense about eating and drinking and cooking and dining together. Its subtitle is "Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy" and the meditations are on a great variety of themes. The work opens with twenty aphorisms. "The fate of nations hangs upon their choice of food", "Tell me what you eat; I will tell you what you are". "The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a star". Then follows a dialogue between author and friend. The author is persuaded reluctantly to publish his work. He is perhaps a little over-modest in this rôle. There follows a preface in which he justifies his right to speak on his subject and then we are into the "Transcendental Meditations". They start off by discussing the Senses then Taste then Appetite, but soon he is discussing the dangers of Obesity, Thinness, Death, The End of the World, Exhaustion (with recipes for its cure).

Once he is done with meditations the author closes the book with a long series of anecdotes, some gay, some serious, and all instructive. They are told simply but gaily and with a certain ironical twist which marks the skilled raconteur who is as well a shrewd judge of men. His account for instance of his investigation of the properties of truffles is told with charming wit and restraint and he both justifies his enquiry and underlines his finding by the comment "to seek truth is ever commendable"

His attitude towards the book is difficult to understand. He had put a lot of work into it but it seems had little confidence in it. He paid for its publication, which indicates faith in it, but left his name off the title page, which could have hardly been from modesty but seems almost an insurance against being associated with a failure. It was, of course, an instantaneous success. Balzac praised it highly and all Paris read it and talked about it. But within a few months of publication the author had caught pneumonia at a Christmas service in the Basilica of St. Denis. He was seventy years of age and his constitution was not equal to the disease. He died in January, 1826, before he had had time to enjoy the knowledge that his book was to become a classic. His family, when his estate was being settled, sold the rights in the book to the publisher, Sautelet, for a foolish price—1,500 francs.

Apart from its literary merits the book has had a really profound effect on the attitude of people to their food. Perhaps it was simply that the opportune moment was seized. France was full of business men, provincial politicians and manufacturers who were getting rich quickly and their wives and children were only too anxious to improve their taste and their manners. And though the book is in no way a guide to etiquette there is implicit in it a respect for civilised behaviour in the kitchen and at table which must have appealed strongly both to the noble families lately restored to some of their traditional ways and to the *nouveau-riche* families who were the real force in Brillat-Savarin's France.





Correcting body-line on the whisk position. On the floor is Miss Mollie Margetts our instructress with Sheila Gooddy and Ron Glazier. Standing at the back from L. to R. are Elsie Wright, Cynthia Cranston, Brian Reese, Brian Reed, Peter Butson, Geoff Squire, Kay Urry, Frank Harrison, Leslie Samuels and Beryl Spears.

Miss Margetts demonstrating with Peter Butson the correct use of the body.



Ballroom Dancing Classes at Blackfriars



A really popular feature of last winter's social activities at Blackfriars was the series of Ballroom Dancing Classes organised by the Griffin.

Miss Margetts, M.I.S.T.D., A.I.B.D., was instructress at the classes.

Our photographs show her teaching the waltz.

Correcting the foot position and a walk.

Miss Margetts with Cynthia Creasy and Brian Reese.

Right :

Break for tea.

Left to Right :

Edna Corder

Jennifer Lever

Ron Glazier

Kay Urry

Frank Harrison.



DID YOU KNOW . . .



That before the sixteenth century eggs were seldom boiled. The usual way of cooking them whole was to bake them in the soft wood ash of the kitchen fire. Coal ashes are too fierce to allow this.



That the china hen dishes you see in antique shops were a common feature of the Victorian breakfast table. The eggs were lightly boiled and put into hot water in the dish to keep them coddled.



That an early edition of *Enquire Within Upon Everything* suggests that to learn to swim you take a hard-boiled egg down to a shelving beach. "Walk coolly into it till the water is up to your breast ; then turn round your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water between you and the shore ; it will sink to the bottom and be easily seen there if the water be clean." Then you throw yourself at the egg. If you survived long enough to be good at this you should, they claimed, soon be able to achieve a "progressive motion".

The Japanese use bad eggs as plant fertiliser. They place them at the bottom of pots of lilies and orchids. The roots penetrate the shell and the plants thrive.



The practice of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday came about as a method of making certain that the kitchen was cleared of eggs before Lent began. Easter eggs, of course, marked the end of the Lenten fast. While fish might be eaten during Lent, caviare and other fish roe were reckoned, for religious purposes, to be eggs and not fish.



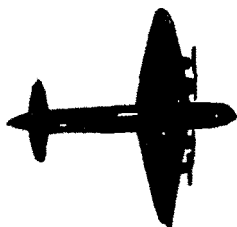
In 1441, it is recorded, Antam Gonçalves returned from the coast of Africa to Lisbon with, among other things, "a number of ostrich eggs, so that one day there were served up at the Infante's table three dishes of the same as fresh and as good as though they had been the eggs of any other domestic fowls. And," says the chronicler, "we may well presume that there was no other Christian prince in this part of Christendom who had dishes like these upon his table."



That the yolk of an egg is used as a binding medium for tempera painting. The technique is centuries older than oil painting and it is one of the most permanent mediums known.



W. M. Justice



Denmark Revisited



Being a story of a short winter tour of Danish
Poultry Packing Stations

ONE Sunday afternoon in the middle of February when snow covered most of our countryside, Mr. Frost and I set off from London Airport on a "flying" visit to Denmark. A flying visit indeed, not only because we were travelling by one of the new turbo-prop planes but because in the space of four days we were to cross the North Sea, visit three widely separated poultry packing plants in Denmark and travel back across the North Sea again by ship—a round trip of about 1,300 miles.

Having passed through the customs we are soon airborne.



Looking down Absalom's Avenue at
Roskilde not far from Copenhagen.
This little town is one of the
traditional burial places of the kings of Denmark.

From the air, Europe appears a frozen mass, the white snow broken by faint lines which appear to have been ruled in with a mapping pen ; these are the hedges and ditches. Above the clouds the sun shines boldly and lights up these floating white patches to give a wonderful effect. We hardly know that we are flying at all for these new turbo-props have scarcely any "shake" and we might well be in an armchair at home. There is no sensation of height in looking down on the earth from the plane, the eye having no direct connection with the ground.

In just $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours we are at Kastrup Airport outside Copenhagen. Cruising over Copenhagen with the daylight well faded

we are greeted by a myriad of white and coloured lights looking like a gigantic birthday cake lit by a thousand candles. The plane touches down, the door is opened and we realise why it is called the *frozen* north—the wind is biting and the temperature distinctly chilly ! A few yards across the tarmac and we are inside the reception hall and aware that Denmark believes in central heating ; no chilly corners and oh ! what a relief to be inside again. With the minimum of fuss we go through the customs and passport control and are quickly whisked away by a single decker bus to the city air terminus, situated in the town hall square, now brightly ablaze with neon lights of many colours. We are travelling light and have just over half-an-hour before the train departs for Ringsted so decide to walk to the railway station rather than take a taxi. As we cannot speak Danish we rely on good fortune and the Danes' good English to find our way. In spite of some amusing incidents in getting directions, we arrive in plenty of time. The railway stations in Denmark seem much larger and cleaner than their British counterparts. At Copenhagen station we descend from street level to board the semi-express train. Where it will stop before Ringsted we do not know. The night is now extremely dark and to discover where we are while the train is moving or even when it comes to a station is made very difficult by the intense cold outside. The moisture from the inside of the compartment freezes on the windows and literally has to be chipped off before one can peer out.

Breakfast at Ringsted

After a journey of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours we arrive at Ringsted. A few minutes later we are at the entrance to the "Casino", a hotel situated in the main square facing the old church. The rooms are small but compact and most conveniently furnished for travellers. All are centrally heated as is the rule in Denmark. After a good meal we retire for the night—we need no rocking and sleep well in beds which have no blankets but are provided with down quilts covered by a sheet bag. Soon after waking we take Continental breakfast with coffee quite as good as any in the world in spite of being made from some of the smallest of coffee beans. The eggs are world renowned and for bread



Looking over to Svendborg on the coast of South Funen from the beach of Taasinge. This town is one of Denmark's popular summer resorts.

an extremely varied selection is provided including what we would call French and Vienna bread and black rye bread with its own distinctive flavour—perhaps a little sour to the British palate. In contrast to the custom in England where one is so often presented with a pat of butter the size of a $\frac{1}{2}$ d., in Denmark the “pat” is much nearer a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.—you are expected to lay it on rather than scrape it off the bread—and what butter it is !

A brief, sharp walk lasting a quarter of an hour takes us to the Ringsted poultry packing station, which is one of the largest and most modern in the world. It is organised on co-operative lines, a feature of Danish agricultural life. Being situated in the centre of the island on which Copenhagen stands, this factory draws its supplies of poultry principally from this island although they do handle poultry from as far as Bornholm, far out in the Baltic.

In Denmark there are four Co-operative Poultry Slaughterhouses, the one we are now to visit, another at Randers in northern Jutland, a third at Svendborg on the island of Funen, and another at Vamdrup in southern Jutland. There are also a score or more privately owned but generally smaller-sized poultry slaughterhouses spread over Denmark. All are under Government supervision and each factory has a licence number which appears on every bird handled. Every year there is friendly rivalry between Randers and Ringsted as to who has the largest throughput. We have as yet nothing in Great Britain which can compare for size with these plants.

Danish Plucking Methods

Birds are brought in from members' farms and where necessary cooped for fattening for up to 10 or 14 days prior to processing. At the appropriate time the birds are humanely slaughtered, the carcasses being then handled on a moving belt. Much of the process is semi-mechanised. The carcasses travel at an even speed along the conveyor line and are automatically dipped into warm water which loosens the feathers in their follicles. A series of machines fitted with rubber fingers of various shapes and sizes then pluck the feathers by sliding them out of the skin. Finishing takes place by hand whilst the birds are still hanging in shackles. After plucking they travel steadily on through long troughs of icy cold water for an hour or two. By then the whole carcase has been reduced to a temperature low enough to inhibit bacterial growth. At all stages the greatest importance is attached to hygiene and this Ringsted factory is really a model in this respect. The interior walls are white-tiled up to the ceiling ; dirt appears to be the one thing they will not tolerate.



ABOVE. A view of Korsør Harbour
whence the trip is made to Nyborg.

BELOW. LEFT : A mechanical
plucker being used by a worker
in the Poultry Slaughter House
at Graasten.

RIGHT : The plucking must
be finished by hand and is
done while the birds are
still on the shackles.



In course of installation is a poultry grading machine which will grade for weight in the same manner as in egg grading. The birds pass along the line over a series of weighing balances, the machine automatically tipping each bird into the correct weight compartment. This machine will separate carcasses into 2 oz. weight ranges. The machine itself is very large and takes up as much room as would be used for the whole of the plucking operations in many English packing plants.

Market Difficulties for the Danes

The Director of the plant, Mr. Thyssen Jorgensen, is most concerned about the difficulties which Danish agriculture at present faces and explains how the bad harvest of last year and the present depressed state of the market have made things very difficult. They fear that if they put down the price for chickens to the producer, their members will kill off day-old cockerels rather than attempt to rear them. If this were so there might well be, they feel, a shortage of supplies later this year.

As all who work in our branches know, we draw considerable supplies from this factory and are now without doubt their largest British customer. In addition to exporting to England, poultry is also sent to Germany, Italy, Switzerland and a host of smaller importing countries. Prior to the war 90 per cent. of Danish poultry exports were destined for Germany but their markets to-day are much more widely spread.

After a very pleasant morning at Ringsted we take lunch in the town and travel by train to Korsor where we board the ferry to Nyborg (translated this would be Newcastle). This town is situated on the eastern side of the island of Funen, whose principal town of Odense will always be associated—as will Denmark itself—with the name of Hans Christian Andersen. At Nyborg we are met by the Director of the Svendborg Co-operative Poultry Packing Station who whisks us over the frozen countryside in his German-made Opel car to the pretty town of Svendborg. He comments on having a German car and remarks that they are cheaper than British cars although the quality of our models is universally recognised.

Svendborg, on the south coast of Funen, is during the summer a most delightful spot bordering blue sea, which laps sandy beaches set in an interesting historical background and amid attractive wooded scenery. In February it is, however, intensely cold. Soon, however, we are warmed again as we cross the portals of our hotel—central heating is at work here too.

After a comfortable night's rest we spend the morning visiting the Svendborg factory which is similar to that at Ringsted but somewhat smaller. It operates in the same general way, supplies being drawn from up to about 50 miles distance within the island. Plans for expansion are already actively in hand ; the next-door property which has recently been acquired is rapidly being altered to provide a substantial extension of the factory. This it is hoped will be in full working order by late summer this year. At present they can handle some 800 birds per hour on the production line, the finished product being beautifully cleanly plucked.

At Graasten.

Typical Danish houses in the snow.

A snow plough fitted on a lorry can be seen in the middle distance.



The same afternoon sees us on the road to Faaborg where the ferry takes us to Mommark, on the east Jutland coast close to the German border. The journey takes nearly two hours but soon passes. Here we are met by Henrik Latsch, who three years ago spent several months in the poultry department at Blackfriars to gain experience and to learn our requirements. We travel in his car to Graasten where his family have recently rebuilt their packing station. This is a privately owned enterprise, smaller than the Co-operative plants, and is comparable in size to those as yet to be found in England. Although technically the equipment is perhaps a little less mechanised, they manage to process a large number of birds every hour.

Return Trip

The weather is very bad and work is being held up by the bad conditions on the roads. Snow ploughs are at work trying to keep the highways open. We wonder whether we shall make the 60 miles to Esbjerg in time to catch the boat. Setting out in good time we make it all right but road conditions are far from good and we can well understand why the radio announcer advises all who do not really have to travel to stay inside ! A gale warning in the North Sea is also broadcast—not a pleasant prospect with a 19-hour voyage in front of us.

Aboard the ship we quickly settle into our cabins and soon see the ship nose her way through the surface ice into the North Sea. Early to bed and just as well for the gale soon blows and my ! is it rough !

Comes the morning and with it calmer waters with clear views of the English coast. Harwich is reached and then in a little more than an hour we are back at Stamford House again—a flying visit indeed.

EGGS



new and old looks

SPRING is the time for eggs. They should be cheap and plentiful and there are many ways of serving them besides the usual poaching, boiling or frying. For a start there are—

Anchovy Eggs

INGREDIENTS

2 eggs

2 fillets of anchovies

1 oz. butter

Lettuce

Watercress

Cayenne pepper

Mayonnaise

METHOD

Boil eggs for 10 minutes and when they are cold shell and cut across in half. Take out the yolk, put it in a basin and add chopped anchovies together with butter and cayenne. Mix to a paste.

Place the half whites on a bed of salad and fill the centres with the mixture. Sprinkle with mayonnaise and serve.

Eggs in a Frame

METHOD

For this you need a slice of bread about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick to each egg. Cut a hole in the centre of each slice leaving a frame about 1 in. wide. Put lard in your frying pan, fry the bread on one side, then turn it over and break the egg into the hollow and fry until it has set. For beginners, bachelors and deserted husbands it helps to break the egg into a saucer before you start frying. Serve with chips and grilled tomatoes.

Egg Savoury Puffs

INGREDIENTS

3 ozs. self-raising flour

1 egg

$\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk

Fat for frying

Salt and pepper

Cooked rashers bacon finely
chopped

METHOD

Put the flour in a basin and, making a well in the centre, add the yolk of an egg. Blend the whole into a smooth batter with the milk. Then add the chopped bacon and season. Whisk up the white of the egg till it is fluffy, get your fat into the pan and when it is hot for frying, fold the white into the batter. Then drop tablespoonfuls of batter into the hot fat and fry till they are golden brown on both sides. Serve immediately and eat *hot*.

La Fondue

Since this month is the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Brillat-Savarin, whom we commemorate on page 18, here is a recipe for a *fondue*. The *fondue* is a dish for which his part of France was famous. It was prepared with great care and it should be of a consistency which just allows it to be eaten with a fork. If you have to take a spoon to it it is considered to be a failure. You need as ingredients, eggs, butter, Gruyere cheese, salt and pepper.

METHOD

Allowing one egg per person, weigh the eggs and grate one third of their weight of Gruyere. Take one-sixth of their weight of butter. First break the eggs into a saucepan, beat as for an omelet, add the butter divided into smallish pieces and then the grated cheese. Put it on a high gas and, stirring steadily watch it closely. The moment it has reached the consistency where it can be lifted on a fork pour it out on to a warm dish. It must be done at exactly the right moment or it will overcook in the saucepan and lose its creamy consistency. There is an Italian version of this dish called *cacimperia* which is a speciality of Turin and in which the whites of the eggs are not used, the moisture being supplied by milk.

Which Paint does What?



WITH the revealing light of summer on the way, here are a few beginner's points about paint for those who have the "do it yourself" itch and are planning to brighten up the home.

First of all paint is meant to preserve the woodwork, plaster, or metal which it covers. Secondly, it serves a hygienic purpose making such surfaces easy to clean and preventing the accumulation of dirt on them. And only thirdly, it is decorative, though we usually think of that point first.

The first point to attend to when you are buying paint is to go to the dealer with a clearly worked-out plan. You should know the area to be covered, whether it is inside the house or outside, whether the surfaces are new and unpainted or whether they are already covered and in the latter case whether the colour is dark or light, since you will need extra coats to hide a darker colour with a lighter one or a strong colour with a contrasting one; how much is woodwork, how much plaster or paper and how many feet of ironwork (gutters and pipes) there are. Stone and asbestos surfaces, if any, should be measured up. Once you know all this you can begin to plan the colour schemes and work out the right order in which to carry out the work. And you can form some idea of the cost of the job before you start buying. Lack of preparation can let you in for a lot of

wasteful spending on extra pots of paint. For general purposes it is a safe estimate that the paints listed below will cover 70 square yards to the gallon.

PRIMERS New, unpainted surfaces require a priming coat to prepare them for the undercoat and in some cases a priming or sealing coat is needed on old surfaces. The importance of this kind of paint, which is a specialist coat to do a specific job of making the surface ready and right for the following coats, cannot be too strongly stressed.

To meet the particular needs of the great variety of materials used in modern building, paint manufacturers have evolved a great variety of primers and sealers. A primer for wood is obviously not suitable for metal but even wood primers are of different kinds. One designed for use on softwoods, for instance, will be made with more linseed oil in it (to help it penetrate the porous surface) than one intended for use on hardwood such as oak or on a burnt-off and cleaned-down old softwood surface which has hardened with time.

Ready-mixed primers are the safest buy for the amateur. They are prepared for the following kinds of surface :—

Softwoods. The primer is made specially to penetrate the porous grain of the new wood, to cover speedily, dry fast and seal up the grain.

Hardwoods. Made with less oil than a softwood primer. In all kinds of paint it should be remembered that drying starts on the outside of the paint, which gradually hardens downwards through the coat. Too much oil at this stage would leave an undried film against the surface, covered with a thin dry film. When fresh coats are applied they will have a tendency to crack or to blister since the adhesion is not good. Hence, less oil.

Steel. Primers to cover steel and ironwork (such as window frames) are made from Red Lead or Red Iron Oxide. They slow down rusting and give a good grip for following coats.

Galvanised Iron. The best primer is Aluminium-Zinc Chromate which covers the metal surface with a strong adhesive layer of protection.

NOTE :—To deal with steel and ironwork which has gone rusty there are several Phosphoric Acid Washes on the market, e.g. Genolite, Foscite, Sleyrus. First brush down with a wire

brush, then apply a coat. When it is dry brush it down and repaint with a second coat of the wash. Then brush down a third time and then prime with the proper metal primer. It sounds slow but if properly done it works and it lasts.

Asbestos. Alkali-resisting sealers are used on asbestos to prevent the destruction of the paint film by active chemicals in the asbestos. To get the best results from the use of a sealer on asbestos it should be applied to both sides of the sheet and to the edges.

New Plaster. The surface of new plaster is usually strongly alkaline. It should normally be left a good six to eight weeks to dry out, washed down with a weak solution of vinegar and then, when dry, primed with a plaster primer.

Old Plaster. Special primers are available for use on plaster where the surface is beginning to flake off and old distemper needs binding together before a new coat is applied.

Hard and Soft Fibre Boards. Primers of special types are now to be had for the various kinds of synthetic boards.

UNDERCOATS. The job of these paints is to cover the primed surface and prepare it for the final coat. So they have to be half-way between in colour, porosity and smoothness. A final coat should be tough and resistant, where an undercoat should be just strong enough to cover the surface and porous enough to make a key for the top layer of paint. They have as a rule no weather-resisting properties and they dry matt.

Undercoats should be given 18 to 24 hours to dry.

FINISHING COATS. For out-of-door work finishing coats are made with what is called a long-oil base. That is, they contain a higher proportion of oil than does paint used for inside work. This gives a more elastic and waterproof paint. The use of a paint, prepared for interior use, on an outside surface will result in swift deterioration into the chalky and brittle substance that most amateur decorators have seen in their early efforts.

Inside surfaces (and bathrooms and kitchens by the way can be considered as *outside* surfaces in many respects) should be finished with a short-oil base paint which is quicker drying than the long-oil base paint and gives a high gloss. The flat finish oil paints that are used on plaster walls are made with very little

oil and should be thinned with turps. They are not to be confused with oil-bound distempers which are thinned with water.

Finishing coats of gloss paint should dry in 18 to 24 hours. Enamels dry dust-free in six hours and hard in 18 to 24 hours. Flat finish oil paints dry hard in 12 hours.

Lacquers. The fast-drying lacquers which have been developed largely as a result of the expansion of the chemicals from petroleum industry are rapidly becoming more popular and easier to handle. They certainly seem the answer to the decorators' prayer as they eliminate undercoats and will give good results on almost any clean greaseproof surface.

Emulsion Paints. These paints, which have appeared on the market in the past few years, are remarkable for their covering power and their adaptability. The paint film is quite unlike an oil paint as it seems to set quickly into a firm film of even dryness throughout its thickness. It is essential to have a clean and thoroughly dry surface to start with otherwise the paint film will not adhere firmly.

Cheap paint is false economy. It is wiser to pay a fair price and get a job which will last than to save a few shillings and find you have to do it all over again in a few months' time.

For reliable paints which won't let you down we can recommend the following, among others :—

Distempers :—Leytex, Walpamur.

Emulsion Paints :—Robbialac, Leymura, V.I.P. Wallcharm, P.E.R. (John Halls).

Flat Oil Paints :—Leymat, Wallcharm.

Gloss Paints (Exterior) :—Leylac, Dulux, Brolac, Robbialac.

Gloss Paints (Interior) :—Leylac, Dulux, Brolac, Robbialac, Sherwood's.

Lacquers :—Q.I.K., Robbialac, Valspar, Chinese Lacquer, Nu-Enamel.

And in case you want any further advice Messrs. Leyland, who helped us compile this article and who, for many years, have supplied J.S. with paint for all purposes, will be glad to let you have tint cards and leaflets about their paints if you send a card with your name and address on it to the Editor, J.S. JOURNAL, Stamford House.

The new shop has its all-glass front while the old one is got ready for the change which will unite the two.

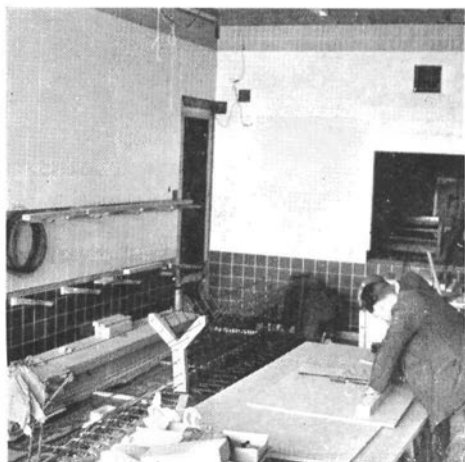
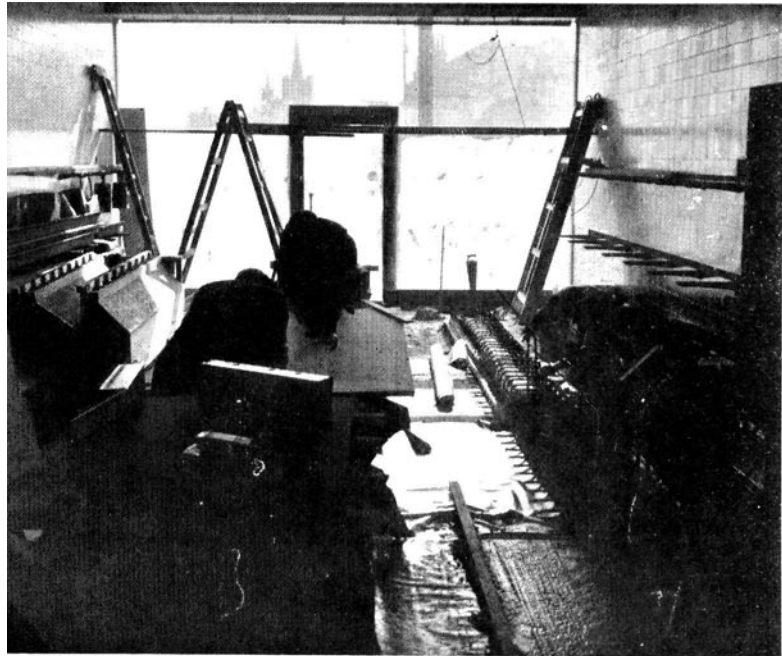


Seven Kings Expanding

At Seven Kings the shop next door has been taken over and work is going ahead to expand the branch. A new drive-in has been made at the back, warehouse space enlarged and a lift and push-up installed.



The old shop carries on while the builders are in.
L. to R. Mr. V. Atkins, Mr. W. J. Theobald (manager),
Mr. S. Fox and Mrs. E. Hinkley.



An unusual feature of the Seven Kings branch is that the narrowness of the shops will not let us use standard counter fittings. The view above shows how narrow it is. To solve this problem a reinforced concrete counter will be installed. On the right the metal framework can be seen awaiting the wooden shuttering.



MOVEMENTS and PROMOTIONS

We are pleased to record the following promotions :

TO MANAGEMENT

G. Coppard	of 24 Brighton	to Earl's Court
G. Hewins	of Wood Green	to 151 Kentish Town
G. J. Faulkner	of 147 Balham	to Ewell

TO ASSISTANT MANAGEMENT

A. G. Howell of 24 Brighton

TO HEAD BUTCHER

R. Reynolds of Bishop's Stortford

The following transfers will be of interest to many members of staff :

MANAGEMENT

R. A. Hole	from Ewell	to Hook
L. Netherton	from Hook	to Esher
D. T. Bennett	from Esher	to Leatherhead
J. H. Munro	from Leatherhead	to Putney
H. H. Leach	ex Coppen Bros.	to 21 Epsom
G. Pawsey	from 151 Kentish Town	to Drury Lane
W. W. Lloyd	from Drury Lane	to 43 Islington

ASSISTANT MANAGERS

F. W. Gillam	from 55 Brighton	to 24 Brighton
R. Mota	from 609 Lea Bridge	to 16/20 Holloway
C. T. Haynes	from Oxford	to Marylebone

HEAD BUTCHERS

D. Flaxman	from Bishop's Stortford	to Romford
F. Simmons	from Romford	to Coventry
L. Sewell	from Surbiton (Spare List)	to 87 Balham

MARRIAGES (BETWEEN MEMBERS OF J.S. STAFF)

We wish every happiness in the future to the following staff on the occasion of their marriage :—

Miss M. E. Sumner (Wembley) and Mr. P. J. Webster (Marble Arch).
Miss J. Edwards and Mr. L. Banham, both of Worthing.

RETIREMENTS

Mr. Walter S. Short retired from 21 Epsom on February 26th, 1955, after serving over 40 years with the Firm. He joined the Firm in September, 1912, as a Learner at 114 Ilford and worked as an assistant at 14 Ilford, Goodmayes and Dorking. He was promoted to Manager at Leatherhead in May, 1930, where he remained until November, 1948, when he was transferred to 21 Epsom.

We all wish him a happy, healthy rest after his many years of loyal service.

OBITUARY

We regret to record the death, on January 26th, 1955, of Mr. E. J. Perry, who retired from 16/20 Holloway in 1947, and sympathise deeply with Mrs. Perry and her family in their loss.

NEWS OF J.S. STAFF ON NATIONAL SERVICE

The following are extracts from some of the letters we have received from our men on National Service during the last few weeks :—

P. G. BATEMAN, *Stamford Hill*. West Kirby (R.A.F.). His trade is a Radar Operator although at the moment he is working in the office. Expects very soon to be posted to another station.

D. A. BROWN, *Oxford*. Jamaica (Army). Now getting accustomed to the climate. He is employed as a Clerk in the Quartermaster's office and hopes to gain a stripe within a few months.

J. A. COOK, *296 Holloway*. Stockbridge (R.A.F.). Has completed his initial training and is now undergoing a fighter plotter's course.

L. COOKE, *Bedford*. Germany (Army). Has recently returned after a very enjoyable leave and is now looking forward to his demobilization.

Happy Birthday to Mr. John.

From Mt. Lavinia near Colombo comes this picture of Mr. John cutting the cake at his 84th birthday party on January 8th. As we go to press he is on his way home so we take this opportunity of saying welcome back.



T. E. COWDEN, *Edgware*. Germany (Army). Stationed at Wuppertal. Has been travelling around quite a lot recently—spent a short period at Sennelager, Dusseldorf, Winterberg, and is now back at Wuppertal.

R. DUNN, 97 *Kingston*. Germany (R.A.F.). Stationed near Dusseldorf and is employed as an Armament Mechanic. Finds the work very interesting and is lucky enough to have every facility for his hobby, aero modelling.

C. FISHER, *Mill Hill*. Canterbury (Army). Has now been moved from Devizes and has again gone into an officers' mess but this time doing clerical work, which he much prefers.

R. GILBERT, *Ashford*. Dover (Army). Attached to an anti-tank platoon and has joined a battalion which has just returned from Kenya. Expected to go there himself but just missed the last draft.

D. HINTON, 3 *Hove*. Aldershot (Army). In the A.C.C. and at the moment doing his training. Is not too keen on the early morning call but otherwise has settled down quite well to Army life.

D. M. MEAD, *Purley*. Germany (Army). Has made quite a number of friends among the local inhabitants. Is working in the office and is kept very busy there. Very much looking forward to his first leave in a few weeks' time.

W. MORROW, 140 *Finchley*. Ireland (Army). Is attached to the R.A.F. Police and unfortunately was involved in a road accident recently, as a result of which he sustained a broken arm. We are glad to say that his injury is mending quite well.



K, Y and R Dance at Wembley

Balloons and carnival novelties added to the fun of the evening at Wembley Town Hall when K, Y and R Sections held their Valentine Night dance there. Over 800 members and guests were present to dance to music by Passmore's Orchestra.

H. W. RILEY, *Woking*. Padgate (R.A.F.). Is attending an initial training course and expects at the end of it to go to Salisbury where he will take a further course for admission to the R.A.F. Police.

A. E. ROGERS, *Sydenham*. Wiltshire (R.A.F.). Recently promoted to L.A.C. and is employed testing radar equipment. He plays Rugby for the station and hopes to get into the cricket team this summer.

M. WARD, *57 Kingston*. Germany (R.A.F.). Has recently met R. Dunn of *57 Kingston*, who is attached to the station armoury. Hopes to have 10-day Continental leave in a few weeks' time.

R. S. EMMITT, *Head Office*. Odiham (R.A.F.). In the Signals now as L.A.C. D. START, *Head Office*. Isle of Man (R.A.F.). At an O.C.T.U. Flying home for Easter.

P. C. CLARK, *Head Office*. Newquay (R.A.F.). Expects to come and see us at Easter.

R. J. BELLINGHAM, *Head Office*. Norwich (R.A.F.). Just promoted L.A.C. and undergoing a course for S.A.C.

D. T. RANDALL, *Head Office*. Berwick (R.A.F.). Just passed his S.A.C. board, and has been snowed up well and truly.



Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sainsbury photographed at London Airport on February 28th on their return from the West Indies, where Mr. Alan had been recuperating after his recent illness.