Shine Brighter Terminale

Snapfile 3 The factory in the garden

Extrait p.41 – Article sur Bournville's story, *bvt.org.uk*

Bournville's story

'Why should an industrial area be squalid[1] and depressing?'

Unlike most factory owners of the time, unmoved by the poor working and living conditions of their employees, the Cadbury brothers were different.

They had a deep-seated[2] concern about the way so many people were forced to work and live in overcrowded, dirty and dangerous places.

In fact, conditions were so bad at the end of the 19th century that the average life expectancy was around 40 years.

George and Richard wanted their staff to have a better quality of life and so, in January 1879 they began building their new factory, along with 16 houses for employees.

But more was to come…

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[1] dirty, filthy

[2] *profond*

In 1893, the Cadburys bought 120 acres[3] of land close to their new factory and started to plan a model village to, in their words, ‘alleviate the evils of modern, more cramped[4] living.’

Designed to be totally different to the typical ‘back to backs’, houses in Bournville were spacious, well-designed, and built with quality in mind. Homes were no longer just for factory workers either and anyone who wanted to live there could. As the village grew, so did the facilities[5] it offered, with schools, parks, recreation grounds, sports facilities and village halls all springing to life.

George and Richard had set out to give people a better quality of life, and in Bournville they did just that. So much so that Bournville later became a blueprint for many other model villages in Britain.

Many have credited it with laying the foundations for the development of garden cities and introducing the benefits of open space into modern town planning.

bvt.org.uk

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[3] *environ 60 hectares*

[4] with no space

[5] *équipements*

Extrait p.42 – Roman, *Boy: Tales of Childhood*

Boy: Tales of Childhood

Cadbury's were using some of the greatest chocolate-bar experts in the world to test out their new inventions. We were of a sensible age, between thirteen and eighteen, and we knew intimately every chocolate bar in existence, from the Milk Flake to the Lemon Marshmallow. Quite obviously our opinions on anything new would be valuable. All of us entered into this game with great gusto[1], sitting in our studies and nibbling[2] each bar with the air of connoisseurs, giving our marks and making our comments. "Too subtle for the common palate," was one note that I remember writing down.

For me, the importance of all this was that I began to realize that the large chocolate companies actually did possess inventing rooms and they took their inventing very seriously. I used to picture a long white room like a laboratory with pots of chocolate and fudge[3] and all sorts of other delicious fillings bubbling away on the stoves, while men and women in white coats moved between the bubbling pots, tasting and mixing and concocting their wonderful new inventions. I used to imagine myself working in one of these labs and suddenly I would come up with something so absolutely unbearably delicious that I would grab it in my hand and go rushing out of the lab and along the corridor and right into the office of the great Mr. Cadbury himself. "I've got it, sir!" I would shout, putting the chocolate in front of him. "It's fantastic! It's fabulous! It's marvellous! It's irresistible!"

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[1] enthusiasm

[2] eat small bites

[3] creamy caramel

Slowly, the great man would pick up my newly invented chocolate and he would take a small bite. He would roll it round his mouth. Then all at once, he would leap up from his chair, crying, “You’ve got it! You’ve done it! It’s a miracle!” He would slap me on the back and shout, “We’ll sell it by the million!
We’ll sweep the world with this one! How on earth did you do it? Your salary is doubled!”

It was lovely dreaming those dreams, and I have no doubt at all that, thirty-five years later, when I was looking for a plot for my second book for children, I remembered those little cardboard boxes and the newly-invented chocolates inside them, and I began to write a book called Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.

Roald Dahl, *Boy: Tales of Childhood*, 1984

Extrait p.43 – Roman, *Bournville*

Bournville

The air did not smell of chocolate, but chocolate was in the air. Nobody needed to put a name on the factory that stood at the heart of the village. They simply called it 'the Works'. And inside this factory, they made chocolate. […]

The business had grown steadily, the workforce had extended, bigger premises had been acquired, and then, in 1879, his sons decided to move production out of Birmingham altogether. The area they chose largely consisted in, at the time, of sloping[1] meadowland. Their vision: industry and nature existing in harmony, symbiotic[2], co-dependent.

At first, the factory was small. A one-storey, red-bricked building flooded with light on three sides by generous windows that allowed views onto the green spaces all around. Next to the factory were placed sports fields, gardens and a children's playground. From here, the city centre seemed remote[3]. The place called itself a village and it felt like a village. […]

In 1895, the company acquired more of the land surrounding the factory buildings, and soon the workers could enjoy further recreation grounds and a cricket pitch. But the Cadbury family's ambitions went beyond that. They imagined houses: affordable houses, well-built houses, houses with deep gardens where trees could flourish and vegetables could be grown. Quakerism, as before, was at the heart of

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[1] inclined

[2] mutually dependent

[3] far away

their project, and their goal was ‘the amelioration of the conditions of the working-class and labouring[4] population in and around Birmingham by the provision of improved dwellings, with gardens and opened spaces to be enjoyed therewith’.

Jonathan Coe, *Bournville*, 2022

[4] working

Évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit – Guide pédagogique

Extrait – Livre *The Chocolate Wars*

As a young child, the knowledge that a branch of my family had built a chocolate factory filled me with wonder. What sort of charmed life did such a possibility offer to my relatives? Each Christmas, I had an insight when the most enormous case arrived from my uncle, Michael Cadbury, containing a large supply[1] of mouth-watering chocolates. Even more memorable was the trip to Bournville in the early 1960s to see how the chocolate was made. As I opened the door to the factory at Bournville in Birmingham, the sight that greeted me was magical.

To my child's eye, it was as though I had entered a cavernous interior that belonged to some benign[2], orderly and highly productive wizard who has somehow saturated the very air with a chocolate aroma. My uncle and parents raised their voices against the whirr of machinery. But I did not hear them. All I could see was chocolate. It was all around me, in every stage of manufacturing process. There was molten chocolate bubbling in vats[3] towering above me, vats so huge they had ladders running up their sides. Chocolate rivers flowed on a number of swifty-moving conveyers through gaps in the wall to mysterious chambers beyond. […]

A generation passed before I decided to retrace my steps to Bournville Lane. […] When I turned the corner in the lane in the autumn of 2007, my heart skipped a

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[1] *un stock*

[2] *chaleureux*

[3] *cuve*

beat as I was taken back to that day when my father and uncle, had taken me round the factory. To my surprise, the factory seemed even larger that I remembered. Imposing red-bricks blocks stood beside the neatly mowed cricket pitch, with Bournville village and green nestled behind. At this time, Cadbury was the largest confectioner in the world, and the only independent British chocolate enterprise to survive from the nineteenth century.

Deborah Cadbury, *The Chocolate Wars*, 2010