

MIXTURE

COMPETITIONS



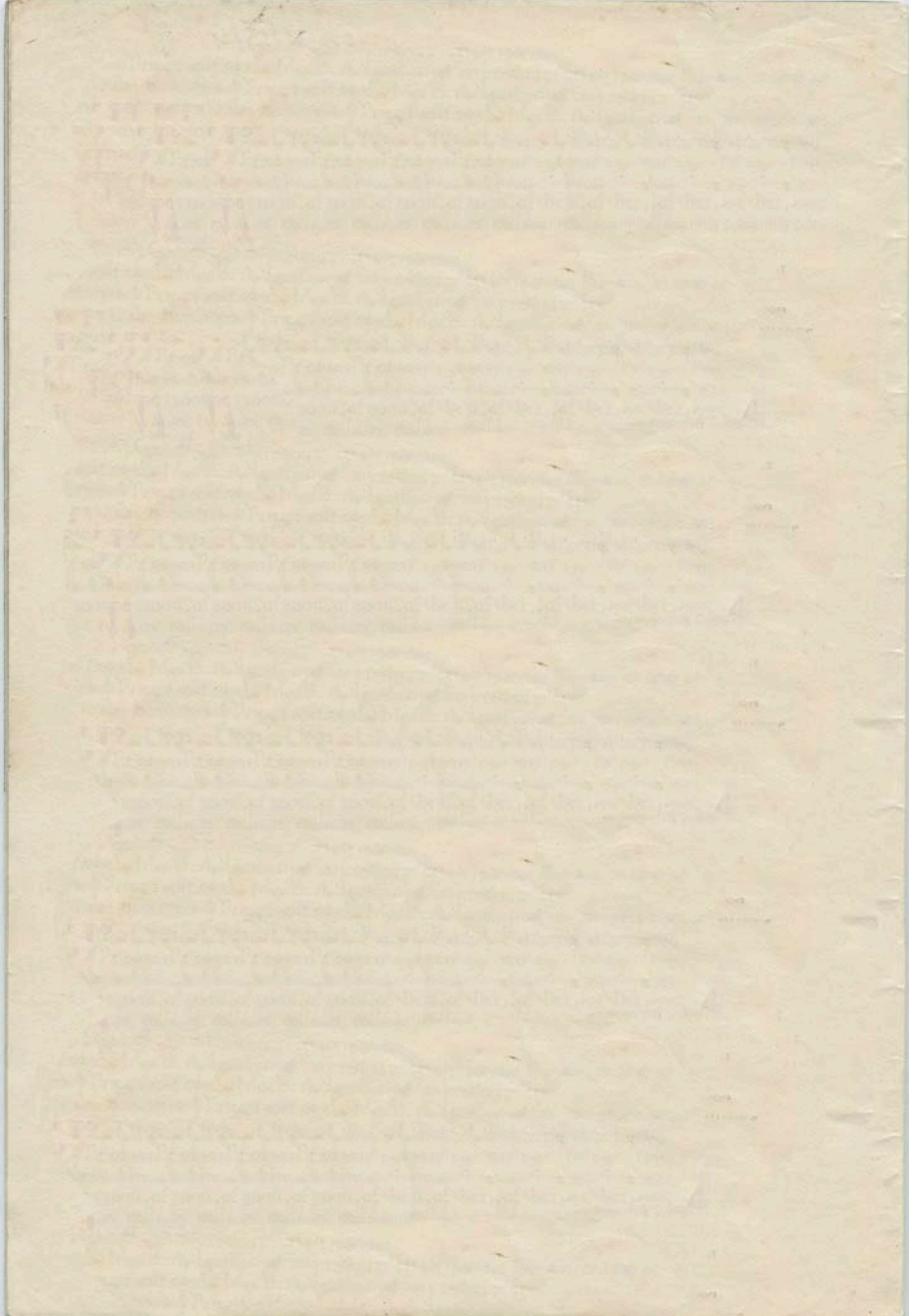
GREETINGS
FROM
NOTTINGHAM

CHRISTMAS 1944



PHOTOGRAPHS





Ln 2/13/4



THE MIXTURE

for

Christmas 1944

In pre-war days, in the *Christmas Mixture* the emphasis was always on the lighter side of life, and even during its war-time career there has been an endeavour to maintain this annual relaxation from the purely business aspect.

* * *

The present issue offers pictures, prose, and problems contributed by our employees in the hope of entertaining colleagues in all parts of the world.

* * *

As usual there has been a *Mixture* Fund appeal and we thank you for your welcome donation.

* * *

Owing to the shortness of the interval between the preparation of this and the previous issue, the present edition contains fewer letters from 'Friends in the Forces'. The 'Letter from Nottingham' is omitted on this occasion; it is replaced here and now by a warm Christmas Greeting to all our colleagues wherever they may be.

H. J. DAVIS, M.P.S.

Editor

Christmas
1944

Volume 5
No. 4

'The Mixture' is printed and published tri-monthly by Boots Pure Drug Company for private circulation. Employees are invited to submit for inclusion news items, articles, stories, verse, drawings, and photographs. Articles and stories—which must be original—should be of 500 or 1000 words. Contributions to be addressed to The Editor, 'The Mixture', Station Street, Nottingham. Publication of a contributor's statements or opinions does not necessarily imply that they are endorsed by the management or editor.

"...what happened after that fateful Saturday, June 29th, 1940, when the Swastika took the place of the Union Jack on the flag-poles of the Channel Isles, and a dogged determination to make the best of it took the place of happiness in our hearts..."

Nurse M. Clement

formerly of Branch 350 (Jersey, C.I.)
who has spent two years
in a German prison camp, writes on

Nazi Rule at Home and Abroad

I HAVE recently been repatriated from Germany, having spent two years there in a prison camp at Biberach and two years previously in Jersey.

A Jersey, not as many of you know it—of sunshine, picturesque lanes, beautiful bays, unlimited bathing, fishing, and fun—but a Jersey governed by Nazism and therefore subdued and sad. This morning I picked up the *Mixture* for Christmas, 1940—four years old to most of you, but red-hot news to me—and read with interest Mr. Bichard's article "Under the Swastika". Many of you will want to know what happened after that fateful Saturday, June 29th, 1940, when the Swastika took the place of the Union Jack on the flagpoles of the Channel Isles, and a dogged determination to make the best of it took the place of happiness in our hearts.

My first memories of the German occupation will always remain and haunt me. Following the bombing, the German planes returned and dropped leaflets in Jersey, ordering us to surrender. Each householder was to hang out a white flag, and any refusal would be treated as a military offence and punished accordingly. On

Saturday morning, out went our white flags—sheets, towels, pillowcases, handkerchiefs—the breeze was strong, they floated high and we went indoors and wept, whether in shame or in fear I do not know, but we shed our last tears as free people. As the Germans marched triumphantly through New Street and along the Parade, they were met with silence and pride and a people carrying on with their daily tasks as if nothing unusual were happening. They were all picked men, most of them speaking some English, proud and arrogant because next week they would be in London, and this was their first foothold on English soil. "Can you see England from here?" "Is this the Bond Street we have heard about? We thought it was a beautiful street with wonderful shops." "Is this Charing Cross?" These were some of the questions they asked, and we realised that the men knew nothing of the position of these islands and the long expanse of channel they must cross to reach England. We told them and they were bewildered at first, but soon settled down with true German stolidity to rule this 'gem of the sea' that they had captured from a defenceless people. Regulations



began to appear in the *Evening Post*. A curfew was imposed on the civilian population, any infraction being punished. Fishing rights were taken away, bays were mined, and many beaches placed out of bounds. Cars were commandeered by the German officers, only doctors being allowed to retain them. Houses were taken and occupied, the inhabitants being turned out if necessary to accommodate the conquerors. Food rationing came into being. Clothing was practically unobtainable. Gradually, as the months went by, our small stocks of tea, sugar, soap, tobacco, etc., were used up and we were faced with the alternative 'ersatz'. We made tea from carrots and coffee from parsnips by grating and baking the vegetables until they were dark brown. Our men smoked rose leaves and bramble leaves and started to grow their own tobacco plants. We made wonderful dishes with beans and potatoes, when we had them. We didn't waste our potato skins either. These were grated, washed, rinsed repeatedly and dried, the final result being potato flour which was turned into puddings and custards for the children. Carageen moss came into its own and was turned into brawn (by the lucky people who could spare a few scraps of meat) and jellies. Branch 350, New Street, carried on valiantly. The windows remained bright and cheerful with display cards instead of displays, keeping green the memory of No. 7, Suntan, Supersan, Regaid, dressings and drugs. A few drugs and a few cosmetics were sent in from France from time to time, and the drug department became the distributing centre for the island for these. Prescriptions continued to pour in, and, with the close co-operation of the medical profession, were satisfactorily dispensed. The library had and is still having, I expect, a particularly busy time. Everybody read. The cinemas were open but very few people chose to go. You never knew who your neighbour might be. Therefore, the only diversion was reading, and the girls in the library have helped immensely to uphold the old tradition of service with a smile.

For two years life went on and we grew

accustomed to our lot. They took away our wireless sets, but some of us had two—and deep cupboards, fireplaces, gardening sheds, and haystacks made excellent places to hear those beloved words: "This is the B.B.C. Home Service. Here is the news and this is Wilfred Pickles reading it." September 16th, 1942, arrived and the *Evening Post* said: "People of English birth will be deported to Germany. You will be notified of your day of departure." That evening saw the Gestapo at the door. "You will be on the pier tomorrow afternoon. The boat leaves at 4 p.m. Good-night." They were doing nothing out of the ordinary; the fact that they were uprooting a thousand people from their homes and sending them to an unknown and alien land, meant nothing to them. It was all in a day's work. Well, if they could dish it out, we could take it. We were all there on the morrow, old people of seventy and babies of six months. The great Nazi overlords deemed it necessary to have armed guards, with hand grenades, ready poised to hurl at us, along the pier and in the square, in case any of us should be stupid enough to object to this opportunity of visiting their beloved fatherland. Everything went according to plan, and after a long and tiring journey by sea and land, we eventually arrived at the camp in Biberach, where, at fortnightly intervals, two other contingents joined us, making about 900 in all. The Bootites deported were Mr. and Mrs. Baker (Veterinary), Mr. and Mrs. Everest (Stationery), my husband and myself (Drugs), and later, when the Guernsey people joined us, we found Mr. Robertson, a retired manager, with his wife and daughter. Since returning, I have been told that Mr. Arnold of our Guernsey branch was deported, but he was sent to a camp for unattached men, and I did not meet him. Mr. and Mrs. Everest were sent with some of the Jersey people to a camp in Wurzach, but the rest of us stuck together and gave each other a helping hand whenever possible. The Firm were marvellous. As soon as they found out what had happened they sent us cigarettes, novels, study books and, best of all, regular letters from the



members of the staff in all parts of the country, keeping us informed on current events and changes. They kept in touch with our parents, gave them news and so helped them to bear the strain. They did everything they could and *we knew they would do it*, which helped immensely. When you're surrounded by barbed wire, it's a great thing to feel you have strong friends outside who won't let you down, whatever happens.

Well, life in a German prison camp is no picnic. If all the camps in Germany were put together there would not be enough German food to have a decent picnic. For the first two months we lived on swedes and water (or cabbage and water, for a change), two slices of rye bread, usually three weeks old, and a tiny bit of margarine daily, with two or three sour potatoes thrown in. The guards, who were armed, stayed for the most part outside the wire, and the majority in the camp had no contact with them. At night they turned their bloodhounds loose in the camp, and from the noise they made we decided that they were as hungry as we were. In case we escaped, they held three roll-calls a day at first and that wonderful German efficiency, which we have heard so much about in the past, was revealed in its true light when we found that it took sometimes three hours to count 900 of us correctly. The legend of German efficiency is a bogey which needs to be eradicated. They are not efficient. We knew that to our cost. When asked for an alkaline stomach powder for gastric cases, containing mag. carb., they very proudly and after much thought produced mag. sulph. (Epsom salts). That was their 'head druggist' and they 'made a mistake' and gave us two bags of chloride of lime instead of plaster of paris in the dental department, which caused terrible agony to the first poor woman who went for an impression. They forgot to give us orders and then shouted because we hadn't obeyed them, and in many such ways proved themselves mass-produced robots, capable of obeying an order but utterly incapable of any individual intelligence.

After two months, when things were

getting desperate, the Red Cross parcels started to arrive. Oh, blessed Red Cross! Without you we should have starved, our babies would have developed rickets (if they had lived), and our wounds would have remained undressed and unbandaged. As it was, Friday became the high day of the week, the day when we collected our Red Cross parcels, and no words of mine can ever express adequately the debt of gratitude that every prisoner behind German barbed wire owes to the Red Cross and their allied associations the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. The latter made games possible—football, cricket, baseball, table-tennis, and sent us musical instruments to form a band and books to make education possible for the children and cheer the long hours of waiting for the adults.

The German attitude when we first went into camp was offensive, dictatorial, and high-handed, but behind it all, we always sensed a feeling of respect and a certain amount of fear, which they do not seem to possess for any other nationality. Gradually, as the months wore on, their attitude changed; they were willing—nay, even anxious—to be friendly, and during the last six months we have run the camp internally with little or no interference from our hosts. Better still, the food question has improved—butter has taken the place of margarine, we have had more meat, tinned fish, jam and white bread occasionally, and apples in their season. We laughed and took all they gave us, knowing that it was not their increased prosperity but our boys in the Forces we had to thank for the change. That is typical of the German—a good and brave winner, but a crawling, dejected loser.

I have left my husband behind in that camp in Biberach, knowing that along with 1,100 others, he is well fed, and happy in the knowledge that we are winning. He sent greetings and best wishes to all from Branch 350, and I hope that before long he will return to take up this story where I have left off.

[See also the article by E. R. Bichard on page 28.]





Photo. A. W. Bull (Beeston)

Giving the "V" sign

Prescription Puzzles

Problem page for pharmacists, present and future

No. 1 is from Mill Hill.

No. 2 is from Glastonbury.

No. 3 is from Derby.

No. 4 is from Swindon.

big. available - select. 1 1/2%
S. Child End 3 1/2

I.

Sulphur and
S.O.
2 tablets h.s. l.u.
2 tablets —
Q Ed. C. 30
3. a. m. 24

II.

Thist. in. Cal. 3X
Zinc 3X
Tab. in. 30

III.

Wm.
Affin. 30. 30. 30.
The 30.
H. 30. 30. 30.
30. 30. 30.

IV.

Previous problems, you say, have been too easy! Perhaps this miscellaneous collection may present a little more difficulty. We will award prizes to the senders of the most accurate readings to reach us by January 15th, 1945. (Over-seas entries will be dealt with separately.)





Photo. W. H. Lewis (Branch 428)

"You're Telling Me!"



The Hero

by A. E. Mitchell (Branch 439)



NE no longer talks of 'taking a holiday'. The term now is 'rest-spell' and the place where the spell is cast is not by any chance a 'resort'. It can be 'on a farm' or in a 'coastal town'. It is only the children who are so unpatriotic as to speak of 'going to the seaside'.

Let's visit a coastal town. The bandstand is a mere ghost of its former self. It once contained a band of masculine gender, and then one of mixed gender, which gradually gave way to one of feminine gender. That was until Ernie Bevin heard about it, when it became neuter gender. But the ghost still walks, or rather talks, by means of a loud-speaker, the B.B.C., and records. And you still have to pay for the chairs. The foreshore still contains its wonted amount of sand and pebbles, plus a few censored military objects, but other usual attractions are taking a rest-spell. A beneficent government, with one eye on public morale, or something or other, has done its best to dispel the boredom by means of an aerial display. Earlier in the war, when the enemy was more obliging, it was dog-fights; but all good things come to an end. Now an R.A.F. plane tows a bright red target up and down over the sea, whilst another plane tootles up and down and machine-guns the target.

Yes, it is just as simple as that. You can tell at a glance, by their re-actions, what stage of their spell the rest-spellers have reached. First-day rest-spellers dive for cover at the first burst of machine-gunfire. Second- and third-day veterans watch the show with interest. After that they just read their papers.

That was how I met the Hero. I helped him from under a seat.

"Sorry," he said. "I shouldn't have done that, but I was in all the Coventry raids." He didn't look like a hero. A mild-looking little man he was, about fifty years of age. "You had your home bombed?" I said, sympathetically.

"No, as a matter of fact, I was lucky! I

live outside of Coventry. Just got in the habit of ducking every time I hear gunfire."

I made soothing noises.

"Of course, a lot aren't so lucky."

I expected he was right.

"Some of those in hospital with me got it real bad. You'd hardly believe."

How come he'd been in hospital if he hadn't been bombed? He ignored the question.

"Look at that cheek."

I looked at his left cheek.

"Look at that eyelid."

I looked at his left lower eyelid.

"Plastic," said the Hero.

"Plastic?" said I, thinking of all the various meanings of this word.

"Yes, plastic surgery. See anything?"

No. I couldn't see a scar or anything to indicate that there had ever been an injury.

Oh yes, I could see there were no eye-lashes on the lower eyelid.

"Took a piece out of my leg for that. Marvellous, isn't it? Just blooming marvellous. And didn't put anything on it, either. I think they ought've put some oil on. I reckon I ought to have had some."

This was a bit cryptic.

"Oh, on the leg, I mean," he explained.

I thought it was about time I got to know how he received his injuries. It was a difficult job. He wanted to sing the praises of the surgeon and I wanted his story. But I got it, and it went like this. He was burrowing through the debris to save a woman, propping up beams and rafters as he went. Finally he got to the woman. There she was and there was a hanging rafter and nothing to prop it up with. Have to risk it. Got her out and had his left cheek torn by that rafter.

"And I tell you," he said, "that doctor was simply marvellous. And the Sister was a ——. Wouldn't put a drop of oil on it."

"But surely they protected your leg."

"Yes, put gauze on it and a cradle, but no oil. And that Sister . . ."

"Yes, I know."

"But I got even with her. I took the bed-clothes off after she had been round. The fellows in the ward didn't half laugh."

Yes, I think they probably thought he was a Hero.



Cpl. R. J. Young, R.A.M.C.
(ex Branch 937)

writes about

"The Mess"

IT was a comfortable affair constructed of bamboo and situated on a hill top. It looked out on to a stretch of sandy soil, and, through the back windows, I noticed the natives laying rice in the paddy fields. They worked very hard during the early rains, protecting their heads and backs with plaited straw and split bamboo made in the shape of a shallow boat.

Four N.C.O.'s used this bungalow-like structure—three Anglo-Indians and me. We covered the walls with pictures cut from papers and magazines. There were the usual pin-up girls—Betty Grable, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Mary Martin. I found a portrait of Toscanini and some views of London, and pasted them on a large sheet of demy. And a full-page film advertisement for Hemingway's 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' showing the profiles of Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman framed in a bell. Maps of the various fronts completed the collection.

For furniture there was a well-made hardwood table, a form, and three canvas chairs. Added to this was a sideboard for the crockery, and a hotbox heated by a kerosene lamp. When the rains came, I put matches in the box to keep them dry. There were chessmen, but no one but myself played the game.

The library was small and did not take long to catalogue. There were books to suit every taste—crime novels, some badly-written westerns, and works by Trollope, Dumas, J. M. Synge, Anatole France, O. Henry, Chesterton, Walpole, and Maugham. I went back to the England of Victoria, and for the first time in my life read *Barchester Towers*.

I must not forget to mention the radio—a most important item, and one for which I was very thankful. Somehow, this box

Picture from India

of entertainment was the link between me and home, for not only did it provide electric light, but entertained us with all the popular comics, bands, orchestras, and sports bulletins, and a flash from home. Every night the native soldiers came across to listen. They would form a half-circle outside the doorway and squat on their haunches like so many little nigger boys. If it rained, they would move inside and form a row along the wall.

Some wanted the programme in Punjabi and Hindustani, others in Tamil and Bengali. And so, for thirty minutes, our bamboo castle was like the Tower of Babel. I found these Indian troops very amusing and the cause of many a good laugh. One of them wanted to leave the army and return home to the Punjab to build a church. Another had a desire to see England and open up his own barber's shop. And the cook, who was an opium eater, was very good at impersonating. The three Anglo-Indians had an insatiable greed for swing music, and appeared to be innoculated against even the most popular of the classics. They had a desire to play—or shall I say fiddle—with the wireless, instead of letting a good programme run its course.

I had little appetite for Indian food, and preferred bully beef and biscuits or even soya links to curried rice, dhal, or green chillies. Mangoes, too, proved unpalatable. But those fresh pineapples!

We had visitors every night. Frogs, beetles, moths, mosquitoes, lizards, grasshoppers and even snakes all put in an appearance, and when they came for shelter, it usually spelt RAIN.

When it was time for me to pick up the hurricane lamp and prepare for bed, large drops fell from the blackening sky, and in a few minutes the storm broke in fury. Fortunately, my 'bedroom' adjoined the mess, and when I blew out the lamp and crawled under the mosquito net, the jackals started to laugh. Far away, above the drumming of the rain, I heard the distant rollers breaking on the coastline in the Bay of Bengal.





Photo. F. W. Green (Branch 1435)

Mischief!

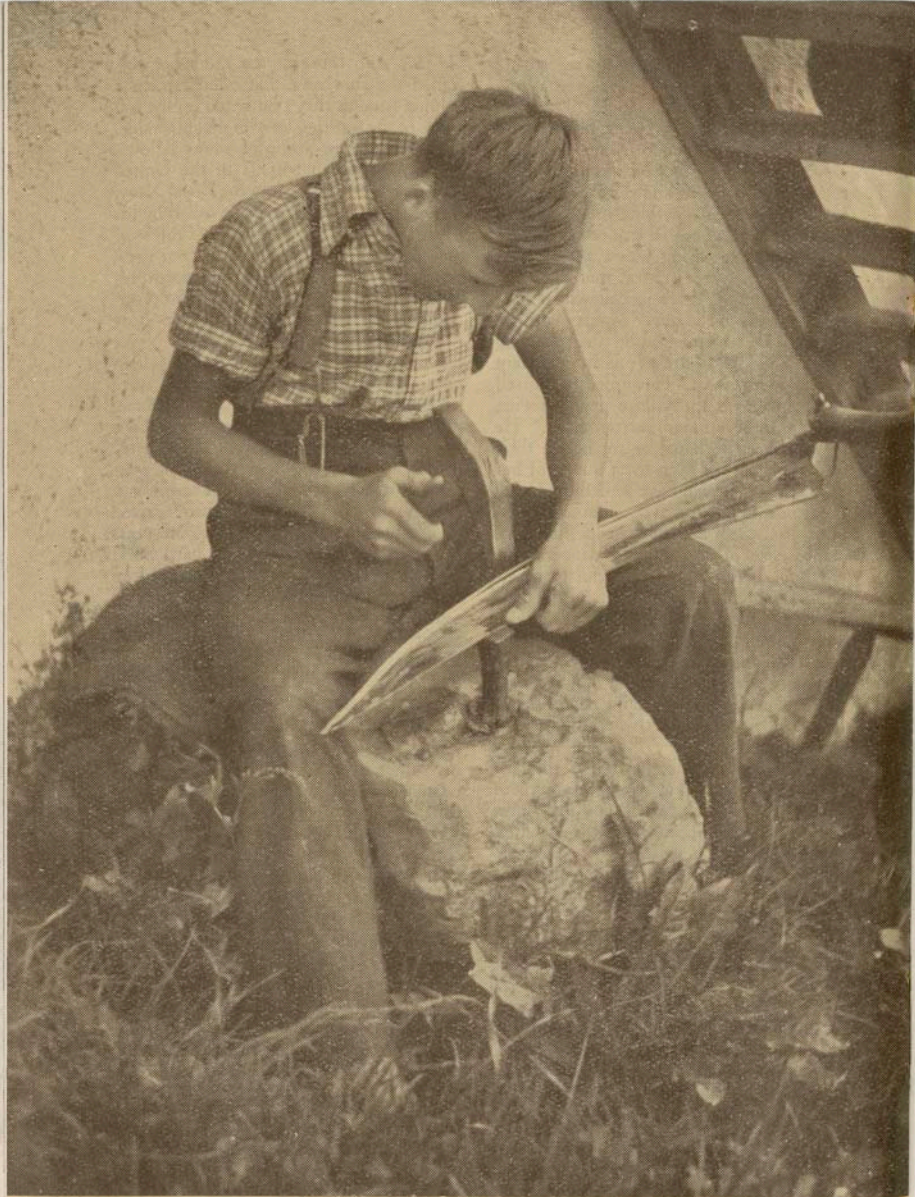


Photo. G. L. Hunt (Branch 276)

Son of the Earth

(Exhibited at the London Salon of Photography, 1944.)

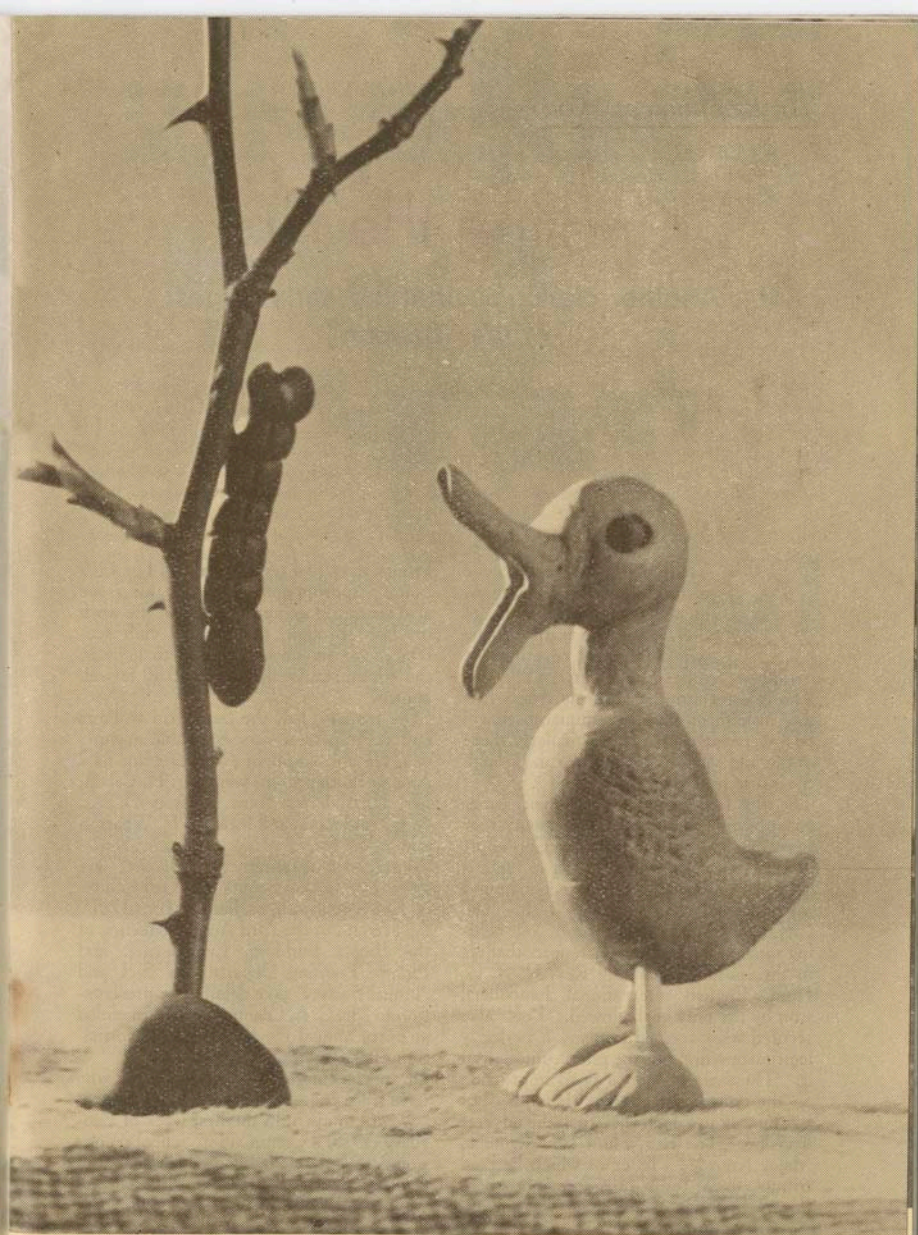


Photo. A. W. Bull (Beeston)

The Early Bird



"Our Mayoress-Dispenser"

*Mrs. J. Broadbent, Dispenser at Branch 512 (Wakefield) who is Mayoress of Morley (Yorks).
See 'Newsy Notes'.*

Conditions in the Channel Isles

By E. R. Bichard (Branch 372)

"Decreasing rations, little fuel—how will it end?"

I BELIEVE that many of our staff are interested in, and not a little concerned about the situation in the enemy-held Channel Islands, where a number of our staff are held captive. I write 'are held', because that is the situation at the time of writing in October. I know, however, that we all fervently hope that by the time this appears in print they will once again be free and telling their own story. If that be happily so, I hope they will forgive me for presuming to write about their condition now. What I say can never be a substitute for the real story of their sufferings, privation, and cheerful facing of an unpleasant and dangerous situation, as expressed in the messages sent through the Red Cross.

The Islands were occupied by the Nazis in June 1940. Out of a population of approximately 90,000, about 65,000 people remained there. The very density of population which made them indefensible in the face of an attack, now renders them difficult to retake, having regard to the safety of the people; a paradox of war.

It can be said that the Nazis have behaved reasonably on the whole, apart from the deportation of all people not born in the Islands or those married to such people, an event for which no satisfactory reason can so far be deduced. A few Islanders were also deported, and also men who held commissions during the last war. Among those deported were several members of our staffs; details were given in a previous issue of the *Mixture*. They are accommodated in camps situated in Southern

Germany. They have had the advantage of receiving regular Red Cross parcels and other parcels of comforts from the *Mixture* Fund subscribed by yourselves. Those remaining in the Islands have unfortunately never been allowed to receive these wonderful parcels from the Red Cross, though supplies of urgently-needed drugs such as Insulin have been allowed by the enemy to be sent.

From an authentic source I can tell you of the situation at the time of writing. The Islands have enough food till November 1944, the Nazi garrison for some time longer. The people have lived mainly on vegetables for over four years. Our branches are open for short periods and the staff seem to be busily engaged. They manufacture their own 'Own Goods' and no doubt our Formula Committee will be given some new ideas soon! Mr. Butterworth, our Guernsey manager, is responsible for buying all drugs, medicines, and surgical goods for all the chemists and doctors in the Island and distributing them when they arrive from France. Probably Mr. Gould is doing the same in Jersey. The library books are worn out with constant reading.

In many respects the Islands have changed considerably. The Nazis have constructed new roads everywhere, using foreign conscripted labour and prisoners of war in a brutal fashion. The coasts are heavily fortified, the local granite being used with concrete for underground fortifications. With the fall of St. Malo and the adjacent French coast to the Allies, the Islands are now entirely cut off, and can no longer



be receiving from France the essential food-stuffs required to maintain the population; they must feel the winter conditions bitterly with decreasing rations and little if any fuel: clothes are worn out. How will it end? Must we liberate the Islands by frontal assault? Will not the Nazis prefer, so long as their food-stuff lasts, their comparative freedom there to the prison camp which awaits them if they surrender? By Christmas we sincerely hope that all will be resolved without further hardship to our kinsfolk there, or the destruction that assault may very well mean.

For their part, the extremely high hopes which we know supported them on D-day and afterwards will have faded, giving way to deep disappointment.

Even after their liberation it will be many months before families are again united, for the most part after nearly five years of separation.

We know that all our readers will be glad to learn that the firm have made preparations to send relief at the very earliest moment possible. With that relief will go the heartfelt good wishes of all our readers to our friends in Branches 350 (Jersey) and 354 (Guernsey).

Penicillin Factory in Nottingham

(From the 'Nottingham Journal, November 4th, 1944)

Penicillin, the wonder-drug which has revolutionised the treatment of war wounded, and affected a sensational reduction in the death rate, is at present being made in Nottingham.

Messrs. Boots The Chemists, who, as has already been reported in the *Journal*, are in negotiation with the Government over the running of a new factory for the production of the drug, have for some time been operating a small pilot plant.

While its purpose is chiefly experimental, it is already making penicillin.

The new factory, which covers an area of 100,000 square feet, was begun last May. Today, part of it is in use; by the end of the year it should be in full production. It will employ 200 people, 80 per cent. of whom will be unskilled.

The remaining 20 per cent. will include a large staff of chemists and bacteriologists. Each week they will turn out roughly 25 lb. of penicillin, which represents about a quarter of a million doses.

A *Journal* reporter, who yesterday toured both the pilot plant and the new factory, saw the long and involved processes resulting in the tubes of tiny, yellow tablets, which are one of the most important medical discoveries of this century.

The raw materials from which penicillin is produced are glactose, glucose and corn steep liquor (a by-product from the manufacture of starch).

They are measured in tons, against the pounds of the drug extracted from them. The liquid is bottled (one million bottles will be used at the new factory, most of them quart milk bottles), inoculated with mould and left to incubate for nine or ten days.

Inoculation is performed in conditions of asepsis as strict as those of an operating theatre, for, if the mould is contaminated with any other substance, the penicillin disappears.

After incubation the liquid is poured from the bottles into tanks, where it is harvested and finally dried into the yellow powder of penicillin.

The contents of two quart bottles produce a single penicillin tablet; 20 bottles produce the small tube of the drug which represents one course of treatment.

The new factory, which will handle 70,000 bottles per day, is a completely self-contained unit, with its own powerhouse, bore hole for water, laboratory, and canteen.



"Navy, Army, and The Air Force"

Additions to our list of "Friends in the Forces"

FROM THE RETAIL BRANCHES

TERRITORY 1 Hopkinson, J. E. (10)	<i>P.T.W.</i>	TERRITORY 16 Garrett, F. E. (961)	<i>N.A.A.F.I.</i>
TERRITORY 2 Clow, R. G. (84) Mason, C. W. (70)	<i>P.T.C.</i> <i>R.A.O.C.</i>	TERRITORY 19 Roberts, L. P. (963)	<i>R.A.O.C.</i>
TERRITORY 7 Tomlinson, F. (127)	<i>R.A.F.</i>	TERRITORY 20 Coote, J. (972) Easton, D. C. (956)	<i>W.A.A.F.</i> <i>W.R.N.S.</i>
TERRITORY 8 Cann, R. C. M. (312) Havill, F. W. C. (Rlf.)	<i>W.R.N.S.</i> <i>P.T.C.</i>	TERRITORY 21 Watson, A. (Rlf.)	<i>P.T.C.</i>
TERRITORY 10 Gibson, E. (Rlf.)	<i>R.N.</i>	TERRITORY 23 Ingham, R. S. (Rlf.)	<i>R.A.M.C.</i>
TERRITORY 11 Thomas, G. (286)	<i>V.A.D.</i>	TERRITORY 24 Hicks, E. (1222)	<i>V.A.D.</i>
TERRITORY 12 Murray, W. L. (687) Pedley, D. A. (568)	<i>P.T.C.</i> <i>R.A.M.C.</i>	TERRITORY 27 Sheppard, A. C. (Rlf.)	<i>I. Guards</i>
TERRITORY 15 New, A. K. (900)	<i>B.R.C.S.</i>	TERRITORY 28 Case, H. G. (Rlf.)	<i>P.T.C.</i>

FROM NOTTINGHAM, BEESTON, and W.12

ANALYTICAL Naylor, D. Smith, E. B. Taylor, R. L.	<i>R.A.F.</i> <i>R.N.</i> <i>R.N.</i>	INVOICE Best, M. M.	<i>W.A.A.F.</i>
BOOK Perrons, J. E.	<i>R.E.</i>	LITHO, PRINTING Smith, K. A.	<i>P.T.C.</i>
BULK STOCK Gurnhill, J. E.	<i>P.T.W.</i>	MAIN LIQUIDS Yates, J. D.	<i>R.N.</i>
CHEMICAL Miligan, F. Phillips, F. L. Scott, E. M.	<i>P.T.W.</i> <i>R.N.</i> <i>R.N.</i>	ORDER OFFICE Moreton, P. M.	<i>W.A.A.F.</i>
CLOCK REPAIRS Pilgrim, J. S.	<i>I.T.C.</i>	P.M. STOCK Taylor, H.	<i>I.T.C.</i>
EXPORT OFFICE Moore, F.	<i>R.A.F.</i>	RESEARCH Roskin, E. A.	<i>F.A.A.</i>
FINE CHEMICAL Murray, D. G.	<i>P.T.C.</i>	TIME OFFICE Goodall, K. R.	<i>P.T.W.</i>
		WET DRUGS Chadbourne, D. H.	<i>R.N.</i>

Total number of colleagues serving in H.M. Forces
or on Civil Defence :

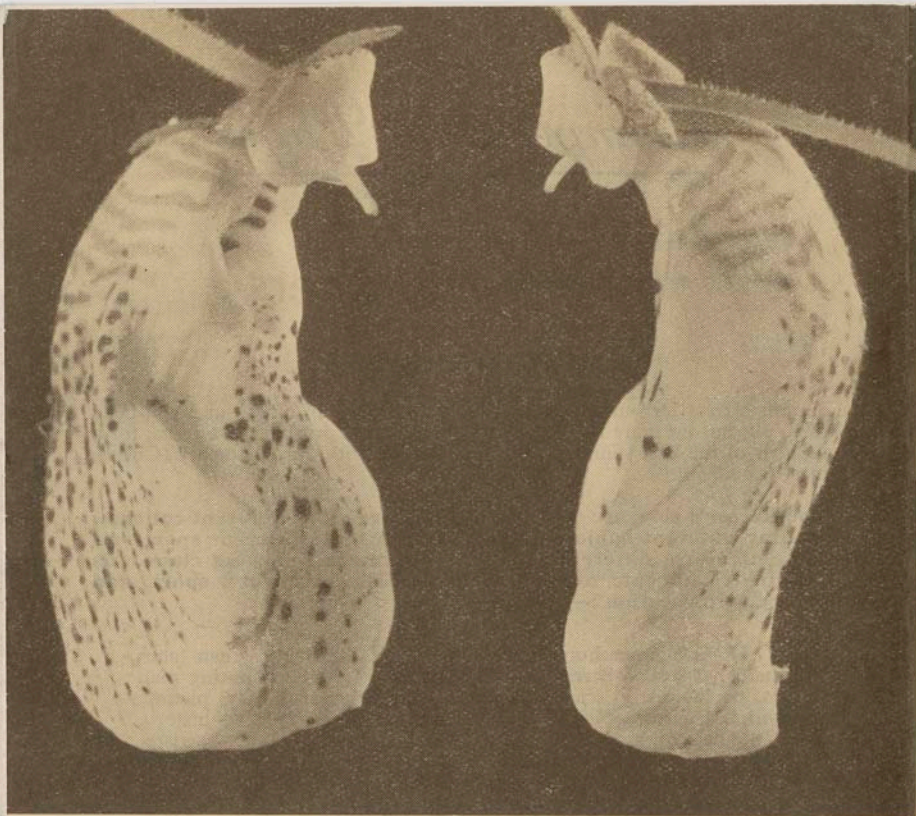
November 6th, 1944—

Retail 5,034

Wholesale 2,065

Total : 7,099





Problem Picture

(This photograph was taken by Mr. A. W. Bull, Beeston.)

Can you say what 'they' are? And can you suggest an apt title for the picture? We offer prizes for the best combination of solution and suggested title.

Space is provided for your entry on the 'Musiclues' form. You may, of course, enter for either one or both of these two competitions in addition to the 'Four Brothers' problem

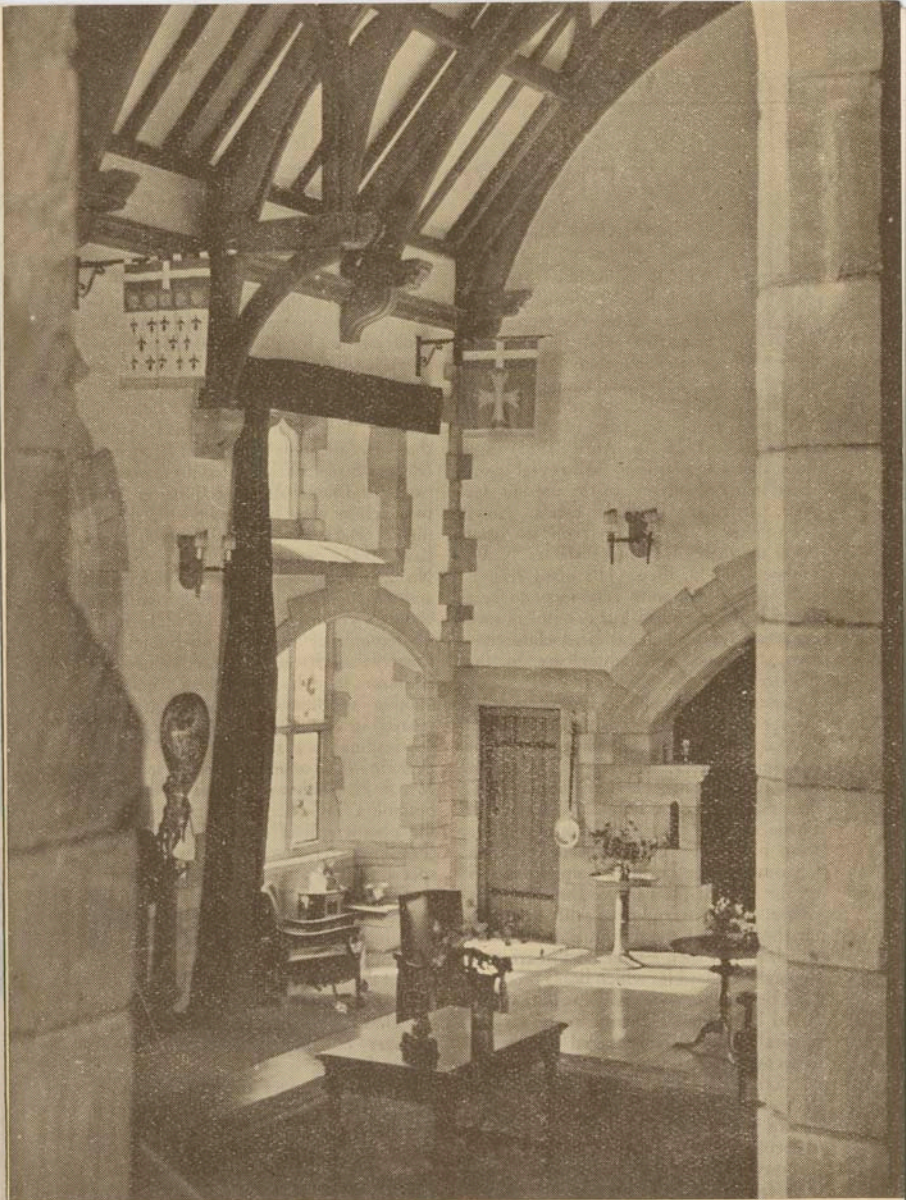


Photo. G. L. Hunt (Branch 276)

Dinmore Manor



Bob Cratchit—



Photos. G. Wright (Branch 520)

—and Scrooge (“The Christmas Carol”)

"Lest We Forget"

RETAIL STAFF

Killed in Action

Private J. C. Jenkins, R.A., formerly employed in the Shop-Opening Department has been killed in action. Mr. Jenkins, who was 38 years of age and leaves a widow, joined the firm as a porter at Branch 899 (Kensal Rise, N.W.10). He worked at various branches in the London district until 1933, when he was transferred to the Shop-Opening Department.

Private S. T. Smith, London Irish Rifles, formerly porter at Branch 717 (Ilford) was killed in action in Italy on September 16th. Mr. Smith, who was 22 years of age, joined the firm in 1938.

Lance Corporal R. O. L. Williams, Hussars, formerly assistant at Branch 368 (Newport, Salop) has been killed in action. Mr. Williams joined the firm in 1934 at Branch 272 (Chester) and left for military service in June 1941. He was 30 years of age and leaves a widow.

Killed on Active Service

Mr. R. Bevan, M.N., formerly porter at Branch 907 (Woolston, Southampton) has been drowned through enemy action. He joined the firm in June 1934, and left in September 1939. He was 25 years of age.

Died after Discharge from Forces

Mr. T. Gibbons, formerly of Branch 602 (Union Street, Glasgow) has died in hospital. Mr. Gibbons joined the firm as an apprentice, but subsequently was transferred to the Inventory staff. In 1940 he returned to the Retail as an assistant and in December 1942 left for military service. He was discharged on health grounds early in 1943, and although he was able to return to work for a short time, his health broke down again in July last. He was 37 years of age.

Reported Missing

Pilot Officer P. H. Groves, R.A.F., formerly Veterinary assistant at Branch 918 (Blandford) and 977 (Wimborne) is reported missing from operations on a night in September.

Pilot Officer W. Perry, D.F.M., R.A.F., formerly of Branch 953 (Aldershot) has been reported missing from operations over the Arnhem sector in September. **Fusilier H. W. Puttick**, formerly of Branch 1469 (Bracknell, Berks.) was posted missing on September 6th in the C.M. theatre of war.

Previously Reported Missing—now safe

Flying Officer E. B. Dane, R.A.F., formerly qualified Relief assistant in T.7, who had been reported missing is now back in this country after having made an adventurous escape from enemy hands.

WHOLESALE STAFF

Killed in Action

Lieut. W. R. Cresswell, Sherwood Foresters, formerly of the Retail Prices Department, was killed in action in Italy during September, 1944.

Ray Cresswell joined the Retail Prices Department from High Pavement School, in December, 1933. He married in 1939 Miss Audrey Campion, of the Office Organisation Department. He was Secretary of the Gross Profit Committee from May, 1935 to March, 1941, when he was posted to the R.A.O.C., and then secured a commission in the Royal Artillery Heavy Ack Ack, afterwards going through an Infantry Training Course and transferring to the Infantry. During the whole of his service in this country he often wrote into the office giving details of what competitors were doing and when on leave always gave us the latest 'gen' regarding competitors. He went out to Italy to a Corps Reinforcement Unit, and finally was posted as a

Lieutenant with a Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters. All his friends at Station Street and particularly those in the Retail Prices Department, will miss his cheerful personality. His war service had done much to broaden his outlook and great things were expected of him in post-war days. He leaves a widow and a daughter just under two years of age.

Trooper Frank Walker, of the Traffic Department, whose death in action in Belgium on the 10th September, 1944, was recorded in our last issue, joined the firm in 1934, and went to the Army early in 1940.

He was a quiet and efficient worker with a strong sense of humour. He was liked by all with whom he came in contact, and will be greatly missed by the members of the Traffic Office.

Reported Missing

Sergeant C. Freestone, Derbyshire Yeomanry, formerly employed in the Art Department was reported missing in September.

Flight Sergeant W. R. Morrell, R.A.F., formerly employed in the Shopfitting Department, has been reported missing as from September 14th.

Obituary

RETAIL STAFF

Mr. J. King-Morgan, formerly manager of Branch 295 (Barry) died on October 2nd. Mr. King-Morgan joined the firm in June, 1909, at the Buxton branch. In September, 1909, he was moved to Bath, and in August, 1911, he took up relief work in the London area. He was appointed manager of Branch 295 in November, 1911. He reached retiring age in 1939, but continued to do very useful work for us until quite recently. He leaves a widow.

Miss R. Chapman, assistant at Branch 609 (Paisley Road West, Glasgow) died on October 14th from injuries received in a road accident which occurred as she was going home from business. Miss Chapman, who was only 19 years of age, joined the firm in February, 1942. To her widowed mother, we extend deep sympathy in this most tragic loss.

Miss B. Holman, assistant at Branch 318 (Mutley Plain, Plymouth) has died after a long illness. She joined the firm in March, 1943, and was only 19 years of age.

Miss E. W. Sowton, assistant in the Drug Department at Branch 401 (Favistock) has died after a long and painful illness. She was 26 years of age and joined the firm in 1934.

Mr. R. H. Woollard, porter at Branch 798 (High Barnet, Herts.) died on Sunday, October 15th. He had been with the firm since June 3rd, 1941, and leaves a widow.

WHOLESALE STAFF

Mr. B. A. Jackson, of the Art Department, Parkinson Street, died on October 7th, after an illness lasting 14 months. He had been with the firm for 38 years and all his time with the Company had been spent in the Art Department.

He was a highly skilled and conscientious worker, and was greatly esteemed in the department for his fine character, and also by many associates outside the department who will be sorry to hear of his death.

Mr. J. Johnson, Printing Department, died on October 28th, 1944. He joined the Composing Room Staff early in 1896 when the Printing Department, under Mr. C. G. Budden, was housed at Island Street, and saw many changes in the department during his long service with the firm. He had a fine record of service with the Robin Hood Rifles and was Sergt.-Instructor (Signals) when the war came in 1914. After serving in France, he returned to the Printing Department in 1916.

He afterwards left for a short time to go into business, but rejoined the firm in



Photo. J. Milner (Branch 1415)

Curiosity Shop

(EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1944.)

Note.—The photograph on the back cover is of a dove-cot at Lenton House, and was taken by E. Richardson (Beeston).

NEWSY NOTES

CORONA



FRIENDS IN THE FOREST